PENTECOSTAL POWER SONGS



BY

PROF. GEO. E. KERSEY,
REV. H. C. MORRISON,
JOHN McPHERSON.

PRICES DELIVERED.

Board, 30c. each.	$3.40 per doz.	$25.00 per hundred.
Muslin, 25c. each.	$2.80 per doz.	$20.00 per hundred.

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SHAPE NOTES

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INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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PREFACE.

After years of experience in evangelistic work, using many song books, we have gathered together a collection here which we believe, from the standpoint of doctrine, melody and poetry to be in some respects superior to any publication of the kind which has been offered to the public.

We trust that the singing of these songs may be blessed in the good work of leading many sinners to pardon, and many believers into perfect love.

H. C. MORRISON,
GEO. E. KERSEY,
JOHN MCPHERSON.

Pentecostal Songs.

No. 1. Lie Low at Jesus' Feet.

Anon. GEO. E. KERSEY.

Moderato.



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No. 2. The Cross is not Greater.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus. Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

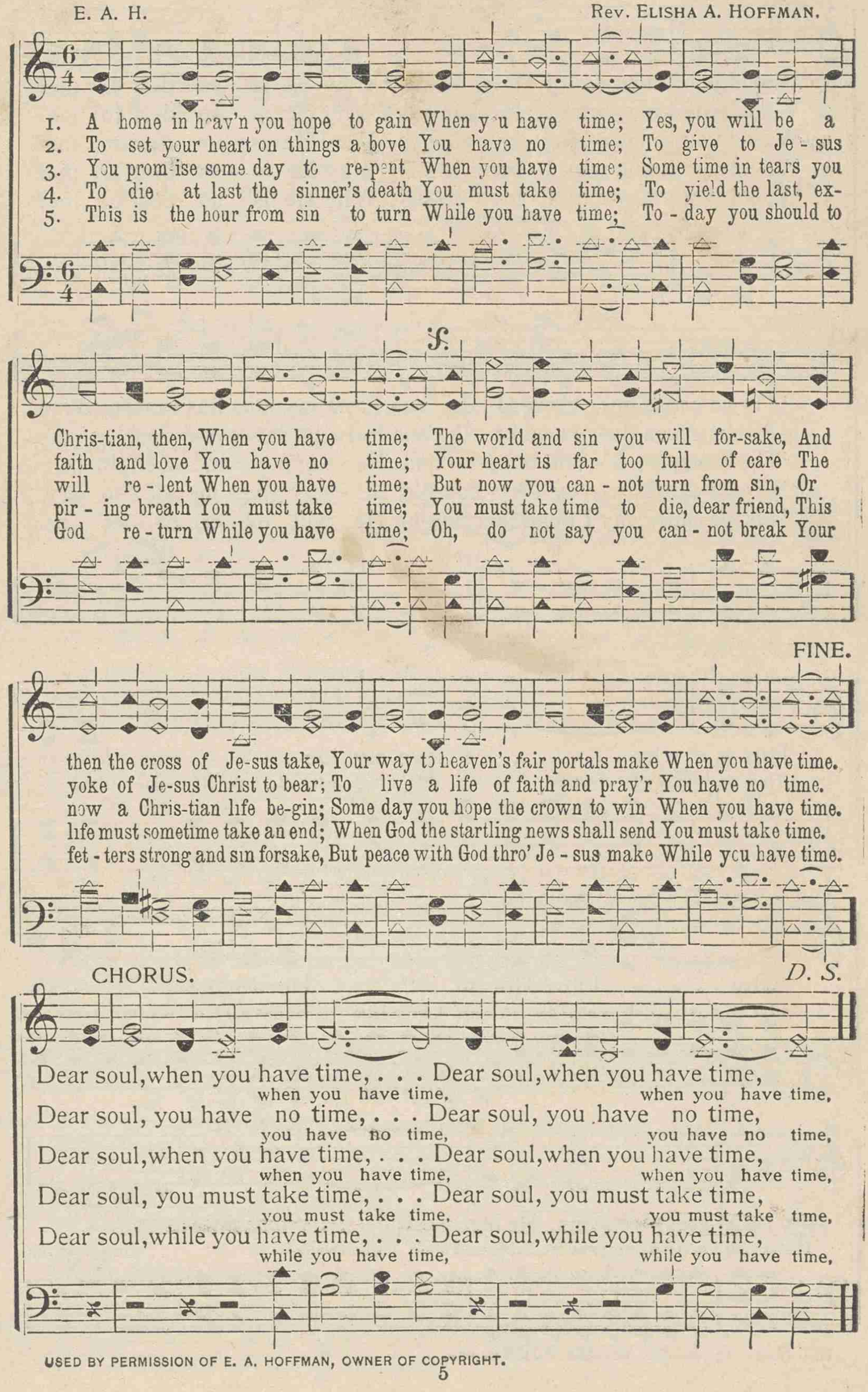
CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is-fied to know That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

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No. 3. When You Have Time.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



f.

FINE.

CHORUS.

D. S.

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No. 4. Why I Love My Jesus.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
5. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Je - sus From my sins has ransomed me.
'Tis be-cause the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleanses me.
'Tis be-cause, a - mid temp-ta-tion, He supports and strengthens me.
'Tis be-cause in ev - 'ry con-flict Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
'Tis be-cause, my Friend and Sav-ior He will ev - er, ev - er be.

CHORUS.

This is why . . . . . I love my Je - - sus, This is why . . . . . I love Him so, He a - toned . . , . . for my trans-gres - sions, He has wash'd . . . . me white as snow.

This is why I love my Je-sus, this is why I love Him so, This is why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has wash'd me, white as snow.

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No. 5. The Scarlet Thread.

Josh. 2: 18.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Dr. Frank A. Robertson.

1. A won-der-ful, won-der-ful gos-pel Within the blest Bi-ble is told;
2. Proclaim the good news of sal-va-tion, Of Je-sus our Sav-ior and King,
3. With gladness repeat the old sto-ry Of Je-sus wher-ev-er you go;

A gos-pel of love and of mer-cy, More precious than silver or gold;
Who came to the world to re-deem us, Un-speak-a-ble glo-ries to bring;
'Tis fraught with a ra-di-ant glo-ry, That brightens the pathway of woe;

'Tis needed in time of temp-ta-tion, 'Tis needed in sor-row and sin;
Let sin-ners be told of His kingdom, In-vite them to en-ter there-in;
O haste with the wonderful ti-dings Of all that my Savior hath been,

'Tis the scarlet thread bound in the window, Where the dear ones may all gather in.
Keep the scarlet thread bound in the window, Till the dear ones are all gathered in.
And keep the bright thread in the window, Till the precious ones all gather in.

D.S.–Is the scarlet thread bound in the window? Are the precious ones all gathered in?

CHORUS.

Are the precious ones all gathered in?..... All gathered in-to the fold?

all gathered in?

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No. 6. Turn the Light Upon Us.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. H. B. GREONGILS.

1. Turn, oh, turn the light up-on us, Bless-ed light of heav'n a-bove;
2. Turn the light of joy up-on us, In a world of grief and care,
3. Turn, oh, turn the light up-on us, When the shadows dim our eyes;
4. Turn the light of life up-on us, That our souls may live and grow;

Make our lives a true re-flec-tion Of the light of Je-sus' love.
Where so many souls are fainting With the bur - dens they must bear.
Lest in darkness we should stumble, "Sun of Right - eous-ness," a-rise!
Walk-ing in the light of Je-sus, Gladness we shall ev-er know.

Of the light

CHORUS.

Turn the light..... of love up-on us, Turn the light upon us
Turn the light of love up-on us, turn the light,

ev-er-more to shine, Turn the light,..... the glo-rious
turn the light, Turn the light,

light, Keep us dwelling in the light of love di-vine.
glo-rious light, love di-vine.

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No. 7. Haste to the Cross.

EDGAR PAGE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Come, ha-sten, poor, wea-ry one, haste to the cross, For Je - sus is call-ing to - day;
2. No mat - ter how heav - y the bur-den may be, Nor how thou art pressed by the load;
3. Tho' Sa - tan may tell thee that thou art too base To mer it the Savior's kind care,
4. "Ye burdened and wea - ry ones, come un - to me, And I will give un - to you rest;"

Wait not to be bet - ter, nor suf-fer a loss
The bur-den will light - en and van-ish a - way,
De - spair not; wher-ev - er thou seekest His face
So call - ed the Sav - ior, and call-eth to thee

CHORUS.

By tar - ry - ing yet by the way.
While trav'ling the Cal - va - ry road.
He sure - ly will meet with thee there.
To come un - to Him and be blest.

O haste to the cross, O haste to the cross, The Sav-ior is wait-ing for thee!..... Is wait-ing to bless, is waiting to save; O come while He waiteth for thee!

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No. 8. The "Good News" Must be Told.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The sto - ry of re - deem-ing love More precious is than gold,
2. It is a sto - ry strangely sweet, That nev - er grow-eth old,
3. O yes! our lips must hon - or Him, His love must be ex - tolled,
4. To those who long for heav'nly peace, To wand'rers from the fold,

rit.

And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
To all who thirst for righteousness The "good news" must be told.

CHORUS.

That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos - pel sto - ry
must, it must be told,
must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, so
must, it must be told,
old and ev - er new, The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.

rit.

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No. 9. The Fulness of Blessing.

Chorus and arr. by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to Thee;
2. Lov-ing Spir - it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to Thee;
3. Mighty Spir - it, live in me, I would heav'nly-minded be;
4. Glorious Spir-it, fill Thou me, This poor heart I yield to Thee;

Bring Thou ev -'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with Thine,
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Master's likeness there,
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen-ter- Christ a - lone,
Take me, bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole,

Bring Thou ev -'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with Thine.
To its depths my be-ing stir, Print my Master's likeness there.
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen - ter–Christ a - lone.
Take me, bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole.

CHORUS.

Fill Thou me, fill Thou me! All my heart I yield to Thee!

With Thy ho - li- ness di - vine Fill this long-ing heart of mine.

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No. 10. To Jesus I'll Go!

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Just as I am, with my bur-den of sin, Just as I am, help-less,
2. Just as I am, on - ly mer- cy to claim, Bringing no plea but His
3. Down in the in - ner-most depths of my soul Sweetly He's whisp'ring, "Wilt
4. Just as I am, He will sure- ly re-ceive, All my of - fen - ces He'll
5. Leaving the world and its fol - lies be- hind, Healing, and com-fort, and
6. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, I come at Thy call! Thou art my Por- tion, my

vile and unclean, Heav- i - ly la-den with guilt's awful woe, Just as I
own blessed name, Nothing of mer - it or worth can I show; Just as I
thou be made whole?" Pardon and cleansing are His to be-stow; Just as I
free- ly for-give; Sin's crim-son stain He will wash white as snow; Just as I
ref - uge to find, All that I need He has for me I know; Just as I
Sav-ior, my All! Wea - ry of bond-age, I long to be free! Help me, dear

CHORUS.

1–5. am un - to Je - sus I'll go!
6. Je - sus, I come un - to Thee!
} Un - to Je - sus I'll go, un - to

Je - sus I'll go! There in His blood to be made white as snow! Sin disap-

pears in its life- giv-ing flow; Just as I am un - to Je-sus I'll go!

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No. 11. Still Whiter than Snow.

MIRIAM STABLER. Alt. S. J. PERRY.

1. What can be whit-er than beau-ti - ful snow, Com-ing from heaven to earth be - low, Pure and so white as it fall - eth light
2. Je - sus has died, and now all men may know That His rich blood for the world did flow; Saved we may be, and from sin set free,
3. Beau - ti - ful souls of His saints here be-low, What but His dear blood could make them so? All who be - lieve shall His grace re - ceive,
4. Come to this Sav-ior! He sure-ly doth know All of your sor-row and sin and woe, And when you sigh He will hear your cry,

CHORUS.

O - ver this broad world of sin and of woe?
Washed and made whiter than beau-ti- ful snow.
And be made pur -er than heaven-born snow.
Wash you more white than the beau-ti- ful snow.

} Yes, there is something still whit - - - er; Heark - en, ye wea - ry, and know!.....
whit - er than snow; Heark - en, ye wea - ry of earth, and know!

Tho' your sins be as scar - let red, They shall be whit-er than snow.
than snow.

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No. 12. Jesus is Pleading for Thee.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Je-sus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Je-sus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Je-sus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your garments white, Je-sus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt a - way, Je-sus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Je-sus is pleading for thee;

There is par - don free for all, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Leave that dark and drear - y way, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Turn your darkness in - to light, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Make your soul as clear as day, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je-sus is pleading for thee.

CHORUS.

Wash in the blood,.... Wash in the blood of Je-sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleans-ing tide,

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.....
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

USED BY PER. OF B. E. WARREN, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

No. 13. I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel-lent glo - ry, And all my tri - als are passed, I shall be-hold Him, O won - der-ful sto - ry!
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawning Breaks on the vi-sion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav-en - ly morning,
3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry O - ver and o - ver a - gain, Changed by His Spir-it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

I shall be like Him at last.
Now we His im - age may bear.
I shall be sat - is - fied then.

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beau-ty shall shine; I shall be like Him, won - drous-ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - ior di - vine.

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No. 14. The Lord's Prayer.

Opening Anthem.

JOHN MCPHERSON.



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The Lord's Prayer—Concluded.

e - vil. For Thine is the king-dom, the pow'r, and the glo - ry, For

Thine is the kingdom, the pow'r, and the glo - ry, For Thine is the

king-dom, the pow'r, and the glo - ry, the glo - ry for - ev - er, A -

men! Hal-le - lu- jah! The glo- ry for-ev - er, A- men! Hal-le-lu - jah! The

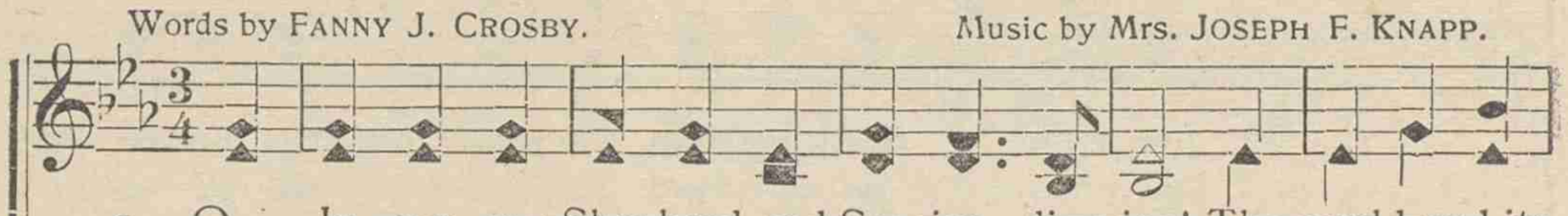
glo - ry for - ev - er, A - men! For Thine is the kingdom, the pow'r, and the

glo-ry, the pow'r, and the glo-ry, A - men, A-men, and A - men!

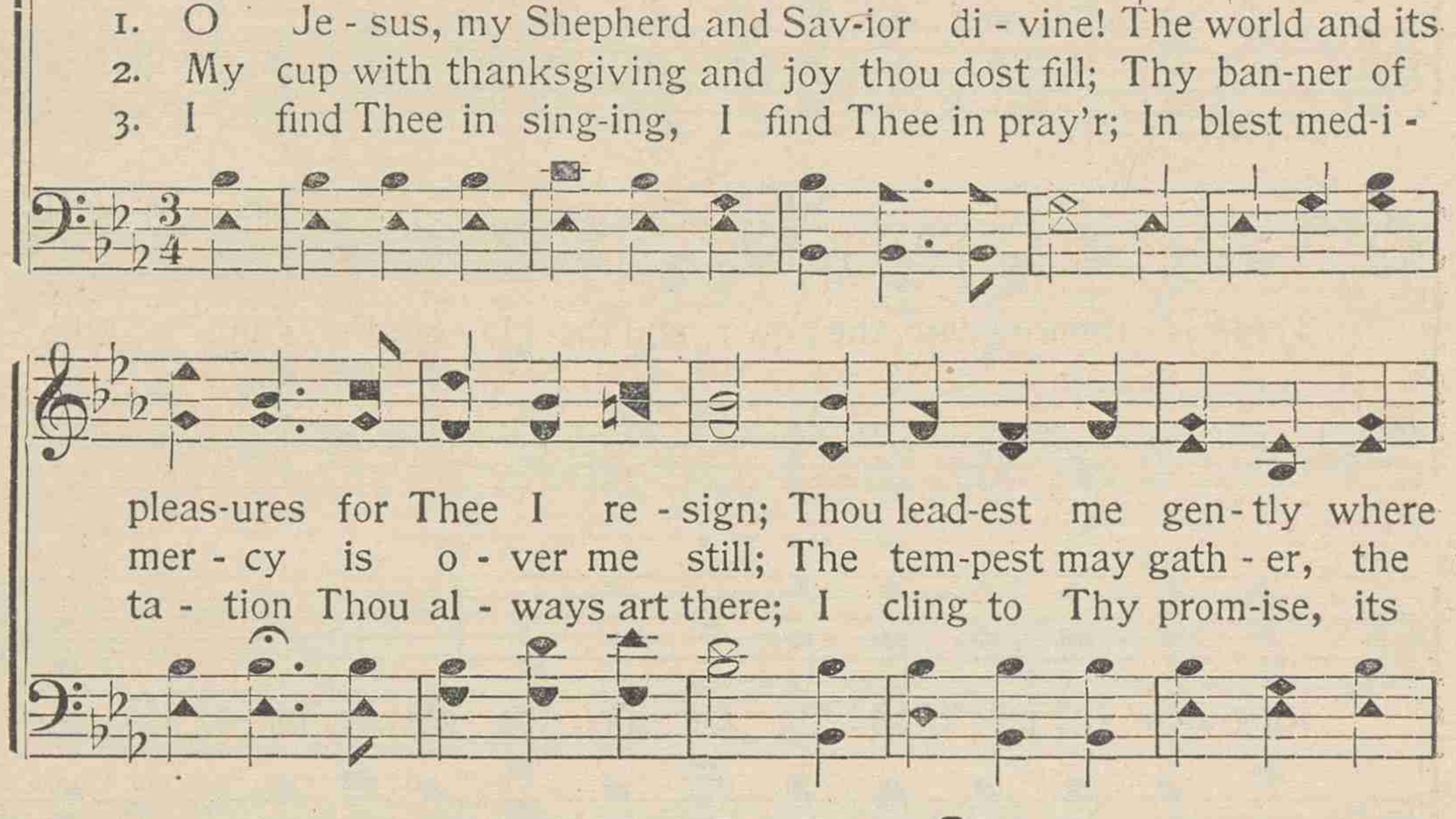
No. 15. My Savior Divine.

(*Dedicated to Rev. Phœbe A. Hannaford.*)

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



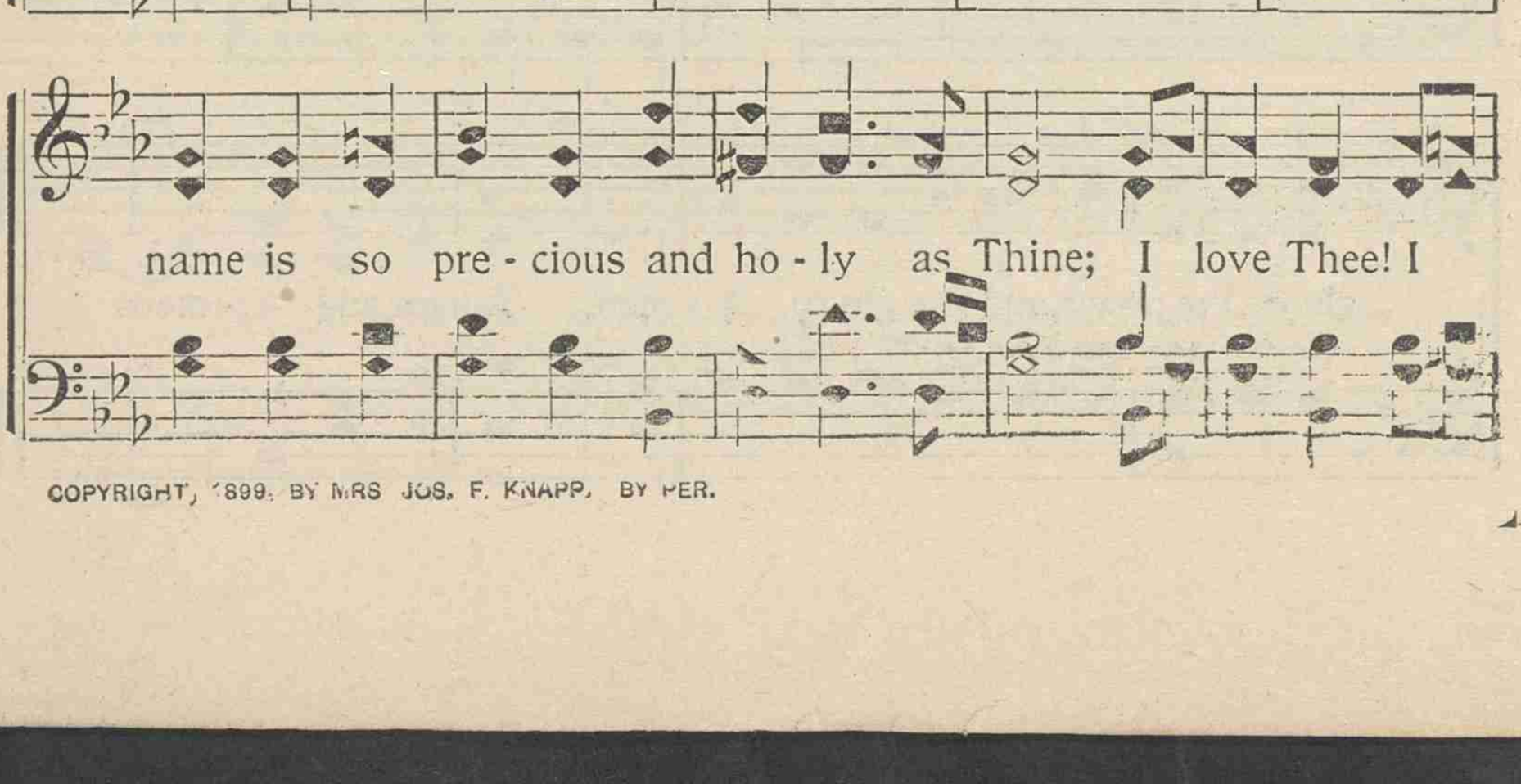
1. O Je - sus, my Shepherd and Sav-ior di - vine! The world and its
2. My cup with thanksgiving and joy thou dost fill; Thy ban-ner of
3. I find Thee in sing-ing, I find Thee in pray'r; In blest med-i -



pleas-ures for Thee I re - sign; Thou lead-est me gen - tly where
mer - cy is o - ver me still; The tem-pest may gath - er, the
ta - tion Thou al - ways art there; I cling to Thy prom-ise, its



still wa - ters glide, While un - der Thy shadow I safe-ly a bide.
bil - lows may roll, But Thou art the Ref-uge and Rock of my soul.
truth I be-lieve, The faithful who trust Thee, Thy grace shall receive.



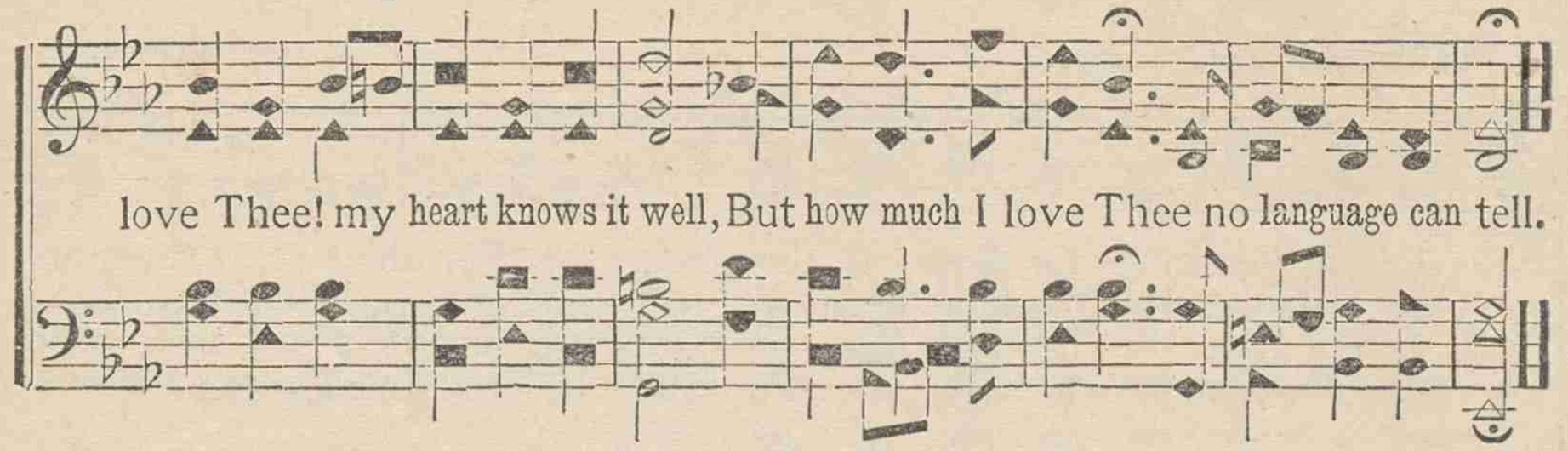
CHORUS.

I love Thee! I love Thee! I know Thou art mine! No

name is so pre - cious and ho - ly as Thine; I love Thee! I

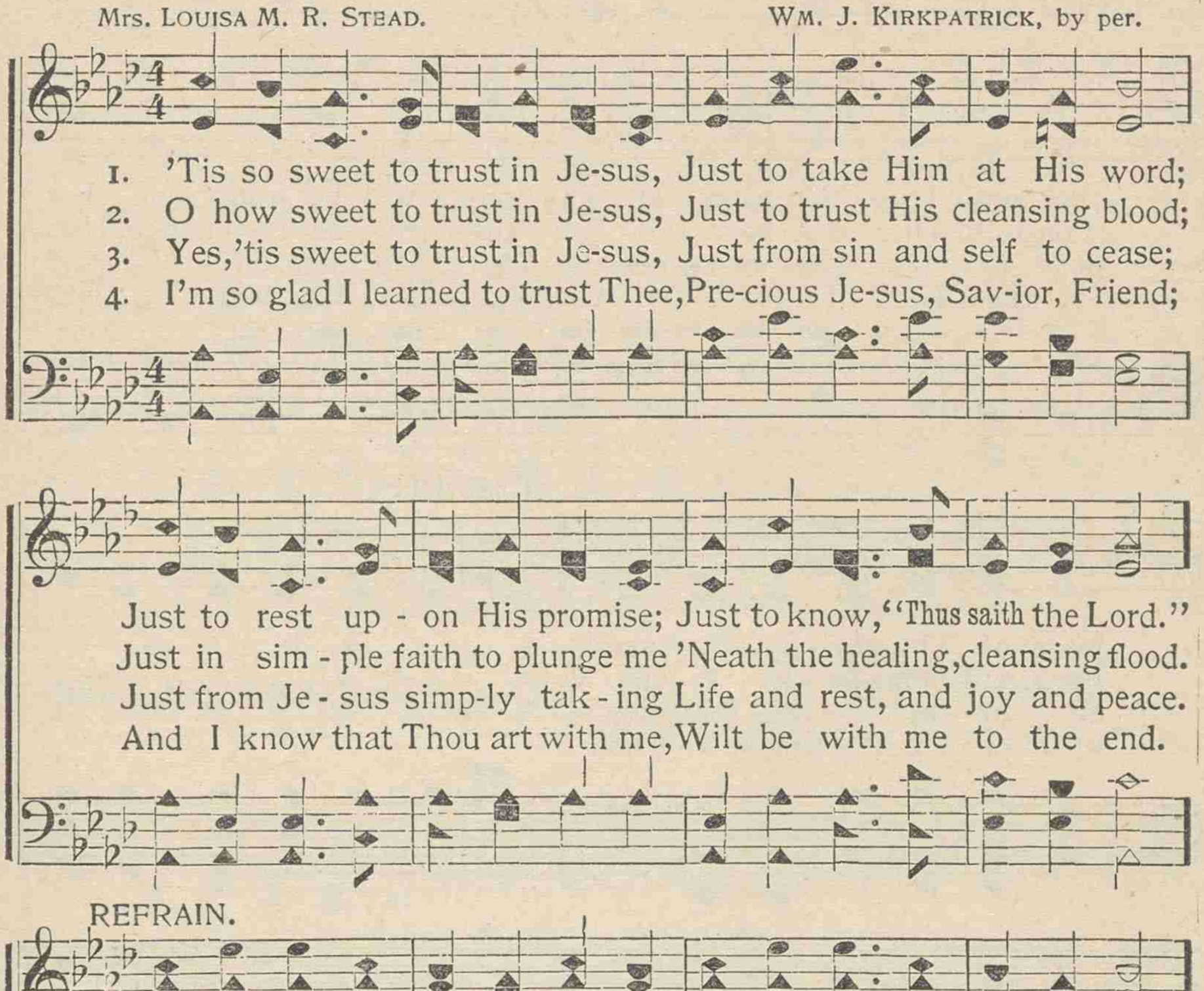
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My Savior Divine.—Concluded.



No. 16. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

No. 17. I Thirst for the Fulness.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.
4th Stanza by L. L. Pickett.

Geo. E. Kersey.

1. I'm yearning for deep - er com-mun - ion, For deep - er com-mun-
2. My heart has too long been di - vid - ed; The world shared af-fec-
3. For-give me for be - ing un - lov - ing, And help my new pur-
4. Oh, teach me to walk in the Spir - it, And dwell 'neath the wings

ion with Thee, For more of Thy love to be know - ing, For
tion with Thee, But now I am ful - ly de - ter-mined, Thine,
pose to be De - vot - ed to Thee, and Thee on - ly, And
of Thy love, To feast on the rich, hid - den man - na, Blest

CHORUS.

more of Thy glo - ry to see.
Lord, and Thine on - ly to be.
all of my i - dols to flee.
food of the ran-somed a - bove.

O Je - sus, my Friend and my
Sav - ior, I thirst for the ful - ness of love; Now seal and a-noint
and re - fine me, And fill me with peace from a - bove.

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No. 18. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. McH. I. N. McHOSE.

1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, pre-pared by lov-ing hands, In the
midst of the banquet the gen-tle Savior stands; Then no lon-ger go

2. Come, for all things are read-y, why will you stay a - way? Hear the
kind in - vi - ta-tion, O come, without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-

3. 'Tis a feast ev - er-last-ing, a - bun-dant, rich, and free; Thro' the
blood of the Sav-ior an o-pen door we see; Come and wear the white

rov-ing o'er deserts bare and wild, See! the Father now is waiting to
va- tion, why will you longer roam? There's a mansion now preparing, for
rai-ment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all His an-gels will

CHORUS.

greet His wea-ry child. You're in-vit- ed,..... are you com-ing?.....
you in yon der home.
bid you welcome there. to the feast, to the feast?

Oh, ac-cept the in- vi - ta-tion, all things are ready, come;
See, the Father now is waiting to [*Omit. . . . .*] welcome wand'rers home.

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No. 19. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have prov - en un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now your

doubtings give o'er; Just now re-ject Him no more; Just now throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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No. 20. Help to Save Some Soul To-day.

J H. A, J. H. ALLEMAN, by per.

1. Let me work in Thy vine-yard, on - ly work I pray,
2. Let me work in Thy vine-yard, al - ways work I pray,
3. Let me work in Thy vine-yard, while it yet is day,
4. Pre-cious Sav - ior, now strengthen us Thy work to do,

Help to turn from the down-ward way One poor wretch-ed, lost one
Mill-ions sure - ly are drift - ing down; Hark! the call, "Come help us,"
Ere the eve-ning of life draws nigh, Help to lead the thirst-y
Strength from Thee, Thee a-lone, we crave; Help us bring the wand'rers

from the paths of sin, Help to save some soul to - day.
let us not de - lay, Brighter there will be our crown.
to the stream which flows From the liv - ing fount on high.
from the paths of sin, Help us, Lord, some soul to save.

CHORUS.

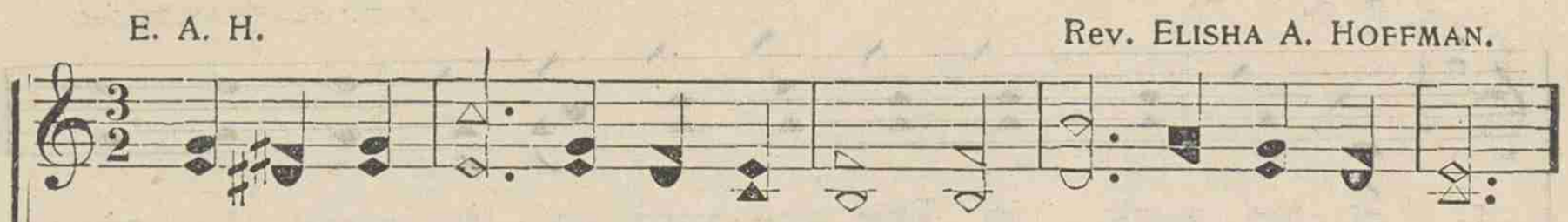
Help to - day, help to-day, Help to save some soul to-day; From the
Help to-day, help to - day,

paths of sin Let us gath-er in Precious souls for Christ to - day.

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No. 21. Some Day.

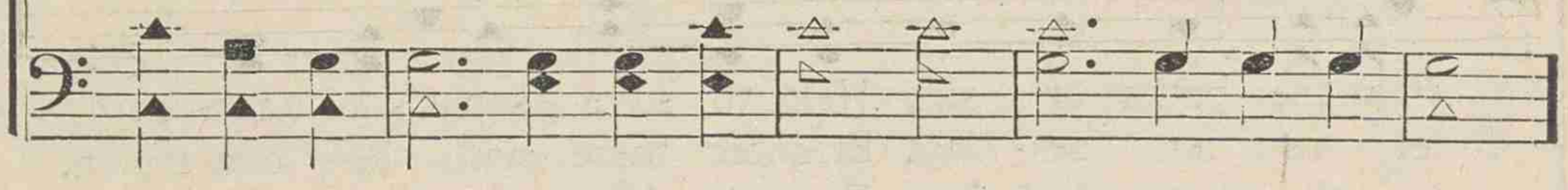
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



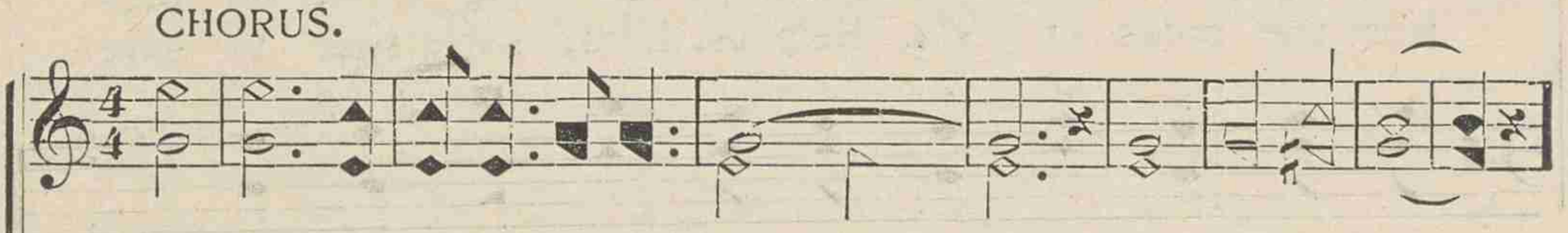
1. Some day my Sav - ior I shall know As now I know Him not,
2. Some day my peace shall deep-er be, And pur - er love be mine,
3. Some day I shall have per-fect rest, A calm and qui - et heart,
4. Some day, O hoped for, ho - ly day! Dis - cord-ant notes will cease,
5. Some bright,sweet day not far a - way My heart will love Him so



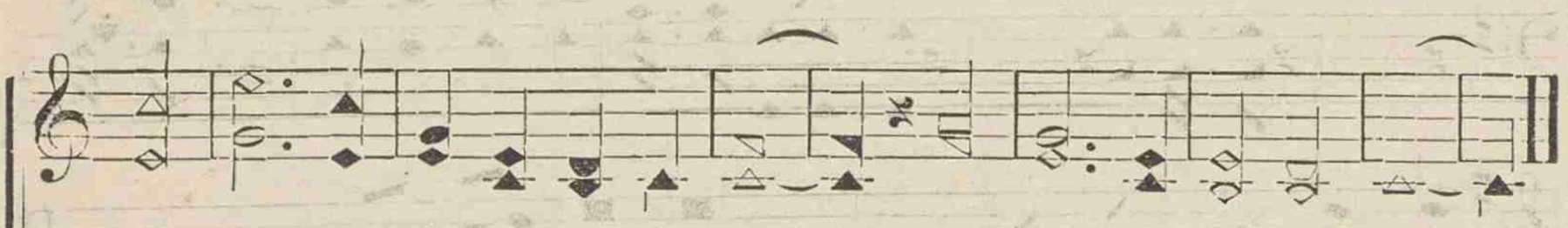
And fol - low Him in per-fect faith, Free from all fear or doubt.
And all the light and joy of heav'n Shall o'er my path-way shine.
And be so lost in Christ that naught Me from His love can part.
And bells of joy ring thro' my soul, The song of per-fect peace.
That life will be a par - a - dise, A heav'n be - gun be - low.



CHORUS.



Some day, some better, brighter day, ... Just on be - fore,
sweet - er day,
sweeter, ho - lier day,



My Sav-ior's im-age I shall wear, And love Him more and more.



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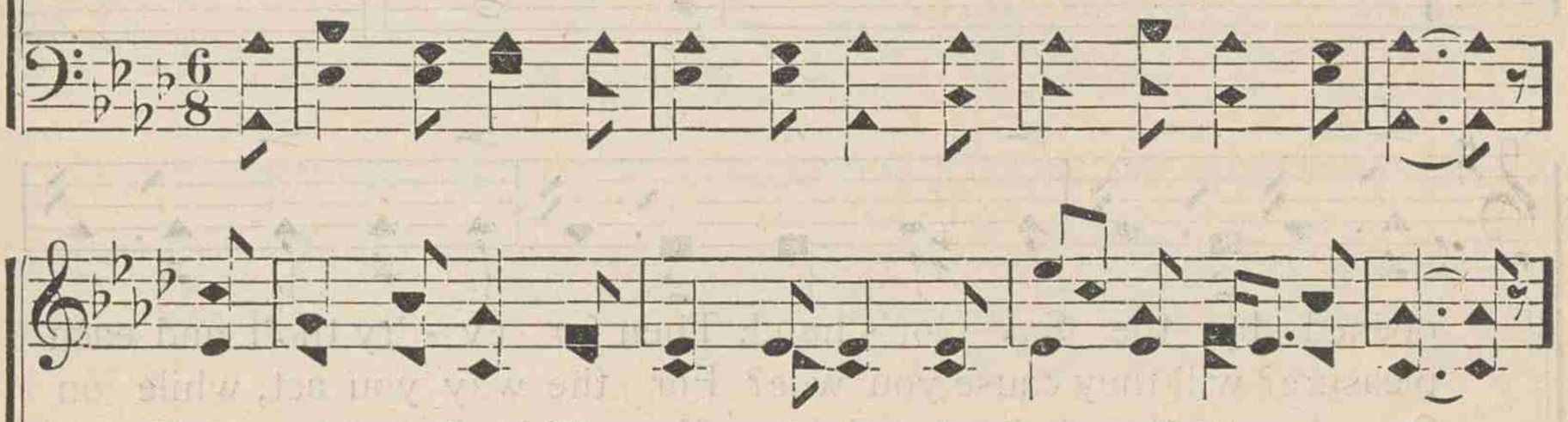
No. 22. Thy Love is Like a Burning Fire.

(Dedicated to my brother in the faith, Rev. Joseph K. Smith.)

F. W. FABER. Rev. N. KEFF SMITH. D. D.



1. O Je - sus! Je - sus! dearest Lord, For-give me if I say
2. I love Thee so I know not how My transports to con - trol;
3. Oh, wonderful that Thou shouldst let So vile a heart as mine
4. Oh, Thou to me art all in all, My hon - or and my wealth,
5. Burn, burn, O love! within my soul, Burn fiercely night and day



For ver - y love Thy sa-cred name A thousand times a day.
Thy love is like a burn-ing fire Within my ver - y soul.
Love Thee with such a love as this, And make so free with Thine!
My heart's desire, my body's strength, My soul's e - ter - nal health!
Till all the dross of earth-ly loves Is burned, and burned away.



CHORUS.



O love of Je - sus, bless-ed love! So will it ev - er be;



Time can-not tell Thy wondrous love, No, nor e - ter - ni - ty.



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No. 23. The Judgment Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. At the bar of God you will have to stand, When the books are
2. There you'll meet each friend, there you'll meet each foe, Will they bring you
3. Ev - 'ry act of life will be there made known, When we see our
4. Ev - 'ry hour we spend in the Mas-ter's cause Will be weighed by
5. Let us then live close to the bleed - ing side Of that pre-cious

opened by the Sav - ior's hand; Then for ev - 'ry tho't and each
pleasure? will they cause you woe? For the way you act, while on
Sav - ior on the judgment throne; Ma - ny deeds that here we would
mer-cy 'gainst His broken laws; Ev - 'ry song we sing, ev - 'ry
Sav - ior, who for us hath died; For if we love Him, and His

word you say You will have to an-swer, on the judg-ment day.
earth you stay, Will con-demn or save you on the judg-ment day.
hide a - way Will be heard by mill - ions, on the judg-ment day.
pray'r we pray, Will be wait - ing for us on the judg-ment day.
voice o - bey, Joy - ful - ly we'll meet Him, on the judg-ment day.

CHORUS.

On the judg-ment day, dread-ful judg-ment day, We shall meet our

The Judgment Day.—Concluded.

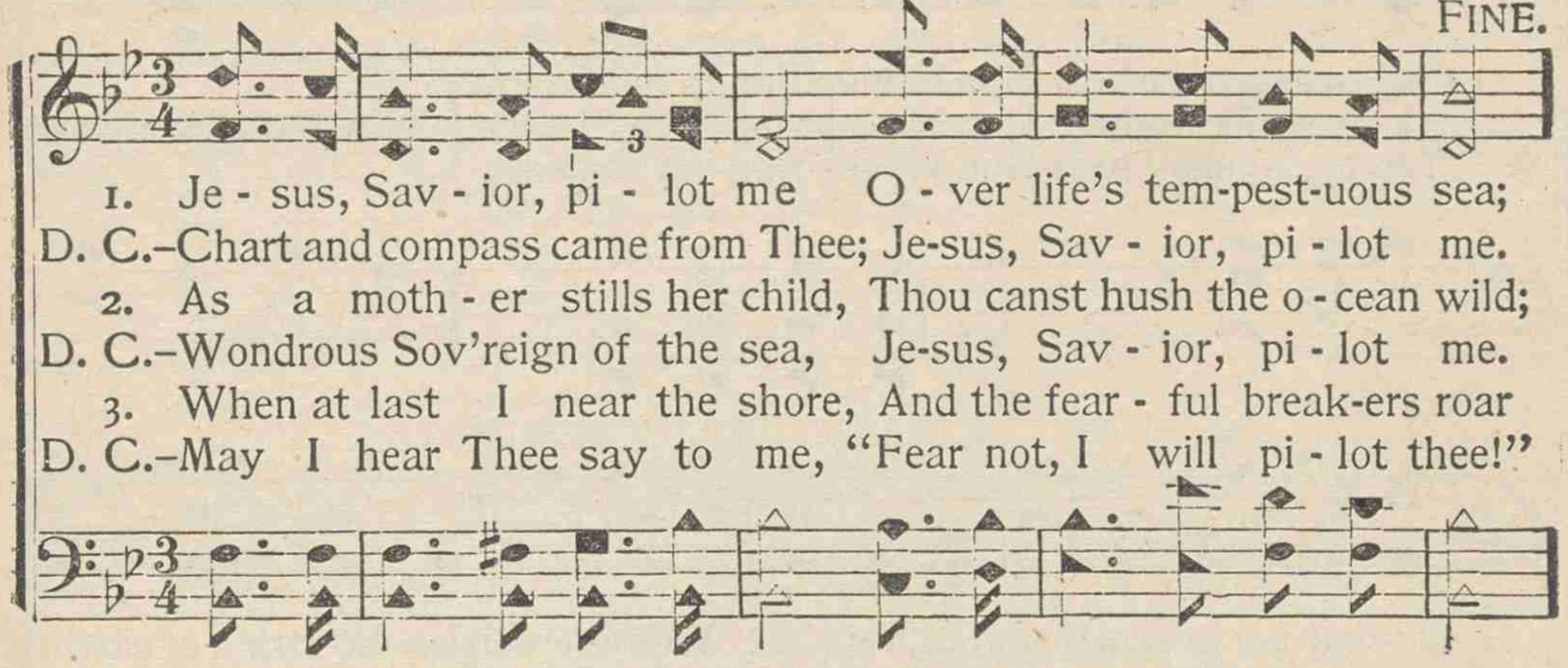




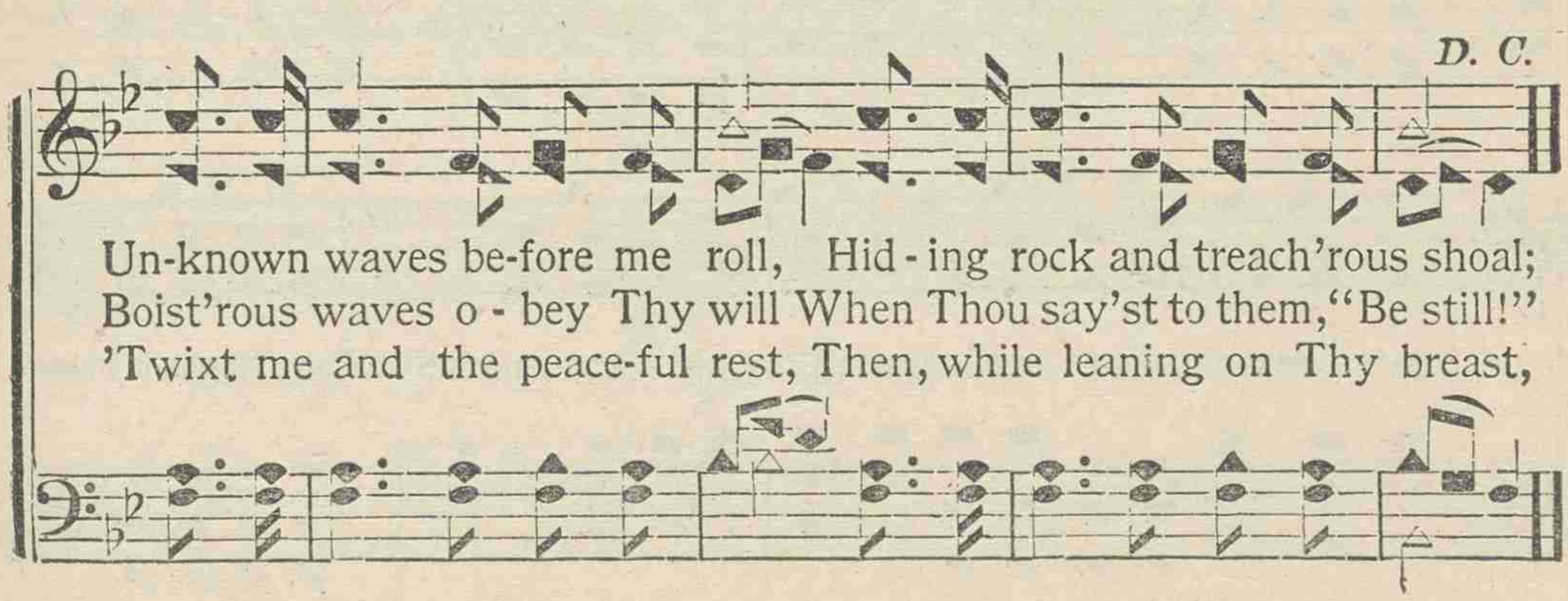
No. 24. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.



D. C.



No. 25. Whisp'ring in My Heart.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Jesus found me wand'ring Far from Him a-stray; Ten-der-ly He led me
2. I can hear Him whisper When my soul is tried, "Fear not, I am with thee,
3. Would you hear the Savior's Gentle voice within? Now, while He is call-ing,

To the shining way; Words of peace He whispered, Bade my fears depart;
I am at thy side." When the foe as-sails me, Jesus takes my part;
Leave the path of sin; Peace that passeth knowledge Free-ly He'll im-part;

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas sweet to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart!
I re-joice to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart.
You to-day may hear Him Whisp'ring in your heart.
} Whisp'ring, whisp'ring,

O what joy is mine! Whisp'ring, whisp'ring Words of love divine; No strain of earthly

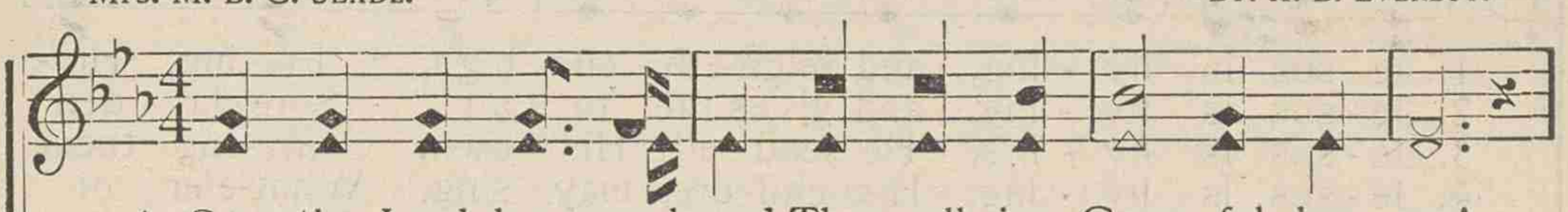
music Such rapture can impart; I'm glad I ever heard Him Whisp'ring in my heart.

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No. 26. Footsteps of Jesus.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in His steps."—1 Peter 2: 21.

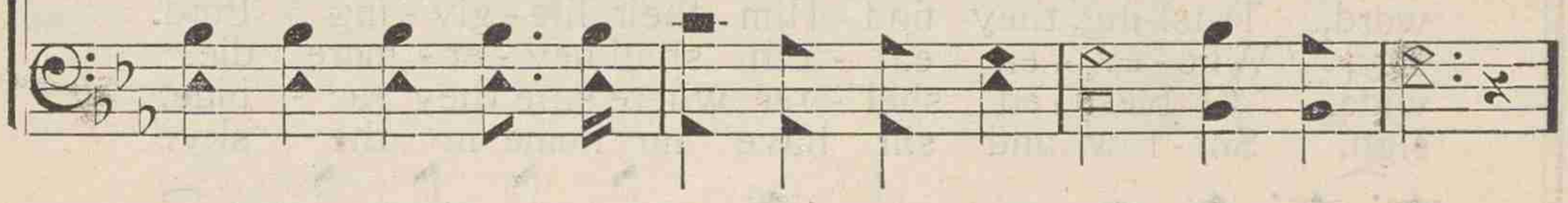
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.



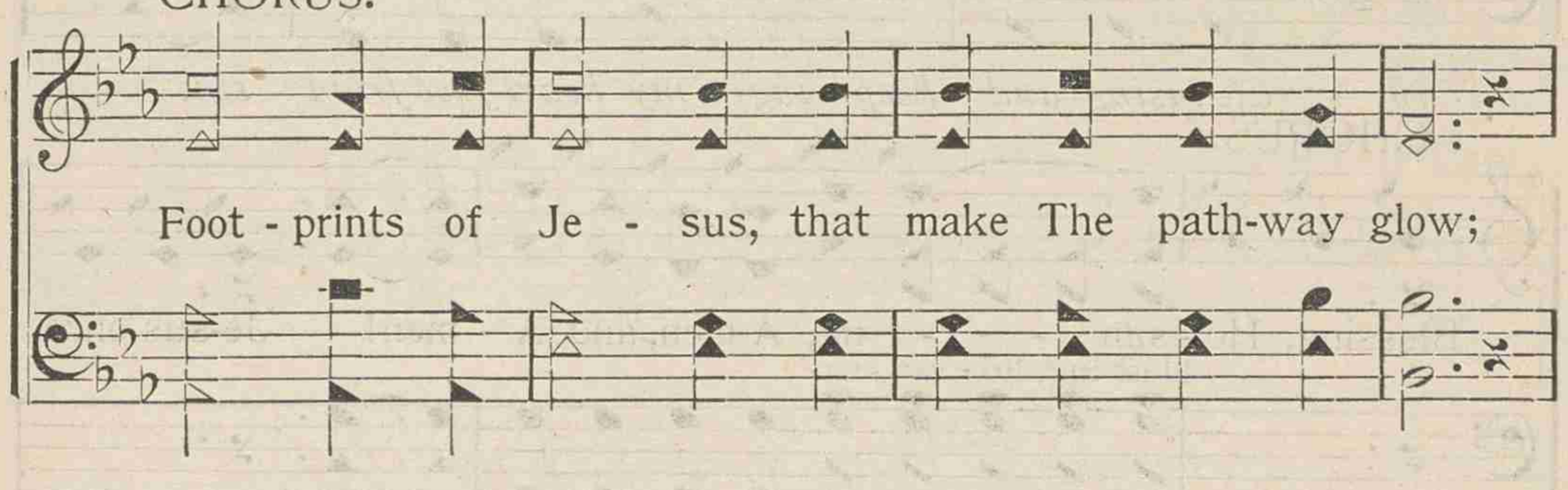
1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the Word;
4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn-ing our feet,
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,



And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help - ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
We shall walk, with the glad im - mor-tals, Heav'n's gold-en streets.
We shall rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.



CHORUS.



Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make The path-way glow;



We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus Wher-e'er they go.

No. 27. Jesus is Living.

ABBIE MILLS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is liv - ing, and reign-eth on high, Liv-ing, Ho -
2. Je - sus is liv - ing, and gives life to all Sore - la - den
3. Je - sus is liv - ing, He lead - eth His own, Giv-ing them
4. Je - sus is liv - ing, His chil-dren may sing, What-e'er of
5. Je - sus is liv - ing, and I shall live where Loud hal - le -

san - na! the King of the sky; Liv-ing, O glo - ry! He's liv-ing with-
sin-ners, who come at His call; Seek-ing His mer - cy, be-liev-ing His
wa-ter that flows from the throne; Manna, like dew, drops each day from the
tri - al the com-ing days bring; Nothing can harm them, His wing is spread
lu - jahs resound thro' the air; Mu-sic ne'er end - ing in sorrow's deep

D. S.—glo - ry! He's living with-

FINE.

in, Cleansing and keep - ing my heart free from sin.
word, Trust-ing, they find Him their life - giv - ing Lord.
sky, Who - ev - er eat - eth shall nev - er - more die.
wide, O bless - ed shel - ter where safe they a - bide.
sigh, Sor - row and sin have no home in the sky.

in, Cleansing and keep - ing my heart free from sin.

CHORUS.

Blessing, Ho - san - - - na, A-men, and A - men! Je-sus once

Bless-ing, Ho - san - na,

D.S.

dy - - - - - ing is liv - ing a - gain; Liv - ing, O

Je - sus once dy - ing

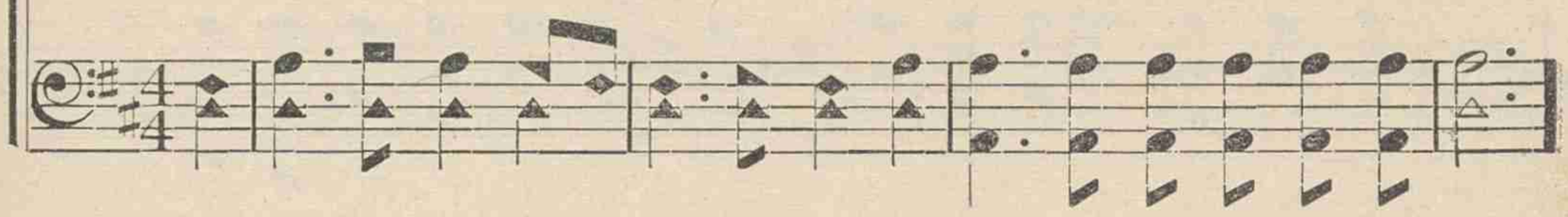
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No. 28. There's Only One.

N. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

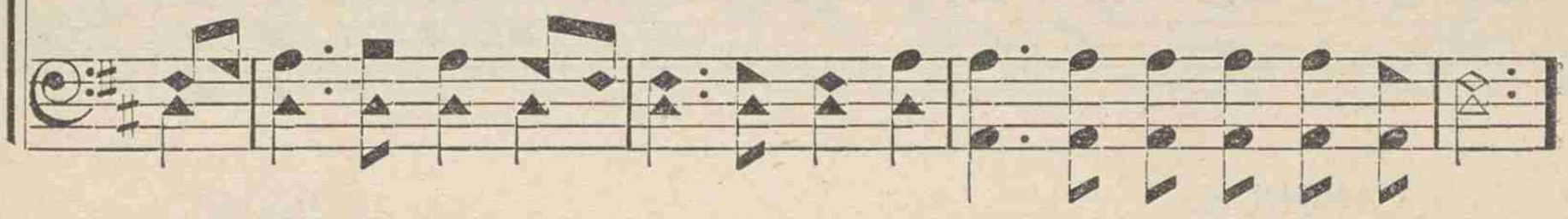


1. There's on-ly One whose pit - y falls Like dew up-on the wounded heart;
2. There's on-ly One who is not harsh, But ten-der-ness it - self, to all;
3. There's on-ly One who can sup-port, And who suf-fi-cient grace can give
4. O bless-ed Je - sus, Friend of friends, Come, hide us 'neath Thy shelt'ring arm;
5. Thou art the One, the on - ly One, For whom no love too warm can flow;





There's on - ly One who nev - er stirs, Tho' en - e- my and friend de-part.
There's on - ly One who knows each heart, And lis - tens to its faintest call.
To bear up un - der ev-'ry grief, And spot-less in this world to live.
Come down a - mid this wick-ed world, And keep us from its guilt and harm.
Thou art the One, the on - ly One, Who giv-est perfect rest be-low.



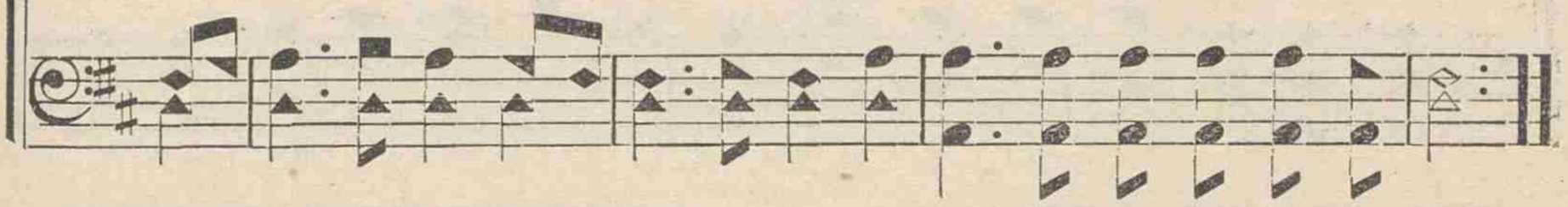
CHORUS.



There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can make us ev - er tru - ly blest;



There's on - ly One, there's on-ly One Can give us peace and perfect rest.



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No. 29. Will You Try to Meet Me There?

G. B. F. G. B. Fields.

1. There's a land be-yond the star-lit skies, Will you try to meet me there?
2. Pain and sor-row nev-er en-ter there, Will you try to meet me there?
3. Here we wan-der oft with-out a home, Will you try to meet me there?

Where the love light never, nev-er dies, Will you try to meet me there?
In that land so free from toil and care, Will you try to meet me there?
But we seek a cit-y yet to come, Will you try to meet me there?

CHORUS.

Far a-way beyond life's riv-er, Where the bless-ed an-gels gath-er,
Where the saints shall dwell for-ev-er, Will you try to meet me there?

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No. 30. The Holy Mind.

Rev. L. L. Pickett. Geo. E. Kersey.

1. Oh, may we have the *cleans-ed* mind, Washed in the pre-cious blood,
2. Oh, may we have the *ho- ly* mind, The mind of Christ, our Lord,
3. Oh, may we have the *rest-ful* mind, Calm 'mid the storms of life,
4. Oh, may we have the *constant* mind, Un-chang-ing thro' the years,

With ne'er a stain or taint of sin, All giv - en up to God.
And may we love just what He loves, Ac - cord - ing to His word.
Un - sha-ken by the earthquake's shock, And free from sin and strife.
But true to Christ, our liv - ing Lord, De - liv - ered from all fears.

CHORUS.

A cleans-ed, ho - ly, con - stant mind, Stayed on the Lord a - lone;

In Him our faith, hope, love, we find; And not a sigh or groan.

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No. 31. Jesus Knocks at Thy Heart.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je - sus pa-tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,
2. O - pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a - bide,
3. Je - sus stands waiting and pleads with thee still, O-pen to - day!
4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to - day!

knocks at thy heart; O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,
come and a - bide;" He will re-deem thee and cleanse from all sin,
o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Sav-ior so ill?
find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

REFRAIN.

Lest He for - ev - er de - part. Knock - ing to - day,....
He will be with thee to guide.
How canst thou turn Him a - way?
Why wilt thou longer de - lay?

Knock-ing, knocking to - day, to-day,

Knock - ing to - day,..... Je - - - - - sus is
Knock-ing, knocking to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ear - nest - ly

knock - - - ing, Is knocking for en-trance to - day.
knock-ing to - day,

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No. 32. In a Little While We're Going Home.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a lit-tle while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a lit-tle while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way-worn feet, In a lit-tle while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a lit-tle while we're

go-ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er - last-ing day, In a
go-ing home; And the grace of God will our dai-ly strength re-new, In a
go-ing home; O may lov-ing hearts spread around an influence sweet, In a
go-ing home; And no tears shall fall in that cit - y bright and fair, In a

CHORUS.

lit - tle while we're go-ing home. In a lit - tle while, In a
In a lit - tle while,

lit-tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last
In a lit-tle while,

When the stormy winds are past, In a lit-tle while we're go-ing home.

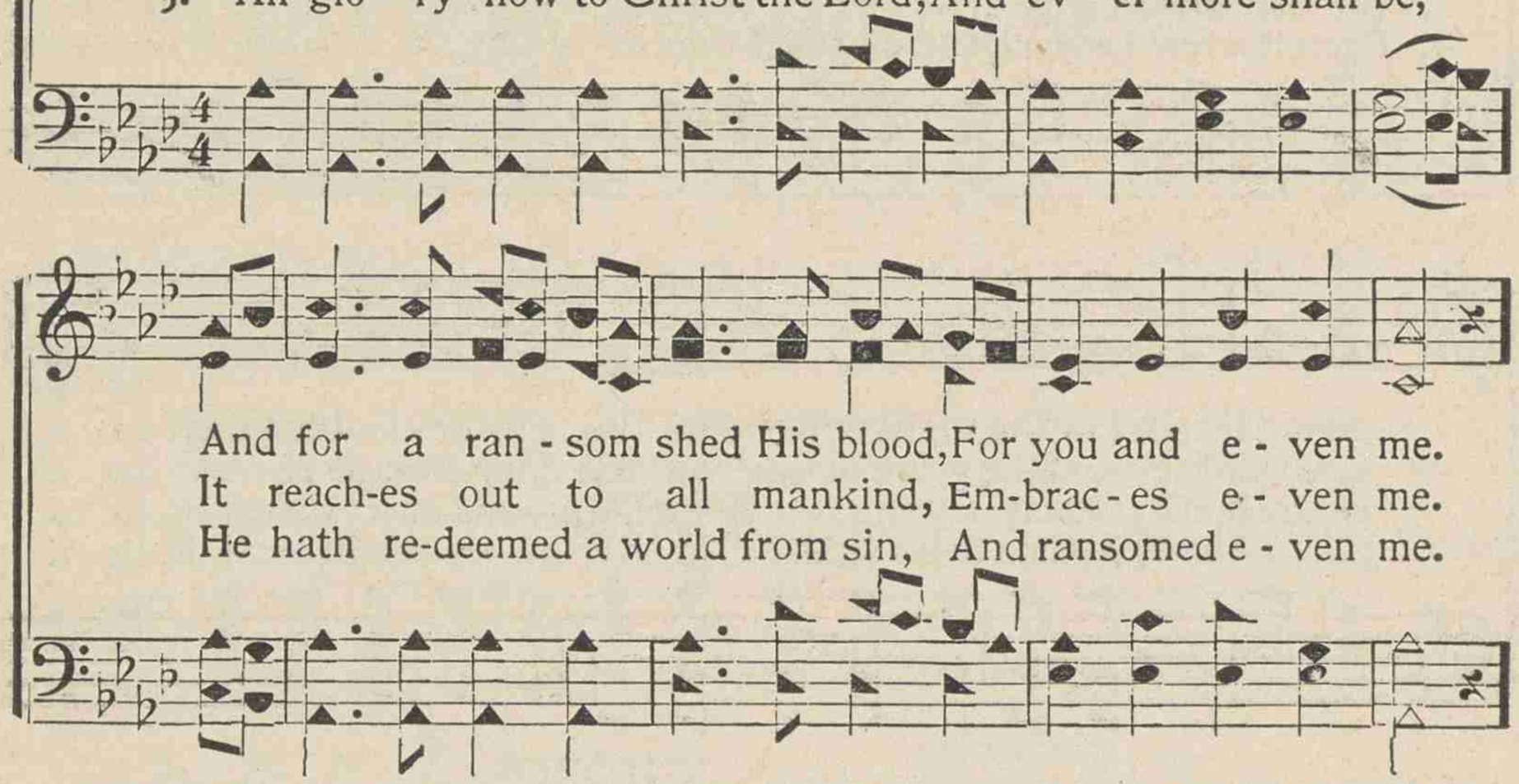
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No. 33. I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God." T. C. O'KANE, by per.

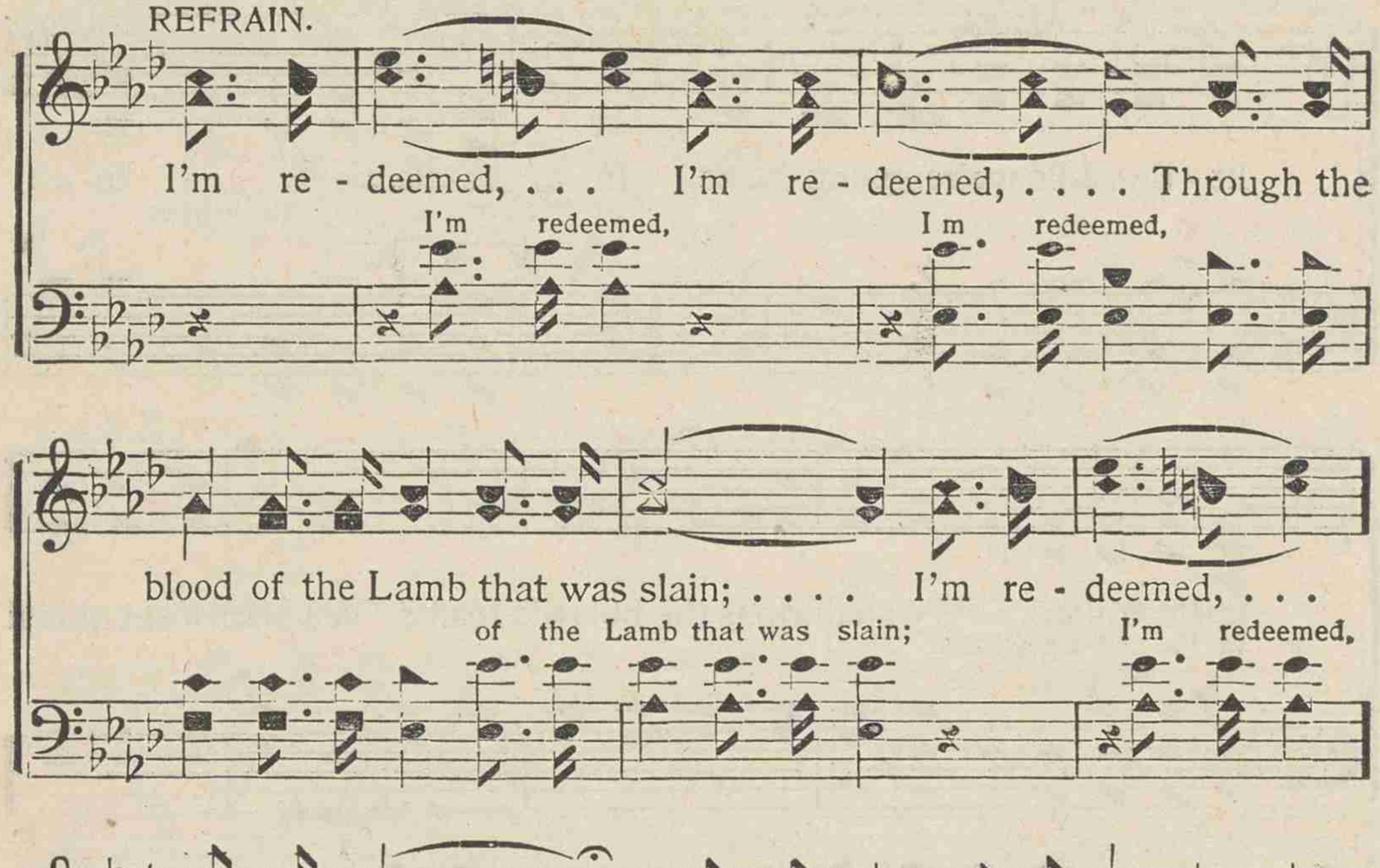


1. O sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous pow'r of love di-vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;



And for a ran - som shed His blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach-es out to all mankind, Em-brac - es e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.



No. 34. The Very Same Jesus.

"This same Jesus."—Acts 1: 11.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

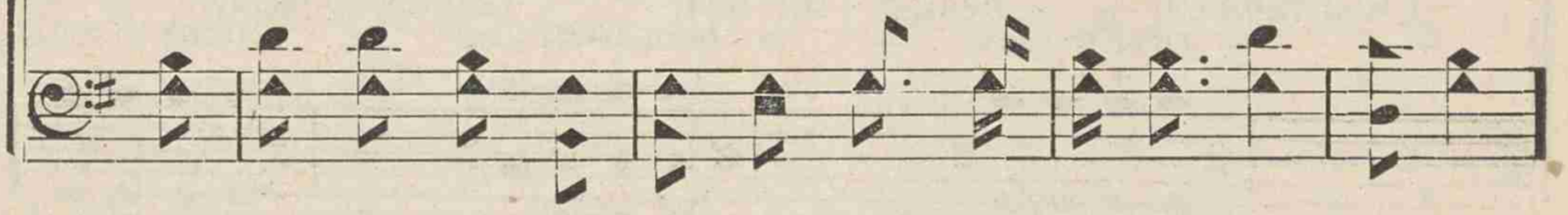


1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je-sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv- ing bread," He's just the same Je-sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je-sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je-sus
5. Calm 'midst the wave of troub - le be, He's just the same Je-sus
6. Some day our rap-tured eyes shall see He's just the same Je-sus;





As when He raised the wid-ow's son, The ver - y same Je-sus.
As when the mul - ti-tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je-sus.
As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je-sus.
As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je-sus.
As when He hushed the rag - ing sea, The ver - y same Je-sus.
Oh, bless-ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je-sus.



CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der-work-ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.



No. 35. Over the Sea.

"And He saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. Matt. 5: 19.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Hear the Sav-ior say-ing, "Come to me," O-ver the sea of Gal-i - lee;
2. 'Tis the call of mer-cy; heed the voice, O-ver the sea of Gal-i - lee;
3. Turn from sin to Je-sus, trust His word, O-ver the sea of Gal-i - lee;

Sad, err-ing soul, He gently speaks to thee, O-ver the sea of Gal-i - lee.
Pen-i-tent one, Christ bids thy heart rejoice, O-ver the sea of Gal-i - lee.
Yield to the tones so oft - en sweetly heard, O-ver the sea of Gal-i - lee.

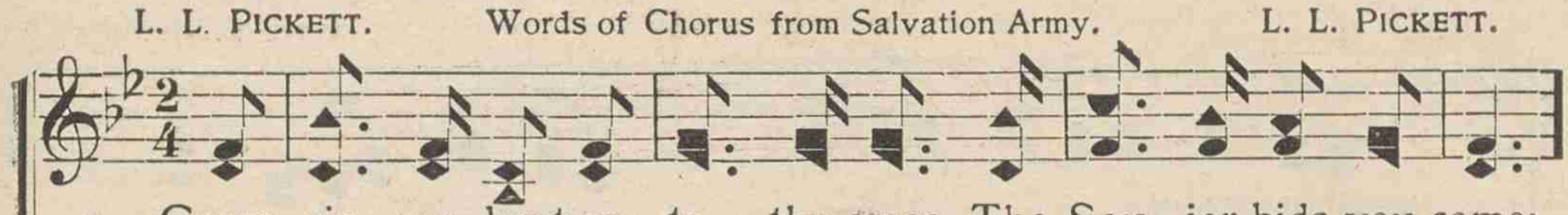
CHORUS.

Over the sea, beau-ti - ful sea, Calling to thee,
Over the sea, beau-ti-ful sea, Calling to thee,
"Come un-to me;" O-ver the sea, beau-ti-ful sea, Calling to
"Come un-to me;"
thee, "Come unto me," O - ver the sea, beau-ti - ful sea of Gal - i - lee.

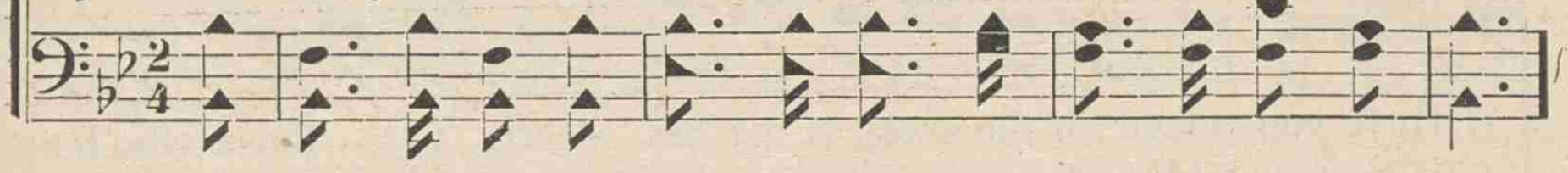
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No. 36. Jesus is Passing.

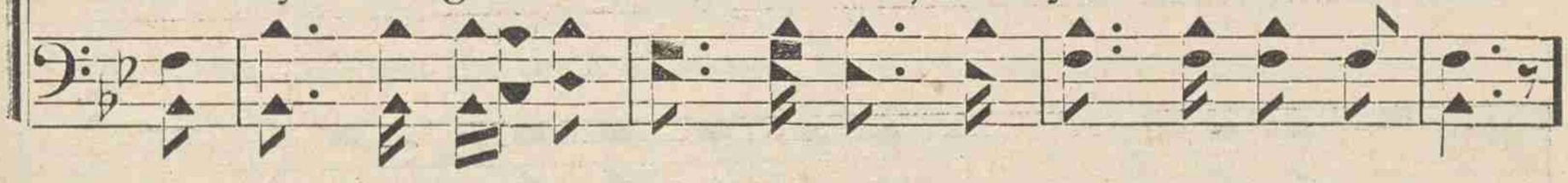
L. L. PICKETT. Words of Chorus from Salvation Army. L. L. PICKETT.



1. Come, sin - ner, hast-en to the cross, The Sav - ior bids you come;
2. De - lay no long-er, come to - day, Ac - cept Him and be-lieve;
3. The purchase price He ful - ly paid On Calvary's cru - el tree;
4. Oh, turn to Him with all your heart, And yield at once your will;
5. But if you still His calls re - fuse, Fear-ful will be the cost;



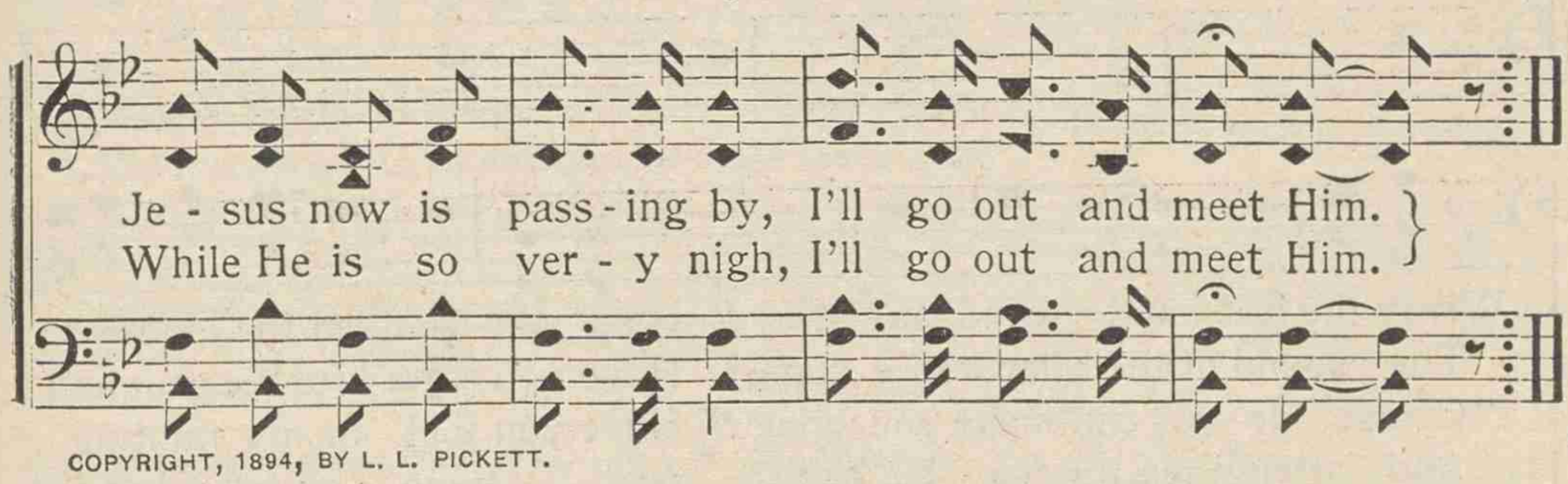
Come, trust - ing in His precious blood; Wait not—there still is room.
And He will par-don ev - 'ry sin, And all your fears re - lieve.
With His own blood He ransomed you From end - less mis - er - y.
He long has sought to save your soul, He waits in mer - cy still.
Your days of grace will soon be o'er, And you for - ev - er lost.



CHORUS. *faster.*



{ Je - sus now is pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
{ While He is so ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh,



Je - sus now is pass - ing by, I'll go out and meet Him. }
While He is so ver - y nigh, I'll go out and meet Him. }

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No. 37. The Day of Grace.

JOHN DOBELL. *Tune:*—CAPELLO, S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

No. 38. The Wild Wastes.

(Dedicated to my brother, Rev. J. M. Kersey, Pres. Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.)

* * *

GEO. E. KERSEY.

INTRODUCTION.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. Have you looked for the sheep in the des - ert, For those who have missed their way? Have you been in the wild waste plac - es,
2. Have you fold - ed home to your bo - som The tremb-ling, neg- lect - ed lamb, And taught to the lit - tle lost one
3. Have you car - ried the liv - ing wa - ter To the parched and thirst - y soul? Have you said to the sick and wound - ed,
4. Have you stood by the sad and wea - ry, To smooth the pil - low of death, To com-fort the sor - row strick - en,

Where the lost and wand'ring stray? Have you trod-den the lone-ly
The sound of the Shepherd's name? Have you search'd for the poor and
"Christ Je - sus can make you whole?" Have you told to my fainting
And strengthen the fee - ble faith? And have you felt, when the

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The Wild Wastes. Concluded.

high - way, The foul and dark - some street? It
need - y, With no cloth - ing, no home, no bread? The
chil - dren, Of the strength of the Fa - ther's hand? Have you
glo - - ry Has streamed thro' the o - pen door, And

may be you'd see in the gloam-ing, The prints of My wounded Feet.
Son of Man was among them, He'd no-where to lay His head.
guid - ed the tot - ter-ing foot-steps To the shore of the "golden land?"
flit - ted a-cross the dark shadows, That I have been there be-fore?

CHORUS.

{ We have been to the desert in search of His sheep, } We have trodden the highways,
{ We have sought on the mountains, so rough and so steep; }

Rit.

Have gone in the by-ways, The gloaming shows the footprints And His path we ev-er keep.

No. 39. Going to a City.

Rev. W. S. McKENZIE. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my Lord has gone before, And a
2. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my faith will change to sight, Out of
3. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where the streets are paved with gold, Where the

man-sion is pre-par-ing there for me: I will serve Him and adore Him,
darkness I am passing in - to day; Thro' the val-ley I am treading,
beau-t.es are so brilliant and so rare! Oh, the gleaming walls of jasper!

I will love Him more and more, When the riches of His glo-ry I shall see.
But my Sav-ior is my light, And no e - vil shall befall me on the way.
Oh, the splen-dors manifold! I am sighing, I am longing to be there.

CHORUS.

I am go-ing to a cit-y Where the liv-ing nev-er die, Where no

sickness and no sorrow can molest, From this bod-y to release me

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Going to a City. Concluded.



No. 40. Purer, Holier Would I Be.

E. A. H. Rev ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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No. 41. Diamonds in the Rough.

* * *

GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. There are complaining peo-ple, Who say we are too bold, A - las, there
2. Ah, ma-ny hearts are aching, We find them ev'ry-where, Whose cups are
3. One day, my precious comrade, You too were lost in sin, But oth-ers
4. So let us keep it burn-ing, The lamp of ho - ly love, To ev - 'ry

are still oth-ers Who say we're aft-er gold; But they are all mis-
fill'd with sorrow, Whose homes are filled with care; When misfortune o - ver-
sought your rescue, And Je-sus took you in; So when you're tried and
per - se-cu - tor Point out the way a - bove; The precious blood of

tak - en, We want not sordid stuff, But souls of poor lost sinners—Those
takes them, The wor'd gives them a cuff, Or sends them to per-di - tion—Those
tempted, By scoffers' keen re-buff, Don't turn a-way in an - ger—This
Je - sus Was shed and that's enough, Oh, let us tell Him of it—That

CHORUS.

diamonds in the rough. The day will soon be o - ver In which to work and win;
diamond in the rough.

Many a gem lies hidden Beneath the dross of sin; Oh, let us dig and find them,

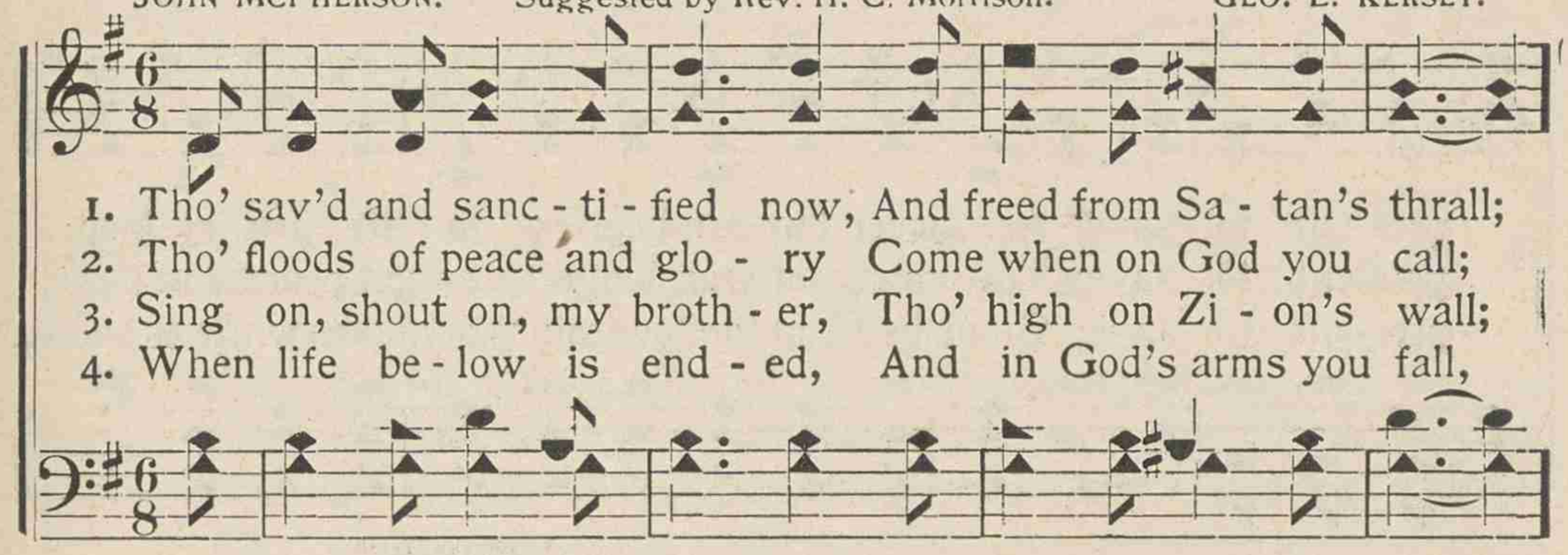
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Diamonds in the Rough. Concluded.



No. 42. Ye have not Got it All.

JOHN MCPHERSON. Suggested by Rev. H. C. Morrison. GEO. E. KERSEY.



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No. 43. My Savior is Present to Save.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. O, sin-ner a - wea-ry a - long this life's road, A Sav-ior is
2. The fount-ain is stirred, why not step in to-night? The Sav-ior is
3. The way of transgressors is hard, you well know, The Sav.ior is

pres-ent to save; A sweet bur-den-bear-er to lift ev - 'ry load;
pres-ent to save; You must not wait longer to get peace and light,
pres-ent to save; Come bathe in the fountain that makes white as snow,

CHORUS.

That Sav - ior is pres-ent to save.
Your Sav - ior is pres-ent to save. Come now, come now, ye must not
The Sav - ior is pres-ent to save.

de - lay To plunge in the sin-cleansing wave; While friends gather

near to com-fort and cheer, And Je - sus is pres - ent to save.

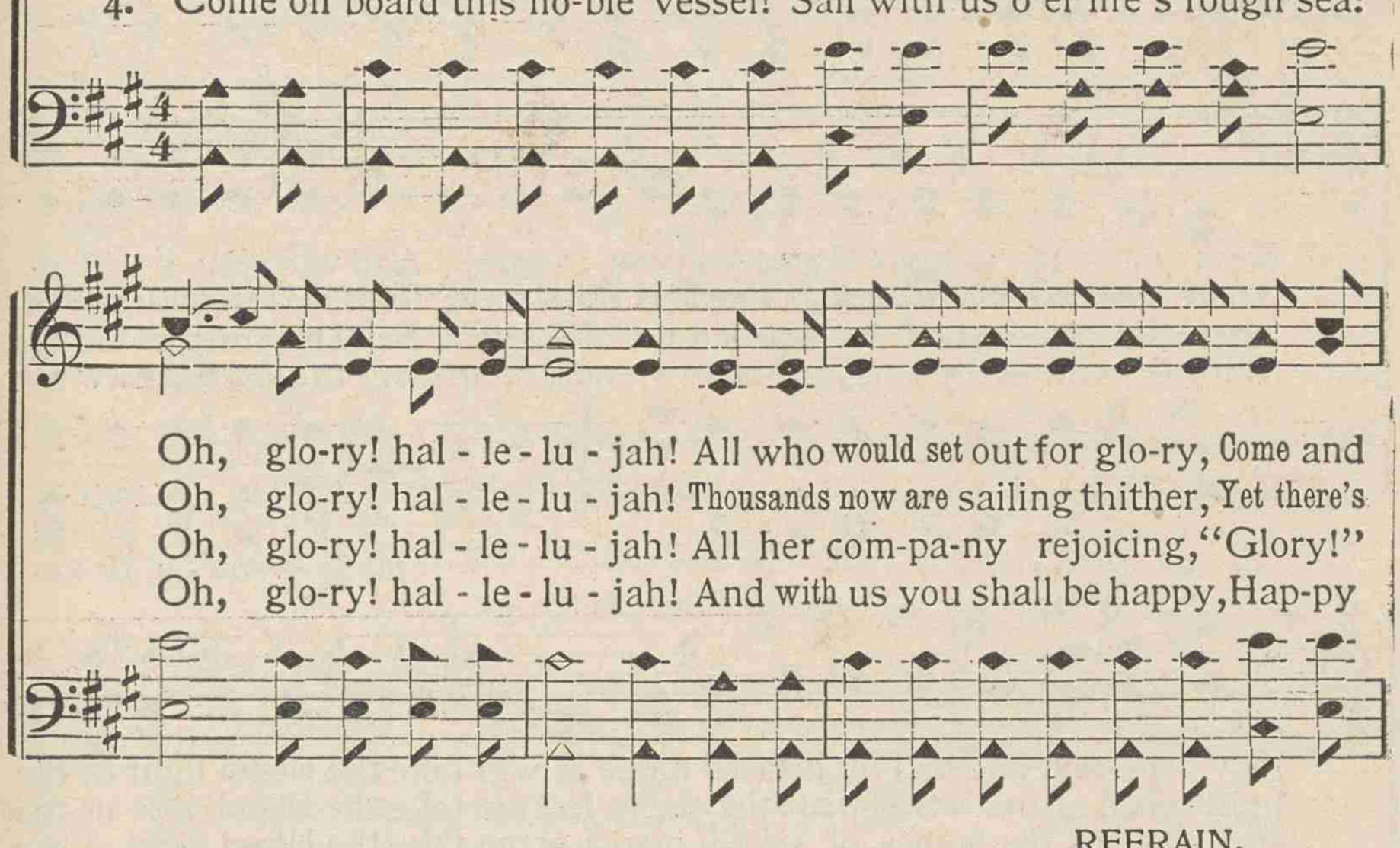
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No. 44. The Old Ship of Zion.

Arr. by R. M. Mc.



1. See, the gos - pel ship is sail-ing, Bound for heaven's peaceful shore:
2. Thousands she has safe-ly land-ed Far beyond this earth-ly shore!
3. Sails well fill'd with heav'nly breezes, Swift - ly glides the ship a-long:
4. Come on board this no-ble vessel! Sail with us o'er life's rough sea:



Oh, glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All who would set out for glo-ry, Come and
Oh, glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Thousands now are sailing thither, Yet there's
Oh, glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All her com-pa-ny rejoicing, "Glory!"
Oh, glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! And with us you shall be happy, Hap-py

REFRAIN.



wel - come, rich and poor! Oh, glory! hal-le - lu - jah!
room for thousands more. Oh, glory! hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of
bursts from ev'ry tongue. Oh, glory! hal-le - lu - jah!
thro' e - ter - ni - ty! Oh, glory! hal-le - lu - jah!



Zion! hallelujah! hal-le-lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zion! hal-le-lu-jah!



No. 45. Master, Use Me.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Mas-ter! where are souls in sorrow bow'd,
2. There are lives that may be brighten'd by a word of hope and cheer,
3. There is work with-in the vineyard, there is serv-ice to be done,
4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler in the vine-yard of the Lord;

Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-
There are souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be
There's a message of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the
With the Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; In - to hearts that know not

D. S.—*read - y to re-*

bey the call, and in Thy blessed name I will take the blessed light of the
light - ened of the burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed hope of the
sto - ry to the homes of sin-ful men; Let me take the blessed Christ of the
Je - sus I would speak the saving Word; Let me take the blessed joy of the

port for orders, Master, summon me, And I'll go on a - ny errand of

FINE. CHORUS.

gos-pel there. Call me forth . . . . to act-ive serv - - ice,
call me forth serv - ice, call me forth,

love for Thee. *D. S.*

And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am

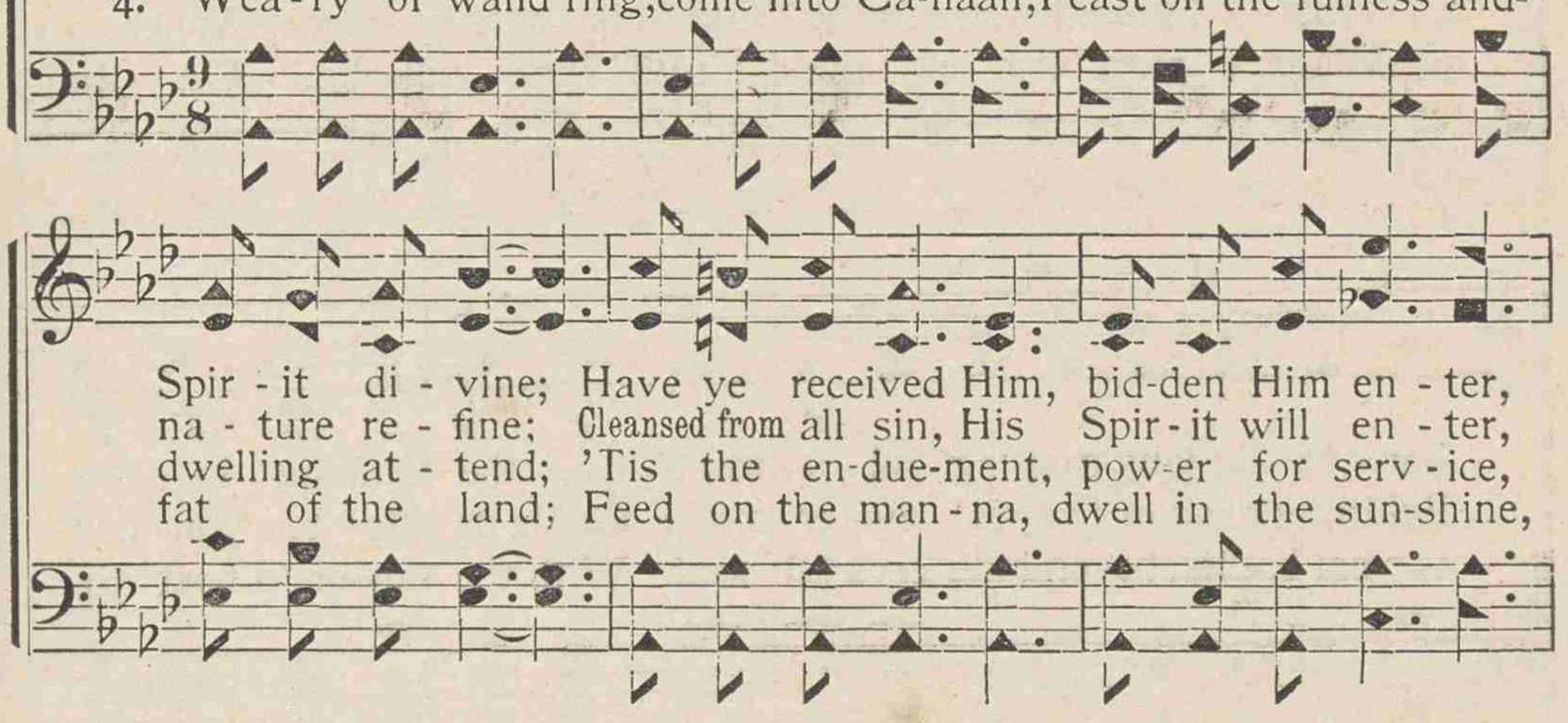
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No. 46. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

Mrs. C. H. M. Acts 19:2. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Ye are the temples, Je-sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has pardoned sure-ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Show-ers of mer - cy, full-ness of blessing, Ev - er the Spir-it's in -
4. Wea - ry of wand'ring, come into Ca-naan, Feast on the fulness and-

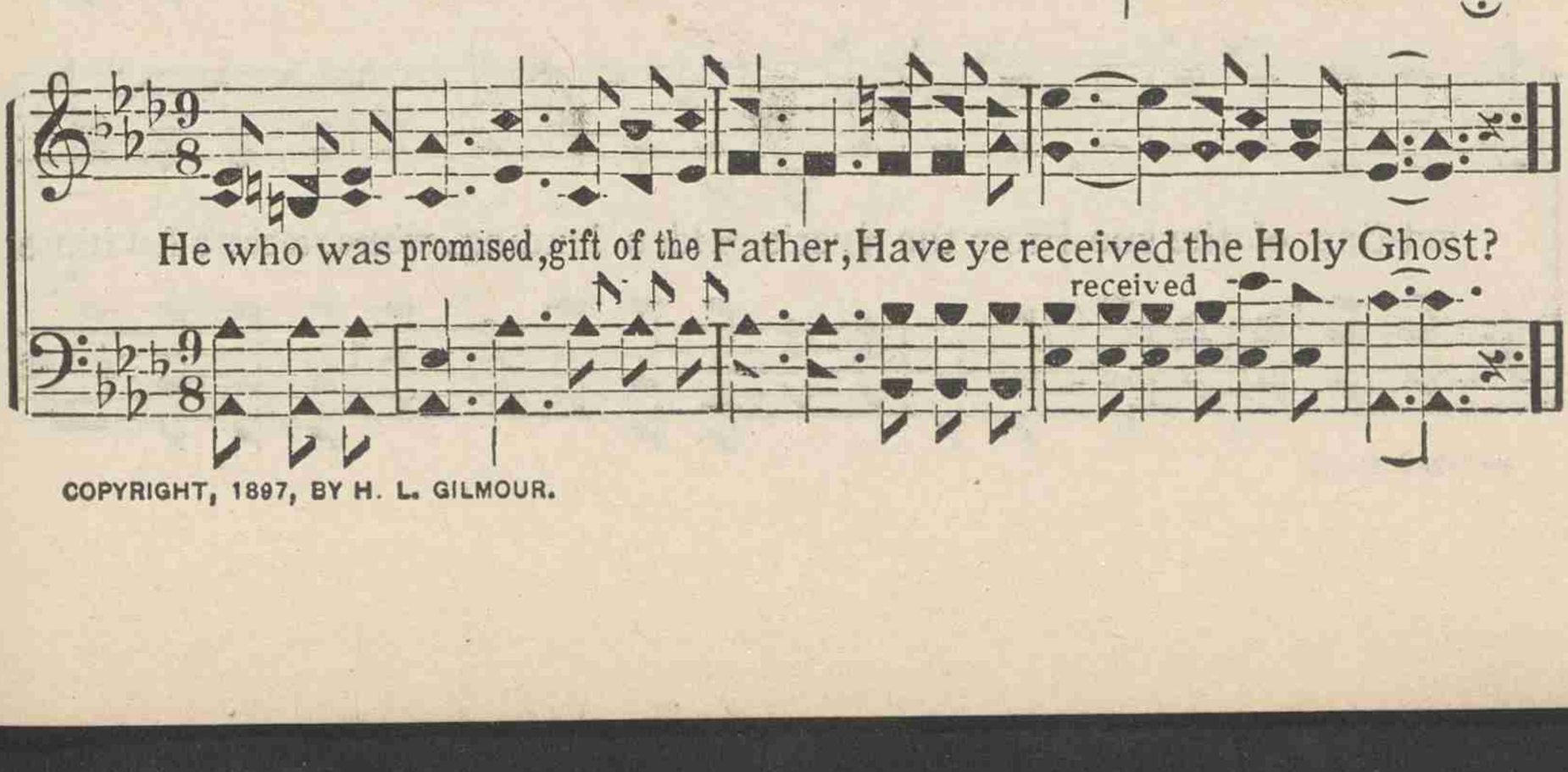


Spir - it di - vine; Have ye received Him, bid-den Him en - ter,
na - ture re - fine; Cleansed from all sin, His Spir - it will en - ter,
dwelling at - tend; 'Tis the en-due-ment, pow-er for serv - ice,
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sun-shine,

CHORUS.



Make His a-bode in that poor heart of thine? Have ye re-ceived,
Fill you and thrill you with power di - vine.
Fruits for your la-bor He sure-ly will send.
Led by His Spir-it and kept by His hand. Have ye received, have ye received,



since ye be - lieved, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?
since ye believed; since ye believed, The blessed, blessed Ho - ly, bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?

He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
received

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No. 47. Landing One by One.

This beautiful thought was suggested while returning home with a large Sunday-school picnic on an excursion steamer. With songs of praise upborne by children's voices, and the sun low in the heavens, we reached our destination. The gangplank was pushed out, and one by one they landed and disappeared in the streets of the city.

G. C. H. *Slowly and feelingly.* GEO. C. HUGG.



BY PERMISSION.

Landing One by One. Concluded.

ral - len - tan - do.

trod, They're marching thro' the cit - y to the pal - ace of our God.

No. 48. At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

1. Of Him who did sal - va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking,
3. Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking,
4. Wher - e'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Je - sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my jour-ney home.

CHORUS.

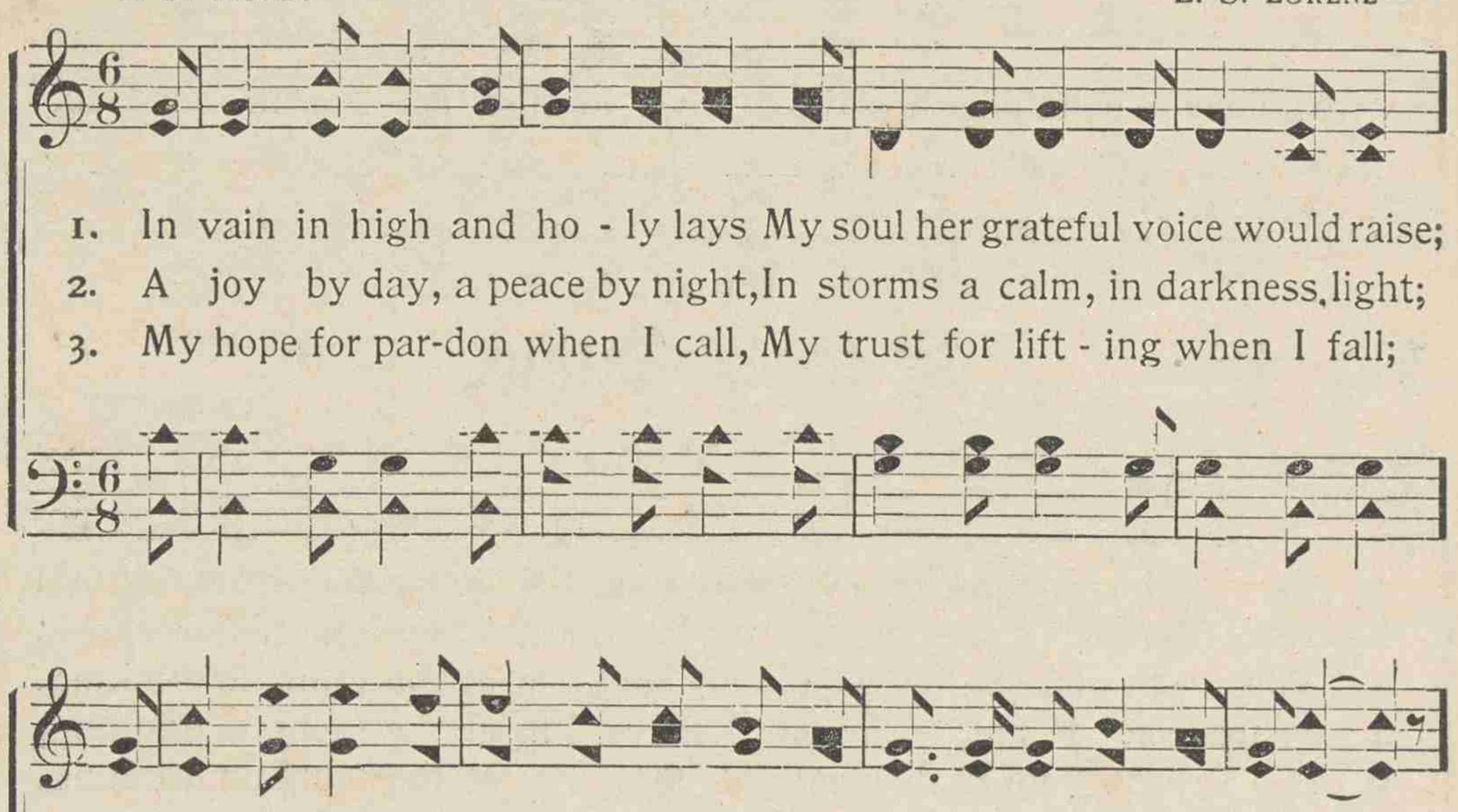
Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fount - ain drink - ing,

Glo - ry to God, I'm on my jour - ney home.
(*last verse*) My soul is sat - is - fied.

No. 49. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3:19.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ



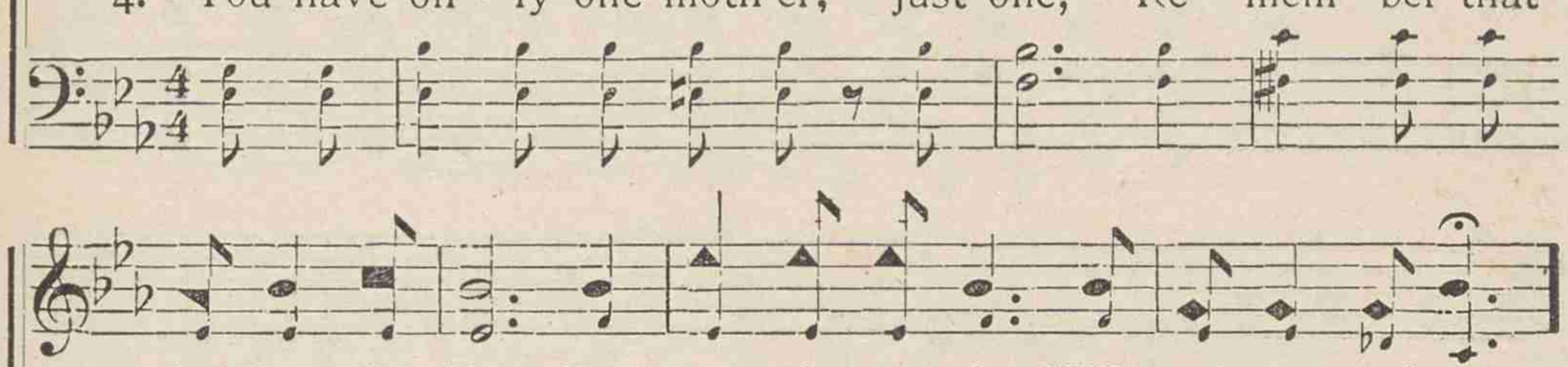
FROM "HOLY VOICES." BY PER.

No. 50. Only One Mother.

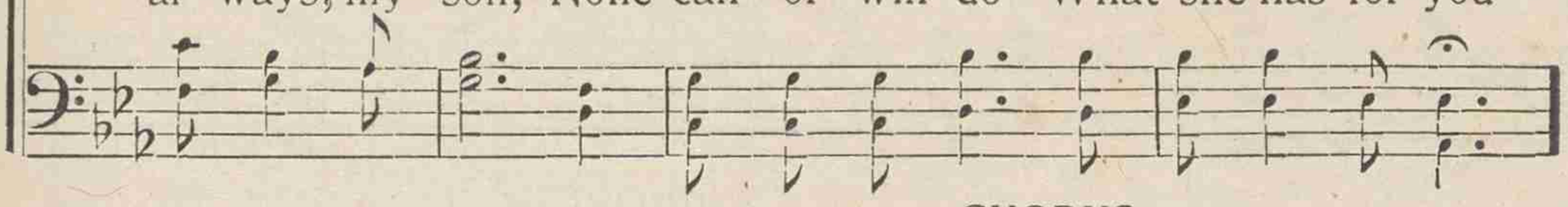
SOLO. *Expressivo.* IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. You have on - ly one moth-er, my boy, Whose heart you can
2. You have on - ly one moth-er to pray That in the good
3. You have on - ly one moth-er to make A home ev - er
4. You have on - ly one moth-er, just one; Re - mem - ber that



glad-den with joy, Or cause it to ache 'Till read - y to break—
path you may stay; For you she'll not spare Self - sac - ri - fice rare—
sweet for your sake, Who toils day and night For you with de-light—
al - ways, my son, None can or will do What she has for you—



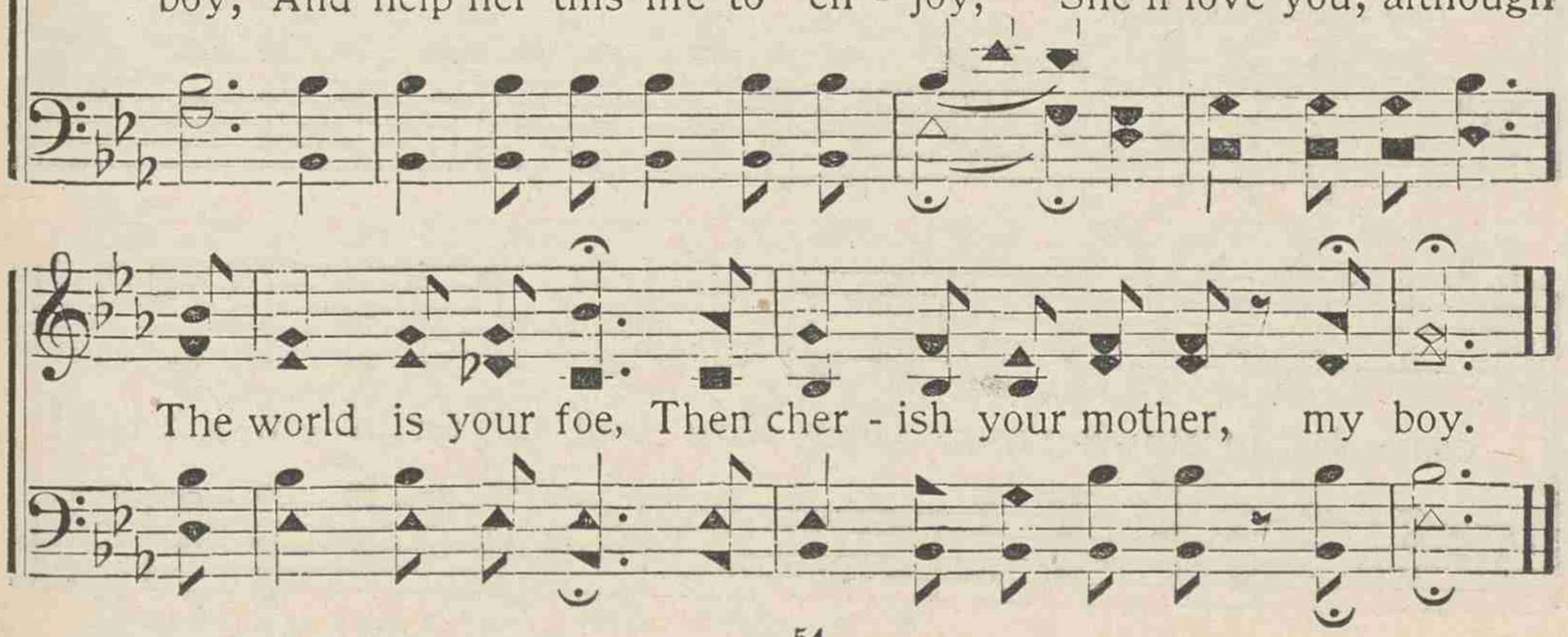
CHORUS.



So cher - ish that moth-er, my boy.
So hon - or that moth-er, al - way. Then cherish that mother, my
Then nev - er that moth-er for-sake.
Leave noth-ing for moth-er un-done.



boy, And help her this life to en - joy; She'll love you, although



The world is your foe, Then cher - ish your mother, my boy.

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No. 51. The Savior's Call.

O. S. G. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. The voice that is call - ing thee, sin - ner, Is the voice of thy
2. Yes, come, while the Spir-it is call - ing, And you feel that God's
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing, oh, lis - ten! Hear Him now while He

Sav - ior so dear, And He comes with sweet words of en-treat-y; Oh,
claim is but right; Do not say, "Go Thy way for a sea-son," But
calls thee once more; For it may be the last sad en - treat - y, This

CHORUS.

yield while His grace is so near! Will you come to the Sav-ior who
come, and He'll save you to-night.
side of e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

the

died, And purchased thy life on the cross? Oh,
Sav - ior who died, on the cross?

come, lest in stay-ing from Jesus, Thy soul suf - fer in - fi - nite loss!

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No. 52. Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE, by per. 1892.



1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to



Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vict'ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,



CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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No. 53. Oh, how Wonderful!

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! Je-sus went to Cal - va-
2. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He should leave His home a-
3. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! O'er my heart His blood should
4. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He to me should be so

ry, and suffered there for me! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
bove, impelled by pur-est love! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
flow to wash me white as snow! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
near to com-fort and to cheer! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how

rit.

wonderful! On the bit - ter cross He died my ransom-price to be.
wonderful! He to me His ten-der love so constantly should prove!
wonderful! Such a sweet and full sal-va-tion dai - ly I should know!
wonderful! He is all my joy and song and ev - er grows more dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is wonderful! strange and so wonderful! Wonderful that He should die,

Me to save and sanc-ti-fy! Yes, it is won-der-ful, so ver - y

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Oh, How Wonderful!—Concluded.

rit.

won-der-ful, I will be an heir of heav'n with Jesus by and by!

No. 54. The King of My Soul.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. With joy to the glo - ry of God I con-fess That I am made per - fect - ly whole; He en - tered this tem - ple and cleansed it from
2. My King shall rule o - ver me bod - y and soul, Con-trol-ing af - fec - tion and will; I bring not a part, but I yield Him the
3. It is not for joy that I praise Him to-day, Nor yet for my sweet sense of peace, But that He has cleansed and a - noint-ed my
4. O this is a won-drous sal - va-tion He brings, A won-drous sal- va - tion and free! I nev - er had dream'd that such fulness of

D. C.–*And all my soul-pow - ers, re-deem'd and renew'd, I yield to His con-stant con - trol.*

FINE.

sin, And now He's the King of my soul.
whole, And He doth my glad spir-it fill.
heart, And sealed me e - ter - nal-ly His.
love Could ev - er be portioned to me.

CHORUS.

Un - to my new King glad prais - es I bring, Whose love has so conquered my soul,

D. C.

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No. 55. Hold on to Jesus

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Hold on to Je - sus, the Sav-ior of men, For He will bless you a - gain and a - gain;
2. Hold on to Je - sus when tempted to stray, He is your life and your hope and your stay;
3. Hold on to Je - sus so tender and true, Loving com - pan-ion for me and for you,
4. Hold on to Je - sus, and ev - er be right, Cling to the Sav-ior by day and by night;

No oth - er help - er for souls lost in sin; Precious Re-deem - er, His blood is my plea; Ev - er so read - y to share all our woe; Be a true sol - dier till He comes a - gain,

FINE. CHORUS.

Hold on to Je - sus till glo - ry you win. Hold on to Je - sus,
Hold on to Je - sus to save you and me.
Hold on to Je - sus, where ever you go.
Hold on to Je - sus and faithful re - main. Hold on to Je - sus,

D. S.–*Cling to the cross for salvation to - day.*

Hold on to Je - - sus, Wonderful glo - ry will shine on your way; . . . . Hold on to Je - sus, Hold on to Je - sus,
Hold on to Je - sus, shine on your way; Hold on to Je - sus, Hold on to Je - sus,

D. S.

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No. 56. Roll It Along.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Wave of sal - va-tion, help roll it a - long; Tell the glad tidings in
2. Wave of sal - va-tion, help roll it a - long, All ye redeemed who to
3. Wave of sal - va-tion, help roll it a - long, Cheering the a - ged, in -
4. Wave of sal - va-tion, help roll it a - long Till it has conquered for-

word and in song; Let it breathe forth from each heart and each tongue,
Je - sus be-long; Like a great riv - er with tide full and strong
spir-ing the young; Heaven's sweet mes-sage for - ev - er pro - long,
ev - er the wrong, Till all the earth shall u - nite in the song,

CHORUS.

Roll-ing in glad-ness a - long.
Roll it in tri-umph a - long. Roll it a-long! roll it a - long!
Roll-ing the ti-dings a - long.
Roll-ing its ech - oes a - long.

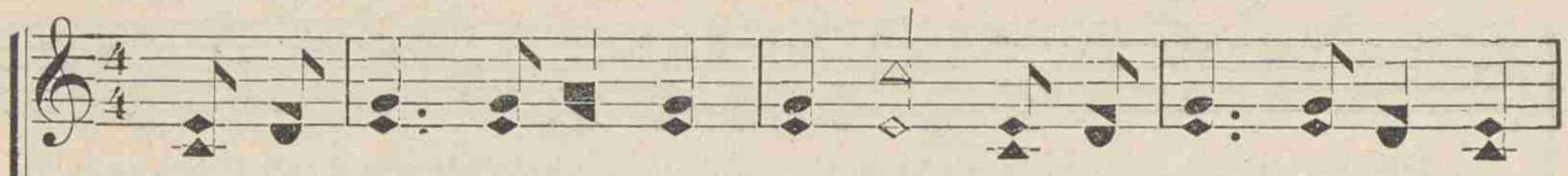
Wave of sal - va - tion, O breathe it in song! Breathe it, O heart!

tell it, O tongue! Help us to roll it a - long!

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No. 57. Nothing is too Hard for Jesus.

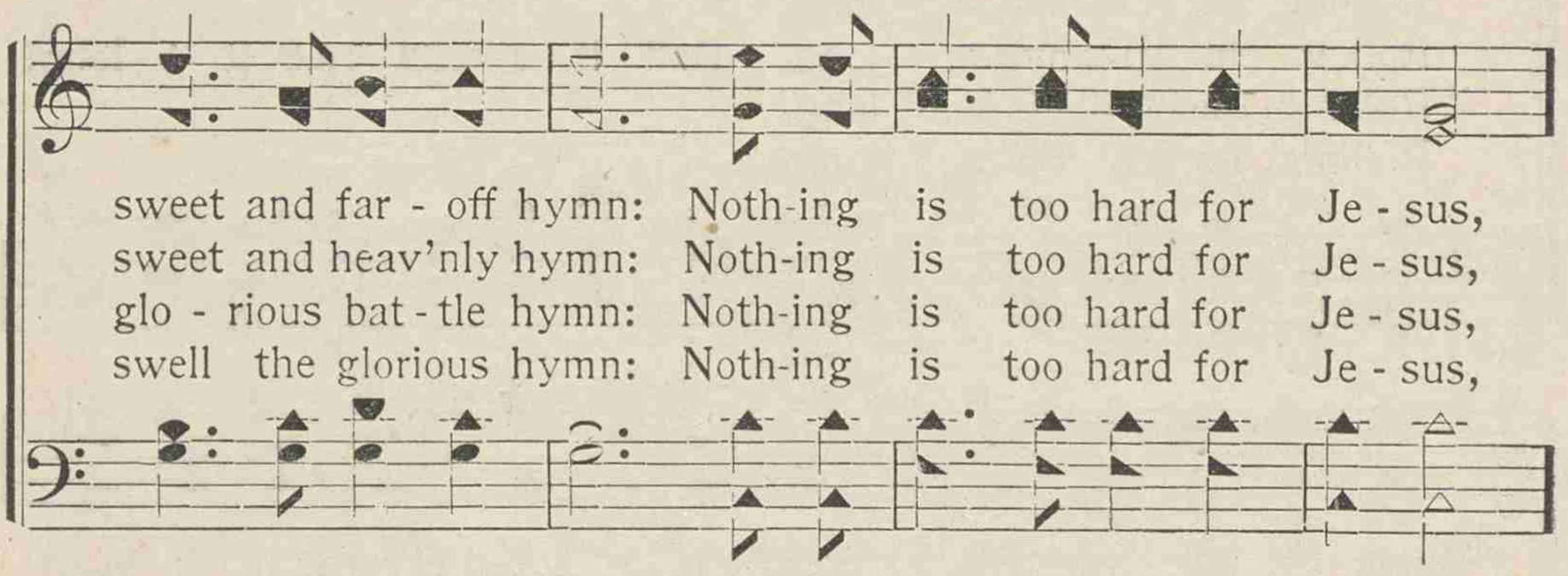
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. Rev, J. C. JOHNSON.



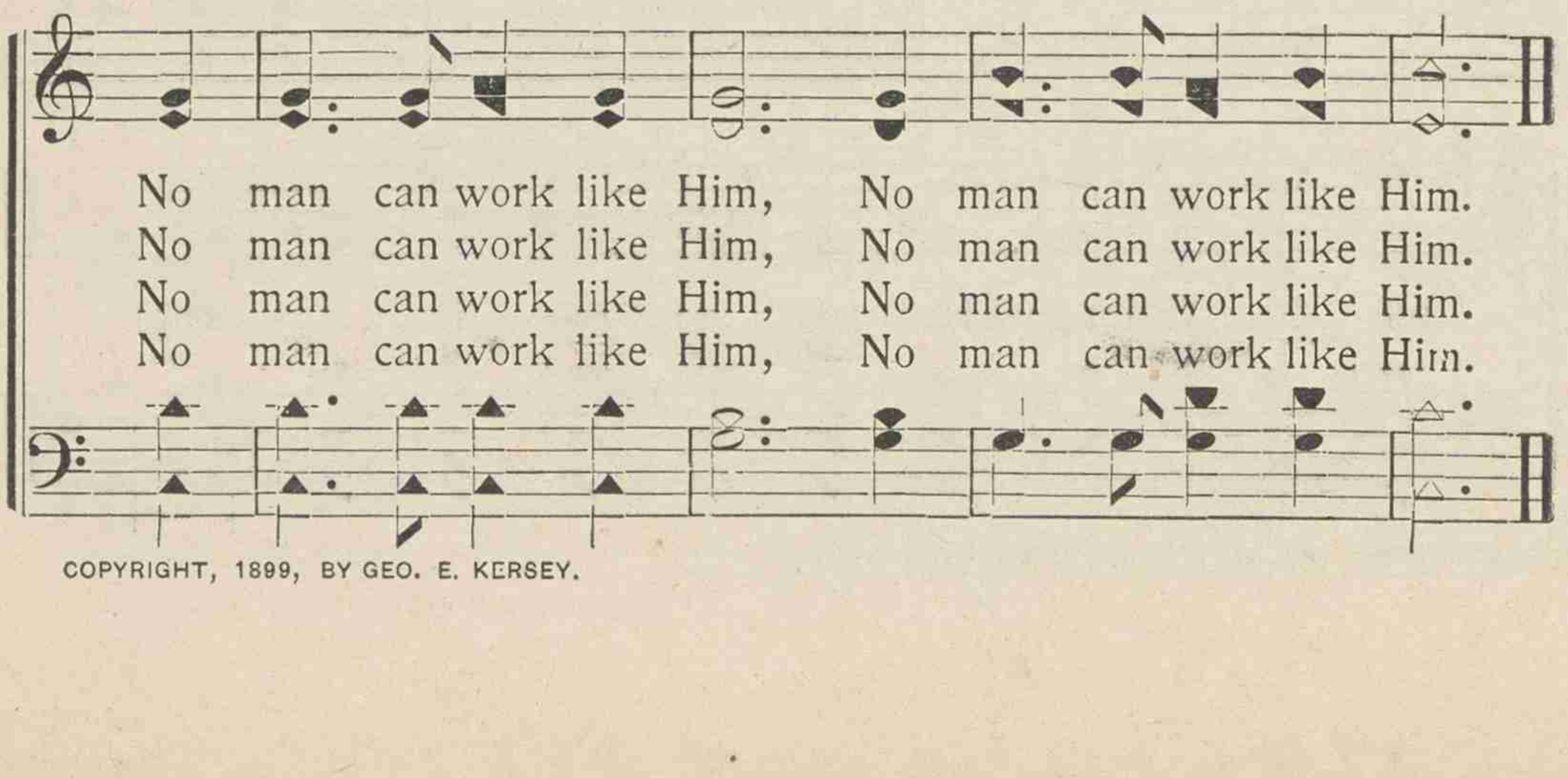
1. Oft there comes a wondrous message, When my hopes are growing
2. When my frame is worn with sickness, And with tears my eye-lids
3. When my heart is crush'd with anguish, And the wa-ters reach the
4. Let us claim the won-drous prom-ise, Let us light the torch-es



dim; I can hear it thro' the dark-ness Like some
swim, I can hear the prom-ise ring-ing Like some
brim, Faith can sing the might-y cho-rus Like some
dim; Let us join the might-y cho-rus, Let us



sweet and far-off hymn: Noth-ing is too hard for Je-sus,
sweet and heav'nly hymn: Noth-ing is too hard for Je-sus,
glo-rious bat-tle hymn: Noth-ing is too hard for Je-sus,
swell the glorious hymn: Noth-ing is too hard for Je-sus,



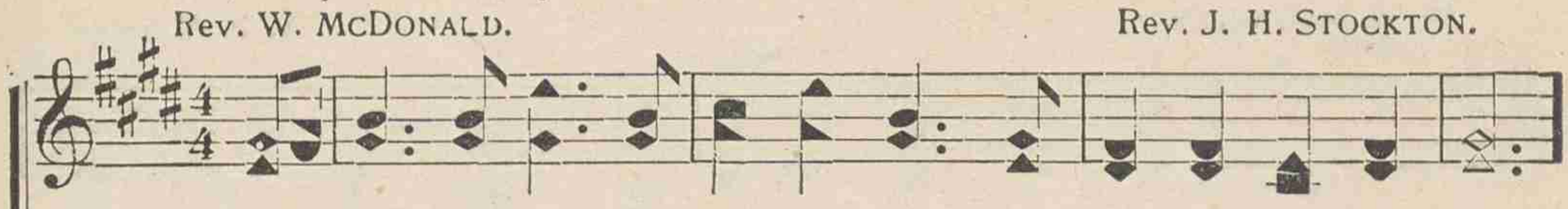
No man can work like Him, No man can work like Him.
No man can work like Him, No man can work like Him.
No man can work like Him, No man can work like Him.
No man can work like Him, No man can work like Him.

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No. 58. The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDONALD.

Music and chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



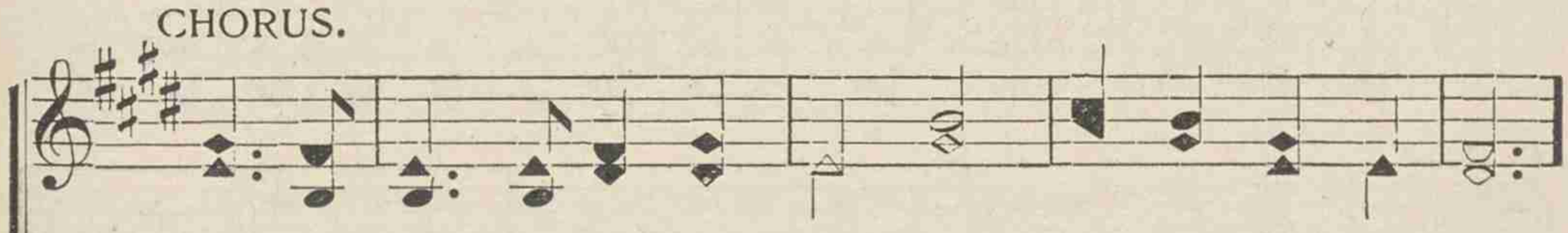
1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. A thousand,thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bondage stood;
4. By faith that blood now sweeps away My sins, as like a flood;
5. This wondrous theme will best employ My harp be-fore my God,



Re - mind-ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such blessings bring,As Je - sus' precious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
Nor lets one guilt - y blem-ish stay: All praise to Je - sus' blood.
And make all heav'n resound with joy,For Je - sus' cleansing blood.



CHORUS.



Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,



Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

No. 59. 'Tis the Only Way.

"I am the door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John 10:9.

W. F. McCAULEY. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. When once the sin - ful maze I trod, And was
2. When dark temp - ta - tion clouds my mind, And would
3. That I may serve Him ev - 'ry hour, And be
4. The ways of sin with death are rife, Come, re -

bur - den'd sore each day, A voice said, "Trust the love of God;
lead my steps a - stray, Thro' Christ I swift de - liv-'rance find;
strong to watch and pray, I hum - bly trust the Spir-it's pow'r;
turn with - out de - lay; But Christ the Door's a way of life;

CHORUS.

'Tis the on - ly way. "Would you have your sins for-giv-en, 'Tis the
on - ly way, 'Tis the on - ly way, 'Tis the on - ly way; Would you
find the path to heaven, 'Tis the on - ly way, 'Tis the on - ly way.

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No. 60. "I Am the Vine."

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW, by per.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branch-es, Bear precious fruit for Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear-eth,
2. Now ye are clean thro' words I have spok-en; Abid-ing in me, much fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell - ing in thee, my prom-ise un-bro - ken,
3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as children of day; Fol - low your Guide, He passed on before you,

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath said, "He tak-eth a - way."
Glo - ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." I am the vine, and ye are the
Lead-ing to realms of glo - ri - ous day.

branch-es; I am the vine, be faithful and true; Ask what ye will, your

rit.

pray'r shall be granted, "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

No. 61. The Ninety-Nine.

W. G. SCHELL. Luke 15:4–7. B. E. WARREN.

Slow, with expression.



1. The nine-ty-nine with-in the fold, Are safe from fears and storms of night;
2. The nine-ty-nine are safe to-day, They're all at home, so ful-ly blest;
3. The nine-ty-nine with care are fed, And rest within the Shepherd's fold;
4. The Shepherd dear aloud doth weep, Because one lamb a-far doth roam;





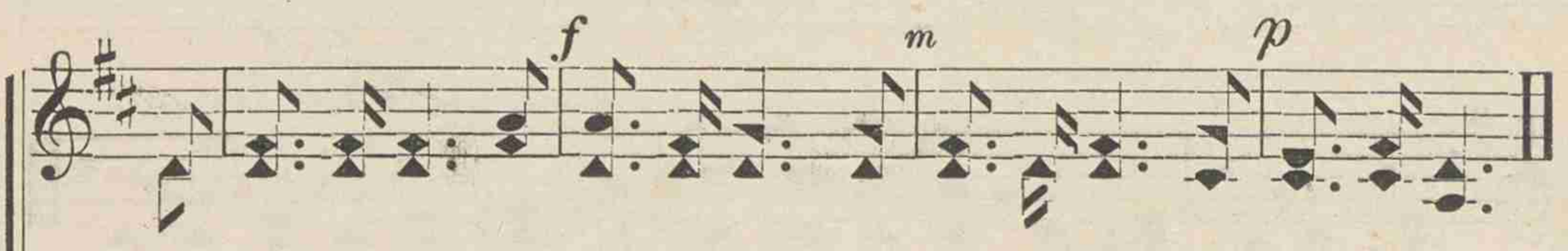
But one is on the mountains cold, 'Twill perish there—how sad the sight!
But one is wand'ring far a-way Up-on the mountain's snowy crest.
But one is starving, nearly dead, Up-on the mountains bare and cold.
The ninety-nine He'll safely keep,—We'll seek that lamb and bring it home.





Go search it out, and bring it home, No more in dark-ness let it roam;





You'll find it there in dreadful plight, Oh! go and bring it back to-night.



BY PERMISSION B. E. WARREN, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

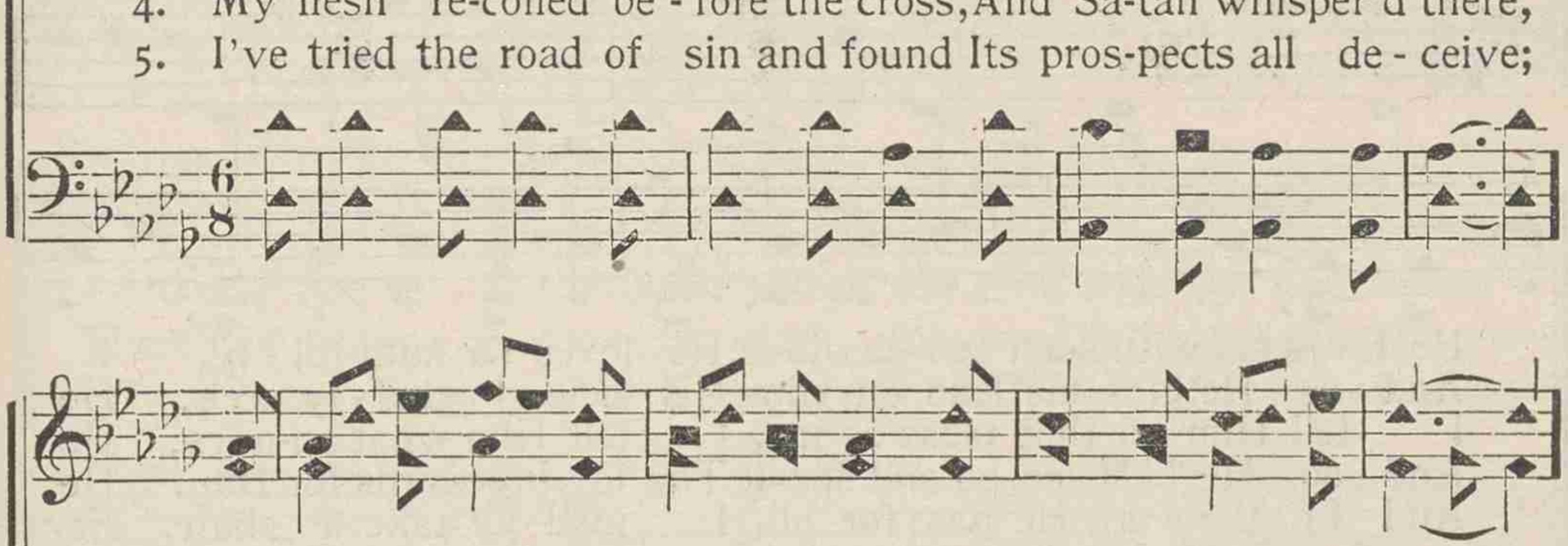
No. 62. His Yoke is Easy.

'My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11 :30.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.



1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear - er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh re-coiled be - fore the cross, And Sa-tan whisper'd there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its pros-pects all de - ceive;



I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.
His streams of love for - ev - er flow, With - in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of in-ward strife, And bid me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not re - pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've prov'd the Lord and joys abound, More than I could be - lieve.



CHORUS.



His yoke is easy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:



His serv-ice is my sweetest delight, His blessings ev-er flow.



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No. 63. My Lord and I.

Arr. W. E. B.

W. E. Burnett.

SOPRANO. *Moderato.*

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some weary soul to win,
5. I have His yoke up - on me, And eas - y 'tis to bear;

TENOR.

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly, I
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek, He
I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys, He
And so He bids me go and speak The lov-ing words for Him, He
And in the work He has for all, I glad - ly take a share. For

could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
leads me in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun - ny sky—
tell me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try—
bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die—
then it is my hap - pi - ness, To have Him al - ways nigh—

CHORUS. *

And so we dwell together My Lord and I. Dwell - ing to - geth - - er— Happy we will be thro'out e - ter - ni-ty; My Lord and I.

Dwelling together for-ev-er and for- ev - er,

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* Chorus may be omitted.

No. 64. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

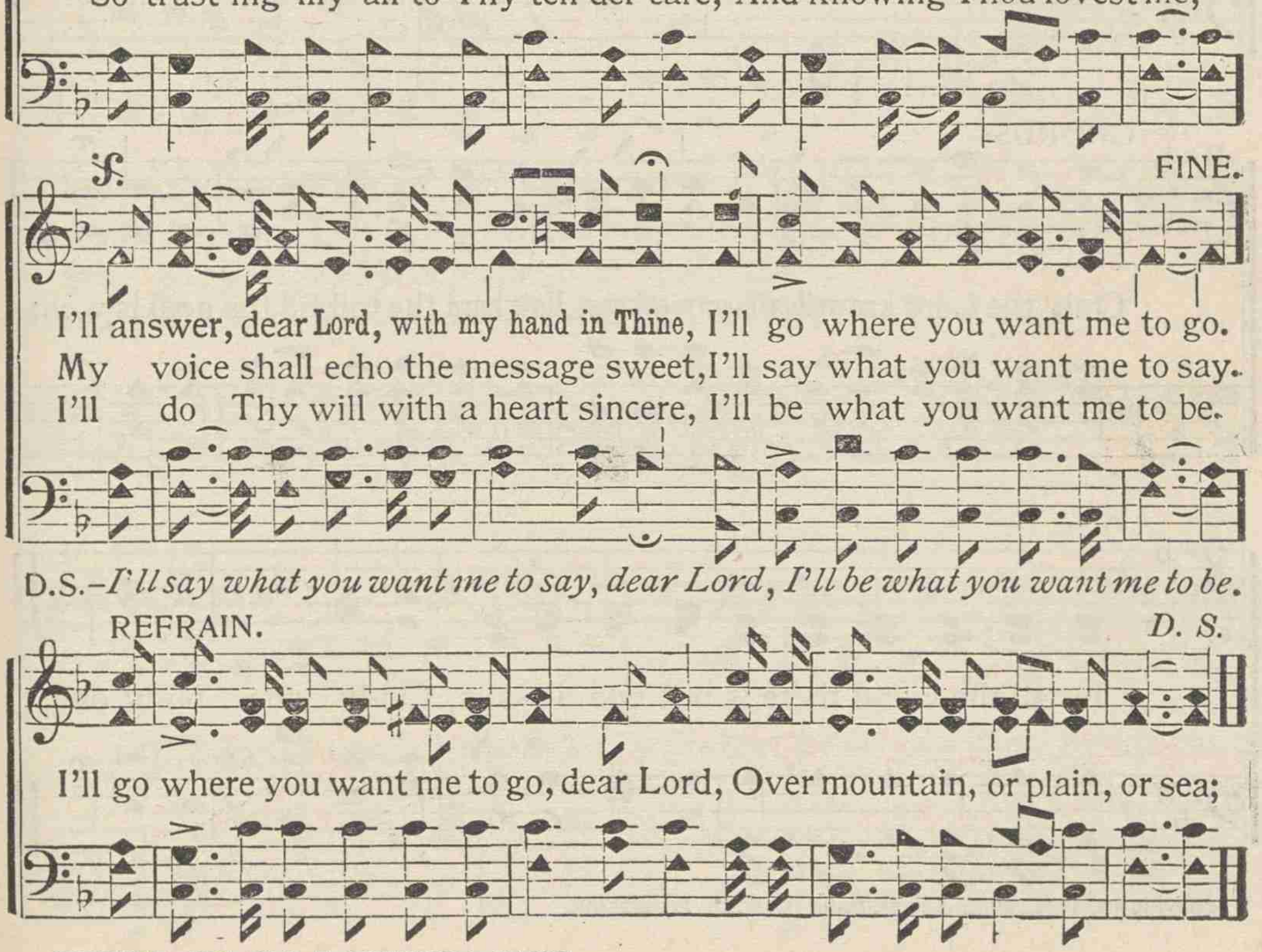


1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak-
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still,small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,



FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

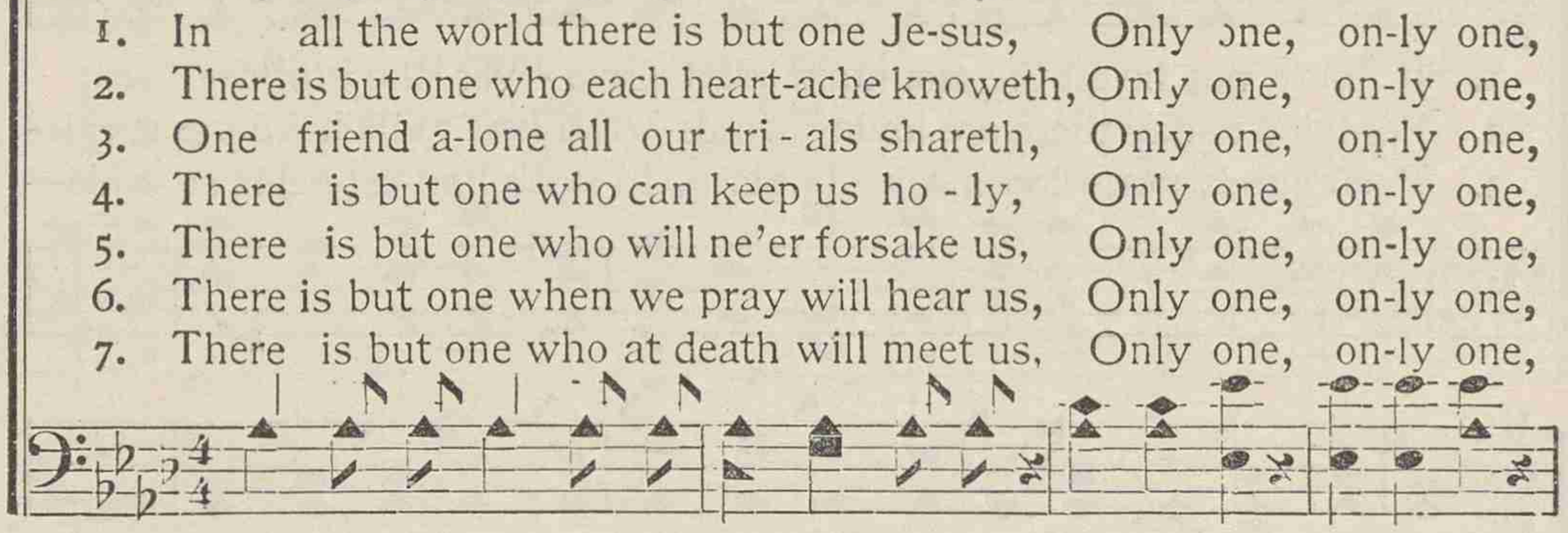
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No. 65. Only One Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

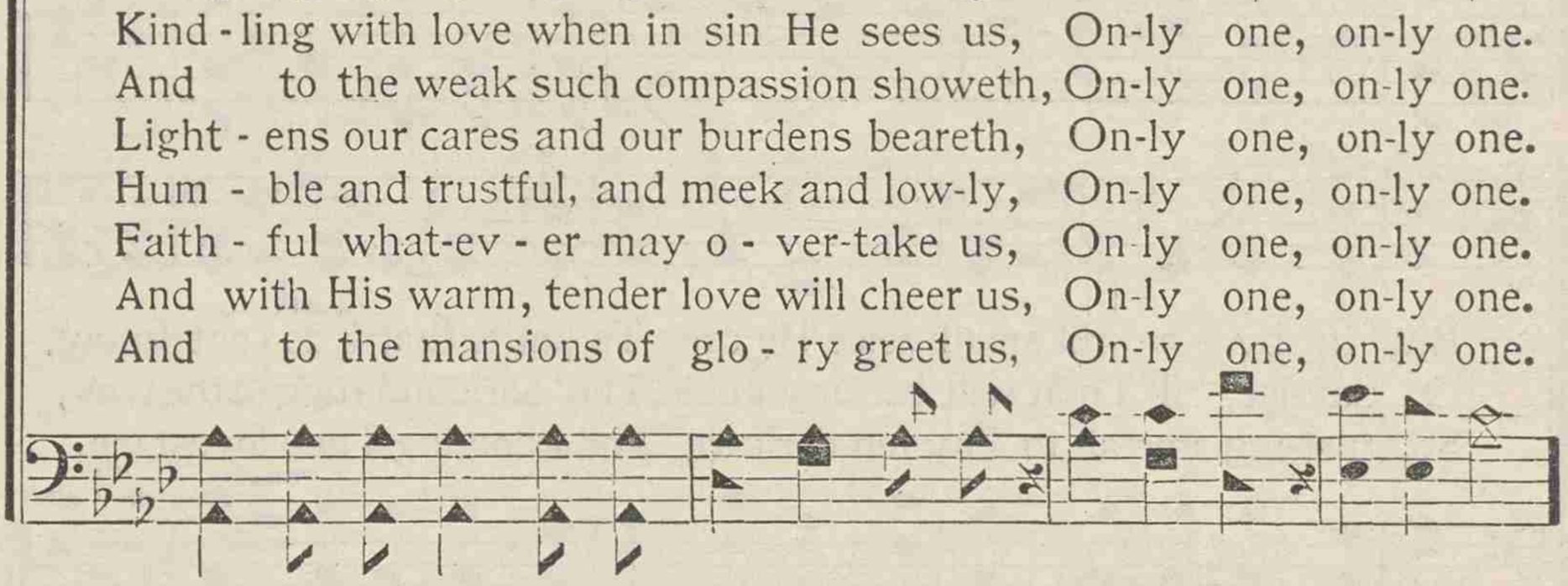


1. In all the world there is but one Je-sus, Only one, on-ly one,
2. There is but one who each heart-ache knoweth, Only one, on-ly one,
3. One friend a-lone all our tri - als shareth, Only one, on-ly one,
4. There is but one who can keep us ho - ly, Only one, on-ly one,
5. There is but one who will ne'er forsake us, Only one, on-ly one,
6. There is but one when we pray will hear us, Only one, on-ly one,
7. There is but one who at death will meet us, Only one, on-ly one,

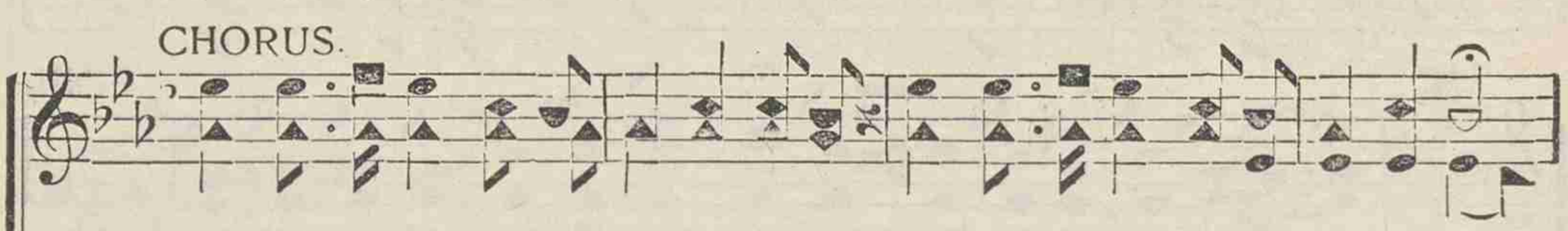




Kind - ling with love when in sin He sees us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And to the weak such compassion showeth, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Light - ens our cares and our burdens beareth, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Hum - ble and trustful, and meek and low-ly, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Faith - ful what-ev - er may o - ver-take us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And with His warm, tender love will cheer us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And to the mansions of glo - ry greet us, On-ly one, on-ly one.



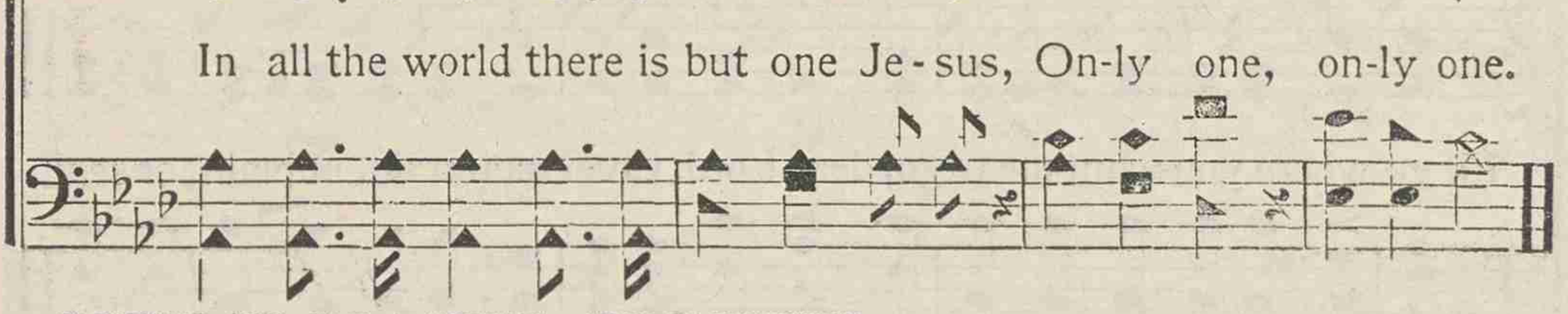
CHORUS.



Only the Lord knoweth all our weakness, How hard the toil till the goal is won;



In all the world there is but one Je - sus, On-ly one, on-ly one.



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No. 66. We Overcome by the Blood.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Shout a - loud Ho-san-na to the King of kings! All my soul with-
2. In the smoke of battle, when the right seems wrong, Ev - er press-ing
3. Rest - ing by the wa-ters, in a sweet ac - cord, Knowing all the
4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted

in me of His mer - cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the
onward with a pur-pose strong, We will shout for joy, for it
joys that His ways af - ford; Vanish'd ev - 'ry pleasure, now we've
dai-ly, we are lift - ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the

CHORUS.

heav-ens rings, When we o-ver-come by the blood!
won't be long Till we o-ver-come by the blood! Glo-ry! hon - or! Glo-ry
seen the Lord, And have o-ver-come by the blood!
ransom'd choir, Who have o-ver-come by the blood!

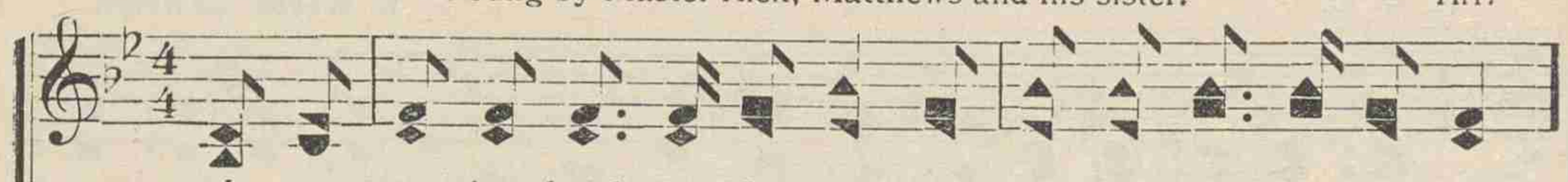
to the Son of God! Oh, praise Him! praise Him! For we overcome by the blood.

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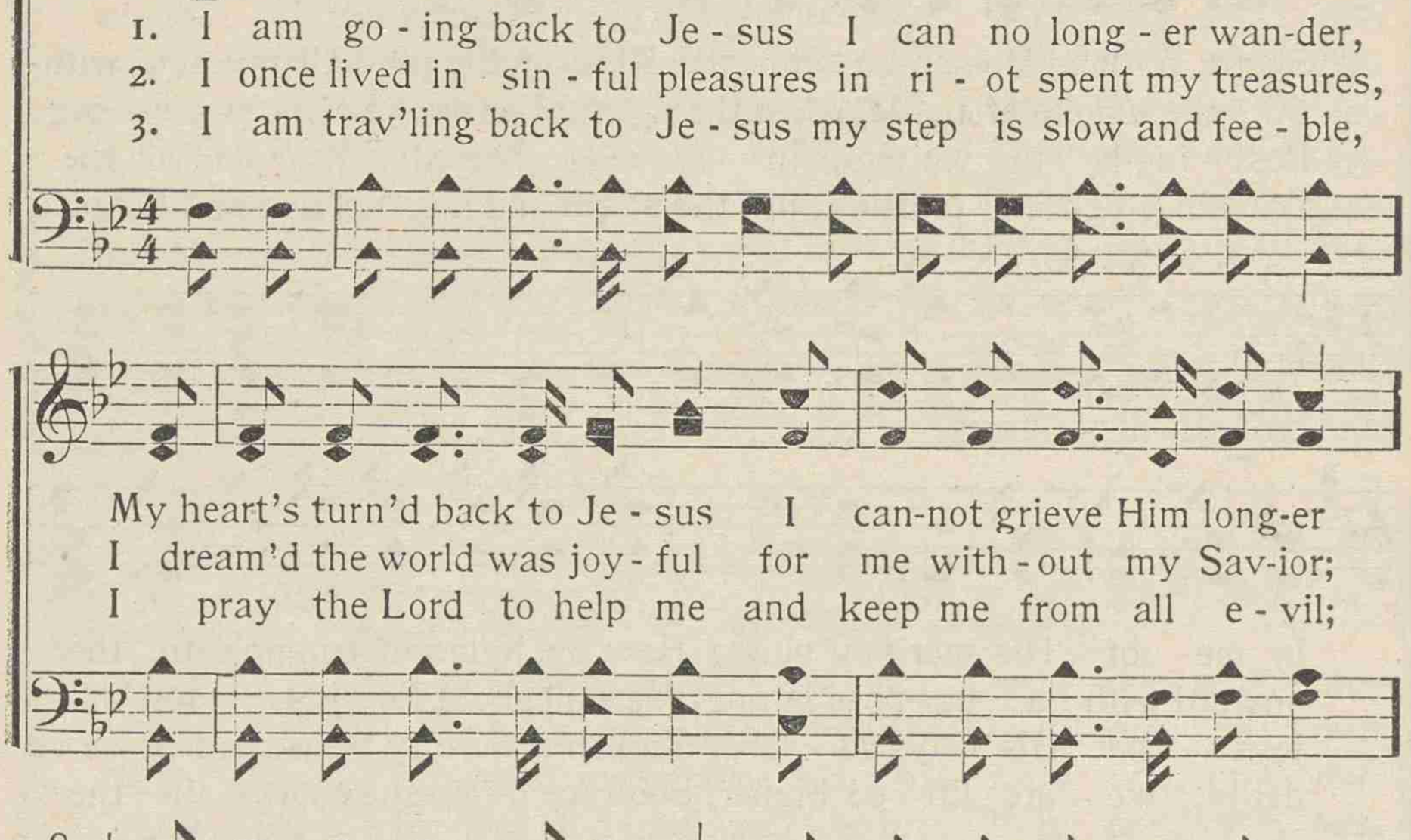
No. 67. I Am Going Back to Jesus.

* * *

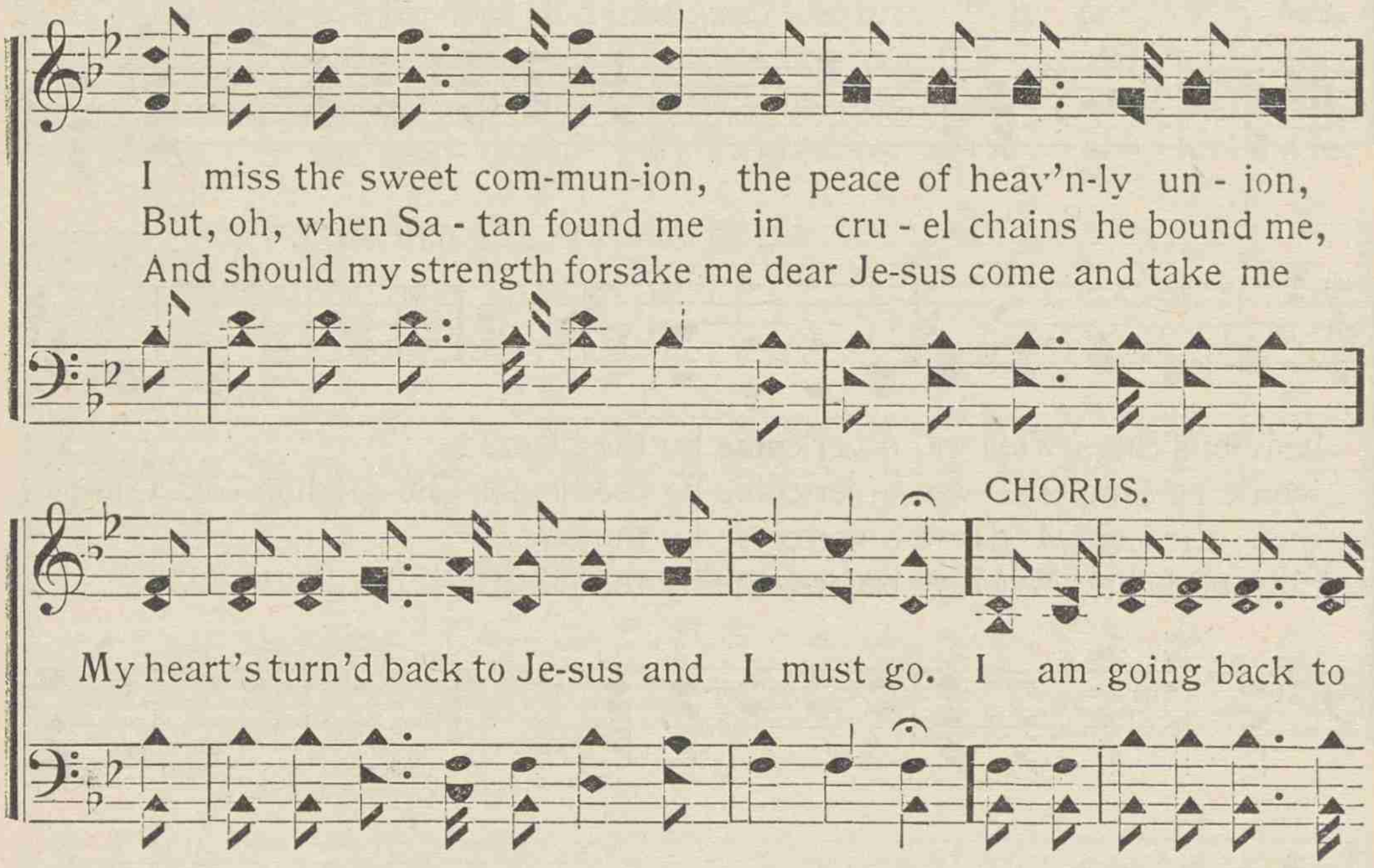
As sung by Master Alex, Matthews and his sister. Arr.



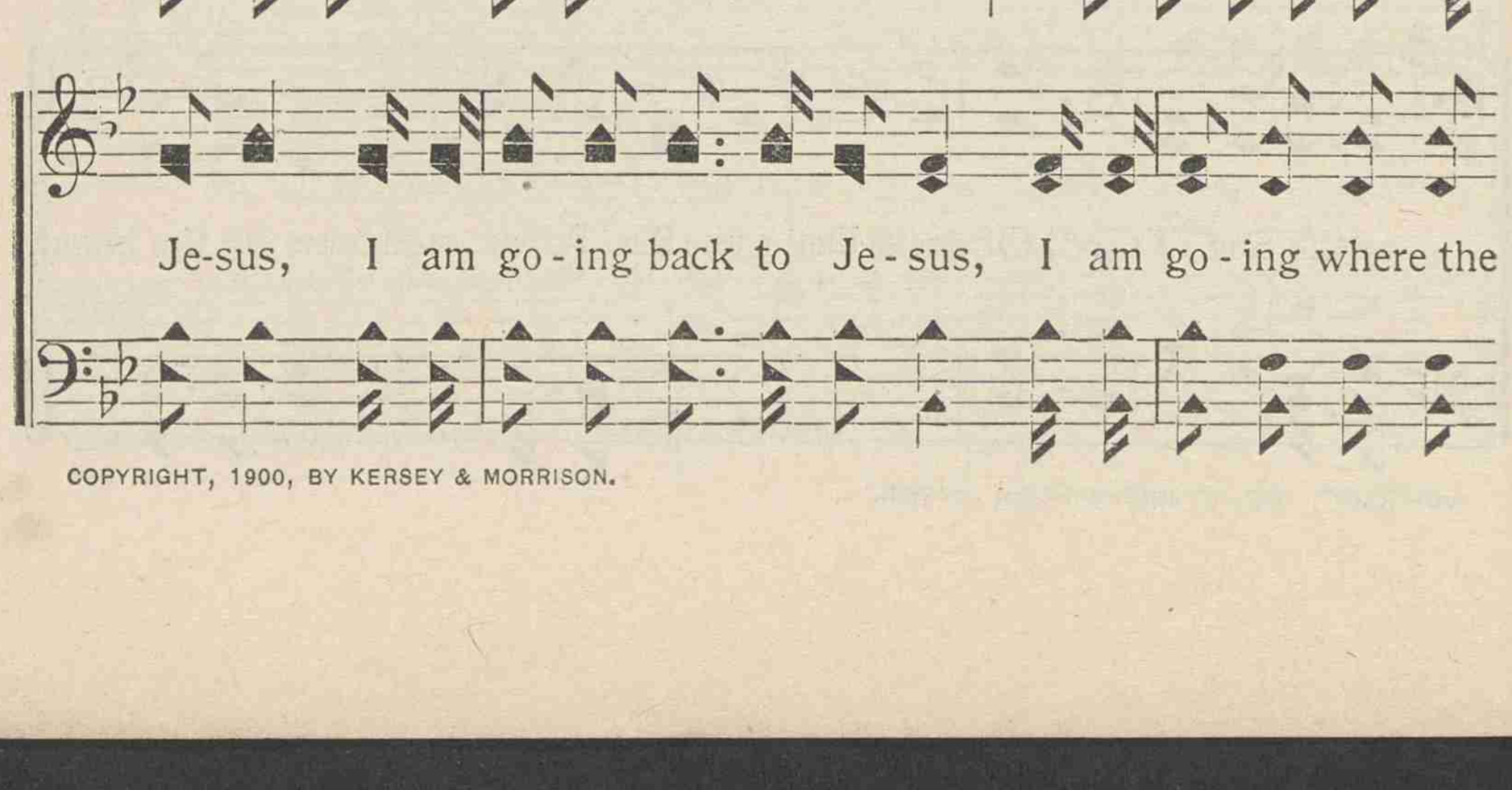
1. I am go - ing back to Je - sus I can no long - er wan-der,
2. I once lived in sin - ful pleasures in ri - ot spent my treasures,
3. I am trav'ling back to Je - sus my step is slow and fee - ble,



My heart's turn'd back to Je - sus I can-not grieve Him long-er
I dream'd the world was joy - ful for me with - out my Sav-ior;
I pray the Lord to help me and keep me from all e - vil;



I miss the sweet com-mun-ion, the peace of heav'n-ly un - ion,
But, oh, when Sa - tan found me in cru - el chains he bound me,
And should my strength forsake me dear Je-sus come and take me



CHORUS.

My heart's turn'd back to Je-sus and I must go. I am going back to

Je-sus, I am go - ing back to Je - sus, I am go - ing where the

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I Am Going Back to Jesus. Concluded.

liv - ing wa-ters flow; I hear the Sav - ior call - ing re - pent-ant

tears are fall-ing, My heart's turn'd back to Je-sus and I must go.

No. 68. Home Influence.

J. V. M. T. MISS JULIA V. M. TYLER.

1. When at home be - fore the al - tar, Night and morn you kneel to pray,
2. Do you train them for the kingdom As you walk the heav'nly path,
3. Do you warn of drink and gambling, Danc - es, rev - el - ry and sin,
4. Do you urge them to con - vic-tion That to lose their earth is gain,
5. Stop and think, just as you train them, When the har-vest shall be mown,

Do you take your chil-dren with you, Guiding them in God's own way?
Pointing out the sins a-round you, Which bring punishment and wrath?
Wasting time on oth - er mat-ters, Than the vine-yard you are in?
Teaching that in the here-aft - er, Faith - ful souls in heav'n shall reign?
They will bring forth good or e - vil From the seed that you have sown.

CHORUS.

Upward, heav'nward take the children, Train them here for courts above; homes of love.

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No. 69. We Will Hold Communion Together.

T, B, H. T. B Holloway.

1. I hear the voice of Je - sus to me call-ing; Be - hold He is stand-ing at the door; His voice in ten - der love to me is pleading; How oft He has called to me be - fore! I'll o - pen wide the door and bid Him en - ter; With Him I will hold com-mun-ion sweet; I'll sup with Him and

2. I need Him ev - er in my heart to save me, My sor - row is more than I can bear; His pre - cious love will fill my soul with glo - ry, And give me His ev - er pres-ent cheer; His com-pan - y is pleas - ant in the morn-ing, His coun - sel is sweet at noon and night; And when I'm tempt-ed ho - ly rap-ture giv - en, And calls me His child a - long the way; Down at the riv - er there He will be wait-ing, Bright crowns of re - joic - ing in His hand; There He will heal the

3. Je - sus will lead me all the way to heav-en, Sweet

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We Will Hold Communion. Concluded.

He with me for - ev - er, And lay ev - 'ry bur - den at His feet.
He will give me warning And help me to ev - er do the right.
wea-ry, broken-hearted, At home in that bless-ed morn-ing-land.

CHORUS.

We . . . . . will hold com - mun - ion, ...
We will hold com - mun - ion hold com - mun - ion sweet to - geth - er,

He will be . . . . . my Friend for - ev - er, ...
He will be my Friend, my dear - est Friend for - ev - er, yes, for - ev - er,

Nothing can . . . . . de-stroy our un - ion . . . . . .
Noth-ing can be done that will de - stroy our un - ion, sweet-est un-ion,

He will part from one an - oth - er nev - er. . . . . .
no, nev - er.

No. 70. Trusting in My Savior.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT, W. E. BURNETT.

1. I am trust-ing in my Sav - ior, and He keeps me day by day;
2. All my cares and griefs I tell Him, all my needs and all my fears;
3. He is dear - er than the dear-est of my friends and kindred all,

All my sins He hath for - giv - en, all my stains hath purg'd away;
He doth bear a - way my sorrows, kind - ly dri - eth all my tears;
And He rests me when I'm wea-ry, quick-ly hears me when I call;

He hath shown his lov-ing kindness, made His tender mercies known;
He will teach and dai-ly guide me, while I live on earth be-low,
I am hop - ing for His com-ing in the clouds of glo - ry bright;

He doth dai - ly grow more precious since I'm His and His a - lone.
And I know He'll walk be-side me thro' death's valley should I go.
I am wait-ing, robed and read - y, be it morn-ing, noon or night,

CHORUS. *faster.*

I am trust - ing Him a - lone, Trusting Him both night and
I am trusting Him a-lone, Trusting Him a-lone,

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Trusting in My Savior. Concluded.





No. 71. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.





No. 72. When I Enter the Valley of Death.

T. B. H. (*To Mrs. Sarah Stewart, Carbondale, Ill.*) T. B. HOLLOWAY.

1. When I en - ter the val - ley of death so lone, And my body grows
2. When I si - lent - ly en - ter the shades of death, When to that unknown
3. Tho' the wa-ters be chil - ly and deep the tide, Dark and an-gry the

chil - ly and cold; When my friends fill'd with grief my de-part-ure shall mourn,
re - gion I go; Then sweet glimpses of heaven, the home of the blest,
treacherous shoal; I will walk thro' the val-ley in peace with my God,

CHORUS.

Then it shall be well with my soul. It shall be well with my
Will come from e - ter - ni-ty's shore.
And all will be well with my soul. It shall be well . . . . . with my
soul, ... It shall be well with my soul, . . . And when I have
soul, with my soul, shall be well, well with my soul, with my soul.
come to the riv-er, will the waters be chilly and cold? There will be light
at the

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When I Enter the Valley of Death. Concluded.



No. 73. Just as I Am.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."—John 1 : 29.

A. F. MYERS, by per.



No. 74. Nearer Each Day.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. End coming near - er, skies shining clear - er, Brighter the
2. Bright streams are flow - ing where I am go - ing, And no dark
3. On pastures feed - ing where He is lead - ing, Sweet-ly and

End coming near-er skies shining clear-er,

way grows day aft-er day; Faith in God strong - er,
clouds their shadows will fling; This world hath sor - row,
safe - ly onward I go; Thus He is near me

Bright-er the way grows day aft-er day; Faith in God strong-er,

journeying yon - der, Life and its cares swiftly passing a - way.
but that to-mor - row Will songs of gladness to all of us bring.
al-ways to cheer me, Till I shall rest where the bright streamlets flow.

our-ney-ing yon-der,

CHORUS.

Nearer each day to the home far away,

Near-er each day . . . . . to the home far a - way . . . . . Glad with the

Glad with the promise of rest evermore; By life's river

prom - - ise of rest ev-er-more: . . . . By life's fair river We'll rest for-

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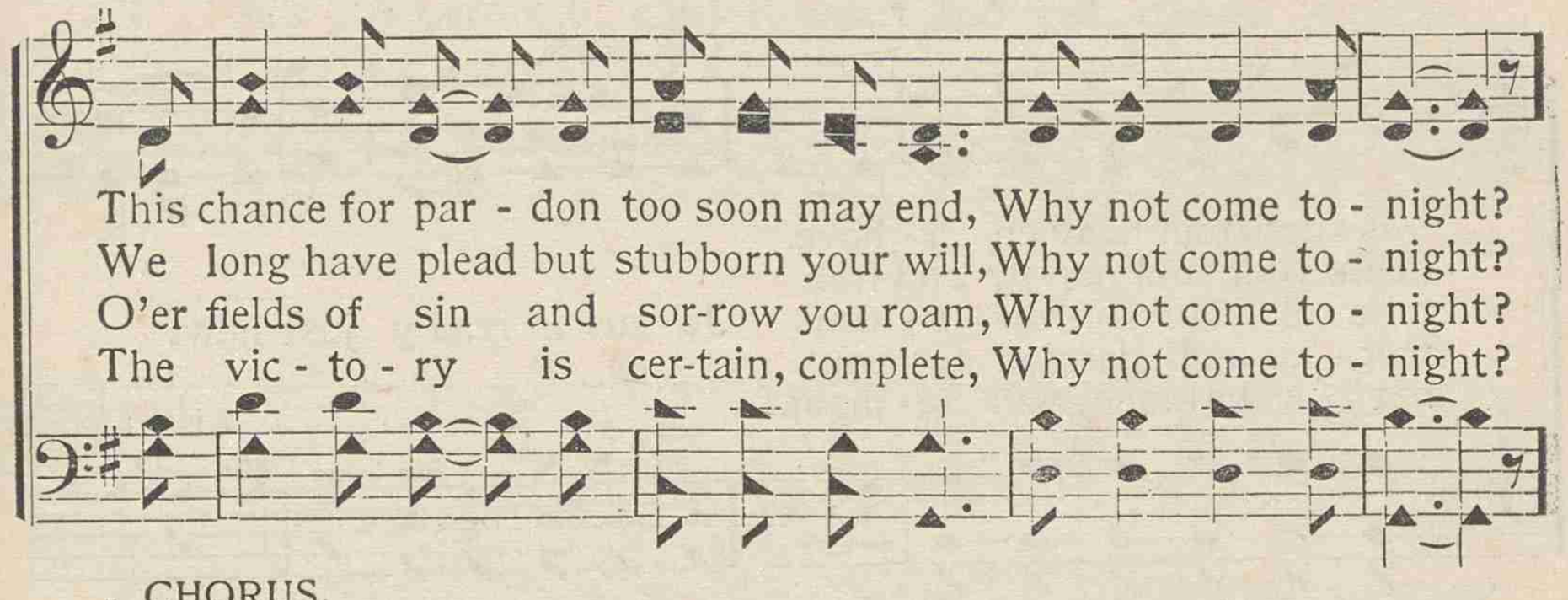
Nearer Each Day. Concluded.

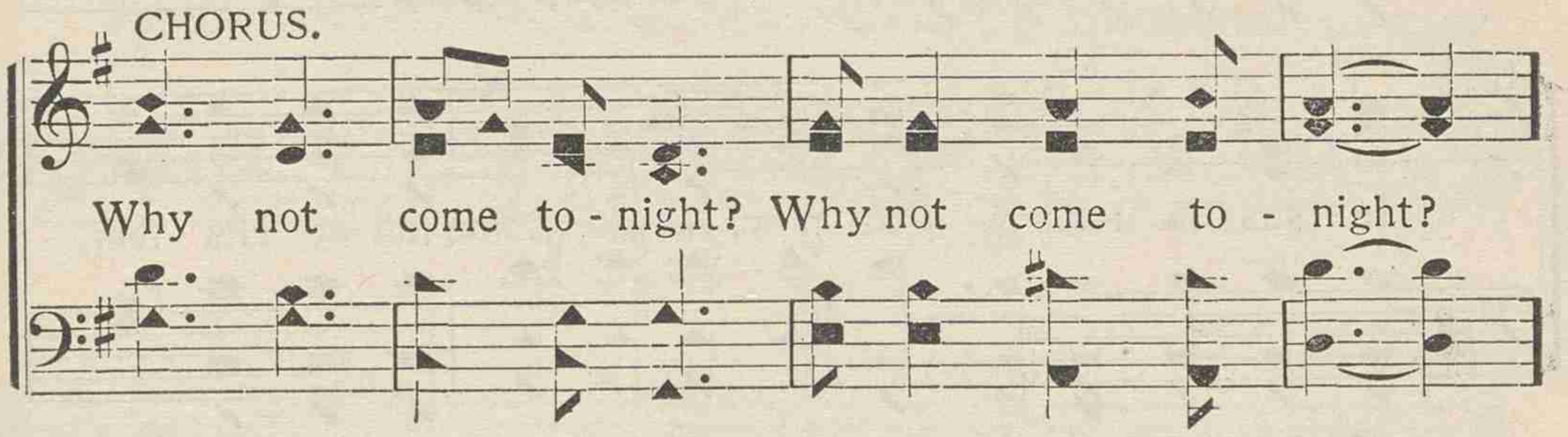


No. 75. Why not Come To-night?

JOHN MCPHERSON. D. W. CRIST.









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No. 76. Jesus is Ready to Save You.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,"—John 6 : 37.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O come to the fount of His love! The wa - ter is free, 'Tis flow - ing for thee, It
2. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O hear Him say, "Come unto Me!" Come, lean on His breast, He'll give you sweet rest, And
3. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O doubting one, make no de - lay! If you will be - lieve, His pre - cepts re-ceive, He'll
4. Je - sus is read-y to save you; O trust Him, He's faithful and true! He's call - ing you now, Oh, pen - i - tent, bow, There's
5. Je - sus is read-y to save you; Tho' you may be covered with stain, He'll cleanse you I know, He'll make you as snow, And

CHORUS.

is-sues from heav-en a - bove.
make your soul hap-py and free.
take all your sor-row a - way. Je - sus is read-y just now,
mer - cy and par-don for you!
not a dark spot will re - main.

just now,

Je - sus is read-y just now, just now, Come fall at His feet,

Have par-don com-plete, For Je - sus is read - y just now. just now,

OWNED AND CONTROLED BY D. E. DORTCH.

No. 77. He Rolled the Sea Away.

Kev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR

1. When Is - rael out of bond-age came, A sea be-fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sorrows dark, like stormy waves, Were dashing o'er my way,
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need-ed grace I'll pray;

The Lord reach'd down His mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
My heart's de - sire the Sav - ior read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.

Then forward still, 'tis Je-ho-vah's will, Tho' the billows dash and spray;
With a conqu'ring tread we will push ahead, He'll roll the sea a - way.

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No. 78. "Jesus Only."

FLORA KIRKLAND. Matt. 17:8. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Noth-ing earthly meets the longing, Noth-ing here can sat-is-fy;
2. "Je-sus on-ly;" on the mountain, When my heart with rapture thrills;
3. O to spend each passing moment As in sight of His dear face!
4. Grace that saves me, grace that keeps me, Grace that helps me day by day,
5. Je-sus, Savior, Thou hast bought me, Thou hast seal'd me for Thine own;

But the love and grace of Je-sus Meet and still each long-ing cry.
"Je-sus on-ly;" in the val-ley, When life's woe my Spir-it fills.
O to show to souls in darkness All the beau-ty of His grace!
Faith and hope and peace re-new-ing, Lest I fal-ter by the way.
Hold me, guard me and di-rect me, Till Thou callest, "Child, come home."

CHORUS.

"Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly," Be my raptured song to-day;

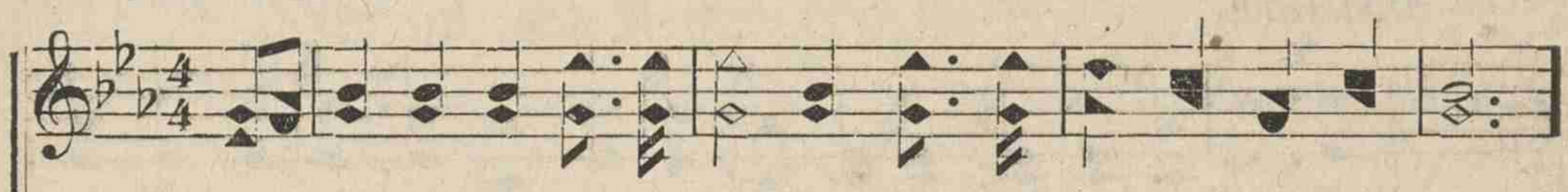
p *cres.*

"Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly," Je-sus, Je-sus all the way.

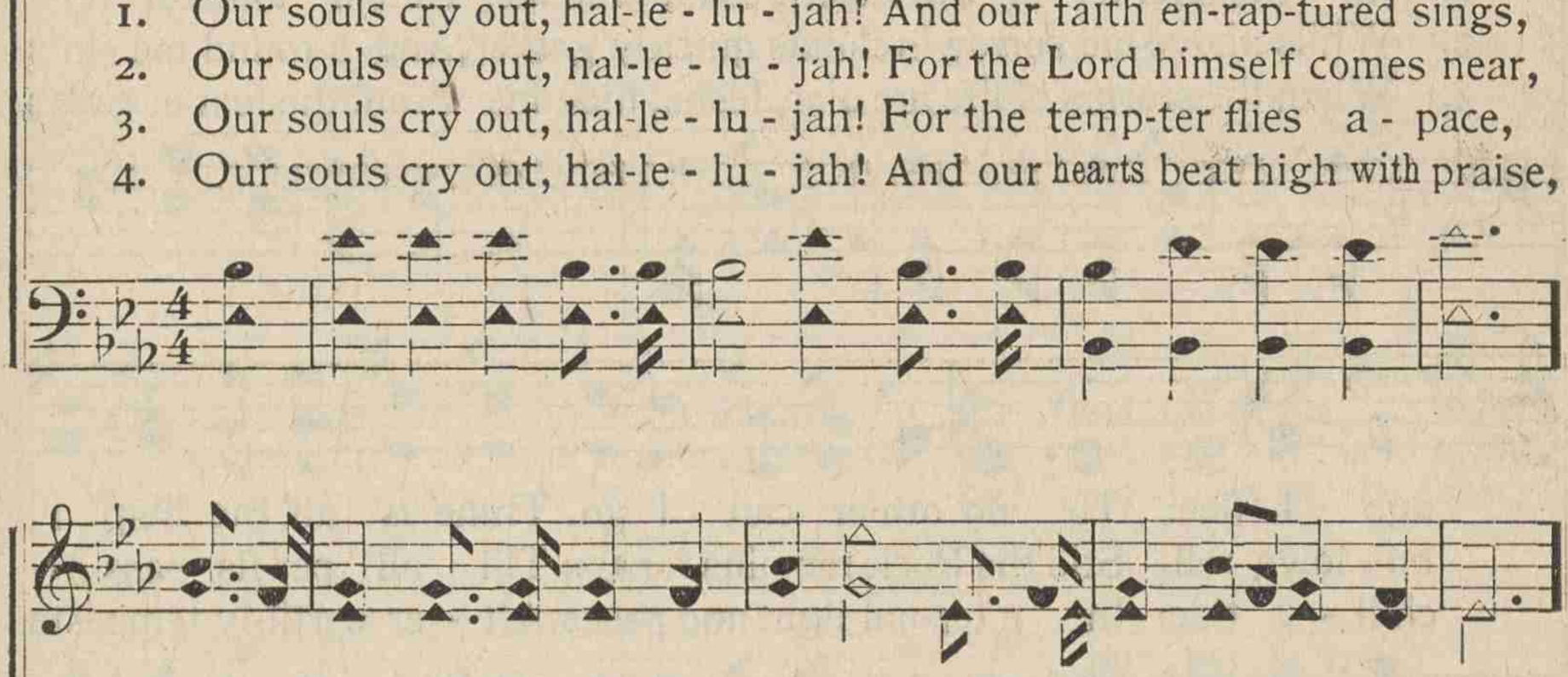
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No. 79. On the Victory Side.

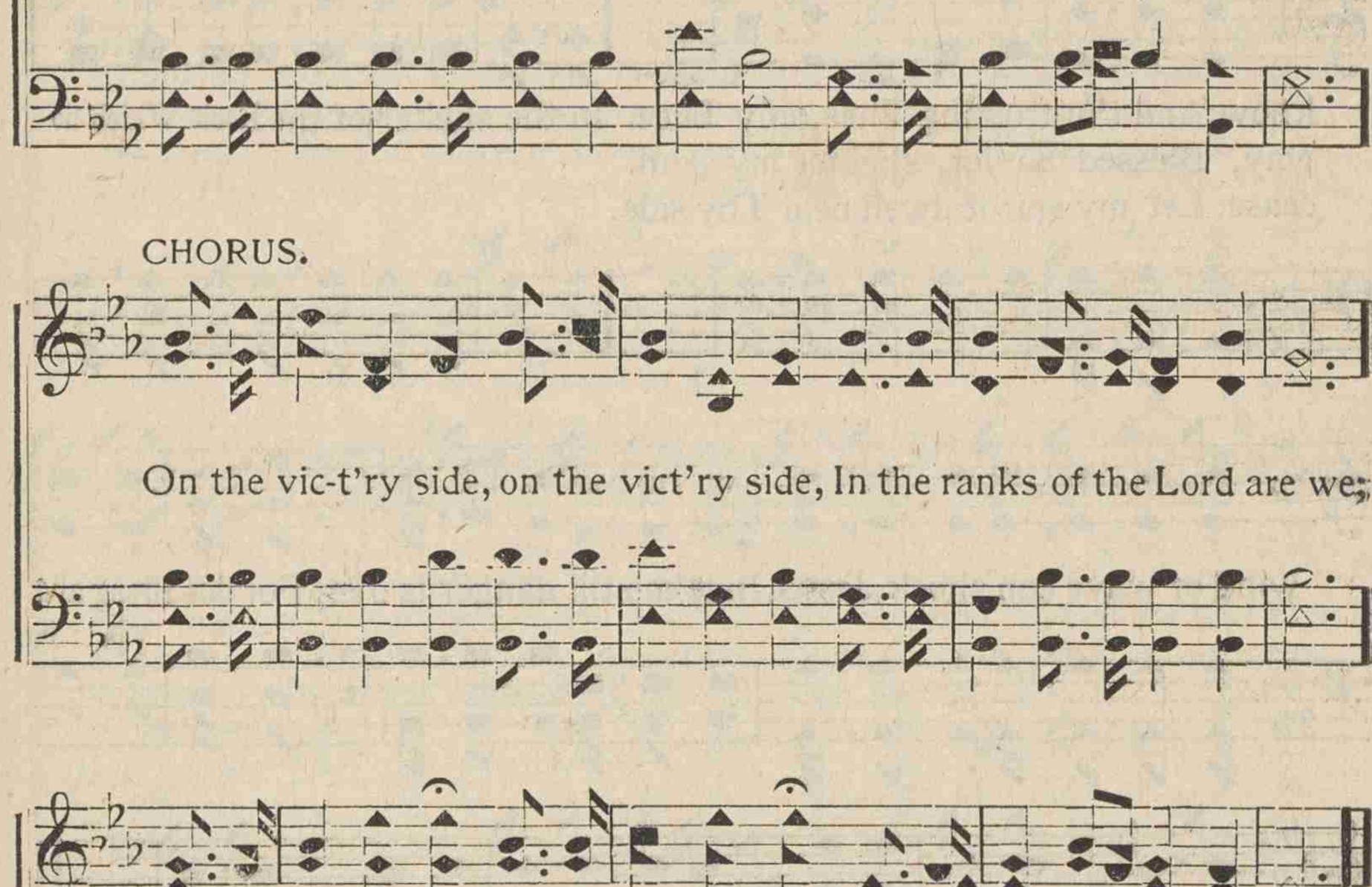
JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! And our faith en-rap-tured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! For the temp-ter flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,



While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the might-y King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle field we hear.
And the chains he has forg'd are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
Un - to Him in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.



CHORUS.



On the vic-t'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;



On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

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No. 80. In the Shelter of the Rock.

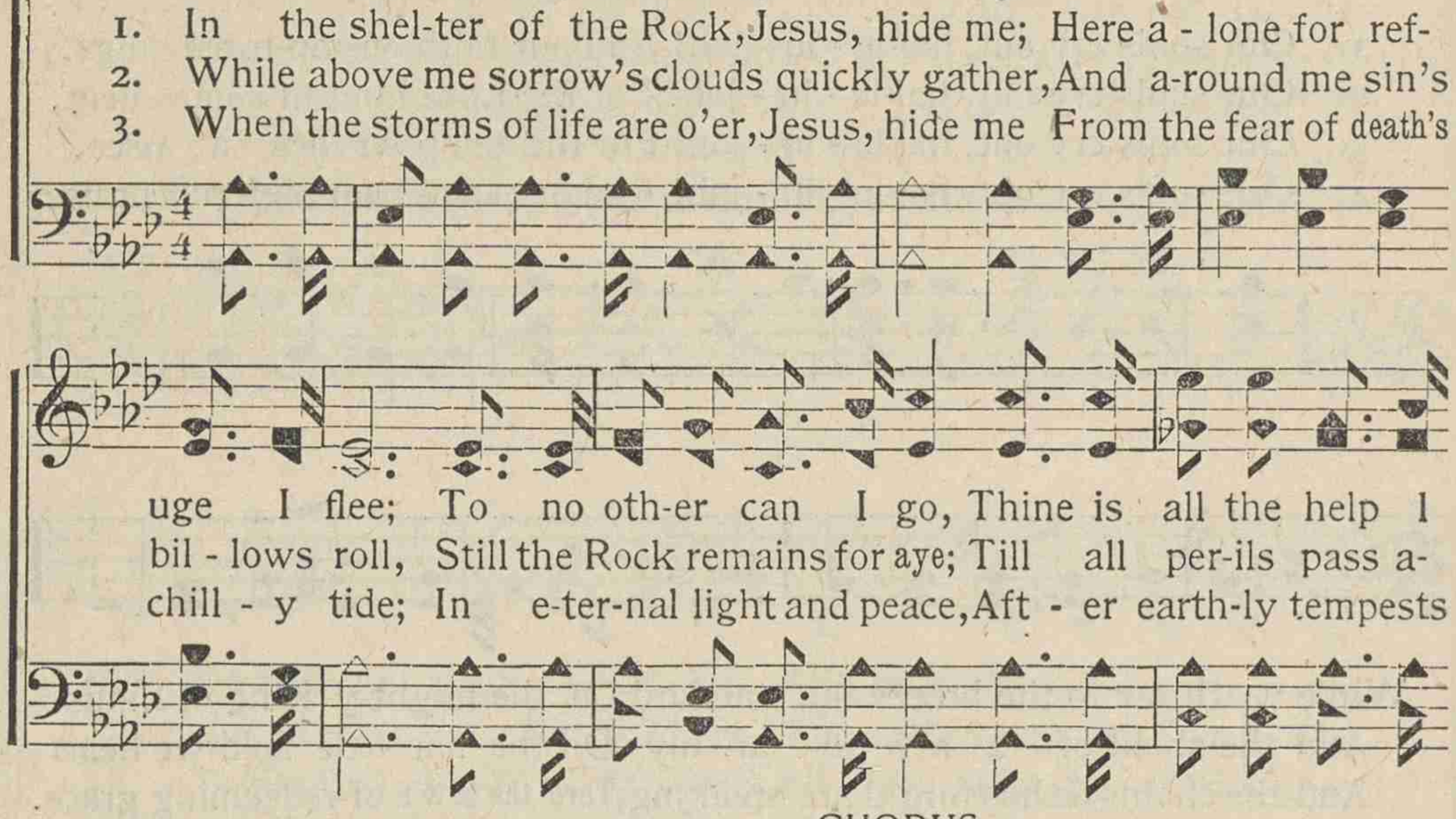
"For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: he shall set me upon a rock."—Ps. 27:5.

JENNIE WILSON. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.



1. In the shel-ter of the Rock, Jesus, hide me; Here a - lone for ref-
2. While above me sorrow's clouds quickly gather, And a-round me sin's
3. When the storms of life are o'er, Jesus, hide me From the fear of death's

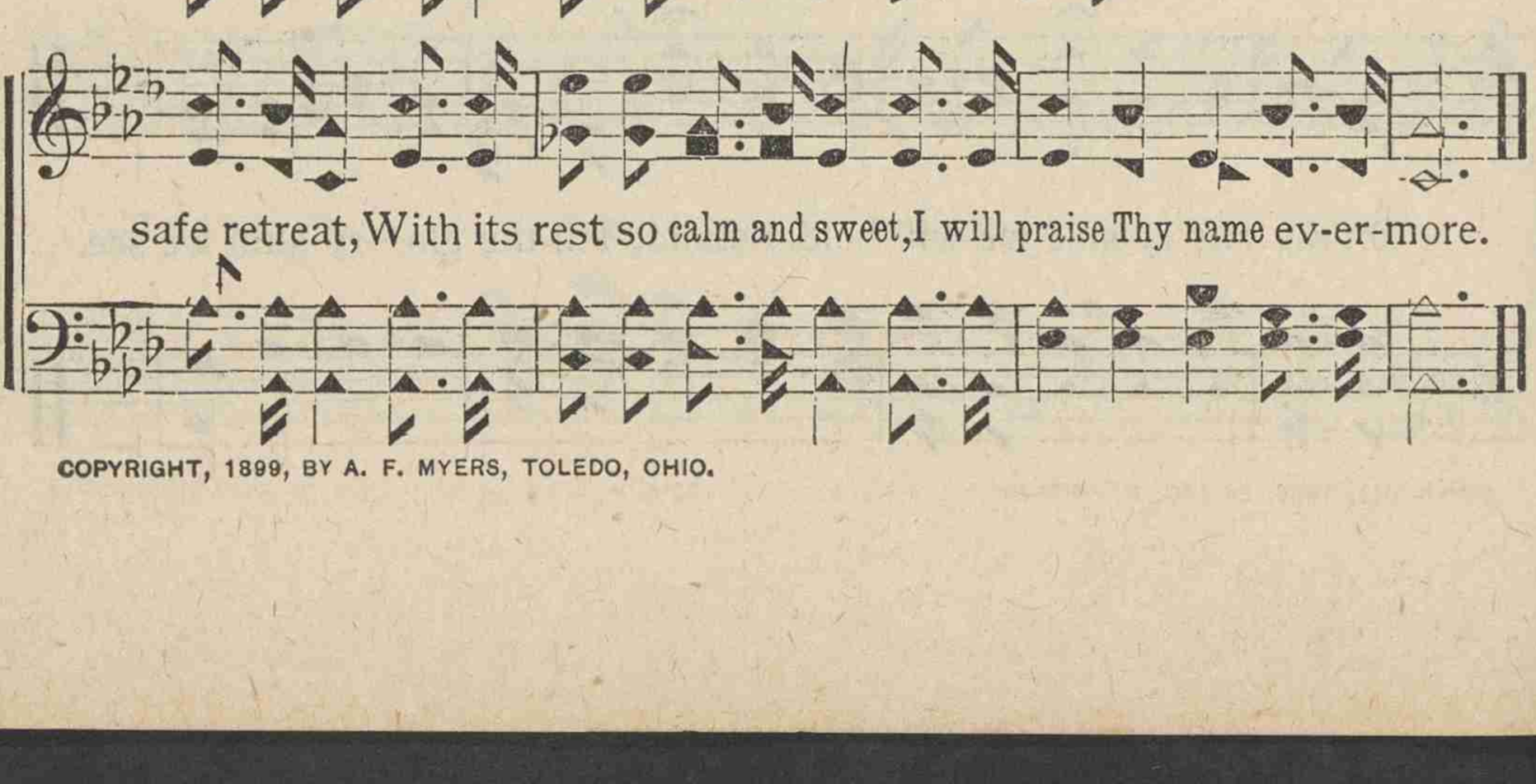


uge I flee; To no oth-er can I go, Thine is all the help I
bil - lows roll, Still the Rock remains for aye; Till all per-ils pass a-
chill - y tide; In e-ter-nal light and peace, Aft - er earth-ly tempests



CHORUS.

know, And I'm trusting Thee, only Thee. In the shelter of the Rock Which no
way, Blessed Savior, shel-ter my soul.
cease, Let my spir-it dwell near Thy side.



wind or wave can shock, Jesus, hide me till danger is o'er; For this strong and

safe retreat, With its rest so calm and sweet, I will praise Thy name ev-er-more.

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No. 81. The Wanderer.

Rev. B. C. Rev. B. CARRADINE.

1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray,
2. I was work-ing in the tem-ple With the Sav-ior by my side,
3. Ma-ny ear-ly friends had left me, While the va-cant room and chair,
4. Then I saw at once that Je-sus Could be bet-ter far than all;
5. So I heard the Sav-ior call-ing, Come, thou wea-ry one a-way,

When I heard my Sav-ior call-ing To His lost sheep far a-way;
Where the mul-ti-tude as-sem-bled, In its mis-er-y and pride;
Were re-mind-ers of the pric-es I had paid down to be there;
He could lighten up the pathway, Could surround me like a wall;
And my an-swer quick-ly follow'd, Lord, I'm com-ing home to-day;

How I list-ened as the teardrops Cours'd a-down like fall-ing rain,
Glancing upward from my la-bor I just caught His dis-tant smile,
I was brooding o'er my loss-es, When the Sav-ior spoke to me,
He could take the place of loved ones, Wipe the fall-ing tears a-way,
Now His lov-ing arms are round me, And my head is on His breast,

D. S.–*No mat-ter who the wand'rer, Nor how far he's gone a-stray,*

FINE.

While His ten-der words of promise Made my spir-it glad a-gain.
"You have placed your work between us, Come and talk with me a-while."
"You have let your sor-rows set-tle, Like a cloud 'tween me and thee."
Turn my sor-row in-to laughter, Change the night-tide in-to day.
While I catch His faint-est whis-per, And my spir-it is at rest.

Be-hold, who-so-ev-er com-eth, I will comfort him to-day.

CHORUS. D. S.

{ Come, oh, come to me, said Je-sus, Come and I will give you rest; }
{ I will take a-way the burden From the heav-y la-den breast; }

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No. 82. Drifting.

L. L. P. Master ROY KERSEY, Age 10 years,



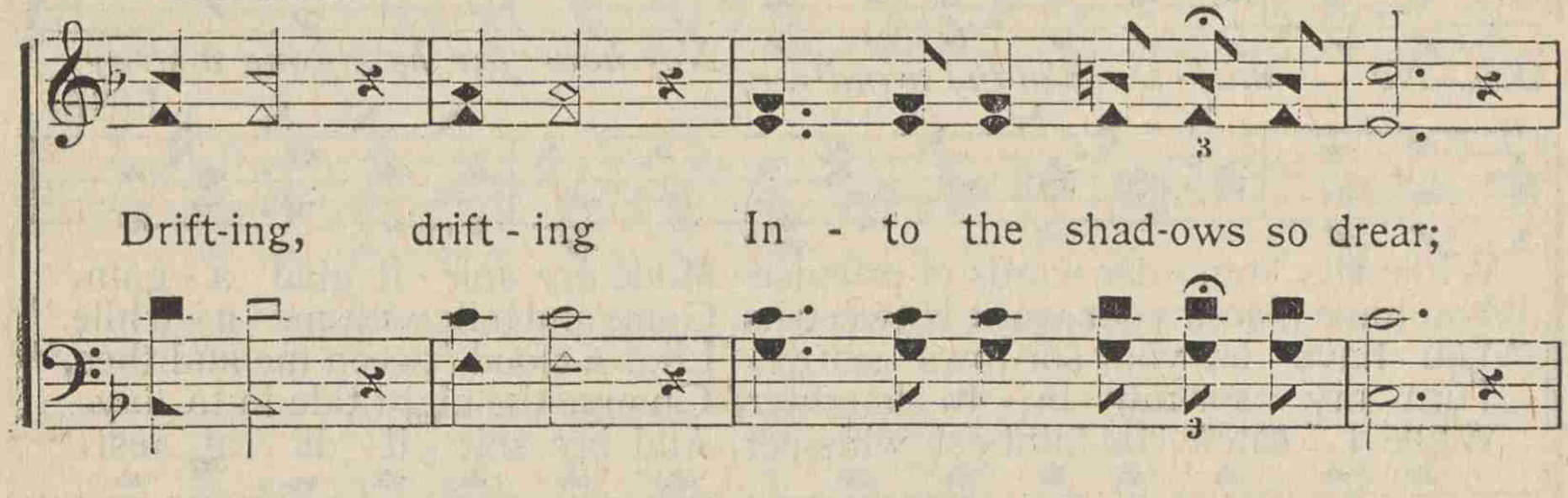
1. You are drift-ing, broth-er, drift - ing Far from the heav'nly fold;
2. You have wandered, sad-ly wan-dered Out from the Father's home;
3. Still you're drifting, swiftly drift-ing, Speed - i - ly rush - ing on;
4. Friends are joining, glad - ly join-ing Theirs to the Sav-ior's voice;
5. O the Spir - it, gra-cious Spir-it, Bids thee at once to come!



O you're drifting, sad - ly, drift-ing, Down the dark riv - er so cold!
Will you hast-en back to greet Him, Cease, cease for - ev - er to roam?
Hark! He's calling, gently call - ing; Heed ere thy chance shall be gone.
O ac - cept this call of mer - cy! Make the dear Savior your choice.
Will you heed His in - vi - ta - tion, Steer towards the heav'nly home?



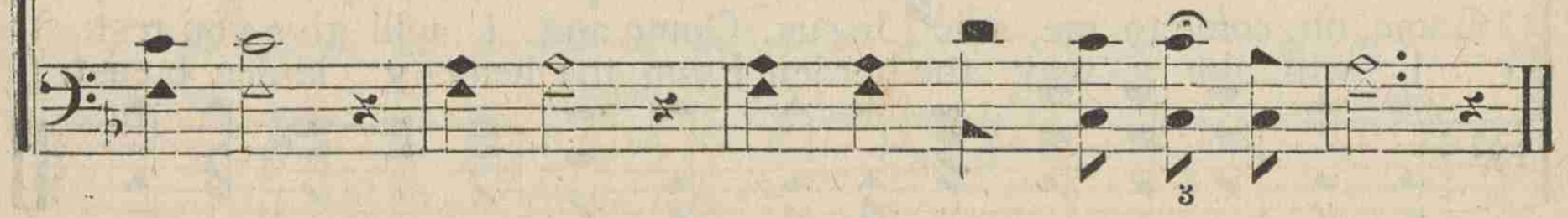
CHORUS.



Drift-ing, drift - ing In - to the shad-ows so drear;



Drift-ing, drift - ing Far from the Sav - ior so dear.



No. 83. All on the Altar.

Rev. H. C. MORRISON. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Low at Thy feet, my Sav-ior, I bow in pray'r to Thee;
2. Take out this "prone to wander," Cleanse out the car-nal mind;
3. Oh, has-ten, bless - ed Je - sus, I will not let Thee go;
4. I knew that Thou wouldst hear me, I knew Thy word was true;

Come now and sanc - ti - fy me, Oh, come and set me free.
Burn out in - bred cor-rup - tion, My soul from sin re - fine.
Thy full sal - va - tion give me, Thy per-fect love be - stow.
The bless-ed Spir - it fills me, It cleanseth thro' and thro'.

CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, My all I give to Thee;

My faith now takes the promise, The blood now cleanseth me.

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No. 84. Peace, Be Still.

JOHN M. DEVENEAU. 4th v. J. McP. JOHN McPHERSON, by per.

1. Storm-tossed soul on life's rough heaving o - cean, Doubts and fears thy bo - som fill; List! a - bove the wild and great com - mo - tion,
2. Sin has long in strongest chains enthrall'd thee, Cap - tive led at Sa - tan's will; Mer - cy, sweet - ly plead-ing, long has called thee,
3. Sin - sick soul, just now the Great Phy - si - cian, Of - fers balm for ev - 'ry ill; Bow thy heart in hum-ble, deep con - tri - tion,
4. Soon the storms of life will end in glo - ry, Let this theme thy bo - som fill; When death's shad-ow-waves are clos - ing o'er thee,

CHORUS.

Je - sus speaks the "peace, be still!" Peace, be still, be still,
But ye hear not "peace, be still!"
Lend thine ear to "peace, be still!"
May you hear His "peace, be still!" Be still, peace, be still,

Sweet the whis-per to thy wea - ry soul, Peace, be still,
Peace, be still, be still,

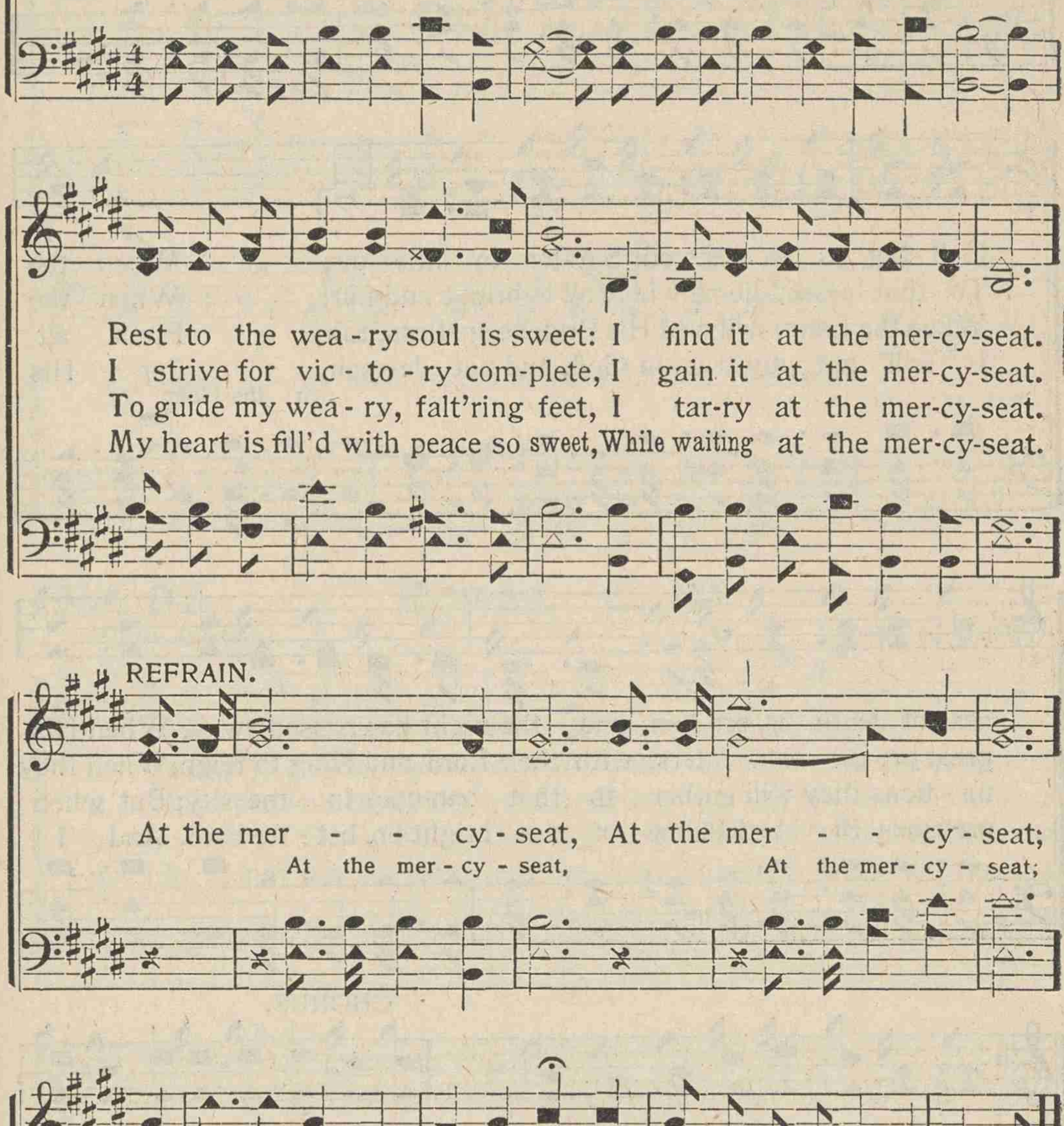
be still, For Je-sus now will make thee whole.
Peace, be still, make thee whole.

No. 85. At the Mercy-Seat.

E. CUTLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. A - mid the toils and cares of life, Amid the turmoil and the strife,
2. In sore temptation's trying hour, When o'er the wi-ly tempter's pow'r
3. When darkness gathers round my way, And I can see no cheering ray,
4. And when my path is bright and clear, Without a cloud of doubt or fear,



Rest to the wea - ry soul is sweet: I find it at the mer-cy-seat.
I strive for vic - to - ry com-plete, I gain it at the mer-cy-seat.
To guide my wea - ry, falt'ring feet, I tar-ry at the mer-cy-seat.
My heart is fill'd with peace so sweet, While waiting at the mer-cy-seat.

REFRAIN.



At the mer - - - cy - seat, At the mer - - - cy - seat;
At the mer - cy - seat, At the mer - cy - seat;

I love to hold communion sweet With Jesus, at the mer-cy - seat.

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No. 86. Praise the Lord, I'll Be There.

Rev JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. When we hear the trumpet sounding on the res - ur - rec-tion day,
2. When the pearl - y gates swing o-pen to ad - mit the ransomed train
3. There will be a wed-ding sup-per in that mansion, by and by,
4. So a - mid the trials and dangers, that I meet on ev - 'ry hand,

Call - ing us to meet our Sav-ior in the air; When the
To that blessed home where all is bright and fair; When the
When the Lamb will wed His Bride so spotless, fair; From all
I will put my trust in God, and not de-spair, For His

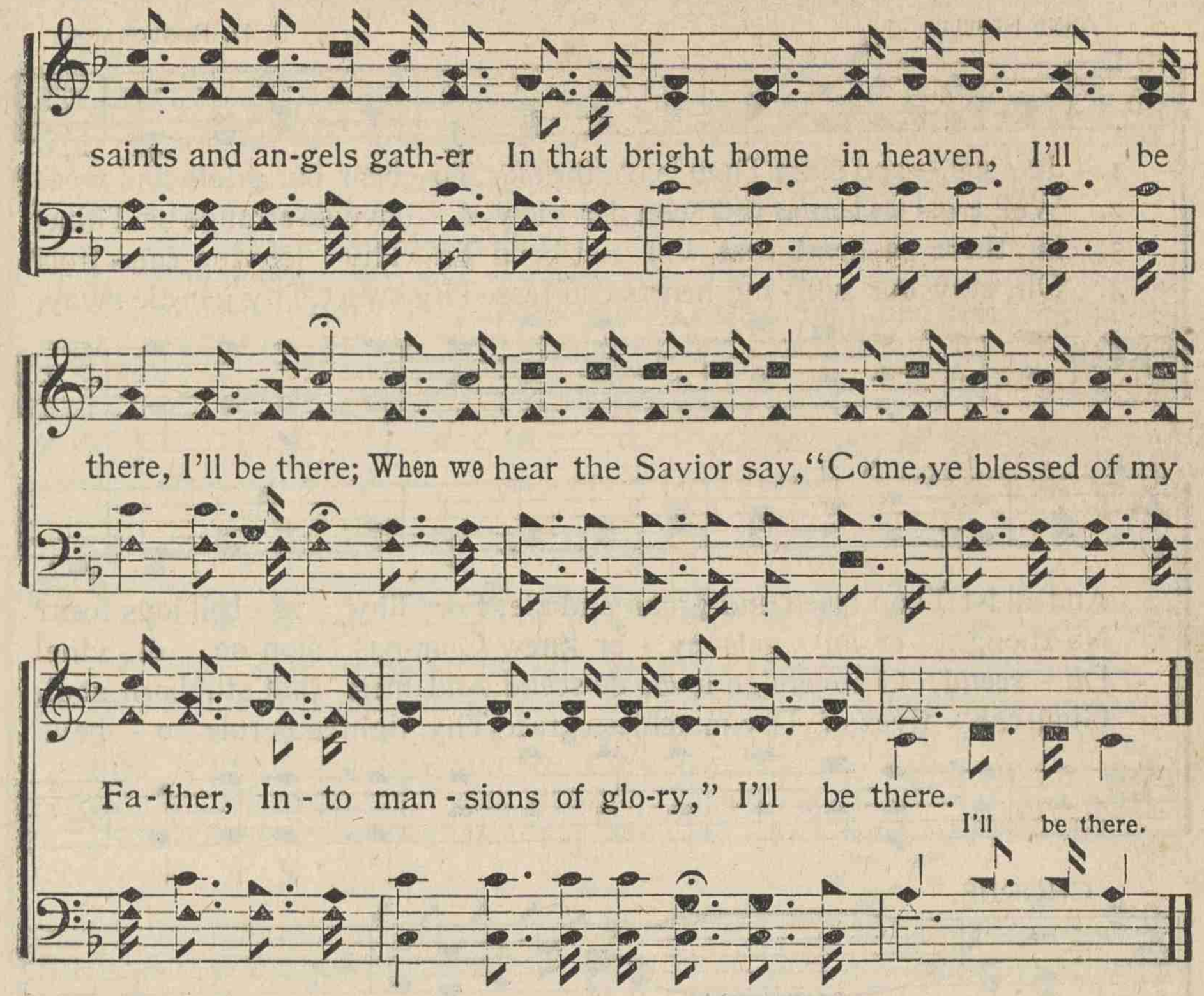
in the air:

seal of death is bro-ken, and the night has passed away; When His
great pro-ces - sion enters, with their Lord and King to reign; When they
na - tions they will gather to that ban-quet in the sky; But when
pre-cious Bi - ble tells me of a bright-er, bet - ter land, And I

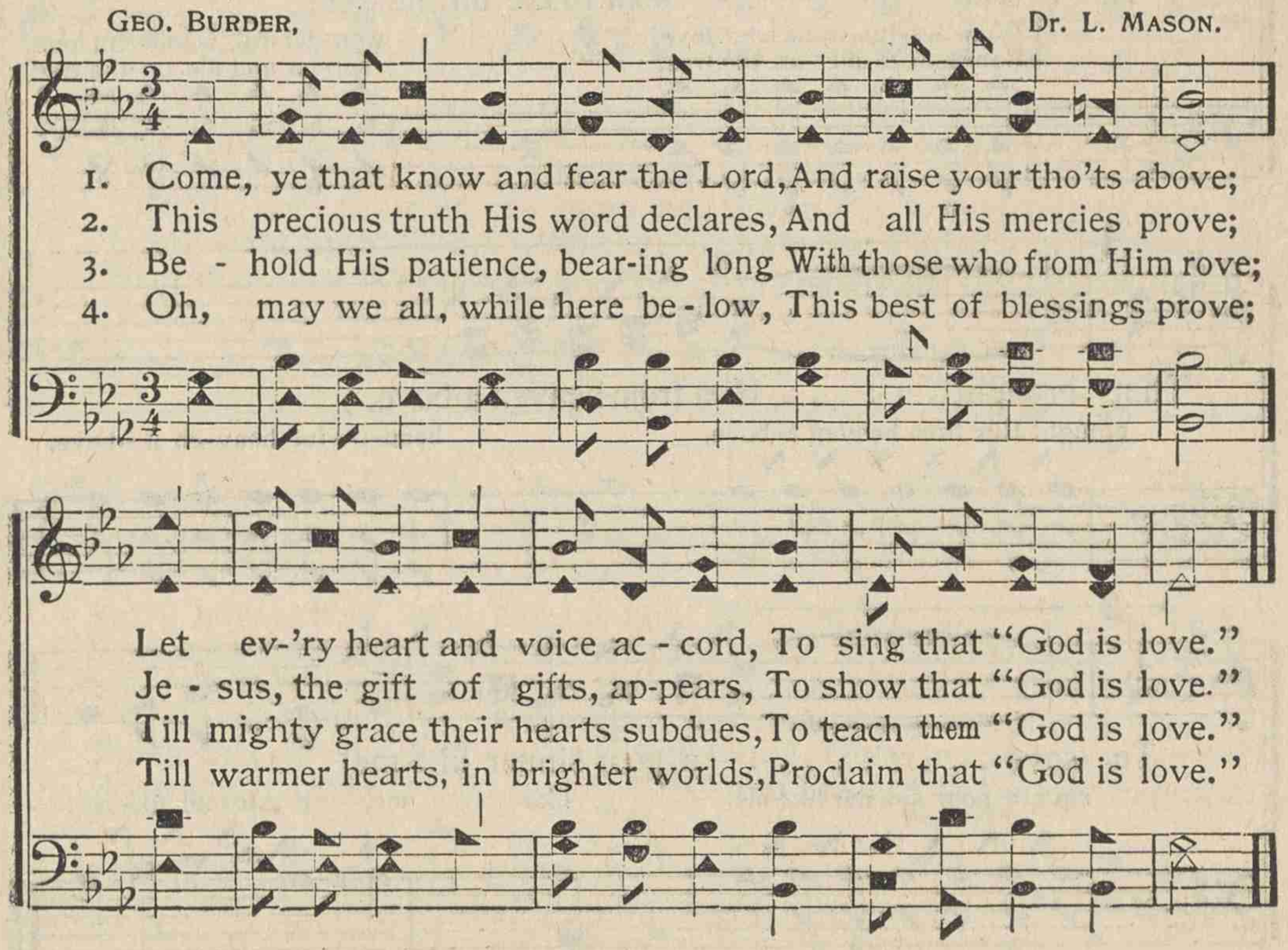
CHORUS.

peo - ple rise to meet Him; I'll be there.
march around the cit-y; I'll be there. Praise the Lord, I'll be there, When the
ev - 'ry-thing is read-y, I'll be there.
know, when life is o - ver, I'll be there.

Praise the Lord, I'll Be There.—Concluded.



No. 87. Downs. C. M.



No. 88. Wonderful Love.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di-vine con - trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, Thy gen-tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bell-ious foes?
No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com-pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sovereign love, de-scend, And melt that stubborn soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,

Won-der-ful, wonderful love,
Ran-som to die on the tree,

won-der-ful, wonderful love,
suf-fer and die on the tree.

1

That brought . . . . . Him from heaven a-bove,

brought Him from heaven a-bove,

beau-ti - ful heav-en a - bove,

2

To save . . . . . a poor sinner like me!

save a poor sin-ner like me,

like me, a sin-ner like me!

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No. 89. Jesus, I My Cross have Taken.

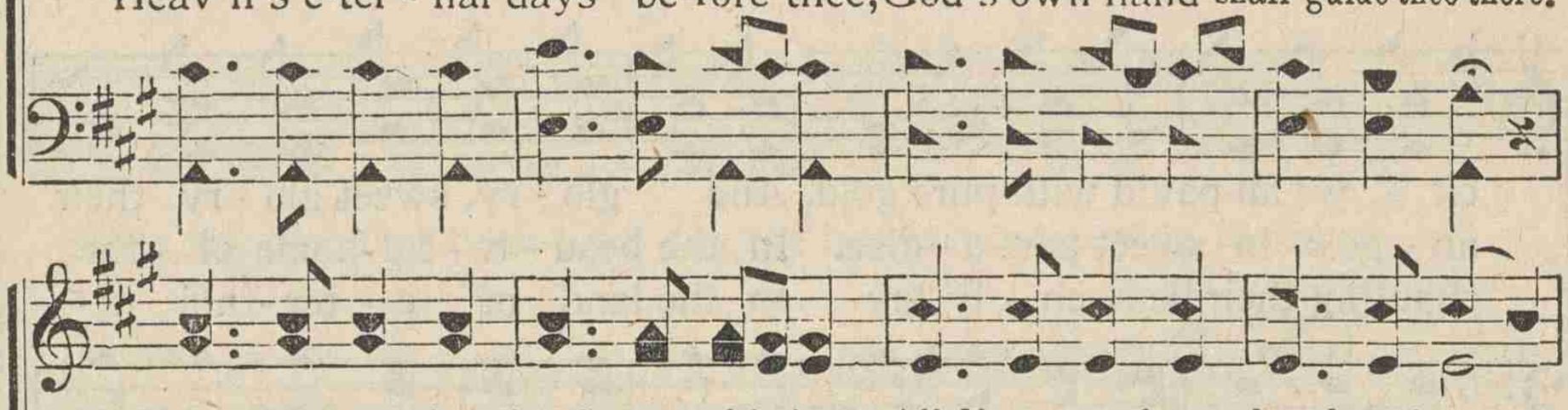
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. From W. A. MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Sav-ior too:
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure; Come dis-as-ter, scorn and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
5. Soul, then know thy full sal-va-tion; Rise o'r sin, and fear, and care;
6. Haste then on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;



Na - ked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue;
In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have call'd Thee "Ab - ba, Fa-ther," I have set my heart on Thee;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;



Yet how rich is my con - di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee;
Think that Je - sus died to win Thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.



No. 90. The Last, Lovely Morning.

(*To Rev, A. P. Holloway, Creal Springs, Ill*)

T. B. H. T. B. HOLLOWAY.

1. I have oft - en been told of a beau - ti - ful home,
2. We long for the com - ing of that bless - ed day,
3. Oh, how sweet it will be when we meet in that day,

Where the saints of all a - ges have gone; They live in a
When we shall be called to sweet rest, To live with the
Where the riv - er of life ev - er flows; Where loved ones are

cit - y all pav'd with pure gold, And glo - ry, sweet glo - ry their
an - gels in sweet par - a - dise. In the beau - ti - ful home of the
chanting their heav-en - ly lay In the land of e - ter - nal re -

song; They say they are hap - py in heav - en a - bove, With
blest; There'll be no more part - ing with friends o - ver there, In the
pose! Oh, give me a home in that beau - ti - ful house Where the

loved ones around the bright throne, Where stands in His beau-ty the
E - den of glo - ry a - bove, On the ev - er green shore of the
sor - rows of life are un - known, With the friends we have lov'd who have

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The Last Lovely Morning. Concluded.

dear lov - ing Lord To wel-come His dear chil - dren home.
riv - er of life Where they feast on sweet manna and love.
gone on be - fore In that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

Oh, that morn-ing, love - - ly morning,
Oh, that morning, that beau-ti – ful morn-ing! Oh, that morning, the last love-ly morn-ing!

Haste thy dawning, beau-ti-ful day, the last lovely morning to dawn;
bright morn-ing to dawn;

Oh, that morn-ing, love - - ly morn-ing,
Oh, that morning that beau-ti-ful morning! Oh, that morning, the last love-ly morn-ing:

Come, sweet angels, bear me away to heaven, sweet heaven my home.
heaven my home.

No. 91. Bright Morning Star.

O. A. PRATT. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. O morning Star, bright morning Star! I love to
2. What-ev-er may on earth be - tide, Thou art my
3. E'en now, as at cre - a-tion's birth, Thy light still

1. O morning Star, bright morning Star!

gaze on thee a - far, A - far, yet near
sure, un-fail - ing guide A - long life's dark,
glows o'er all the earth; O may it still

I love to gaze on thee a - far, Afar, yet near

my soul to bless While journeying through life's wil-der -
and drear-y way To realms of pure and end-less
un - ceas-ing shine, And fill each heart with love di -

my soul to bless While journeying thro'

ness; Tho' dangers oft attend my way And storms and
day; Tho' darkness close with-in, with-out, With many a
vine! O wondrous Star! thy beauteous ray Shall ush - er

life's wilderness; Tho' dangers oft attend my way

bil - lows round me play, A-bove the clouds serene and
con - flict, fear and doubt, With the first gleams of morning
in the promis'd day, To Par - a - dise our souls re-

and storms and billows round me, billows round me play, above the clouds

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Bright Morning Star. Concluded.



No. 92. John iii : 16.

J. MANTON SMITH W H HARPER.



BY PERMISSION.

2 So now I'll try to please Him,
My life I'll give to serve Him;
His true and faithful servant I will be:
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love Him?
And, sister, won't you trust Him?
I know He died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven, and me.
To live with Christ, who died for you

No. 93. Jesus, Only Jesus.

MAUDE CARRADINE. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. To whom shall we go for com-fort and help, But Jesus, on - ly
2. To whom look for aid if perchance we should fall, But Jesus, on - ly
3. For who takes the terror from death and the grave But Jesus, on - ly

Je-sus? To whom look for power to o-ver-come self, But Je-sus,
Je-sus? And who will so quickly re-spond to our call, But Je-sus,
Je-sus? And who from all sorrow is mighty to save, But Je-sus,

on - ly Je-sus? For who is so lov - ing, so pa-tient and true,
on - ly Je-sus? For who else has of - fered so per - fect a rest,
on - ly Je-sus? Who else could have giv - en us life with-out end?

So ten-der - ly watch-ful of all that we do, So quick-ly for-
In troub-le a ref - uge that none can mo-lest? Whose tender voice
Who else to our hearts so much comfort could send? Who else could have

gives if for par - don we sue, As Je-sus, on - ly Je-sus?
soothes us when wea - ried, oppress'd, But Je-sus, on - ly Je sus?
been such a won - der-ful Friend, As Je-sus, on - ly Je-sus?

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Jesus, Only Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then come to Him, tir - ed one, rest on His breast, This

world gives no hap - pi - ness e'en at its best, He on - ly hath

pow'r to give you sweet rest, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

No. 94. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

1. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat,
2. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,

CHO.–I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve,

I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.
Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - mi-nate my soul.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.

I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 95. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels descending, bring from a bove Ech - oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 96. Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near-er, Near-er the
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat, I am coming near-er, Feasting my
3. Nearer in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am coming near-er, Deeper the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Nearer the cross where
soul on manna sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself 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. 97. Beautiful Bride of the Lamb.

L. L. PICKETT. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bride of the Lamb, Re -
2. Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bride of the Lamb, Thy
3. Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bride of the Lamb, A -
4. Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bride of the Lamb, Look
5. Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bride of the Lamb, When

joice for thy Bridegroom is near! His char - i - ot wheels in the
gar-ments now fa - ded and old Shall soon be ex - changed for
rouse all your vir - gins to - night, Lest, sleeping and slumb'ring their
up and be - hold now the Groom! All thing for the marriage feast
He in His glo - ry shall come; Thou'lt sit at His side in bright

dist - ance are heard, And soon He him - self will ap - pear.
rai - ment of white, And jew - els more precious than gold!
lamps should go out When all should be burn - ing and bright!
now are pre - pared; Hal-le - lu - jah! there's plenty of room.
glo - ry ar - raved, And dwell in His glo - ri - ous home!

CHORUS.

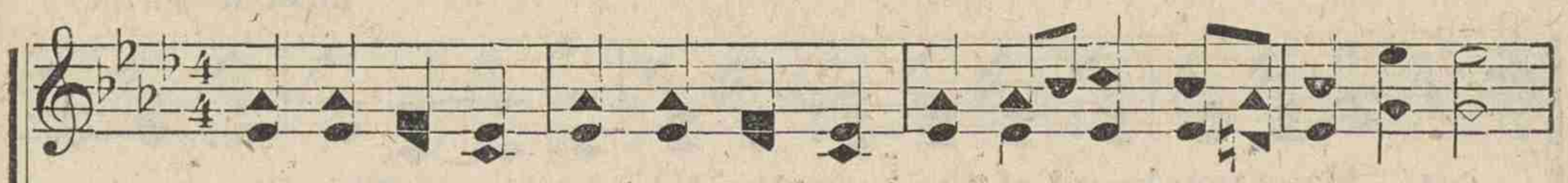
Oh, beau - ti - ful bride! . . . Oh, beau - ti - ful bride! Look
Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bride of the Lamb! Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bride!

up, look up for thy Bridegroom is near, And soon thou shalt stand at His side.

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No. 98. Rest Over Jordan.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1882.



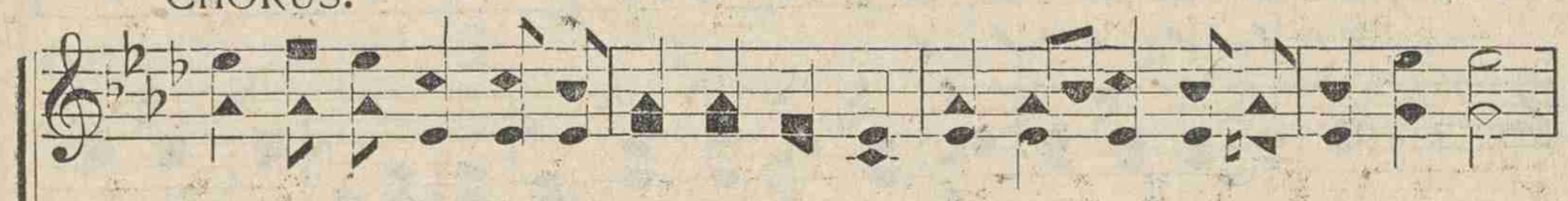
1. To the promised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss-ful rest,
2. He is fit-ting up that mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be withdrawn;
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go;



My Re-deem-er's gone be - fore me, To prepare a man-sion, blest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho-ly, hap - py land.
But in that ce - les - tial cit - y, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris-ing morn!
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro.



CHORUS.



Yes, there is rest over Jordan's waters; Rest for such as from sin are free,



Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.



BY PERMISSION.

No. 99. The Good Shepherd.

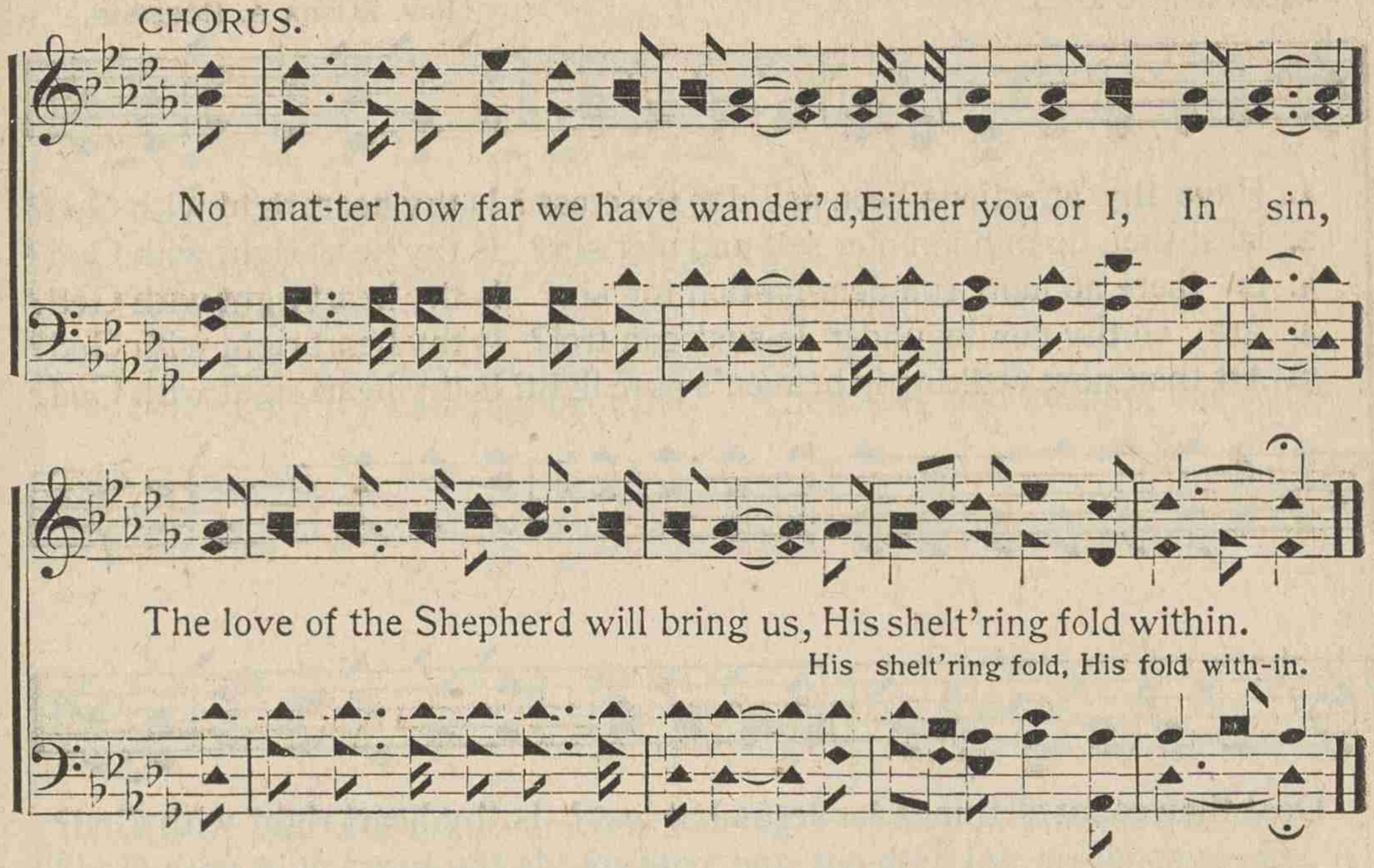
E. W. P. EDNA W. PATIN.

1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful Je-sus, This Shepherd so ten-der and strong, Who leadeth His flock by still wa-ters; And is nev-er for-get-ful nor wrong? Do you know of this Christ, the good Shep-herd, Who doth gather the lambs in His arms, And car-ries them home in His bo-som, Where He keepeth them safe from all harm.

2. Tho' they walk thro' the dark, lonely val-ley, His flocks there have noth-ing to fear; For they have the staff and the com-fort Of their Shepherd who ev-er is near; Some are staying con-tent in the roads, rough and rug-ged, By the Shepherd who lead-eth the way. sheep-fold, And are guided by Him day by day; Safe kept from the

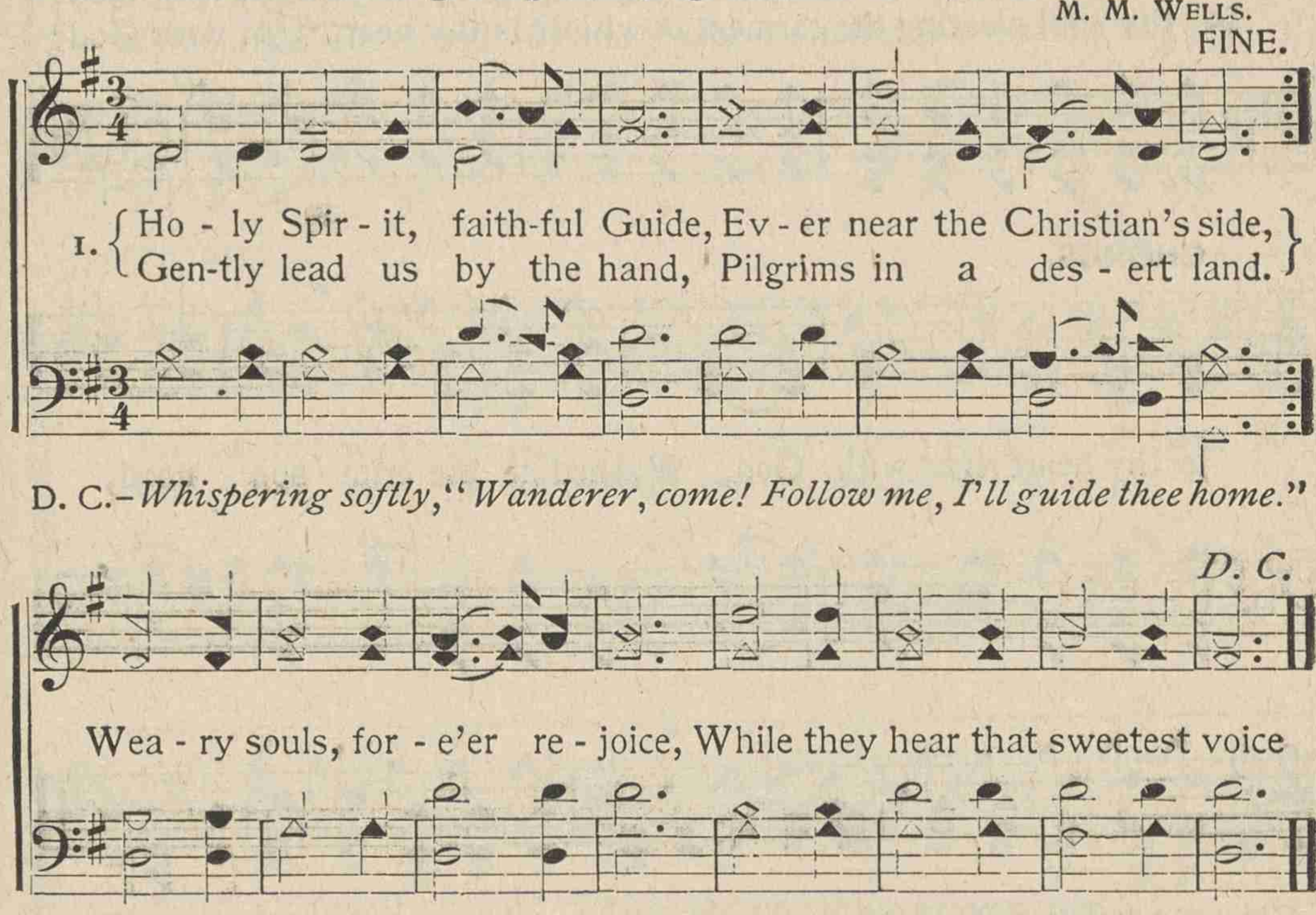
3. Al-though some of His own sheep will wander Out on the dark mountains so cold, The Shepherd will search till He finds them And shall bring them a-gain to the fold; For He leav-eth the nine-ty-nine safe ones For the one who has wandered a-way, Re-turn-ing at last with the lost one, Oh, so glad to come back and to stay!

The Good Shepherd. Concluded.



No. 100. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever, near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wandering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 101. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

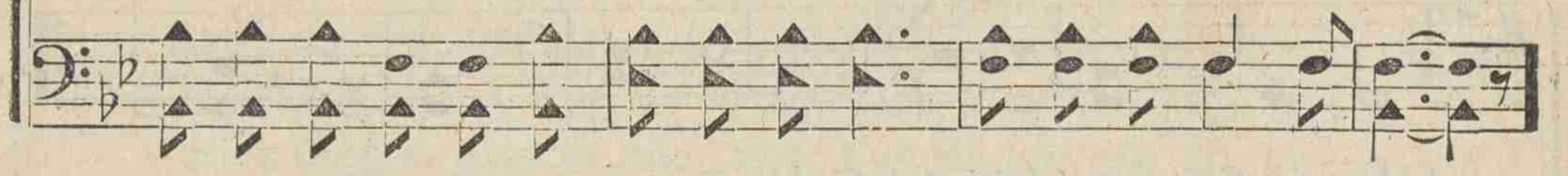


1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?





Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.



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No. 102. Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now,thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

Mer-cy re - veal-ing,comforting,healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor,Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, pardon He gave me,And I am hap-py with-in.
But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Banishing sadness,with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful,

gracious should be? . . . . That He should save e-ven me! . . . . .
lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should par - don and save e-ven me!

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No. 103. Beautiful.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN. By per.

1. Beau - ti-ful robes of white, Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful
2. Beau - ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev - er be Thine in e-
3. Beau - ti-ful things on high, O - ver in yon-der sky; Thus I shall

home so bright, Where there shall come no night; Beau-ti-ful crown I'll wear,
ter - ni - ty, When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care,
leave this shore, Counting my treasures o'er; Where we shall never die,

Shining with stars o'er there; Yonder in mansions fair, Gather us there.
Heav - en - ly joys to share; Let me cross o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
Car - ry me by and by, Nev-er to sorrow more, Heavenly store,

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful robes, ... Beau-ti-ful land, ...
Beau - ti - ful robes of white, Beau - ti - ful land of light,

Beau-ti-ful home, ... Beau-ti-ful band, ...
Beau-ti - ful home so bright, Beau - ti - ful band of might,

Beautiful. Concluded.



No. 104. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



USED BY PER.

No. 105. A Hundred Years to Come.

* * * Third stanza by LOUISE MITCHELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,

1. Who'll press for gold yon crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread this
2. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come, No living
3. Oh, wand'rer, say, where will you be A hundred years to come? When in that

church with willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fier-y
soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come, But other men our streets will
vast e - ter-ni - ty, A hundred years to come? The faithful ones shall then be-

youth, And childhood with his brow of truth, The rich, the poor, on land, on sea, Where
fill, And others then our lands will till, And other birds will sing as gay, And
hold The beauties of that land untold, Singing glad praises round the throne, And

REFRAIN.

will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come? A hundred years to come, A
bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come. A hundred years to come, A
heav'n be on - ly just be-gun, A hundred years to come. A hundred years to come, A

hundred years to come, Where will the mighty mill - ions be, A hundred years to come?
hundred years to come, Where will the mighty mill - ions be, A hundred years to come?
hundred years to come, In heav'n the faith-ful ones shall be, A hundred years to come?

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No. 106. Never Let Go.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come with a prom - ise to Je - sus your Lord; Come to Him
2. Have you now en - tered the new, liv - ing way? Ask that His
3. Ev - 'ry fresh need will your Sav-ior sup - ply, Bless - ed en -
4. Cling to His prom - ise, but oh, sweet-er yet, Cling to the

trust - ing His own pre-cious word; Come to the fount - ain that
arm may up-hold you each day; "A - ble to keep you;" He
due - ments of pow'r from on high; Un - der the cleans-ing of
Sav - ior, who'll nev-er for - get, Nev - er for - sake us one

FINE.

makes white as snow, Cling to His prom - ise, and nev-er let go.
says it, we know; Cling to His prom - ise, and nev-er let go.
Cal - va-ry's flow, Cling to His prom - ise, and nev-er let go.
mo - ment, we know; Cling to His hand, for He nev-er lets go.

D. S.—*Cling to His prom - ise, and nev-er let go.*

CHORUS.

Nev-er let go; . . . nev-er let go: . . . Wonderful blessing He'll
Nev-er let go; nev-er let go;

D. S.

free-ly be - stow; Never let go; . . . O never let go; . . . .
Nev-er let go, O nev-er, O nev-er let go;

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No. 107. Value of God's Word.

Elder C. W. FREEMAN. G. B. FIELDS.

1. I have God's word in my heart hid, From sin it made me free,
2. His word doth all His servants warn, It makes the sim-ple wise,
3. His word doth make the heart rejoice, More pre-cious far than gold,
4. A - bove the stars, all sparkling gems, The earth a gold-en ball,

And with the blood-wash'd I re-joice, His word hath quicken'd me.
And guides them to their heav'nly home Be - yond the star - lit skies.
And sweet-er than the honey-comb, For it converts the soul!
I'd rather have God's precious word Than to pos-sess them all.

CHORUS.

His word hath quicken'd me, . . . His word hath quicken'd me, . . .
yes, me, yes, me,

And with the blood-wash'd I re-joice, His word hath quicken'd me. . .
yes, me.

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No. 108. Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. Arranged.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide,
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross - es, Nor of bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I ve prov'd this to be true;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;
When I'm in the way so nar-row I can see a path-way thro';

Where the air is pure e - the-real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis-ap-point-ments, Thick-ly sprink-led all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.–*Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,*

D. S. Chorus.

That are bloom - ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ran-thine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon - ors all for - sak-ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
For I've tried this way be-fore thee And the glo - ry lin-gers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

No. 109. Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

C. R. DUNBAR. By per.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

No. 110. Is Your Lamp Burning?

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP,

1. Say, is your lamp burn-ing? O Chris - tian, I pray you look
2. Re - mem-ber how ma - ny a - round you Will fol - low wher-
3. There's ma - ny a lamp that is light - ed, We see them from
4. But if they were trimm'd night and morning, They'd nev-er burn
5. If once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead-i - ly
6. How all the dark plac - es would brighten! The mists would roll

quick-ly and see, For if it were burn-ing, then sure - ly Some
ev - er you go; The tho't that they walk'd in your shad-ow Would
near and from far, But few in their lus - tre and beau - ty Shine
down or go out, Tho' from the four quar-ters of heav - en The
blaze in a line, Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean A
up and a - way! The earth would laugh out in her glad-ness To

beams would fall brightly on me, Some beams would fall brightly on me.
make your lamp brighter I know, Would make your lamp brighter I know.
stead - i - ly on like a star, Shine stead-i - ly on like a star.
winds were all blow-ing a - bout, The winds were all blowing a - bout.
gir - dle of glory would shine, A gir - dle of glo - ry would shine.
hail the mil - len - ni - al day, To hail the mil - len - ni - al day.

CHORUS.

Lift your lamp higher, Lift your lamp higher, high-er, still high-er;

Then lift your lamp higher, O Christian, Lest some should make fatal de - lay.

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No. 111. When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners Je - sus will save; All He has promised,
3. Judg-ment is com - ing all will be there, Each one re - ceiv-ing
4. O great com-pas-sion! O bound-less love! O lov - ing kindness,

paid all his due; Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
that will He do; Wash in the fount - ain o - pen'd for sin,
just - ly his due; Hide in the sav - ing, sin - cleans-ing blood,
faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,

CHORUS.

And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the

When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the

see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.

see the blood, o - ver you.

By Foot Bros,, not copyrighted. Let no one do so May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

No. 112. Whiter Than the Snow.

Rev, ANDREW REED. Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Why should the world pre-sume, To oc - cu - py Thy throne?
3. Ex - ert Thy mighty pow'r, And ban - ish all my sin;
4. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry thought, And pas - sion of my soul,
5. Then shall my days be Thine, And all my heart be love,

Come, make my heart Thy home, And bid Thy ri - vals flee;
Come, all Thy right as - sume; I would be Thine a - lone;
In this au - spi - cious hour Bring all Thy grac - es in;
Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath Thy full con - trol;
And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a - bove.

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart Thy lasting home;

FINE.

Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

D.S. *Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow,
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, the snow;

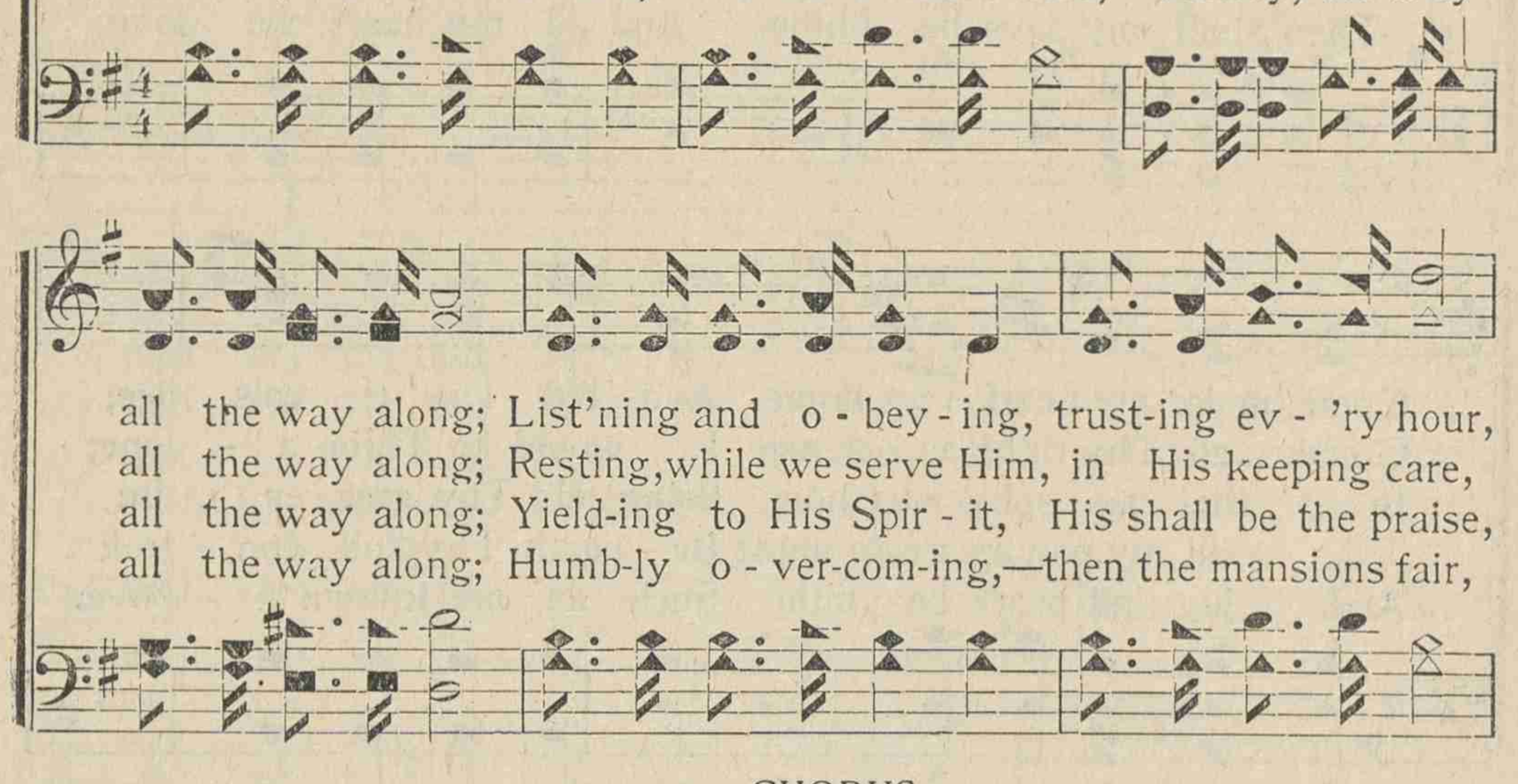
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No. 113. Victory All the Way Along.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Have we learn'd the se-cret of the Christian's pow'r? Victory, vic-to-ry
2. By the Word indwelling, "watching un - to pray'r," Victory, vic-to-ry
3. Let Him do the planning, let Him use our days, Victory, vic-to-ry
4. On - ly "earthen ves-sels," His the treasure rare, Victory, vic-to-ry

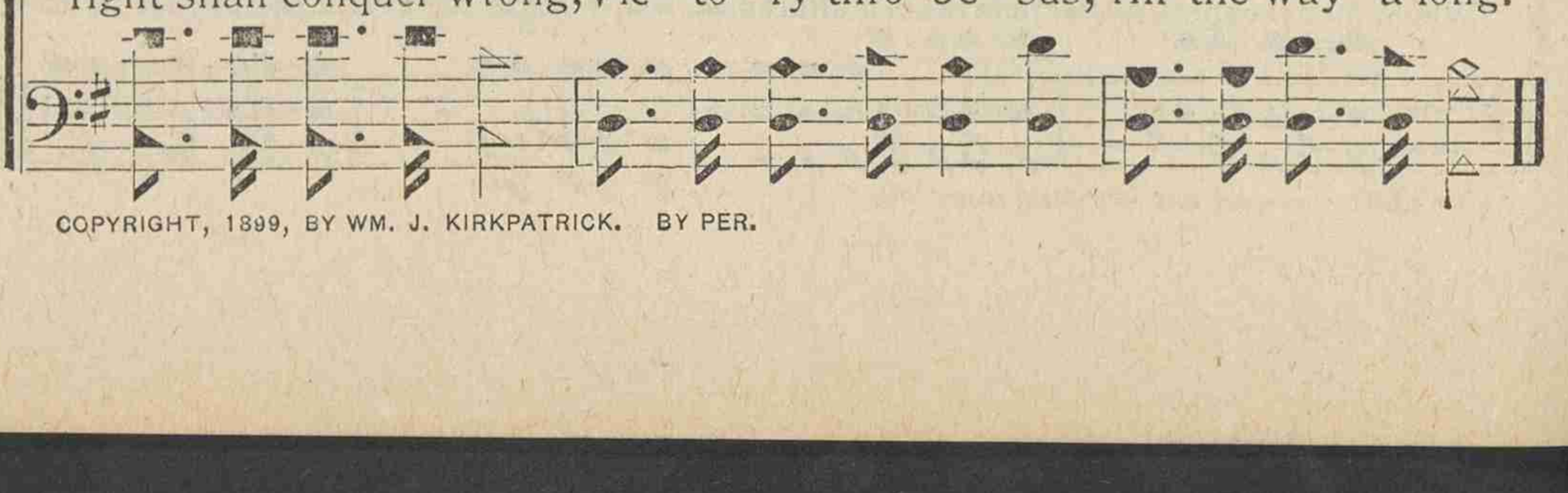


all the way along; List'ning and o - bey - ing, trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,
all the way along; Resting, while we serve Him, in His keeping care,
all the way along; Yield-ing to His Spir - it, His shall be the praise,
all the way along; Humb-ly o - ver-com-ing,—then the mansions fair,



CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry all along thro' Jesus. Vic-to-ry, vic - to-ry, all the way a-long,



Lift Im-man-uel's banner, marching on with song; Christ shall have the kingdom,

right shall conquer wrong, Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, All the way a-long.

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No. 114. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN,

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth again my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul, In seas of heav'nly rest,

title clear, in the skies,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

REFRAIN.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will

an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm,

the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

No. 115. For His Holy Name.

G. B. F. G. B. FIELDS.

1. Bring Him an off'ring of humble thanksgiving, Come in His pres -
2. Call on His name when in doubt of the morrow, Trust in His strong
3. Then let us seek Him in youth's early morning, Ere we are hard -

ence with glad songs of joy. And in the beau-ty of ho - li - est liv-ing,
arm to car-ry you thro'; He'll not forsake you nor leave you in sorrow,
ened by sin and despair; He will ac-cept us and make us His children,

CHORUS.

In faithful service find sweetest employ. For His holy name,
If you will on-ly for-ever prove true.
If we but truly shall seek Him in pray'r. For His holy name, For His holy name,

For . . . . . His ho - ly name,
For His ho - ly name, For His ho - ly name,, For His ho - ly name,
For . . . . . .

His ho - ly name Shall for-ev - er and ev-er en-dure.
For His ho - ly name, yes, endure.

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No. 116. Battle Hymn.

English. Arr.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
   While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
   I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.



CHORUS.



And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown!





yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's o-ver, we shall wear a crown



In the new Je-ru-sa-lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!
Wear a crown! wear a crown!



And when the battle's o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem!

No. 117. The Penitent's Plea.

Rev. W. L. DECKER. G. B. FIELDS.

1. I know that I am sin - ful Lord, (dear Lord) For Thou hast told me
2. Help me to look in - to my heart (my heart) Till ev - 'ry e - vil
3. In word or tho't what e'er it be, (it be) May I just now look
4. If Thou, O Lord, wilt hear my cry, (my cry) I'll love and serve Thee

in Thy word; (Thy word,) I need the grace of God di - vine (di - vine)
doth de - part, (de - part,) And feel the cleansing blood ap-plied, (ap-plied,)
up to Thee, (to Thee,) So Thou canst cleanse and make me whole; (me whole;)
till I die, (I die,) By faith I'll walk the nar-row way (yes, way,)

CHORUS.

To make me now a child of Thine. (of Thine.)
That flow'd on Calv'ry from Thy side. (Thy side.) O wash, yes, wash my sins a-
I want Thy glo-ry in my soul. (my soul.)
That leads at last to end-less day. (glad day.)

way, That I may see His per-fect day, And walk with-
a - way, the day,

in God's light and love Up to the pearly gates a - bove.
and love a - bove.

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No. 118. Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God,
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
4. There we'll shout re-deem-ing mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,

hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pin-ions to the hills a-bove:
hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold:
hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-washed throng;

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the way is growing bright, and our souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

D. S.

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No. 119. Grace.

L. D. CARRINGTON. GEO, E, KERSEY.

1. The grace of our God is a fount-ain of life, Re-deem-ing from
2. This grace is not purchas'd with sil-ver or gold, Nor ru - bies so
3. No mer - it or worth can we bring to the cross, But on - ly our

ev - er - y sin; 'Twill par - don the wretch who so guilt-y has
cost-ly and rare; The price that was paid was the blood of our
in - fi - nite need; For - sak - ing all else we ac - cept of our

CHORUS.

been, And make e'en the foul-est ones clean. 'Tis grace, 'Tis
Lord, And we His re-demp-tion may share.
Lord, His mer-- cy and goodness we plead, 'Tis grace,

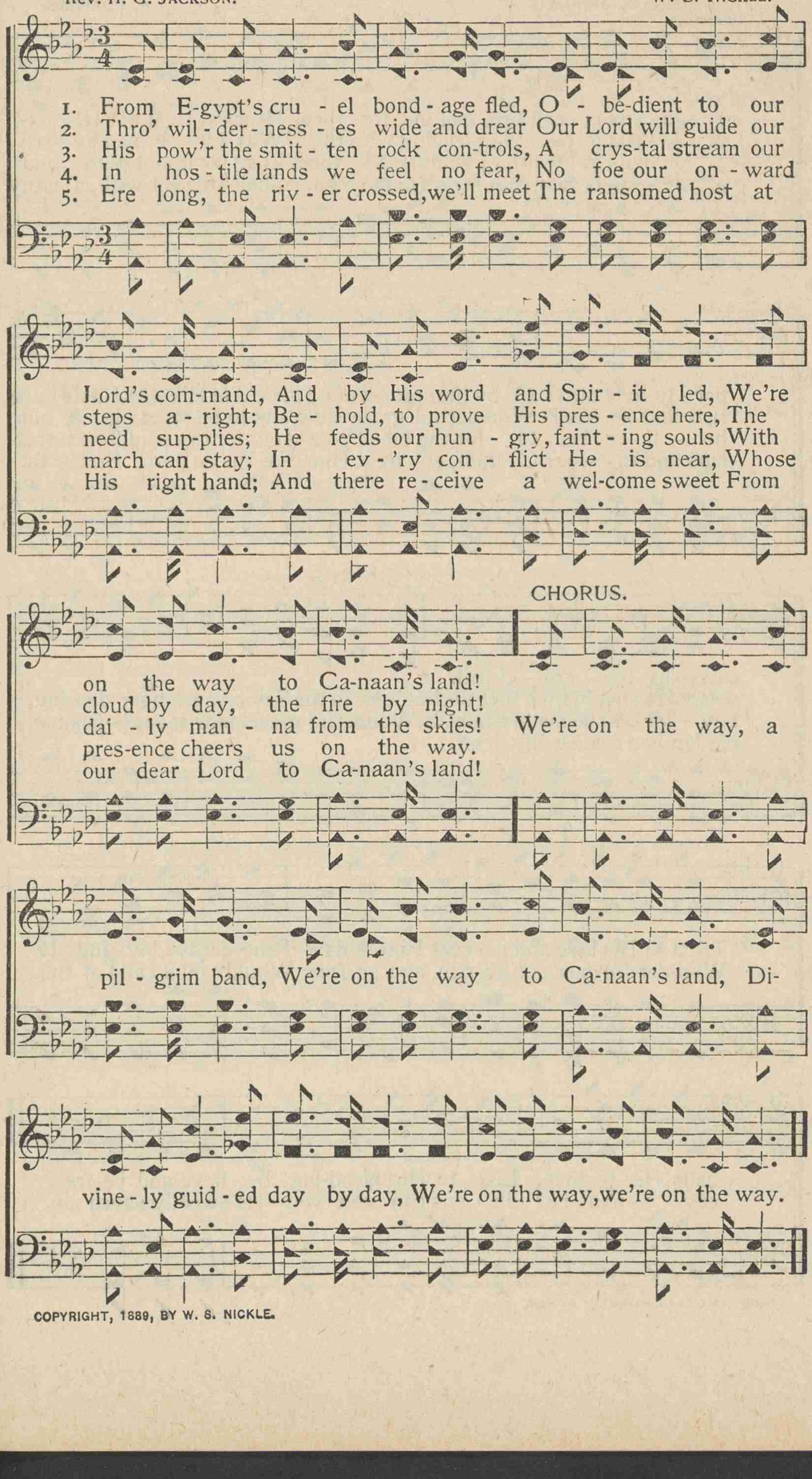
wonderful grace, 'Tis grace we sinners must plead, Naught else can we bring

to com-mend us to God, But Christ and our in - fi - nite need.

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No. 120. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.



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No. 121. Come to the Savior.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee, Hear-est thou not His im-
2. Je - sus is pleading, pleading with thee, Was ev - er mer-cy so
3. Je - sus is waiting, waiting for thee, Love could not pur-er and
4. Je - sus is here, but soon He may go, Shall He bear with Him thy

por - tu-nate plea? O by the spear-wound pierc'd in His side, Haste to be
rich and so free? Won-der-ful grace He waits to be-stow, Is it not
ho - li - er be, O for the blood pour'd out for thy soul, Come to this
sins and thy woe? O, then, en - treat Him, ere He de part, Freely to

CHORUS.

saved by the cru - ci-fied.
strange He should love thee so. 1st. Come to the Savior, no longer de - lay,
Sav - ior and be made whole. 2d. Wonderful grace! how it sat is-fies me,
pardon and cleanse thy heart.

Trust in His love and ac - cept Him to-day; Ten - der-ly, lov - ing - ly
Won-der-ful mer cy! so rich and so free; Would you a child of the

calls He to thee, List to His plead-ing, be - lieve and be free.
cov - e - nant be? Je - sus can save you—He sweetly savcd me.

FROM "THE SEARCHLIGHT." BY PER.

No. 122. We Are Tossing on the Waves.

G. B. F. G. B. FIELDS.

1. We are toss-ing on the bil-lows of life's o-cean; Prec-ous Savior,
2. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Thou Rock of A - ges, Darkly frowns the
3. Hark! I hear a voice so soft, so deep and ten-der, Ev - er speaking

wilt Thou ev-er safe-ly guide? Je - sus, let my soul a - mid its
storm and lone, long, dreary night; Wilt Thou keep me while the storm so
to my heart from out the sky Bless - ed words un-to the weak and

safe - ly guide?

FINE.

wild com-mo-tion, Ev - er in Thy precious bosom safely hide.
loud - ly rag - es, Till the cheerful morning breaks in golden light.
wea - ry wand'rer, I will ever watch and guide thee with mine eye.

yes, safely hide.

D. S.–*wild commotion, Ev - er in Thy precious bosom safely hide.*

CHORUS.

We are tossing on the waves, oh, yes, we're tossing on the waves, We are

D. S.

ever drifting onward with the tide; Je-sus, let my soul a - mid its

the tide;

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No. 123. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saint's bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gel's song And wish He could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an aching heart, While Jesus pro-nounc-es the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tearful eyes, While Christ and His peo-ple as -
5. Some one will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-ior and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailings no

can - not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
hap - py throng; With sigh-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
word "de-part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
cend the skies; With weeping he'l mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state,

REFRAIN.

Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate. Turn'd away from the beau-ti-ful

gate, Turn'd away from the beau-ti-ful gate; With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his

sor - row - ful state, Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.

CONTROLLED BY D. E. DORTCH. USED BY PER.

No. 124. Virtue in the Blood.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Would you go out from this place free of sin? There's vir-tue
2. Long you have wan-dered in ways that are wrong, There's vir-tue
3. Here have your soul saved, made whit - er than snow, There's vir-tue
4. Lin - ger no lon - ger the call is to - day, There's vir-tue

in the blood, vir - tue in the blood; Why not ac-cept Him and
in the blood, vir - tue in the blood; Why not ac-cept Him and
in the blood, vir - tue in the blood; No oth - er place that a
in the blood, vir - tue in the blood; Come while the Sav - ior is

new life be - gin? There's vir - tue in the blood for you.
sing heaven's songs? There's vir - tue in the blood for you.
sin - ner may go, There's vir - tue in the blood for you.
pass - ing this way, There's vir - tue in the blood for you.

CHORUS.

Virtue in the blood, precious, cleansing flood, Come and have your heart made new;
Do not longer wait, sad will be your fate; There's virtue in the blood for you.

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No. 125. Bestow Now a Blessing.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. E. KERSEY.

Not too fast.

1. Dear Sav - ior, my heart is so wea - ry with care, I bring it thus
2. Temp-ta - tion has fol-low'd me all thro' the day, And giv - en me
3. As night-dews descending from heav-en a-bove Are fall - ing on

bur-dened to Thee; For in Thy dear presence sweet comfort I find, And
pain and un - rest; I turn from the un - e-qual con-flict a - way, And
flow - er and tree, So may the rich dews of Thy grace and Thy love, In

CHORUS.

care and anx-i-e-ty flee.
sigh for relief on Thy breast. O Je-sus dear Savior; Thou knowest my need: Be-
quickening fall up-on me.

stow now a blessing up - on me I plead; yes, Jesus, dear Savior, Thou

knowest my need, Be - stow now a blessing up - on me I plead.

rit.

I plead.

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No. 126. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - er - y fall-ing tear;
3. Oh, 'twill be joy when I see Him! See Him and hear Him say, come!

Go to the clear-flow-ing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will forsake thee oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten-der - ly there!
Oh, 'twill be joy when I hear Him Say - ing, my child, welcome home!

Fly, for th' a-ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in
Now thou art free from thy sor - row, There thou shalt ne'er trouble

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh-ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Sav - ior will
bor - row, Night nev - er comes nor to - mor - row, With Je - sus for -

wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.
ev - er to dwell, With Je - sus for - ev - er to dwell.

No. 127. Danger in the Border Land.

Mrs. FRANK E. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, The wild waste coun-try of sin; But a bless-ed hap - py kingdom
2. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, "Not far from the kingdom of God," And a Sav - ior longs to bless you;
3. You are stand-ing, you are stand ing in the bor - der land; No lon - ger, lon - ger de - lay; For the darkness will be com-ing
4. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land; By sin and sor - row oppressed; Come re - pent-ing and thy Fa-ther

CHORUS.

is be - fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger
will you en - ter Where all the sav'd have trod?
swift up - on you; A - rise! oh, haste a-way.
will re - ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan-ger, dan-ger

in the bor - der land; oh, leave the weary life of sin!
in the bor - der land; oh, leave the wea-ry land of sin, come to Jesus!

For there's dan - ger in the border land; Come, a bet-ter life be - gin.
For there's danger, dan-ger

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No. 128. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Rock of A-ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide,
2. Could my tears, Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal,
3. While I draw, While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes,

Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a-tone,
When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure,
Thou must save, and Thou a-lone; In my hand no price I bring,
And be-hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

REFRAIN.

Save from wrath and make me pure. Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide myself in Thee. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-

Rit.

self in Thee, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.
self in Thee, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide in Thee.

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No. 129. At the Savior's Right Hand.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the chaff from the wheat shall be thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Savior's right hand.
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be-lieve, And will nev - er live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un - wor - thy to be With the chil-dren of God at the Savior's right hand.
3. We are jour - ney-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the bank of death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Savior's right hand?
4. If our Shepherd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us safe home to that beau-ti - ful land; There, with crowns on our brows, and with branches of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Savior's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me..... find a place with that..... hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that happy band,
Who shall ev - - - er a - bide,..... A-bide at the Savior's right hand.
Who shall ev - er a-bide at the Savior's right hand, right hand.

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No. 130. "Saved."

Rev. J, M, KERSEY — GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. From o - ver the a-ges there comes un-to me The mes-sage of
2. It comes in the night time when troubled by fears, With thot's of a
3. It comes to the wreck on the storm-beat-en sea, When none but the
4. It comes when the morning is o-p'ning the day, And gives me the
5. Now death has no terrors to those in the fold; It all is ex-

Christ who hath died on the tree, And filled with sweet words of His
life that now brings me to tears; It tells of a love that turns
an - gels of God there can be; It tells of the One who is
faith and the cour - age to pray; It bids me look in - to His
plained in the sto - ry so old, How Christ the dear Sav-ior has

ten - der-est love, It tells of our Fa-ther in heav-en a - bove.
night in - to day, And bids me look up to the Fa-ther and say:
a - ble to save, And bids me step bold-ly out on the dark wave.
dear lov-ing face, And trust in His pow - er who saves by His grace.
conquered the grave, To ban - ish the dark-ness His dear ones to save.

CHORUS.

Sav'd! Sav'd by the Lamb that was slain, Sav'd from the guilt and cleans'd of its stain;

Sav'd! Sav'd by the Lamb that was slain, Sav'd from the guilt and cleans'd of its stain.

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No. 131. Will You Give Your Boy?

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

1. A poor, fall - en drunk-ard is dy - ing to - day, And reaching the
2. A gam- bler is slain in a rev - el and brawl, And rests in death's
3. A scoff - er goes down in his sin to the grave, Re - ject-ing God's
4. The worldling is start - led the sum-mons to hear: "Now endeth the

end of his race; No more will he en - ter the gild - ed sa - loon;
fold - ed em - brace; No more will he drink of the pleasures of sin;
mer - cy and grace; No more will he curse the dear word of the Lord;
day of thy grace;" He pass - es a - way, but how man - y there are

CHORUS.

There is want - ed a boy for his place.
There is want - ed a boy for his place.
There is want - ed a boy for his place.
Who are read - y to stand in his place?

Shall it be your boy?

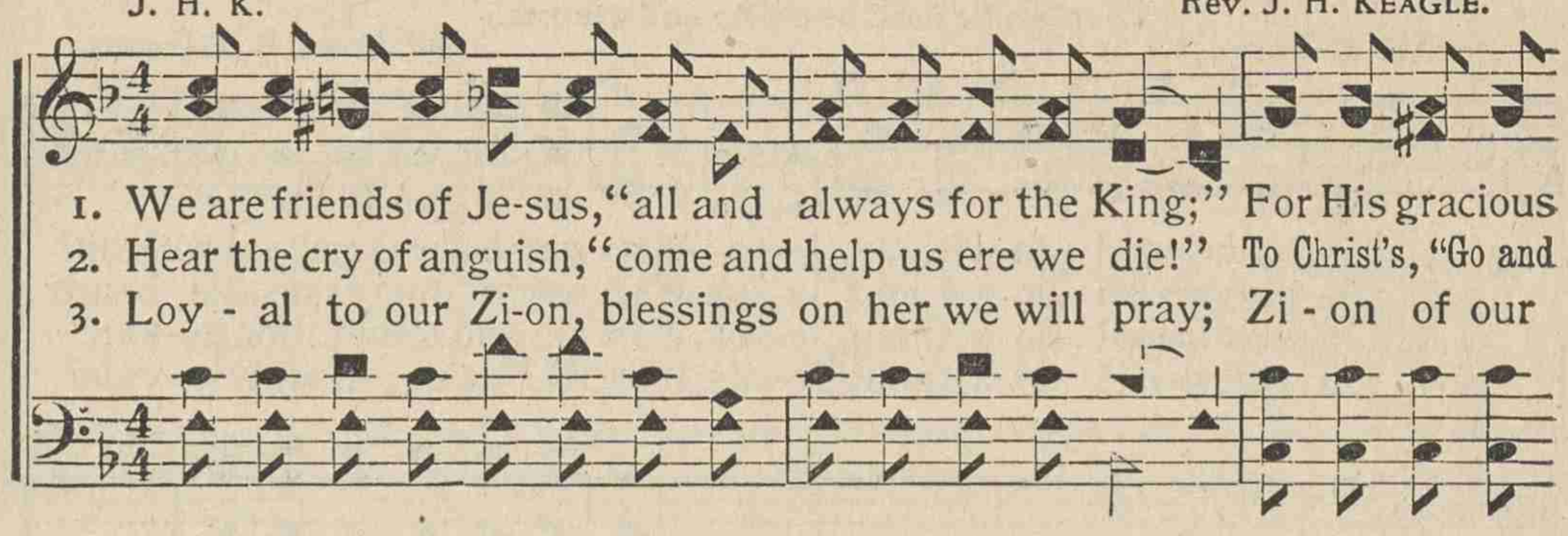
Will you give your boy, In his sweet beauty and grace?..... Will you

offer your child, so innocent, mild, To take the dead drunkard's place?...
To take the dead gambler's place?...
To take the dead scoff-er's place?...
To take the dead worldling's place?...

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No. 132. All and Always for the King.

J. H. K. Rev. J. H. KEAGLE.



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No. 133. What Would I Do Without Jesus?

(Can be used as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When burdened with guilt and with sin?
2. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sor-row oppresses the heart?
3. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sin and temptation as-sail?
4. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When near-ing the shadowy vale?

Who else could for-give my transgressions, Or cleanse the de-file-ment with-in?
Who else could relieve my distresses, Or sol-ace and comfort im-part?
Who else can se-cure my deliv'rance, And o-ver the tempter pre-vail?
No oth-er can cheer me and help me, When all that is earth-ly shall fail.

CHORUS.

No oth-er,..... no oth-er..... Can
No oth-er but Je-sus, my Sav-ior so dear, Can

be such a help-er to me;..... He on-ly,..... He
be such a help-er to me, to me, He on-ly, this Je-sus, Our

on-ly,..... My Lord and my Sav-ior shall be.
gra-cious Re-deem-er,

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No. 134. Who Will be There?

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Who will be one of the mul - ti - tude great, Sweeping with joy thro' the bright, pearl-y gate? Who of our num-ber will wan-der a - stray, Nev - er to en - ter the re - gions of day?
2. Who will as - cend with the Sav - ior to be, Washed in the blood that is flow - ing so free? Who will be read - y to en - ter the rest Christ has prepared in the home of the blest?
3. Who will be sealed by the Lord as His own, Saved and re - joi - cing be - fore the great throne? Who will be there to take part in the song Sung by the thousands who heav-en-ward throng?

CHORUS.

Say, O my brother! will you be there? Robes white and fair, Christ will pre- pare; Tell me, my brother, will you be there? will you be there?

Rit. p

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No. 135. Like a River Glorious.

F. R. HAVERGAL. GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per-fect peace, O - ver
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless-ed hand, Nev - er
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up-

all vic - to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per-fect, yet it
foe can fol - low, Nev - er trait - or stand; Not a surge of
on our di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him

flow-eth Full-er ev - 'ry day, Per-fect, yet it grow-eth
wor - ry, Nor a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry
sole - ly All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly

CHORUS.

Deep - er all the way.
Touch the spir - it there.
Find Him whol-ly true.
} Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are

Rit. . . . .

tru - ly blest, Find-ing, as He promised, Perfect peace and rest.

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No. 136. Rowley.

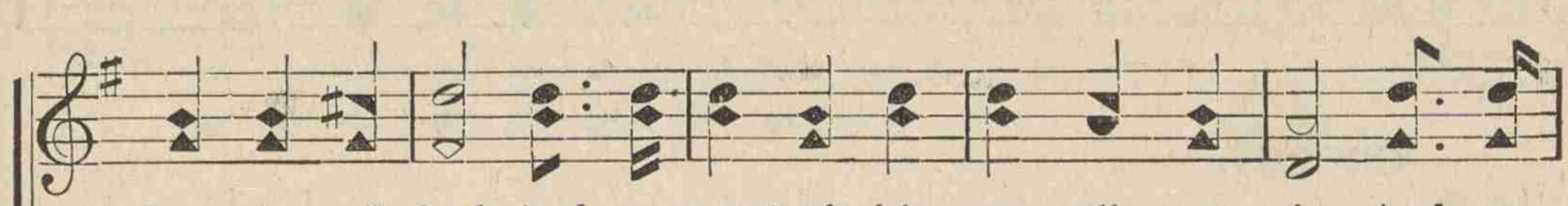
Psalm 21. J. FAWCETT.



1. Now the king in Thy strength shall be joy - ful, O Lord, And shall
2. All the bless-ings he craved Thou didst gra-cious- ly give, With the
3. Thro' sal - va - tion from Thee has his fame spread a - broad, Thou didst
4. For the King, in the name of Je - ho - vah most high Did un -
5. Thou wilt stretch forth Thy hand on the head of Thy foes, On Thy
6. From the earth shall their race be consumed and de-stroyed, And their



in Thy sal - va - tion re- joice; For the wish of his heart Thou didst
pur-est of gold he is crowned; When he asked of Thee life, Thou hast
glo - ry and hon - or im-part; Thou hast made him most bless-ed for -
wa -ver - ing con - fi-dence place; On the name of Je - ho - vah he
hat- ers a right hand of pow'r; Then Thy wrath shall a - round them like
offspring for - ev - er shall fail; By the e - vil they plot - ted, the



free - ly af - ford, And re-quest of his sup - pli - ant voice, And re -
made him to live While the a - ges shall cir - cle a- round, While the
ev - er, O God, And Thy presence has gladdened his heart, And Thy
still will re - ly, And shall stand ev - er - more in His grace, And shall
furnace flames close; Yea, the fire of God's wrath shall de-vour, Yea, the
schemes they employed, They shall never a- gainst Thee pre-vail, They shall



quest of his sup - pli - ant voice.
a - ges shall cir - cle a- round.
presence has gladdened his heart.
stand ev - er - more in His grace.
fire of God's wrath shall de-vour.
nev - er a-gainst Thee pre-vail.

7. But their back Thou wilt make them
to turn in swift flight,
When Thy arrows are aimed at
their face;
Be Thou, O Jehovah, exalted in
might,
We will sing of Thy power and
grace,
We will sing of Thy power and
grace.

FROM BIBLE SONGS.

No. 137. Victory Through the Name of Jesus.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Broth - er, is the bat - tle long? Are the hosts of Satan strong?
2. Broth - er, 'tis a fear - ful fight; All the pow'rs of hell u - nite;
3. Broth - er, vic - to - ry is sure, If you faith-ful - ly en - dure;

Would you shout the vic - tor's song? Look a - way to Je - sus.
Would you gain the cause of right? Look a - way to Je - sus.
There is naught that can al - lure, If you look to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Vict'ry thro' the name of Je - sus! Vict'ry thro' the name of Je - sus!
Je-sus! Je-sus! Je-sus! Jesus!

Evils may assail, but nev - er can pre-vail, If you look to Je-sus.

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No. 138. Jesus Will Wash It Away.

"Wash, and be clean."—2 Kings, 5: 13.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bring all your sin to the Cru-ci-fied One, Jesus will wash it a - way;
2. No oth-er fountain for sin can a - vail, Jesus will wash it a - way;
3. Oh, what an off'ring for sin He hath made, Jesus will wash it a - way;
4. Sing, all ye ransomed, ex-ult-ant o'er sin, Jesus will wash it a - way;

Haste for your life! un - to Cal-va - ry run, Jesus will wash it a - way.
No oth - er comfort when fears shall assail, Jesus will wash it a - way.
Come where the price of re-demp-tion was paid, Jesus will wash it a - way.
This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Jesus will wash it a - way.

CHORUS.

Come, come, and His bidding o - bey, Come, come, and, be-liev-ing, you'll say,
Jesus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Jesus hath washed my sin a-way.

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No. 139. Sunshine All the Way.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Tho' oth - ers grum-ble and complain, As on they go each day,
2. Tho' in the dark-ness ma - ny walk, And friends unkind things say,
3. Let sick-ness cross our path and death, Yet to the Lord we pray;

I have a peace that does not cease, And sunshine all the way.
I have a love born from a - bove, And sunshine all the way.
He gives us light in sorrow's night, And sunshine all the way.

CHORUS.

Oh, there's sunshine! Oh, there's sunshine, Sunshine in my soul to-day!
Hal-le-lu-jah, glory!

Oh, there's sunshine! Oh, there's sunshine! I have sunshine all the way.
all the way.

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No. 140. I Know My Name is There.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven,"—Luke 10 : 20.

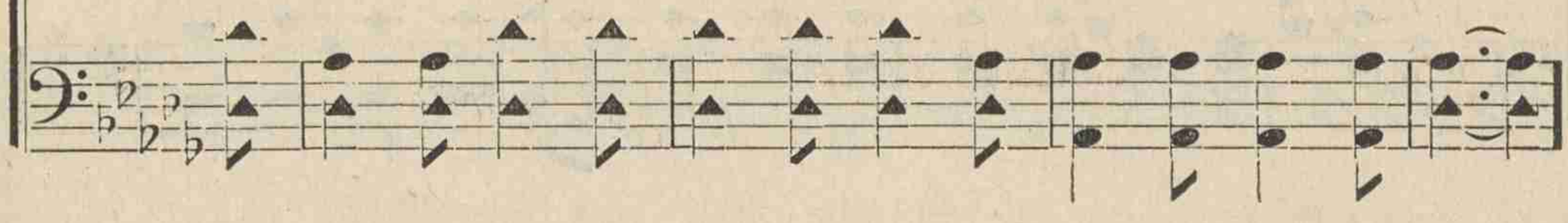
D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN



1. My name is in the Book of Life; This gives me joy and cheer;
2. My name once stood with sinners', lost, When sin was on my soul;
3. Oft-times my sky was o - ver-cast With darkness, doubt and fear,
4. While oth-ers seek for hon - or here, And earth-ly fa-vors share,



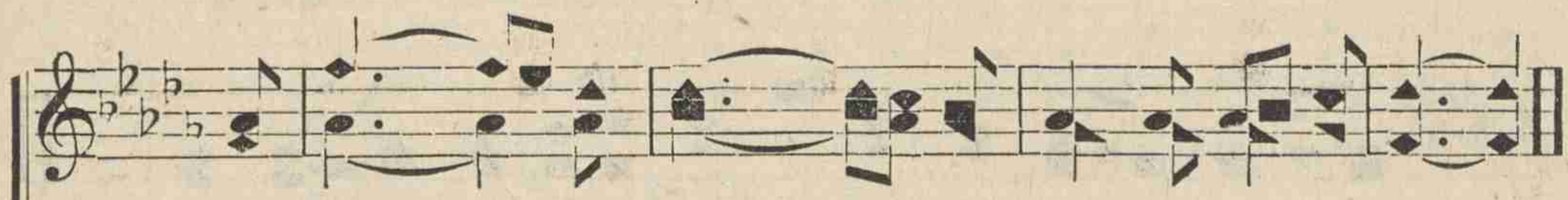
I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.
But by God's grace 'tis now transferr'd, And plac'd on heaven's roll.
But now with full sal - va-tion blest, Praise God! 'tis ev-er clear.
My name is in the Book of Life, My name is writ-ten there.



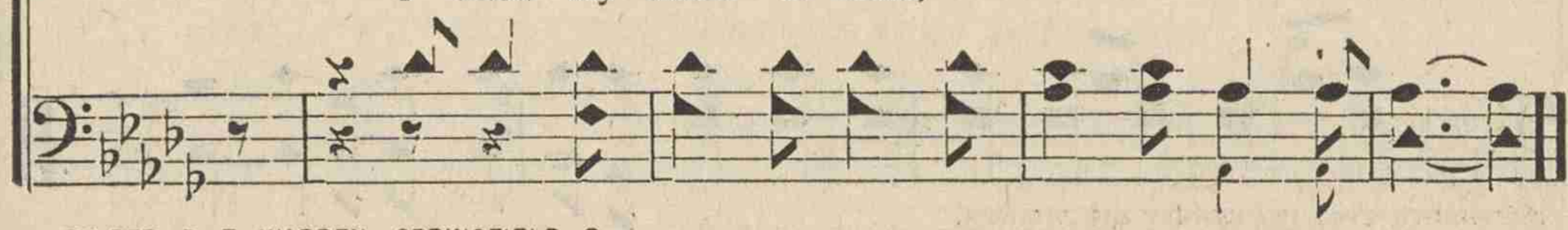
CHORUS.



I know, I know my name is there;
I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;



I know, I know my name is writ-ten there.
I know my name is there,



BY PER. B. E. WARREN, SPRINGFIELD, O.

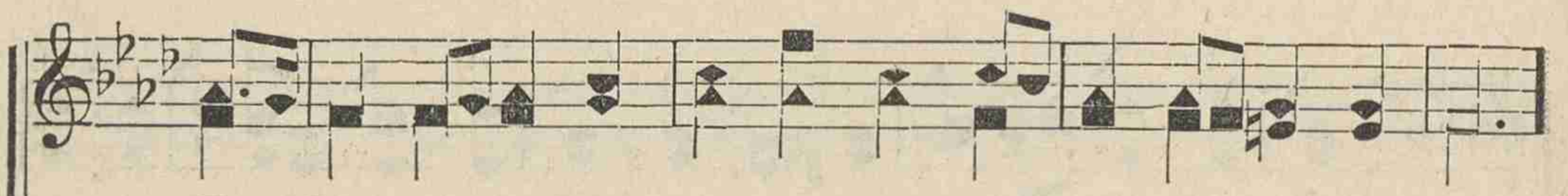
No. 141. The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNET. Arr. by GEO. E. KERSEY.

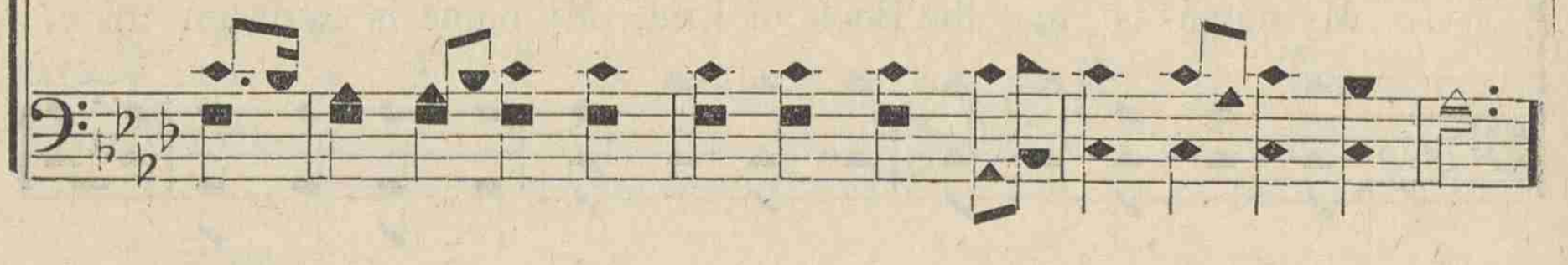


1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wist-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide extended plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?





To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bo-som rest?

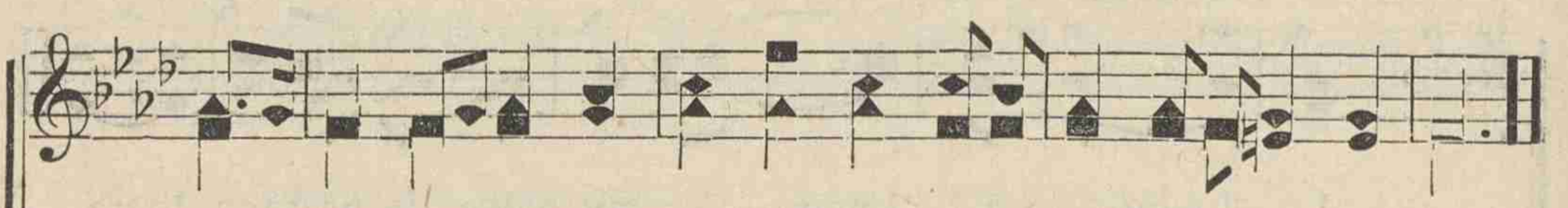


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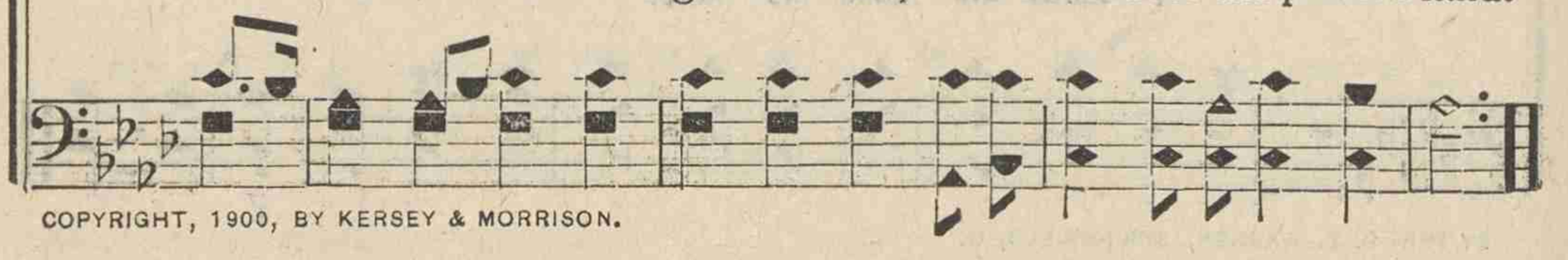


I am bound for the promis'd land, I am bound for the promis'd land;
promised land,





O who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promis'd land.



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No. 142. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 John 1:5.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.



1. Would you al-ways cheerful be, Let the blessed sun-light in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad, Let the blessed sun-light in;



Would you bid the darkness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.

CHORUS.

Let the bless-ed sun - light, sun-light in, Let the bless-ed
Let the bless - ed sun - light in, Let the bless - ed

rit.

sun - light in! Would you nev-er wea-ry, When the days are
sun - light, sun-light in!

Repeat chorus softly.

drear - y, Let the bless - ed sun - light in!
sun - light in!

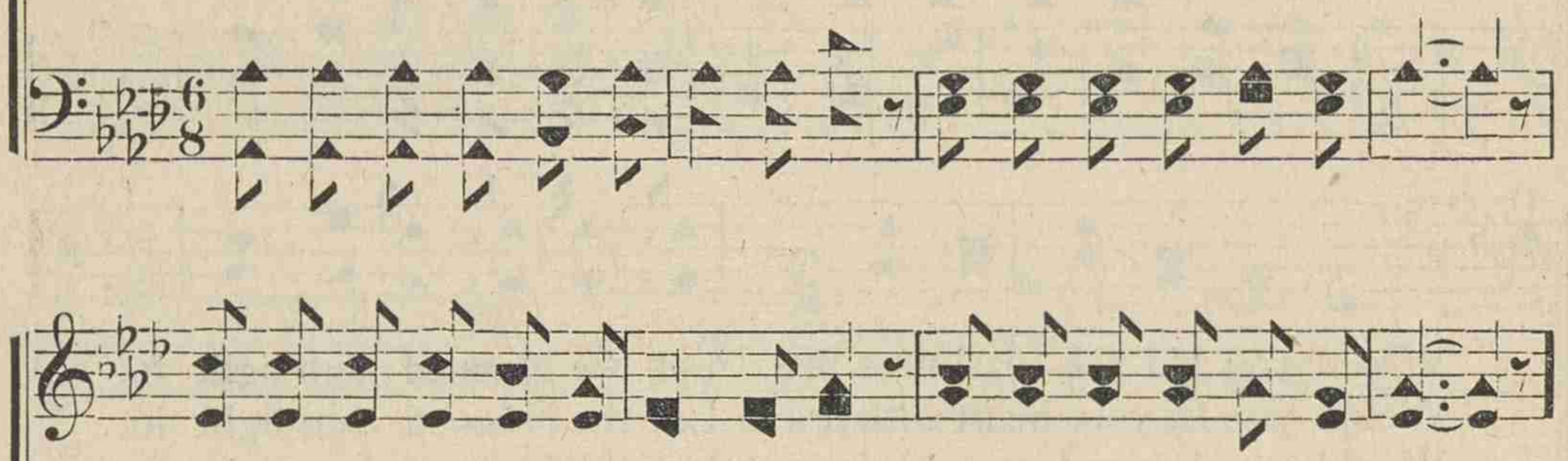
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No. 143. Let Jesus In.

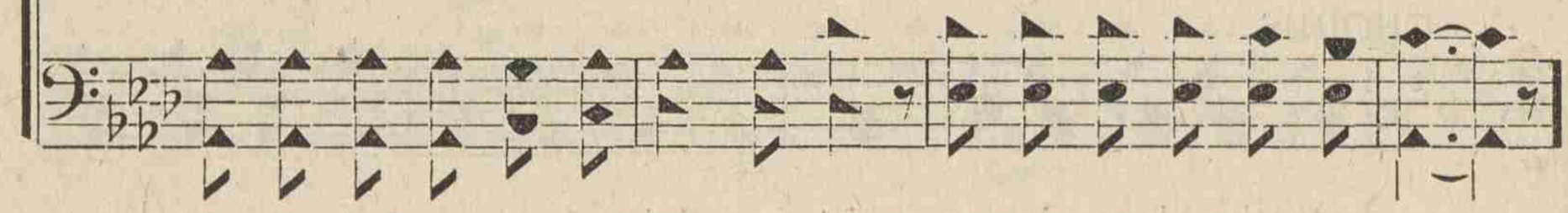
JOHN MCPHERSON. FLORA J. HENSLEY.



1. If you are wea-ry and tired of sin, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;
2. Long have you wanted a resting place, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;
3. Wonderful blessings He has for all, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;
4. His blood can pardon and sanc-ti-fy, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;



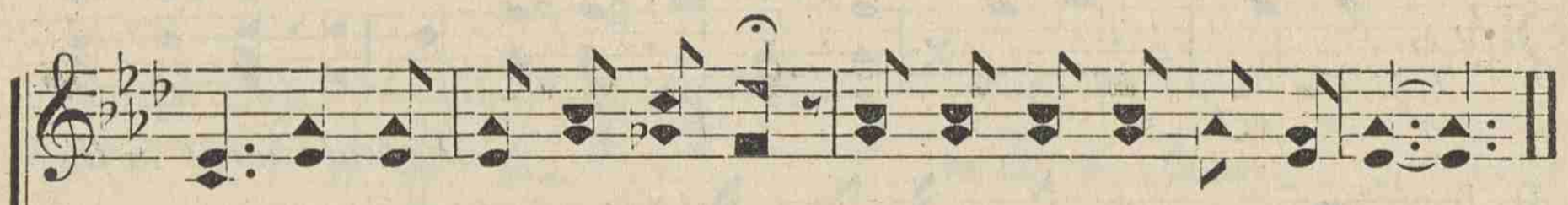
Would you a new life of peace be-gin, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.
You can have peace in His smiling face, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.
He may not make you an-oth - er call, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.
He can prepare you for bliss on high, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.



CHORUS.



Come now, no lon-ger de - lay; Right now come in while you may;



Just now He's passing this way, Let Je - sus in - to your heart.

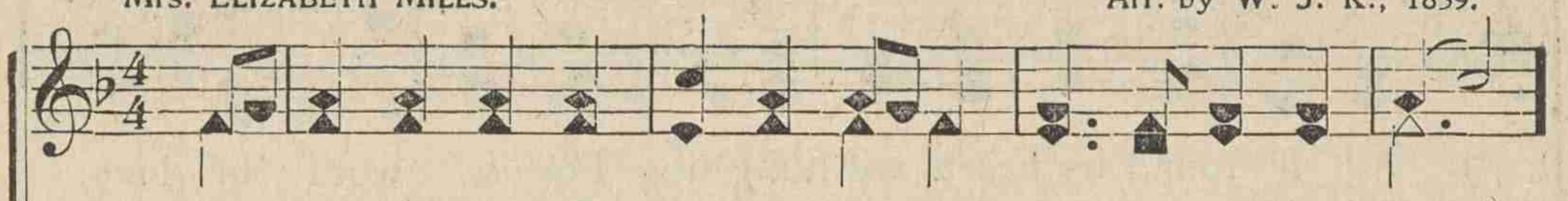


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No. 144. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

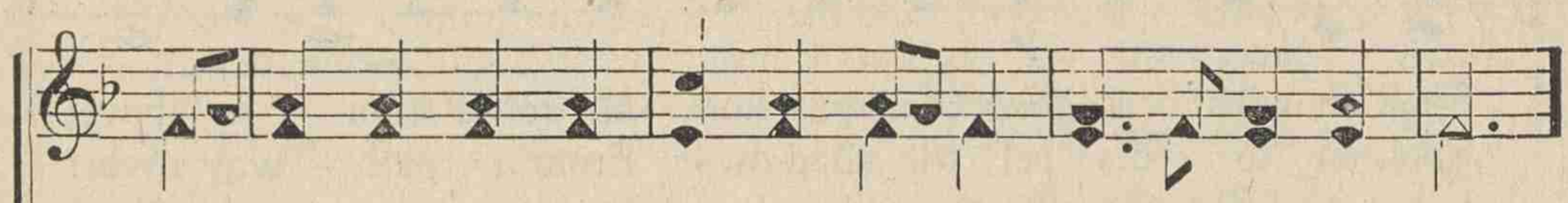
Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER,
Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.



1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Savior's side; No more my steps shall roam;

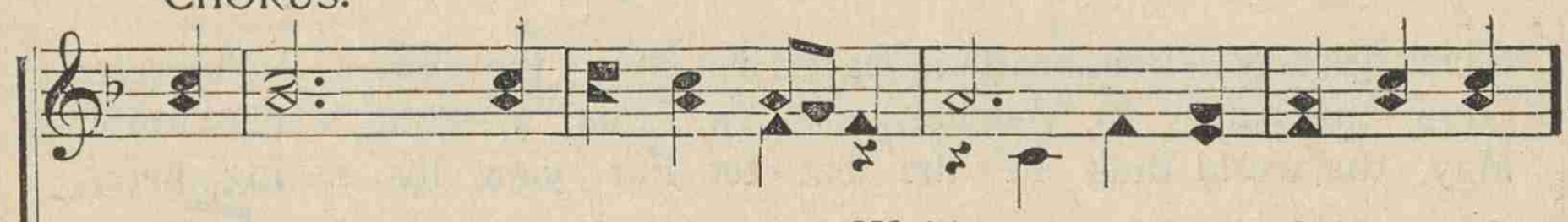




When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him, I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

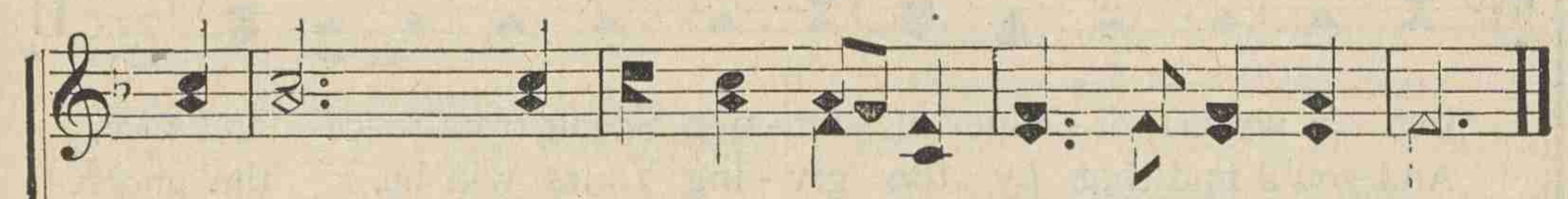


CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes





We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.



USED BY PERMISSION.

No. 145. Helpfulness.

F. S. SHEPARD. *Moderato.* GEO. W. BACON.

1. All a - round us hearts are hung'ring For a word of love,
2. All a - round us hearts are long-ing For a word of cheer,
3. Aid the wea - ry and the help-less, As you on - ward go;

Spok-en with a deep com - pas-sion, Mir-rored from a - bove;
Spok-en to dis - pel the shad-ows From a path - way drear;
Let a stream of cheer and bless-ing From your pres - ence flow;

Give then words from hearts made ten-der By the Sav - ior's grace;
Give as hath to you been giv - en From a - bun - dant store,
May the world thus be the bet - ter For your liv - ing here,

Let a warm, di - vine af - fec - tion Speak from voice and face.
And you'll find that by the giv - ing Yours will be the more.
As you seek by Christ-like ef - fort To dis - pense good cheer.

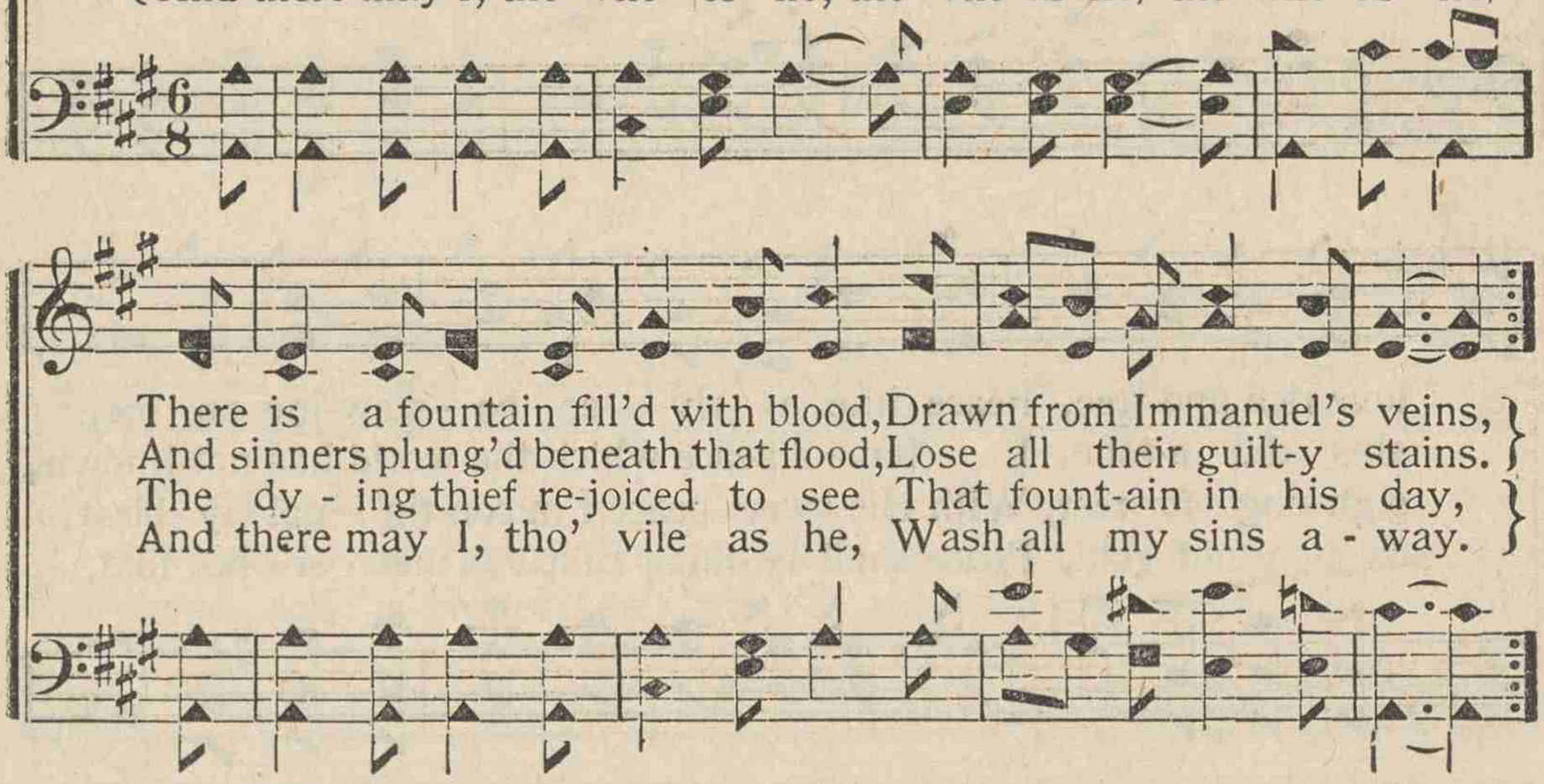
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No. 146. Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.



1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
   And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, re-joiced to see,
   And there may I, tho' vile es he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,



There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

CHORUS.



Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a - way.



FROM "REDEEMER'S PRAISE." BY PER.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖:Thy precious blood,:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd ‖:church of God,:‖
Are 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.

Second Hymn.

1 Behold the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes
And earth's strong pillars bend,
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend!

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries;
See where He bows His sacred head,
He bows His head and dies!

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

SAMUEL WESLEY.

No. 147. Wonderful, Wonderful Peace.

T. W. S. and E. A. H. T. W. STEWART.

1. Christ is my Sav - ior and gracious is He, Cheering my life with His
2. Rest - ing on Je - sus and on Him a-lone Who with His blood for my
3. When I am troubled and tried and distress'd, Long-ing for com-fort and
4. When I shall near the dark riv - er so cold, Near the bright shore of the

love rich and free, Peace like a riv - er be - stow-ing on me,
sins did a-tone, I have a peace which the world has not known,
sigh - ing for rest, With His sweet peace I'm con-tin - ual - ly blest,
cit - y of gold, Peace shall be mine that can nev - er be told,

CHORUS

Won - der - ful, won - der-ful peace. Peace! it fall - eth from

heav - en on me, And from all con - dem - na - tion I'm free,

Blessed am I as a mor-tal can be, I have God's wonderful peace.

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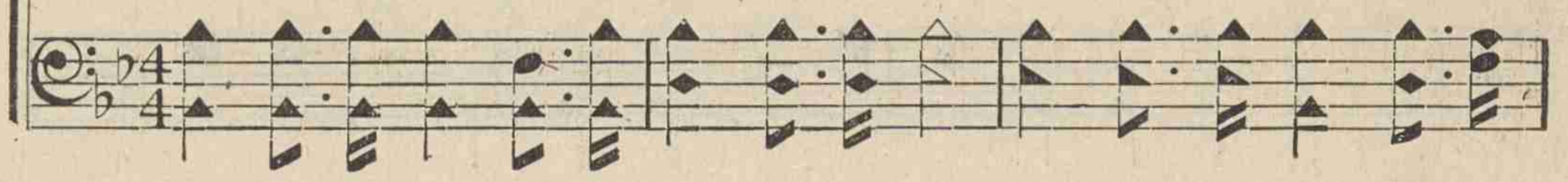
No. 148. Mother, Go After Your Boy.

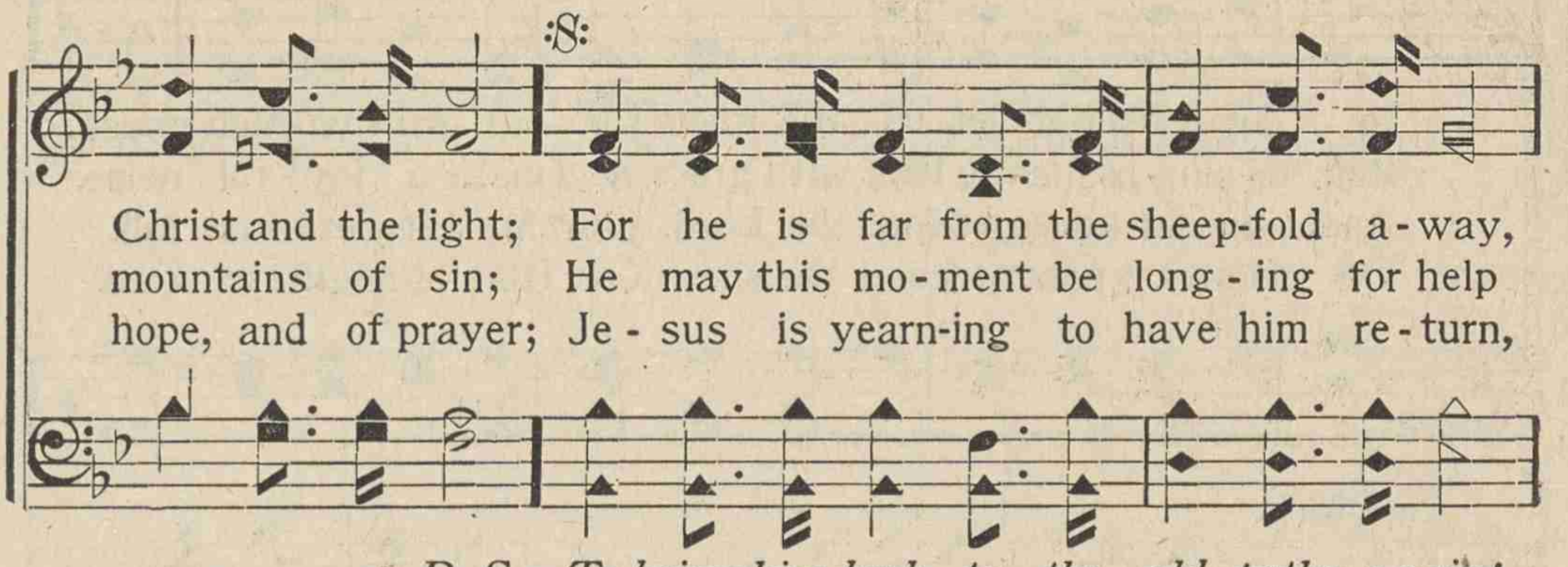
(May be used as a Solo.)

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. George F. Sayres.



1. Moth-er, go aft - er your wan-der-ing boy, Seek him and bring him to
2. Moth-er, go aft - er your wan-der-ing boy, Far, far a - way on the
3. Moth-er, go aft - er your wan-der-ing boy, Child of your love, and of





Christ and the light; For he is far from the sheep-fold a - way,
mountains of sin; He may this mo - ment be long - ing for help
hope, and of prayer; Je - sus is yearn-ing to have him re - turn,

D. S.—To bring him back to the old paths a-gain!



Shrouded in darkness and lost in the night.
Once more a true Christian life to be - gin.
All of the joys of sal - va-tion to share.

} Mother, go res - cue your



Moth-er, go res - cue your wandering boy.



wan - der - ing boy; How it will thrill you with peace and with joy

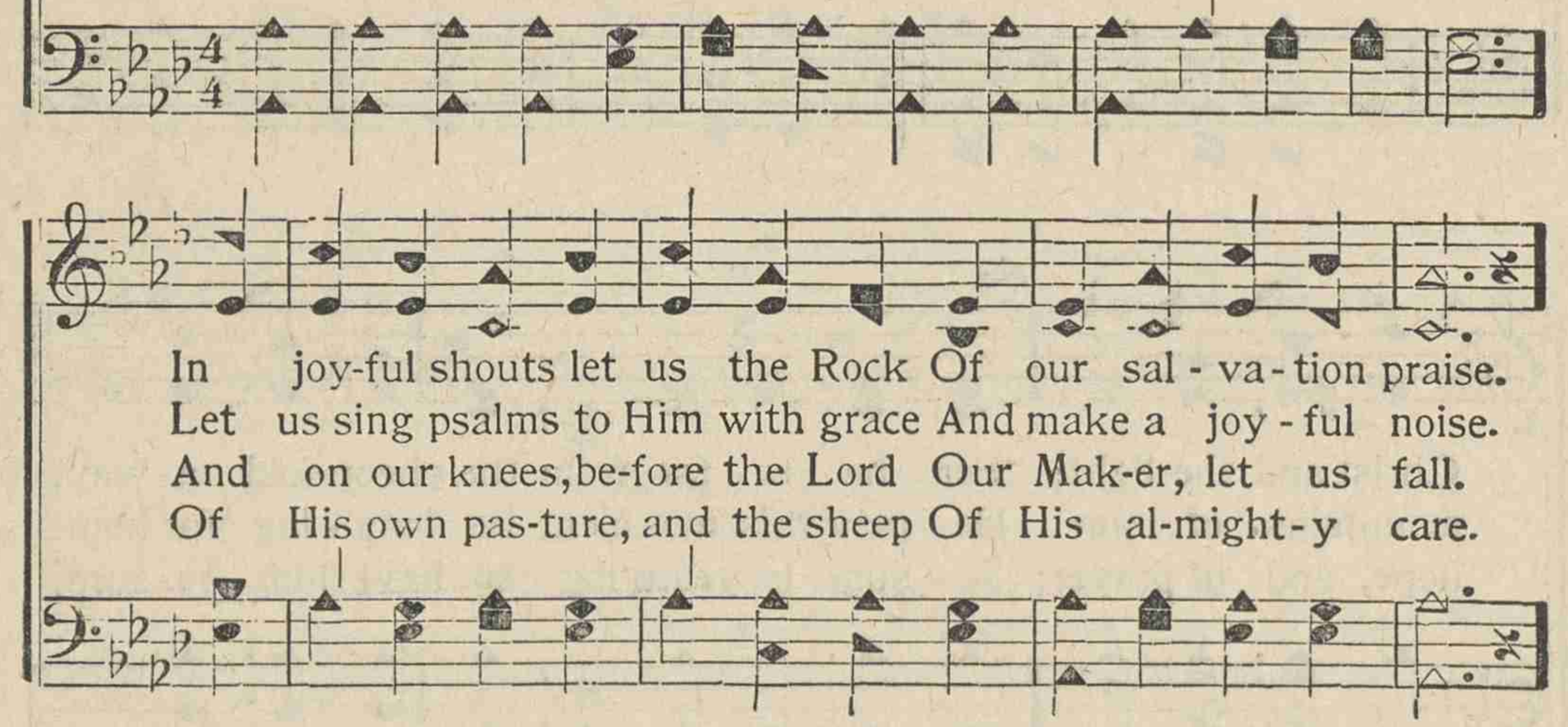
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No. 149. Blessed Be the Name.

Arranged.



1. Oh come, let us, in songs to God, Our cheer-ful voic - es raise;
2. Be - fore His presence let us come With praise and thankful voice;
3. Oh come, and let us worship Him, Let us bow down withal,
4. Be - cause He on - ly is our God, And we the peo - ple are



In joy-ful shouts let us the Rock Of our sal - va - tion praise.
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace And make a joy - ful noise.
And on our knees, be-fore the Lord Our Mak-er, let us fall.
Of His own pas-ture, and the sheep Of His al-might - y care.



CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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SECOND HYMN.

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

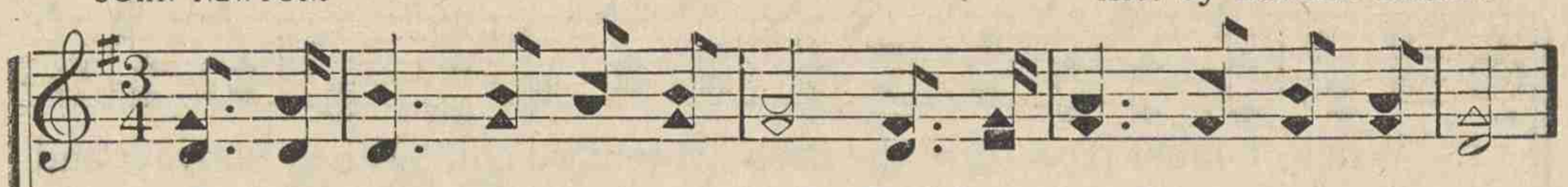
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray, [death
Which lights, through darkest shades of
To realms of endless day.

No. 150. Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



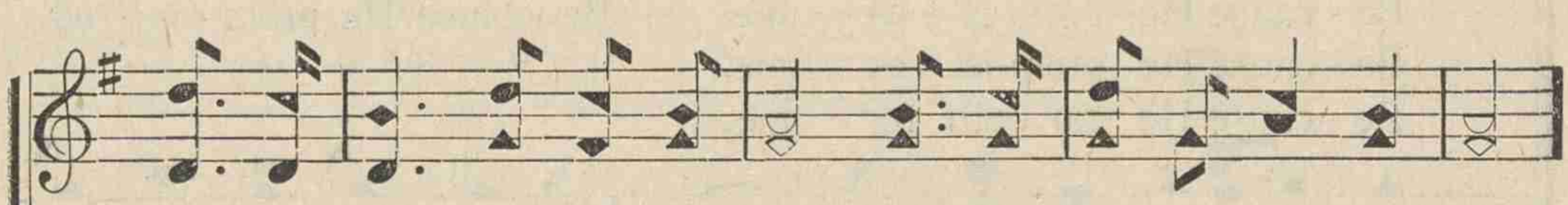
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;





Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints:





Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest,
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,





Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last- ing feast.
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



No. 151. God's Promise.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. JAS. M. KEASLER,

1. When I must pass thro' the deep wa-ters so chill, When sor-row and
2. In times of temp-ta - tion and bit - ter distress, He hears and He
3. What - ev - er my troub-les I come to my Lord, My help ev - er
4. 'Tis bless - ed to know I am safe in His love, To rest from anx-

darkness I see; I know Christ is with me up - hold-ing me still,
answers my plea; So good is my Sav - ior, so will-ing to bless,
pres - ent is He; I know He will lead me safe, safe thro' them all,
i - e - ty free; I'll give Him my troubles till rest-ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Be - cause He prom-is - es me.
Be - cause He prom-is - es me. Be - cause He prom - is - es
Be - cause He prom-is - es me.
Be - cause He car - eth for me.

me, ... Be-cause He prom-is-es me, ... What-ev - er o'er-
prom-is - es me, prom-is - es me,

takes me, He nev-er for-sakes me, Be - cause He prom-is - es me.

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No. 152. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, now;
Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save me He will save me, He will save me now.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 153. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, All the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim, fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly! there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,

God in Three per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, in pur - i - ty.
God in Three per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 154. I've Left the World Behind Me.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN FLORENCE M. HOFFMAN.

1. I've turned my back up - on the world With all its i - dle pleasures,
2. I've left the old sad life of sin, Its fol-lies all for - sak - en;
3. My soul shall ne'er re-turn a - gain Back to its for - mer sta - tion,
4. My choice is made for - ev-er - more, I want no oth - er Sav - ior;

And set my heart on bet-ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures;
My standing place is now in Christ, His ho - ly vows I've tak-en;
For here a - lone is per-fect peace, And rest from con-dem-na-tion;
I ask no pur - er hap-pi - ness Than His sweet love and favor;

No more its glit - ter and its glare, And van - i - ty shall blind me;
Be - neath the standard of the cross The world henceforth shall find me;
I've made ex-change of mas-ters now, The vows of heav-en bind me,
My heart is fixed on Je-sus Christ, No more the world shall blind me;

FINE.

D.S.–I've cross'd the sep-er - at - ing line, And left the world be-hind me.
D.S.–I've pass'd in Christ from death to life, And left the world be-hind me.
D.S.–And once for all I've left the world, Yes, left the world be-hind me.
D.S.–I've cross'd the Red Sea of His blood, And left the world be-hind me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Far, far be - hind me! Far, far be - hind me!

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No. 155. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of
earth as the poor - est of them, But now He is reign-ing for-
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet

sil - ver and gold, His cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
name's written down, An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King! With

ad lib.

Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King!

No. 156. Whisper Thy Love to Me.

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

1. Whis-per to me, Lord Je - sus, Words that shall thrill my soul,
2. Whis-per in ho - ly si - lence All that is in Thy heart;
3. Whis-per in soft - est ac - cents Com-fort - ing words of peace,

Mak-ing the ho - liest rap - tures O - ver my heart to roll;
I am a - lone with Thee, Lord, Far from the world a - part;
Glowing with warm e - mo - tion, Mak-ing of love in - crease;

Fill me with light di -vine, Lord, Darkness and sin re - move! Whisper a
Let my soul be trans-fig-ured Here, on the mount with Thee, And in the
Now while my heart is o - pen, Longing to share with Thee Ho - ly and

D.S.–Breathe in my soul *new pow-er, Pow-er to live for Thee. And in this*

FINE. CHORUS.

sweet, sweet mes-sage, Breathe in me peace and love.
Spirit's breathing Whisper Thy love to me.
sweet communion, Come and commune with me.
} Whisper a lov - ing
Hold with my soul com-

ho - ly hour, Lord, Come *and commune with me.*

1 2 D. S.

mes-sage, Soothing and low and sweet;
mun - ion, [*Omit.* . . . . .] Here, in this calm re - treat;

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No. 157. I Follow Christ, My Lord.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Thoughtfully.

1. The world has its al - lure-ments My heart from Christ to charm,
2. Wher-ev - er He may lead me I can in safe-ty go;
3. O this is life e - ter - nal, The ris - en Lord to know!

But yield-ing to its pleas-ures Would bring me on - ly harm;
No oth - er like my Sav - ior The way of life doth know;
O this is peace and pleas-ure, In heav'n-ly paths to go!

My safe - ty is in do - ing The will of Christ my Lord,
His hand of love will guide me, And help my soul a - long
The world may seek to win me From my dear Lord a - way,

And trust-ing and con - fid - ing In His un - fail - ing word.
Un - til I join in heav - en The sav'd, im-mor - tal throng.
But I will fol - low Je - sus Un - to the per - fect day.

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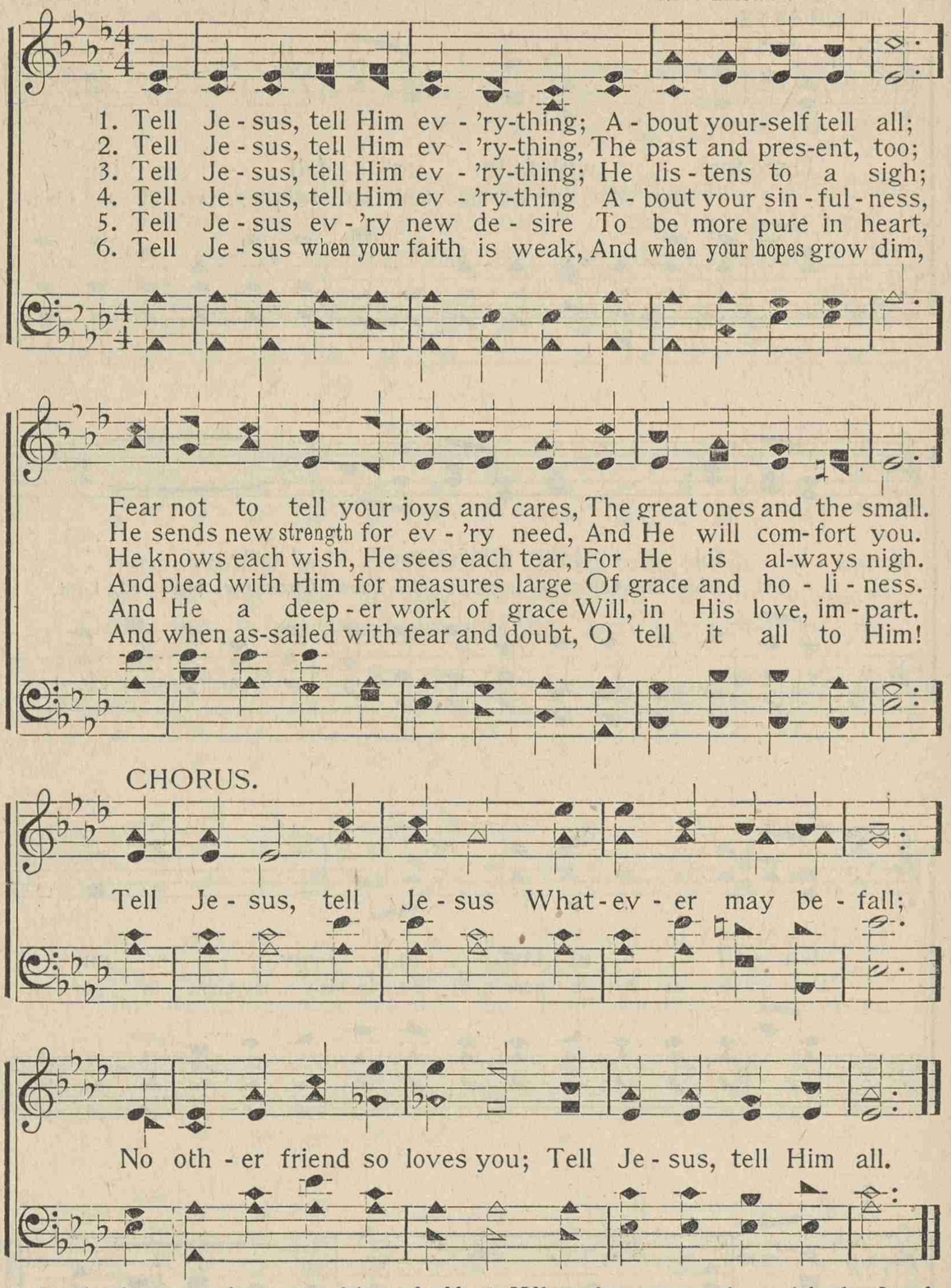
I Follow Christ, My Lord. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 158. Tell Jesus All.

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



7 Soul, when your love seems faint and cold,
And Christ seems far away,
Tell Jesus to reveal Himself,
For He is near alway.

8 Soul, when you stumble in the way,
Or through temptation fall,
To Jesus come in loving faith,
And He will pardon all.

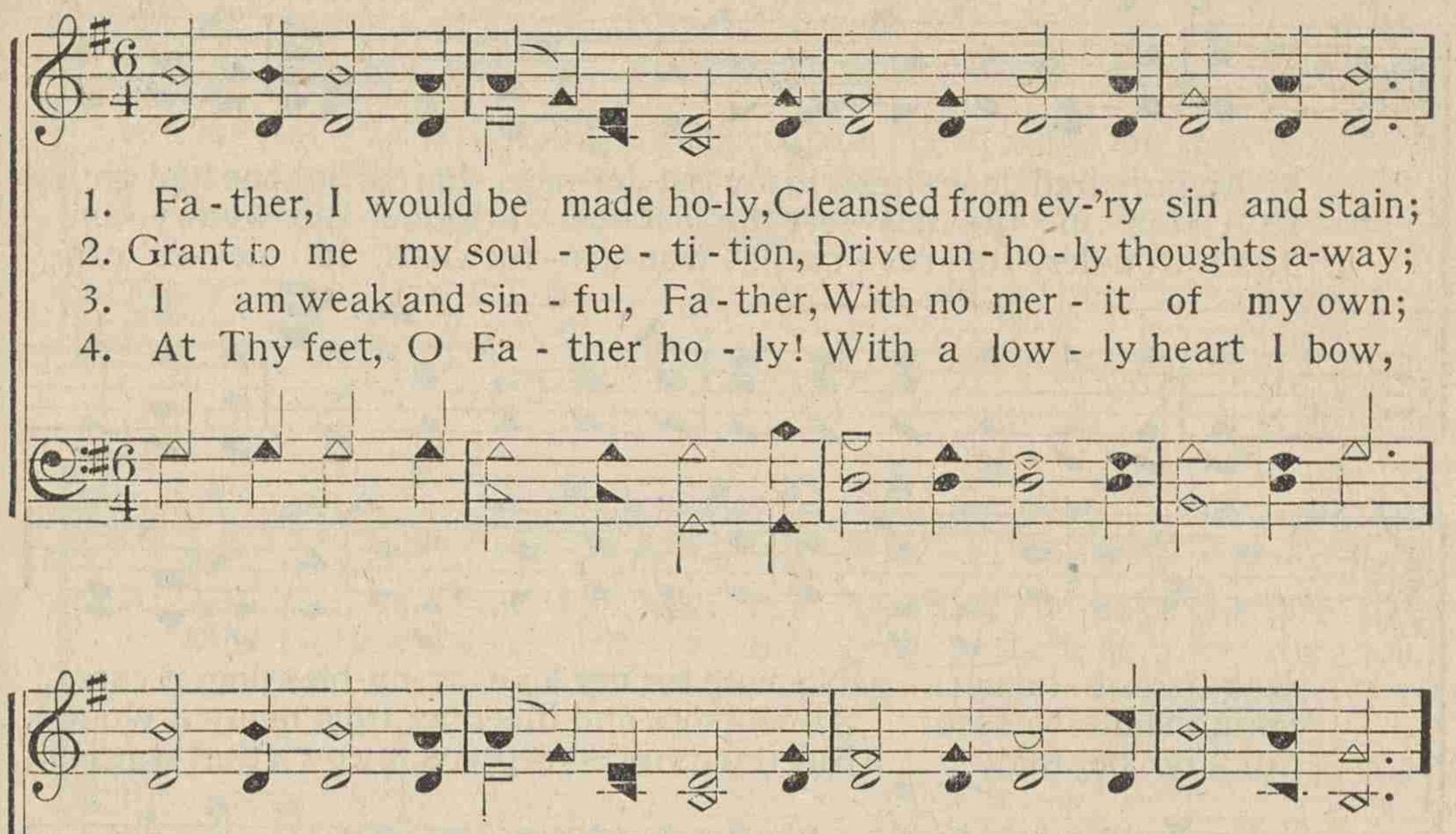
9 When for communion with the Lord
And for more love you sigh,
Tell Jesus, and your longings deep
His grace will satisfy.

10 Tell Jesus, tell Him all your needs
With every morning new;
No other friend loves you so well,
Or is so good to you.

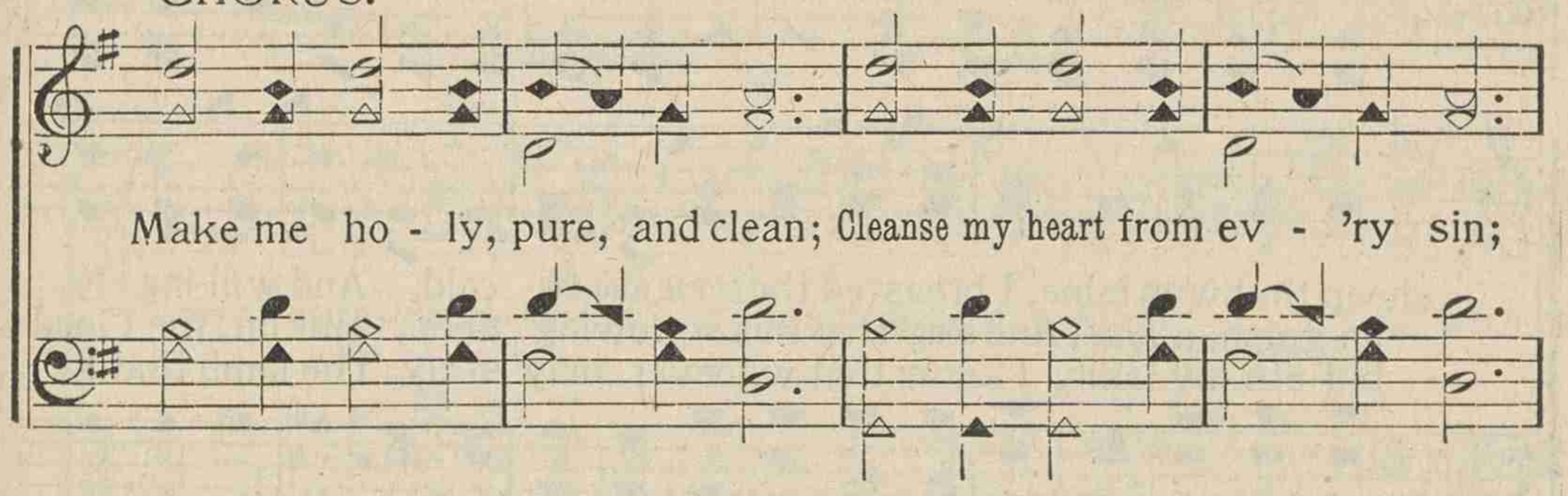
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No. 159. Make Me Holy.

S. and E. A. H. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



CHORUS.



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No. 160. Lost and Found.

Luke 15: 4—6.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.

1. An hun-dred dear sheep in my ten-der-ness shared, But one had grown
2. A - far in the des - ert the lost one I found, But wea-ry, and
3. O won-der - ful res - cue, at won-der - ful cost! It nev-er can

wea - ry of home; No more for my love or my blessing it cared,
worn, and dis - tressed; All footsore and bleeding from many a wound,
ful - ly be told; But it was my sheep, yes, my own that was lost,

But far from the shepherd would roam; So precious to me was the
I fold - ed it close to my breast; Dear lamb, I have journeyed in
And now it is safe in the fold; So glad and con - tent - ed a -

sheep that was mine, I breasted the storm and the cold, And will-ing - ly
an-guish, a-lone, And sought thee with sorrowing deep, But oh! the Good
bid - eth my lamb, I know that whoever may stray, The lamb that I

left the dear ninety and nine That strayed not away from the fold.
Shepherd hath love for His own, And "giv-eth His life for the sheep."
rescued will stay where I am, And nev-er-more wander a - way.

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No. 161. Flash Out the Signal-Lights.

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

Solo.

1. Out in the darkness and gloom of the night, Souls are a-drift on the bil - lows of sin; Hoist up the sig - nals and flash out the light;
2. Hear how for res - cue the per - ish- ing cry! Sig-nal to them 'mid the wild bil - lows' roar; Pit - y and send to them help ere they die,
3. Out with the Signal-Lights, true men and brave, Not for a mo-ment the res - cue de - lay; Flash out the sig - nals a - cross the dark wave,

Rit. CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Haste to the res-cue, the lost ones bring in.
Showing the way of es-cape to the shore.
Thus you may res-cue some lost one to - day.
} Flash out the Sig-nal-Light,

let it shine clear and bright Over the storm-beaten wave!..... Out with the o'er the wave!

Signal Light, shine it forth clear and bright, Some one to res-cue, some lost one to save!

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No. 162. Some Day or Other.

E. A. KELSEY and E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Some day or oth - er the cross will be lift - ed Beneath which the pil - grim has journeyed so long; Some day or oth - er all
2. Some day or oth - er the hopes ear - ly perished Shall rise in - to beau - ty undreamed of be - fore; Some day or oth - er the
3. Some day or oth - er the doubts which have haunted Shall all be dis - pelled in the light of His face; Some day or oth - er the
4. Some day or oth - er the toil shall be end - ed, The nameless un - rest, the vague yearning be past; "Thanks un - to Him who thus

clouds will be rift-ed, And heaven's bright sunshine will wake us to song.
hearts fondly cherished, The lost and the longed-for, the grave shall restore.
foes who have daunted All vanquished shall be thro' the might of His grace.
safe - ly has tended," The ransomed shall cry, "It is heav-en at last!"

hope will be brighter, And we shall have fulness of peace and of rest

CHORUS.

Some day or oth - er all hearts will be whit - er,

We shall be hap - py and we shall be blest;

D. S.—Faith will be stron-ger and

Rit. FINE.

Rit. - - - - D. S.

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No. 163. In his Will.

(*Respectfully dedicated to Rev. C. J. Fowler.*)

Mrs. M. J. H

Mrs. M. J. HARRIS, by per.



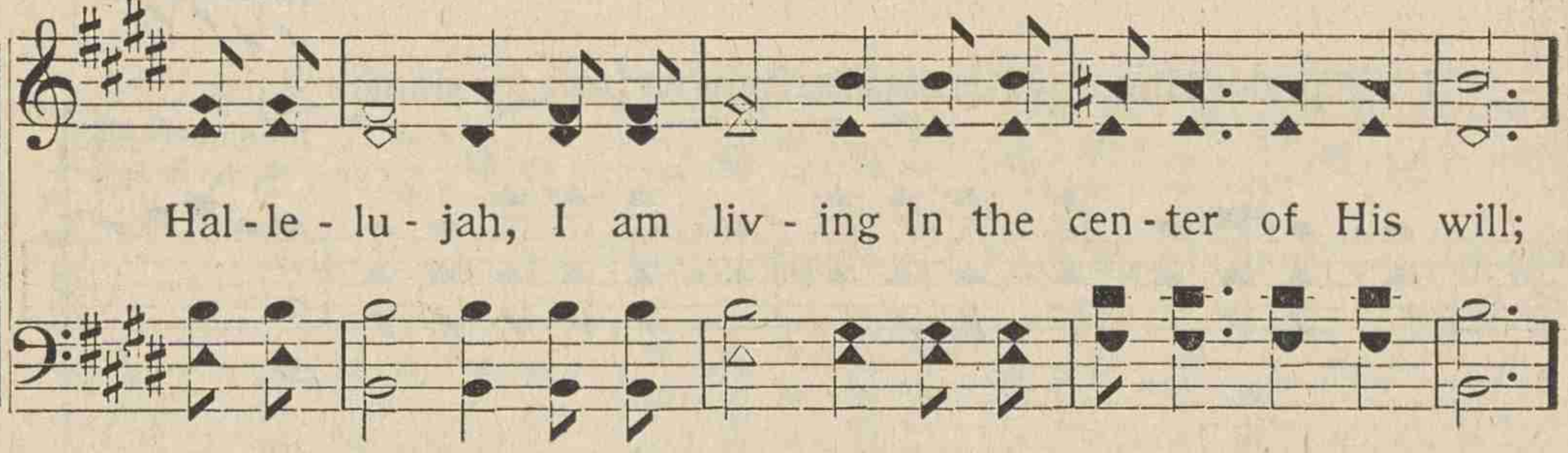
1. Have you found this great sal-va-tion, Free for all of Adam's race?
2. Free for ev - 'ry son and daughter, Free for who - so - ev - er will;
3. I was hun-gry in the des - ert, How I longed for corn and wine,
4. In one mo-ment I was o - ver, All of self I left be-hind,
5. Now I'm feast-ing on the rich - es Of fair Canaan's land so sweet;
6. Oh! that all the world might know Him! Oh! that all His love might see!



Oh! how precious just to know Him; Come and find this "second grace."
There is plen-ty,don't stand waiting, He your hun-gry soul can fill.
Till I found the riv - er Jor - dan, And the land He said was mine!
And His blessed, cleansing pow-er, Has removed the car - nal mind.
I have all that you could mention, And there's rock beneath my feet.
There's a pre-cious flow-ing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, I am liv - ing In the cen - ter of His will;



With the sweetest milk and hon-ey, He my hungry soul doth fill.



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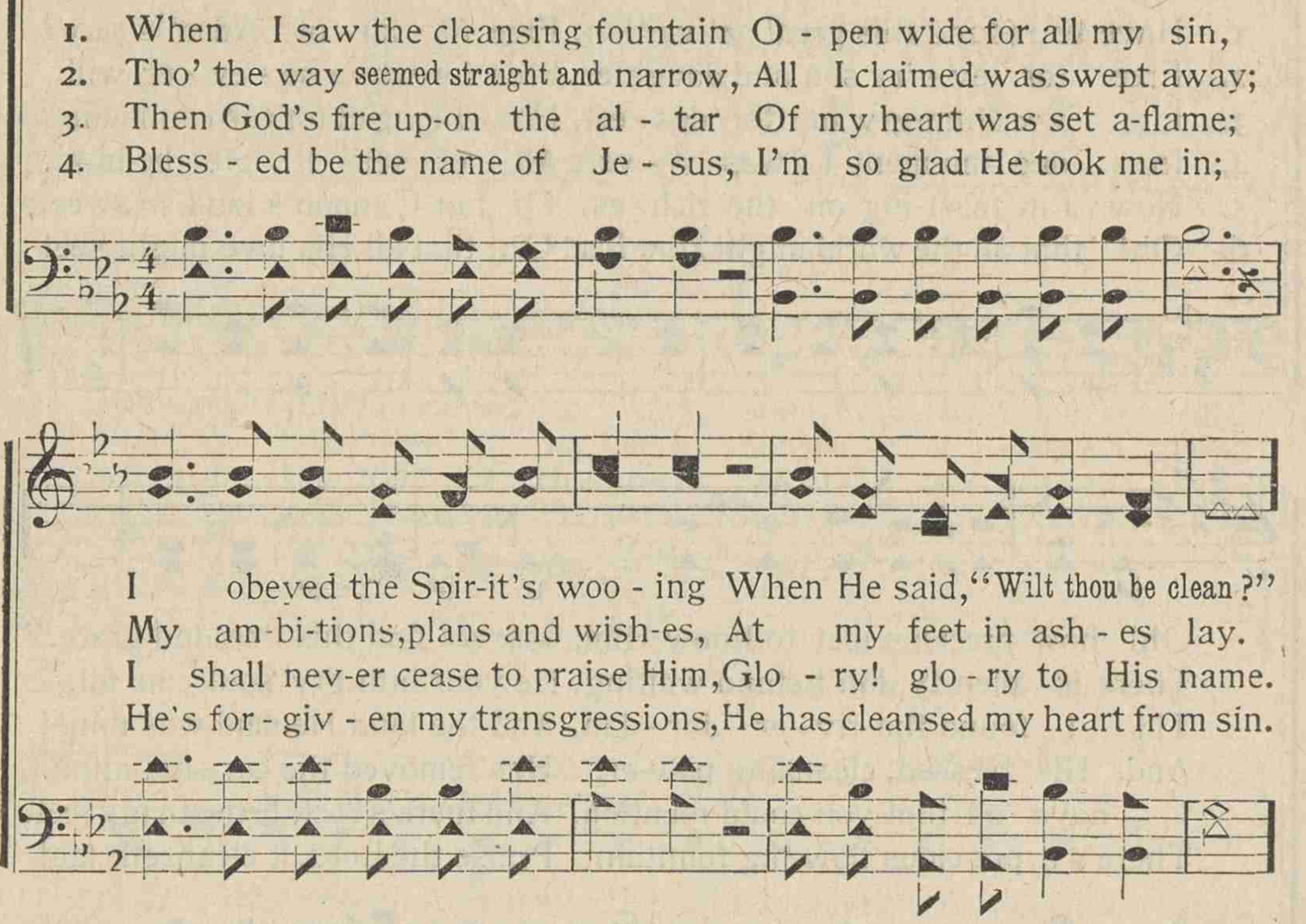
No. 164. I Will Praise Him.

(*Dedicated to my friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.*)

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

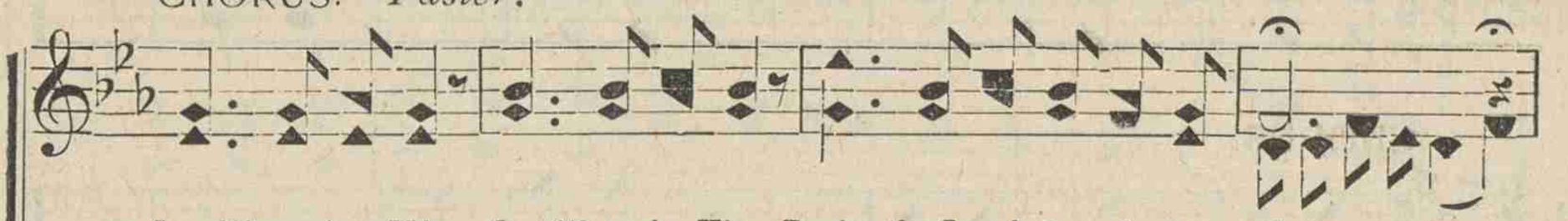


1. When I saw the cleansing fountain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seemed straight and narrow, All I claimed was swept away;
3. Then God's fire up-on the al - tar Of my heart was set a-flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;



I obeyed the Spir-it's woo - ing When He said, "Wilt thou be clean?"
My am-bi-tions, plans and wish-es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev-er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry to His name.
He's for - giv - en my transgressions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

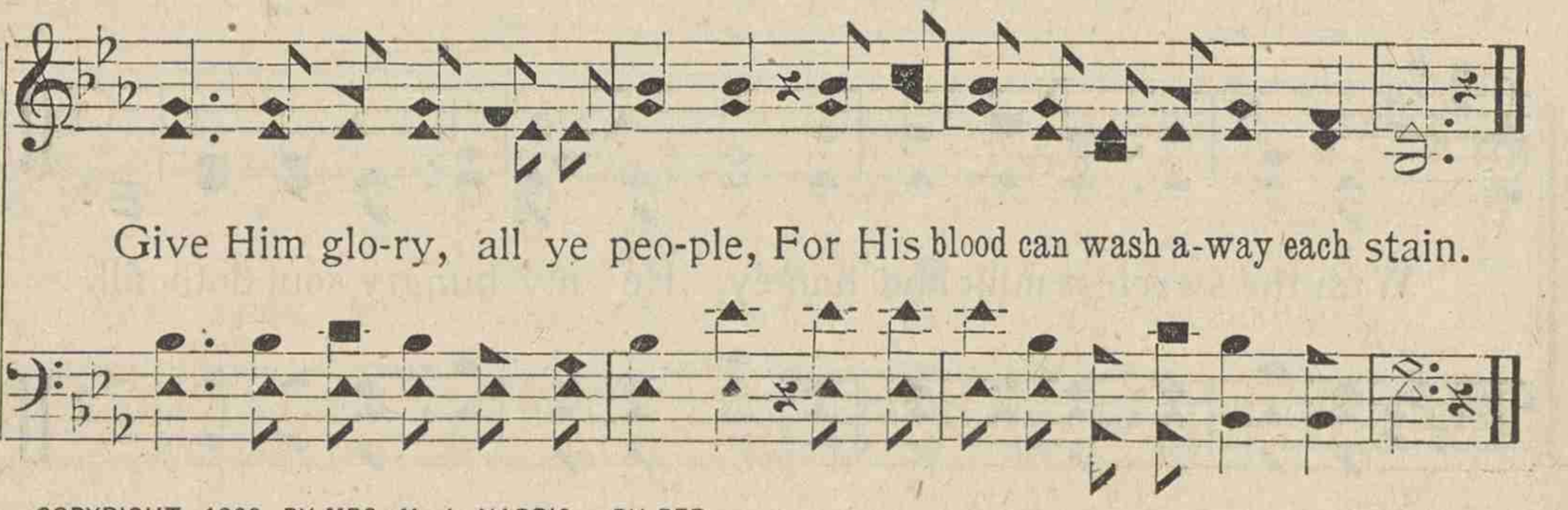


I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;

for sinners slain



Give Him glo-ry, all ye peo-ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.



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No. 165. Gather With the Faithful.

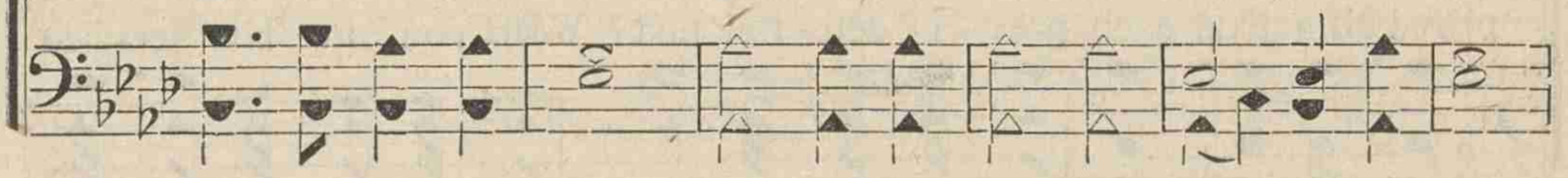
FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Joy in my sad-ness, Hope in my tears; Now let Thy presence
2. Come when the morning Breaks on my sight; Come in the noon-tide,
3. Star of the wea - ry, Rise on my way; Where Thou art leading,



Ban - ish all my fears. Lo, I am wait - ing, Here at Thy throne;
Love - ly, calm and bright; Come when the day-beams Gently have flown;
Joy - ful I o - bey. When o'er life's o - cean, Storm billows foam;



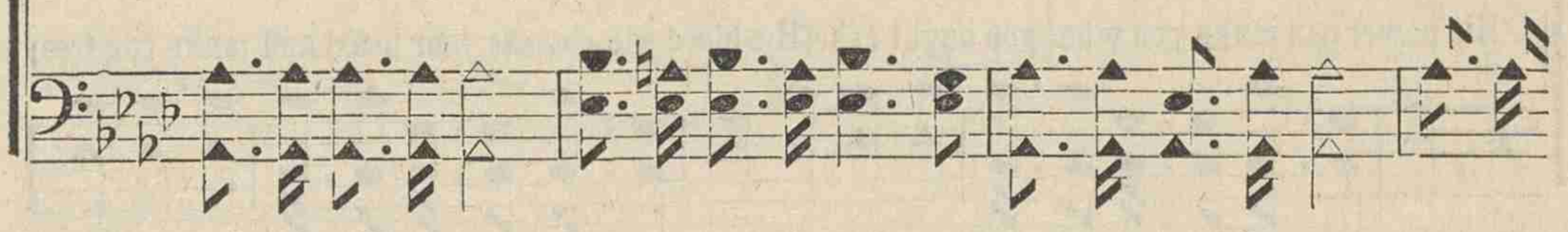
CHORUS.



O my Redeemer, Leave me not a-lone.
O my Redeemer, Leave me not a-lone. Wher-ev - er I may go, wher-
O my Redeemer, Safely bear me home.

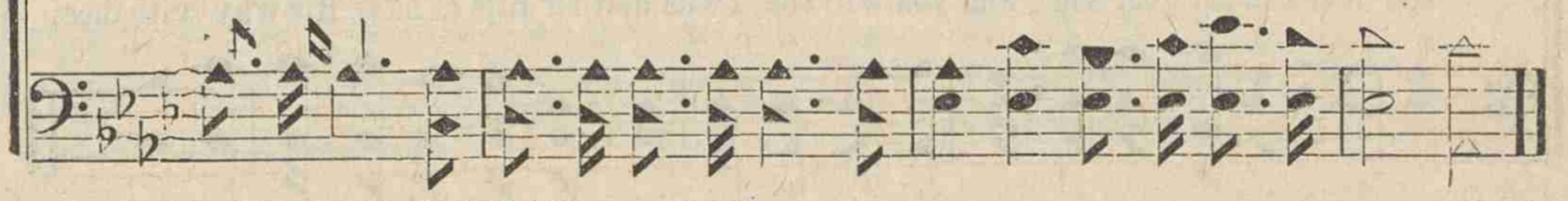


ev-er I may be, Thou in whom I trust, O still a-bide with me! Keep this





heart of mine and hide my life with Thine, That I may gather with the faith-ful.



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No. 166. His Way with Thee.

(CONSECRATION.)

C. S, N. Psalm 37:5. Rev. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you

walk with Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your
know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you,
prove Him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv-ice

bur - den, car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
so that you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee.
la - bor al-ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

CHORUS.

His power can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free;
His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

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No. 167. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er -

last - ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean -
Lean - ing on Je - eus, Lean-ing on

ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms.
Je - sus, Lean - ing on Je - sus,

BY PER. OF A. J. SHOWALTER.

No. 168. I am Saved, Glory, Glory!

JOHN MCPHERSON, by per.

1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

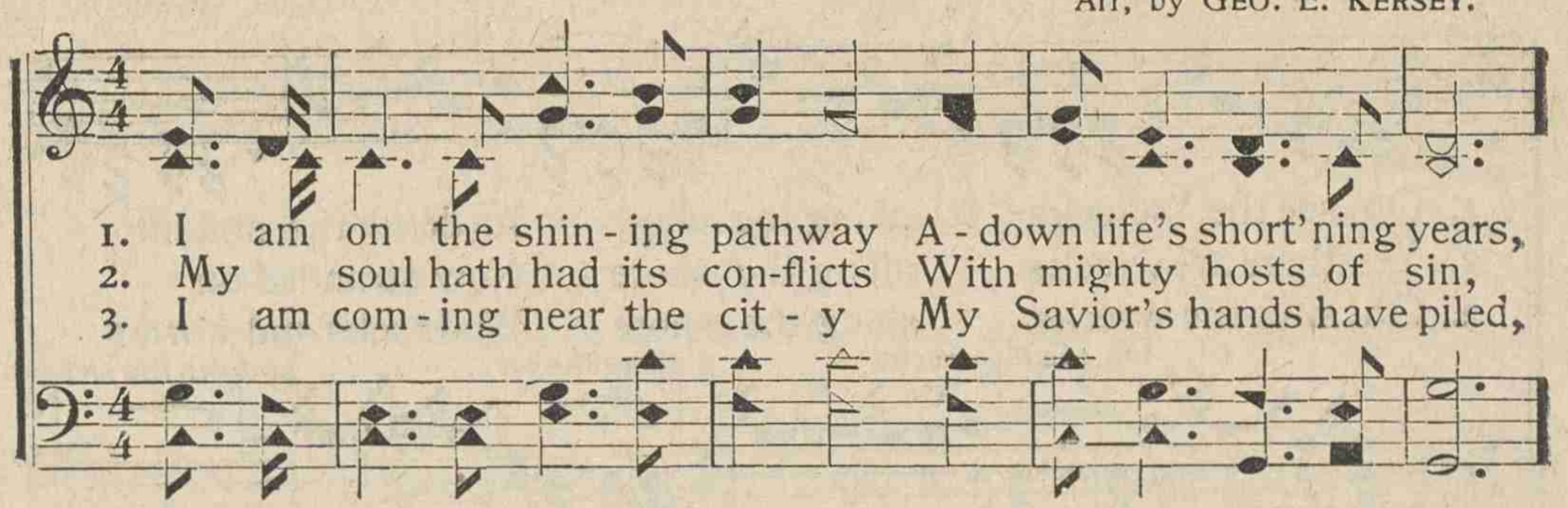
Would He devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

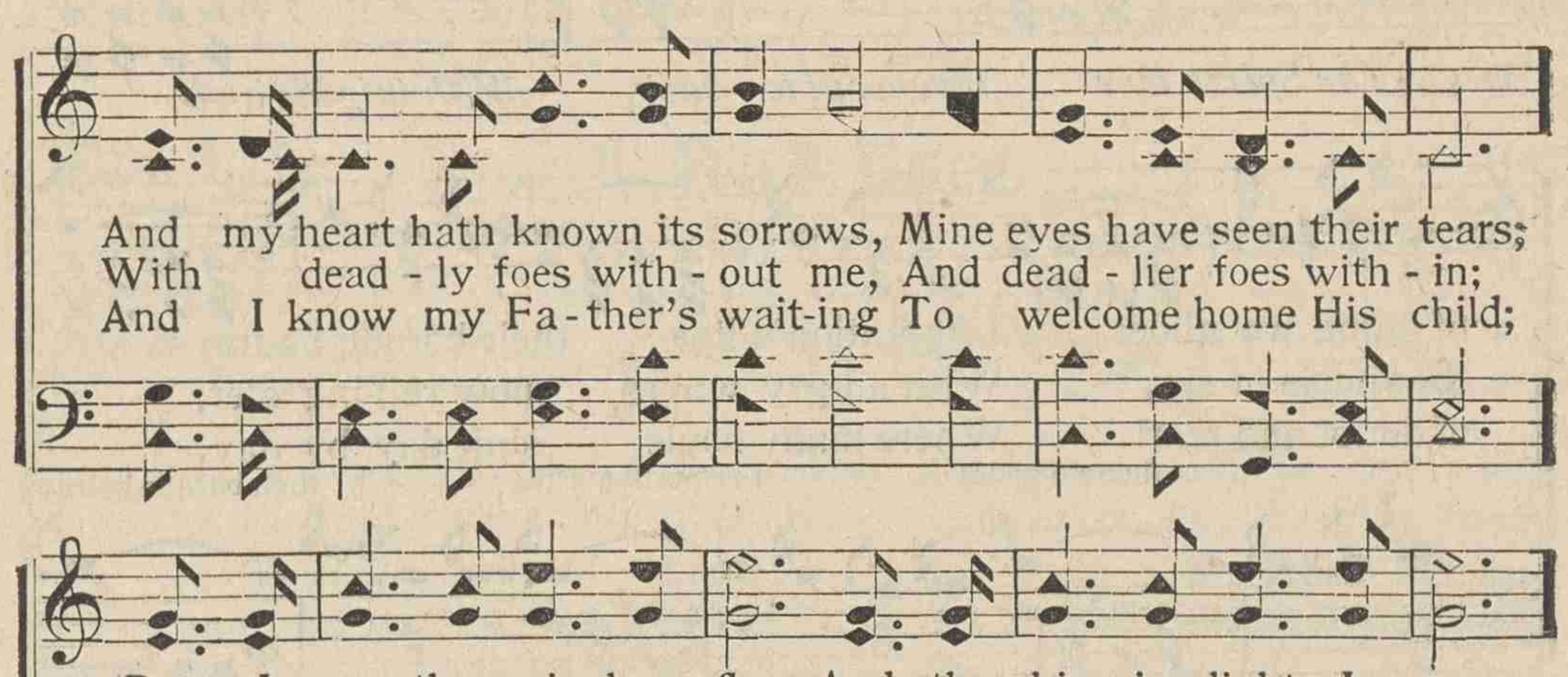
CHORUS.

I am saved, glo - ry! glo - ry! I am saved by the blood That was
shed on the rugged Cal-va - ry; I am saved, glo-ry!
Hal - le - lu - jah!
glo-ry! You can be saved if you will, Yes, the blood will make you free.

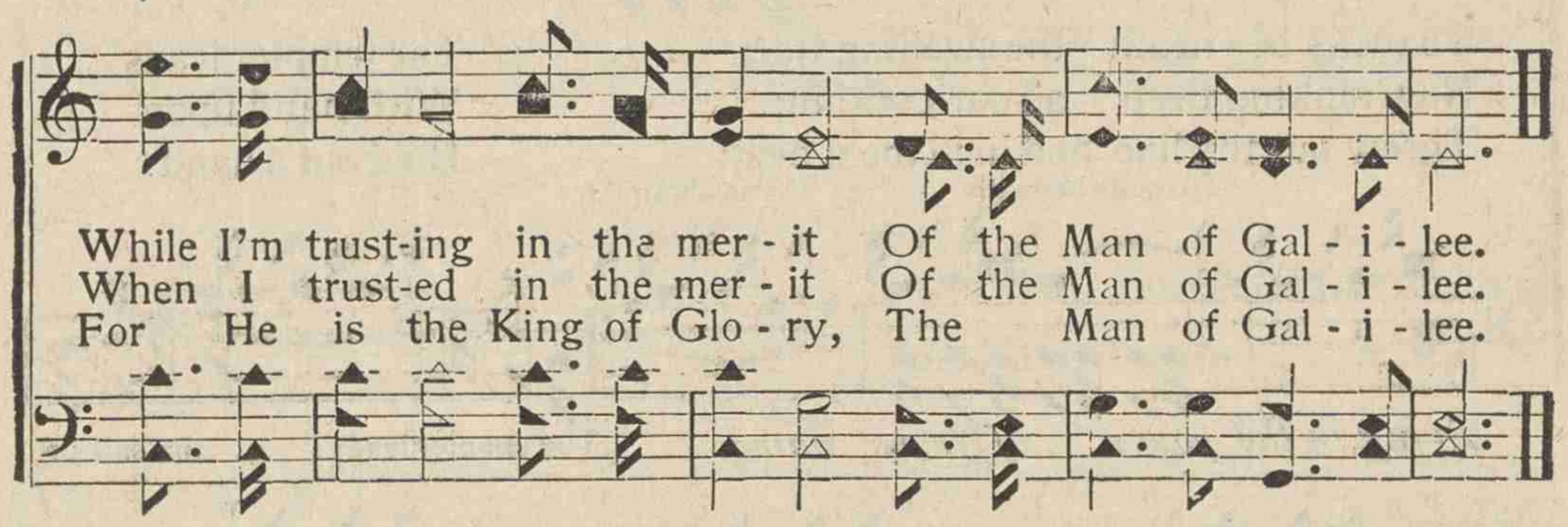
No. 169. On the Shining Pathway.

Arr, by GEO. E. KERSEY.









Second Hymn.

1. My soul is now united
To Christ the living vine;
His grace I long have slighted,
But now I feel Him mine.

CHO.—Christ is all the world to me,
And His glory I shall see,
And before I'd leave my Savior,
I'd lay me down and die.

2. Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.

3. Still Christ is my salvation,
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation,
My Father's wrath is o'er.

4. I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown:
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.

No. 170. The Wrecks Along the Way.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.



1. Oh, see the wrecks along the way, As down the stream
2. Yes, there are wrecks along the shore Now stranded on
3. Oh, save the wrecks along the shore 'Mid rocks and storms



D. C.–*The Spirit line throw out to save, With mighty arm*



of time we glide! Temptation's line their barque be-trays
the shoals of sin, With an-gry waves now roll-ing o'er,
of doubt and fear! Where many souls sink day by day,



of faith re-claim The lost up-on the an-gry wave;

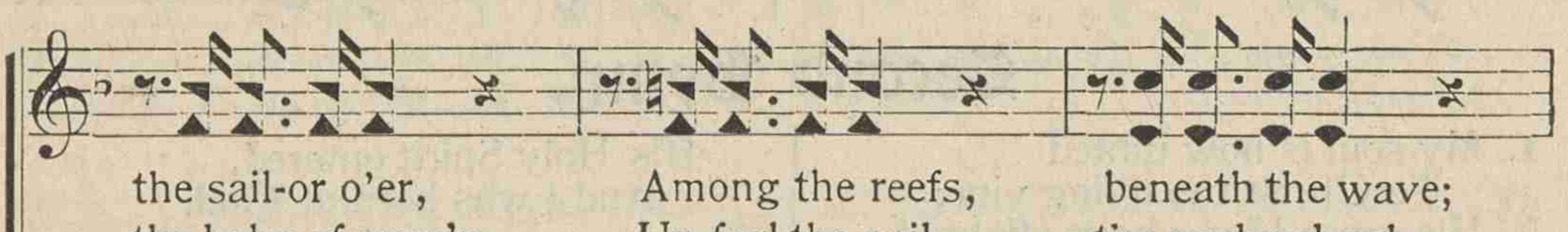
FINE.



To rocks be-neath the swelling tide; The tempter leads
Now sinking deep all dark within; With hand upon
Throw out the line and haul them near; Hold out a hand.



Bring in the pow'r of Jesus' name. The tempter leads . . . the sail-or



the sail-or o'er, Among the reefs, beneath the wave;
the helm of pray'r, Un-furl the sail, the anchor haul;
to some lost soul, To guide him to a port of rest,



o'er, ... Among the reefs, ... beneath the wave; . . . . . And precious

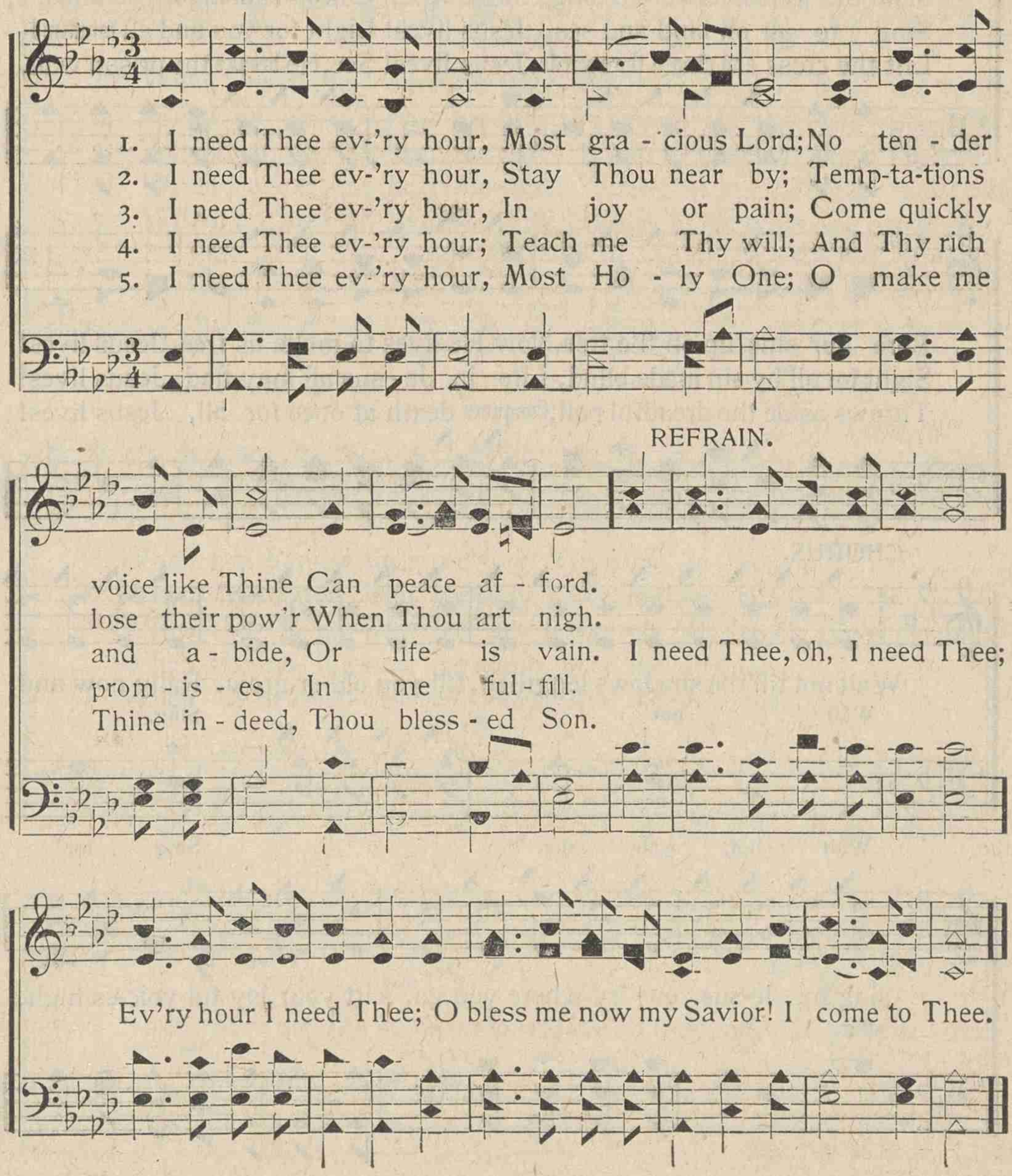
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The Wrecks Along the Way. Concluded.



No. 171. I Need Thee.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS — Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



No. 172. Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F MYERS. By per.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children, light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long; Jesus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheath the swords, Jesus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Jesus lives!
Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Rally now and

Wait not. Sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je-sus, ev - 'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,

sing,

Je - sus,

Jesus Lives! Concluded.

Repeat chorus pp.

f *rit.*



Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Jesus lives.

No. 173. Give Me Jesus.

Arr. by JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. When I'm hap-py hear me sing, When I'm hap-py hear me sing,
2. When in sorrow hear me pray, When in sorrow hear me pray,
3. When I'm dy-ing hear me cry, When I'm dy-ing hear me cry,
4. When I'm ris-ing hear me shout, When I'm ris-ing hear me shout,
5. When in heav-en we will sing, When in heav-en we will sing,

REFRAIN.

When I'm hap-py hear me sing, Give me Je - sus.
When in sor-row hear me pray, Give me Je - sus.
When I'm dy-ing hear me cry, Give me Je - sus. Give me Je -
When I'm ris - ing hear me shout, Give me Je - sus.
When in heav-en we will sing, Give me Je - sus.

sus, Give me Je - sus, You may have all the world, Give me Je-sus.

No. 174. 'Tis Jesus.

Rev JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. E. KERSEY.

DUET.



1. My soul has learned a sweet new song, 'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
2. God's children love to sing that song, Of Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
3. This song on ev-'ry breeze shall swell That Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
4. So all thro' life my song shall be That Je - sus, Je - sus saves;





I sing that cho - rus all day long, 'Tis Je - sus, Je-sus saves.
The cho-rus of that blood-wash'd throng, Is Je - sus, Je-sus saves.
From mountain top or low - ly dell, Yes, Je - sus, Je-sus saves.
I'll sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty That Je - sus, Je-sus saves.

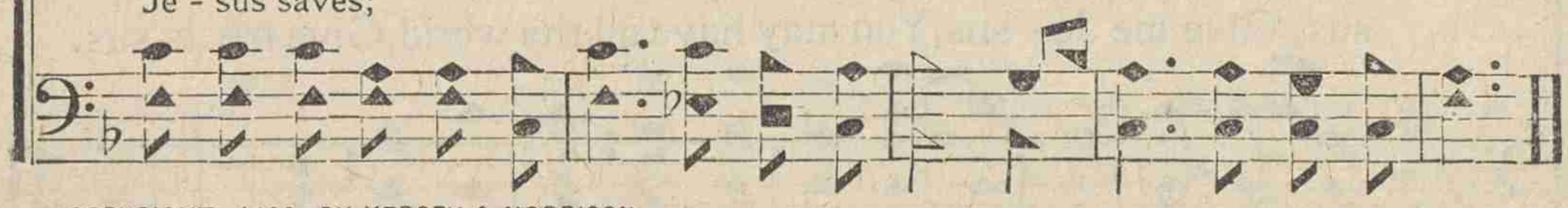


CHORUS.





saves; I sing this song the whole day long, 'Tis Je - sus, Je-sus saves.
Je - sus saves;



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No. 175. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. Rev E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Savior's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean,

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

Are you washed

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb,

garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

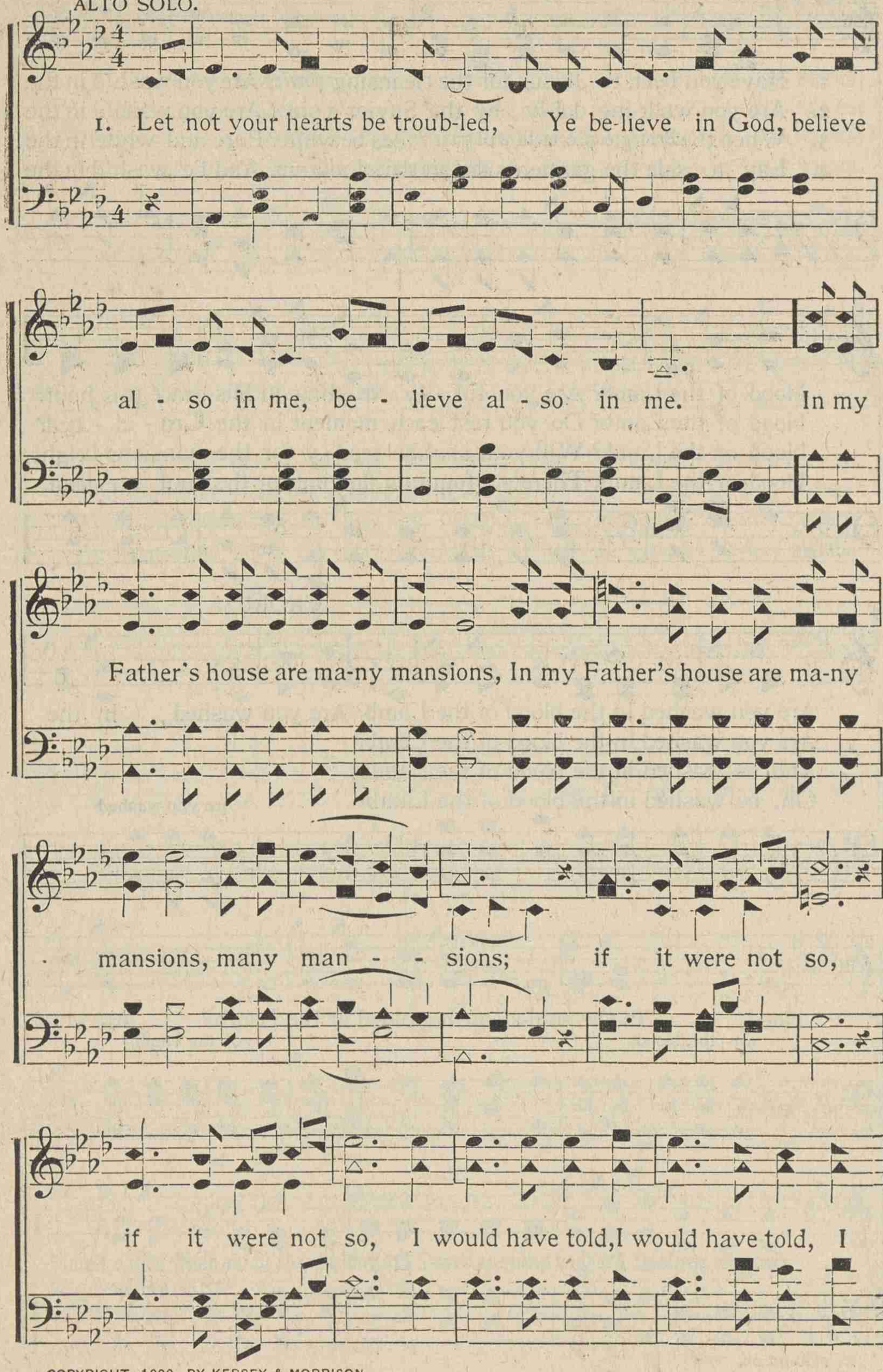
BY PERMISSION.

No. 176. Let not Your Heart be Troubled.

(*Dedicated to Trinity Church Choir, Roanoke, Va., Dec. 1899.*)

John 14:1-3. GEO. E. KERSEY.

ALTO SOLO.



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Let not Your Heart be Troubled. Continued.

would have told you. I go to prepare, to prepare a place for you,

And if I go and pre-pare a place for you, I will come a - gain,

I will come a-gain and receive you un-to my-self, that where I am

there ye may be al - so. God so lov'd the world

For God so lov'd the world, that He

He gave His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that

gave His Son,

Let not Your Heart be Troubled. Continued.

who-so - ev-er be-liev-eth in Him, who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth in who-so-ev-er,

Him, who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in who - so - ev - er,

rit.

Him should not per-ish but have ev - er - last-ing life. But

he that be-liev-eth not, he that be-liev-eth not Is condemned al-

read-y, Because he hath not believ'd, be-cause he hath not believ'd

Let not Your Heart be Troubled. Concluded.

rit. *p*

in the name of the on - ly be-got - ten Son of God. Here - in is

cres.

love, Not that we loved God But that He loved us and

sent His Son, that who - so - ev - er be-liev-eth in Him,

who-so - ev - er,

who-so - ev-er believeth in Him, who-so - ev-er be-liev-eth in

who-so - ev-er,

Him should not perish but have ev-er-last-ing life. A - men. A - men.

No. 177. Thou Knowest Best.

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Thou know-est best, my Fa - ther, what shall be good for me,
2. Thou know-est best, my Fa - ther, if fail - ure or suc - cess
3. Thou know-est best how need - y are those for whom I pray;
4. Thou know-est what I know not with all my search-ing tho't,
5. Thou know-est what re - main - eth for my weak hands to do,

And I with child - like trust, Lord, would leave all things to Thee;
Would make my life the no - bler and all the fu - ture bless,
Thy lov - ing-kind - ness com - forts each wan-d'rer far a - way;
What un - ex - pect - ed bless - ings by loss and pain are wrought;
Or if, since it is eve - ning, my task is near - ly through;

Take Thou in - to Thy strong, kind hand the or-dering of my ways.
If few or ma - ny friends would bring my spir - it near - er Thee;
Thou hear - est all our pray'rs and dost the right what-e'er it be;
What can I do but hope in Thee and, leav - ing all the rest,
What mat-ters that I do not know? Dear Father, I will be

And on - ly give me trust and love to bright-en all my days.
I think I have the faith to say: "Thy will be done in me!"
O care for mine in mer - cy still as Thou hast cared for me!
List - en for Thy di - rect - ing word and know Thy will is best?
In shad - ow or in fair - est light at per - fect peace with Thee.

CHORUS.

I trust to Thy guidance, dear Father, Thou dost know what for me is the best;

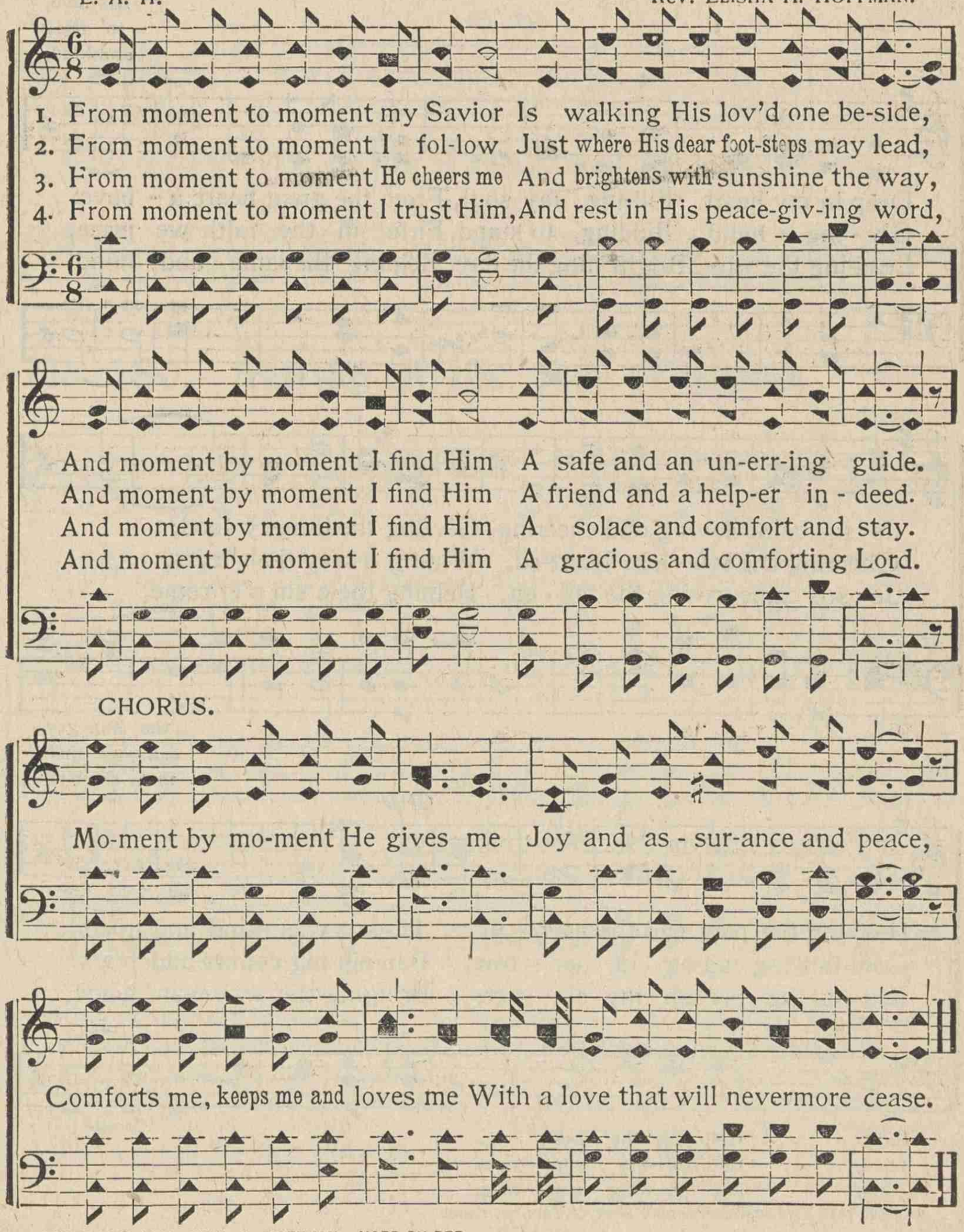
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Thou Knowest Best. Concluded.



No. 178. From Moment to Moment.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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No. 179. Oh, to be More Like Jesus!

Words and Music by WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus! Oh, to have more of His love,
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise,
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci-ful, loving and kind,

His love,
to rise,
and kind,

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove;
Giv - ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize,
Lead-ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Helping the lame and blind!

Je - sus came loving and cheering, Giv-ing the hungry food,
Cheering the bro - ken heart-ed, Wiping a-way their tears,
Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Helping them sin o'er-come,

the hun-gry
a-way their
them sin o'er-

pp

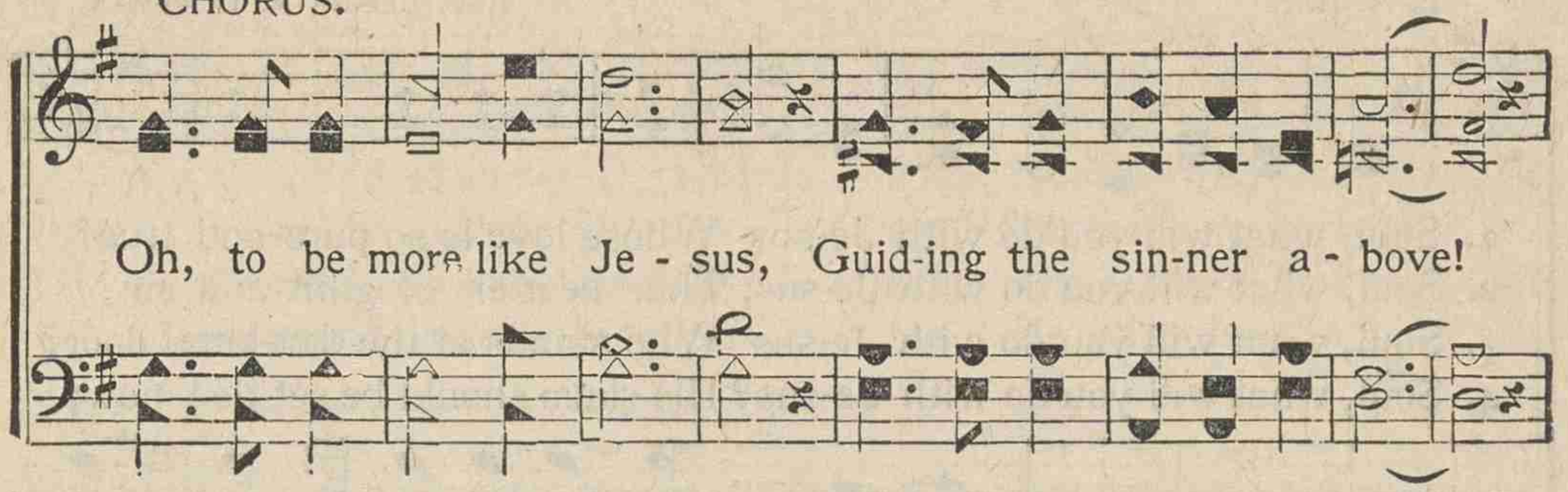
Help-ing the poor and the need - y; Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing ma-ny in sor - row, Ban-ish-ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu-ing per-ish - ing sin - ners, Bringing the way-ward home.

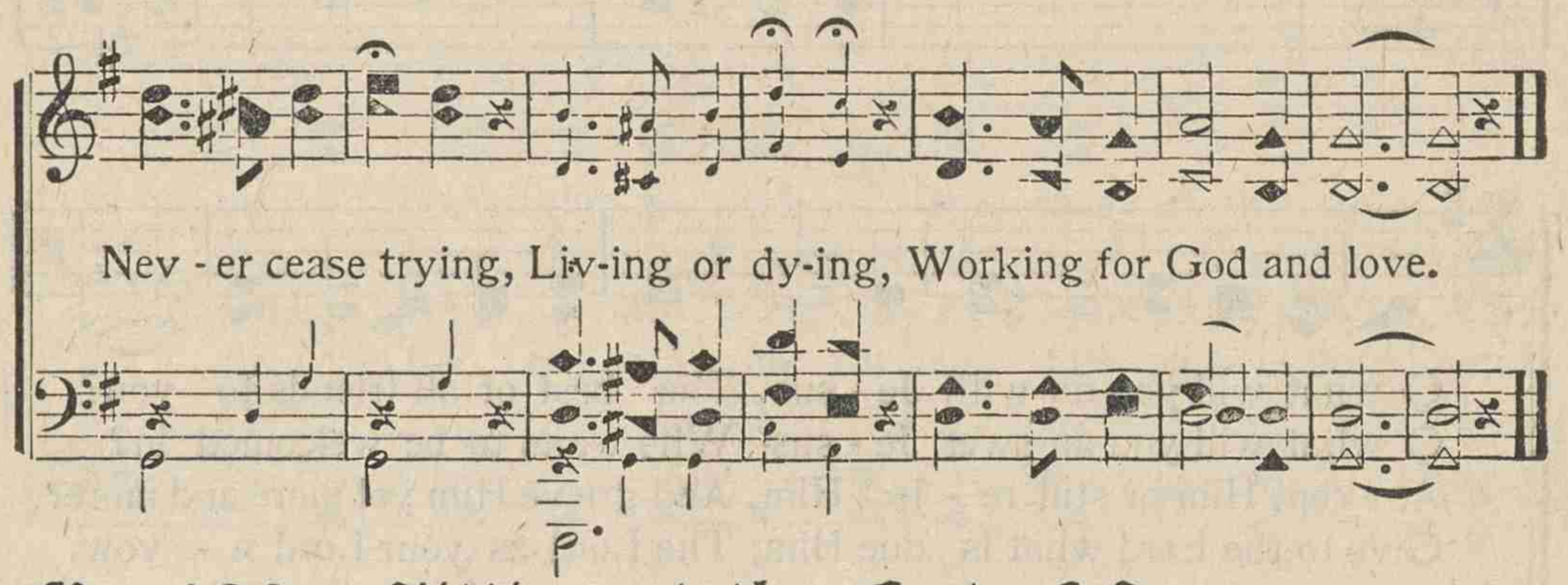
food, Help-ing the need - y,
tears, Com-fort-ing sor - row,
come, Res - cu - ing sin - ners.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Oh, to be More Like Jesus.—Concluded.

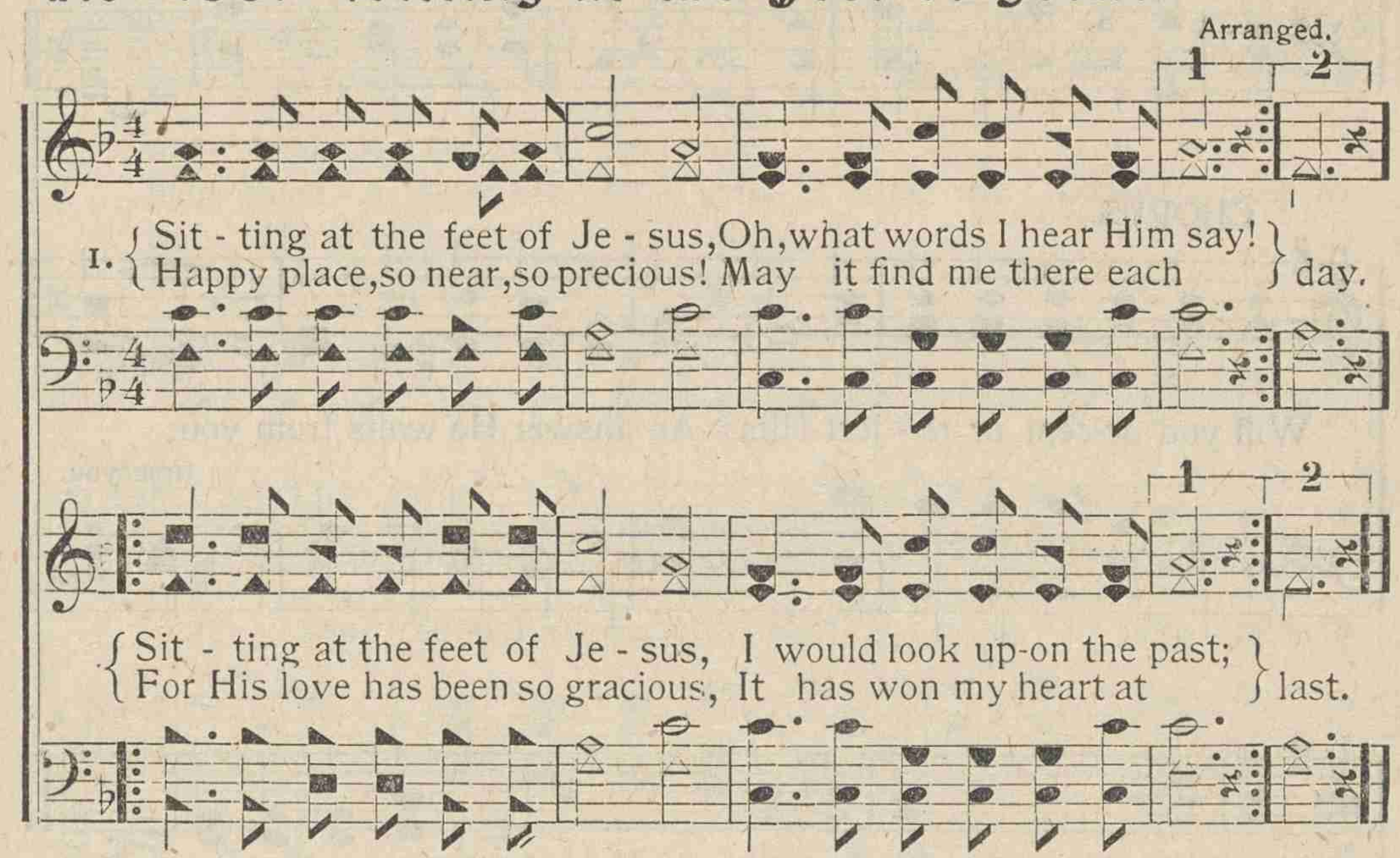
CHORUS.





No. 180. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Arranged.



2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest.
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet.
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

No. 181. What Will You Do with Jesus?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Soul, what will you do with Je-sus Whose love is so pure and true?
2. Soul, what will you do with Je-sus, The bear er of guilt and sin?
3. Soul, what will you do with Je-sus Who stands at the close-barred door?
4. Soul, what will you do with Je-sus? His claim should be set-tled now;

O what will you do with Je - sus, The best of all friends to you?
O what will you an-swer Je - sus Who waits to be welcomed in?
Ac - cept Him or still re - ject Him, And grieve Him yet more and more?
Give to the Lord what is due Him; The Lord as your Lord a - vow.

CHORUS.

Will you ac-cept or re - ject Him? An answer He waits from you,
from you,

Accept Him, re-ject Him, Which, dear soul, will you do?
Ac-cept Him, re-ject Him,

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No. 182. Something for Jesus.

JOHN MCPHERSON. JAS. M. KEASLER,

1. I would do something for Je - sus, Hum-ble and small tho' it be, Some-thing to aid in the cause of the right, The
2. I would do something for Je - sus, Rescue some wand'rers in sin, Lead to the blood that on Cal - va - ry flow'd, And
3. I would do something for Je - sus, The night of death will soon come, And I must bring ma - ny souls to my King Be-
4. I would do something for Je - sus, He has done so much for me; Let me toil on till my mis - sion is done, And

CHORUS.

har - vest is ripe now we see.
help them a new life be - gin. Let me do something for
fore He shall sum-mon me home.
Je - sus' true fol - low - er be.

Je - sus, Something each day that I live; Pre - cious to

me will the sac - ri-fice be, My life for the Master to give.

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No. 183. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear His doom, "De-

part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? are you read-y? Are you read - y for the

judgment day? Are you ready? are you read-y For the judgment day?

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

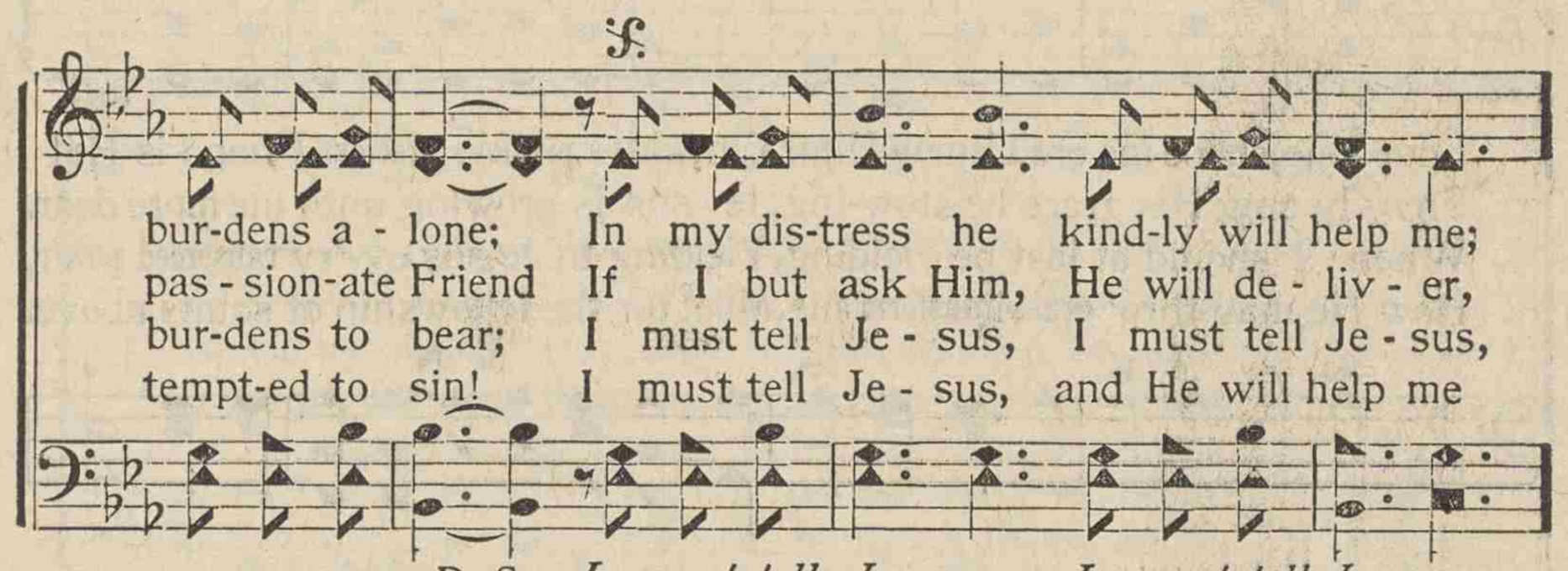
No. 184. I Must Tell Jesus.

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



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





bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
tempt-ed to sin! 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. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sorrows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

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



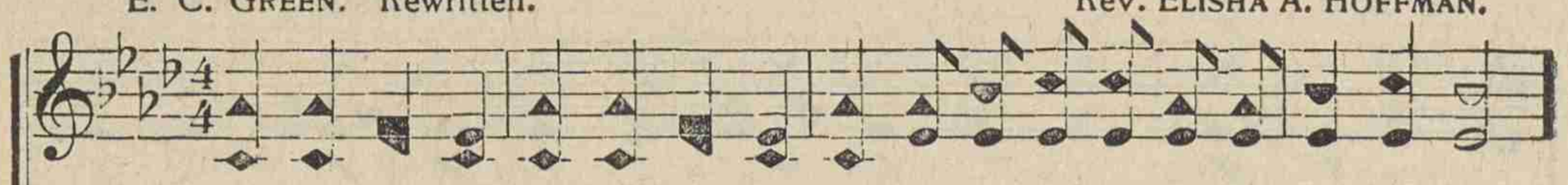
D. S.

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

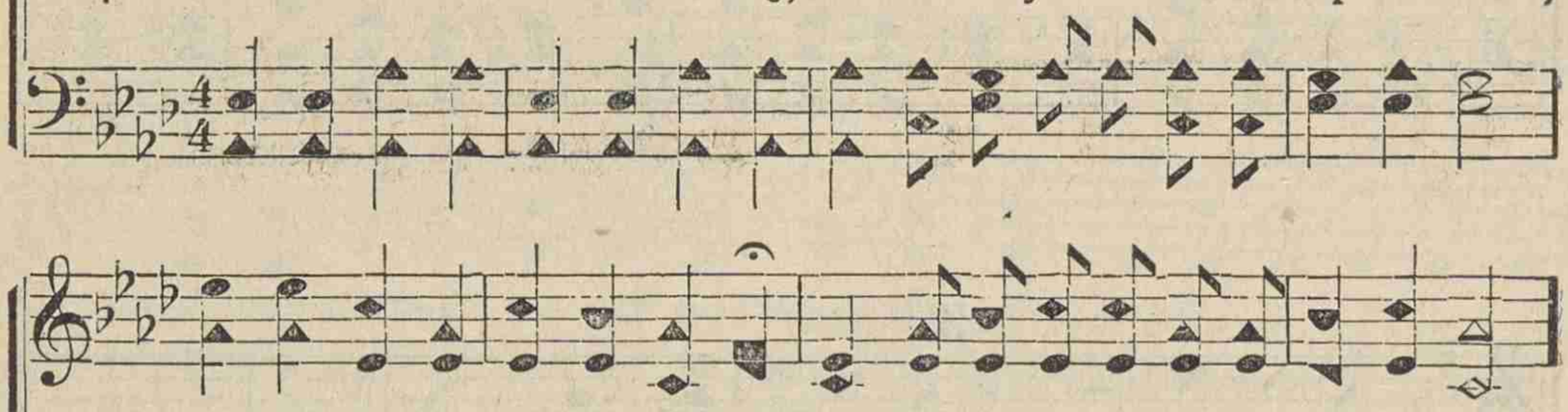
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No. 185. Oh, It is Wonderful.

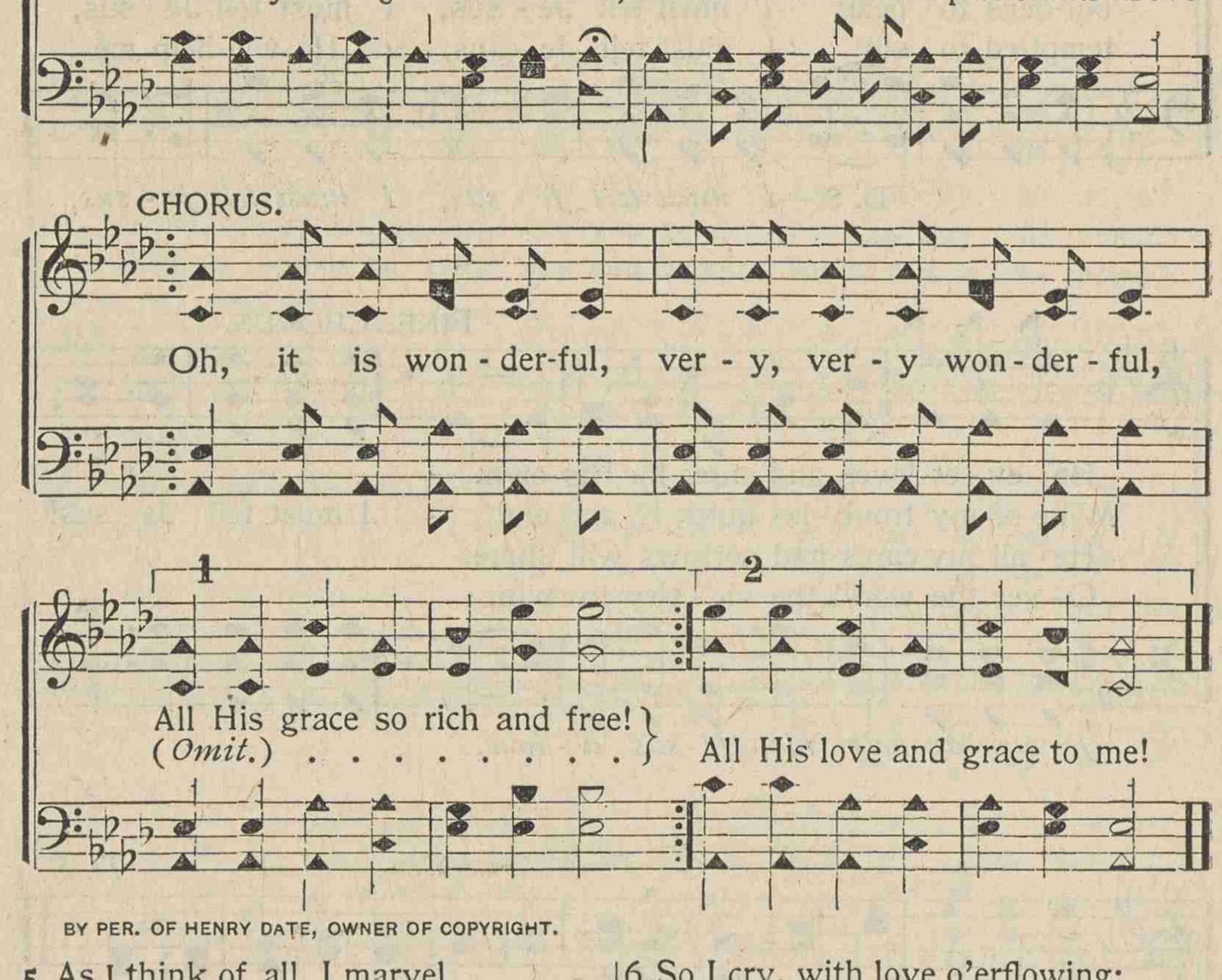
E. C. GREEN. Rewritten. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour,
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love,



Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He!
Free - ly now His grace be-stow-ing, Je - sus is growing unto me more dear.
When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Je-sus ev-'ry ransomed pow'r.
How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above.



BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

5 As I think of all, I marvel
Why in such patience He my good has sought,
And bestowed His grace upon me,
And in my spirit such a change has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
"Unto the Savior be eternal praise,"
Who redeemed me, soul and body,
Filling with gladness all my earthly days.

No. 186. For You and for Me.

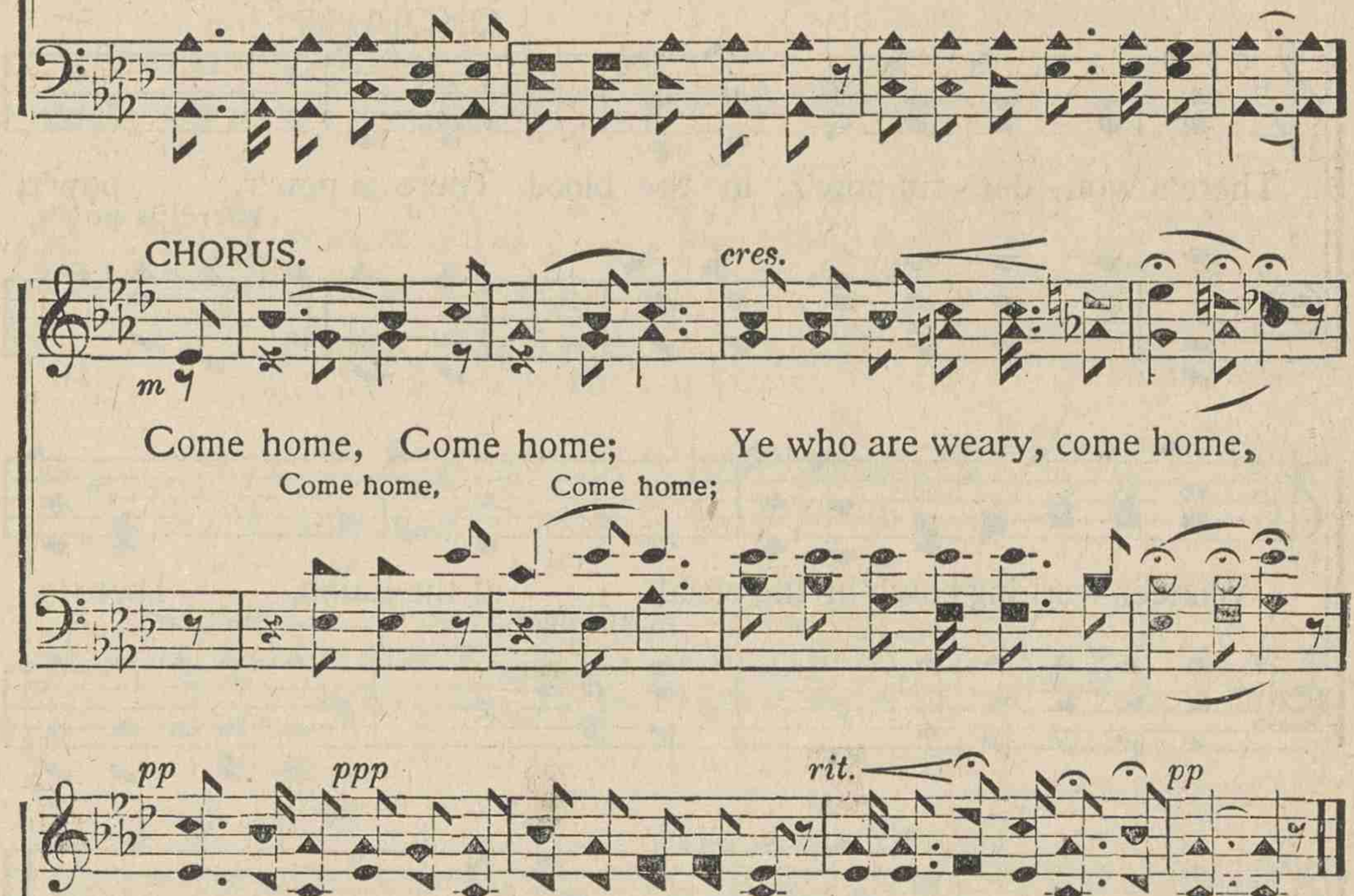
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;



See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home,
Come home, Come home;



Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!



BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O.

No. 187. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais-es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

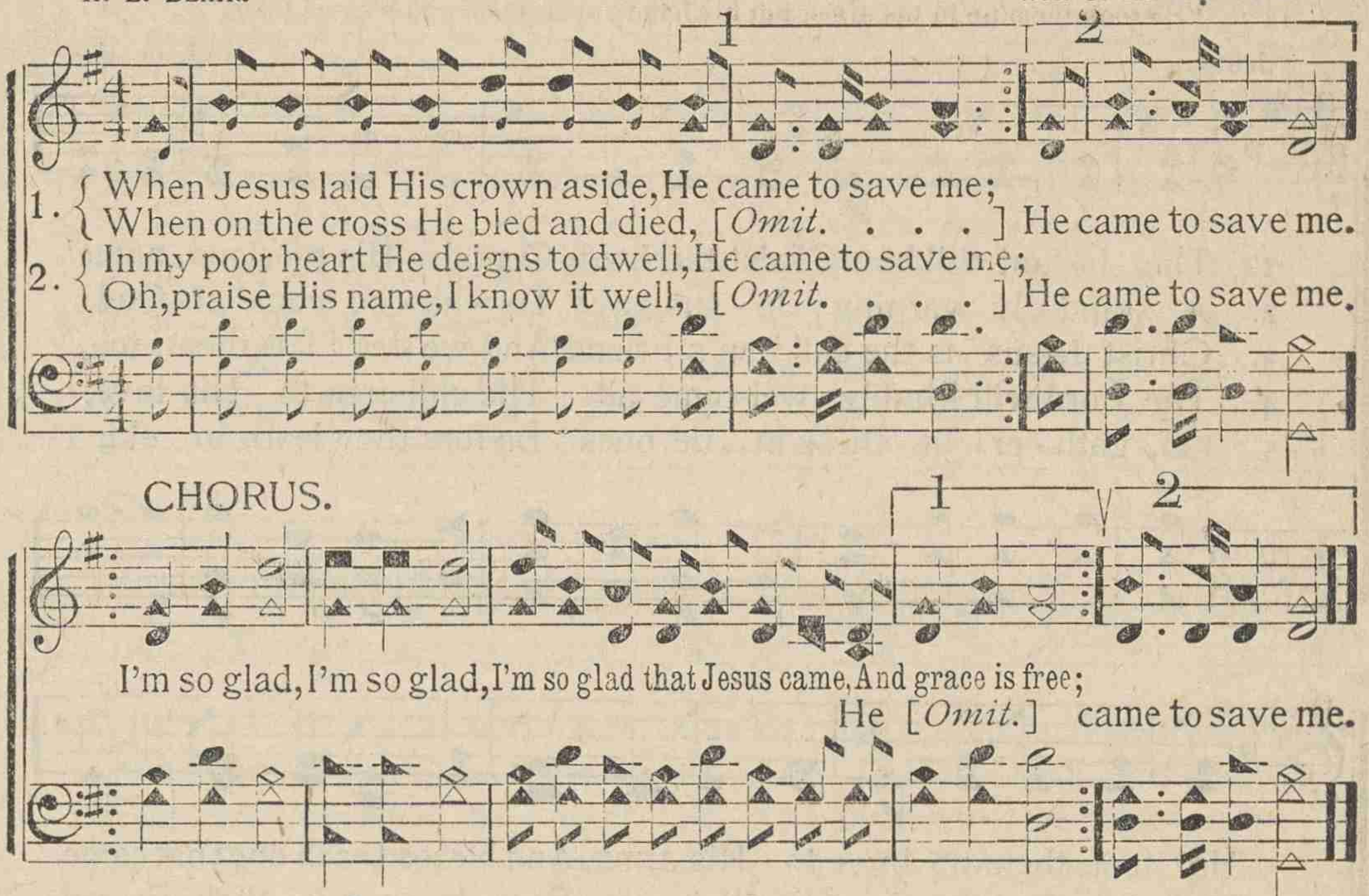
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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No. 188. He Came to Save Me.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



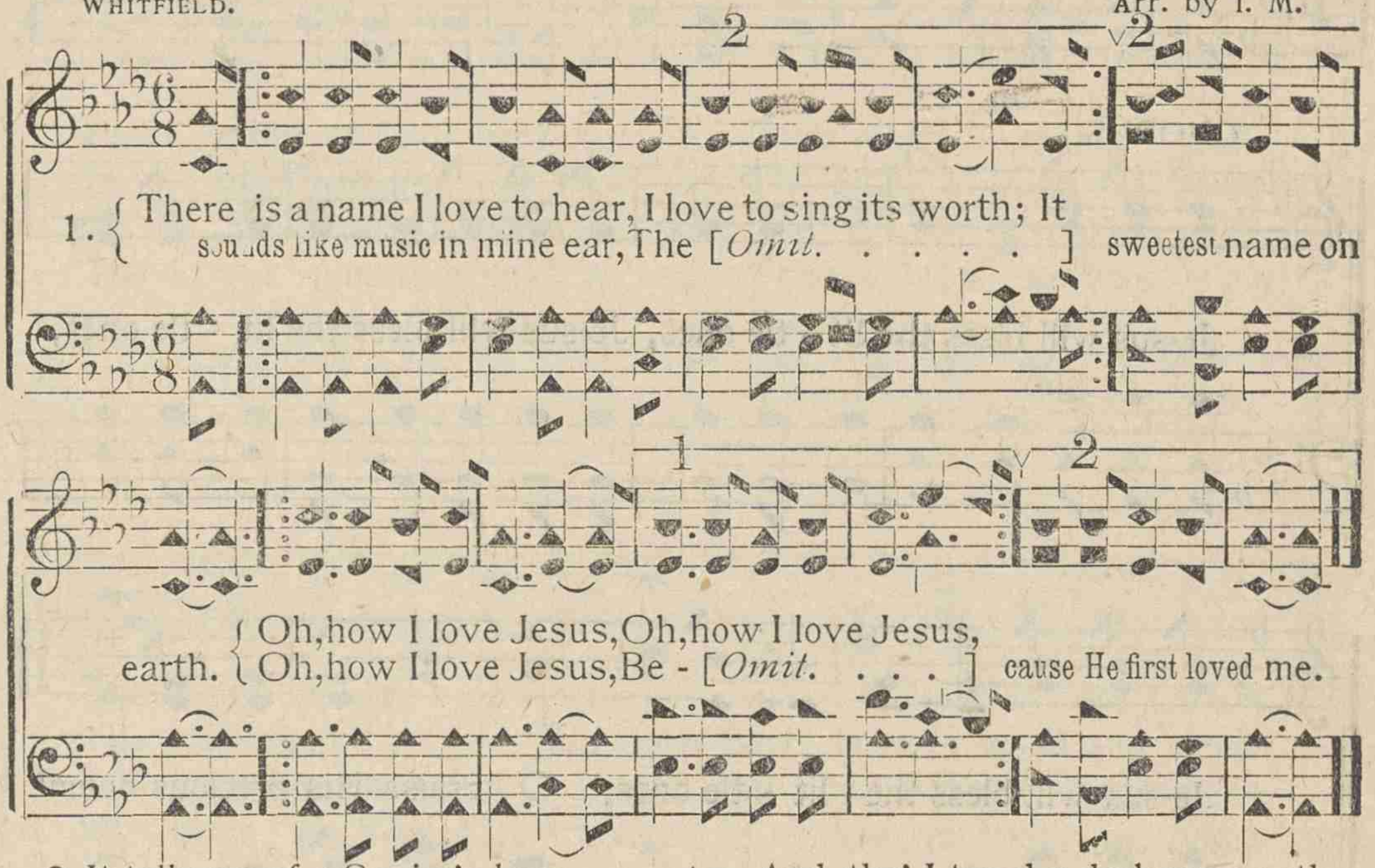
3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

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No. 189. How I Love Jesus.

WHITFIELD. Arr. by I. M.



2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

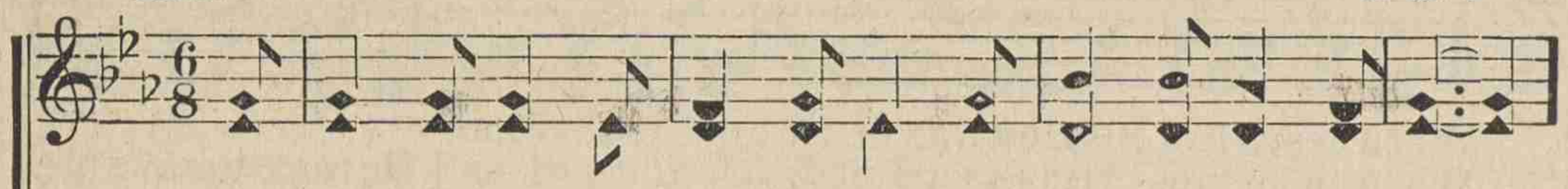
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

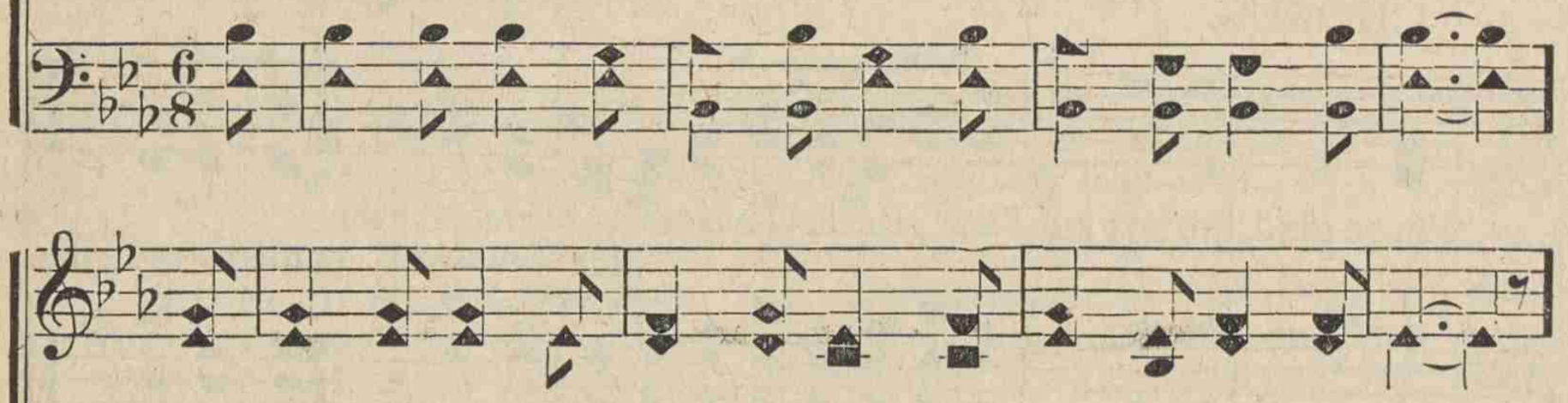
No. 190. Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."

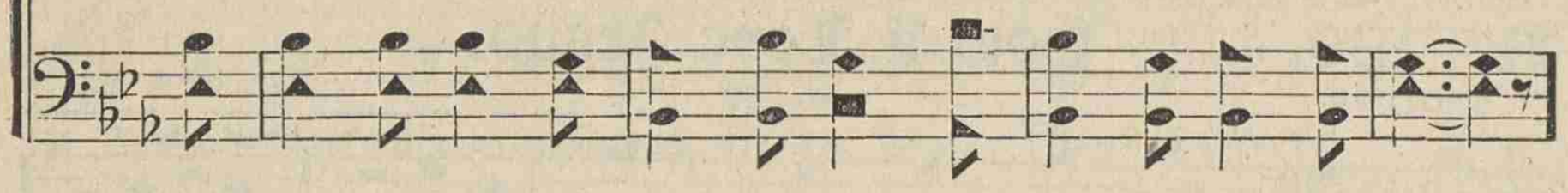
JOHN. J. G. F



1. The in-fant children Christ received, O praise His precious name!
2. A kind-ly warning Je-sus gave To who-so would of-fend
3. Christ Je-sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them, too,
4. The Lord will kind-ly wel-come all The chil-dren to His love,
5. Go, gath-er in these lit-tle ones Be-fore they learn to sin;



He took them up in-to His arms, And blessed each one that came.
One of these pre-cious lit-tle ones; For Je-sus is their Friend.
And all the love we can be-stow For Je-sus we should do.
And send up-on them day by day His blessing from a-bove.
The har-vest great, the la-b'rers few; Oh, who will bring them in?



CHORUS.



Je-sus will bless the lit-tle ones, Je-sus will bless the lit-tle ones,



Je-sus will bless the lit-tle ones, O praise His precious name!



This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

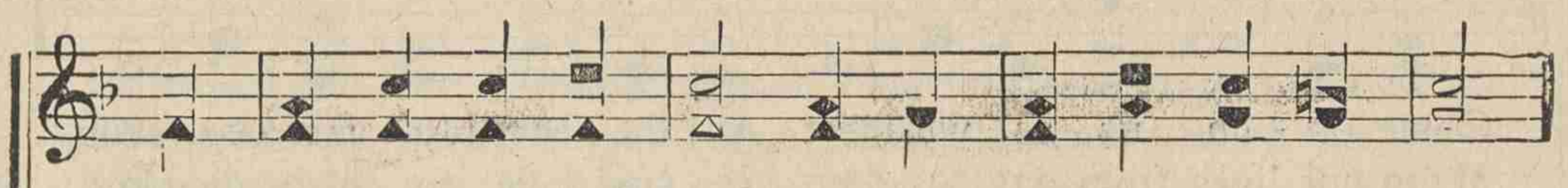
No. 191. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

HEBER. L. MASON.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand—
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



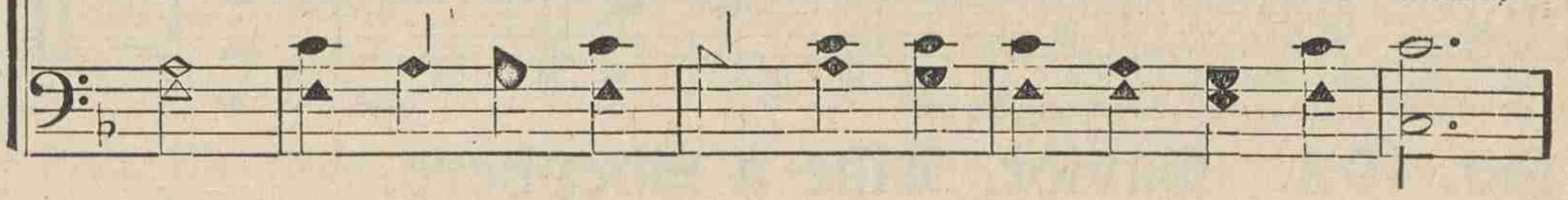


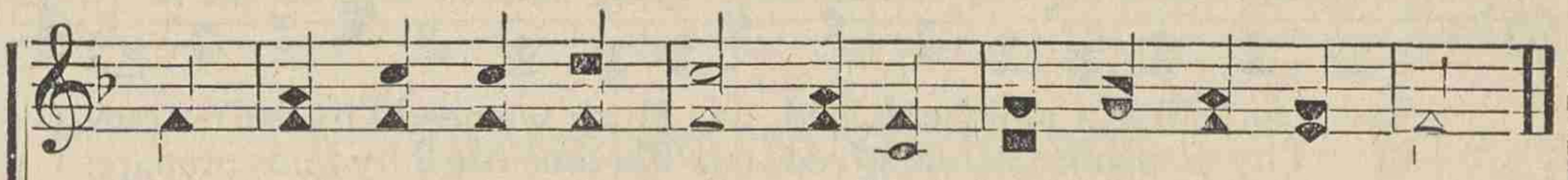
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold-en sand—
Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile,—
Shall we to men be - night · ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole—



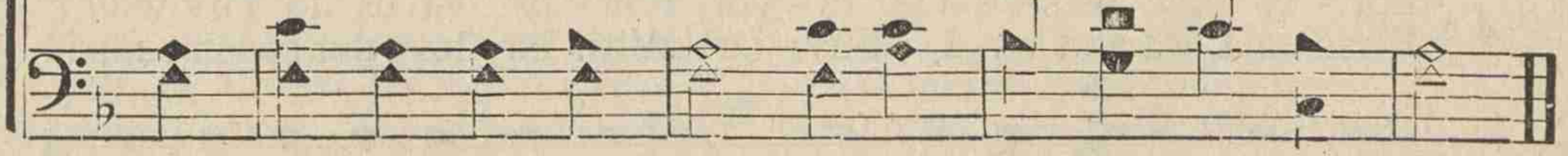


From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palmy plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture The Lamb for sin-ners slain,





They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na-tion Has learn'd Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



No. 192. Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

Rev. J. H. WELCH.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, at this hour Let us feel Thy quick'ning pow'r;
2. Shed a-broad Thy love di - vine, From all sin our hearts re - fine,
3. Give us zeal the lost to seek, And the gos - pel to them speak;
4. Fix our eye on Christ a - lone, To our souls His joy make known;
5. Seal us for the life a - bove, Oh, Thou blest e - ter - nal Dove!

Come up - on us as we meet At the heav'n-ly mer - cy - seat;
Make our lives from day to day Je - sus' love to men dis-play;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound In our lives the year a - round;
All Thy work in us com-plete, For His pres-ence make us meet;
Clothed in white cause us to be, And in peace God's face to see;

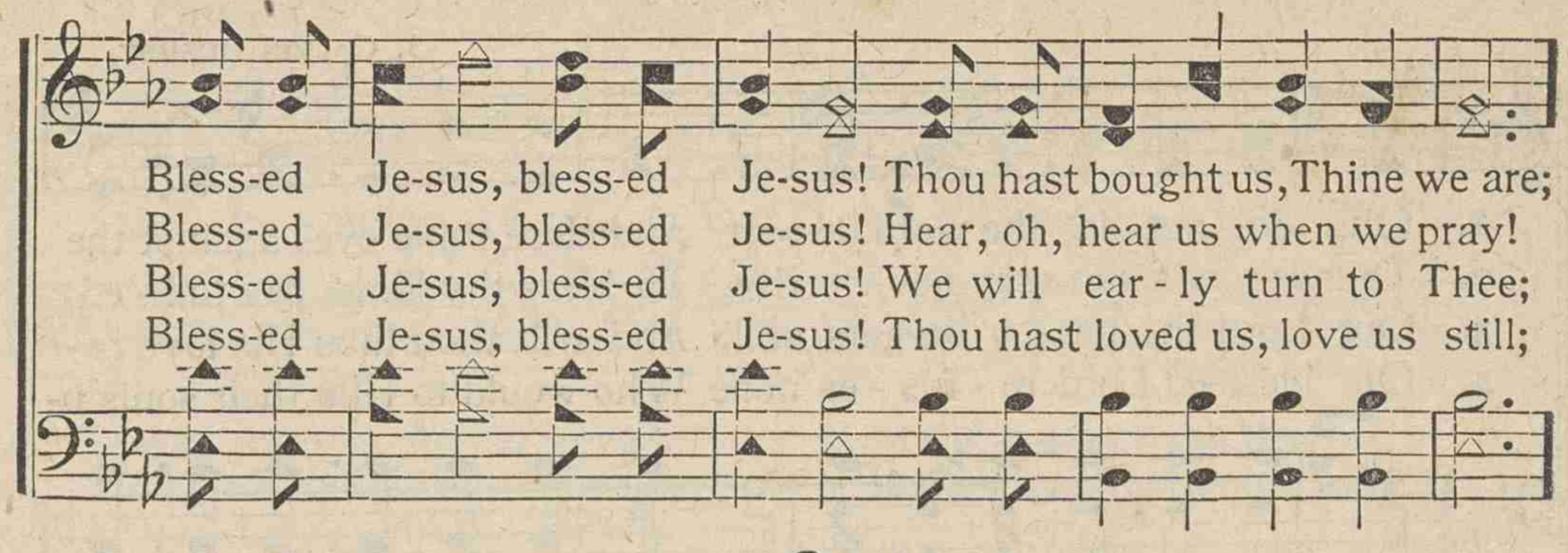
Come up - on us as we meet At the heav'n-ly mer-cy - seat.
Make our lives from day to day Je - sus' love to men dis-play.
Make the fruits of grace a-bound In our lives the year a - round.
All Thy work in us com-plete, For His pres - ence make us meet.
Clothed in white cause us to be, And in peace God's face to see.

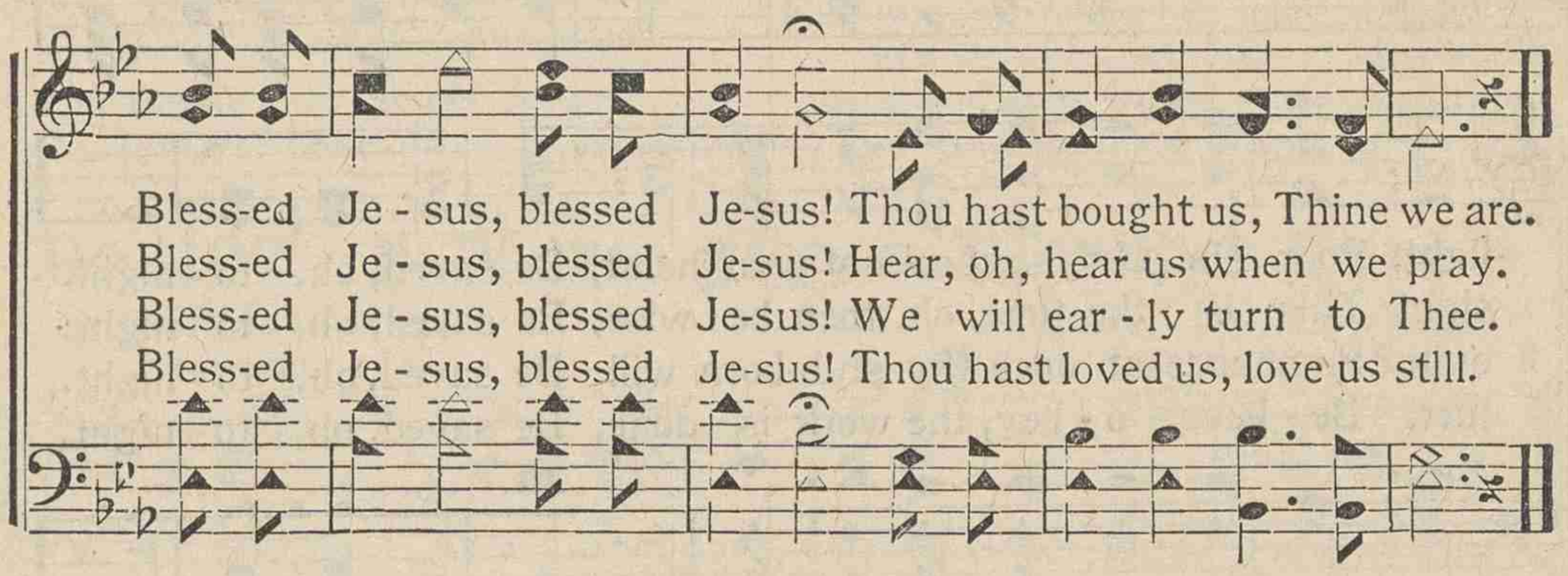
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No. 193. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

1. Sav - ior! like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
   In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
   Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
   Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior! With Thy love our bosoms fill;

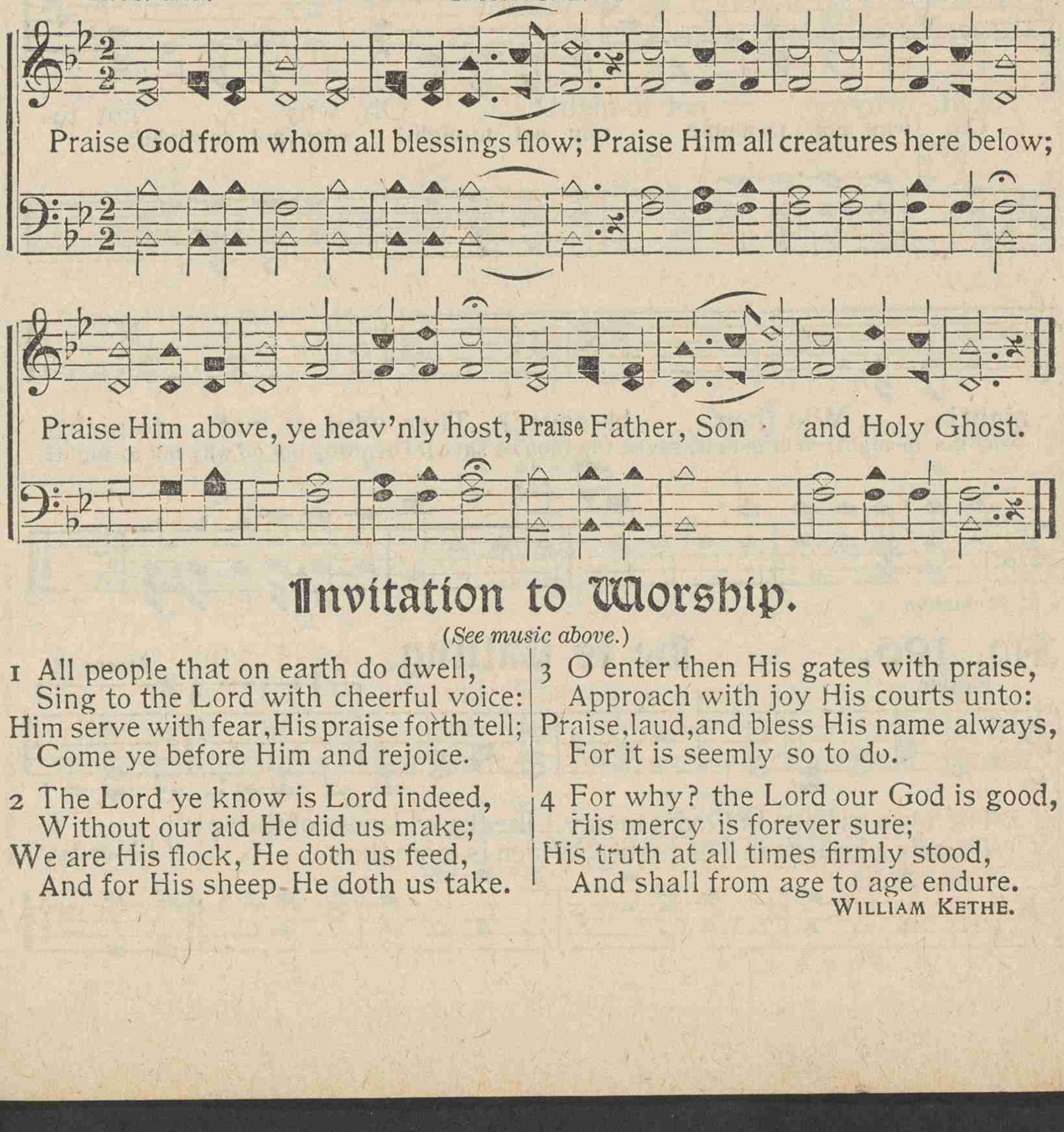
Savior, Like a Shepherd. Concluded.





No. 194. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



Invitation to Worship.

(See music above.)

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know is Lord 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 praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? 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.

WILLIAM KETHE.

No. 195. Oh, Why not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sin - ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night! Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh why not to-night?

BY PERMISSION.

No. 196. He is Calling.

FABER. Arranged.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: / There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than } lib-er-ty.

He is Calling, Concluded.

CHORUS.



2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in His blood.

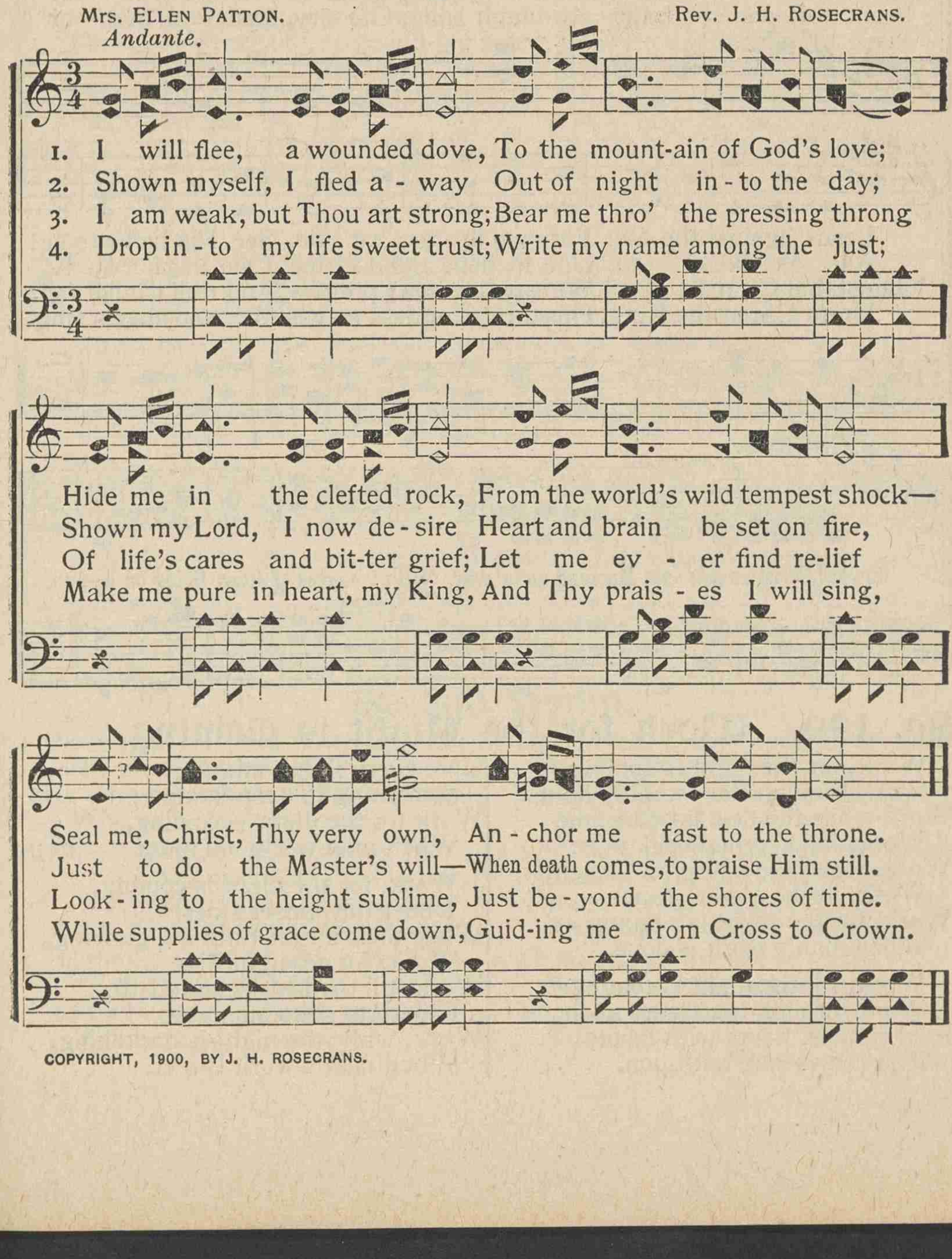
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 197. I Would Flee, a Wounded Dove.

Mrs. ELLEN PATTON. Rev. J. H. ROSECRANS.

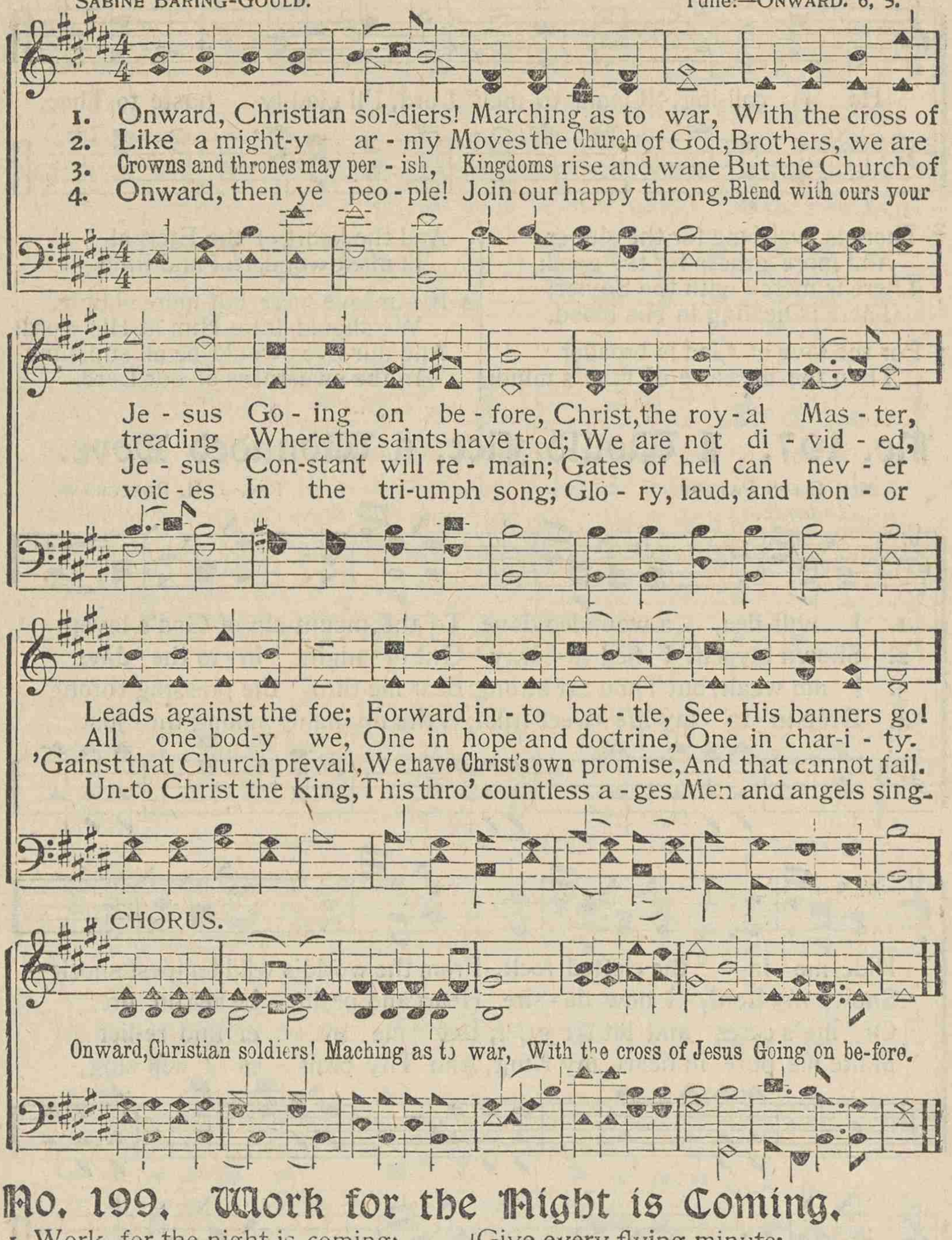
Andante.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.

No. 198. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune:—ONWARD. 6, 5.



No. 199. Work for the Night is Coming.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours:
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 200. It Was for Me.

Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Second Hymn.

1 Weep not for Him who onward bears
His cross to Calvary;
He does not ask man's pitying tears
Who wills for man to die.

CHO.—It was for me, it was for me
They nailed Him to the tree;
It was for me, it was for me
He died on Calvary.

2 He thinks of all for whom His life
Of lowliness and pain,
And weariness and care and strife
Will be, alas, in vain.

3 He sees the souls for whom He died
Yet clinging to their sin,
And heirs to mansions in the skies
Who will not enter in.

4 Oh! this, my Savior, was the shame
That bowed Thy head so low;
These were the wounds that rack'd Thy frame,
And made Thy tears to flow.

5 O may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving heart of Thine!

Rev. THOMAS B. POLLOCK.

No. 201. Come and Give Your Heart to Jesus.

MAUDE HASMAN. IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. Come and give your heart to Je-sus, Come and give your heart to Jesus,
He is wait-ing to receive you, He is wait-ing to re-ceive you,
2. Oh! His love will make you hap-py, Oh! His love will make you happy,
It will comfort, it will bless you, It will com-fort, it will bless you,



CHO.—*Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Savior, Hal - le-lu-jah! praise the Savior,*

D. C. for chorus.



Come and give your heart to Je-sus, Sin-ner, turn Him not a-side;
He is wait-ing to re-ceive you, Sin-ner, in the Lord con-fide.
Oh! His love will make you happy, More than all the world be-side;
It will com-fort, it will bless you, Let it in your heart a-bide;



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY IRA O. HOFFMAN.

Hal - le-lu-jah! praise the Sav-ior, For a sin-ful world He died.

3 As you walk thro' sin's dark valley,
As you walk thro' sin's dark valley,
As you walk thro' sin's dark valley,
Take the Savior for your guide;
He will lead you safe to heaven,
He will lead you safe to heaven,
He will lead you safe to heaven,
With the saved and glorified.

4 It is time to start for heaven,
It is time to start for heaven,
It is time to start for heaven,
There forever to abide;
Then come now, dear soul, to Jesus,
Then come now, dear soul, to Jesus,
Then came now, dear soul, to Jesus,
For a Christian life decide.

Second Hymn.

1 What is keeping you from Jesus,
From the tender, loving Jesus,
From the sin-forgiving Jesus,
From your best and dearest Friend?
He has loved you though a sinner,
He has loved you though a sinner,
He has loved you though a sinner,
And will love you to the end.

CHO.—Come and give your heart to Jesus,
Come and give your heart to Jesus,
Come and give your heart to Jesus,
For a sinful world He died.

2 Longer will you still refuse Him,
In ingratitude refuse Him,
With a hardened heart refuse Him,
He, your best and dearest Friend?
Leave your life of sin and love Him,
With your best affection love Him,
Ask His pardon free and love Him,
And for grace on Him depend.

3 Oh, how can you longer grieve Him,
By impenitence still grieve Him,
When you might at once receive Him,
He, your best and dearest Friend?
Come and bend the knee before Him,
Bow in love and tears before Him,
Take His grace and then adore Him,
For the peace that He will send.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 202. Light O'er the River.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

Melody by J. T. B.
Harmony by JOS. F. BUTLER

1. There's a swift-flow - ing riv - er this side heaven's shore,
2. O'er the foam-crest - ed wa - ters float an - gel - ic forms;
3. Ma - ny friends I have cher - ished have been tak - en o'er
4. O the day is not dis - tant when my Lord will come,

And its high-toss-ing waves I see, But my faith looks be - yond
I their beau - ti - ful forms can see; And my soul they will bear
To the land from all sor - row free; At the shore-line they wait
And my soul shall from earth be free! He will say to His child:

all the an - gry roar Where a light bright-ly shin-eth for me.
to the land so fair Where the light bright-ly shin-eth for me.
me to meet and greet Where the light bright-ly shin-eth for me.
"Come and share the joy Where the light bright-ly shin-eth for thee!"

CHOURS

There's a light o'er the riv-er, A light o'er the riv - er, And its

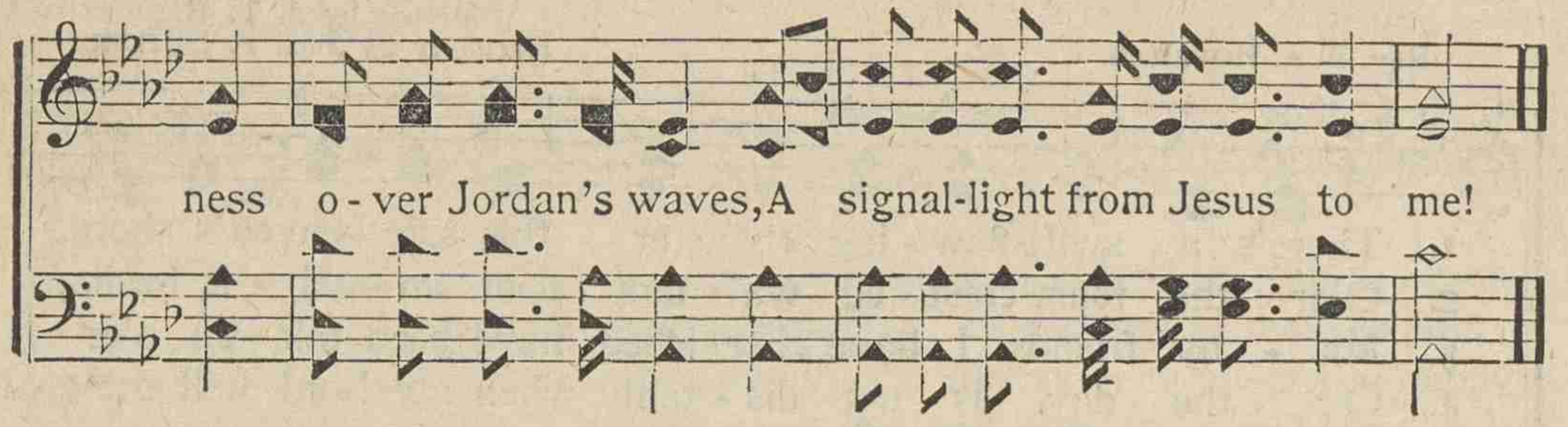
yes,

far-gleaming glo-ry I can see; O it shines with bright-

Hal - le - lu-jah!

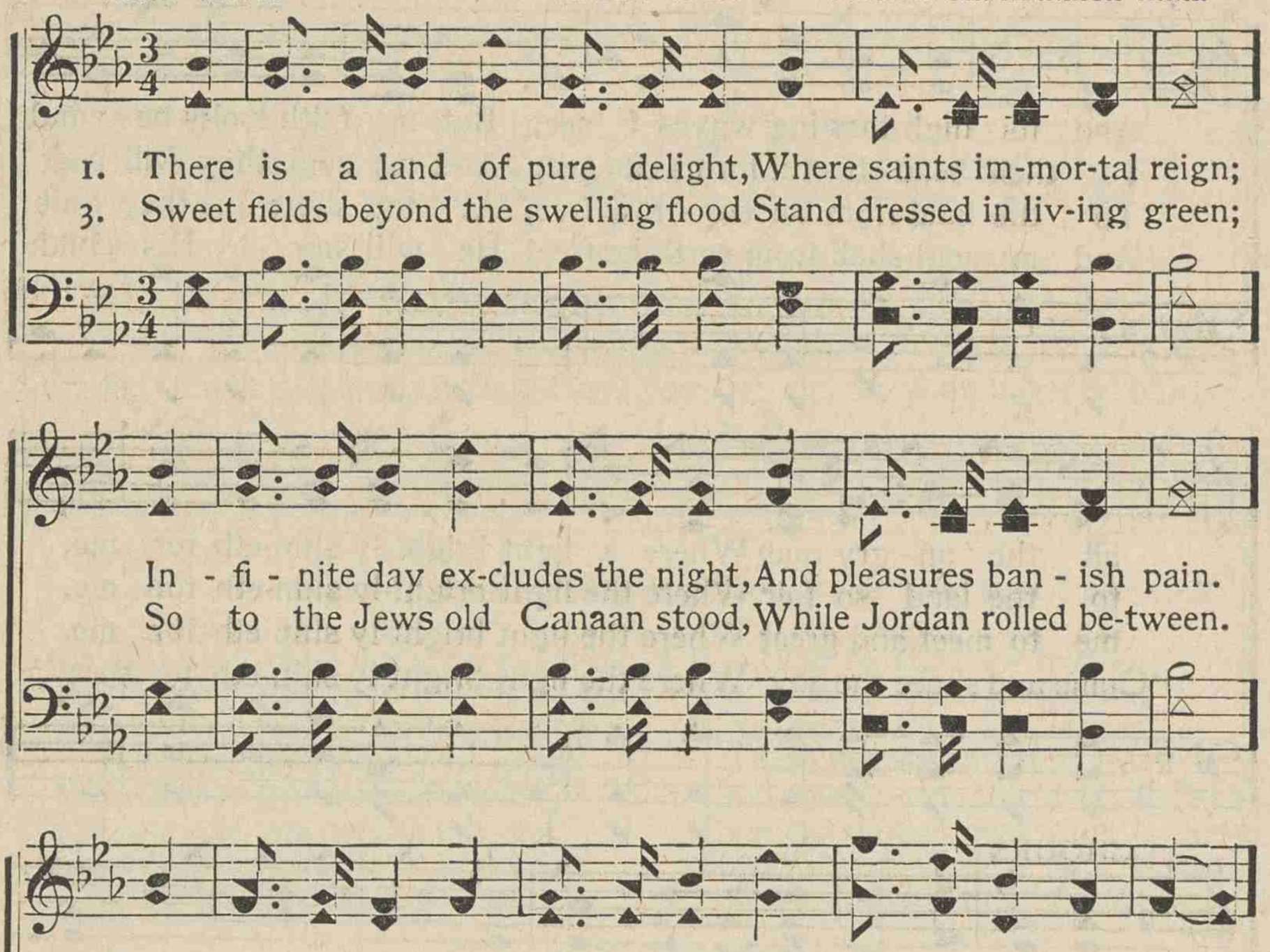
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY JOSEPH F. BUTLER.

Light O'er the River. Concluded.



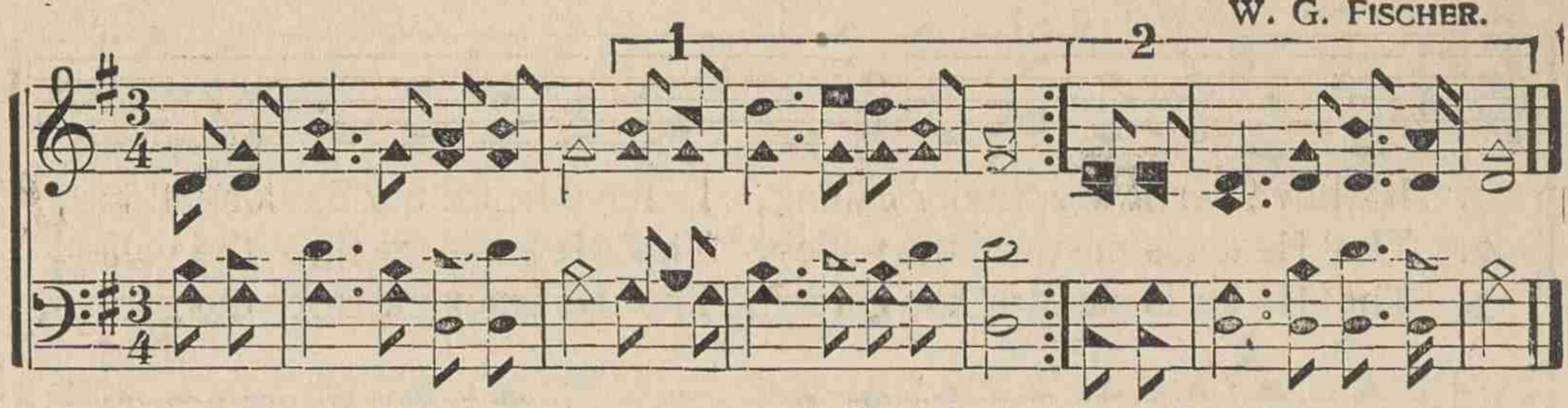
No. 203. The Better Land.

ISAAC WATTS — VARINA. C. M. — JOHANN CH. HEINRICH RINK.



No. 204. I Am Coming.

W. G. FISCHER.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

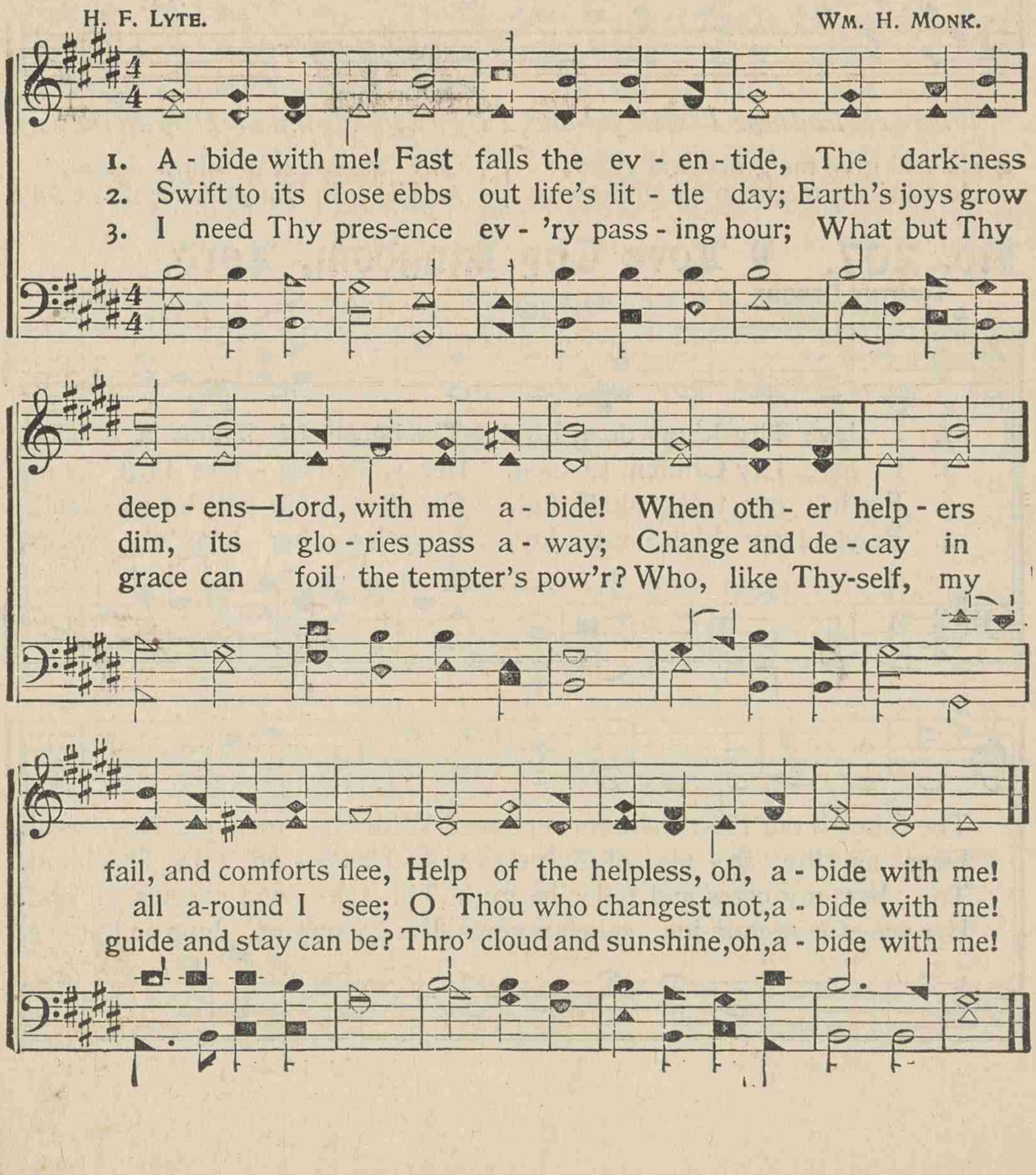
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, save me, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 205. Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.



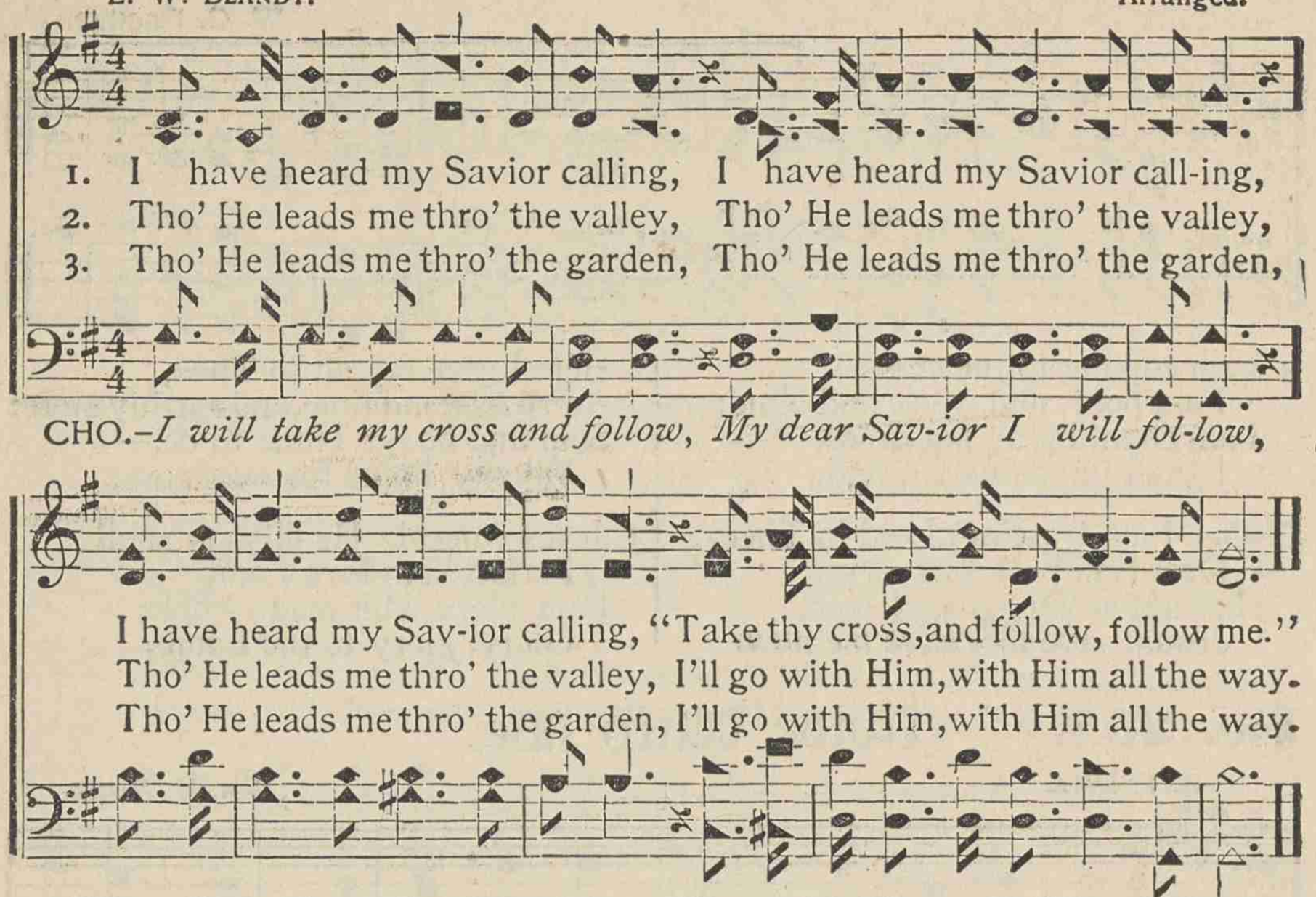
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!

No. 206. Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY. Arranged.

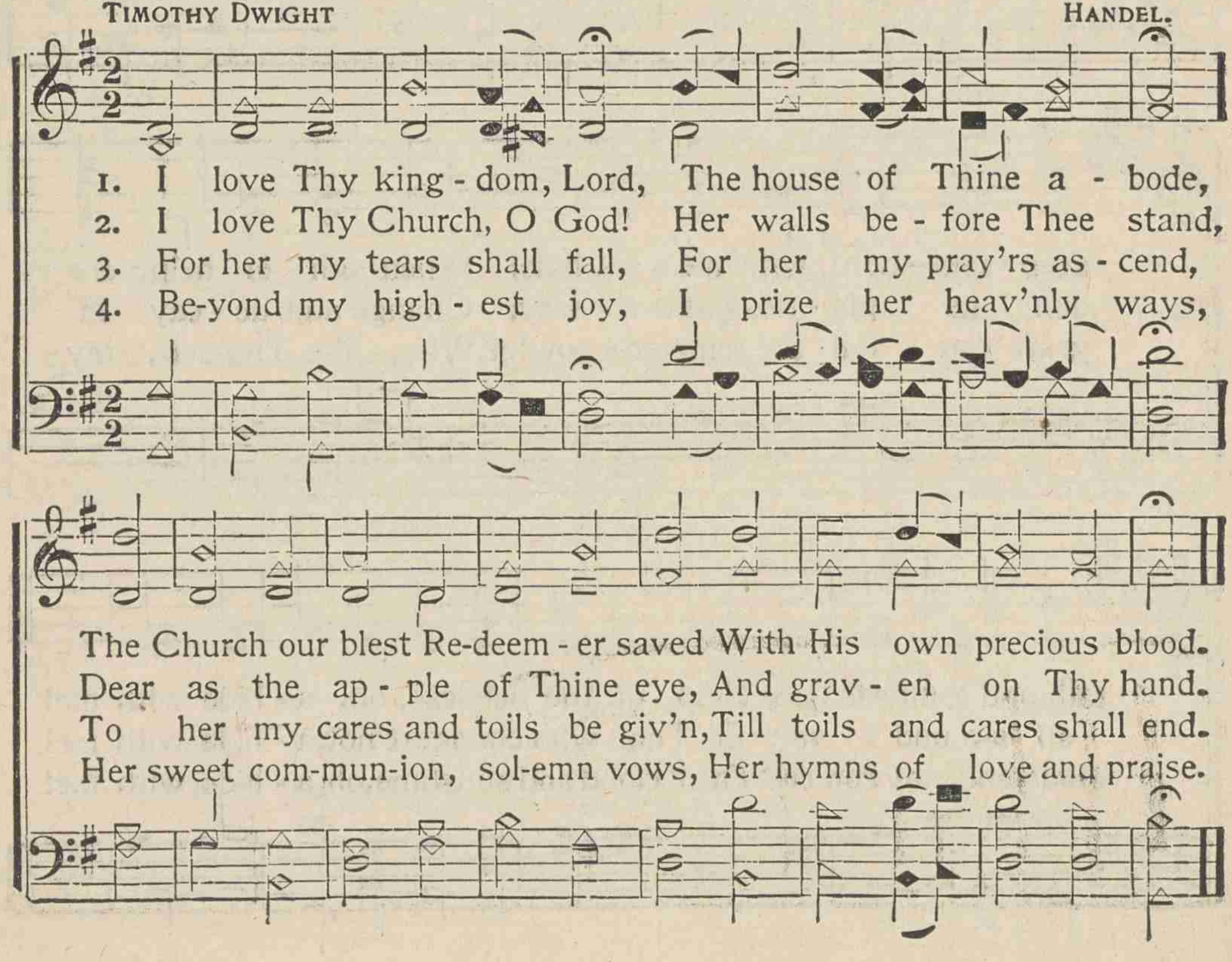


4 He will give me grace and glory,
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

5 Oh! 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 207. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT HANDEL.



No. 208. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY. C. M.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
   And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, (*Omit.*) . . .

D. C.–And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, (*Omit.*) . . .

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains.

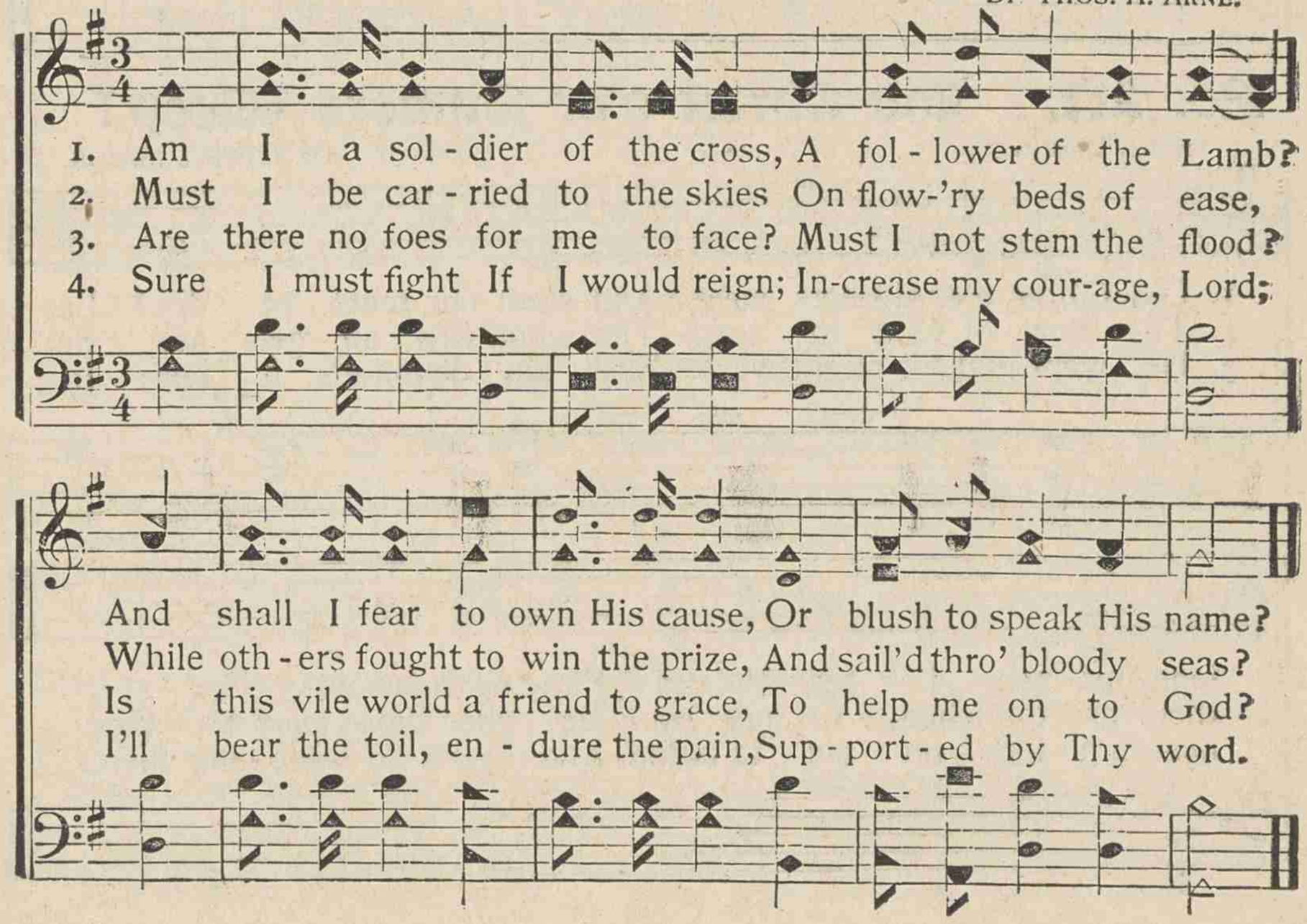
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 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.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 209. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight If I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 210. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 211. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

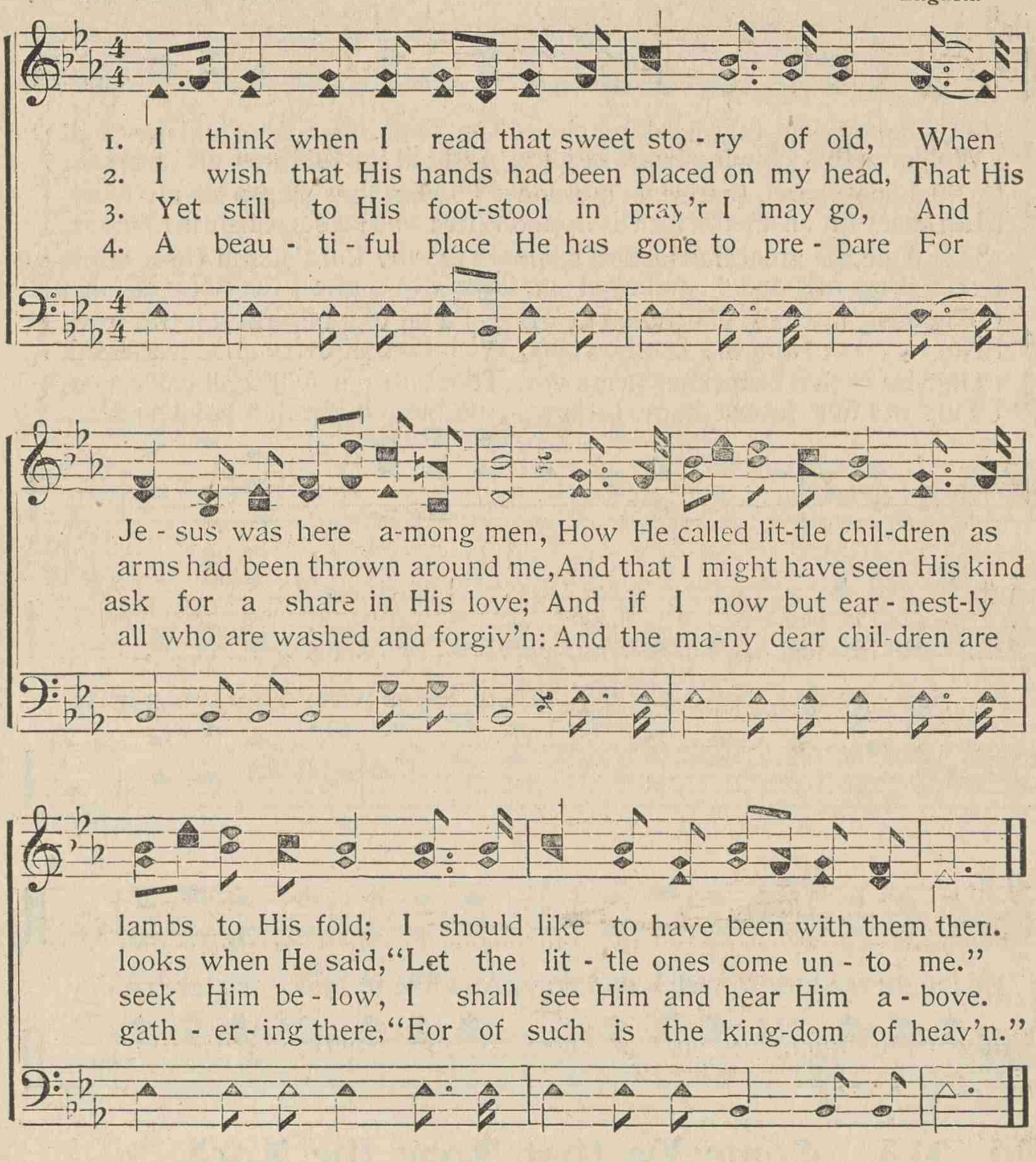
BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

No. 212. I Think When I Read.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE. English.



No. 213. Take the Name of Jesus.

Tune, No. 72 "Gospel Hymns," Key, A♭.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort bring you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

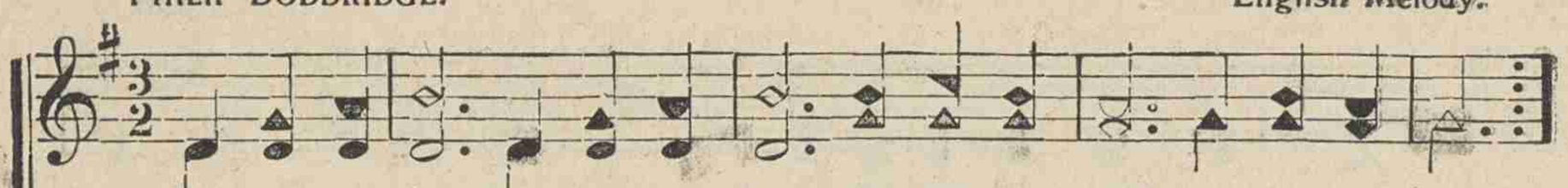
2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet, [Him,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
When our journey is complete.

No. 214. O happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



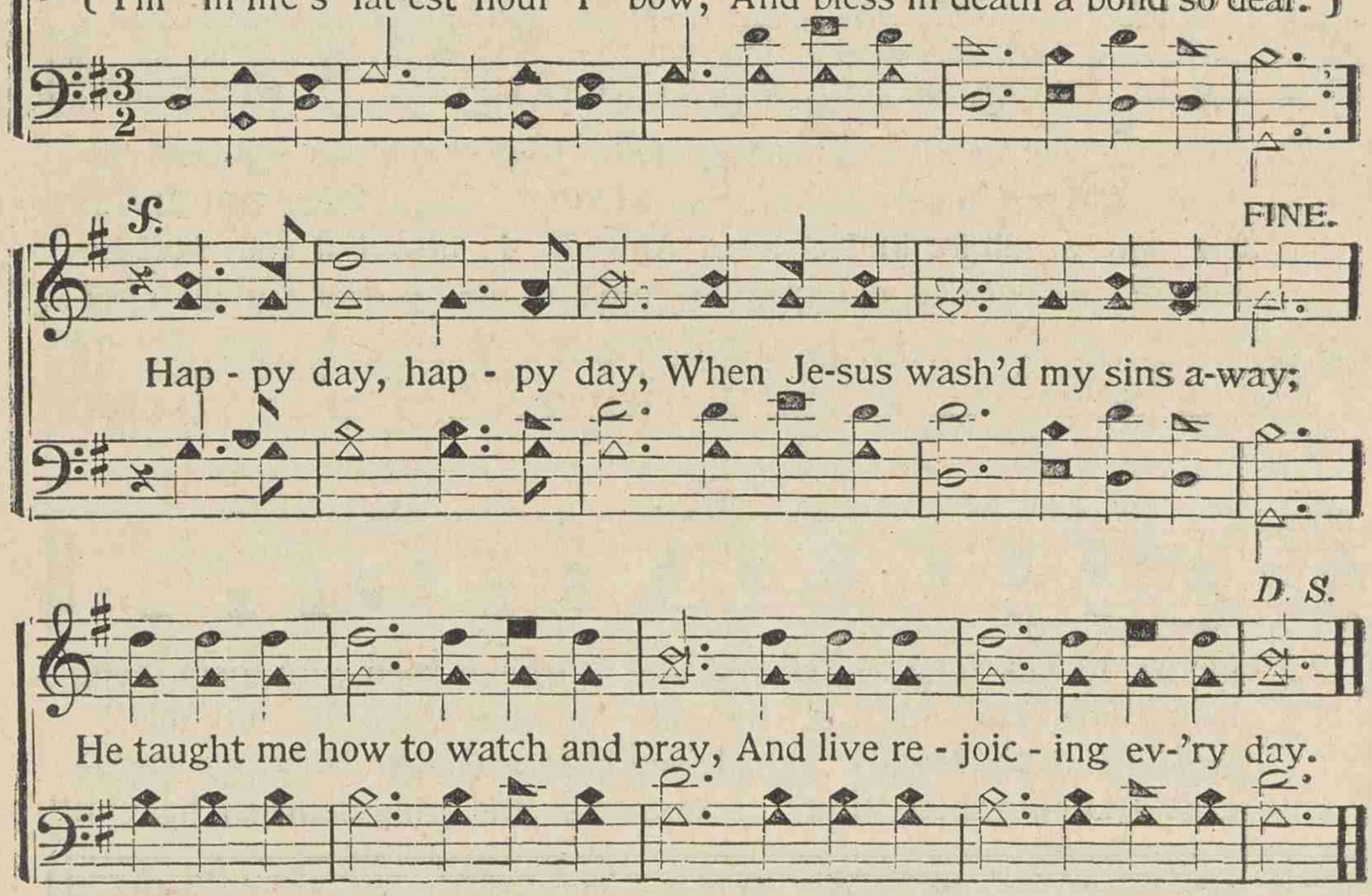
1. O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine;

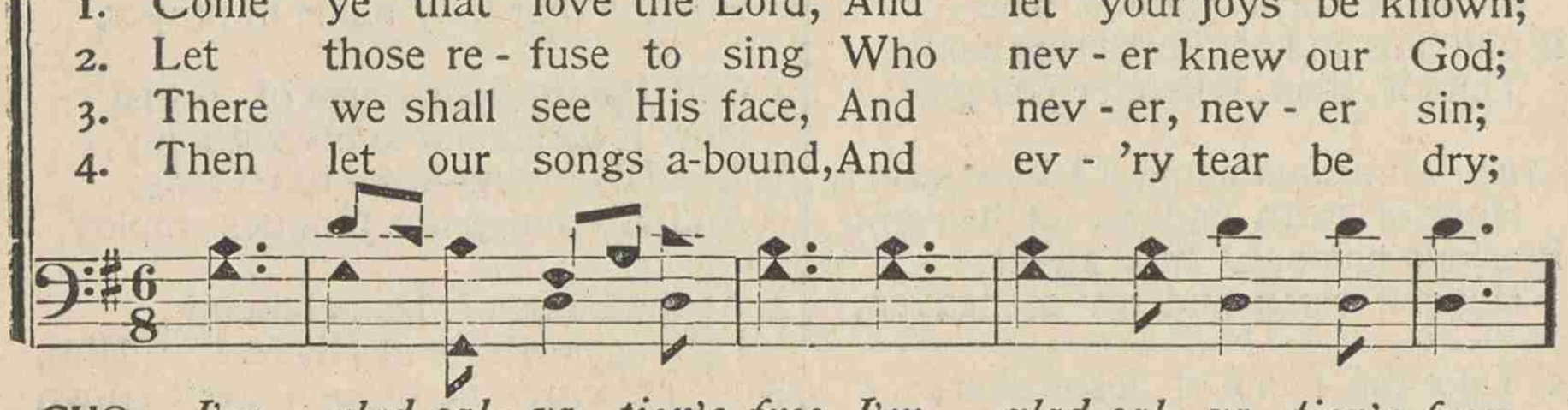
4. Now rest, my long di - vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd,

5. High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



No. 215. Come Ye that Love the Lord.

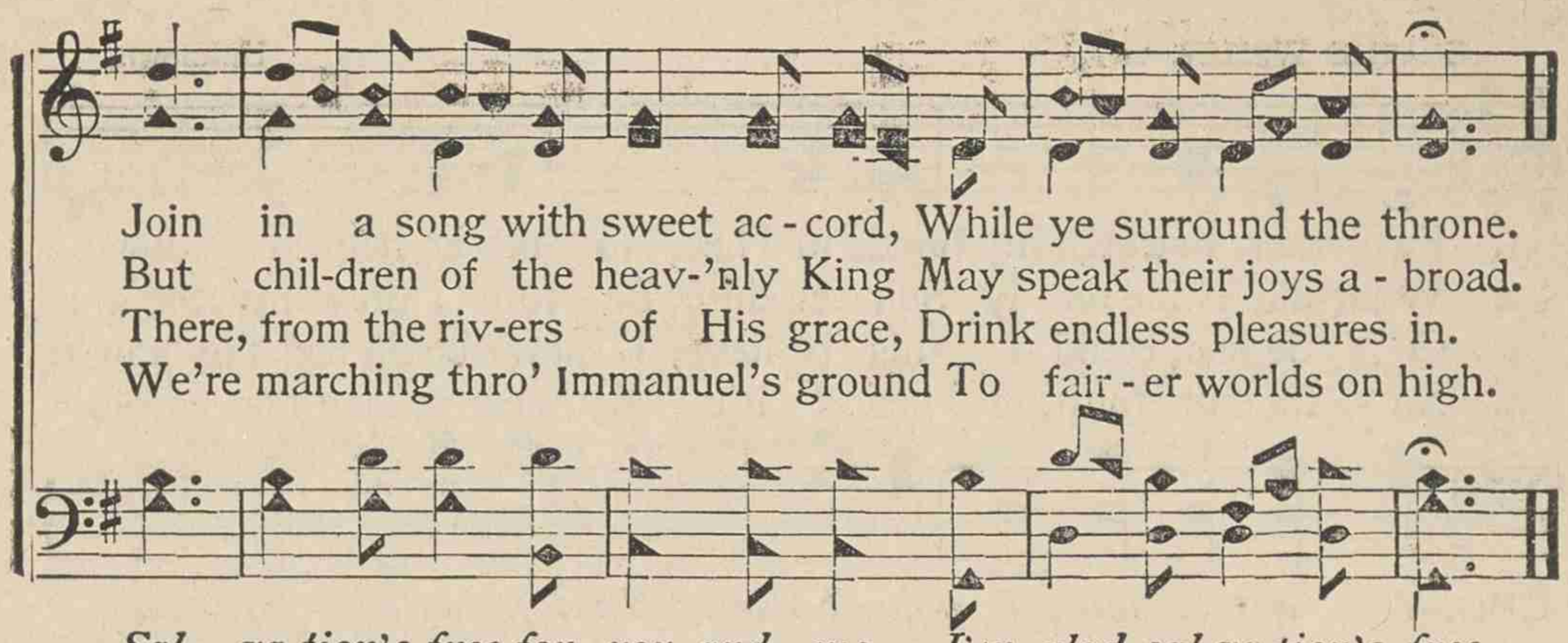
ISAAC WATTS. Arranged.



1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

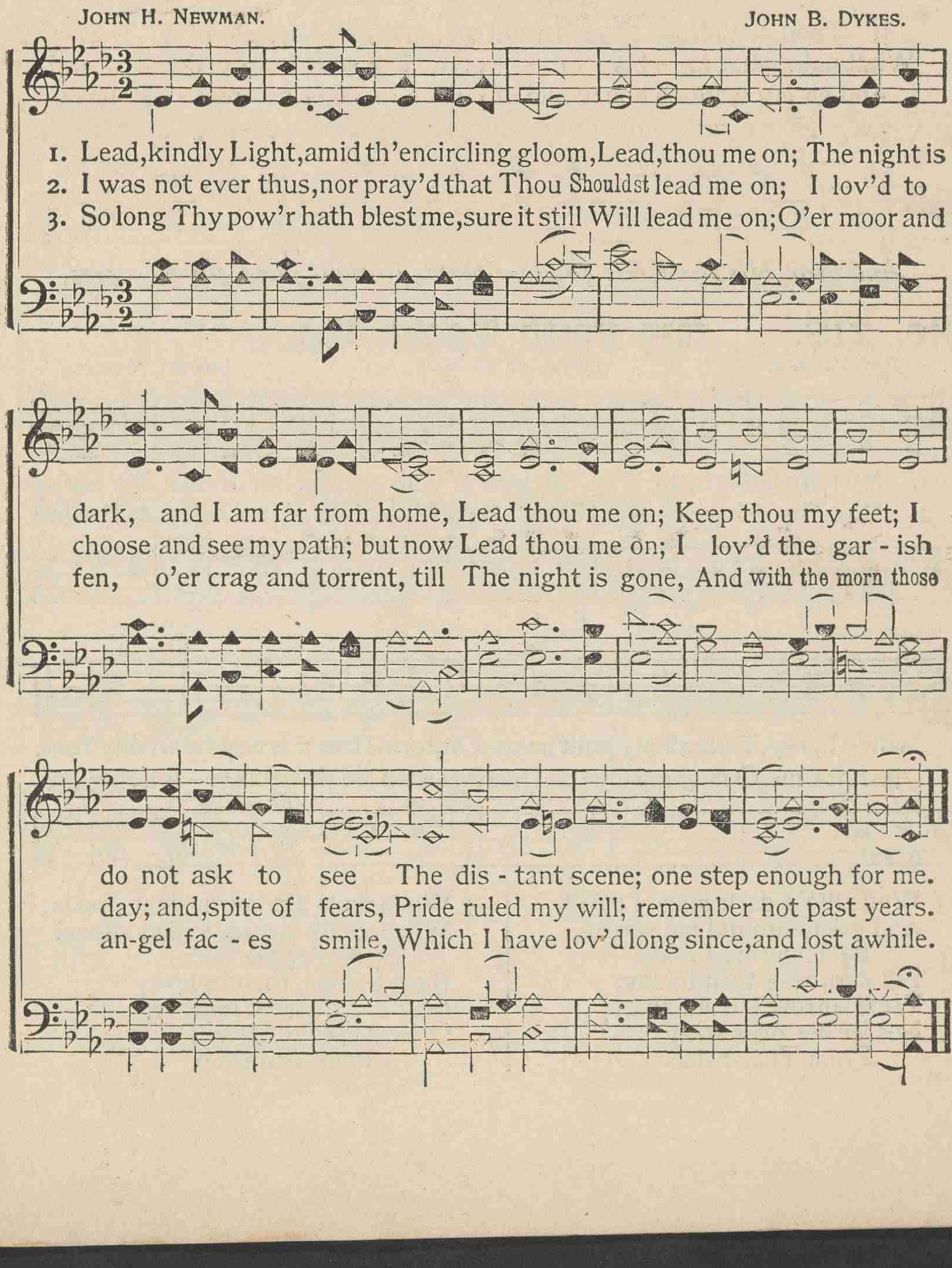
CHO.—*I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;*

Come, Ye that Love the Lord. Concluded.



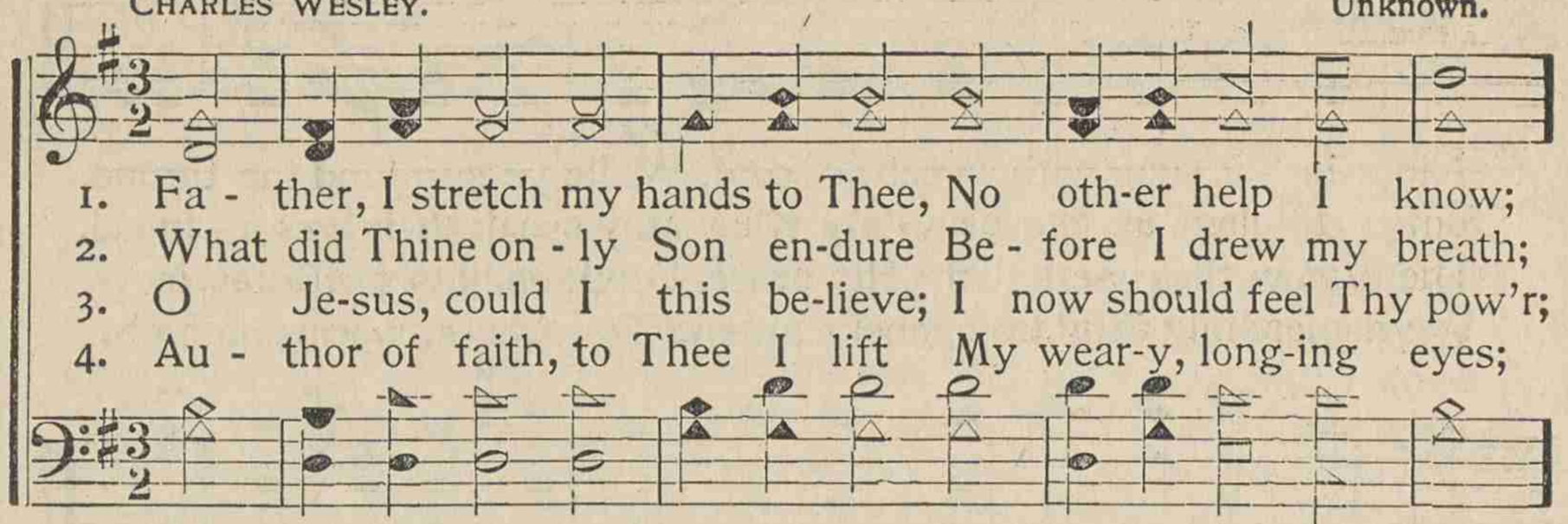
No. 216. Lead, Kindly Light.

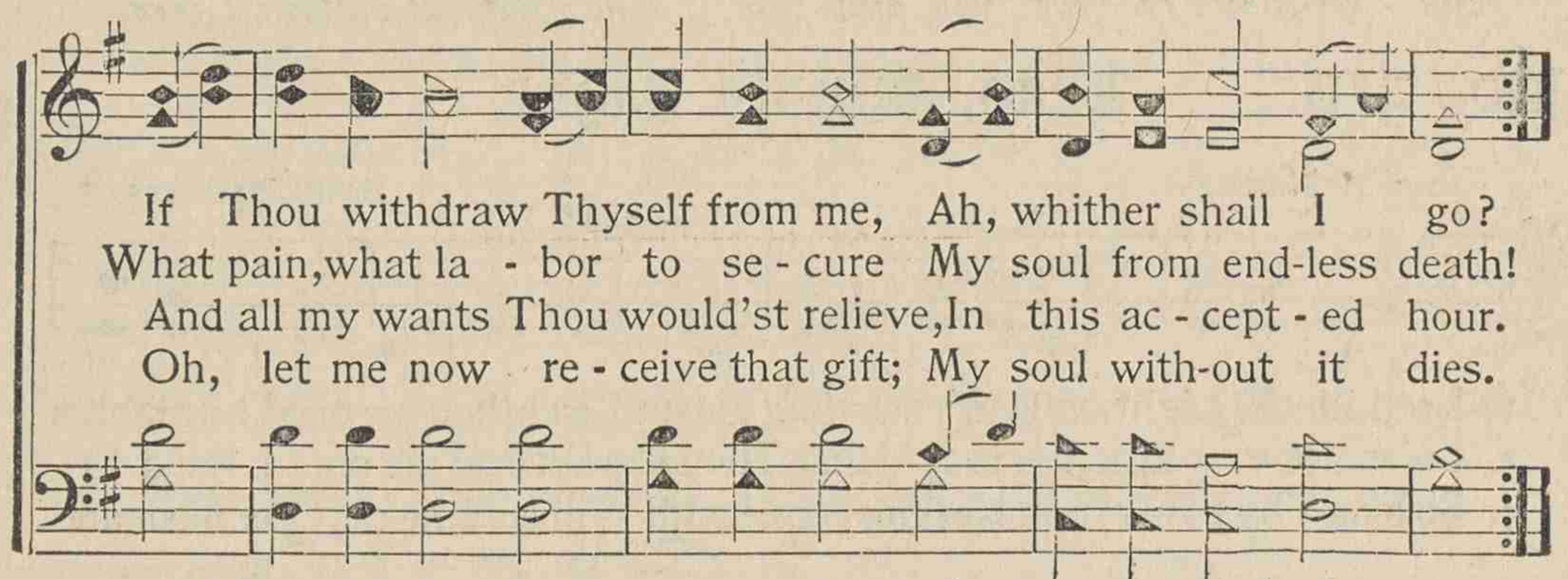
JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 217. I Do Believe. C. M.

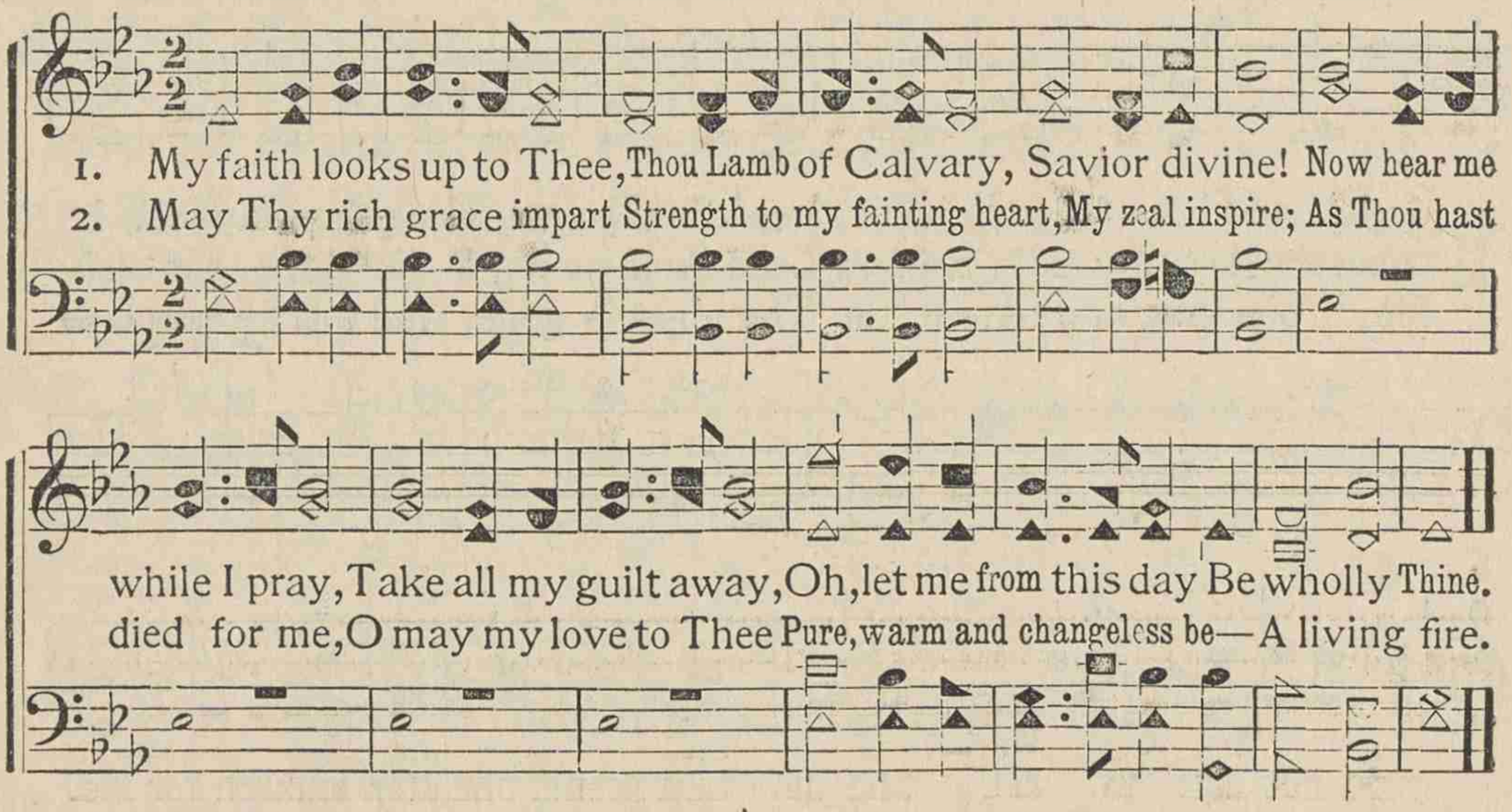
CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.





No. 218. My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet. M. H. 762.) LOWELL MASON.



3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

No. 219. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. Oh, pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made complete;

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Glo-ry to His name. Glory to His name, Glo-ry to His name;
Glo-ry to His name!

No. 220. Art Thou Weary?

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis-tressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing Be at rest." A - men.
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 221. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

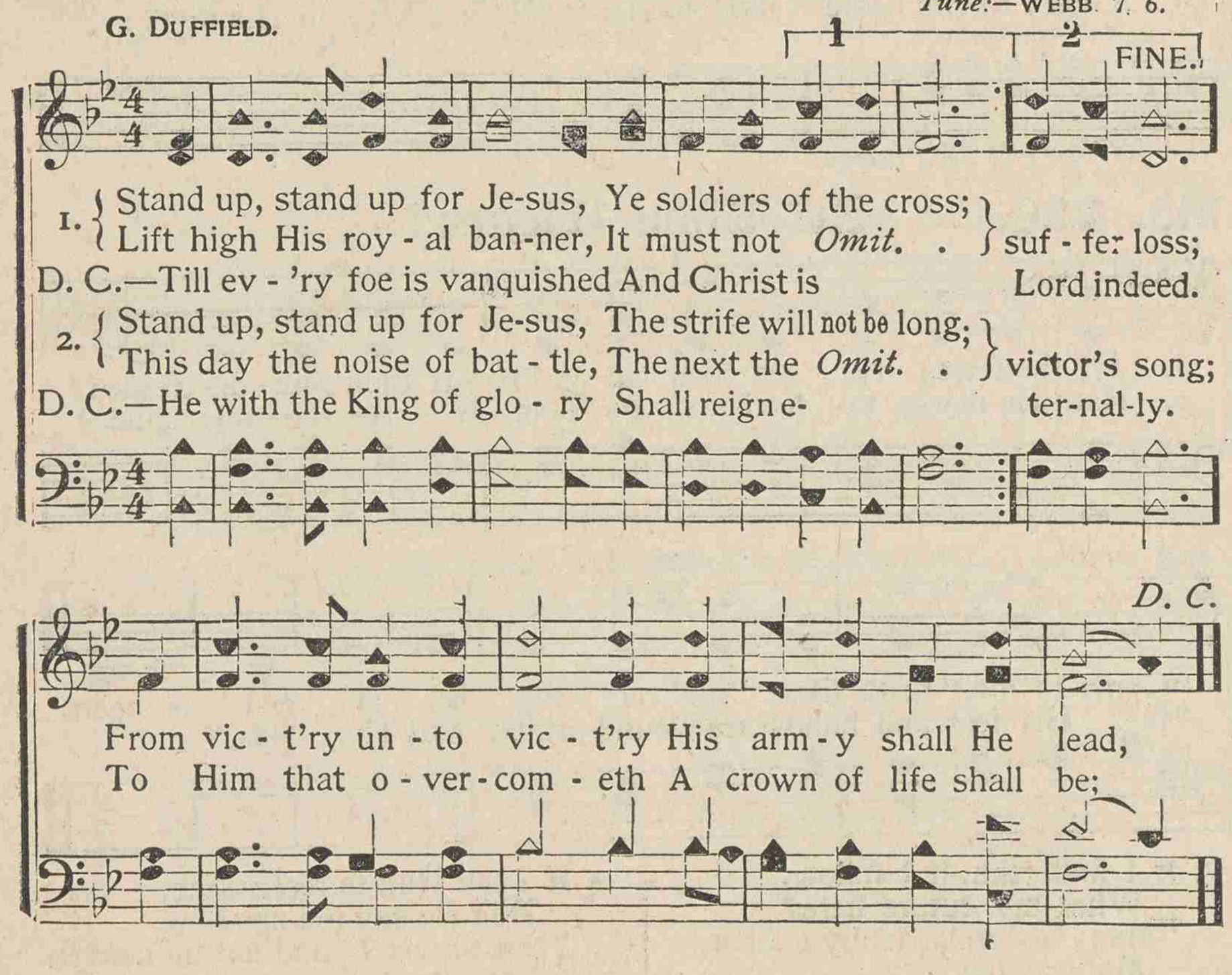
THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 222. Stand Up for Jesus.

Tune:—WEBB. 7. 6.

G. DUFFIELD.



No. 223. Take Me As I Am.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove;
5. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re-new,
6. And when at last the work is done, The battle o'er, the vic-t'ry won;



Oh, bring Thy free sal - va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!



D. S.—*bring Thy free sal - va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!*

REFRAIN.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

No. 224. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

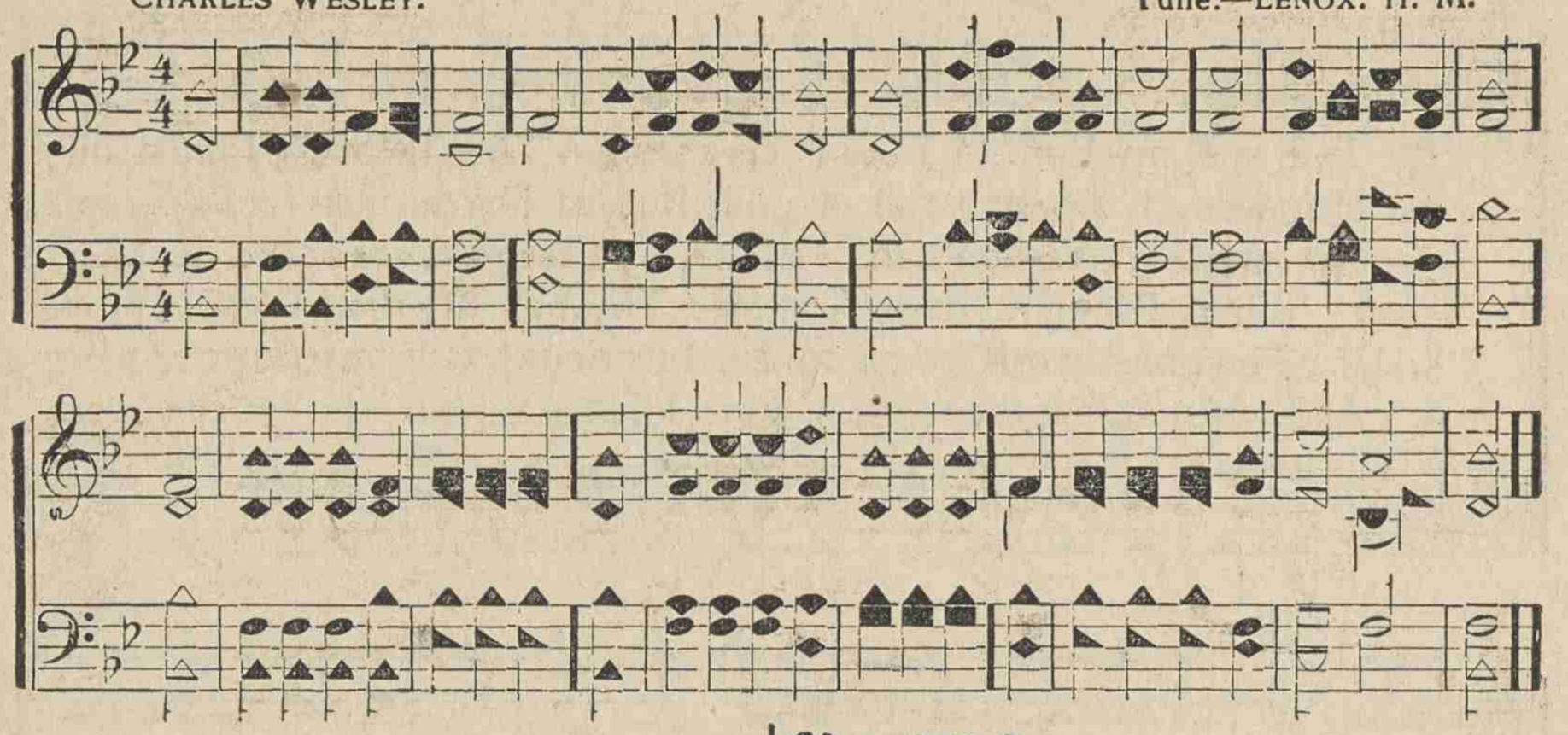
1 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
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 ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
May I thy consolation share.
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air:
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

No. 225. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune:—LENOX. H. M.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off Thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
‖:Before the throne my Surety stands;:‖
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖:His blood atoned for all our race.:‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
‖:With confidence I now draw night,:‖
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 226 Tune, 169 "G. H." Key of A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 227. Rock of Ages.

FINE. D. C.



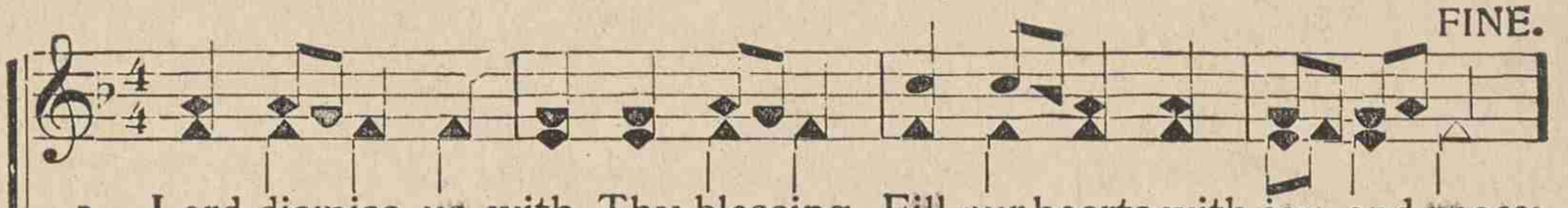
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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 the 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. 228. Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (Greenville. 8, 7, 4.) ROUSSEAU.



1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C.–O refresh us O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound.
D. C.–May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found.
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
D. C.–May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in endless day.





Let us each Thy love pos - sess-ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound.
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, God the summons to o - bey.



No. 229. The Light of Day Fades.

GEORGE W. DOANE. GOTTSCHALK, arr.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught escapes, without, with-in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's in-firm - i - ty,



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in-firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
From Thine own e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pitying eye.



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