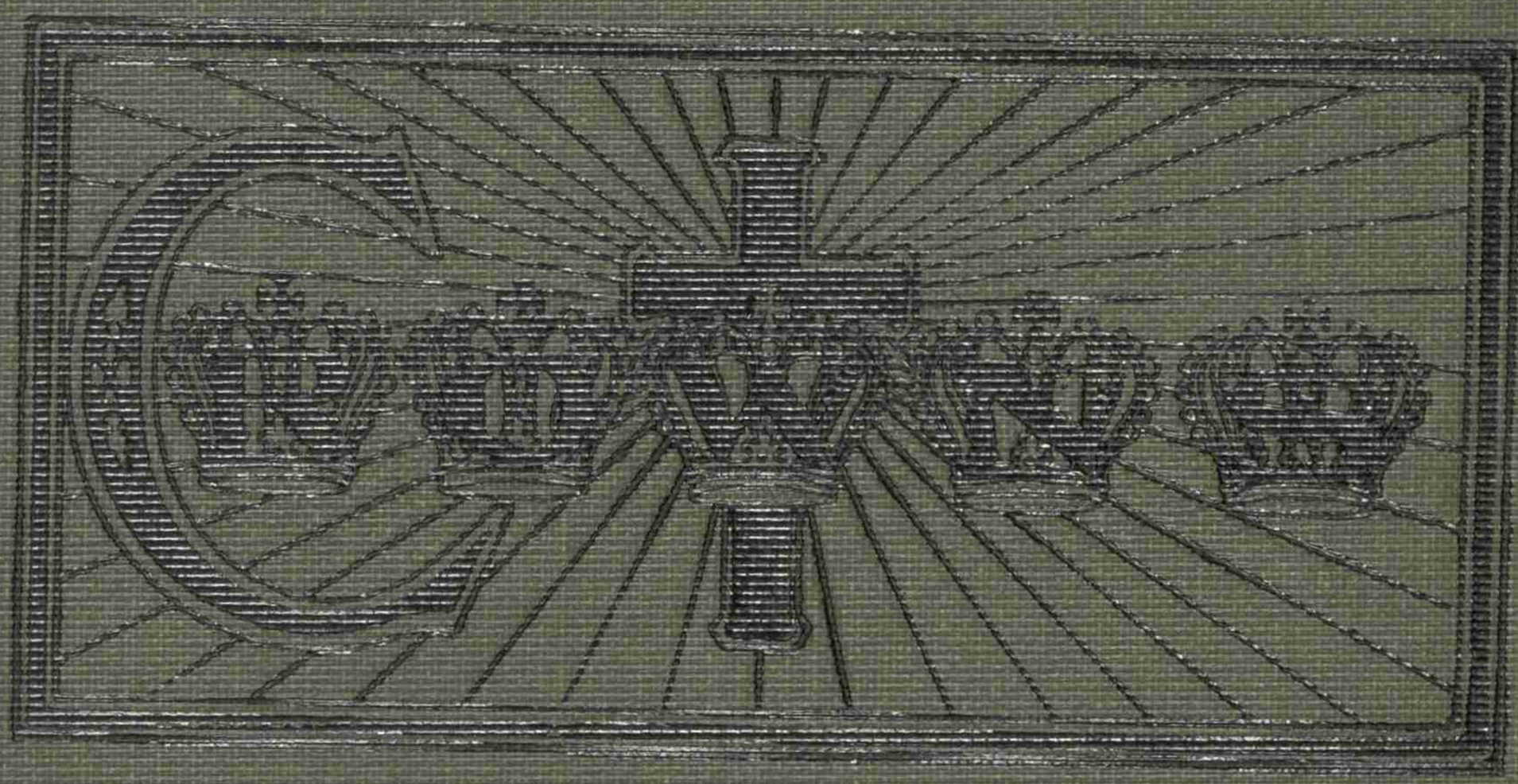


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1939

215

Crowns

A Collection of

CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND REVIVAL HYMNS

Edited and Compiled by

E. O. EXCELL and W. C. EVERETT

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1915
Crown

Preface

Our new song book "CROWNS" is compiled and published in response to a genuine demand for "something different." It contains a choice selection of "standbys" of other days that have been tried, proven and sanctified by service and hallowed memories. There are also in this collection many new songs of unusual merit that will prove their worth and become great favorites. (See 1914 and 1915 copyrights.)

Much thought, time and money has been expended in an effort to produce the very best, and where religious songs have a place this book will be found eminently suited and in every way worthy.

We send it forth on its mission with the prayer that it will be of real service and make for itself a permanent place in the hearts and song life of our people.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Dallas, Texas.

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

Crowns

No. 1. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions

King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And
ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far
prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And

Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His
(1) And Heav'n and na-ture sing, (And

sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na-ture sing.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, And won-ders of His love.
Heav'n and na-ture sing,)

No. 2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home;
It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go,
The way of the cross leads home.

No. 3. Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. Some-where, be-yond the hills of life, And all the bounds of sin and
2. Some-where, the an - gels sing His praise, And throngs their glad ho-san-nas
3. Some-where, my life so sweet and fair, His glo - ry I shall al - ways

strife; Where gates are pearl and streets are gold, My
raise; The hands once nailed to Cal - v'ry's tree Will
share; And there with Him and all the blest, For-
sin and strife;

CHORUS.

Sav - ior I shall then be - hold.
be out-stretched to welcome me.
ev - er-more my soul shall rest.

Some-where, I know that I shall see,—
Je - sus,— who gave His life for me;
Some - where, when He will
call me, I will go To Him, be - cause He loves me so.

No. 4. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

This is the mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 5. A Savior of Love.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. How grate-ful the prais-es we of-fer to-day, To Christ the Re-
2. What pa-tience to lift us a-gain and a-gain, Tho' oft-en we
3. O Giv-er of faith that in-creas-es our sight, O Rock that shall

deem-er we prove; Our sins, tho' as scar-let, are ta-ken a-way,
stum-ble and fall; With strength for our weakness, and sol-ace for pain,
nev-er re-move, The en-trance a-bun-dant to Glo-ry and Light;

CHORUS.

For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient for all. . . . . For He is a Sav-ior of
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . - .

a Sav-ior of Love. a

Love, . . A won-der-ful Sav-ior of Love; , . O come and par-

Sav-ior of Love, a Sav-ior of Love;

take of His mer-cy to-day, For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .

a Sav-ior of Love.

No. 6. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

O . . . . that will be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit.

No. 7. Drive It Away With a Song.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. What tho' a cloud should sweep o-ver your sky, Veil - ing the sun-beams that spark - le on high?— Fear not, the shad - ow will pass by and by;
2. Has some resentment wrought strife and ill-will? Love and for-give - ness work mir - a - cles still; Let no wrong-feel - ing your cup of life fill,
3. Sing of the bless-ings, so man - y and sweet, Like heav'nly blos-soms that smile 'round your feet; And if some grievance per-chance you may meet,

CHORUS.

Drive it a - way with a song..... Drive it a - way, drive it a - way, Love will the ech - oes pro - long; Sing on with glad - ness, ban - ish your sad-ness, Drive it a - way with a song.

No. 8. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while;..... Make the world brighter with a sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,
smile;..... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile, bright-er with a smile;

FINE.

D.S.

No. 9. "At Calvary."

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs C. H. Morris.

1. By sin's con-dem-na-tion my heart was op-pressed, No peace could I find, and no com-fort, no rest, Till Je-sus' voice whis-pered so sweet-ly to me, "Come lay down your bur-den at Cal-va-ry."
2. I plunged in the foun-tain, the rem-e-dy sure For sin and un-clean-ness,—the un-fail-ing cure: My bur-den fell off,—and to-day I can see There's per-fect sal-va-tion at Cal-va-ry.
3. Oh, won-der-ful cross with its arms stretching wide For you and for me, and the whole world be-side: No one is ex-clud-ed, and mer-cy is free For ev-'ry lost sin-ner at Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

cres.

At Cal-va-ry, at Cal-va-ry, My burdens fell off and from sin I was free; To Je-sus for-ev-er the glo-ry shall be; I lost all my bur-dens at Cal-va-ry.

No. 10. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I
go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 11. Christ Shall Be King.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

CHORUS.

rit.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King.

O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall

O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 12. There's Much We Can Do.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL,
IN RENEWAL.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.

1. There's much we can do if we work with a will, No time to be
2. There's much we can do in the sow - ing of seed, Some fields are yet
3. There's much we can do in the reap - ing of wheat, Some fields for the

wast - ed to - day; The Mas - ter is read - y our la - bors to bless,
bar - ren and waste; The foe will be bus - y in spreading the tares,
har - vest are white; So much may be lost when the har-vest is past,

CHORUS.

And wa - ges He of - fers to pay.
Then go, and be work-ing with haste. No time to be wast - ed, for
If left to the mil - dew and blight.

man - y the fields, And lab'rers, as ev - er, are few;..... A-way to the
as ev - er, are few;

work that is need-ing a hand! So much! O so much we can do!

No. 13. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shining,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and comfort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, . . .
as the days go by,

Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . He's al - ways draw-ing
as the mo-ments fly;

near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 14. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1877 AND 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
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Will L. Thompson.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne; To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion, "Come to Me," "Come, all ye wear-y,

rest my bur-dens at His feet. O - ver us He's kind-ly watching,
words of com-fort when we mourn: Precious tho't that He is with us,
la - den ones, there's rest for thee." Je - sus' love is all - per-vad-ing,

Call - ing tow'rd the sky; O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky; Hap - py they who know this love from God on high.

CHORUS.

This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing;
This love is mine,

He of - fers you this bless - ing too, 'Tis free to all.

No. 15. Keep Passing Your Blessings Along.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O how much of good we thro' grace might be do - ing, While here in - ter-
2. If sun-shine to - day has your pathway been flood-ing, Your heart o - ver-
3. A word, or a look, or a smile, or a hand-clasp, May save some poor

mingling with earth's busy throng, If true to our trust while life's mission pur-
flow-ing with gladness and song, A brother be - side you some comfort is
broth-er from do-ing the wrong; From out of your store-house, with grace o-ver-

CHORUS.

su - ing, We would but keep passing our blessings a-long. Keep pass - ing your
needing; Divide your good cheer, pass your blessings along.
flow-ing, Keep evermore passing your blessings along. Keep passing your blessings, your

blessings a - long,.... Keep pass - ing your blessings a - long;....
bless-ings a - long, a-long, Keep passing your blessings, your blessings a-long, a-long;

Some woes you may lighten, some pathway may brighten, Keep passing your blessings along.

No. 16. Meet Mother in the Skies.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your dear old moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab-sent—moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee; He who pardoned moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

FINE.

of her tears and sighs,— If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
pleas-ure nev-er dies,— If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
He will not de-spise,— If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Lis-ten to her pleading, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-treat-ing,
do no lon-ger roam; Let your manhood waken, heav'nward lift your eyes;

D. S.

No. 17. He Loves Everybody.

James Rowe.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. In the hour of troub-le, it is sweet to have a friend, Some one who is al - ways glad a help - ing hand to lend; One up - on whose faith-ful-ness we
2. When the storm is sweeping, and the world seems most unjust, When some great mis- for - tune comes and fail you think you must, There's a strong De-fend-er we may
3. When our souls are tempted, when we reach the sink-ing sand, And our hearts are long-ing for a kind, up - lift - ing hand, Look-ing for a Help-er who will

ev - er may de - pend; Such a friend is al - ways found in Je - sus.
safe - ly, sure - ly trust; Such a friend is al - ways found in Je - sus.
give us strength to stand; Such a friend is al - ways found in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, you should too;
There will nev-er be a friend more true; He loves ev-'ry-bod - y, He loves you.

No. 18. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the need - y And the sad and lone, How much joy and com - fort
2. Slightest ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song; Meet the world's re- pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, ... Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a - long, o-ver the way,

bright - en Ev - 'ry pass-ing day; . . . . . Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;

No. 19.

In His Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. In the light and glo - ry of His life and sto - ry There is ev - 'ry-thing that I can need; That is why I'm cling-ing and His
2. O my bless - ed Sav - ior! He is mine for - ev - er, And will be my near - est, dear - est Friend; That is why I love Him, hav-ing
3. Oh, the peace and pleas-ure, oh, the price - less treas - ure Of the love of Him who died for me! Thro' that day e - ter - nal, in the

CHORUS.

prais - es sing-ing, As the lost to Him I lead.
naught above Him, And shall trust Him to the end. In His sunlight, His precious
world su - per-nal, Love Di-vine my song shall be.

sun-light, I am al - ways hap - py, yes, in - deed! In His sun - light,
His pre-cious sun - light, There is ev - 'ry - thing I need.

No. 20. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'T is the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'T is the grand - est
2. 'T is the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'T is the grand - est
3. 'T is the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'T is the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'T is the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de-liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by
a - ble, He is a - ble

sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 21. Love Won My Heart.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER

Hamp Sewell.

1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;

When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.

CHORUS.

Love won my heart, . . Christ did im-part, . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,

love of God, Love won my heart; . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,

deep as the sea, . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea,

No. 22. Galling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Father pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,

call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,
call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes,
call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,
for thee;

CHORUS.

Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . Call - - ing now for thee, ...
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come; . . . . Call - - ing now for
Wear-y prodigal, come, weary prodigal, come; Calling now for thee,

thee, ... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . . .
Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

No. 23. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. If you need up-lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour unguarded, if the foe as-sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a-long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you

tri-umph o-ver wrong, Put your faith in Je-sus, He is true and strong,
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je-sus on-ly and you shall pre-vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up-on His prom-ise till the bet-ter day;

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev-'ry time,
ev-'ry-time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,
Ev-'ry need He will impart, Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time.....
ev-'ry time.

No. 24. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL, IN RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of Heaven, ring! We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

by and by,

by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him for-ev-er-more,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will a-dore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

by and by;

CHORUS.

By and by,.... by and by. We shall stand... before the King,....

By and by, by and by. We shall stand before the King,

With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King! Hal-le-

lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! We shall stand..... before the King!

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! we shall stand

No. 25. That's the Kind of Savior.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a might-y Help-er at my side to-day, One who keeps me sing-ing all a-long the way, One who plead-ed with me when I went a-stray;
2. When the storm was sweeping o'er my lone-ly soul, When of self, de-spair-ing, I had lost con-trol, Je-sus whis-pered peace to me and made me whole;
3. There is some One hold-ing out His arms to you, One who wants to help you to be good and true, There is One who wants to make me hap-py too;

CHORUS.

That's the kind of Sav-ior I have found.... That's the kind of Sav-ior I have found,.. And with joy I spread the news a-round,..... Of the One who died that we might ev-er live; That's the kind of Sav-ior I have found.....

I have found. I have found. have found, news a-round, I have found.

No. 26.

Go, Tell Them.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jennie C. Goodspeed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Per - ish - ing souls are wait - ing Out - side the fold to - night,
2. Go to the weak, the fall - en, Freighted with sin and shame,
3. Tell them, the vil - est sin - ner, Lost in the dark - est main,

Bur-dened with sin and sor - row, See-ing no ray of light.
Low in the dust you'll find them, Whis-per the Sav - ior's name;
Long-ing to know the Fa - ther, Call-ing on His dear name,

Some one go tell the sto - ry, Pray that you make it plain:
Tell of His love so bound - less, Deep - er than an - y sea;
Some-where a - mid the dark - ness Touch-es the Sav - ior's hand,

How Je - sus died on Cal - v'ry, To cleanse them from ev - 'ry stain.
Fresh as the dew-drops fall - ing, Go, tell them this love is free.
Feel - ing new life with - in him, Earth seems like a fa - ther - land.

D. S.–*Tell of His grace and mer - cy, Go, tell them His love is free.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Go! go! tell them, Tell them of Cal - va - ry;.....
Go to them, tell them, tell of His love, Tell them of Cal - va - ry;

No. 27. What Will Your Harvest Be?

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Hamp Sewell.

1. Now is the au-tumn coming, Now is the win-ter near, What have you gained as har-vest Out of the wan-ing year? Where are your sheaves, my broth-er? What will the Master see When He shall come to view the reap-ing?
2. Swift-ly your day is go-ing, Think ere the shad-ows creep; What you have long been sow-ing, That must ye al-so reap. Did you sow seeds of kindness, Seed that from sin was free? When you at last your crop must gather,
3. Soon will the aw-ful trump-et Ring thro' your star-ry dome; Soon will the an-gel reap-ers Gath-er the har-vest home; Then will they glean for Je-sus Sheaves for e-ter-ni-ty;— Will they be sheaves of good or e-vil?

FINE. CHORUS.

What will your har-vest be? What..... will your har-vest be?
D.S.—*What will your harvest be?* What will your harvest, your har-vest be?

D. S.

What..... will your har-vest be? In-to life's fur-row seeds are fall-ing;
What will your harvest, your har-vest be?

No. 28. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, To hear Him whis-per, I am His!
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, To hide in such a safe re - treat!

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al-ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Savior's love is still my joy;

CHORUS.

rit.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me!

More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid;

rit.

My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 29. My Heart Keeps Right.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

CHORUS.

Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
Since Jesus saved my soul.

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of

joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 30.

Make Him Yours.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I am standing now on the prom-is-es of God, On the Rock that ev-er-
2. All my sins are lost in the fountain of His blood; Of my cleansing He my
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of gladness

more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way, Claim the
soul as-sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know; Trust the
on us pours; You may have Him now as your Sav-ior and your Lord; He is

CHORUS.

prom-is-es and make Him yours. He is my Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,
Savior now, and make Him yours.
my Redeemer, make Him yours. He is my Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,

Christ, the Friend of sinners, will you make Him yours? He is my Sav-ior,
make Him yours? He is my Sav-ior,

He is my Sav-ior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
He is my Sav-ior,

No. 31. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my fal-t'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.

'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

FINE.

I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D.S.—*My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS. D. S.

His love..... can nev-er fail, His love..... can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

No. 32.

Galvary.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JNO R SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Rev. W. McK. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav-ior died,.....'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks ..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav-ior
3. O Je-sus, Lord,.....how can it be, ...That thou shouldst

(1) On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died,

Lord..... was cru-ci-fied;.....'Twas on the cross.....
bows ..... His head a... dies;..... The op-'ning veil.....
give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross.....

(1) 'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross

He bled for me,..... And purchased there..... my pardon free.
re-veals the way..... To Heaven's joys ..... and end-less day.
and ag-o-ny..... In that dread hour..... on Cal-va-ry!

(1) He bled for me, And purchased there

mf REFRAIN. *p* *m* *p* *pp*

O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me; (for me;)

mf *ff* *mf* *rit.* *p*

O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Sav-ior died for me.

No. 33. Treasures In Heaven.

T. C. O'K. USED BY PERMISSION. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There's a crown in Heav'n for the striv-ing soul, Which the blessed Je-sus Him-
2. There's a joy in Heav'n for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in Heav'n for the faith - ful soul, In the man - y mansions pre-

self will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, E - ven un - to
earth-ly night; Yet the clouds of sad-ness will break a - way, And re - joic-ing
pared a - bove, Where the glo-ri-fied shall for-ev - er sing Of a Sav-ior's

REFRAIN.

death in the heav'n-ly race. Oh, may that crown (Oh, may that crown) in Heav'n be
come with the morn-ing light. Oh, may that joy (Oh, may that joy) in Heav'n be
free and un-bound-ed love. Oh, may that home (Oh, may that home) in Heav'n be

mine, And I a - mong . . . the an-gels shine; Be Thou, O
in Heav'n be mine, And I a-mong the an-gels shine;

Lord, . . . my dai-ly guide, Let me ev - er in Thy love a-bide.
Be Thou, O Lord, my dai-ly guide,

No. 34. Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

FINE.

D. S.–*hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.*

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there;

Meet me there, Meet me there, When the storms of life are o'er, On the Meet me there;

D. S.

No. 35. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re- count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per- plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of

D. S.—*come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-*

FINE. CHORUS.

cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro'.end-less days.
days made plain will be.

by and by,

geth - er by and by.

D. S.

When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

No. 36. Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. USED BY PERMISSION. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of Heav-en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my writ - ten there?

2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my Sav - ior! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is writ - ten, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow." Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?

3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name writ-ten there?*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

name writ-ten there?

No. 37. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

No. 38. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

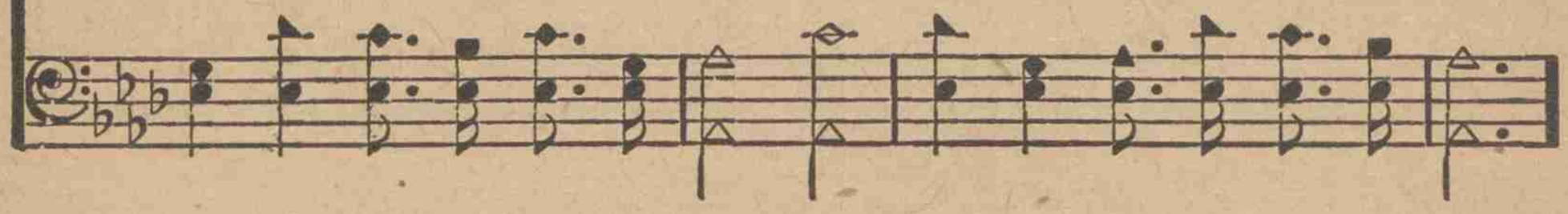


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,





It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!





Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



No. 39. Come Into My Heart.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Help me throw wide the door;
2. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Cleansing me white as snow;
3. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Fill - ing me with Thy love;
4. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Grant Thine en-a - bling pow'r;

Bid the darkness of e - vil de - part; Make me Thine ev - er - more.
Grace a-bound-ing is Thine to im - part; Peace and par-don be - stow.
Joy a - bid - eth wher-ev - er Thou art—Light streams down from above.
In Thy blest serv-ice to bear my part—Keep and use me each hour.

CHORUS.

Come, Lord Je - sus, come in - to my heart, Come, come, come, come;

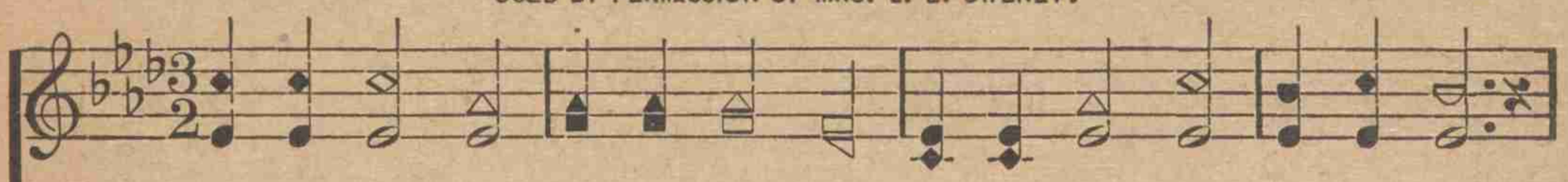
Dwell in full-ness and nev - er de-part; Make it, I pray, Thy home.

No. 40. I Am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer.

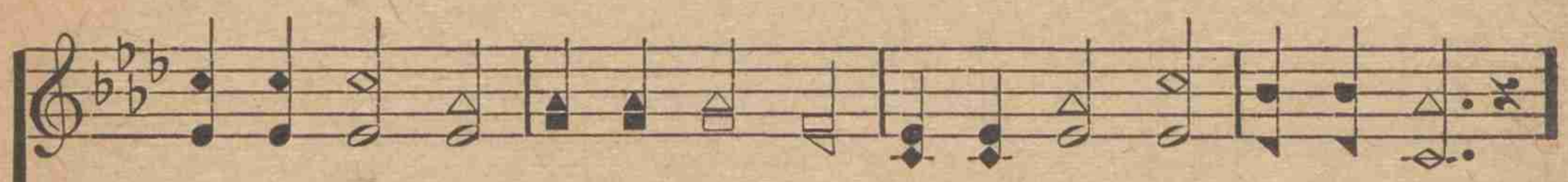
FROM "JOY AND GLADNESS."
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I am saved! the Lord hath saved me, Help me shout the glo-rious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hop-ing it will reach the skies;
3. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion, Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gath-ered In - to Thy great judgment one,





I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, And 'tis sweet as hon-eyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Un - der Thy pro-tect-ing eyes.
Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep writ-ten In the rec - ords of Thy Son.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re-joice sal - va-tion came;





Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved in Je - sus' name.



No. 41. Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won-der-ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,

Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur-den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone-ment Wash-es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark - ness, Je - sus came seek-ing for me.

REFRAIN.

Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,

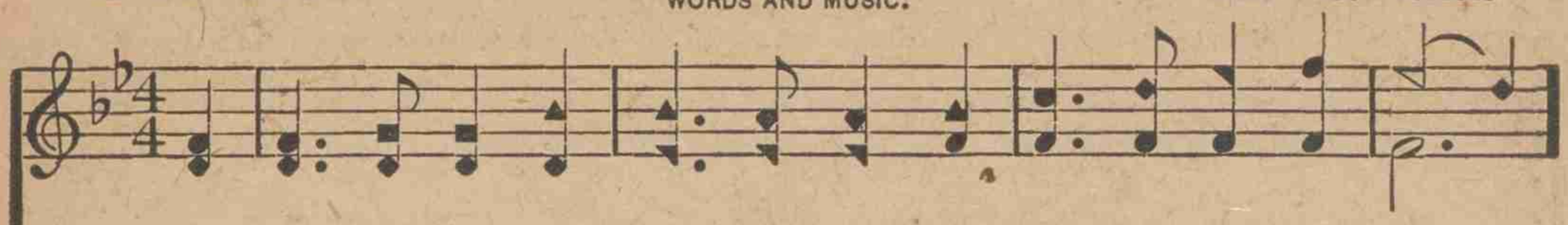
Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre-cious to me.

No. 42. Just One Step At a Time.

James Rowe.

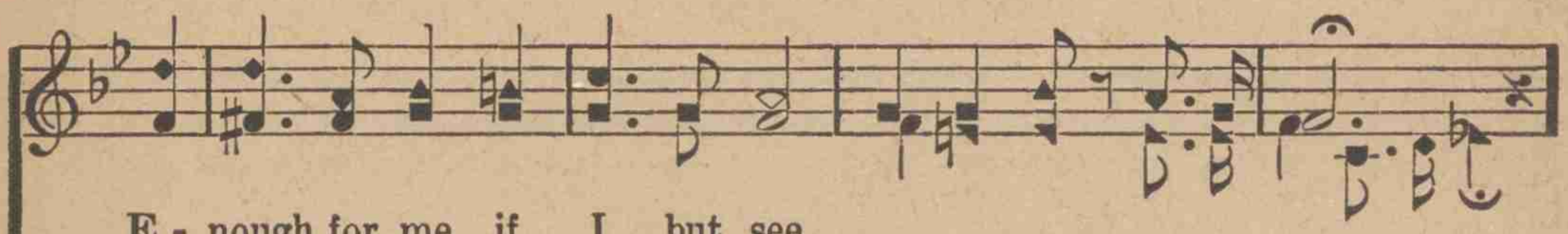
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Albert C. Fisher.



1. I nev - er fear when night is near And hard the hill to climb;
2. As - sured that He will care for me, I'll trust His love sub - lime,
3. His way I choose and shall not lose The path to that fair clime,
4. My trust - ing soul will reach the goal, And hear the home bells chime,





E - nough for me if I but see
And press a - long, with sigh, or song, Just one step at a time.
For He will show the way to go, Just one step, just one step at a time.
Tho' I but see, made bright for me,



CHORUS.



Just one step at a time, Just one step at a time;
Just one step, one step at a time, Just one step, one step at a time;





E - nough for me if I but see Just one step at a time.



No. 43. Jesus Will!

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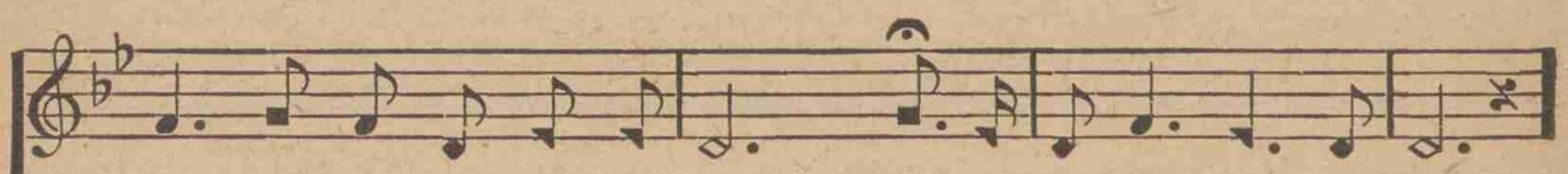
Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.



1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!





As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!



CHORUS.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;





He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!



No. 44. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav- en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;

sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 45. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **Henry P. Morton.**

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.

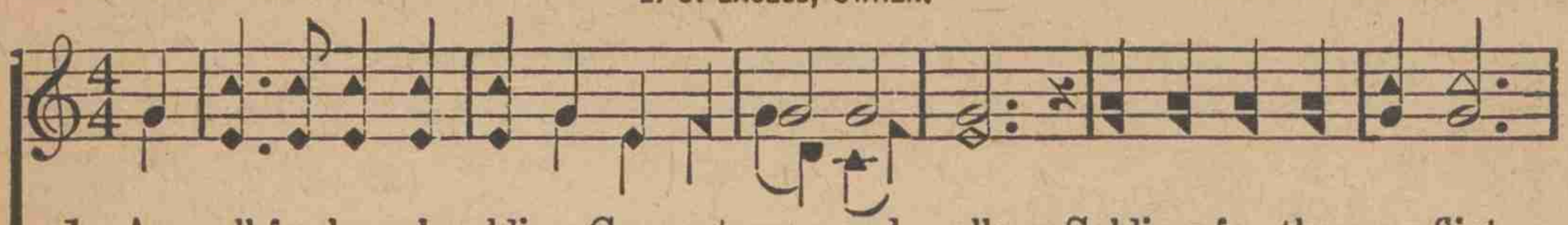
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

No. 46. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

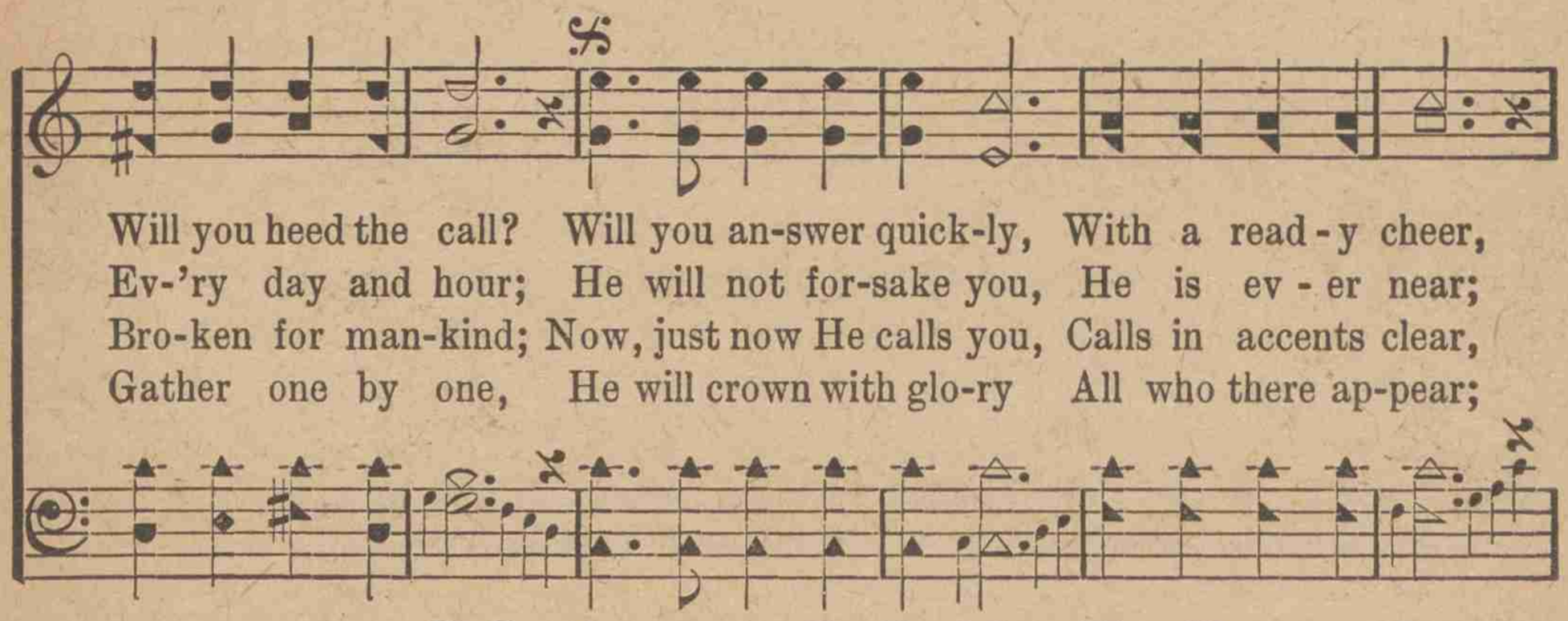
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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful





Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

O why not?

No. 47. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

would be like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 48. Where Thou Callest Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Apple. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O how pre-cious are the mo-ments Of com-mun-ing, Lord, with Thee,
2. When the morn, with ro-sy fin - gers, O - pens wide the gates of day,
3. In the se - cret of Thy pres-ence, O - ver-shad-owed with Thy love,
4. In the se - cret of Thy pres-ence, Where, for-get-ting ev - 'ry care,

In the se - cret of Thy presence, Where my soul de-lights to be!
And the mist up - on the moun-tain In - to sun-shine fades a - way,—
Where the peace that passeth knowledge Floweth gen - tly from a - bove,
I may come to Thee still clo - ser On the wings of faith and prayer.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior mine,... O Sav-ior mine,.... I would ev - er, I would ev-er be
Precious Savior mine, O precious Savior mine,

In the se - cret of Thy presence, Where Thou callest, where Thou callest me!

No. 49. Just When I Need Him Most.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. Wm. Pool. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv - ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten - der - ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

Je - sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

No. 50. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

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C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.

No. 51. One Day for Thee.

Rev. W. C. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Lead, lest I stray, O lead Thou me;
2. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Lived at Thy side O may it be;
3. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Take full con-trol, dear Lord, of me;
4. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee, Till all to-days life's day shall be;

Give faith to trust when naught I see,—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
Lest I should fall, O hold Thou me,—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
Guide Thou my tho'ts—first, let this be:—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
And then from Heav'n, O let me see All of life's day one day for Thee.

CHORUS.

One day for Thee, one day for Thee! Lord, make to-day one day for Thee!

One day for Thee, one day for Thee! Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.

No. 52. Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, . . Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,
Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, ... Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me,

No. 53.

At Eventide.

(To Bethany.)

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E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

Slowly, with expression.

1. The twi-light falls, se-rene and still; Soft shadows steal a-down the hill,
2. His hour - ly mer - cies I re-view, And read in them the to-kens new
3. Or, have some drops of sorrow's rain Bro't to my heart a throb of pain?
4. I think sometimes, when day is done, Of joys be-yond life's setting sun,

And drow-sy seems the bird's sweet trill, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.
Of love un-chang-ing, wise and true, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.
The stars of peace shine out a - gain, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.
The steps of faith will heav'nward run, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.

CHORUS.

At e - ven-tide, at e-ven-tide, My all to Je - sus I con-fide, And

draw the near - er to His side, At e - ven - tide, at e - ven-tide.

At e - ven-tide,

No. 54. He Knows It All.

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Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 55. Jesus Will Sustain You.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Does the world no rest af - ford? Would you have your strength re-stored?
2. Are you tempt-ed by the foe? Has your bur - den laid you low?
3. Are you wear - y of the fray? Have you fall - en by the way?
4. Dark with sin your past may be, Je - sus waits to hear your plea,

Cast your bur - den on the Lord, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
To the one true Help - er go, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
Make the Sav - ior yours to - day, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
Glad - ly He will set you free; Je - sus will sus - tain you.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will sus - tain you, Je - sus will sus - tain you;

When you need a Friend to help you, Je - sus will sus - tain you.

No. 56. I am Thine, O Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
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F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near - er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 57. More Than These.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.



1. I need not trouble for the mor-row, For I am in my Fa-ther's care;
2. I need not ei-ther thirst or hun-ger; His grace will nev-er be de-nied;
3. I need not an a-bid-ing cit-y, For "I can tar-ry but a night;"
4. O may my faith increase be-fore Him, My serv-ice here His blessing gain;



He will go with me as I jour-ney, For all my need He will pre-pare.
He leads me to the liv-ing wa-ters; His dai-ly man-na is sup-plied.
My heart, my treasures, are in Heav-en, My rai-ment is a robe of white.
Let me seek first my Fa-ther's kingdom, For all be-side must be in vain!



CHORUS.



I know that He provides the lil-ies, His eye each fall-ing spar-row sees;



And so my soul will fear no e-vil, For I am more to Him than these.

No. 58. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a Wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a joy I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deemed,
5. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deemed.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deemed.
Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deemed.
All thro' His blood and right-eous - ness, Since I have been re-deemed.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

Since I . . . . . have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,

I will glo - ry in His name; I will glo - ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 59. What Wondrous Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

John Newton. E. O. Excell.

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

CHORUS.

What wondrous love! Thy life to give That I might ran-somed be;

Had I a thou-sand lives to live I'd live them all for Thee.

No. 60. He is So Precious to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my King, His praise all the
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa - tient - ly
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point - ed a place Where, some day, thro'

day long with rapture I sing; To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling,
waited an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
heavens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *faster.*

For He is so precious to me.... For He is so precious to me,.....
so pre-cious to me,
For He is so pre-cious to me;..... 'Tis Heav-en be - low
so pre-cious to me;

rit.

My Re - deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 61. Jesus On the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

1. A vi - sion goes be - fore me, day by day, Je - sus, bless - ed
2. And when I see Him there in ag - o - ny, Je - sus, bless - ed
3. For me He came from glo - ry to the grave, Je - sus, bless - ed
4. Hence-forth that I my grat - i - tude may prove, Je - sus, bless - ed

Je - sus on the cross! It keeps me in the straight and nar - row way,
Je - sus on the cross! I mar - vel at His sac - ri - fice for me,
Je - sus on the cross! To save my soul His life for me He gave,
Je - sus on the cross! I con - se - crate to Him my heart of love,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus on the cross! I see my lov-ing Sav-ior thro' my

tears; (thro' my tears;) His mem-o-ry I cher-ish all the years; (all the years;) My heart no

lon-ger fears, since His sac-ri-fice ap-pears, Je-sus, blessed Je-sus on the cross!

No. 62. Jesus is Passing By.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, con-trite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, hun-gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, wear - y one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;

See in His rec - on - cil - ing face, The sun - shine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And full - y sat - is - fy.
Come where the long-ing heart is blessed, And on His bos - om lie.
The love that lis - tens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by,.....
Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

mf *p*

Has - ten to meet Him on the way; Je - sus is pass-ing by to - day,

p *rit.*

pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by.....
Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by.

mp

No. 63. He Included Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But when I read it I al - ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev - er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.

CHORUS.

Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so - ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 64. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic - to-ry! On to

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!". . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 65. I Am Anchored Fast.

I. D. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Toss - ing on the bil - low, Rock - ing in the blast,
2. Skies all clad in sa - ble, Storm-clouds fly - ing past,
3. Gone each earth - ly treas - ure, Cut a - way each mast,
4. Sor - rows mul - ti - ply - ing, Pros-pects o - ver - cast,

Faint - ing on the pil - low, Ver - ging tow'rd the last.
Cling - ing to the ca - ble, I am an - chored fast.
Van - ish ev - 'ry pleas - ure, I am an - chored fast.
Weep - ing, moan - ing, sigh - ing, I am an - chored fast.

REFRAIN.

While the tem - pest ra - ges, To the Rock of A - ges I am an - chored

fast; . . . . .

I am an - chored fast; . . . . . .

fast; . . . . I am an - chored fast; . . While the tem - pest ra - ges,

fast; . . . . . .

To the Rock of A - ges I . . . am an - chored fast. . . . . .

I am an-chored, I am an-chored fast. . . . . .

No. 66. Sunshine in the soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
3. There's spingtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 67. We Shall See the King Some Day.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

We shall shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 68. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai-ly Growing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me.

CHORUS.

Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweeter to me, Dear-er each day,

dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

No. 69. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav - ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mercy ac-cept-ing, You tru - ly repent and be - lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the blessed Re-deem-er, The lov -ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold.... on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold..... on His in-
hold, lay hold..... on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold.....

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold..... on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 70. Safe In the Glory Land.

James L. Black.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way like the ran-somed throng, Un - to
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the

King leads on be - fore us, We are trav - 'ling home to the
Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are trav - 'ling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the

heav'n - ly hills With the day - star shin - ing o'er us.
King's com - mand, And our lamps are trimmed and burn - ing.
King we see, And with Him we hold com - mun - ion.
oth - er side, And we'll sing His praise for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Trav'ling home to the mansions fair, Crowns of re-joic-ing and life to wear;

O what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land!

No. 71. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right;
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord;
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who reign-eth a - bove,
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod,

A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
A song that shall con-quer e - vil
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light,
And shat - ter the spear and sword,
And show us that God is love,
Might come to the truth of God,

A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 72.

Grace is Free.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC, Chas. H. Marsh.

1. Send the news o'er all the earth, Grace is free, grace is free;
2. Send the mes - sage thro' the air, Grace is free, grace is free;
3. Look to Je - sus, look and live, Grace is free, grace is free;
4. Sin - ners, Je - sus will re - ceive; Grace is free, grace is free;

To the world make known its worth, Grace is free, grace is free;
Hope for mil - lions in de - spair, Grace is free, grace is free;
Par - don free - ly He will give, Grace is free, grace is free;
Life a - bun - dant He will give, Grace is free, grace is free;

Tell the lost ones, bound by sin, Per - fect free - dom they may win,
Sing it out in glad re - frain, O - ver moun - tain, o - ver plain,
On His love you can de - pend, There's no oth - er such a friend,
Hear, O hear His plead - ing voice, Now, O now make Him your choice,

Bring, O bring the wan-d'rers in, Grace is free, grace is free.
Tell the world that Christ shall reign, Grace is free, grace is free.
He will keep you to the end, Grace is free, grace is free.
Come, O come, in Him re - joice, Grace is free, grace is free.

No. 73. Deep Within My Heart.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. To be like Thee, Lord, I seek, Deep with - in my heart;
2. Thine own Word of truth I've stored Deep with - in my heart,
3. Je - sus, Source of joy and grace, Deep with - in my heart,
4. I've a bless - ed hope while here, Deep with - in my heart;

Low - ly, mer - ci - ful and meek, Deep with - in my heart.
That I sin not 'gainst Thee, Lord, Deep with - in my heart.
Make for Thee a dwell - ing - place Deep with - in my heart.
Faith a - waits the vi - sion clear, Deep with - in my heart.

Make me, keep me pure and clean, Let no shad - ow come be - tween,
Thy commands help me o - bey, In a true and per-fect way,
Thou for - ev - er art the same! At the men-tion of Thy name,
When my Sav - ior comes for me, And His bless - ed face I see,

That Thy like - ness may be seen Deep with - in my heart.
Ev - 'ry mo-ment, ev - 'ry day, Deep with - in my heart.
Bright - er shines love's ho - ly flame, Deep with - in my heart.
Like Him I shall al - ways be, Deep with - in my heart.

No. 74. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He s my Friend.

No. 75. When I Go Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas-es not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;

'T is lone-some win - ter now, but 't will be May, When I go Home; Be-
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home; And
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home; There
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home; Oh,

yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel - come warm of
when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of

those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.

No. 76. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

Charles Irvin Junkin.

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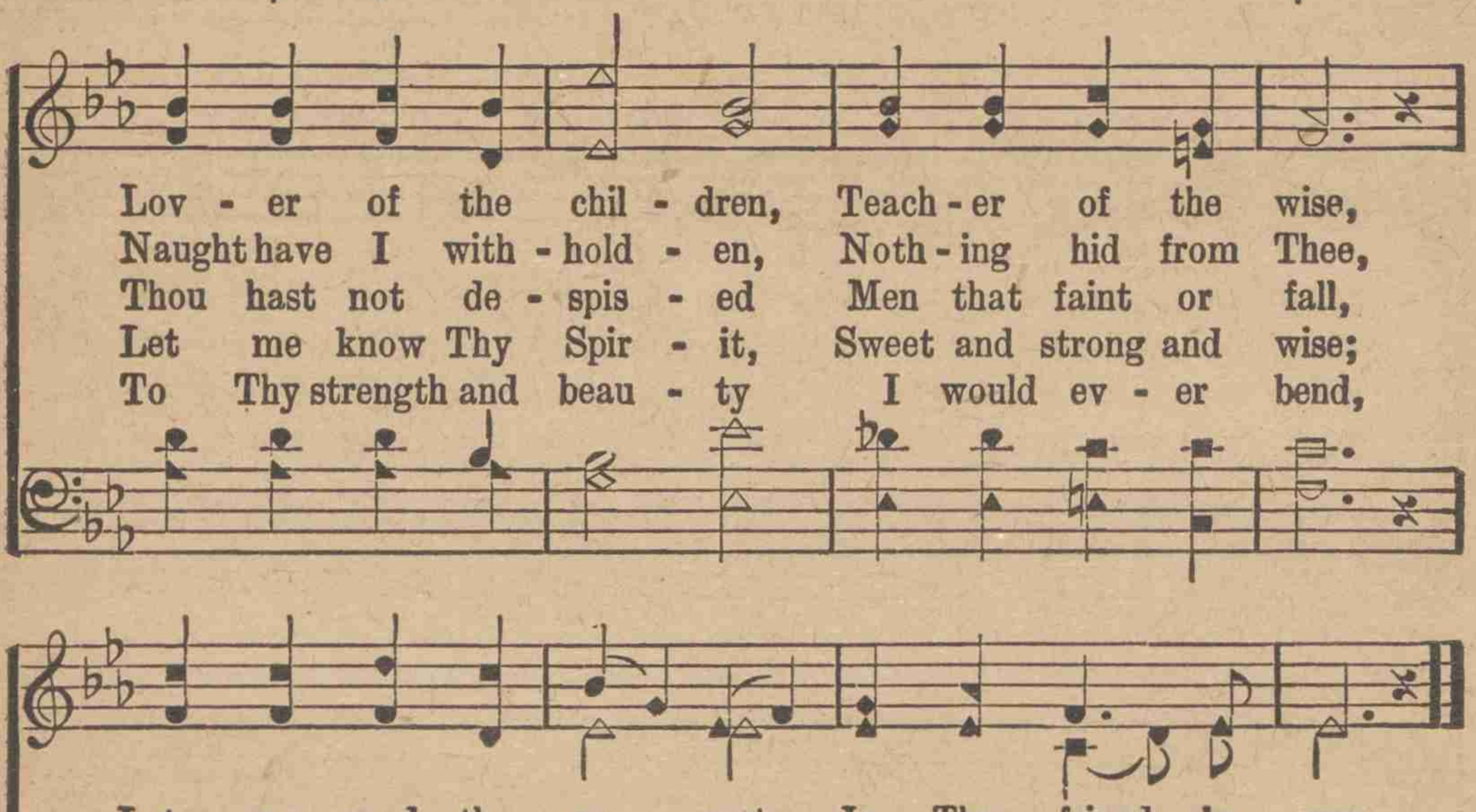
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,



Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Searching its re - cess - es, With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:



Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet and strong and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,

Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend - ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly, Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend - ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as friend!

No. 77. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;

A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:

Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,

Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com - fort the break-ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

No. 78. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 79. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
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S. Jean Walker. E. O. Excell.

1. Wea - ry soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm - y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor-rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all—He is your Friend, He will count-less bless-ings send,

He will ev - 'ry joy re - store, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end, Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 80. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil-lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well,
"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

with my soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

No. 81. Let Him In.

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RENEWAL.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in.

No. 82. I Must Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur-dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com- pas-sion-ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my bur-dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 83. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;

O how sweet to be there!

No. 84. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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William H. Doane.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - er,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 85. I Am Happy in Him.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is Heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him,..... I am hap-py in Him;.....
I..... am hap-py in Him, I..... am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 86. Have You Made the World Better?

Nella F. Ford.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the last rays of sun-set are low in the west, When the toil-ers come
2. Did a storm-beat-en pilgrim, cast down in the race, See the Christ that you
3. Did the stran-ger who traveled with you all day long Feel the touch of your
4. When my life-day is o-ver, and sun-set has come, When the work is all

home, and the world is at rest, To the ques-tion my an-swer must
love when he looked in your face? Did you pray for the friend who has
faith in your word, in your song? Has your heart felt the bur-den for
done and the toil-ers go home, May I know that for which I will

D. S.—*Have you done what you could in all*

FINE.

be yea or nay—"Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?"
drift-ed a-way—Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?
souls gone astray—Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?
con-stant-ly pray—I have made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day!

things, as you should—Have you made the world better by liv-ing to-day?

CHORUS.

D. S.

Have you made it better, Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?

No. 87. He Understands.

Sophie E. Morgan.
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E. O. Excell.

1. There's a qui - et re-treat, where with Je-sus I meet, And my bur-dens I
2. When o'er-come by my grief, noth-ing brings such re-lief As the touch of His
3. When my friends all for-sake, and my sad heart would break, I reach out to His
4. Wheth - er wear - y or sad, whether cheer-ful or glad, I will cling to those

place in His hands; Ev - 'ry sor - row I bear, ev-'ry heart-breaking care,
com - fort-ing hands; Ev - 'ry bur - den He bore for my sins o'er and o'er,
beck - on - ing hands; They were wounded for me, that thro' faith I might see,
nail-pierc - ed hands; For they point day by day to my Home far a - way,

REFRAIN.

FINE.

D. S.—Je - sus knows, and He un - der-stands.
Je - sus knows, and He un - der-stands. He knows,..... He
Je - sus knows, and He un - der-stands.
Je - sus knows, and He un - der-stands. And He un - der - stands,

D. S.

Ev-'ry sor - row I bear, ev'ry heart-breaking care,
knows,..... Ev-'ry bur-den He bore for my sins o'er and o'er,
They were wounded for me, that thro' faith I might see,
And He un - der - stands; For they point day by day to my Home far a - way,

No. 88. All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing,—It be-longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry,—It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing,—It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus,—It be-longs to Him.

No. 89. God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

Lotta B. White.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. B. MORTON.
E O EXCELL, OWNER.

A. B. Morton.

1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,

When earth's night has passed a-way, By and by, by and by;
In that res - ur - rec - tion day,
All earth's sor-rows will re - pay,
We shall sing His praise for aye, By and by, by and by;

In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sus is the light,
In that land so bright and fair, With our loved ones we shall share
No more part-ings, no more tears, No more sigh - ing, no more fears,
We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor bur - den bear,

rit. & dim.

We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
All the glo - ries o - ver there,
Spend with Christ the hap - py years,
Al - ways hap - py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

No. 90. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

F. L. B.

Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Frank L. Bristow.

1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found:"
2. Wan-der-er, far a-way from love to-day, In the sea of sin so low, A call from home now bids you "come," A-rise and say, "I'll go:"
3. Joy-ful-ly an-gels bring the sig-net ring Of a Fa-ther's par-d'ning grace, And roy-al fare they now pre-pare, Be-fore His smil-ing face:
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beau-ty rare, With an-gel throng join in the song Of joy be-yond com-pare:

Sing in Unison except the D. S.

Re-joice! re-joice! with heart and voice; Re-peat the wel-come sound!
A crown of life is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow!
A-way with fears! a-way with tears! Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
"Re-deem-er!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gath-ered there!

FINE.

D. S.—*Sal-va-tion's come! the wan-d'rer's home, The lost one now is found!*

CHORUS.

With songs of joy, Your tongues em-ploy, And re-peat the wel-come sound;

D. S.

No. 91. He Supplieth All of My Need.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All of my need He free - ly sup - pli - eth, Day aft - er day His good-ness I prove; Mer-cies un - fail - ing, new ev - 'ry morn - ing, Tell me of God's un-change-a - ble love.
2. All of my need He free - ly sup - pli - eth, Wis-dom and guid - ance, strength as my day; Grace for each tri - al, com-fort in sor - row, Bless-ed com-mun - ion all of the way. God hath laid
3. All of my need He free - ly sup - pli - eth, There's not a void that He can - not feel; Nev - er a bur - den He can - not light - en, Nev - er a heart - ache He can - not heal.
4. All of my need He free - ly sup - pli - eth, I shall not want, what - ev - er be - tide; He that de - liv - ered Christ for my ran - som, With Him will all things sure - ly pro - vide.

D. S.—*Noth-ing have I, yet I am con-*

CHORUS.

tent - ed, For He sup - pli - eth all of my need.

help on One that is might - y, One who is Friend and Broth-er in - deed;

No. 92. Never Alone.

Unknown. USED BY PERMISSION. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temptations are sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side,

CHORUS.—*No, nev-er a - lone, . . No, no, . . nev-er a - lone,*

I've felt sin's break-ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
My Sav-ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heav-y to bear;
For me He opened that foun - tain, The crim - son, cleans-ing tide;

He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone;

I've heard the voice of Je - sus Tell-ing me still to fight on,
He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
My feet entangled with bri - ars, Read-y to cast me down,
For me He waiteth in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne,

No, nev-er a - lone, . . No, no, . . nev-er a - lone,

D. C. Chorus.

He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav-ior whispered His prom - ise, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

No. 93. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the

where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly

wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

D. S. each verse.

FINE. REFRAIN.

lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.

No. 94. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.

Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 95. Gather By the River.

G. C. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Geo. C. Bottles.

1. When we cross the vale of shad-ow and are safe on Canaan's shore, We will
2. We will meet with those who've left us, and have joined that glorious band, When we
3. We will meet our dear Re-deem-er, and shall see His lov-ing face, When we
4. Ye vic-to-rious hosts of Je-sus, shout a-loud the joy-ful strain, We will

gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; When we meet to sing the praise of Him who
gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; We will know no more of part-ing when we
gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; O the bless-ed-ness that there a-waits a
gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; Let your prais-es vie with an-gels while we

D. S.—*There in robes of spot-less white, in the*

FINE.

lives for-ev-er-more, We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.
reach that hap-py land, When we gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.
sin-ner saved by grace, When we gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.
sing the glad re-frain, We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.

cit-y of de-light, We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.

CHORUS.

1 2 D. S.

{ We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there, (over there,)
{ Where the tree of life is bloom-ing [*Omit* . . . . .] bright and fair;

No. 96. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "I've anchored my soul in the Ha-ven of Rest;" I've pil-lowed my head on the dear Savior's breast; I'm trusting His prom-ise of mer-cy so free; Fear not, "For my grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
2. Wher - ev - er my lot up-on earth may be cast, Mid storm and mid tempest He hold-eth me fast; No harm can be-tide while His dear face I see, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
3. The bil-lows in fu - ry a-round me may beat; The "Cleft in the Rock" is my bless - ed re-treat; My Shield and De-fend-er for - ev - er is He, The Sav - ior whose grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
4. And when I have finished life's voyage at last, When safe in the har-bor my an - chor is cast, The theme of my prais-es for - ev - er shall be, God's grace,—which was always suf-fi-cient for me.

CHORUS.

At home or abroad, on the land or the sea, God's wonderful grace is suf-fi-cient for me; I'm find-ing it true that wher-e'er I may be, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me, (for me,)

His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

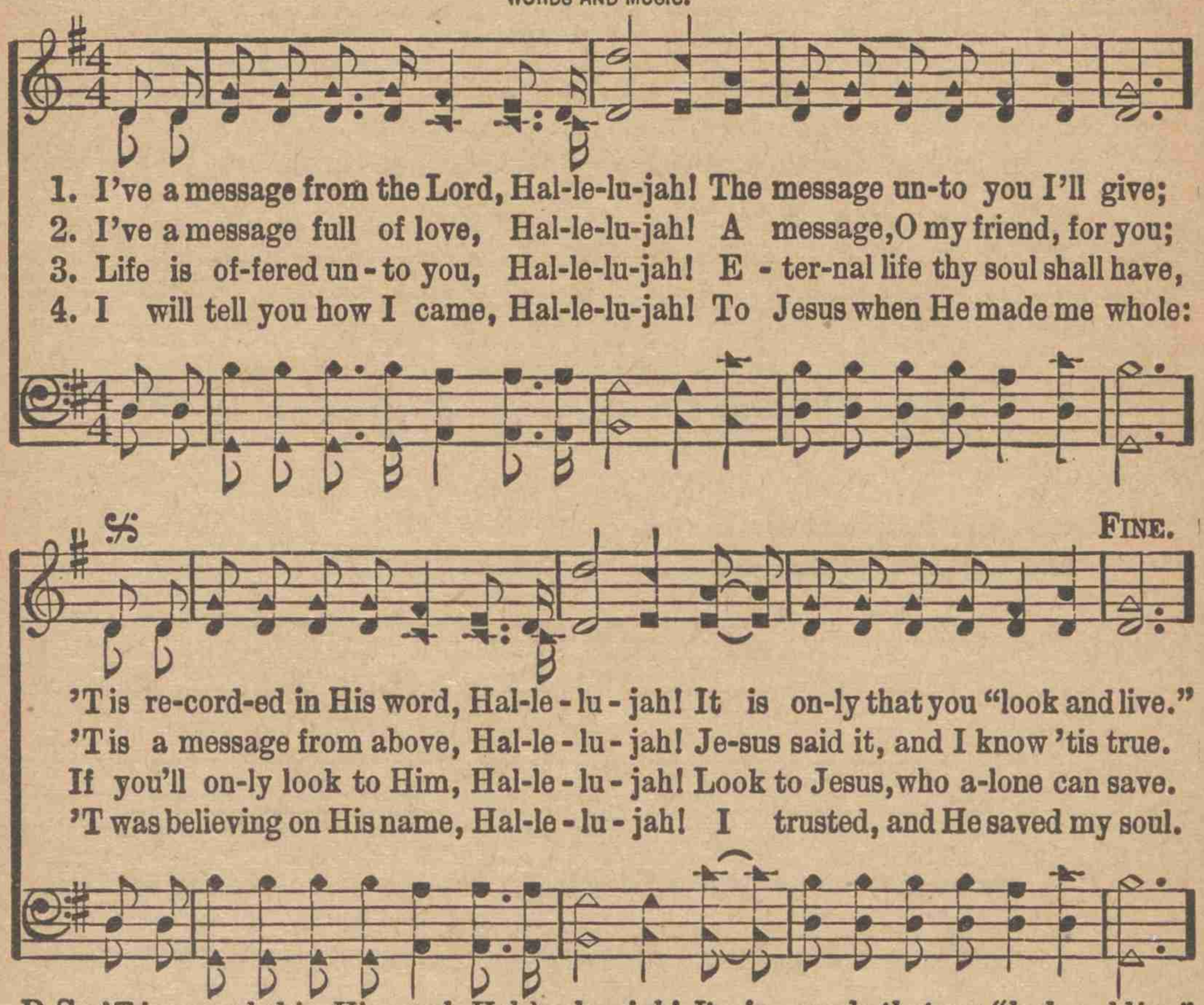


No. 97. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.



CHORUS. D. S.

No. 98. The Banner of the Cross.

E. M. Bangs.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

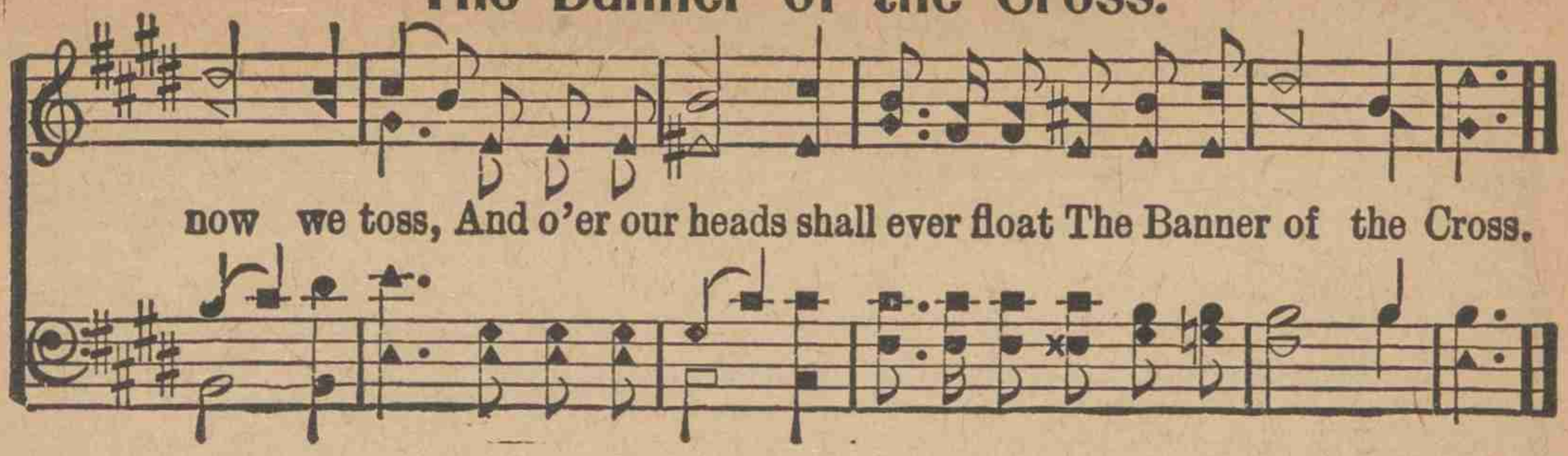
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to bat - tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.
2. The Gi-ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest ar - mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, Resistance, Will hold and bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.
3. The en - e-mies ap-proaching Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glory, and Im- pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?

CHORUS.

Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're pressing tow'rd the vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors

The Banner of the Cross.



No. 99. Precious Word.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 100. You May Have the Joy-bells.

J. Edw. Ruark.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WM J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
He is with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

FINE.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.*

CHORUS.

Joy - - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells

You May Have the Joy-bells.

D. S.

ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev'rywhere you go;

No. 101. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL,
IN RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long?
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;....
3. Time will not lin - ger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait-ing to save you now;
4. While we are pray-ing, O stay not a - way,

Have you not friends in the heav-en - ly throng?
An - gels are long - ing to tell the glad news, Je-sus is wait-ing to save.....
Why turn a - way and to Je - sus say, No? Je - sus is wait-ing to save you now.
Come to Him now, not a mo-ment de - lay,

CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save (you now);

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save (you now).

No. 102. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

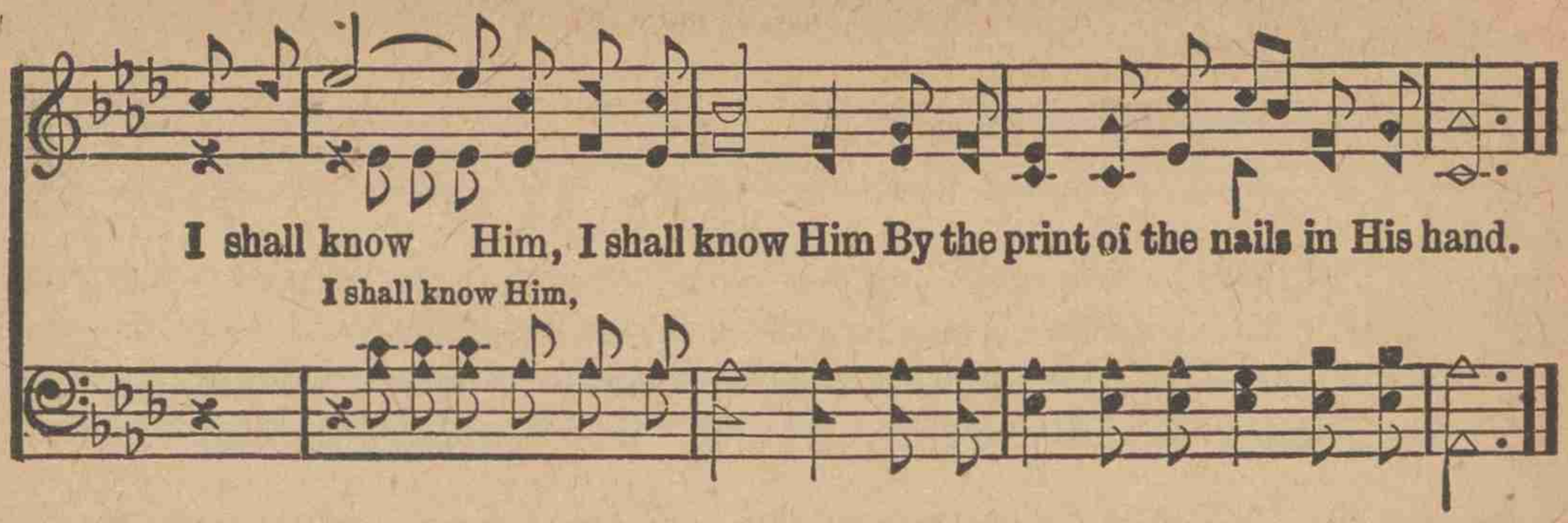
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus - ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love and grace, That prepare for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. O, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.

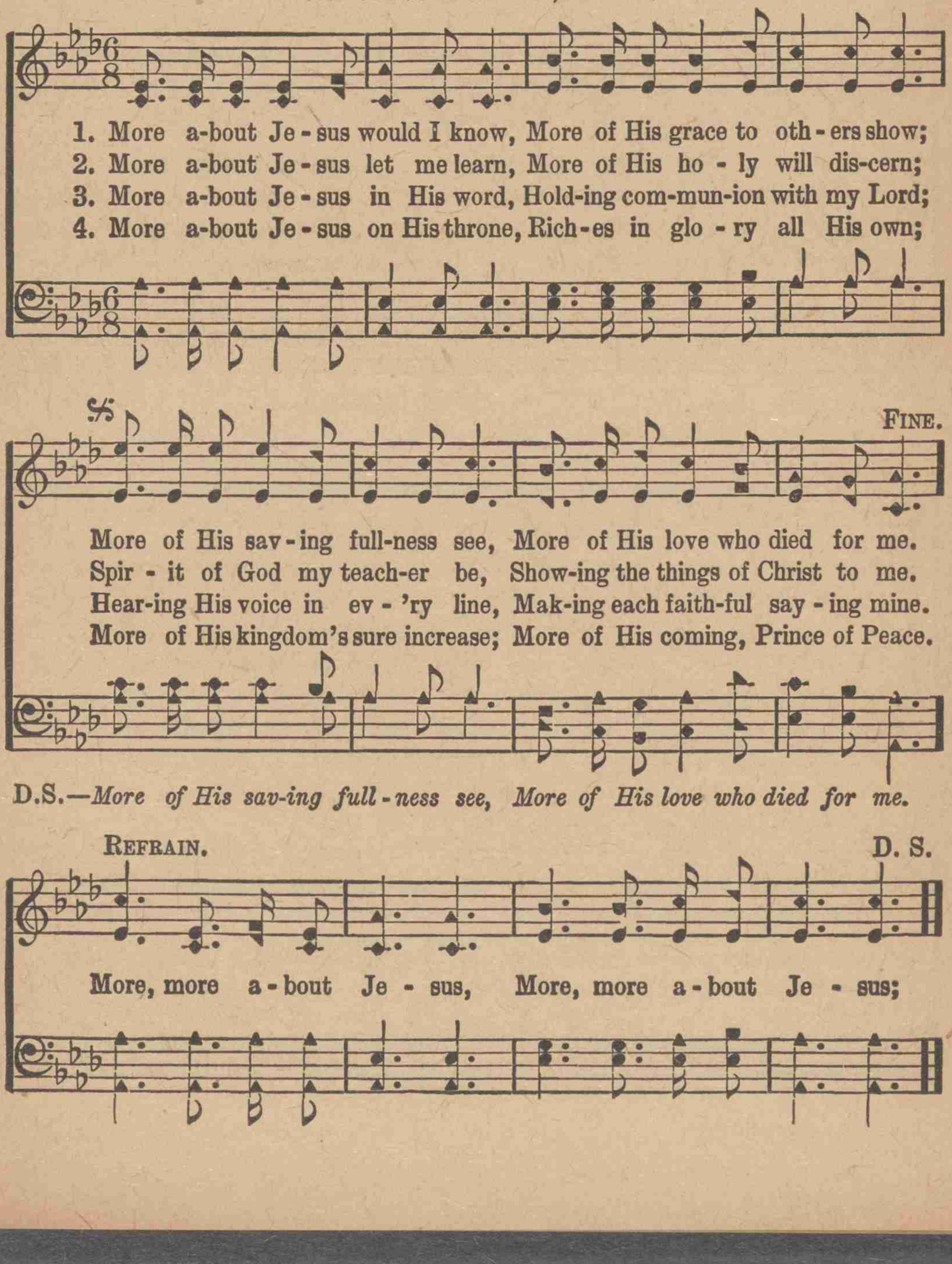


No. 103. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.



D.S.—*More of His sav-ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

No. 104. Watching for the King's Return.

E. E. Hewitt.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. O, to be more faith-ful, work-ing day by day, Watch-ing for the
2. O, to be more lov-ing, truth-ful, brave and pure, Watch-ing for the
3. O, to res-cue oth-ers from the night of sin, Watch-ing for the
4. Trusting in His mer-cy, joy-ful in His grace, Watch-ing for the

King's re-turn! Pray-ing for the king-dom, Liv-ing as we pray,
King's re-turn! Seek-ing heav'n-ly treas-ures, rich-es that en-dure,
King's re-turn! To our Sav-ior's glo-ry, bright-est stars to win,
King's re-turn; Till we see His beau-ty, meet-ing face to face,

rit.

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for the King's re-turn. . . . . Watch-ing
for the King's re-turn. Ev-er watch-ing,

ev-er, Watch-ing for the King's re-turn; Watch-ing
watch-ing ev-er, Ev-er watch-ing,

Watching for the King's Return.



No. 105. Jesus is My Savior.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.



No. 106. Win Them One By One.

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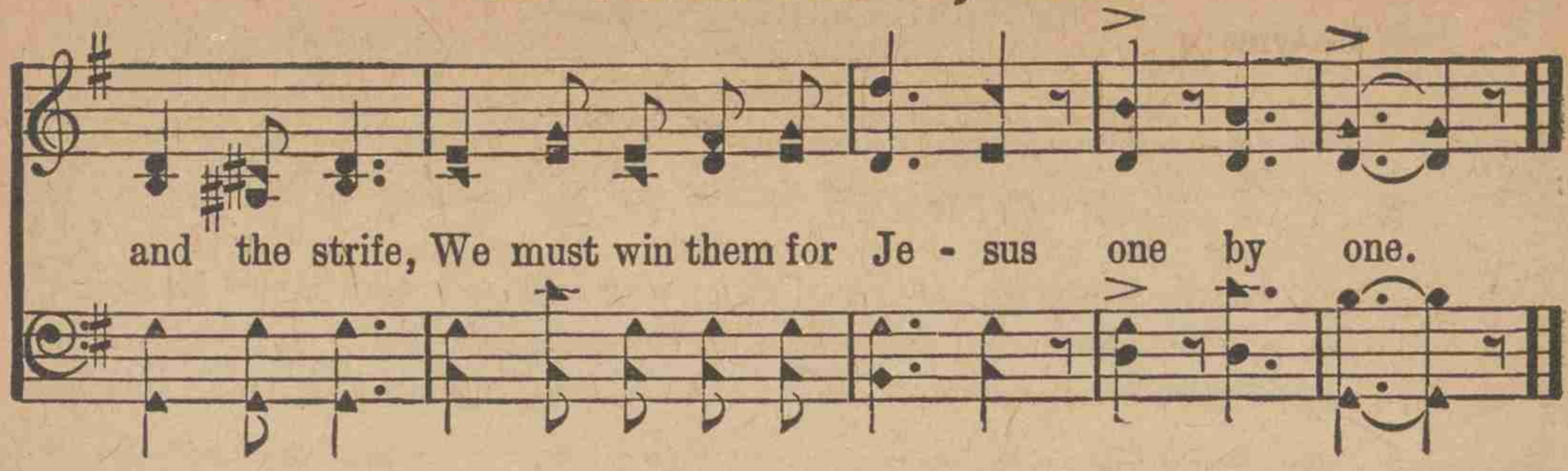
Lizzie DeArmond. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to His dis - ci - ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some wear-y, sin - ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo - ry light to stand.
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle touch of hu - man sym-pa - thy; Stoop - ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus one by one; In the nar - row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

Win Them One By One.

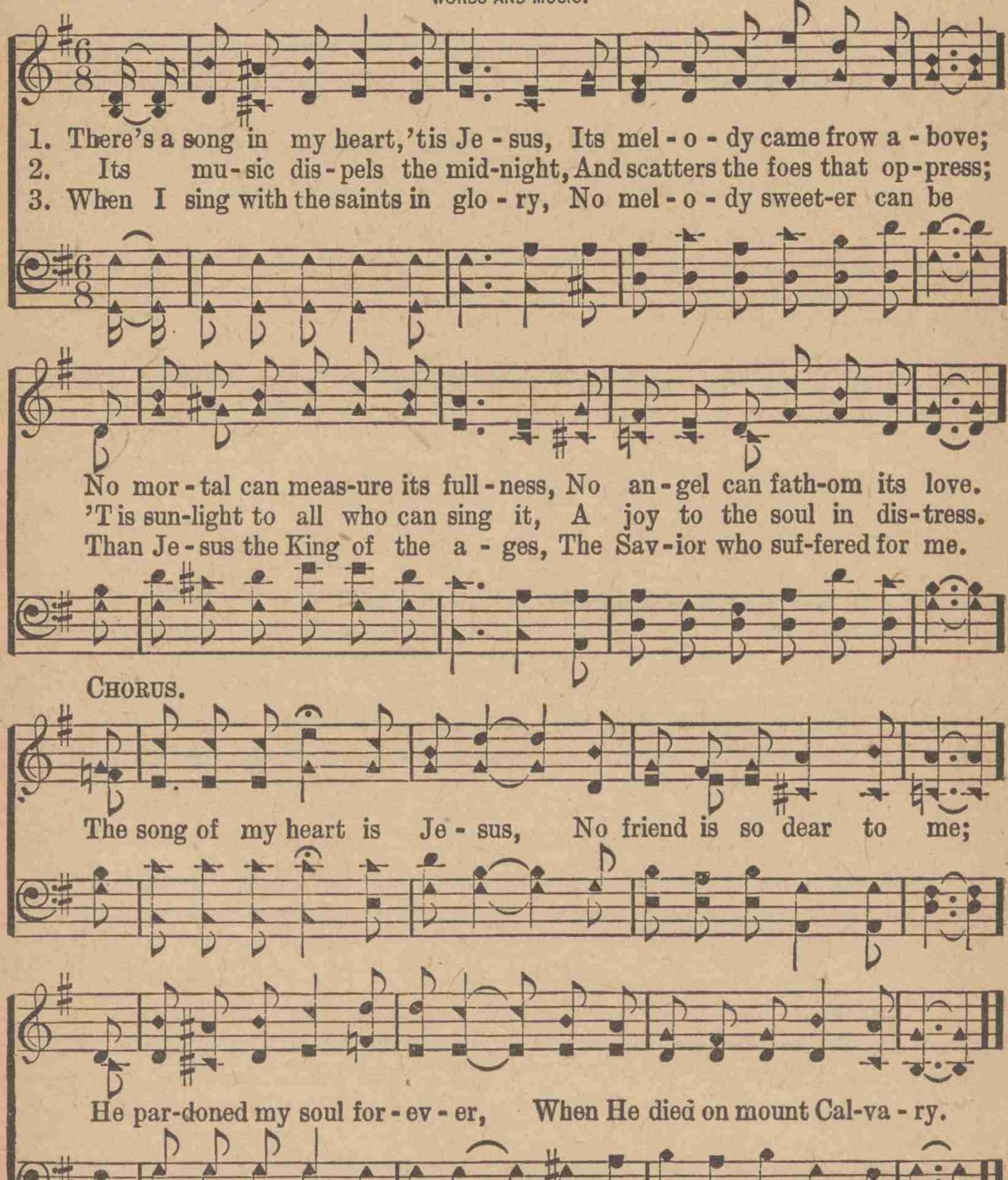


No. 107. The Song of My Heart.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.



No. 108. Whiter Than Snow.

E. R. Latta. USED BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can - not wash them a - way.

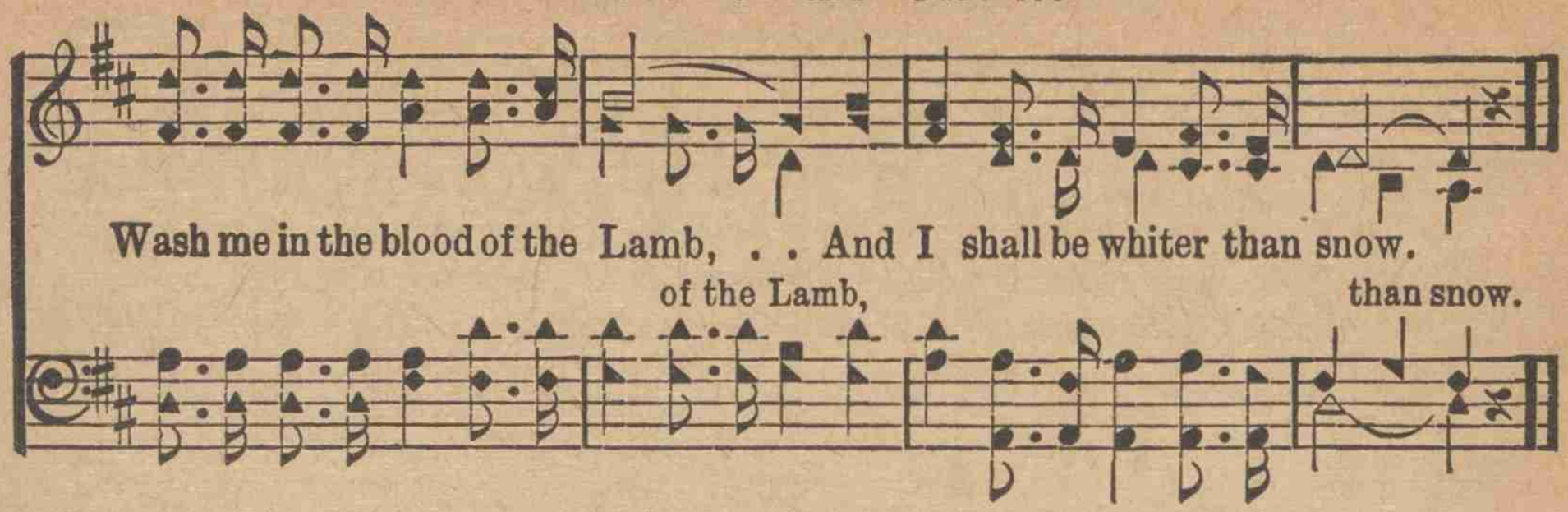
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di - vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - er than the snow, . . . Whit - - er than the snow, . . .
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,

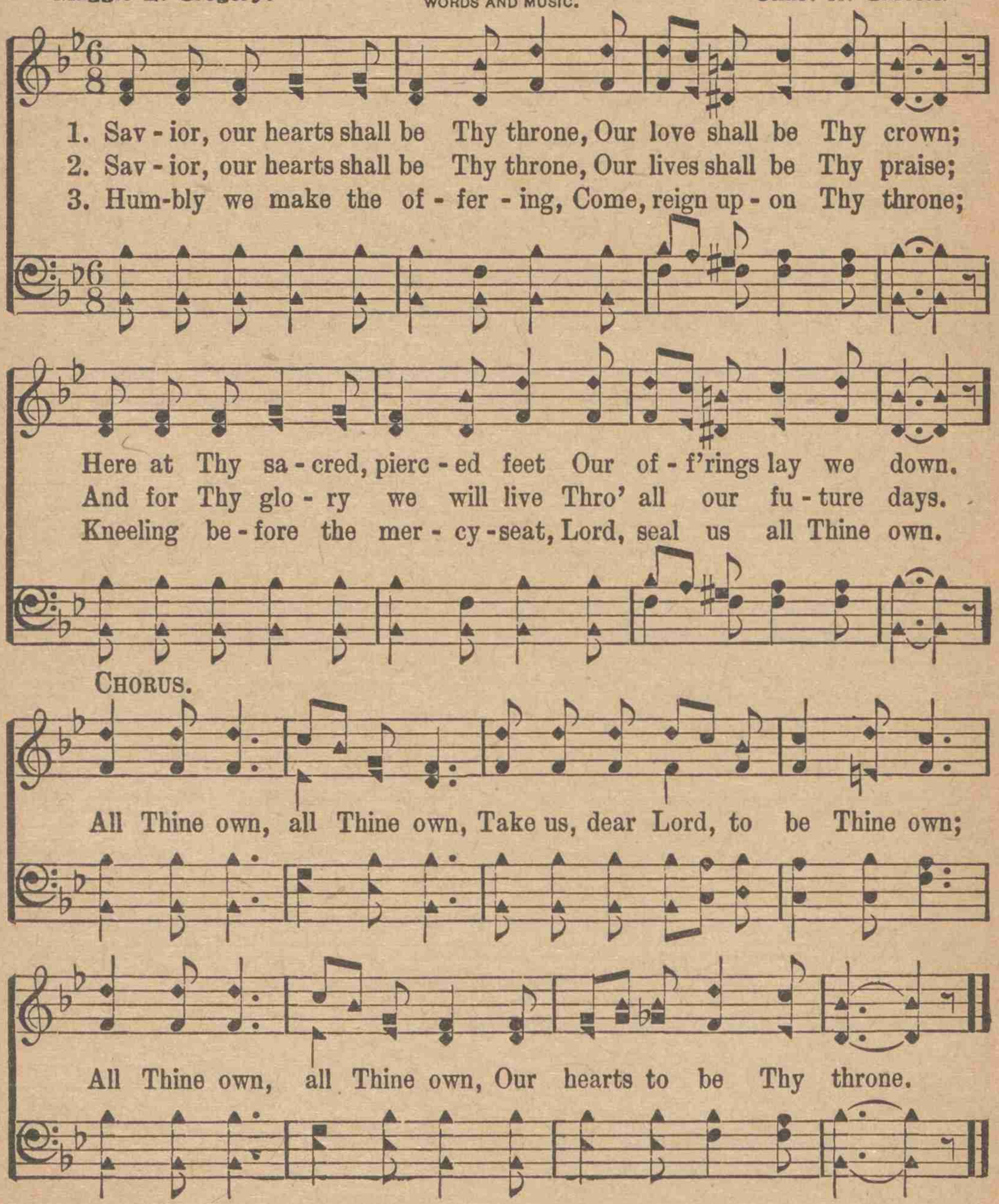
Whiter Than Snow.



No. 109. All Thine Own.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 110. Harvest Song.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the rest-less main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows fling-ing, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way, Go
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way,

la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas-ter while you may;

Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Has-ten to o - bey, For reapers are need-ed to - day.

No. 111. Near the Cross.

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Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun-tain.
There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 112. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meekness,
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more courage to be
cross - es I must bear; More ear-nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone;.. Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

heart.. and make it all Thine own;.... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 113 Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY L. E. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 114. O Where Are the Reapers?

Eben E. Rexford.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there
3. The fields are all rip-'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And
tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But
ing the har-vest tide; But reap-ers are few and the work is great, And
er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come, Then

CHORUS.

no one may rest till the "har-vest-home."
gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reap-ers! O
much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
share ye His joy in the "har-vest-home."

who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest-home"? O

O Where Are the Reapers.



No. 115. Wonderful Words of Life.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 116. He is All in All to Me.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Long by sin my eyes were blind-ed, And no beau-ty could I see
2. Mil-lions to His feet are com-ing, Just as in the long a-go,
3. Do you won-der that I love Him, When He died my soul to save?

In the wondrous "Man of Sorrows," Who once walked in Gal-i-lee:
When the mul-ti-tudes so thronged Him, Of His wondrous grace to know.
When no price could pay my ran-som, His own pre-cious life He gave!

By His gra-cious touch of heal-ing He has made my eyes to see,
He is still the bur-den-bear-er Of sin-strick-en hu-man kind;
He has won my heart for-ev-er, And my song shall ev-er be,

And the "Man, de-spised, re-ject-ed," Now is all the world to me.
Ad-am's ev-'ry son and daughter May a full de-liv-'rance find.
"Take the world, but give me Je-sus," He is all in all to me.

CHORUS.

p

He is all in all to me, to me; He is all in all to me, to me;

p

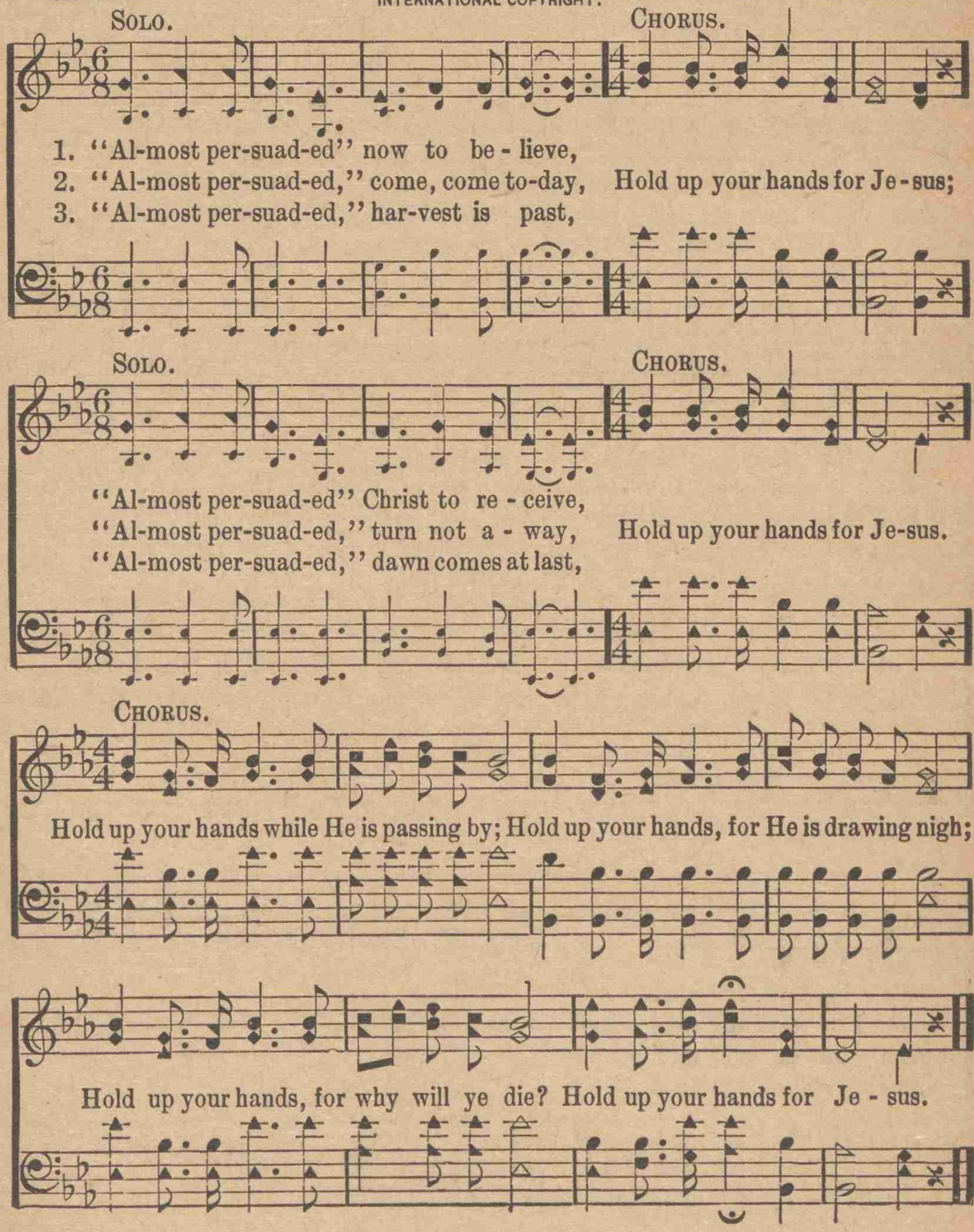
He is All in All to Me.



No. 117. Hold Up Your Hands For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

H. L. D. J. H. Rosecrans.



No. 118. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry, soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

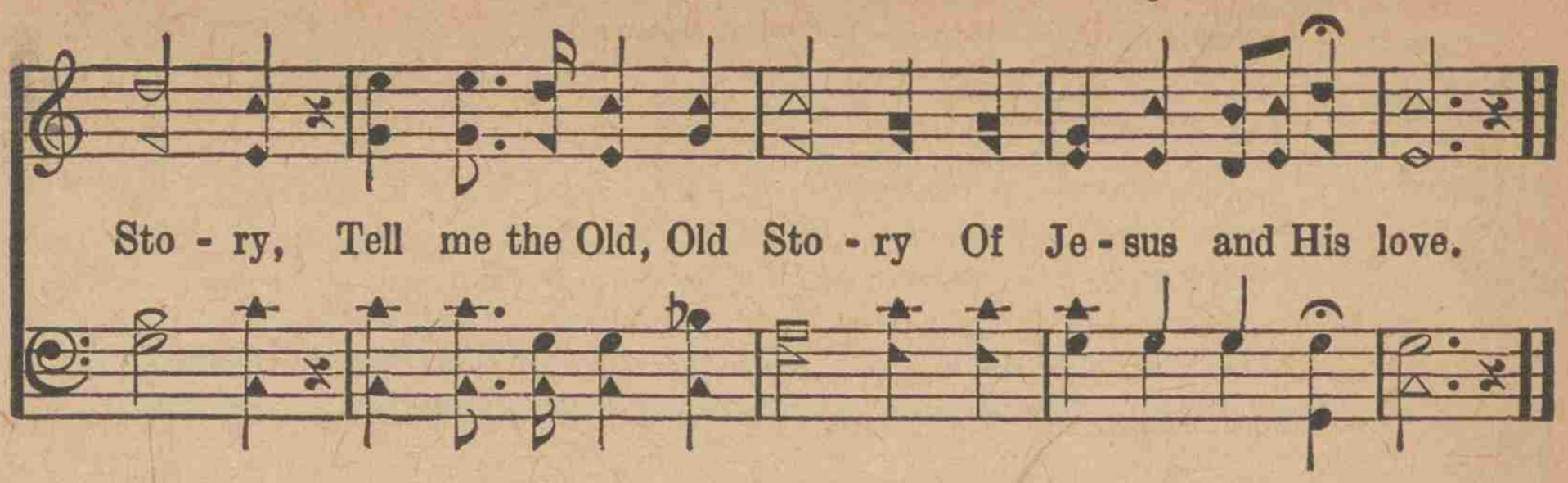
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y kind of troub-le, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

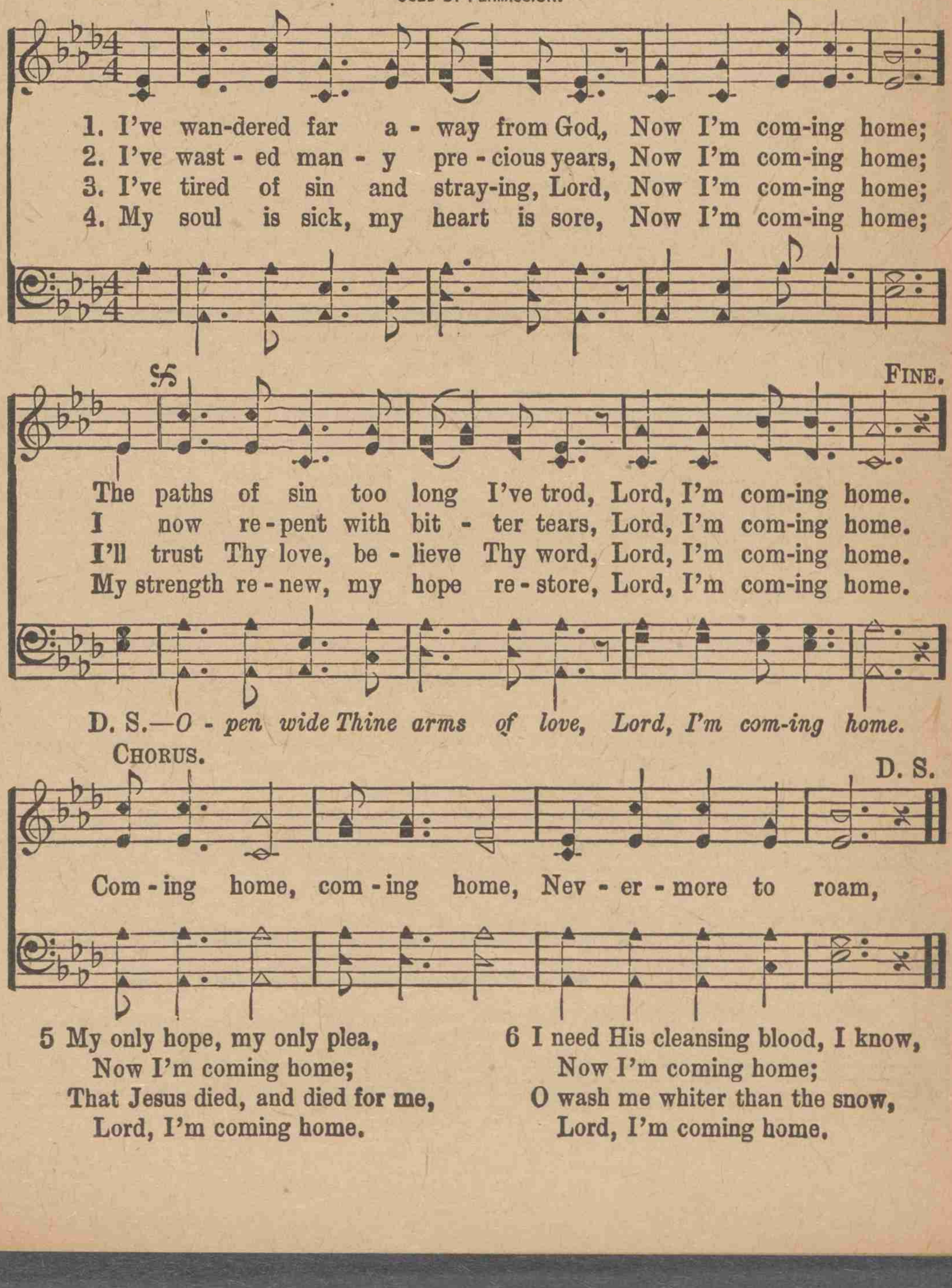


No. 119. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 120. When the Saints Are Gathered Home.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. What a song will rise on that bright, e - ter - nal morning, When the
2. With en - rap - tured eyes we shall view the crys - tal riv - er,
3. On the streets of gold we shall tell and sing the sto - ry,

saints . . are gathered home! Love di - vine will be ev-'ry
Near the great white throne we shall
When the saints gathered home! O, ce - les - tial skies all will

hap - py soul a - dorn-ing, When the saints . . . are gathered home.
live and sing for - ev - er,
ring with shouts of glo - ry, When the saints

CHORUS.

When the saints . . . . are gathered home, When we
When the saints are gath-ered home, When the saints are gath-ered home,

reach that sinless land and Jesus see, Oh, what happy songs will ring
Je - sus see,

When the Saints are Gathered Home.

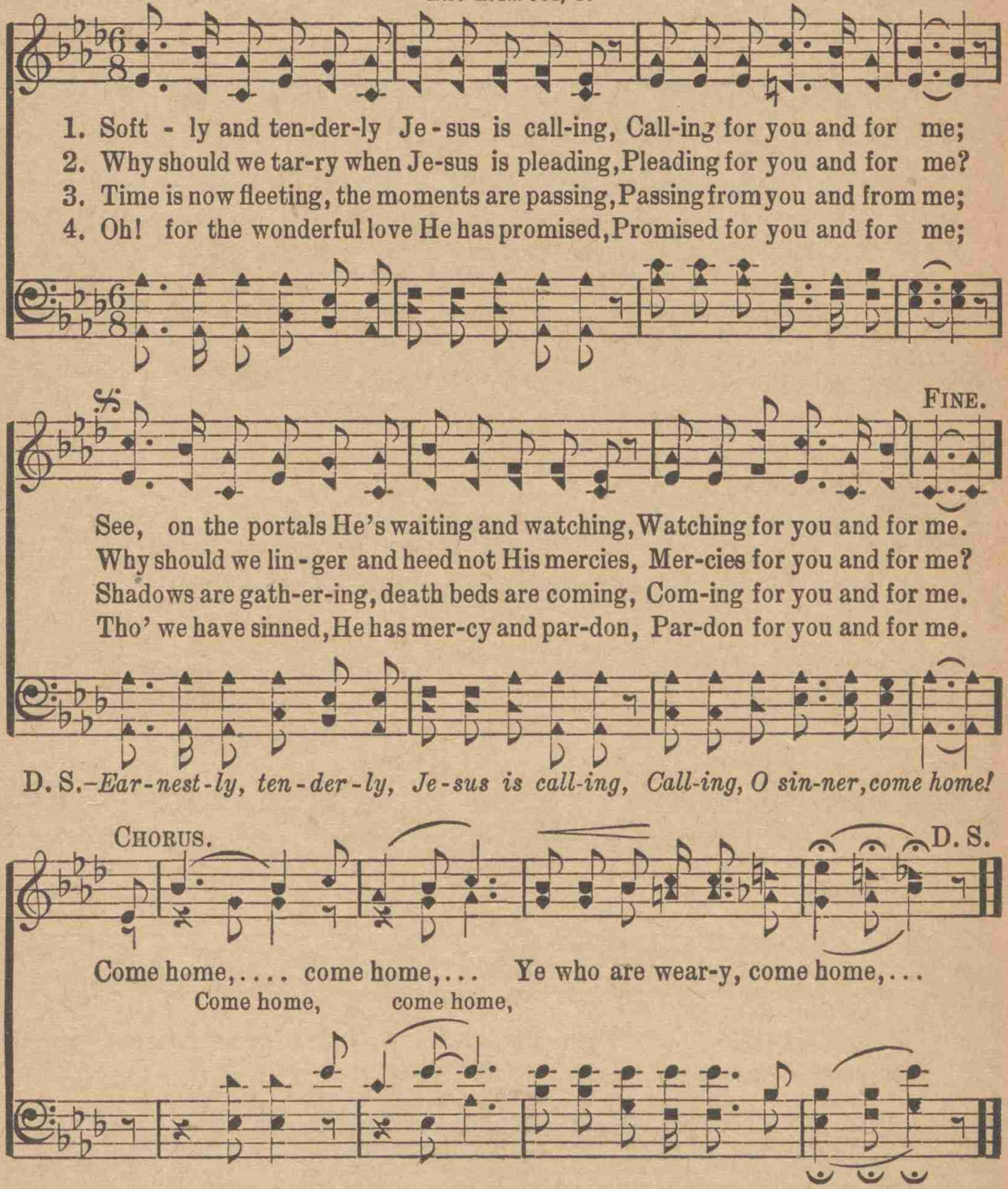


No. 121. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON ESTATE, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Will L. Thompson.



No. 122. The Christian's Hope.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The Christian's hope, O how it cheers, While passing thro' this vale of tears;
2. It whispers of un-fail-ing joy, E - ter-nal bliss with-out al-loy;
3. It whispers of a land on high Where never-more we'll say "Good-bye,"
4. What tho' I can - not un-der-stand The way for me my Lord hath planned?

(1) The Christian's hope, O how it cheers, While passing thro' this vale of tears;

It spans the dread unknown between This land and that fair land unseen,
Of tears for - ev - er wiped a-way, No night, but one un-cloud-ed day;
Where those we've loved and lost have gone, And thitherward us beck-on on.
What tho' the cares of earth may throng, The waiting times seem hard and long?

(1) It spans the dread un - known between This land and that fair land unseen,

Where, face to face, the King I'll see, And spend with Him, e - ter-ni - ty.
Of rest be-side life's crystal sea Thro'-out thy years, e - ter-ni - ty.
Where re - u - nit - ed we shall be, Thro'-out a long e - ter-ni - ty.
Hope then shall full fru - i - tion be Thro'-out thy years, e - ter-ni - ty.

(1) Where, face to face, the King I'll see, And spend with Him, e - ter - ni-ty.

CHORUS.

E - ter - ni - ty! E-ter - ni - ty! O Sav-ior mine, What will it
A long e - ter - ni - ty! A blest e - ter - ni - ty! What

The Christian's Hope.

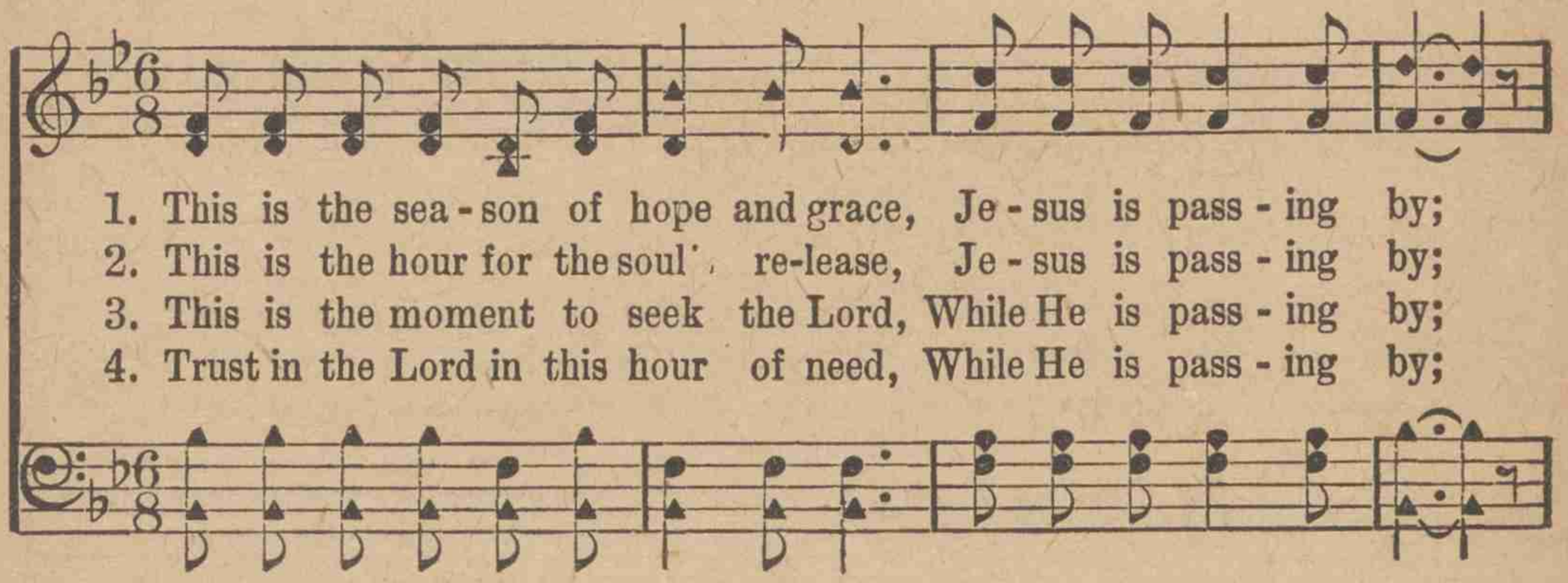


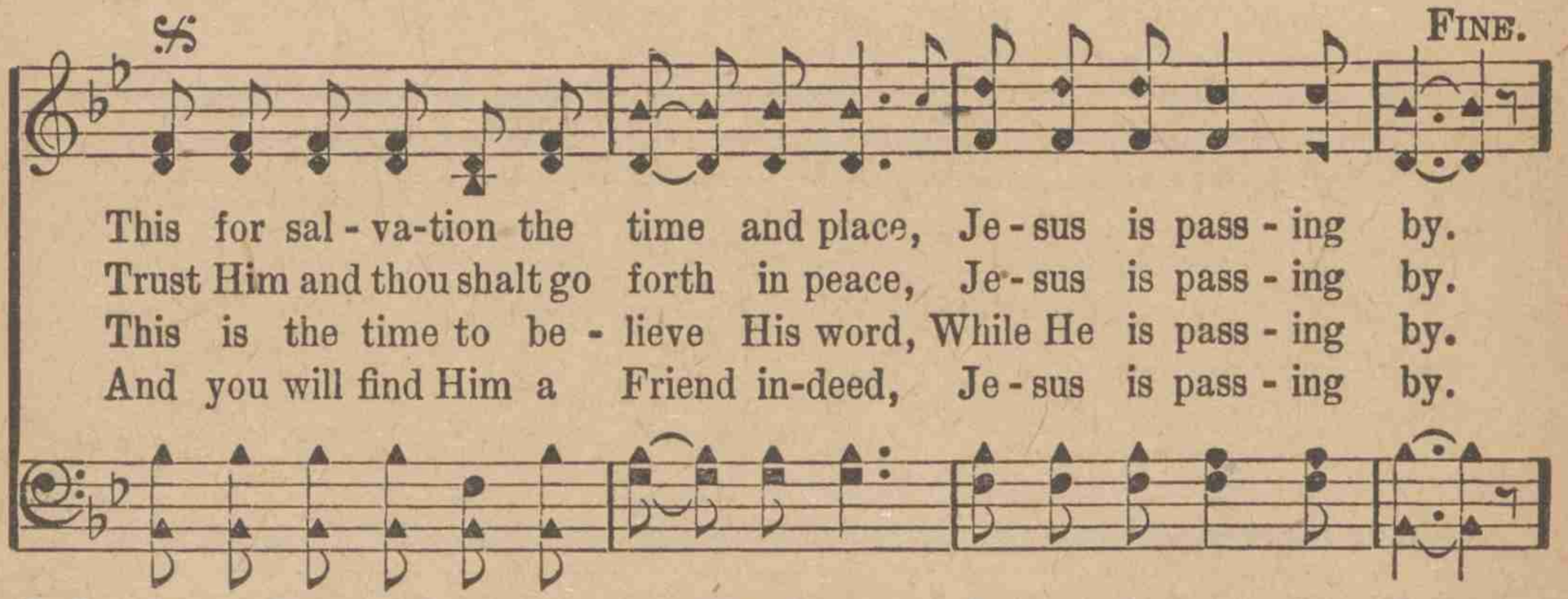
No. 123. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.





D.S.—*Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He depart;* ***Je - sus is pass - ing by.***



No. 124. Hold Up the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the cross! there the Sav-ior of men Be-came our re-demp-tion from sin;
2. Hold up the cross! 't is the sig-net of peace, The prom-ise of a-ges ful-filled;
3. Hold up the cross! let the peo-ple be-hold, And know that sal-va-tion may be
4. Hold up the cross! there is no oth-er way For sin-ners, by sin-ning en-slaved,

Then her-ald the sto-ry a-gain and a-gain, Of all that dear
It means a do-min-ion that nev-er shall cease, The bless-ing our
A-bun-dant and free, to the young and the old, Yea, all who are
To come from the bondage of dark-ness to day, And be ev-er-

CHORUS.

Sav-ior has been.
Fa-ther has willed. Hold up the cross!
will-ing to see.
last-ing-ly saved. Hold up the cross! Hold up the cross!
Hold up the cross of Je-sus!

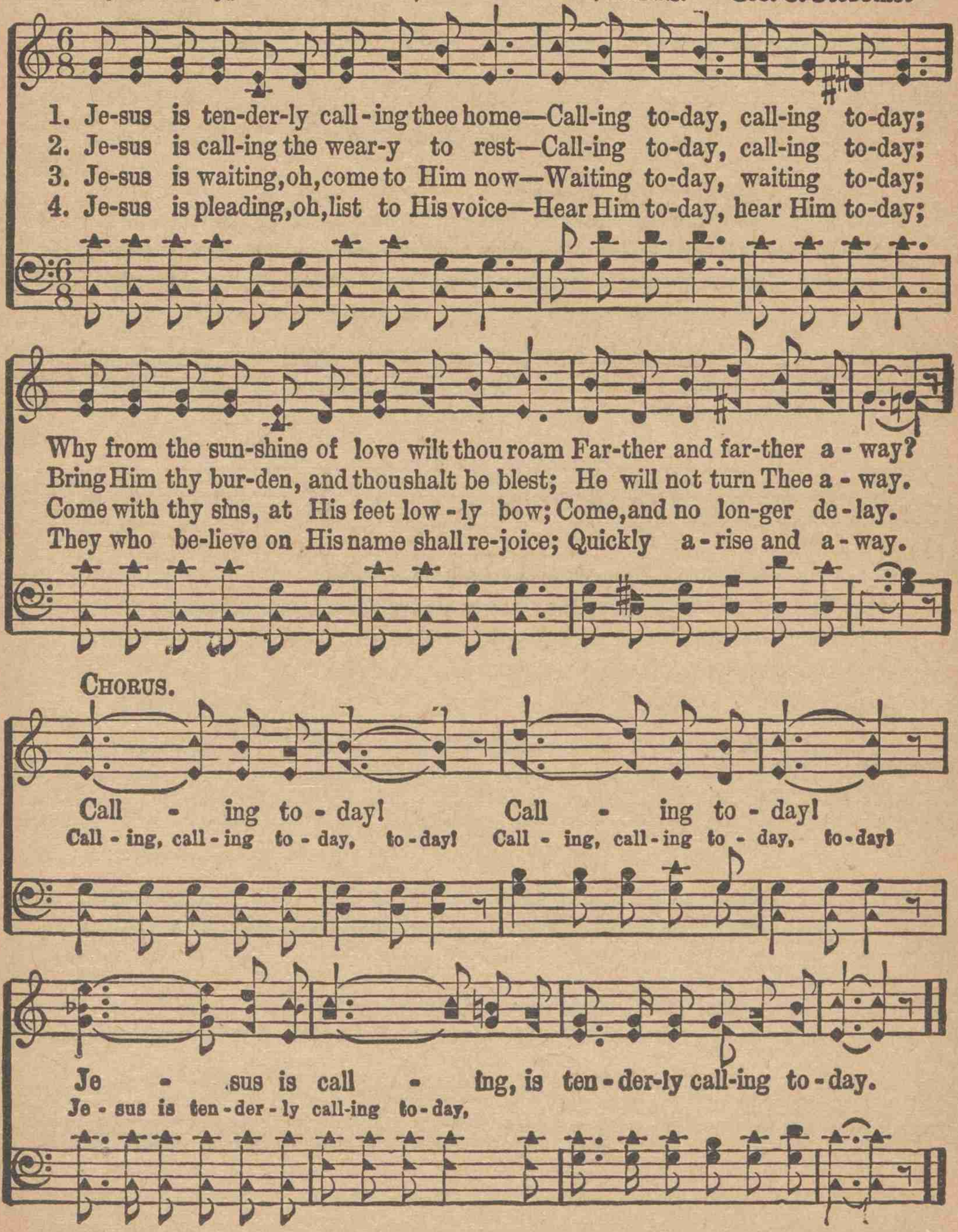
Hold up the cross! The cru-ci-fied Lord is the
Hold up the cross to the world, to the world!

Hold Up the Cross.



No. 125. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 126. Count Your Blessings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev-'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, money can - not
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an-gels will at-

CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.

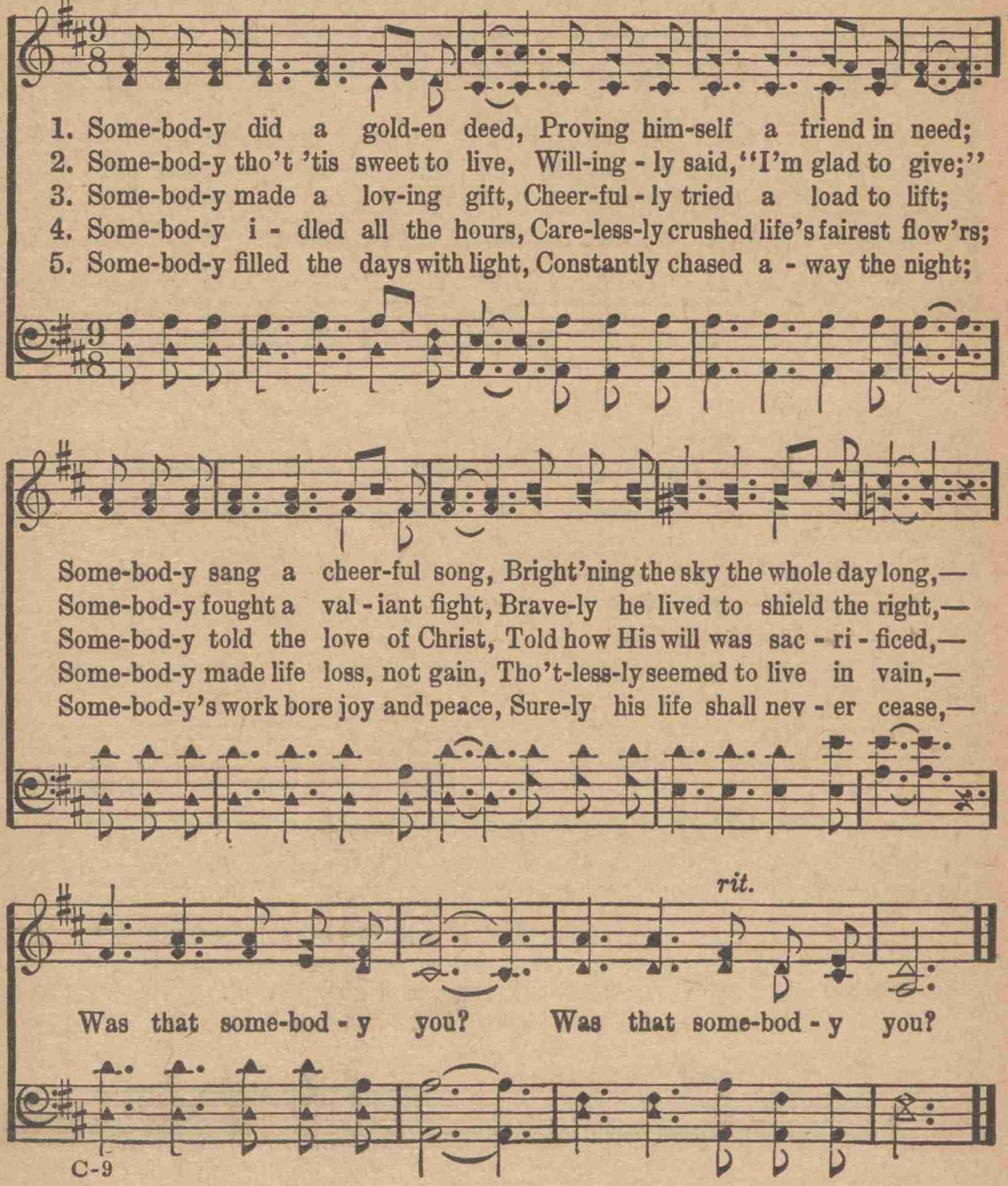


No. 127. Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weeden.



No. 128. Willing Am I.

E. D. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Will-ing am I, and read-y al-way; Will-ing am I His word to o-bey; Will-ing am I to speak in His name, Will-ing His
2. Will-ing to go, nor ques-tion, nor pause; Will-ing to do my best for His cause; Will-ing to be of use an-y-where, Will-ing all
3. Will-ing to serve as du-ty de-mands, Will-ing to aid with kind help-ing hands; Will-ing the way to Heav-en to show, Will-ing to
4. Will-ing the emp-ty ves-sel to fill, Will-ing to live con- formed to His will; Will-ing to work, to watch and to pray, Will-ing to

CHORUS.

love a-broad to pro-claim. Willing to do what Je-sus re-quires,
things for Je-sus to bear.
help the best that I know.
wait His com-ing some day.

Will-ing to do what . . Je-sus requires,

Wih-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires, . . Will-ing to

Will-ing to go where . . Je-sus de-sires,

Willing Am I.

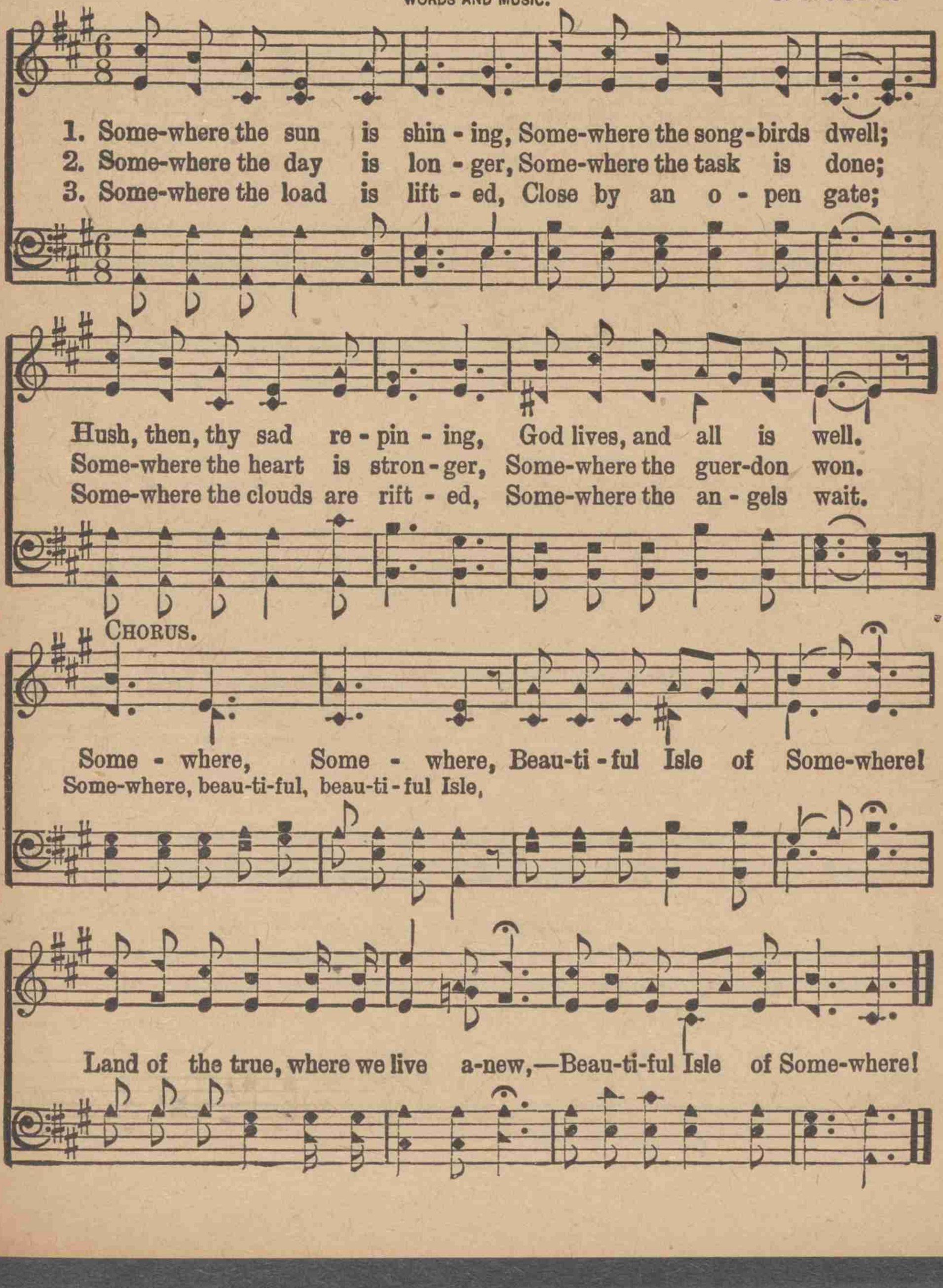


No. 129. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



No. 130. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. **W. H. Doane.**

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the

coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-

CHORUS.

hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and pray,

No. 131. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To

cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile-ness full - y cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n a - bove.

FINE.

D. S.—*That flowed on Cal - va - ry!*

CHORUS. D. S.

I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

No. 132. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je -
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The

cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in

march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor

Harmony.

gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry,

No. 133. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane.**

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

No. 134. Jesus Needs You To-day.

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Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus, the ten-der Shep-herd, Needs you the lost to seek, Needs you to
2. Needs you to feed the hun - gry, From His a - bun-dant store; Bind up the
3. Needs you to tell the sto - ry, Old, and yet al-ways new; Some one will

lift the fall - en, Strengthen and help the weak. Some of His lambs are wand'ring
bro-ken-hearted; Vis - it the sick and poor: Needs you to scat-ter sun-shine,
fail to hear it, Un-less 't is told by you; Read-y for an - y serv-ice,

Out on the hills a - stray; To gath-er them in from the fields of sin,
All a-long life's rough way; Some hearts to make glad, that are lonely and sad,
Close by His side to stay; The sick-le to wield in life's har - vest-field,

CHORUS.

Je - sus needs you to - day. Je - - - sus needs you to - day,
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day,

Je - - - sus needs you; . . Not some oth-er, but you, my broth-er, A-
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day;

Jesus Needs You To-day.

rise, and a - way! Je - sus needs you, . . Je - sus needs
Je - sus needs you, needs you,

you; Not some other, but you, my brother, Yes, Je-sus needs you to-day.

No. 135. Jesus Satisfies Me.

James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. World-ly pleasures charm no more; Je-sus sat-is - fies me: Sin - ful days and
2. Day by day, He bends a - bove; Je-sus sat-is - fies me: Whisp'ring courage,
3. O - ver-flow-ing with His praise, Je-sus sat-is - fies me: At His side I'll

CHORUS.

nights are o'er; Je - sus sat - is - fies me. Je - sus sat - is - fies me, Al-ways
cheer and love; Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
spend my days; Je - sus sat - is - fies me.

Je - sus sat-is-fies me,

His I'll be; Naught shall ev - er sep - a-rate us Thro' e-ter - ni - ty.
I'll be;

No. 136. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. Bliss.



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tem-pest tossed,

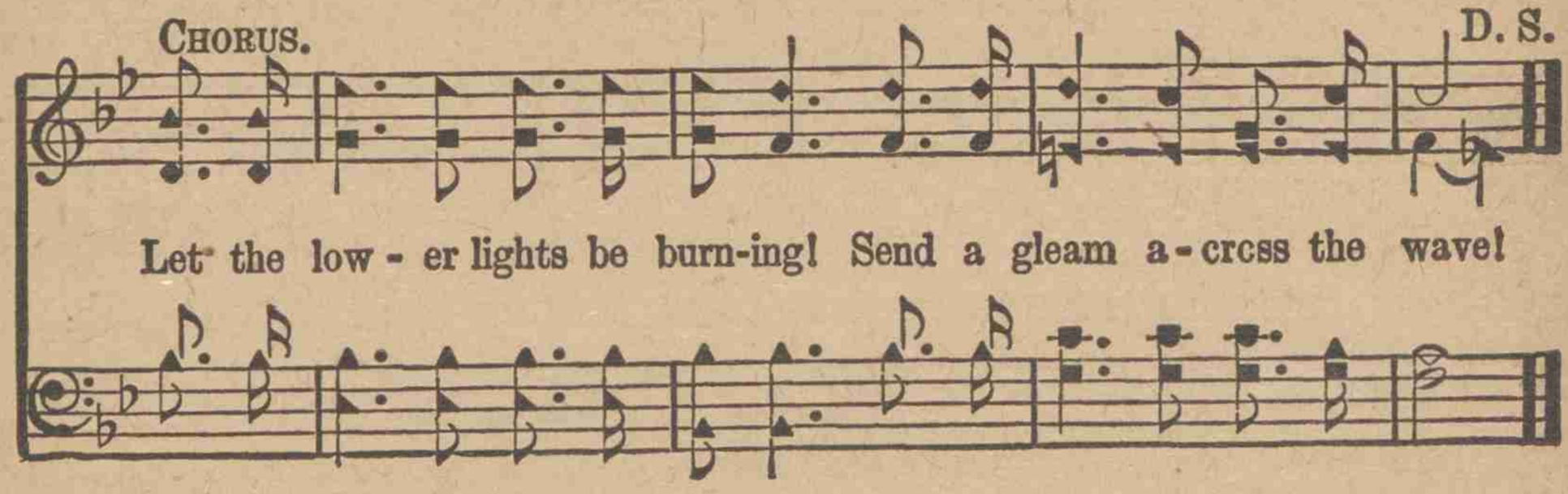




But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



D. S.—*Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.*

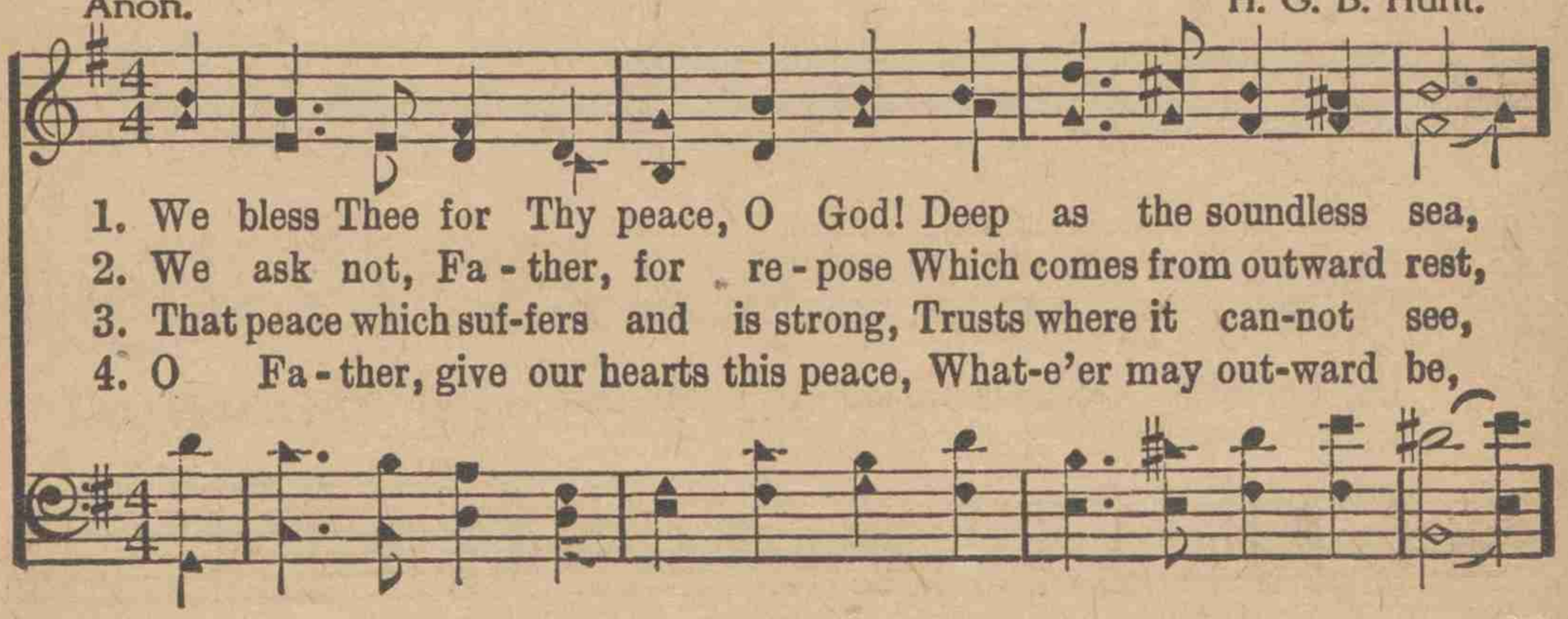


Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

No. 137. God's Peace.

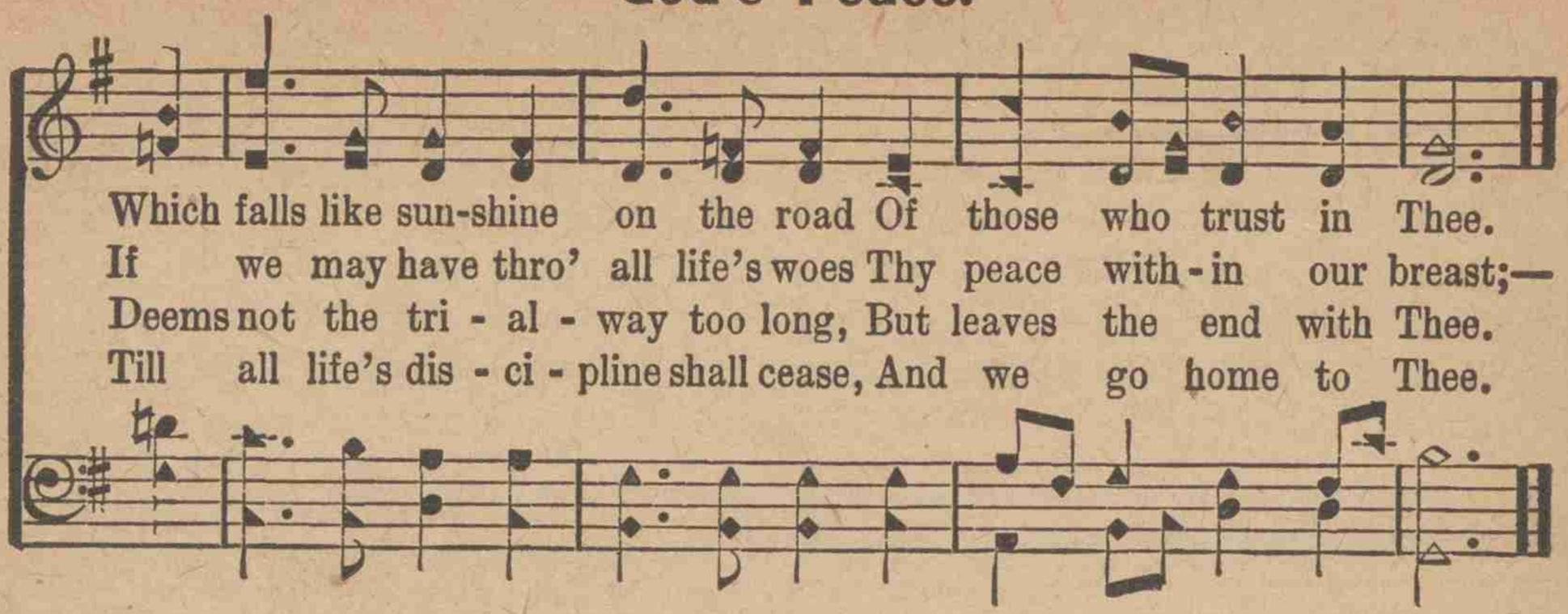
Anon.

H. G. B. Hunt.



1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the soundless sea,
2. We ask not, Fa - ther, for re - pose Which comes from outward rest,
3. That peace which suf-fers and is strong, Trusts where it can-not see,
4. O Fa - ther, give our hearts this peace, What-e'er may out-ward be,

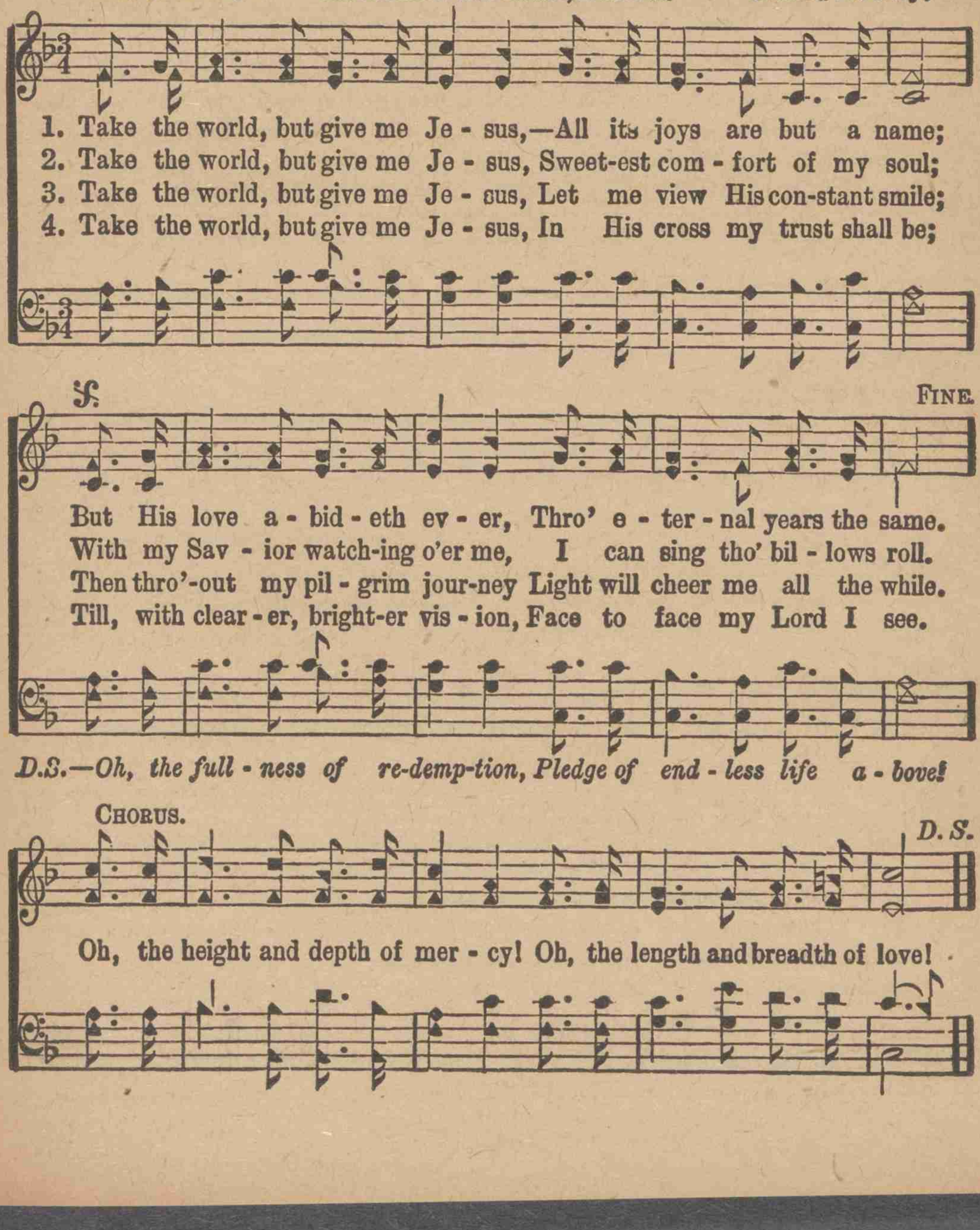
God's Peace.



No. 138. Give Me Jesus.

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Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 139. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
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J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.–*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 140. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 141. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Be-cause He first loved me, And*

FINE. D. S.

precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed away in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

No. 142. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy. adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

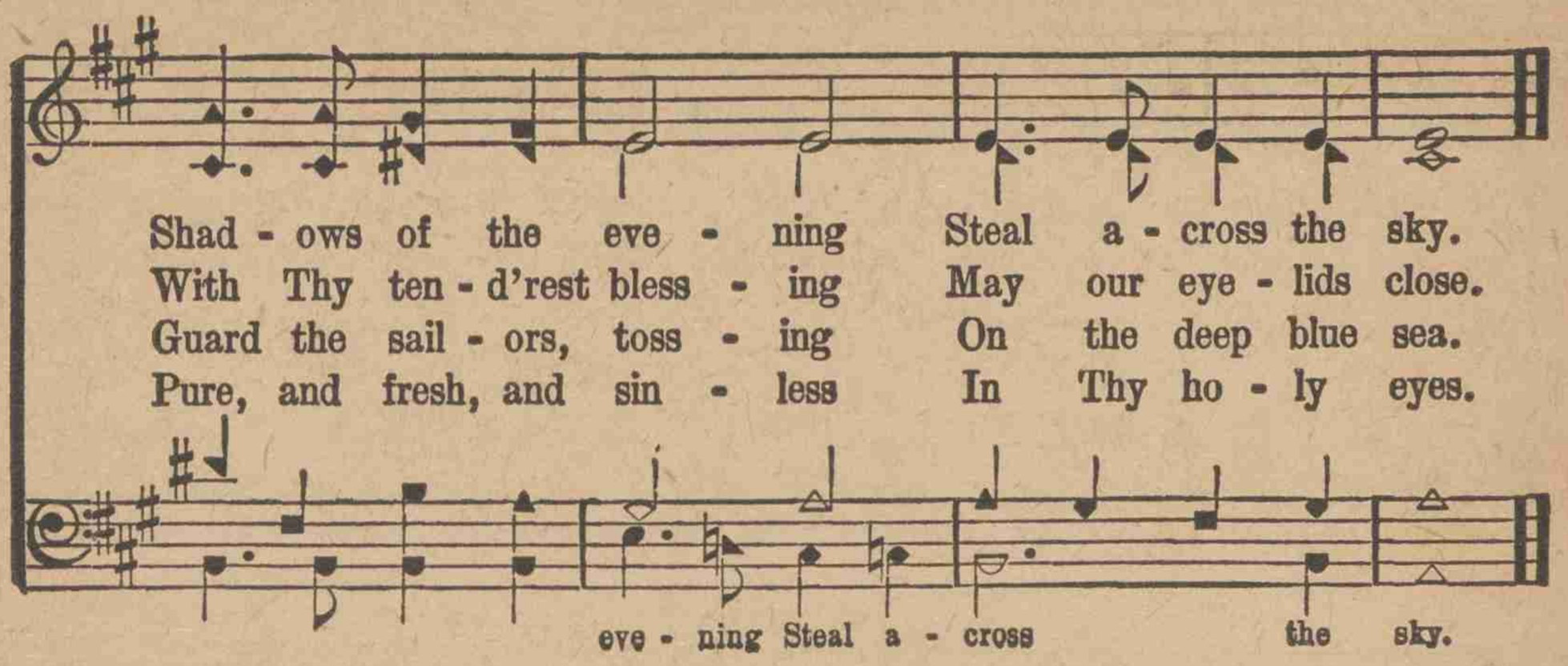
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 143. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Now the Day is Over.



No. 144. Why Not Now?

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No. 145. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 146. Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Savior, More than Life.

FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

D. S.—*May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

No. 147. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

D. S.—*While on oth-ers*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 148. Dwell With Me.

Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Roger Cox.

1. Make Thy dwell-ing in my heart, Christ who died for me;
2. I would make my heart, dear Lord, Thine a-bid-ing-place;
3. Were my heart Thy dwell-ing-place It would o-ver-flow;
4. Lord, if Thou my Guide will be, Then no ill can come;

And set the place a-part, Lord, for on-ly Thee.
From Thee I find re-ward, By Thy love and grace.
The sun-shine of Thy face, Heav'n be-gin be-low.
If I am led by Thee, I will reach my home.

CHORUS.

Lo, at my heart's door Some One knocketh ev-er; I pray Thee,

Lord, to en-ter in, And drive a-way my ev-'ry sin;

Leave, oh, leave me nev-er, Leave, oh, leave me nev-er.

Children's Songs

No. 149. I Think the Birds That Sing.

L. R. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lucy Rider Meyer.

1. I think the lit - tle birds that sing, To Je - sus all are sing-ing; Their car - ols sweet, from wayside brook Or for - est tree-tops, ring-ing. He sees the spar-rows when they fall, Their ti - ny call He heed-eth; The hun - gry ra - vens, when they cry, With lov - ing hand He feed - eth.

2. I think the little flow'rs that bloom, To Je - sus all are blooming, The morn-ing-glo - ry's shin - ing face, The prim-rose in the gloam-ing. He sees the blue-bells' swinging cups, The ro - se's crim-son glo - ry; Him the vio - let's per-fume tells Its shy - ly whis-pered sto - ry.

3. I think the lit - tle children, too, As well as birds and flow - ers, Should live for Je - sus, joy - ful - ly, Thro' all the days and hours; Should try to please their lov-ing Friend, Should dis-o - bey Him nev - er, Should fol - low in His gen - tle ways, And love and serve Him ev - er.

No. 150. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 151. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing of re-fresh-ing rain,
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur-den of our sin,
3, Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the days are dark and drear?

Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

CHORUS.

And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

Sun-shine and rain re - freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 152. Watching Over All.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. Wm. C. Pool — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Back of ev-'ry drop of rain, Fall-ing gen-tly o'er the land,
2. Back of ev-'ry flake of snow, Mak-ing earth so spot-less white,
3. He who notes the sparrow's fall, Sees the rain-drops and the snow,

Are the gold-en sheaves of grain, And a lov-ing Fa-ther's hand.
Shielding from the winds that blow, Is a lov-ing Fa-ther's might.
Will not fail me when I call,— He can hear me whis-per low.

CHORUS.

Watching o-ver all, God is watching o-ver all; He sees the ten-der grass-es, And notes the sparrow's fall; He clothes the fragrant lil-ies, He hears the children call; God in lov-ing kindness is watching o-ver all.

No. 153. Little Sunbeams.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go, The most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of Heav - en from our sight, And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sunbeams day by day, And scat - ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's

sun-beams Of love and hope and cheer, To brighten up the shadows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers, Of

CHORUS.

oft - en gath - er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.

man; In all life's sha - dy pla-ces We shine as best we can.

No. 154. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur - moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Je-sus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help - ing hand to all,

Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-mand-er say,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!

"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.

God and nev - er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!

No. 155. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

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Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com - pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

Dark passions sub - due; Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re - new; Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.

CHORUS.

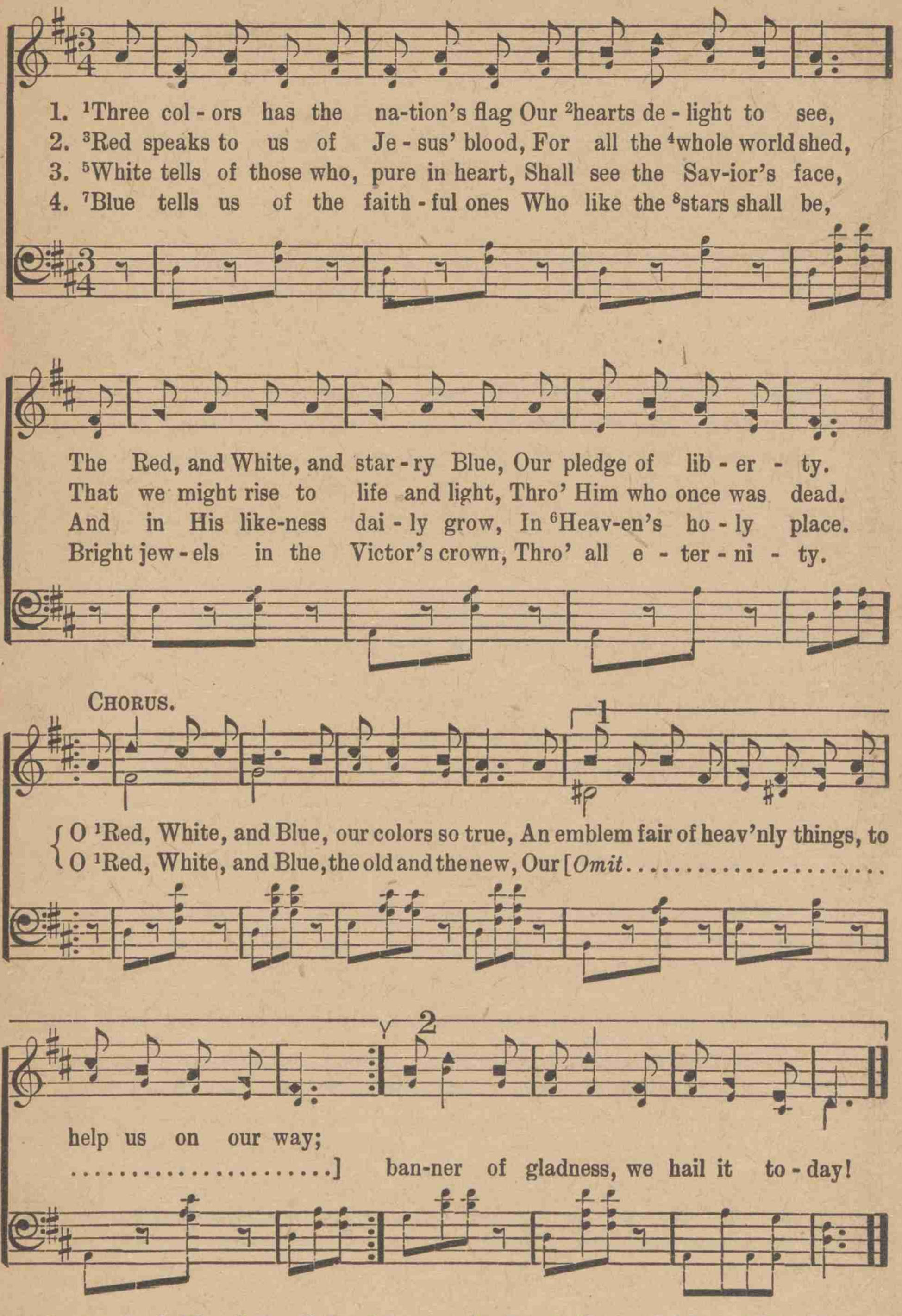
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 156. Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars. All hold American flags.

No. 157. The Birds' Nest.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. B. B. Selby. Arr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



1. [1]High in the tree-top's leaf-y bough The bird - ies are build-ing a nest;
2. [2]This is the lit - tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. [3]This is the moth-er bird who brings The wee[4] lit-tle bird-ies their food;
4. [6]These are the lit - tle birds we love, Who live in the tree-top so high,



'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by;
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watch - es all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;



To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best, To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best,
The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by, The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by,
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood,
Looks [9]down on each one from the sky, Looks [9]down on each one from the sky,



'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev - 'ry bird - ie his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a - by - by.
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watch-es all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky.



NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2. Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

No. 158. For the Glory of His Name.

A. M. Hendee.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Marsh.

Unison.



1. Christ is calling for His soldiers, Who will bear the battle's brunt; Those who will in
2. We are soldiers in His serv-ice, We are battling for the King; Ev'ry heart must
3. There is need for con-se-cra-tion, There is need for hearts sincere, There is need for



ev - 'ry con-flict Keep the col-ors well in front; Who will nei-ther shirk nor
hold His im-age, Ev-'ry tongue the watchword sing. We must all have grace and
souls cou-ra-geous Who will nev-er have a fear. We will take our place as



D. S.—*We will nei-ther faint nor*



falter, Who will face e'en death and shame; Who will keep the banner waving For the
courage, Keep the camp-fires all a-flame, We are bea-con-lights in darkness For the
soldiers, And with shouts of glad acclaim, Charge the hosts of sin and Sa-tan For the



fal - ter, We will face e'en death and shame, We will keep the banner waving For the

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



glo-ry of His name. For the glory of His name, For the glo-ry of His name;
glo-ry of His name. His name, His name;



No. 159. Rose, Rose, Rose.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un-to this

Waltz time.

rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

REFRAIN.

{ Rose, rose, rose, Pret-ti - est flow'r that grows, Emblem of
{ Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

love that came from Heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

No. 160. His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.)

B. O. B.

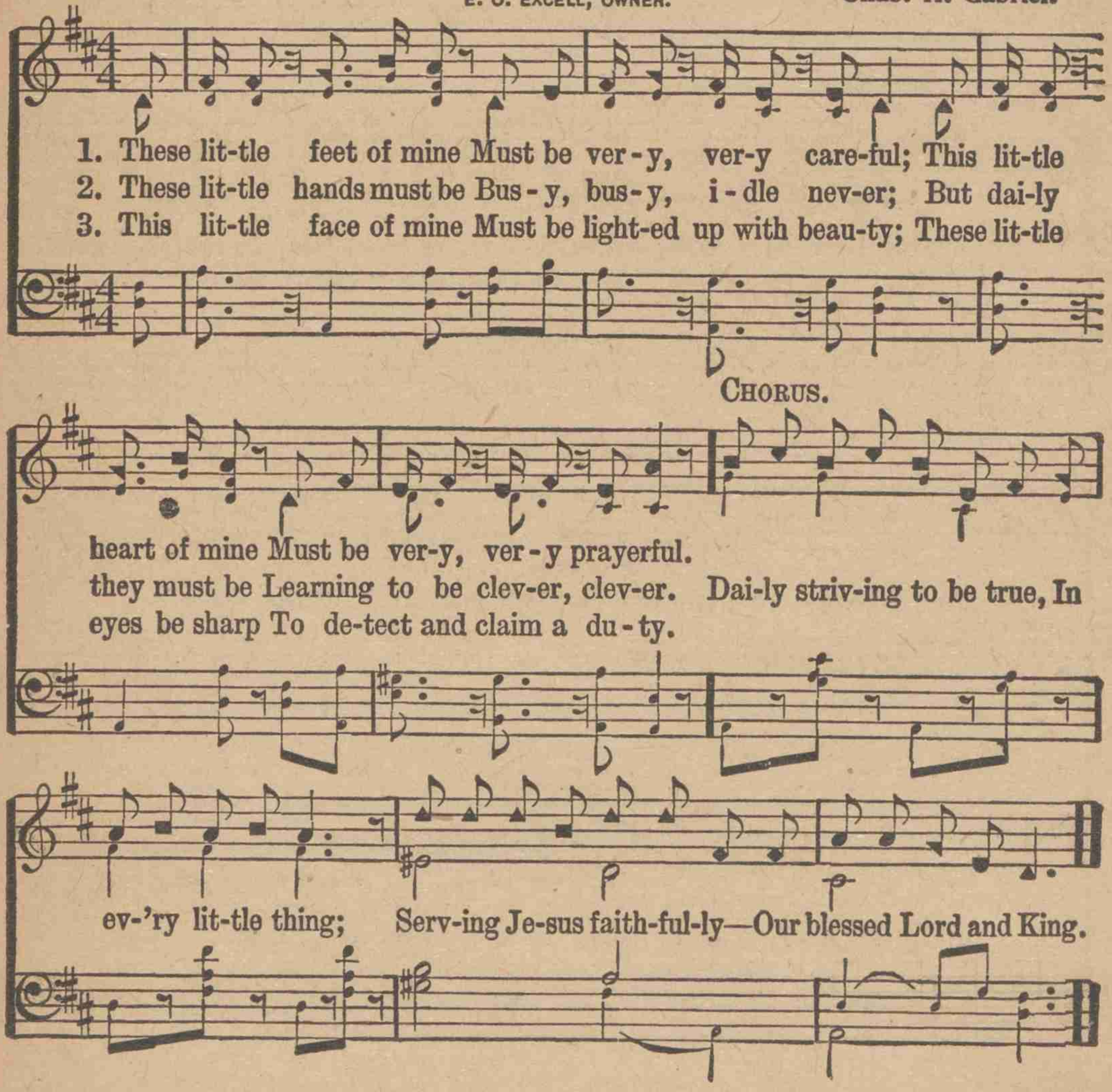


No. 161. Serving Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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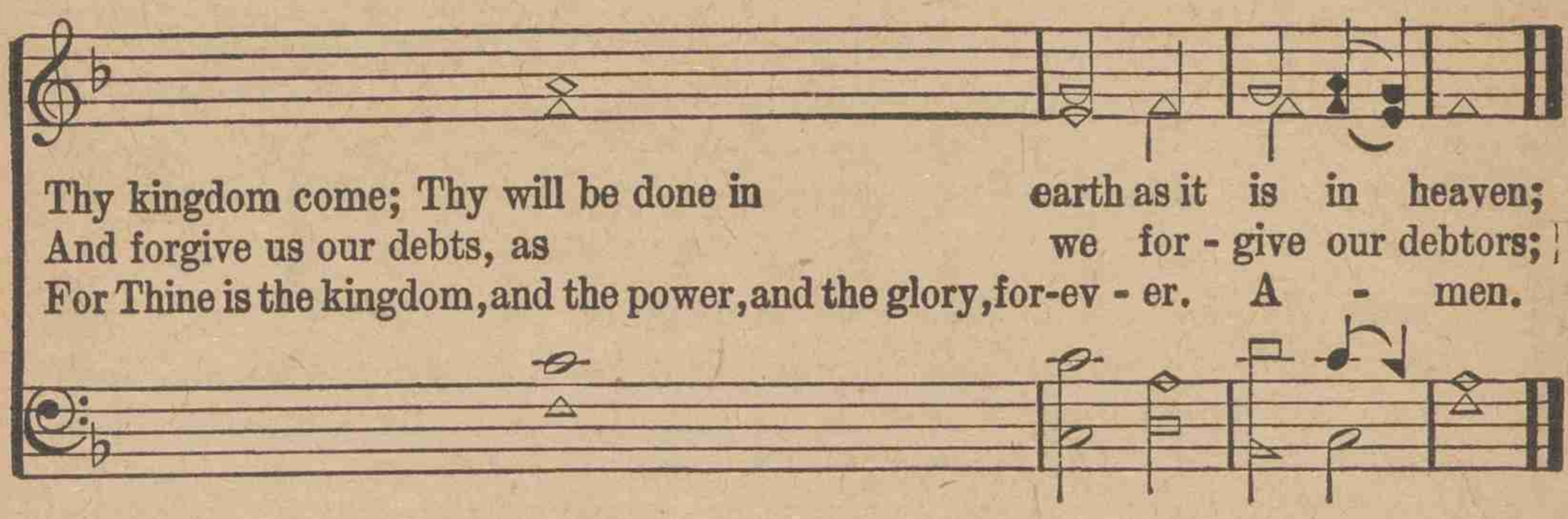
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 162. The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

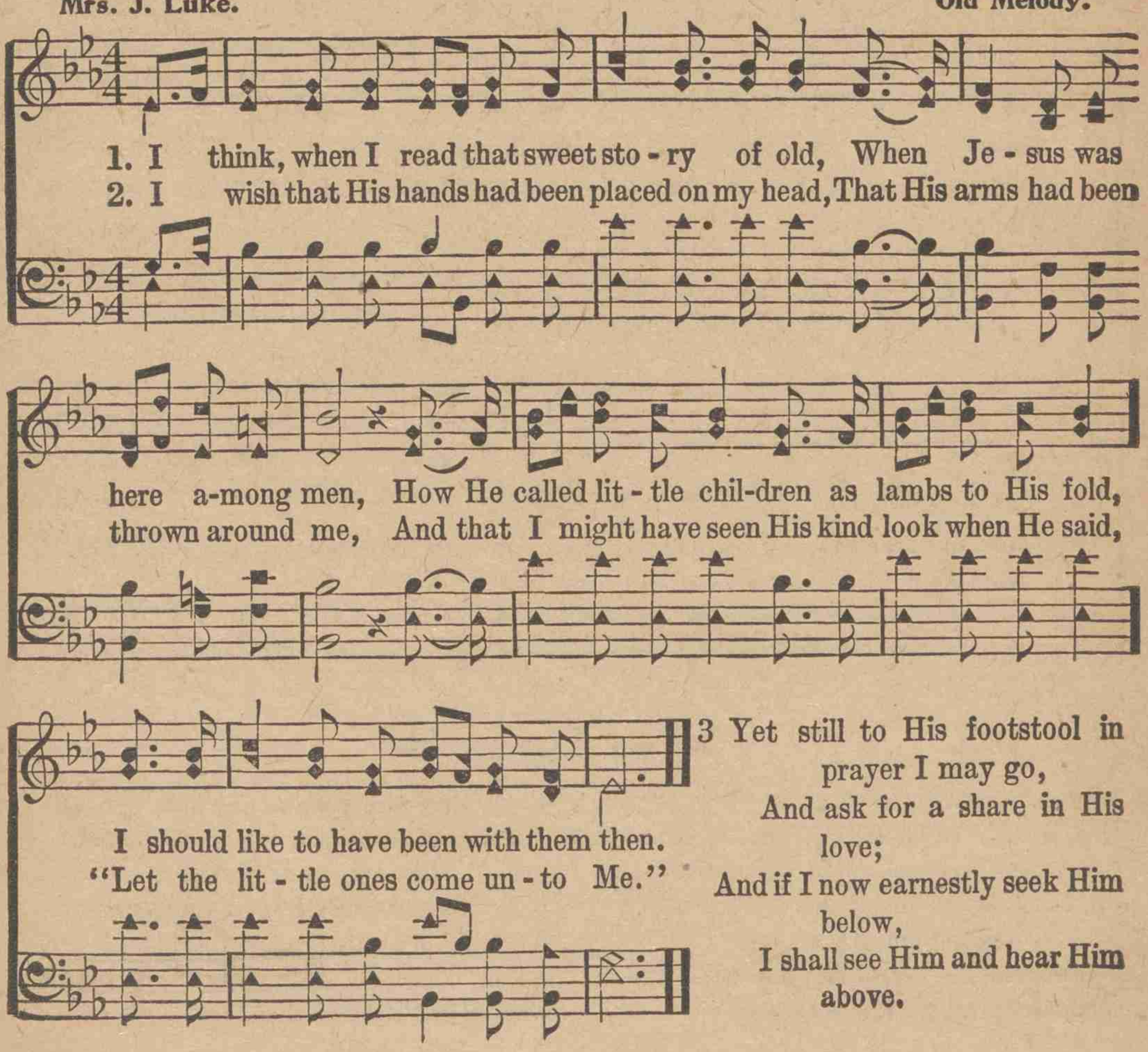




No. 163. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke.

Old Melody.



3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

No. 164. Jesus Loves Even Me.

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P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in Heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher- ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

No. 165. Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell!
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.—CHO.

Special Selections

No. 166. Because His Name is Jesus.

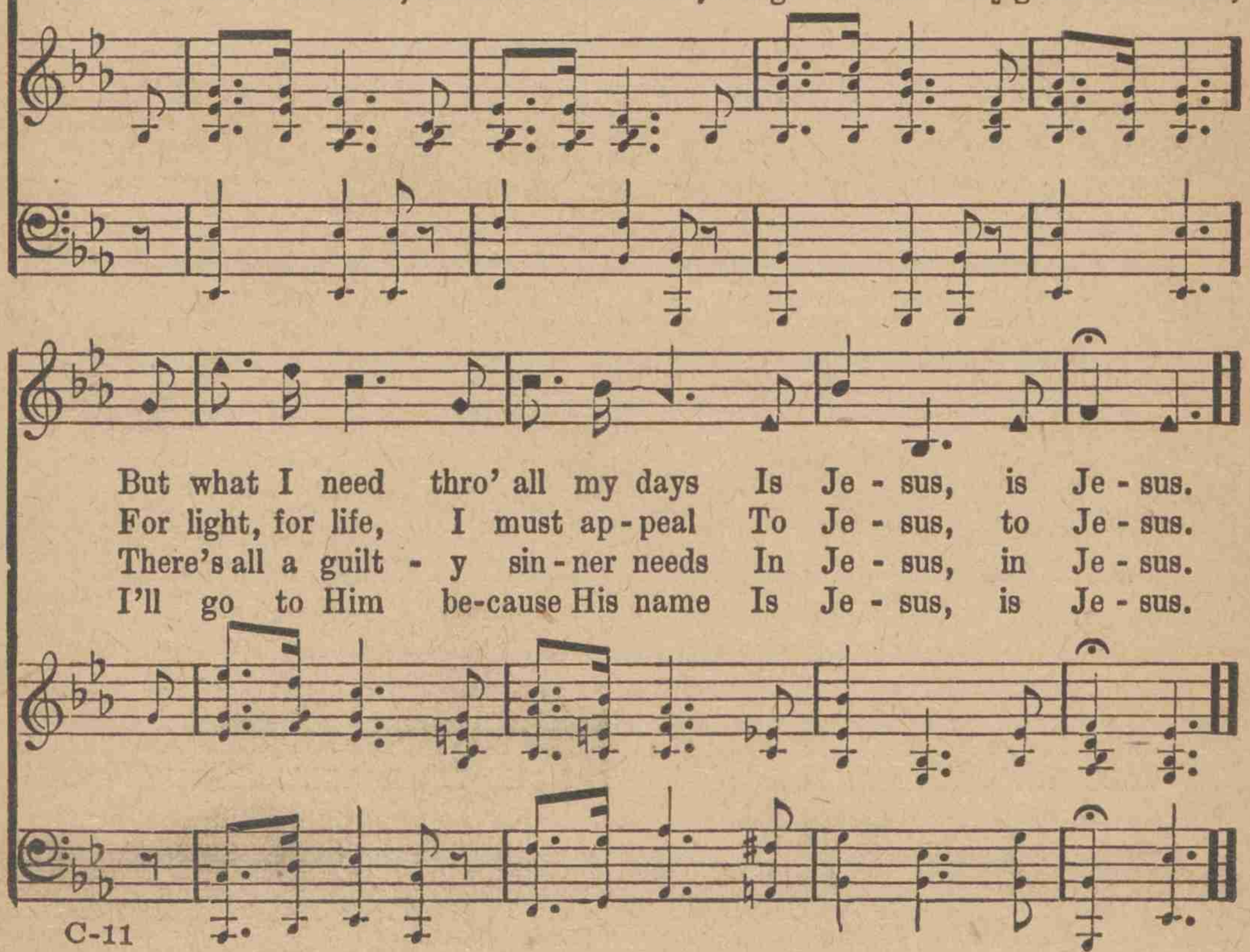
Arr. by E. O. E.

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MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.



1. In vain I've tried a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,



But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin-ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.



No. 167. He Thought of Me.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

✷ DUET.

1. O love di - vine! He tho't of me When on the cross of Cal - va - ry:
2. He tho't of me 'mid pain and scorn, When pierced His brow with crown of thorn;
3. He tho't of me, the Son of God When thro' the vale of death He trod;

The sin that bowed His head so low, Should make my tears for-ev - er flow.
Up - on His sin - less soul was laid The ransom price, so free - ly paid.
Tho' reigning now in Heav'n is He, I know my Sav - ior thinks of me.

CHORUS.

O love di - vine! how can it be He tho't of you, He tho't of me?

Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry My bless-ed Sav - ior tho't of me!

*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

No. 168. Better Than I Know.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

*DUET.

1. Christ found me lost in sorrow's night, Up-on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov-ing heart, And bade me nev-er-more de-part;
3. When I, in weakness, al-most fail, Still does His love for me pre-vail,

My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
No love like His, a-bove, be-low,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
Still does He grace and mer-cy show; He loves me bet-ter than I know.

CHORUS.

He loves me bet-ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—

There is no oth-er loves me so, He loves me bet-ter than I know.

*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

No. 169. I Died Broken-Hearted.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. With sor-row and woe I was cru-el-ly crowned, And beat-en with
2. I plead by the cross, where I suf-fered and died;—I point to the
3. I rose from the grave and as-cend-ed on high, While an-gels were

stripes, tho' no blame could be found; In hate-ful de-ri-sion they mocked at My
wounds in My hands, feet and side; O let Me come in-to your heart and re-
chant-ing their songs in the sky; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the theme of My

CHORUS.

shame, They scorned proffered mercy, re-ject-ing My claim.
main, The King of Re-demp-tion for-ev-er to reign. I suf-fered in
love Shall sound thro' the man-sions of glo-ry a-bove.

si-lence be-cause of your sin, I died broken-hearted to save sin-ful men.

No. 170. Is It Not Wonderful?

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der - ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der - ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

CHORUS.

Is it not won-der - ful? . . Is it not won - der - ful? . . His

dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der - ful?

No. 171. There Will I Follow Thee.

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Fanny J. Crosby. B. D. Ackley.

1. Whith-er-so-ev-er Thou go-est Let me Thy foot-steps at-tend;
2. O-ver the snow cov-ered moun-tain, Out on the wild des-ert track,
3. Tell-ing of hope to the friend-less, Cheer-ing the homes where they dwell;
4. Giv-ing re-lief to the stran-ger, Plod-ding his jour-ney a-lone;

Je-sus, my won-der-ful Sav-ior, Lov-ing Re-deem-er and Friend.
Seek-ing to res-cue the lost ones, Ten-der-ly call-ing them back.
Go-ing with light and sal-va-tion In-to the dark pris-on cell.
Shar-ing the tri-als of oth-ers, Pa-tient-ly bear-ing my own.

CHORUS.

There would I be, there would I be, Thou who hast labored and sorrowed for me;

Whith-er-so-ev-er Thou go-est, There will I fol-low Thee. . .
fol-low Thee.

No. 172. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."—PSALM 31: 20.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. RENEWAL Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing There is
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and

pre-cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my
pa - tient - ly He lis - tens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
hide be-neath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when-

cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
Sav-ior rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev - er
e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meeting place, You must find and bear the

rit.

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

No. 173. He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-iór's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so
sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 174. That Beautiful Land On High.

J. Nicholson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. C. H. Havens.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would fly; When by
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by; There with
3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Then why should I fear to die— When
4. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Where we never shall say, "good-by", When

sorrows pressed down, I long for my crown, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.
friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.
death is the way to realms of day In that beau-ti-ful land on high?
o - ver the river, We are hap-py for-ever, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.

CHORUS.

In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, ... From earth and its cares set free; ... My
I'll be, set free;

Sav - ior is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.....
for me.

No. 175. Saved, Saved.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend all in all to me, No oth - er Friend so true;..... I love to tell how He ran - somed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, Se- cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing now on His might-y arm, I know He'll guide me all the way.....
3. When I was need - y and all a - lone, In love He said to me,....."Come, wear-y one, I will lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.".....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di - vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

No. 176. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
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Geo. Birdseye. Wm. A. Huntley.

* *Use small notes in Duet.*

1. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, From this world.... of sin and woes;
2. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, For my heart .... is slave to fear,
3. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, Hear a con - trite spirit's prayer;

D.C.–*Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, From this world.... of sin and woes;*

FINE.

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy presence near.
Raise me from the sin a - round me, Ere I yield me to de - spair.
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.

SOLO.

I am weary with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; Kneeling
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con-fess; By the
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; Now I

D. C. Quartet or Chorus.

at Thy feet, I pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....
prom-ise Thou hast giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....
feel Thy glo - ry near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....

* Use the stanzas as Duet and Solo; the D. C. as Quartet or Chorus.

No. 177. O How I Love Him.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.



O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .

CHORUS.

O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

No. 178. All Hail, Immanuel!

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

D. R. Van Sickle. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast..... our crowns be-fore Thee; Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev-'ry voice a-dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain: All hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man-u-el!

2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran-somed hosts sur-round Thee; And earthly monarchs clam-or forth Their Sov-'reign King to crown Thee. While those redeemed in a-ges gone, As-sem-bled round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song: All hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man-u-el!

3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris-en King and Sav-ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om-nip-o-tent for-ev-er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Satan's pow'r is burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name: All hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man-u-el!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail,..... Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail!.....

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man-u-el! Glory and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail!..... Glo - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. - - - - - - - - Hail,..... Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! Hail to the King we love so well,

man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el!
Hail! Hail!

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man - u - el!

No. 179. The Song of Triumph.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

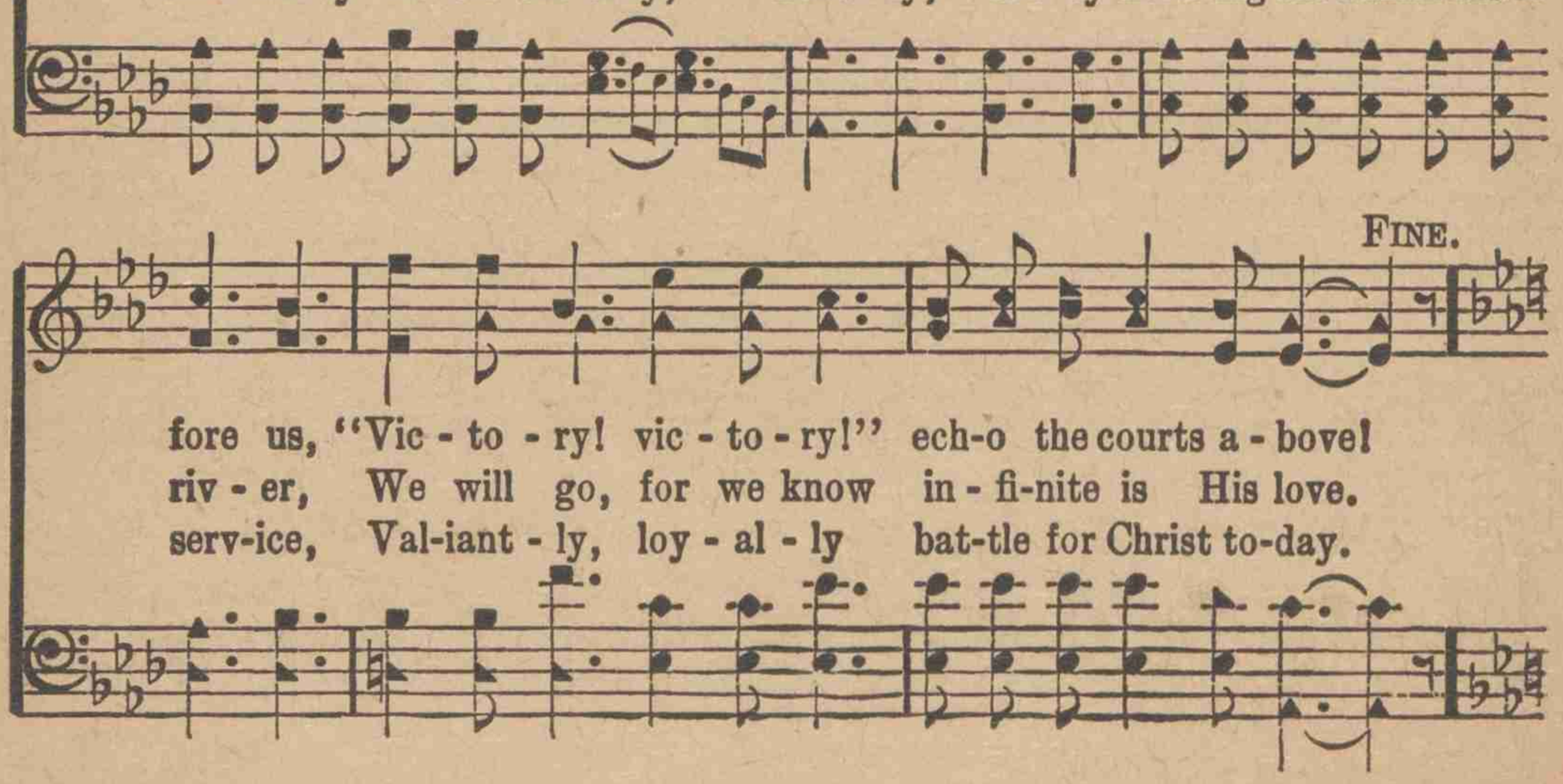
Chas. H. Gabriel.



D.C.–1. We are march-ing un-der the banner vic-to-rious; Leaving all at the call
2. God is with us, strong to support and de-liv-er; In His might, day and night,
3. On-ward, on-ward! an-swer the call of the Leader; For the right we will fight,



of the Commander we love; Tramp! tramp! Satan's battlements tremble be-
stead-i-ly on-ward we move; Where He leads, thro' valley, o'er mountain or
fear-less-ly en-ter the fray, Brave-ly, tru-ly heed-ing the summons to



FINE.

fore us, "Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" ech-o the courts a-bove!
riv-er, We will go, for we know in-fi-nite is His love.
serv-ice, Val-iant-ly, loy-al-ly bat-tle for Christ to-day.

The Song of Triumph.

CHORUS.

Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave-ly go,

Strong in faith we brave - ly go, With

Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!

righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We battle with sin on the o - pen field;

Loy - al to com-mand, Shoulder to shoul-der we will stand,

We shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And

"Vic - to - ry! vic - o - ry!" is our cry!

"Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" is our cry, and "vic-to-ry" is our cry!

Chorus, D. C. 1st verse.

Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri - umph by and by.

No. 180. Lo! Jesus Comes.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;

The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;

He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre-pare:
Signs of His com-ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!

He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
God's king-dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."

Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal - le - lu - jah!

Praise His name whom an - gels in glo - ry a - dore;

Hail, all hail the con - quer-ing Li - on of Ju - dah!

He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er - more;

Hail, all hail the con - quer-ing Li - on of Ju - dah!

He shall reign for - ev - er - more.

No. 181. Somebody Knows.

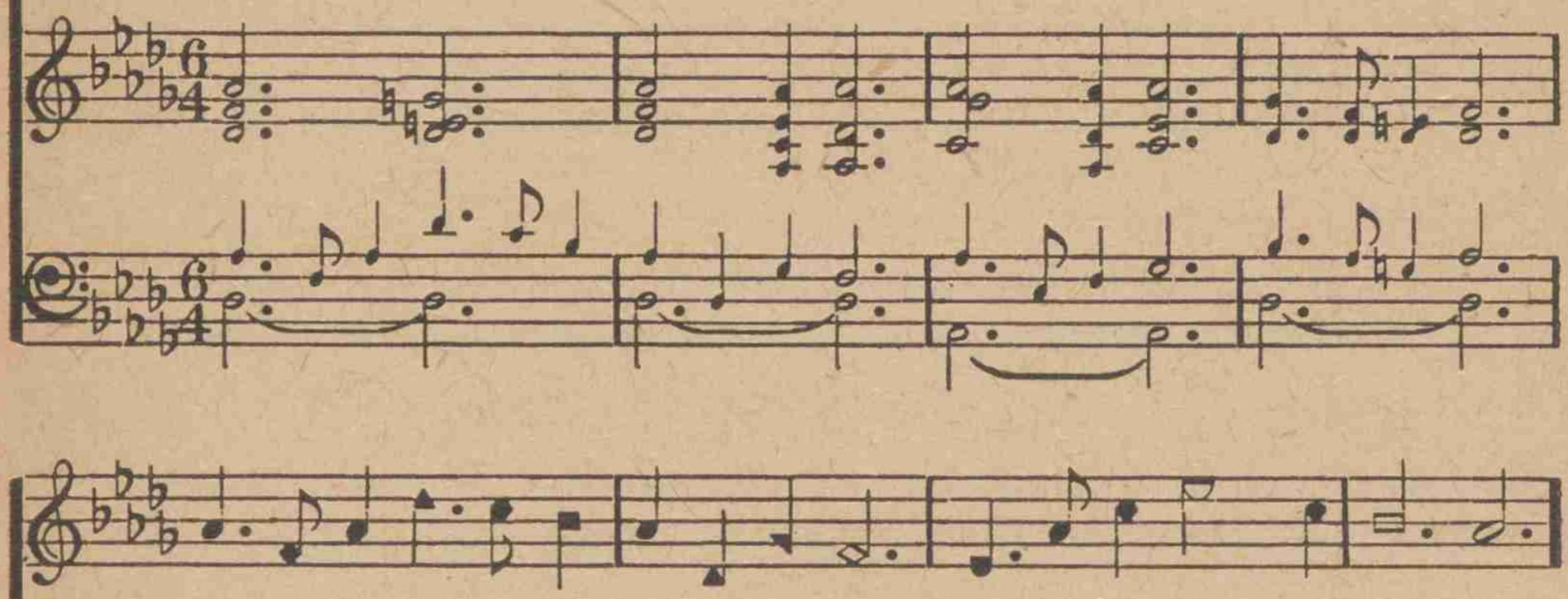
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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.



1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;



Wait - ing for some one to ban-ish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Some-bod-y knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod - y knows—'t is Je - sus.

Devotional Hymns

No. 182. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.



No. 183. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher-u - bim and Sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

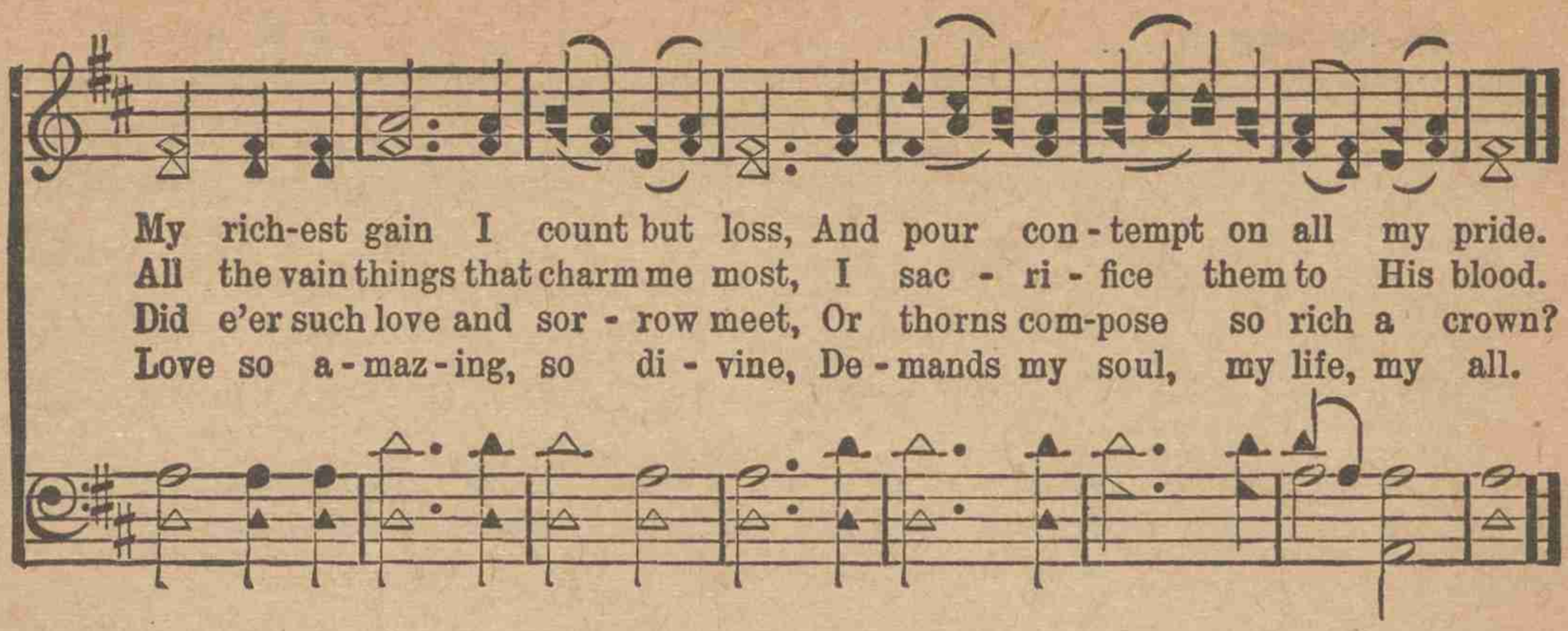
Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 184. The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. I. Woodbury.

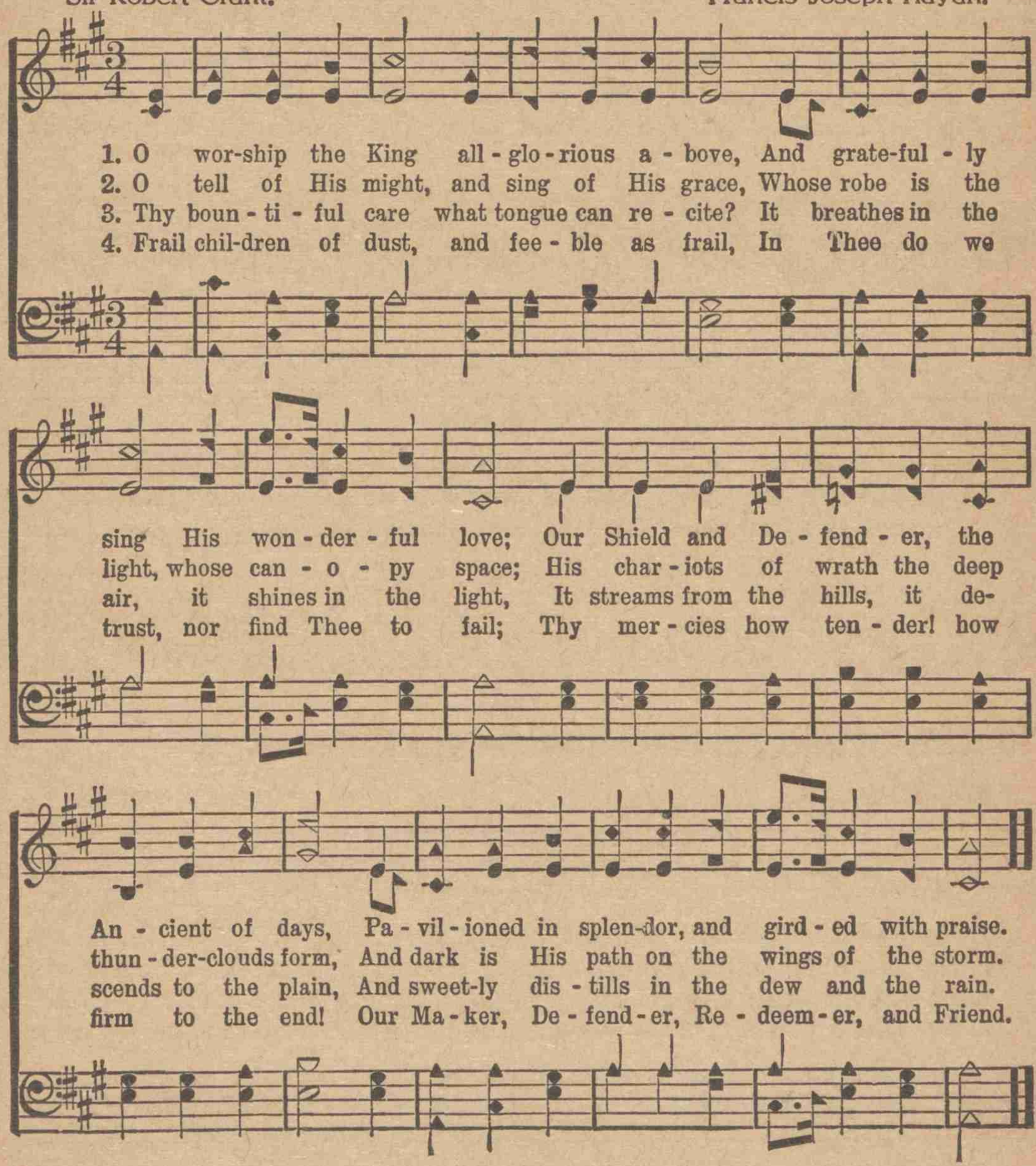
1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min - gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

The Wondrous Cross.



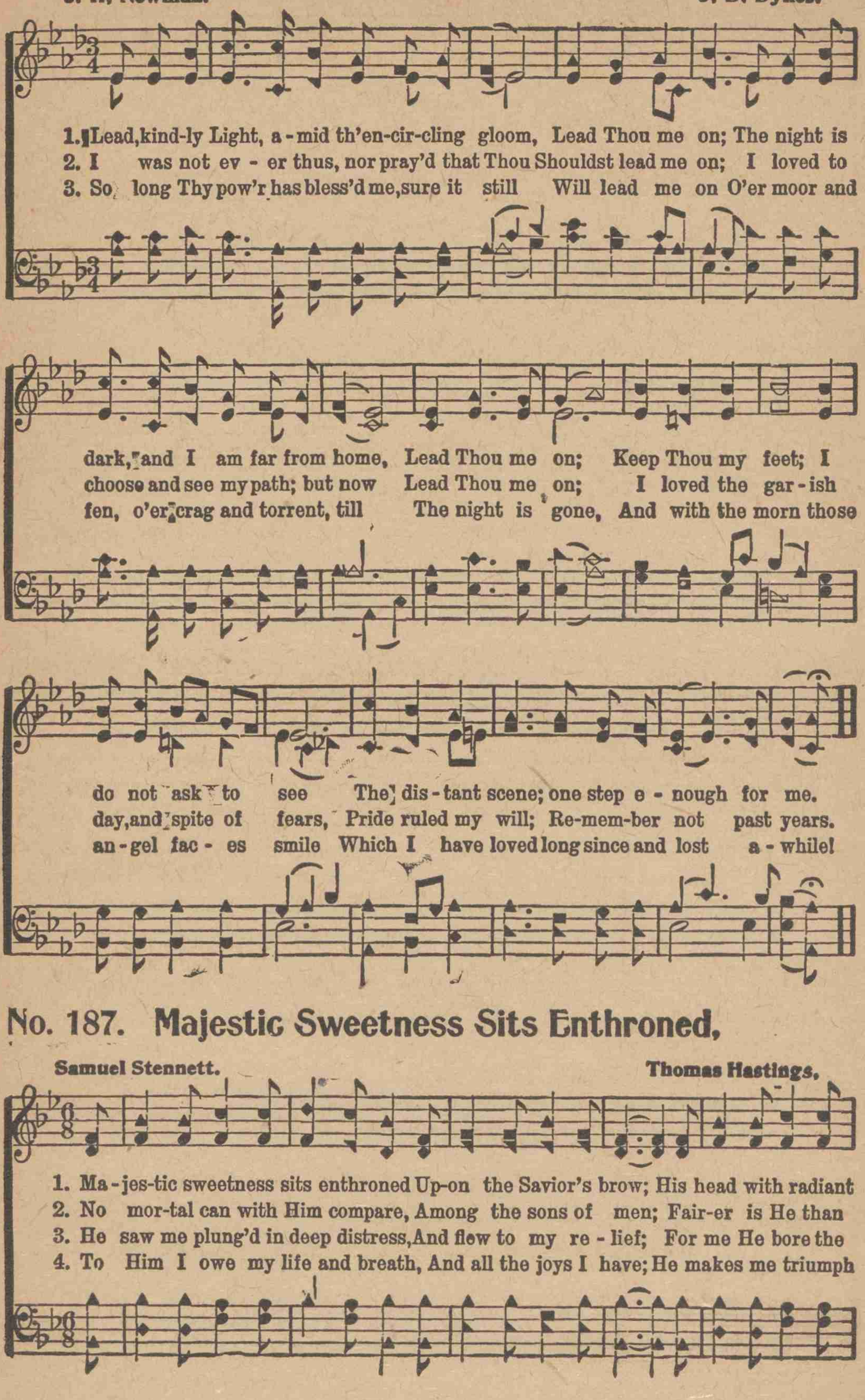
No. 185. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.



No. 186. Lead, Kindly Light,

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.



No. 187. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

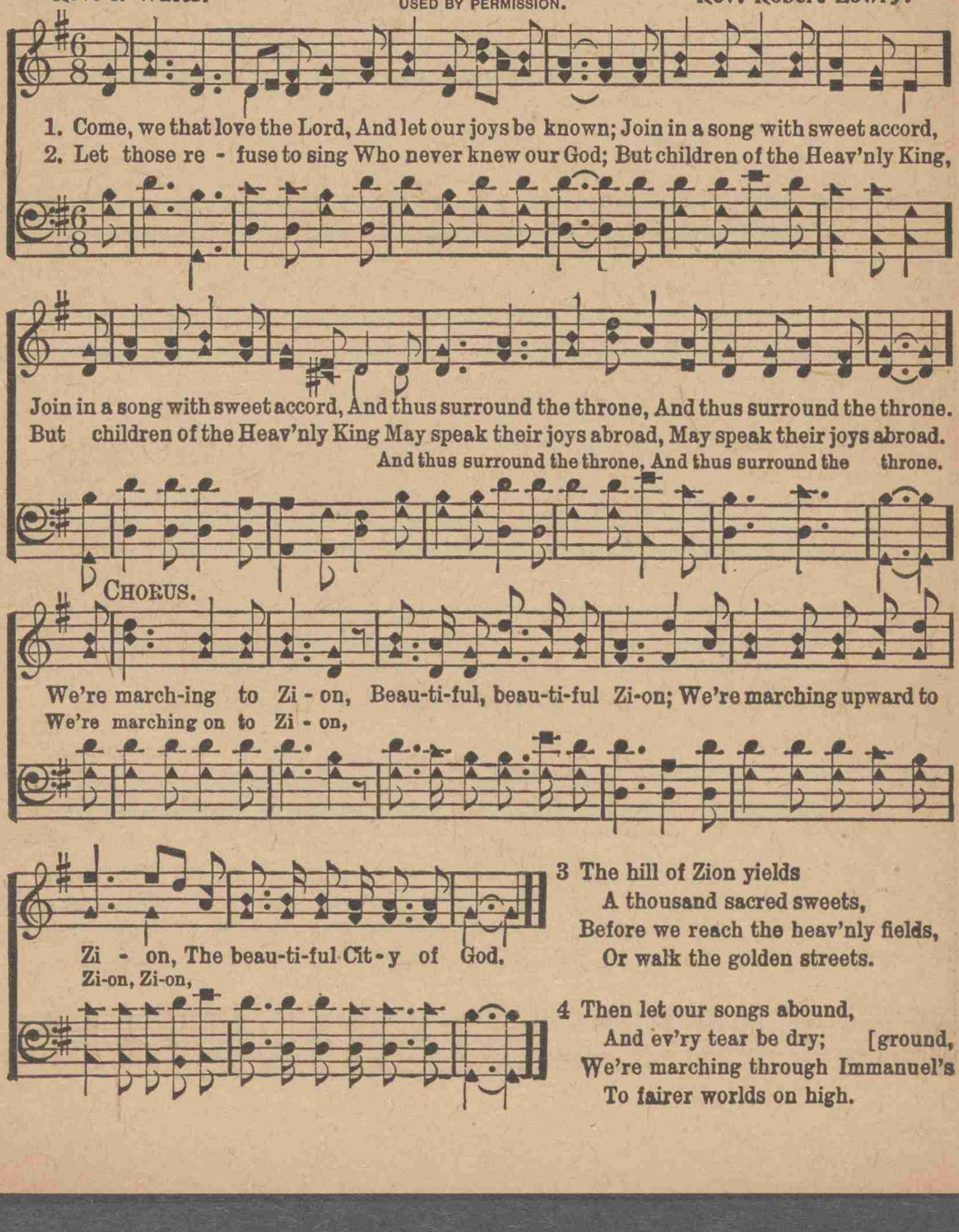


No. 188. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts.

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Rev. Robert Lowry.

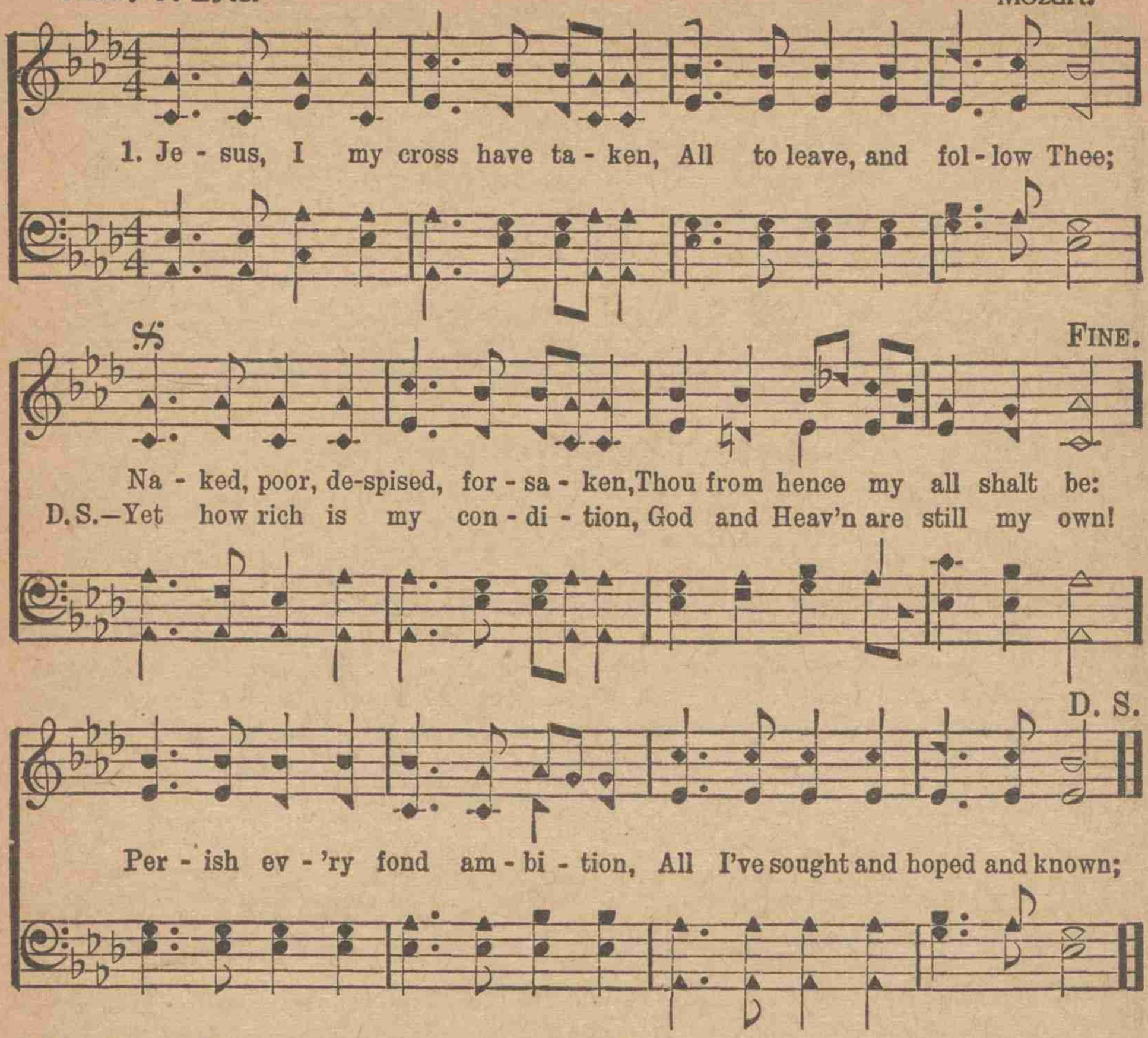


3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 189. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.



2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

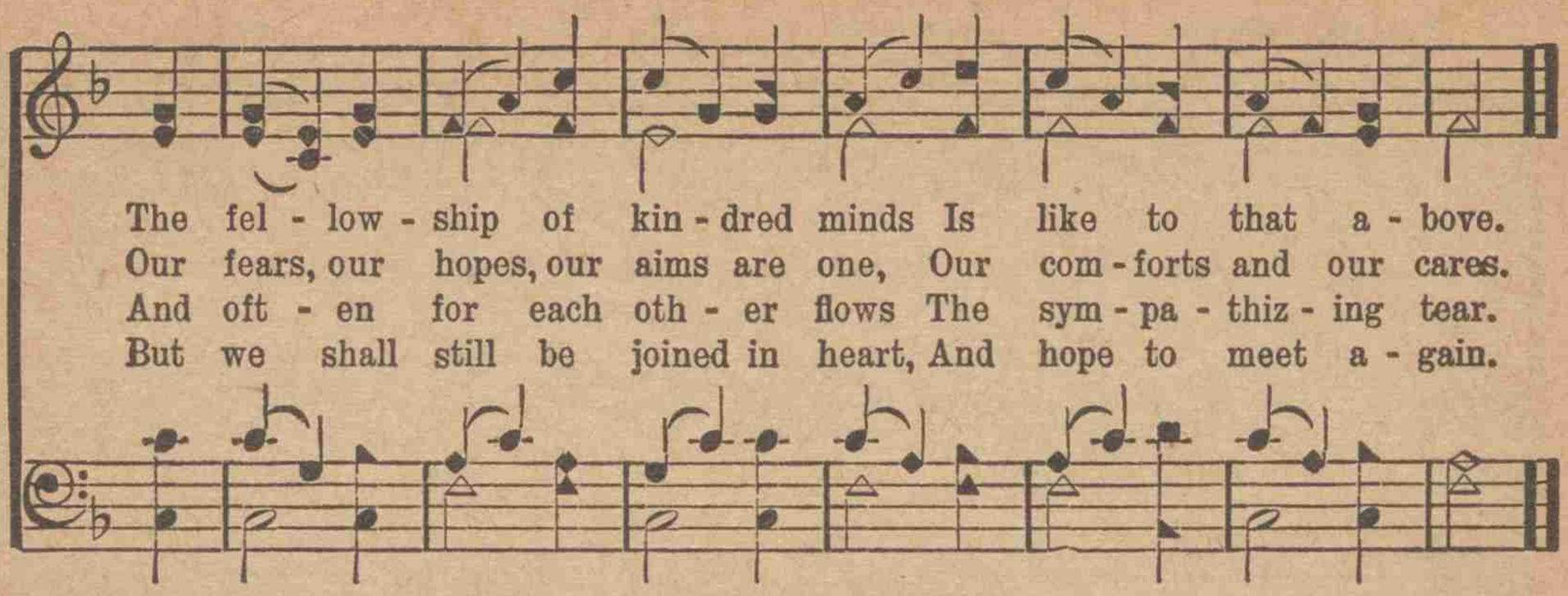
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 190. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



Blest Be the Tie.



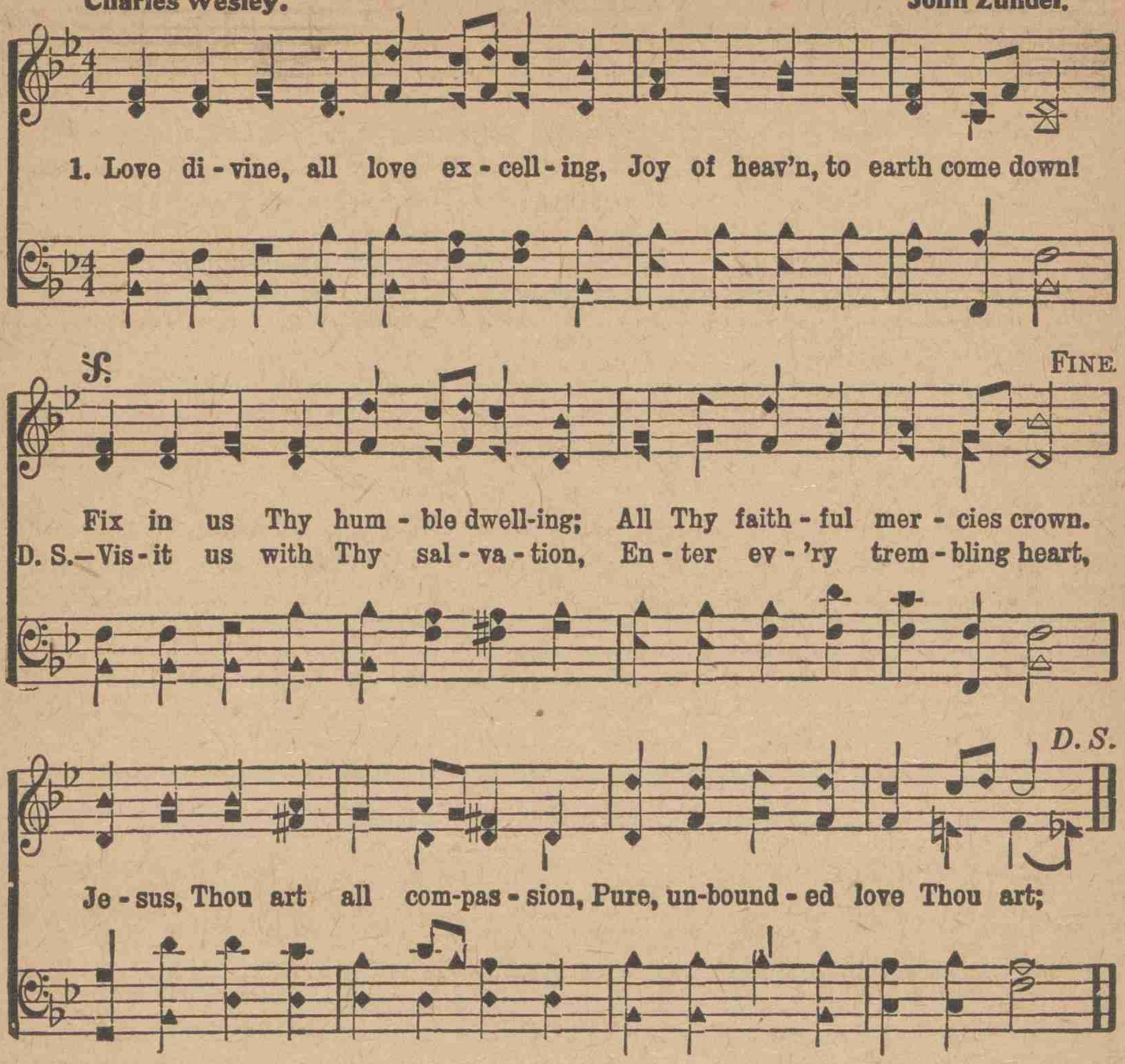
No. 191. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



No. 192. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

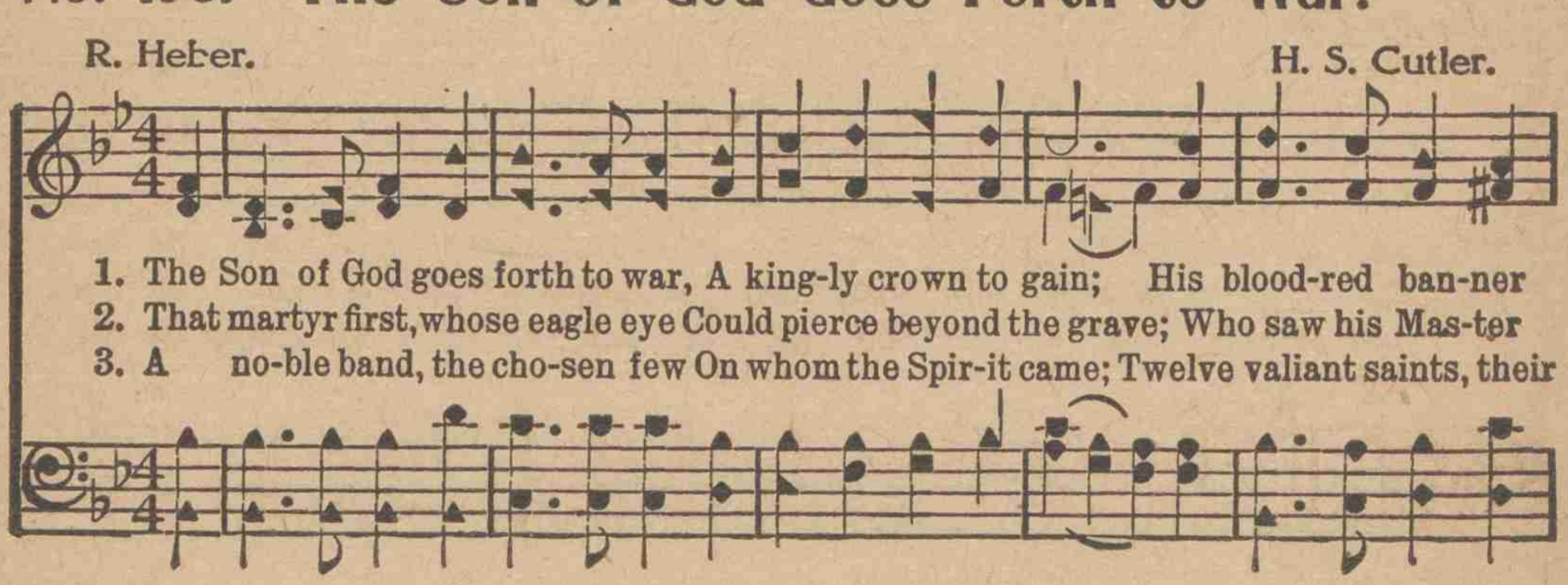


2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be:
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

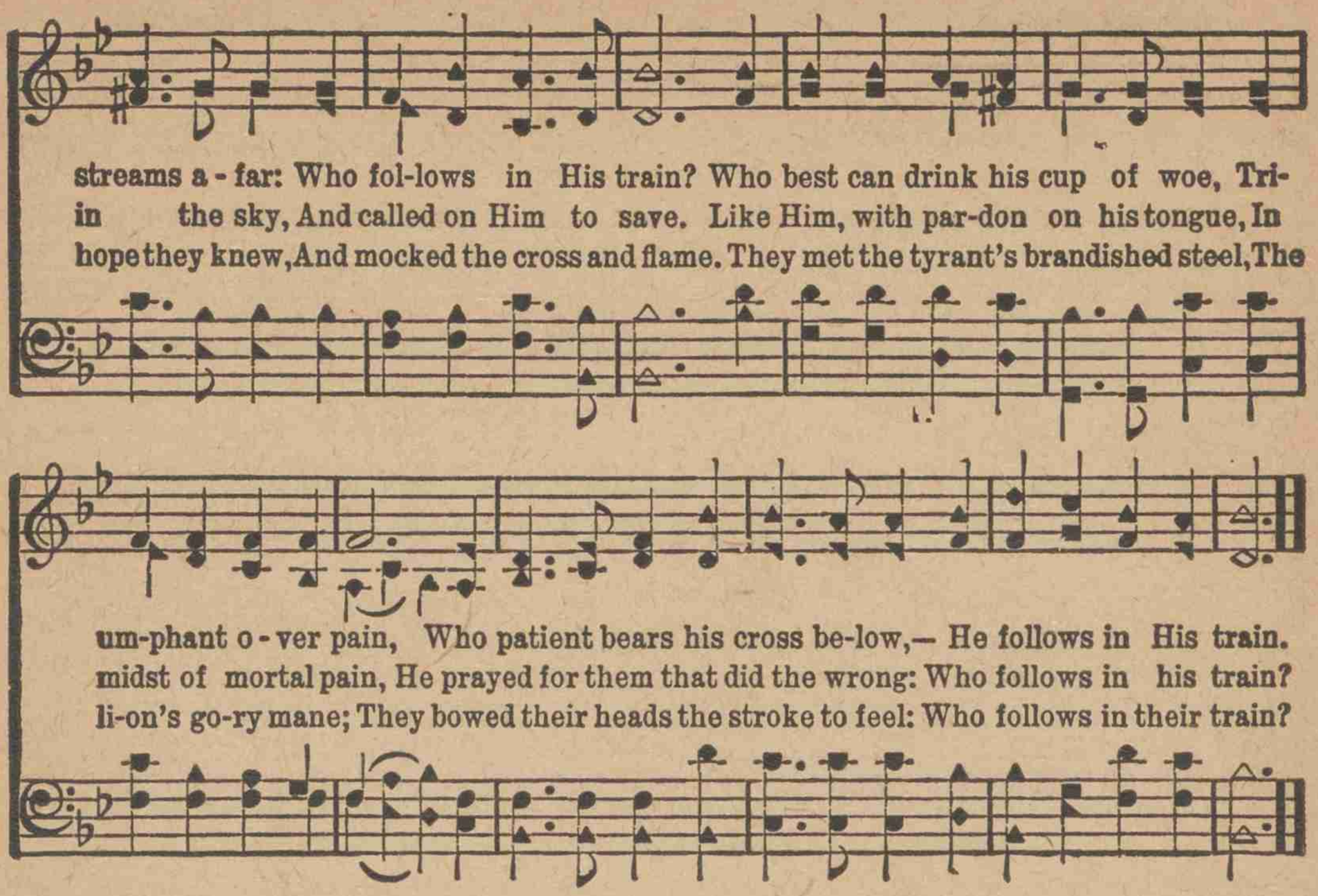
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 193. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

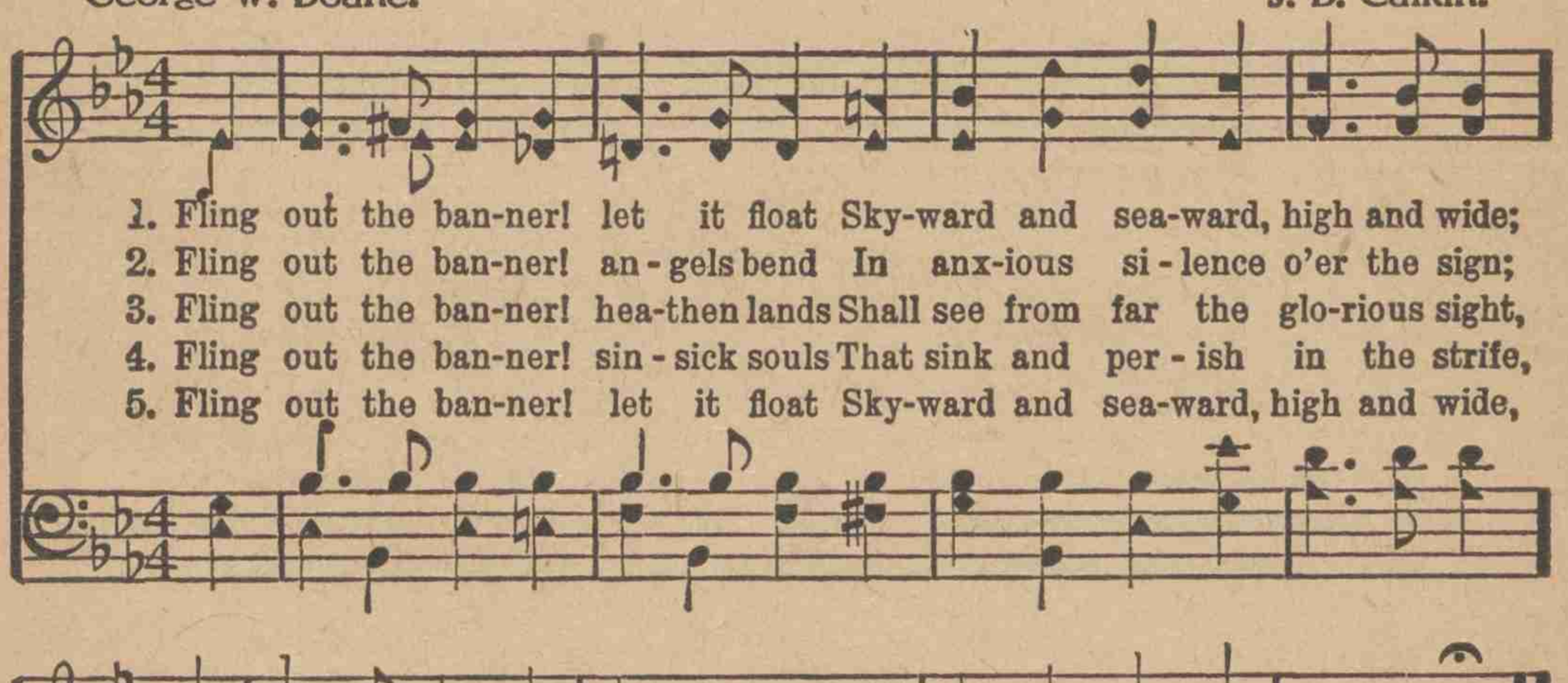


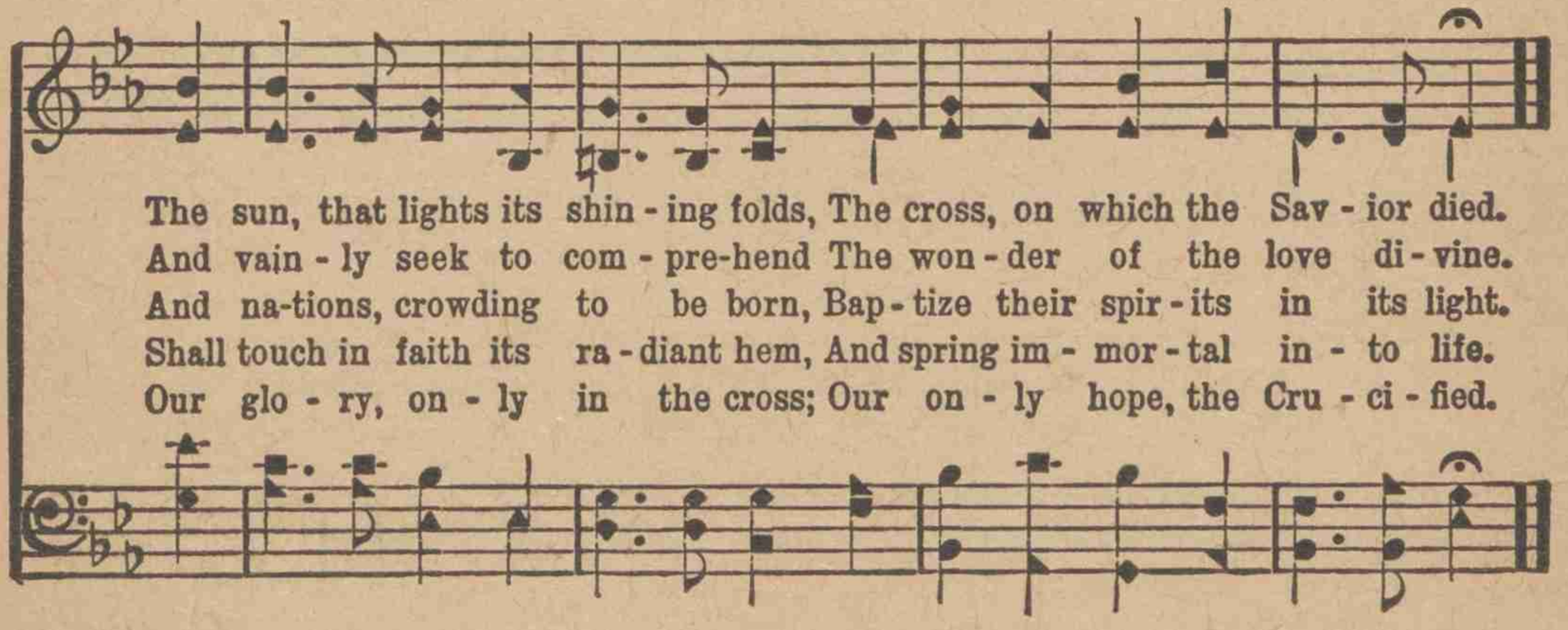
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.



No. 194. Fling Out the Banner.

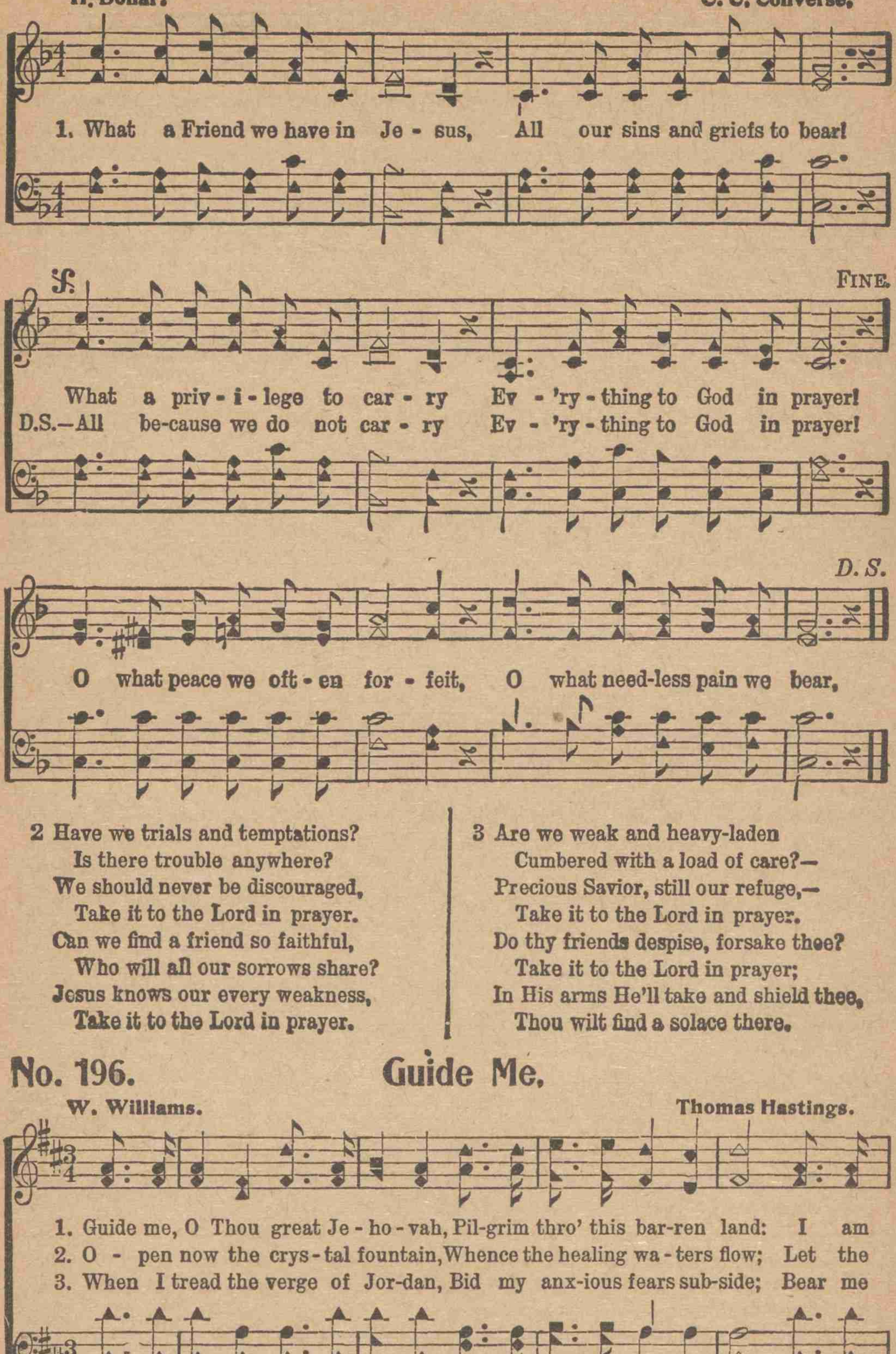
George W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.





No. 195. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

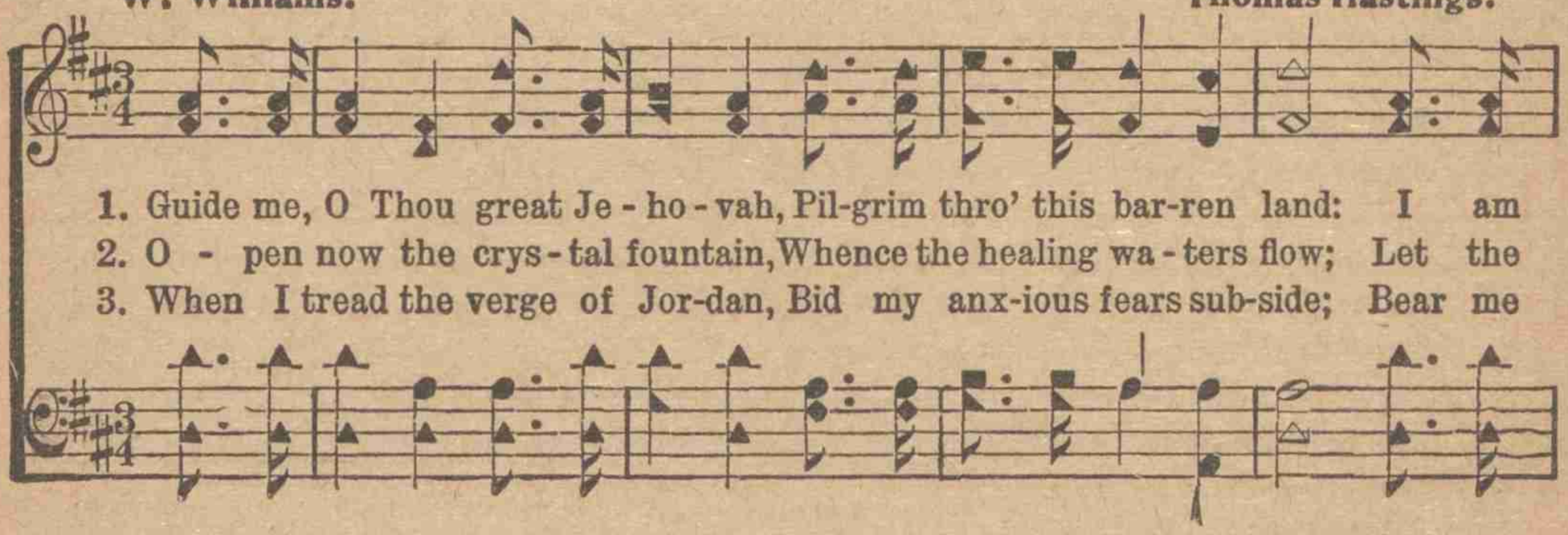


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 196. Guide Me.

W. Williams. Thomas Hastings.

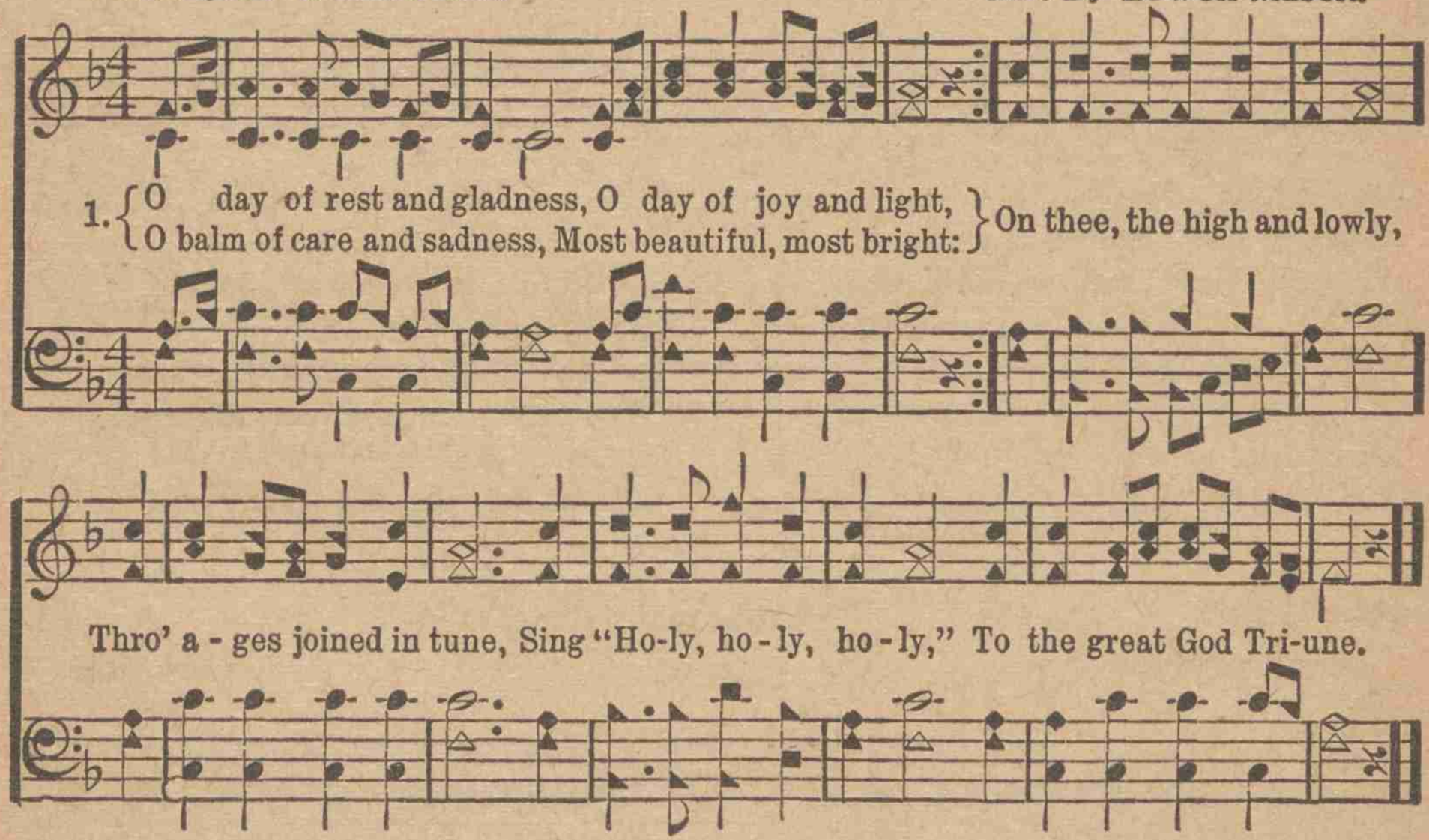


Guide Me.



No. 197 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

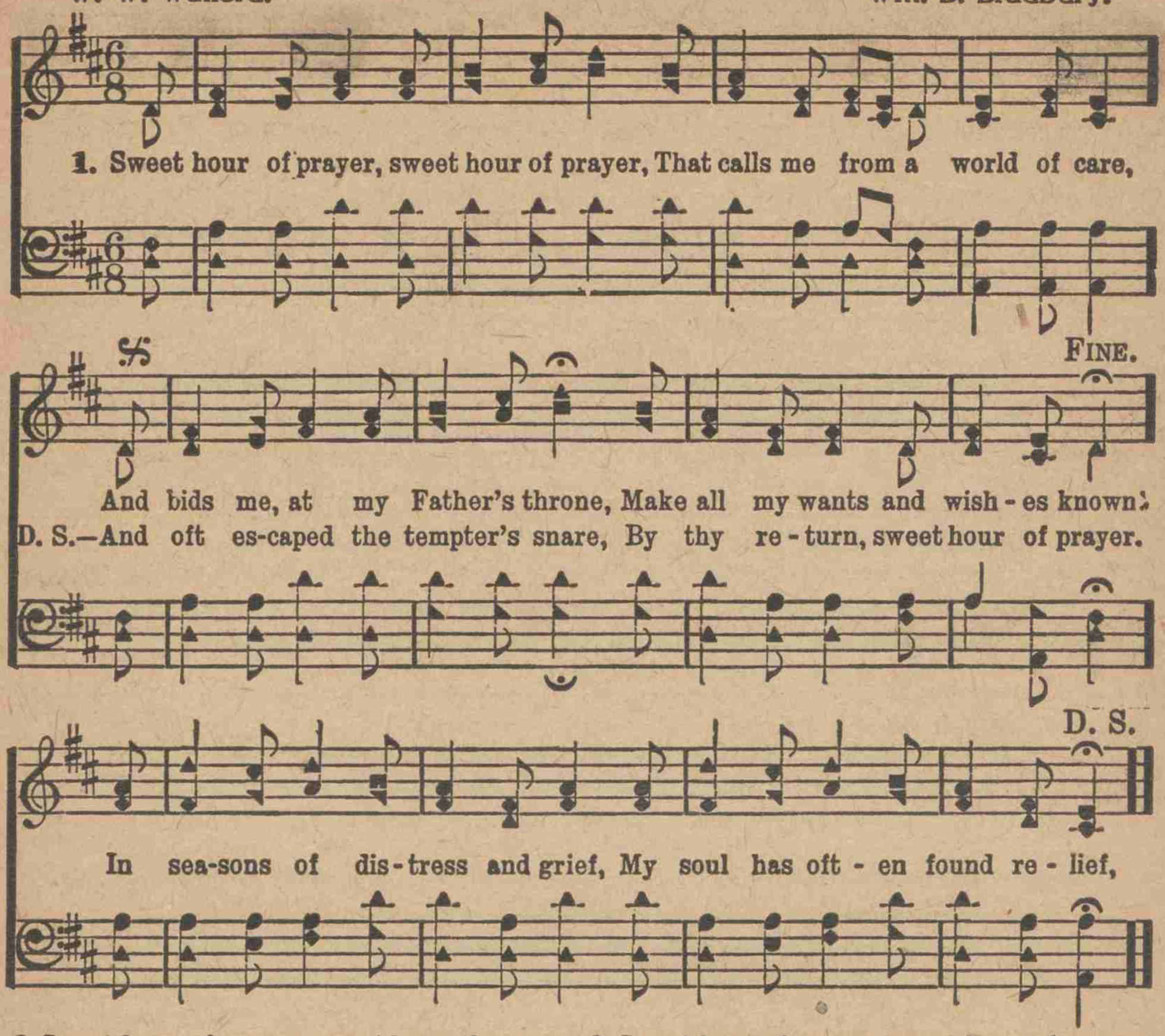


2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 198. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

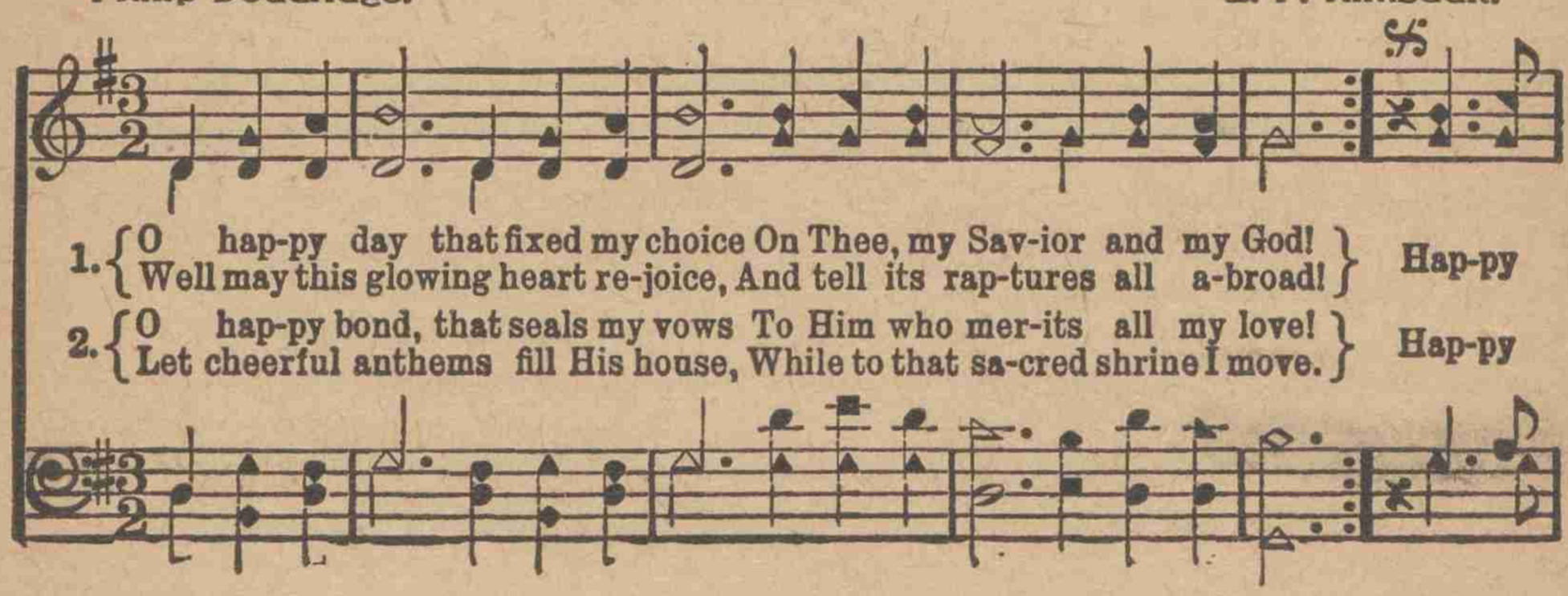


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 199. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.



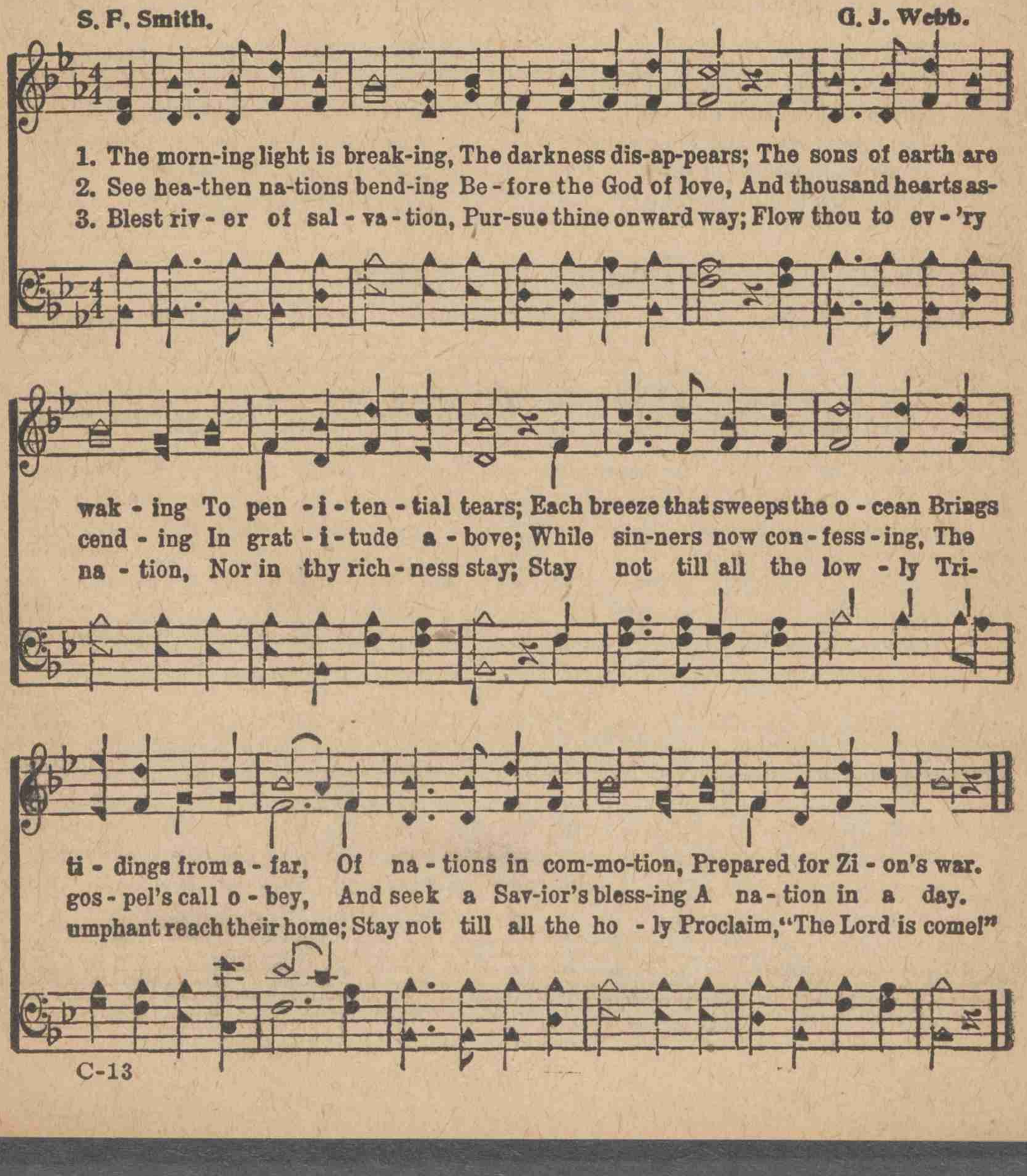
O Happy Day.



3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

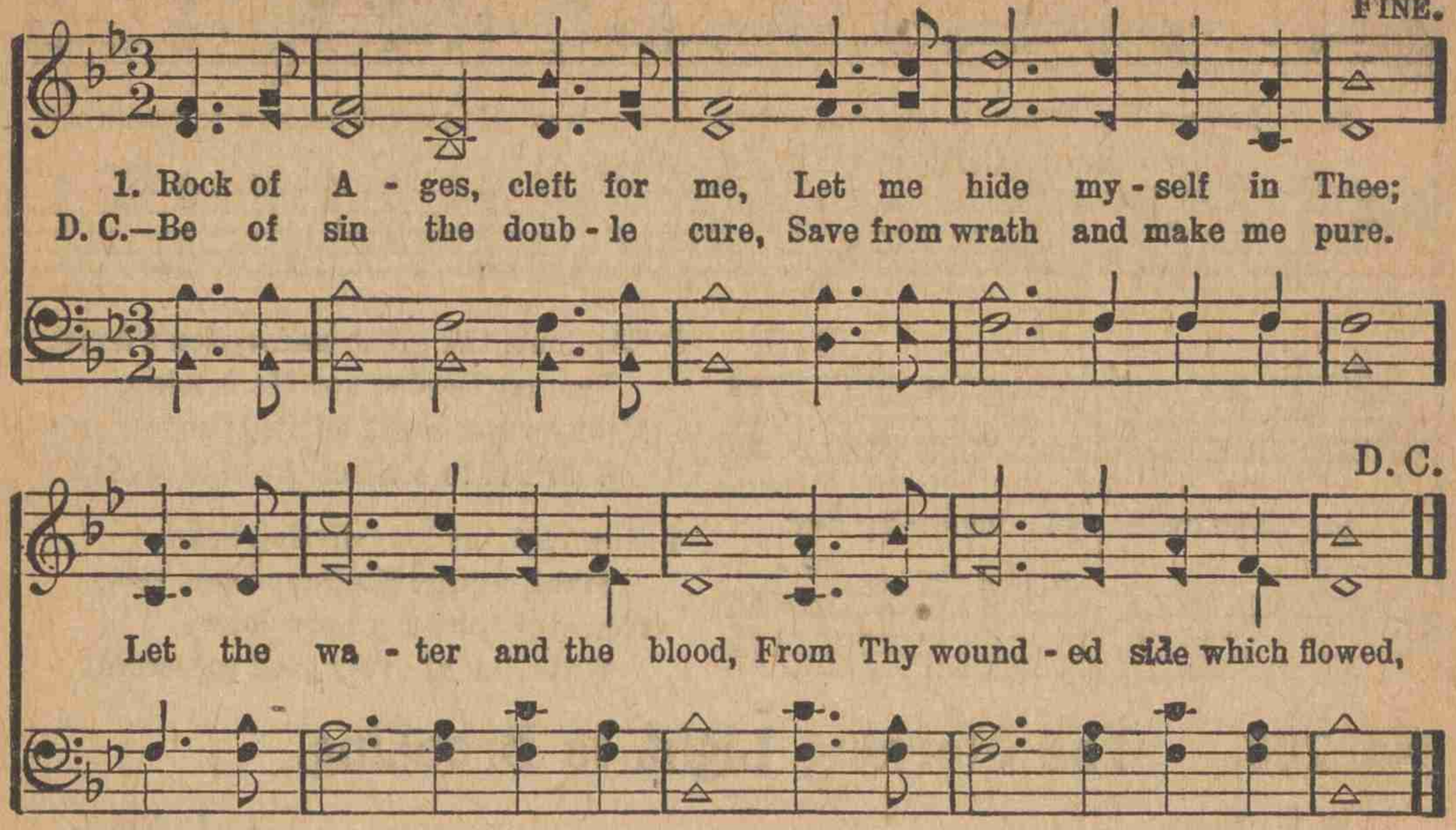
No. 200. The Morning Light is Breaking.



No. 201. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

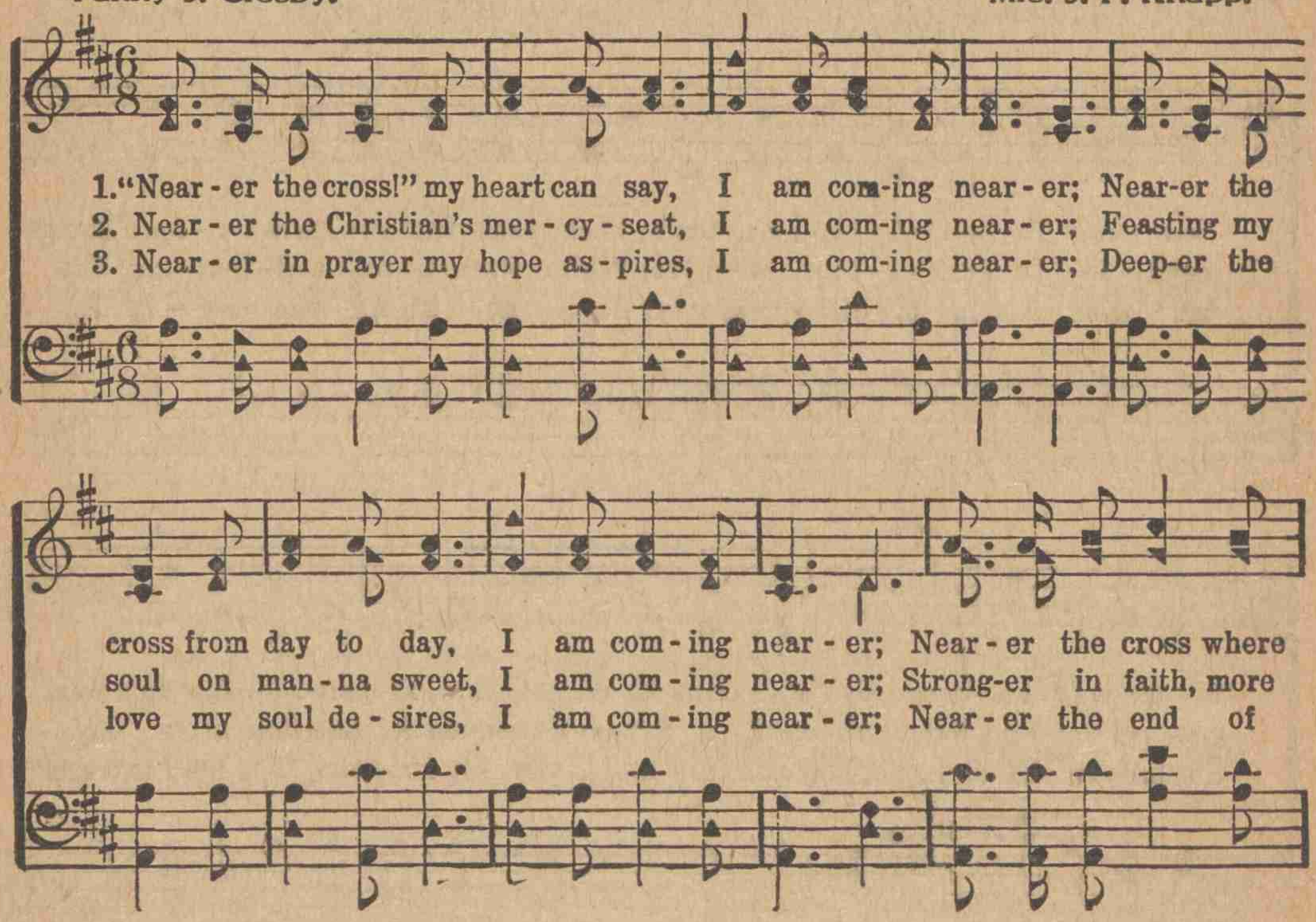


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 202. Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



Nearer the Cross.

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun-tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 203. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
   In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.

REFRAIN.

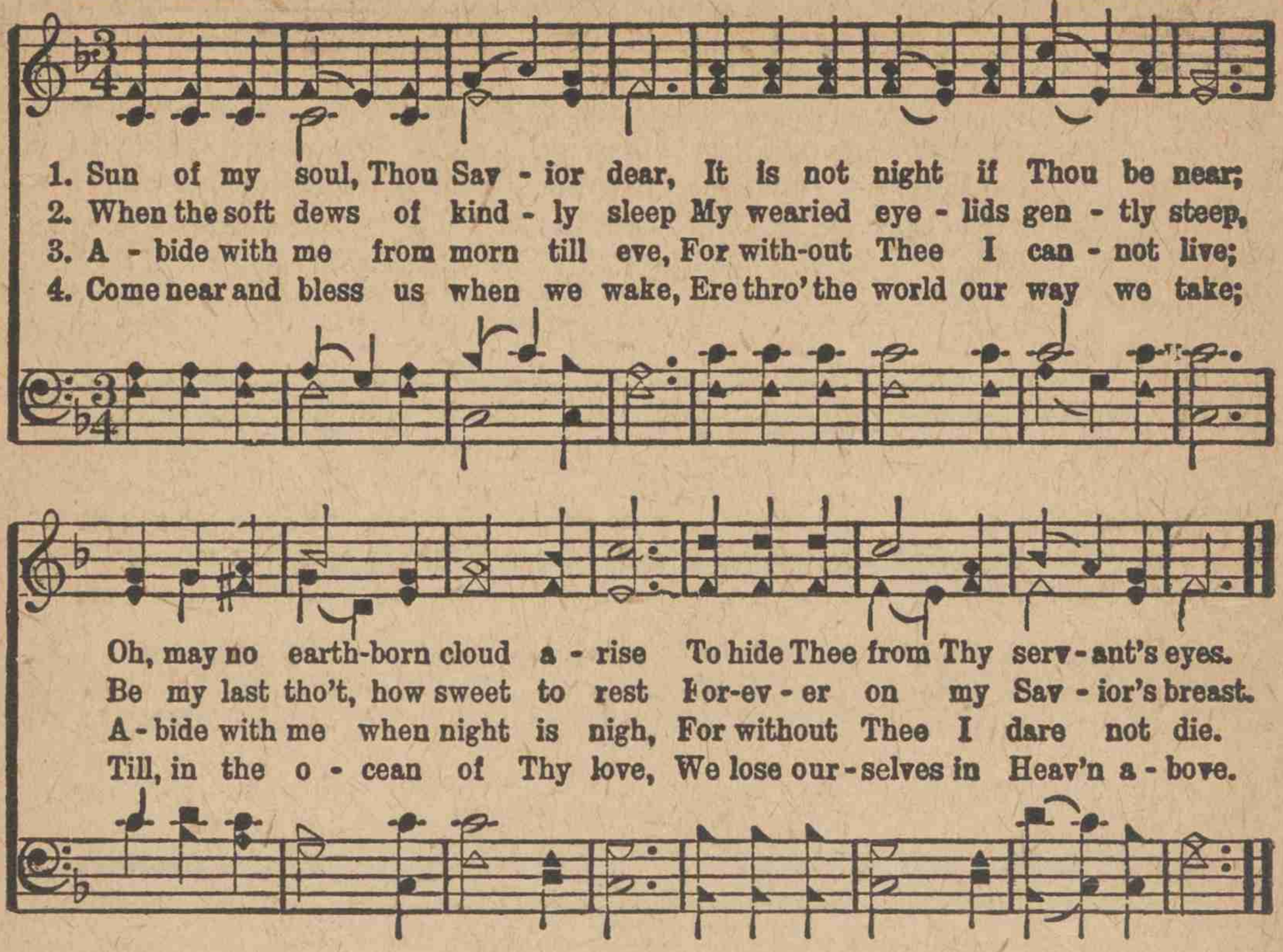
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All
oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 204. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Peter Ritter.



No. 205. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

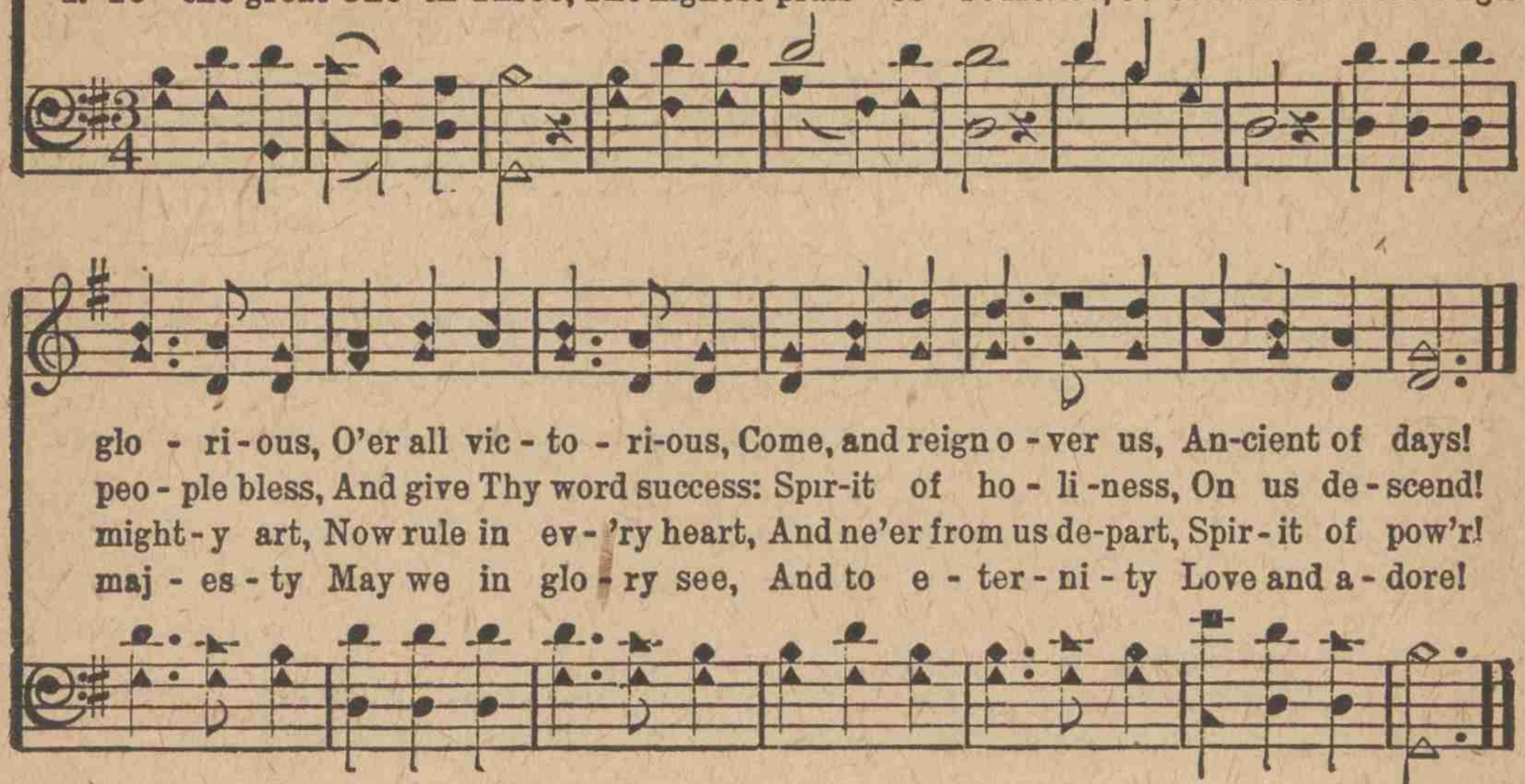


No. 206. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



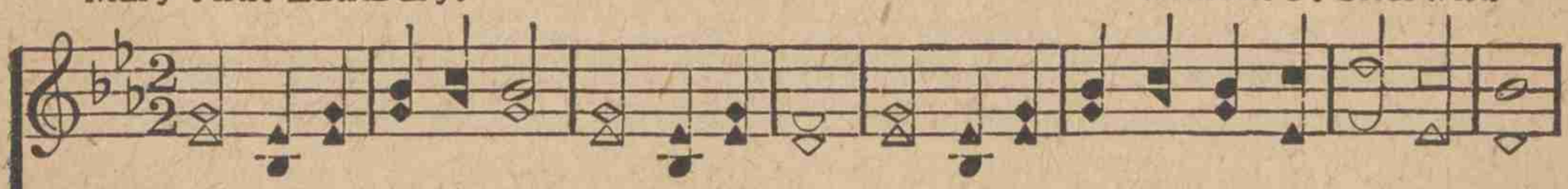
1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com - fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li -ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 207. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



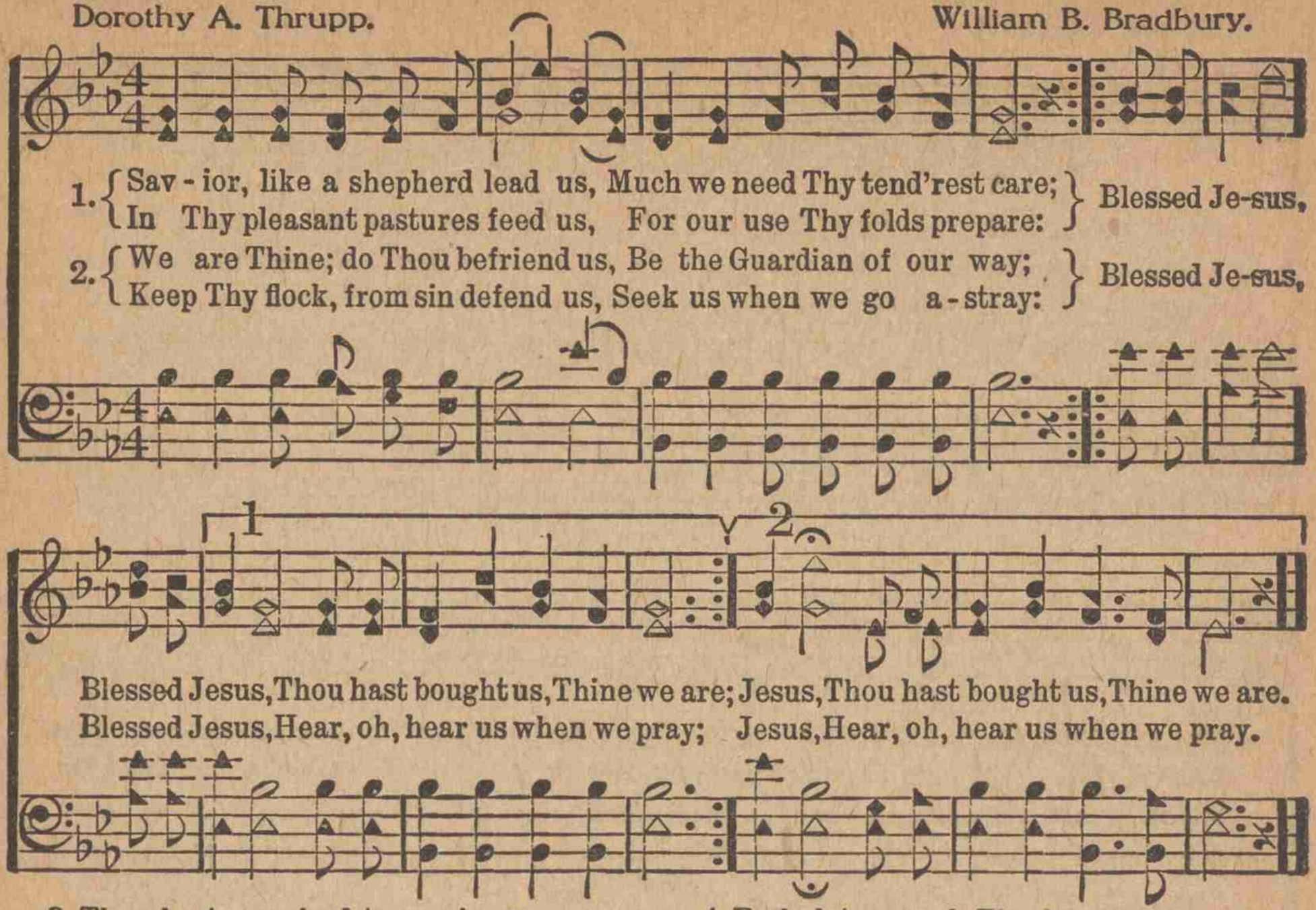
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living One.

No. 208. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 209. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. Handel.



3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 210. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS, OWNER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light,

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing-place,
Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void,

Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

No. 211. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

Carl Glasser.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

No. 212. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;





Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



No. 213. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. **Wm. Bradbury.**



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,





And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

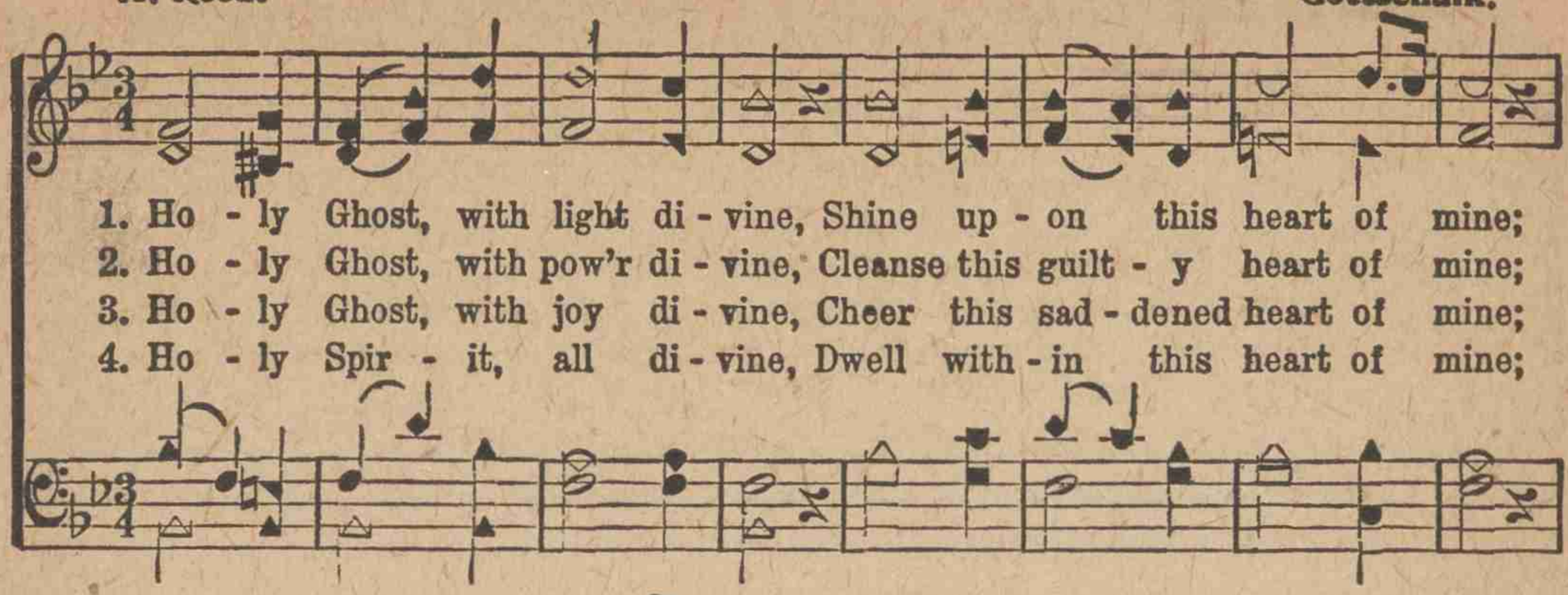


4 Just as I am! poor wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 214. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

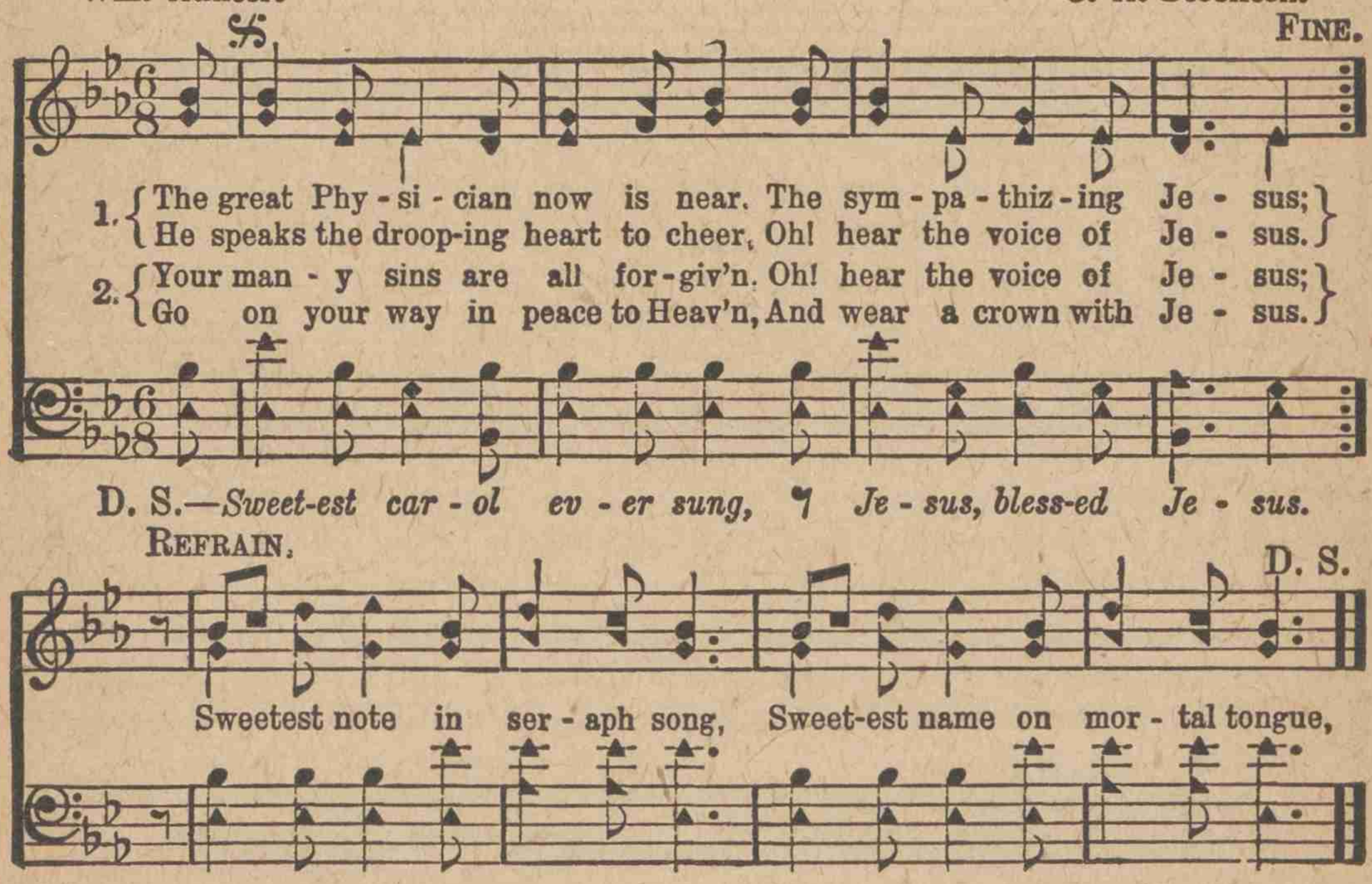




No. 215. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

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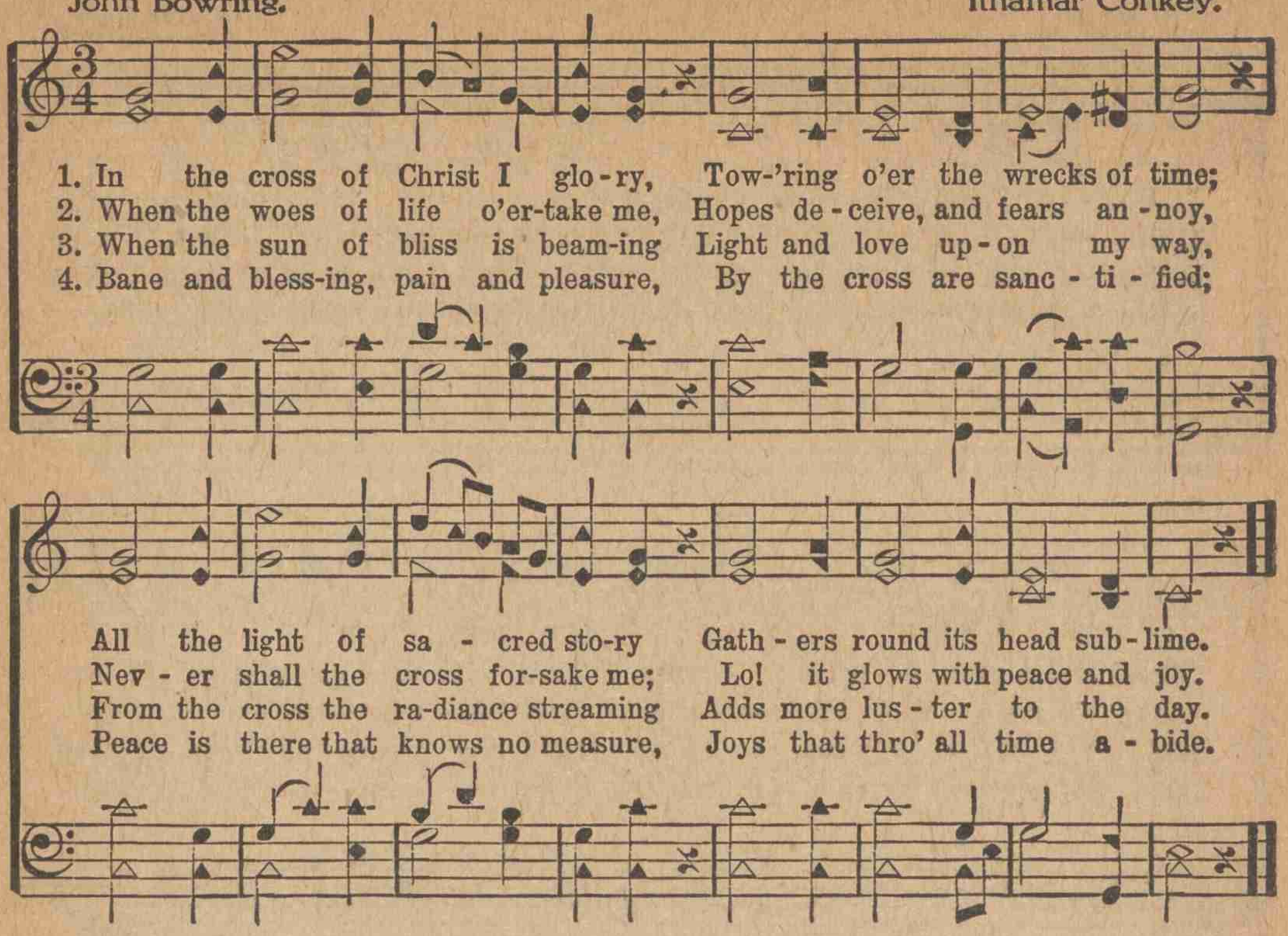
REFRAIN.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 216. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



No. 217. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE.

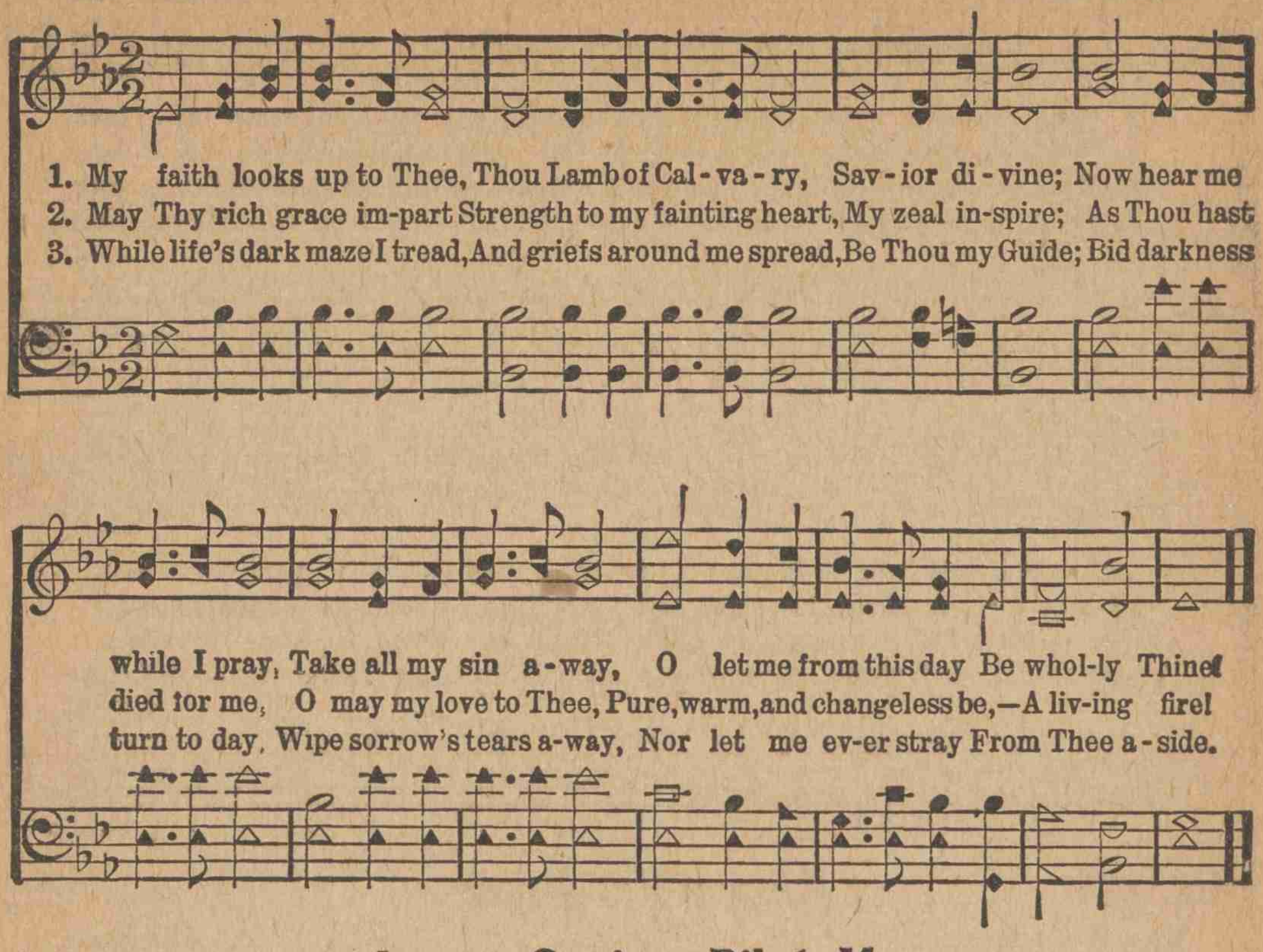


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

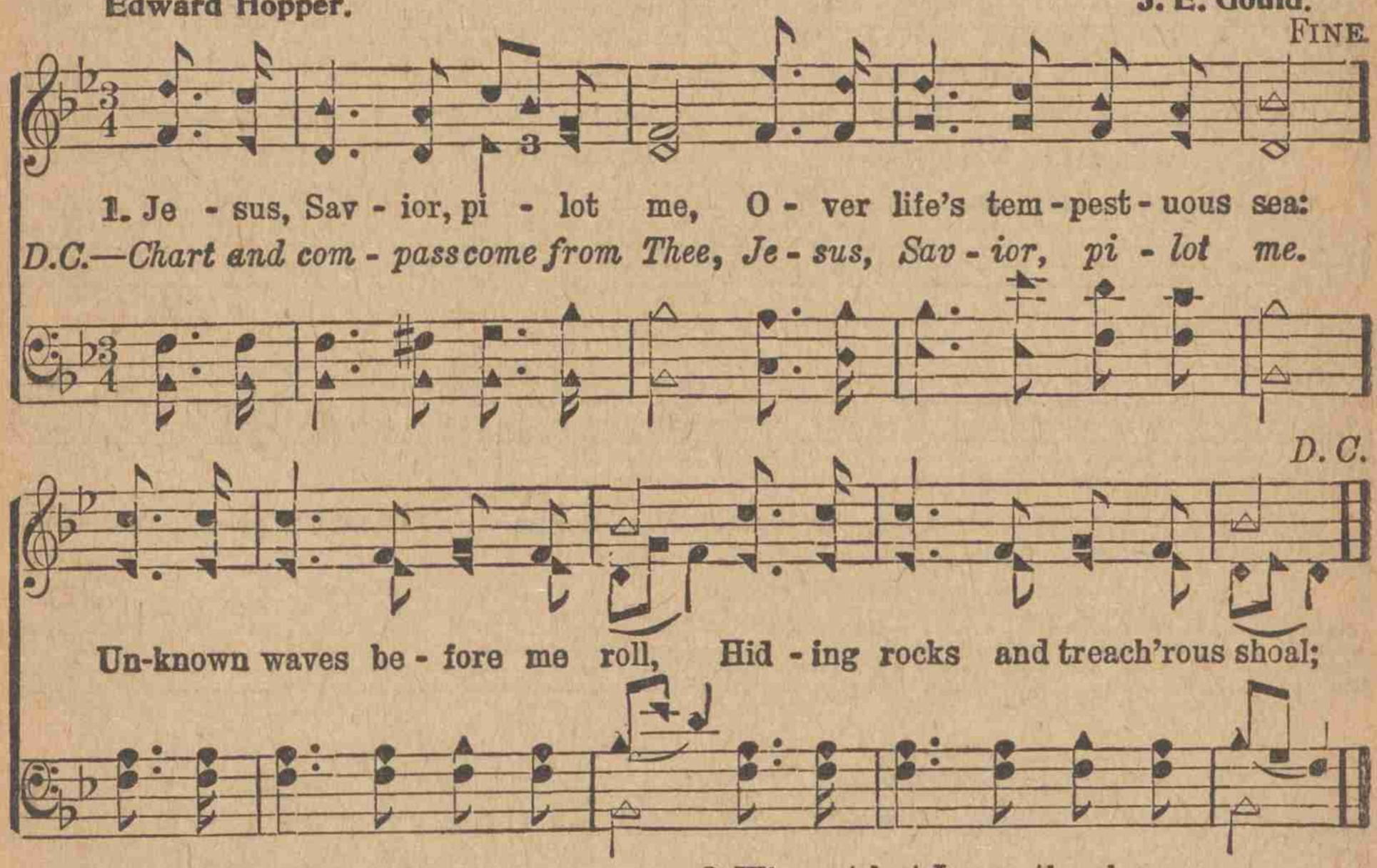
No. 218. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 219. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 220. Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;

His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 221. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

REFRAIN.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le-
sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 222. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 223. There is A Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.

No. 224. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

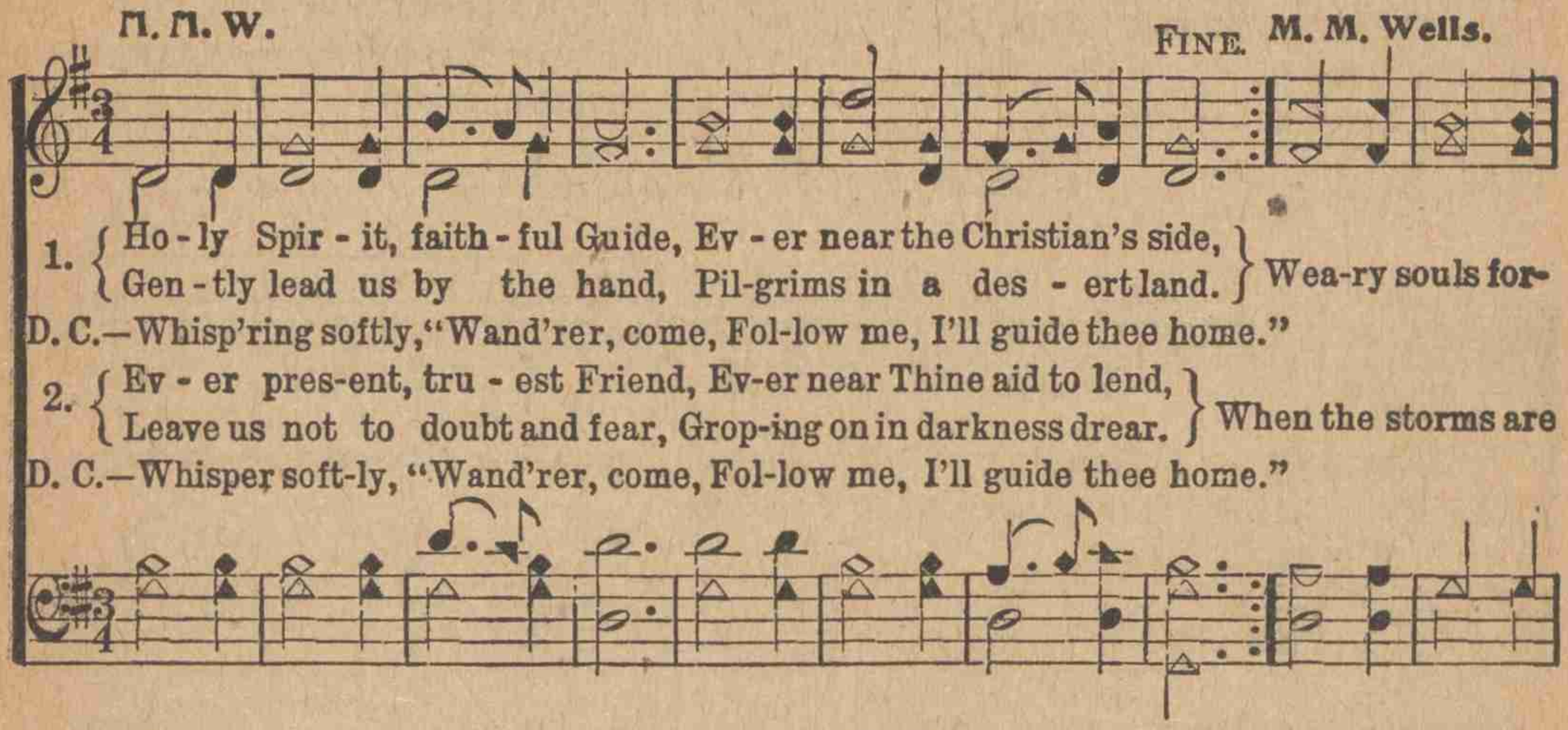
London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

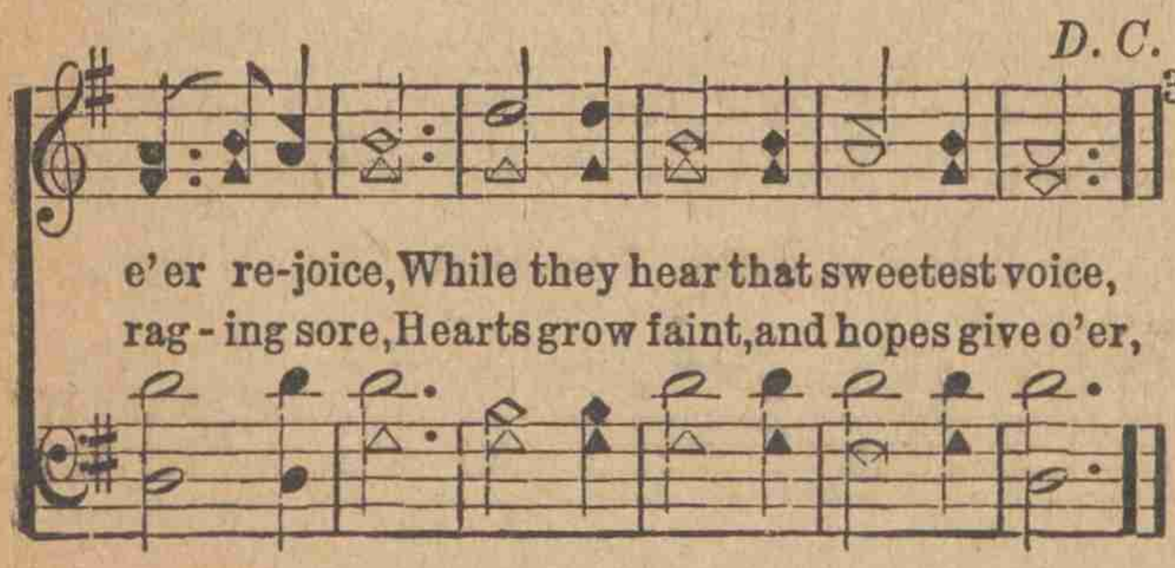


3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 225. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.

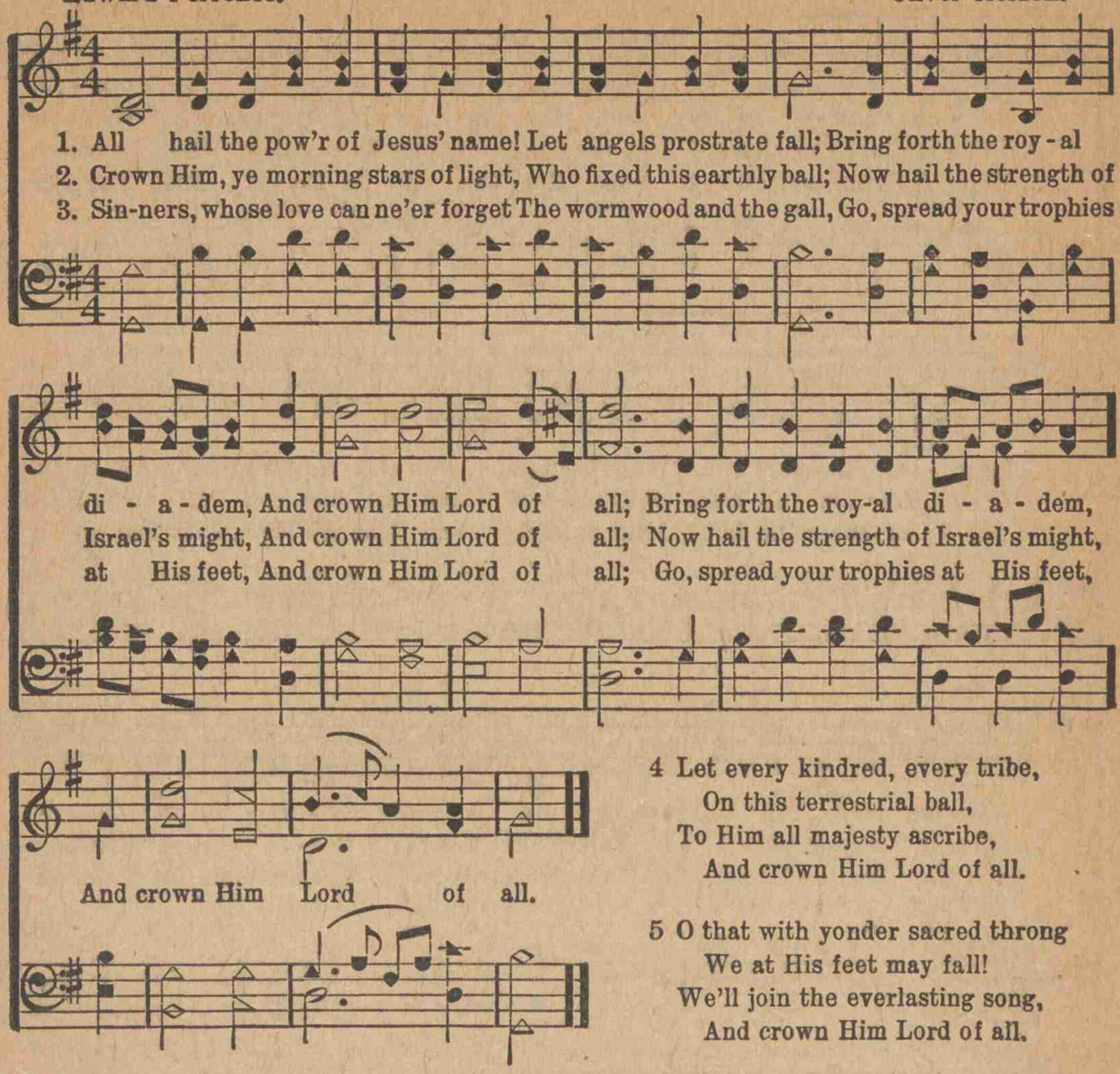




3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 226. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**

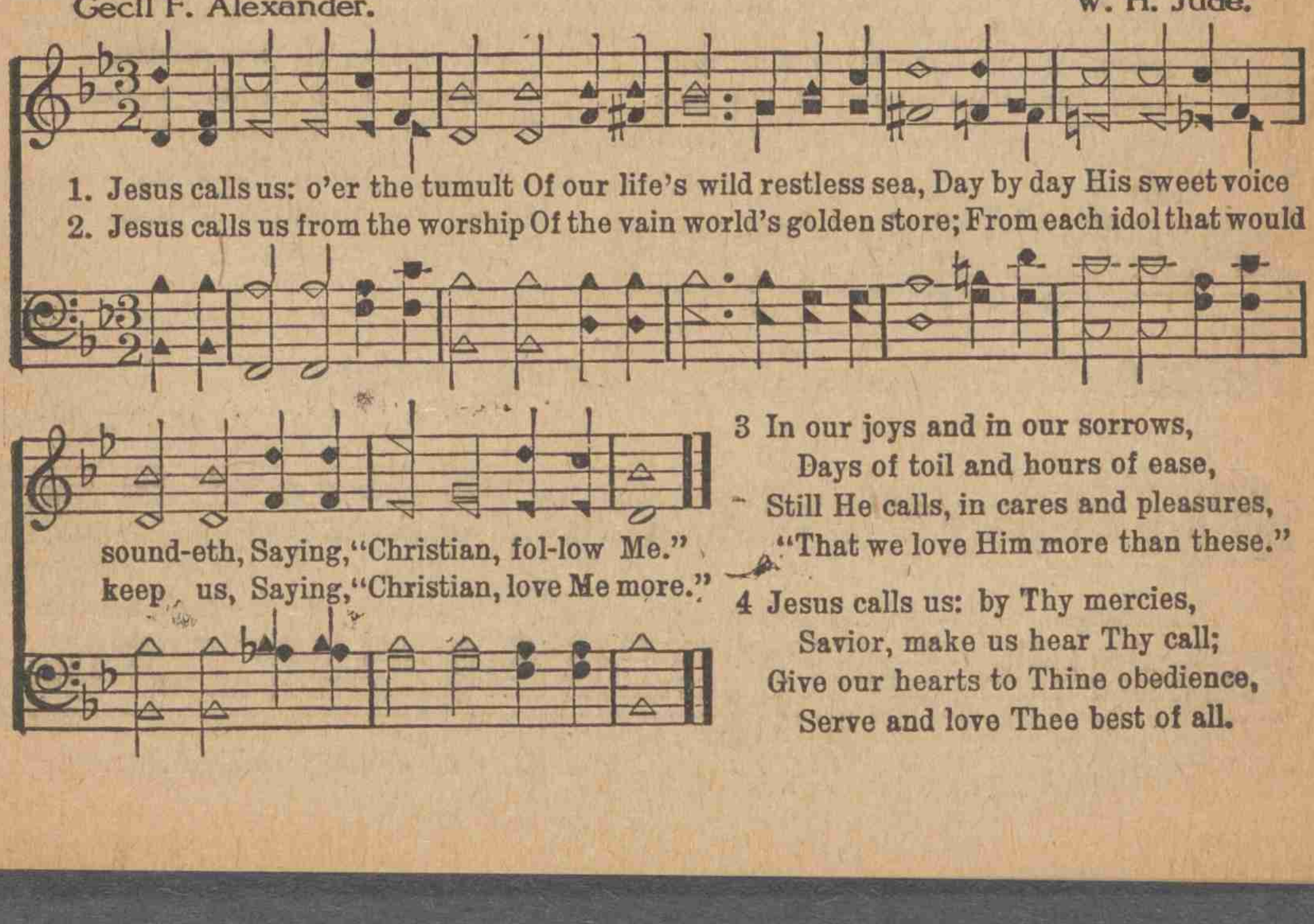


4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 227. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

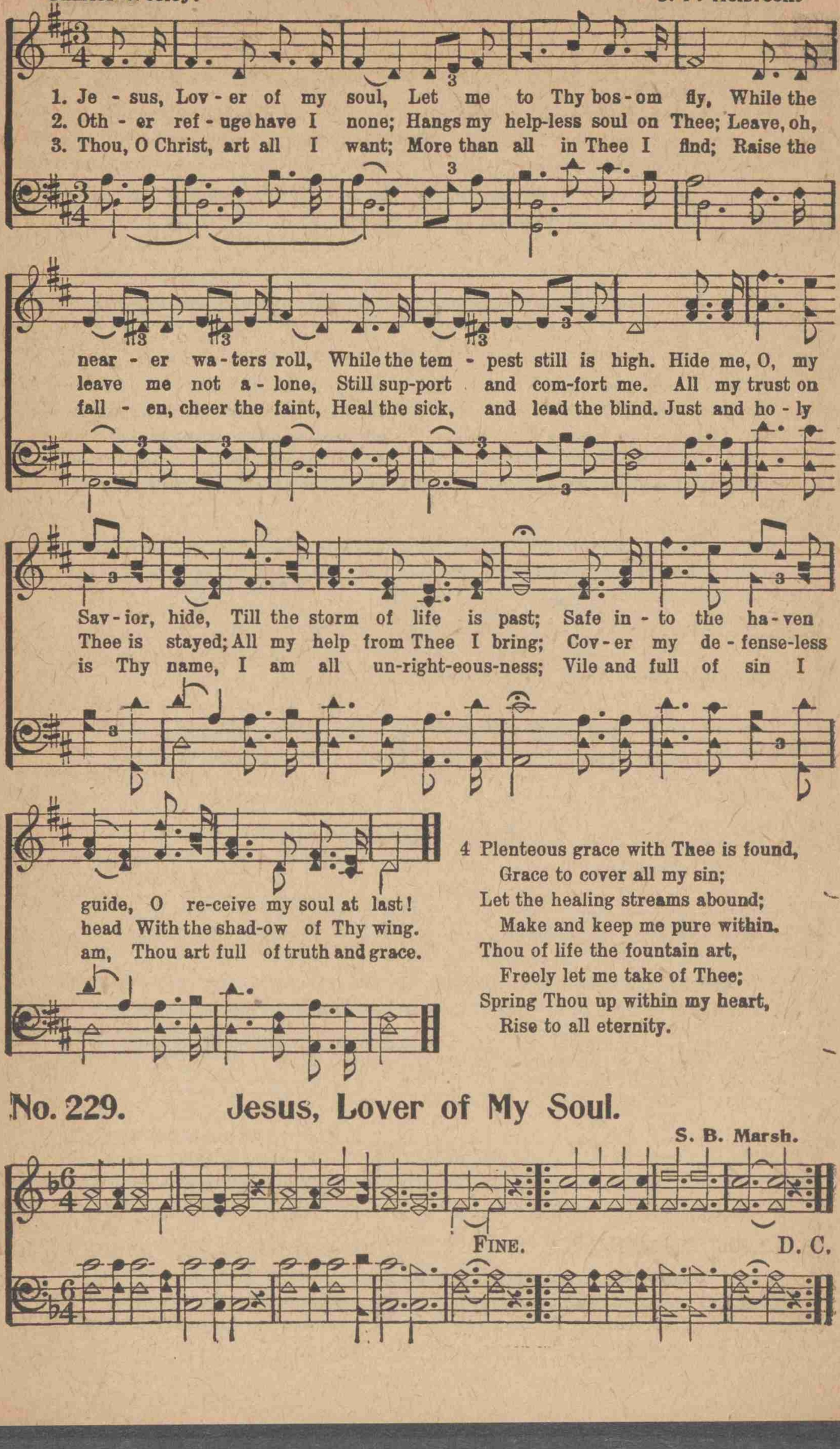


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 228. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.



4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 229. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

No. 230. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee: I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 231. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. (*Second Tune.*) Anne Steele.

No. 232. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es





Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al [Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; [All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

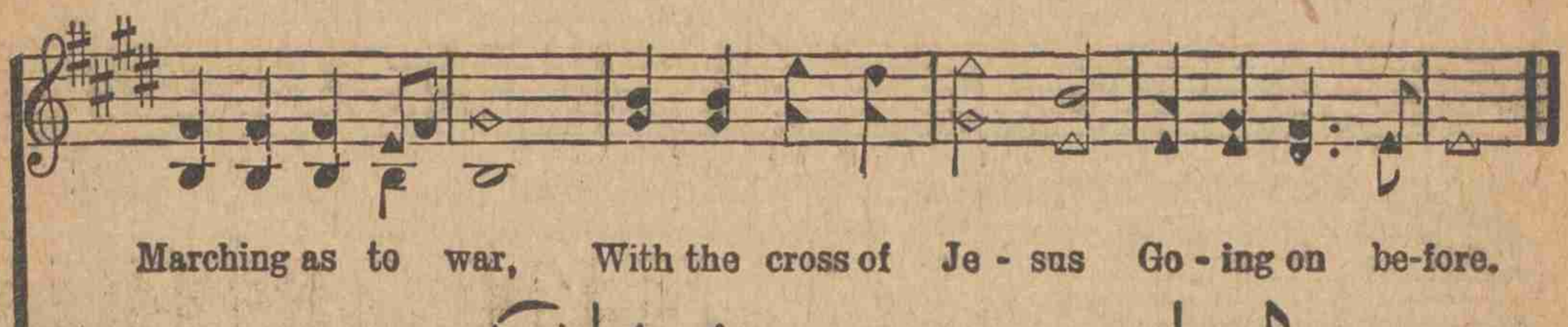




REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.





Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.



Responsive Readings

No. 233. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn No. 220.

Walk in the Light.

No. 234. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn No. 219.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

No. 235. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn No. 211.

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues, to Sing.

No. 236. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn No. 224.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

No. 237. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn No. 196.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

No. 238. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn No. 207.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No. 239. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Hymn No. 227.

Jesus Calls Us.

No. 240. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn No. 185.

O Worship the King All-Glorious Above.

No. 241. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Sing No. 206.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 242. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Sing No. 201.

Rock of Ages.

No. 243. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Sing No. 218.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

No. 244. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Sing No. 203.

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

No. 245. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Sing No. 221.

We Praise Thee, O God.

No. 246. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: and the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Sing No. 184.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

No. 247. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O Godof our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid of thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Sing No. 228.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

No. 248. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sing No. 126.

Count Your Blessings.

No. 249. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, that to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Sing No. 192.

Love Divine.

No. 250. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Sing No. 212.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

No. 251. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Sing No. 183.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

No. 252 PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Sing No. 185.

O Worship the King.

No. 253. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gottten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Sing No. 205.

Jesus Shall Reign.

No. 254. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Sing No. 199.

O Happy Day.

No. 255. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Sing No. 139.

Where He Leads Me.

No. 256. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Sing No. 209.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

No. 257. PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth, for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Sing No. 187.

Majestic Sweetness.

No. 258. PSALM 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before Him: I showed before Him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Sing No. 208.

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

No. 259. PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 206.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 260. PSALM 150.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 226.

All Hail the Power.

Responsive Readings.

No. 261. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 262. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 263. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 264. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 265. CHRISTMAS.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.

3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

4 And they were sore afraid.

5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

No. 266. TEMPERANCE.

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

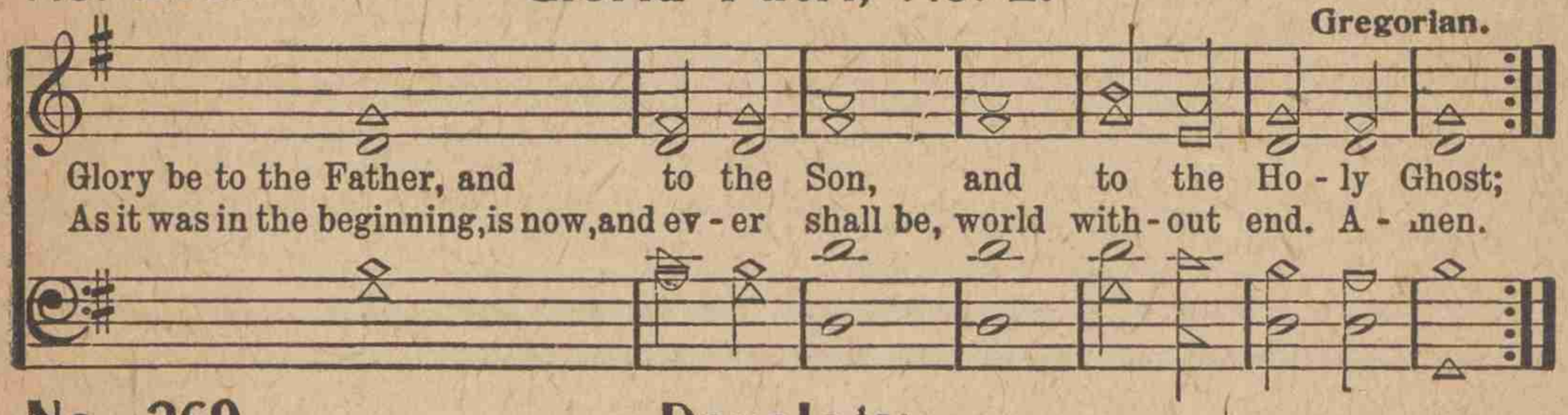
No. 267. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 268. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



No. 269. Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.



No. 270. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

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