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REDEMPTION HYMNS

—BY—

R. H. CORNELIUS

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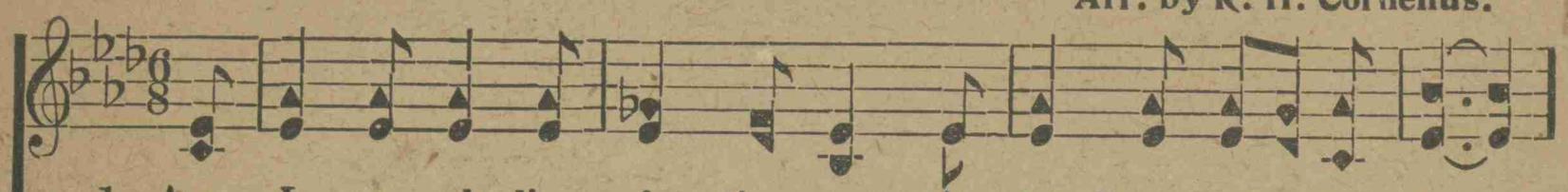
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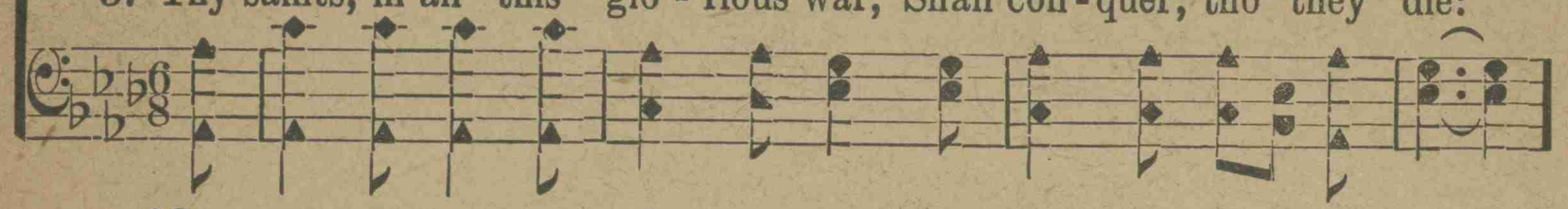
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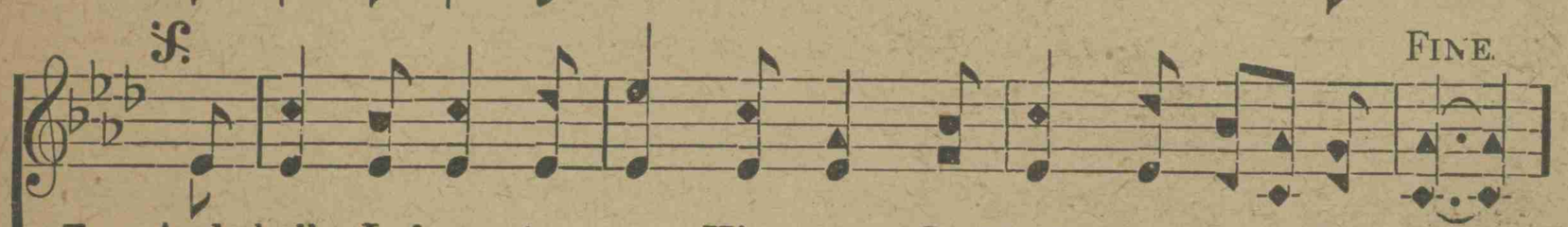
McAnally.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.
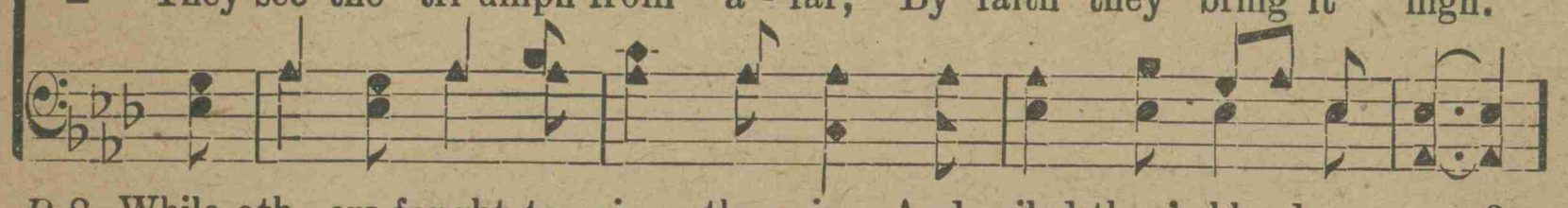


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall con-quer, tho' they die:

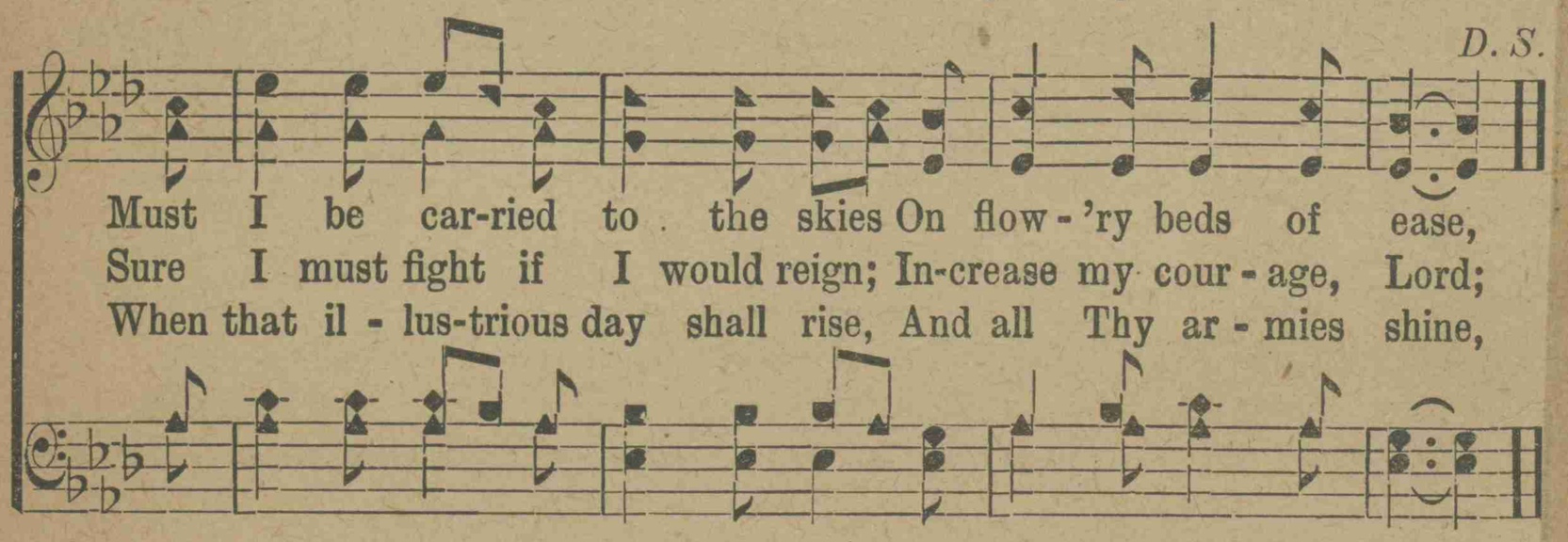




And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri-umph from a-far, By faith they bring it nigh.



D.S.-While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
D.S.—I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
D.S.—In robes of vic-t'ry, thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.



Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar-mies shine,

Tune—McAnally or No. 262.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Redemption Hymns

No. 1. Yes, I Love Him.

Rev. W. C. Martin, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Yes, I love Him, O I love Him, Words can-not my love re-cite;
2. Je-sus' heart for me was brok - en, And He died that I might live;
3. Let me raise my sweet - est meas-ures In a song of tru - est love;

In my heart is naught a-bove Him, He's my Joy and Guid-ing Light.
And His cross is now the tok - en That my Fa - ther will for - give.
Sing of Him my sum of treas-ures; Sing of Him, my Lord a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is my high - est treas-ure, Dear - er than my words can tell;

To be near Him is my pleas-ure, For He loves me, O, so well.

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No. 2. I Am Included.

John 3: 16.

A. C. P. A. C. PRICE, OWNER, 1914. A. C. Price.

1. I am in-clud-ed in the bless-ed "Who-so-ev-er," Je-sus paid the debt for me, Some sweet day I'll live with Him, the matchless
2. I am in-clud-ed in the rec-ords up in glo-ry, I'm so hap-py and so free; While I'm liv-ing I will sing the bless-ed
3. I am in-clud-ed, I will sing it on for-ev-er, 'Till I'm called its joys to share; 'Twill be glo-ry on the banks of that blest
4. I am in-clud-ed, 'tis a bless-ed con-so-la-tion, Peace and hap-pi-ness is mine; Je-sus saves me with a full com-plete sal-

REFRAIN.

Giv-er; His own blood hath made me free.
sto-ry, His a-tone-ment in-cludes me. I am in-clud-ed,
riv-er, God's re-deemed shall all be there.
va-tion, And I'm filled with love di-vine.

I am in-clud-ed, In the "Who-so-ev-er-will may come," I am in-clud-ed, I am in-clud-ed; I shall dwell with Him in that "home sweet home."

No. 3. Just Touch the Dear Savior To-day.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. One day as the Sav-ior was pass-ing a-long There fol-lowed and pressed Him a won-der-ful throng; A wom-an, unseen, touched His garment and,
2. Un-seen by the throng she was turn-ing a-way, But Je-sus de-mand-ed con-fes-sion that day; She told of her sor-rows and in-fi-nite
3. Be-lieve in His pow-er to save a lost soul; One touch and a-way all your bur-dens will roll; One touch brings the wealth of His won-der-ful

REFRAIN.

lo, That touch bro't an end to the years of her woe.
need; She told how that touch had bro't healing in-deed. Just touch the dear
pow'r; O come to Him now He will save you this hour.

Sav-ior to-day, . . . Your sins and your sorrows will vanish a-way; Reach forth with a
to-day,
fin-ger of faith and, lo, His grace will make earth to be heav-en be-low.

No. 4. For You, For Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. When the shep-herd went seek - ing the wan - der - ing sheep, He was
2. When He drank of the cup that He dread-ed to drink, He was
3. When He prayed, "O for - give, they know not what they do," He was

seek - ing for you; He was seek - ing for me; When He prayed that the
think-ing of you; He was think-ing of me; When the grave lay be-
pray - ing for you; He was pray - ing for me; And He now in - ter-

Fa - ther might shel - ter and keep, He was pray - ing for you; He was
fore and He stepped from the brink, He was dy - ing for you; He was
cedes with the Fa - ther for you, In - ter-ceed - ing for you; in-ter-
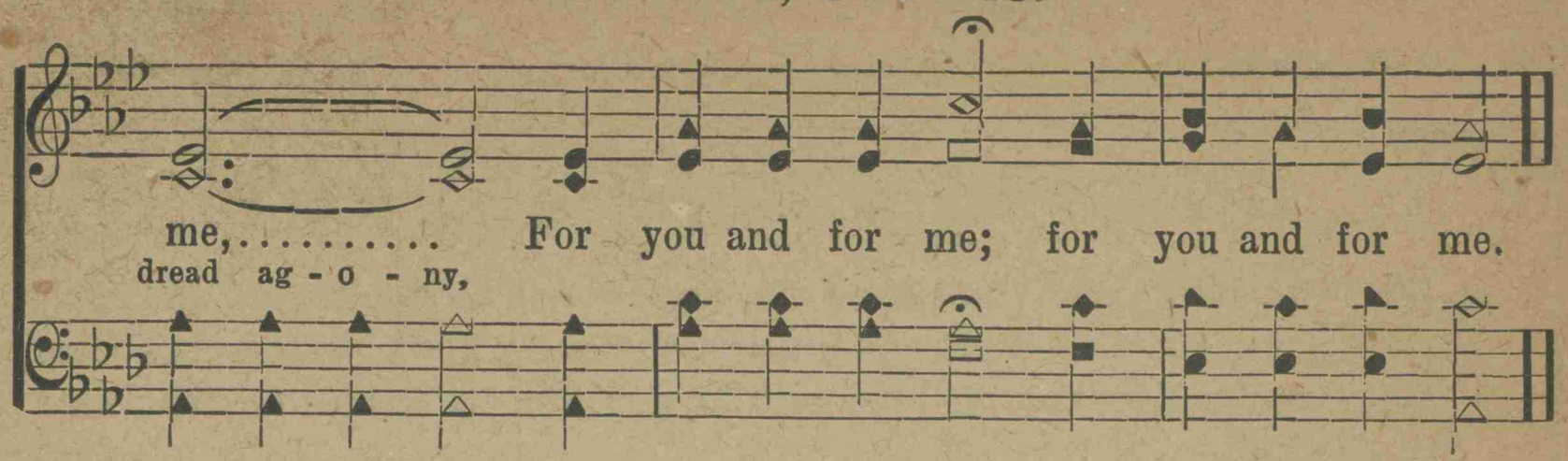
REFRAIN.

pray - ing for me.
dy - ing for me. For you,..... for me,..... He
ced - ing for me. For you and for me, for you and for me,

cres.
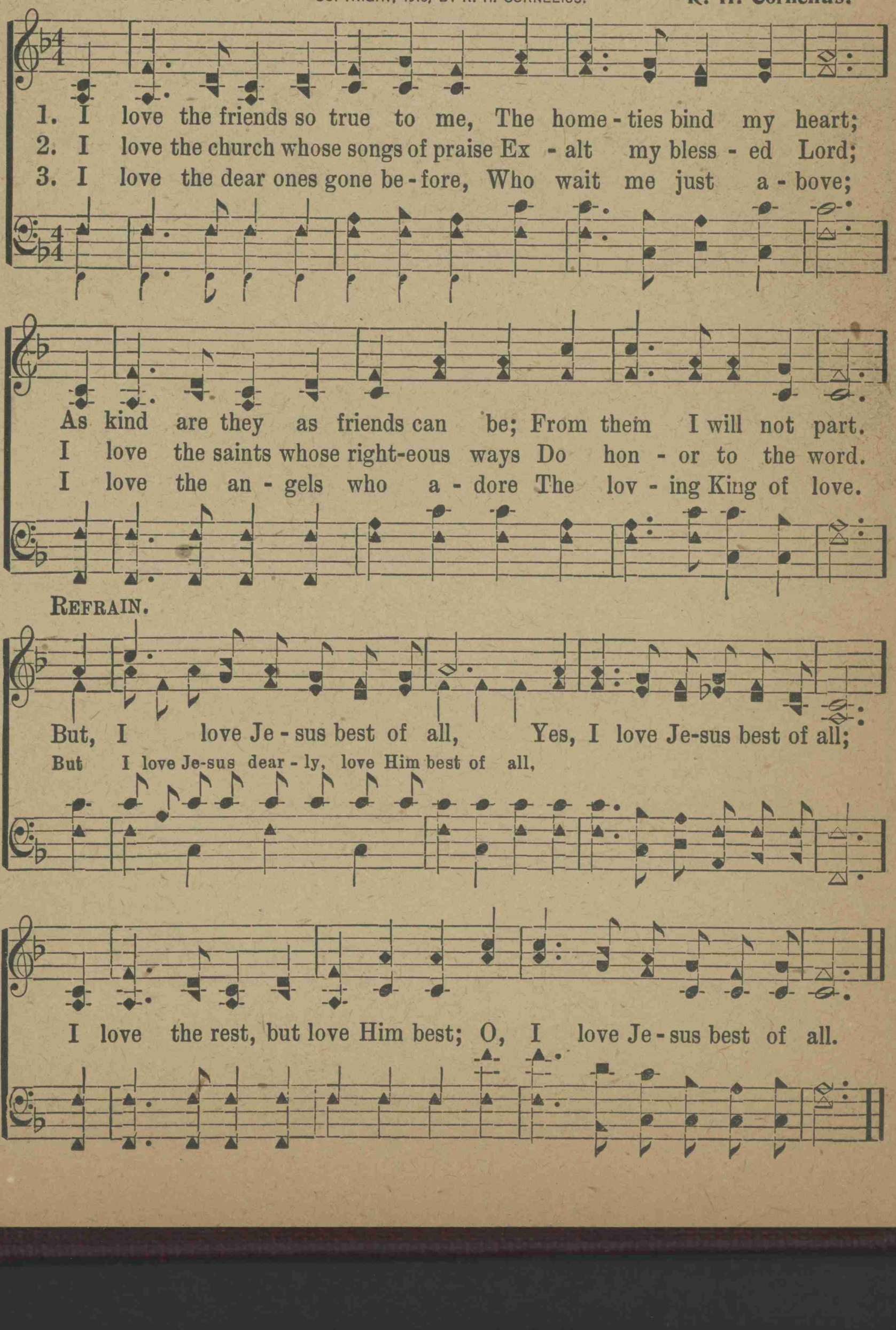
la-bored and suf-fered and died on the tree; For you,..... for
He gave up His life in that

For You, For Me.



No. 5. I Love Jesus Best of All.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.



No. 6. He Calls for You.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS R. H. Cornelius.

1. When the shad-ows fall and the shepherds call, And the flocks are in the fold;
2. Lo, the gales a-rise and the storm-swept skies Are as wild and black as doom;
3. O, the Shepherd true in the rain or dew, Still is call-ing for His own;

Then the Shepherd true looks and longs for you Still a-way in the gloom and cold.
But a door a-jar like a sin-gle star, Can be seen op'ning thro' the gloom.
Will you nev-er heed, will you die in-deed Tho' the straight way of life is known.

REFRAIN.

And He calls for you, Still He calls for you,
And He calls for you, still He calls for you, And He calls for you, still He calls for you,

O He calls for you to-day; There are nine - - ty - nine
There are nine-ty-nine in the fold di-vine,

In the fold di - vine, But He longs for the one a-stray.
There are nine-ty-nine in the fold di-vine,

No. 7. He Never Turns a Soul Away.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There was nev - er a cry of a sin - sick soul But the Mas - ter at
2. There was nev - er raised a re - pent - ing plea, That the Lord ev - er
3. Ev - 'ry seek-er shall find, and to those who knock Shall the door be

once gave heed, And He made the lame and the lep - er whole, For He
would de - ny, And there will not be, for there can - not be, A re-
o - pened wide; Let the sheep re - turn to the Mas-ter's flock, In the

REFRAIN.

glad - ly an - swers all who plead.
turn - ing sin - ner left to die. He nev-er turns a soul a-
sheep fold ev - er to a - bide.

way, He nev-er turns a soul a - way; Je - sus an-swers ev-'ry
a - way,

cry, Nev - er one need die; He nev - er turns a soul a - way.

No. 8. If the Hand of God is Leading.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Nev-er mind the rag-ing tem-pest, nev-er mind the an-gry foe, Nev-er mind how high the waves around you swell; Tho' the foe be ev-er near you,
2. Nev-er mind the world's loud jeering, or the rabble's threat'ning cry, And a-gainst whate'er befall you don't re-bel; Keep in touch with your Redeemer,
3. Nev-er mind how rough the path is, it will lead you to your home, Where with Je-sus and your dear ones you shall dwell; Have no fear that from your Savior

and your bur-dens bend you low, on His prom-is-es re-ly, sin will cause your soul to roam,

If the hand of God is lead-ing, If the hand of God is lead-ing, If the hand of God is lead-ing,

D. S.—*If the hand of God is lead-ing,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

all is well. All is well, All is well; Safe-ly shel-tered and pro-tect-ed

all is well.

D. S.

you shall dwell; Naught shall o-ver-come your soul, you shall reach the hap-py goal,

No. 9. Shall I Know My Mother There?

J. F. E. JOS. F. EVANS, OWNER, 1915. Jos. F. Evans.

1. Dear mother left this world of sor-row, For that sweet home, that home on high;
2. Yes, she has crossed death's rolling riv - er, And now is wait - ing on the shore
3. Till yet, dear friend, I pause and won-der When e'er I think of years gone by,

And I shall meet her on the morrow, No nev-er-more to say good - by.
To welcome me in love for - ev - er, As when on earth she had be - fore.
If I shall know my mother yon-der In that blest home be-yond the sky.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I shall meet..... my moth-er dear,..... In heav-en's

moth-er dear

dome..... beyond the blue; But shall we know..... each oth-er

there..... When I her saint - - - ly face shall view.

each oth-er there

No. 10. Make To-night the Grand Decission.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. P. COCKS, OWNER, 1914. J. Paul Cocks.

May be used as Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. Won't you come this night to Je-sus, Choose Him for your Friend; Look to Him as your Re-deem-er, On His grace de-pend. Still in pa-tience
2. You can-not your-self make ho-ly, Come just as you are; Tho' your sins may be as scar-let, They shall not de-bar. Come in ear-nest,
3. Join to-night, the might-y ar-my Of the Sav-ior's own; March-ing on to joys un-end-ing At the Father's throne. Hear a-gain the

He is wait-ing, Heed His gen-tle call; Make to-night the grand de-
claim for-give-ness, Heed the gen-tle call; Make to-night the grand de-
in-vi-ta-tion, Heed the gen-tle call; Make to-night the grand de-

REFRAIN.

cis-sion: "I sur-ren-der all." I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,
I sur-ren-der all,

ren-der all; Make to-night the grand decission, "I sur-ren-der all."
I sur-ren-der all,

No. 11. Soul, Ahoy!

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF A. L. MYRICK, 1912. A. L. Myrick & E. O. Allen.

Soul, A - hoy!

1. The storm is a-wak-ing, The rocks are a-bout thee,
2. Take Je-sus to guide thee, The night groweth darker,
3. The head-lands of glo - ry Are gleaming be-yond o'er

and per - ils are nigh; White is the shore-line where billows are breaking: And
and stars dis - ap-pear; Dan-gers un-seen in the wa-ters be-tide thee, And
the tur - bu-lent wave; Je - sus draws near in the old gos-pel sto-ry—Take

REFRAIN.

wrecks on the shore of e - ter-ni - ty lie.
death on the wings of the wind draweth near. Take the good Pi - lot
Je - sus, the Pi-lot who's a - ble to save.

Take the good Pi - lot

Who knows

all the ocean,—Fully sur-ren-der to Jesus' con - trol; Give Him thy trust.....

Give Him thy trust

and thy humble de - vo-tion, Then He will save thee, will save thee, O soul.

No. 12. The Prodigal.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Far from the dear old homestead, There a-mong sin - ful men,
2. Sin was to me so charm-ing, Pleas-ure al-lured me so,
3. Sin leaves a pain be-hind it, Pleas-ure soon fades a - way,
4. Let me come home, my Fa-ther, Let me a - bide with Thee,

Rose up a soul re-pent-ing,—Long-ing for home a - gain.
Far from Thy side I wan-dered, Find-ing at last but woe.
Earth has no balm for heart break, World-ly friends but be - tray.
Thy love will nev - er fail me Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Fa - ther, take me back, Back to Thy lov - ing breast,

Back to the home I once de-spised— My Fa-ther's house is best.

No. 13. Who'll Come?—A Call from China.

R. S. Mishler. LEE JONES, OWNER, 1914. Lee Jones.

1. Come o - ver and help us, oh, why do you wait? The fields are all rip - ened, the har-vest is great; We're call - ing for work-ers, oh,
2. Our doors are now o - pen, we bid you come in And tell the old sto - ry that frees from all sin; Then who will be com - ing, oh,
3. Our i - dols are noth-ing, our war-ships are vain And some of God's serv - ants were mocked and were slain, But, now, we are long - ing for
4. We stand at the har - bor, we wait on the shore; Some few have been com - ing, we're long - ing for more; Oh, where are the reap - ers with

hast - en and come! For mill-ions are dy - ing, no Christ in their home.
who will you send To bring the great mes-sage of Je - sus your Friend?
some one to tell The sto - ry of Je - sus that all may be well.
means and with might Who'll join us and help while the har-vest is white.

REFRAIN.

Who'll come? who'll come?.. To the great white fields in Chi-na?....

who'll come?

Who'll come?.. who'll come?.. To the great white fields in Chi - na?

No. 14. Joy in the Morning.
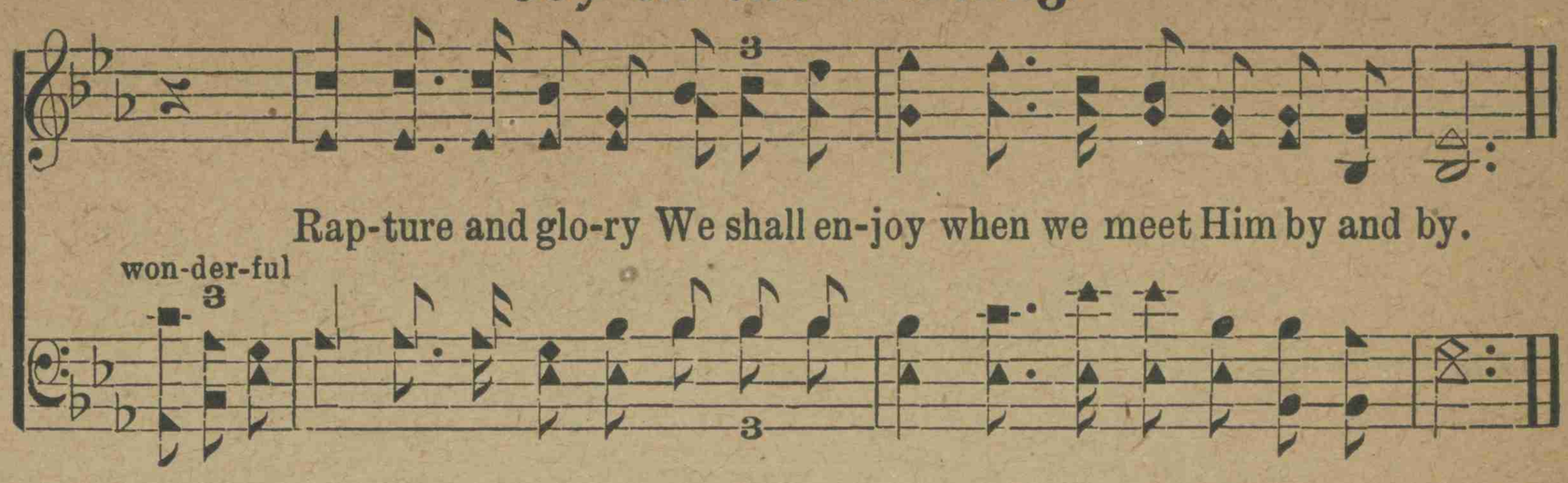
James Rowe. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1915. J. W. Dennis.

1. How the bells will be ring-ing, How our souls will be sing-ing, When we come to the gates of gold a - bove, End-ed then will be sor-row, Joy will come on the mor-row, To the souls that are rest-ing on His love.
2. In that heav - en - ly dwell-ing End-less songs will be swell-ing, From the throng of re-joic-ing an-gels there; And how friends will surround us, When the Sav - ior has crowned us, Giv - ing joy and de-light be-yond com - pare.
3. Soul in doubt, ev - er scorning, What of you on that morn-ing? You have dear ones and friends who wait a - bove; Come to-day to the Sav-ior And re- ly on His fa - vor, And go home sweet-ly sing-ing of His love.

REFRAIN.

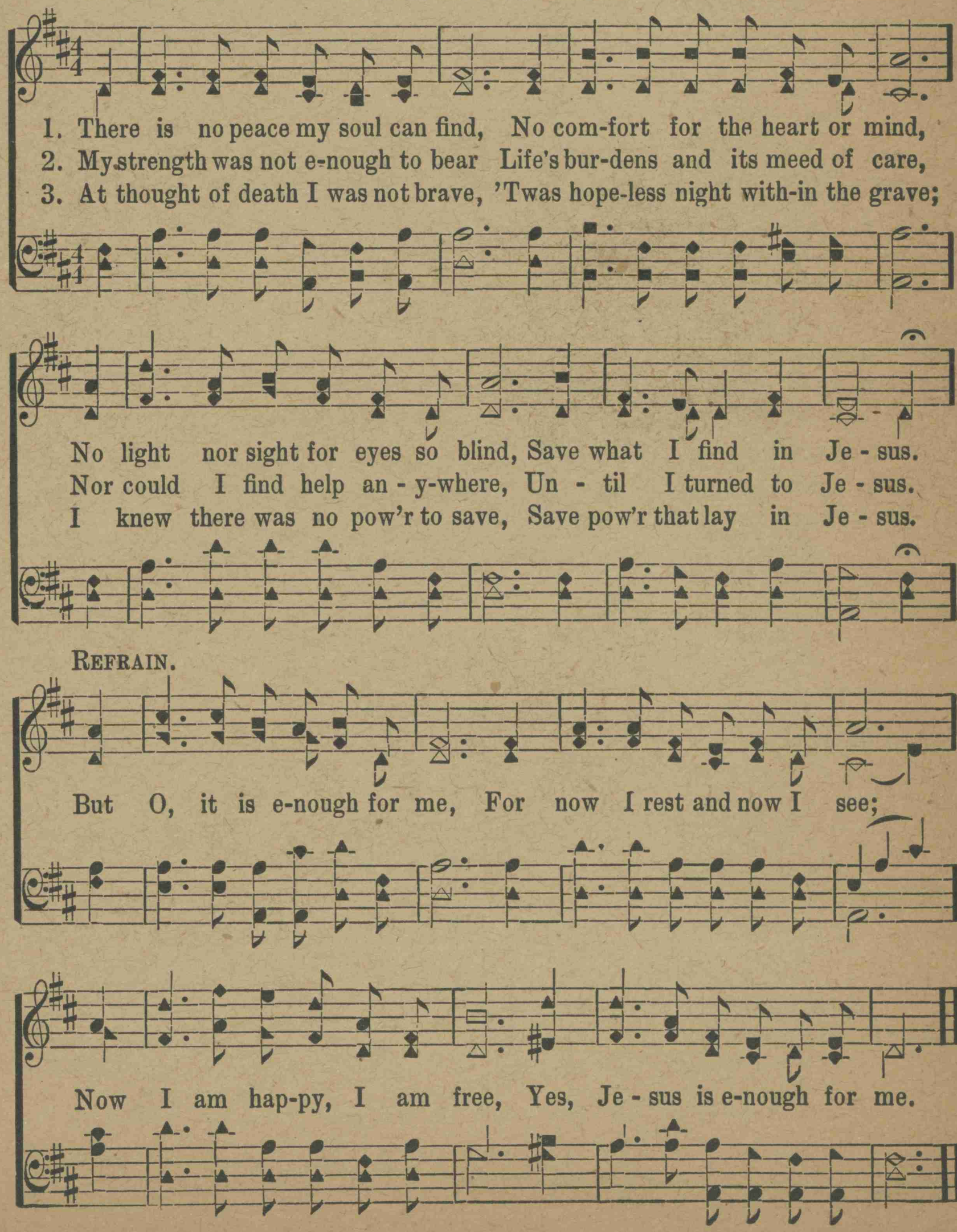
Won't there be joy in the morn-ing, Joy in the morn-ing, Won-der-ful When we shall en - ter that cit - y fair on high! How we shall sing out the sto-ry!

Joy in the Morning.



No. 15. Jesus Is Enough For Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**



No. 16. The Home-Coming Time.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER. R. H. Cornelius.

1. What tho' God's serv-ants trav - el as her - alds of the cross Thro'
2. Per - haps some boy has drift - ed from moth - er and from home, Has
3. When we shall cross the riv - er to Ca-naan's peace-ful shore, While
4. O sin - ner, God has prom-ised sal - va - tion thro' the blood, He

ma - ny a dis-tant land or clime; Tho' oft - en they are wea - ry,
wan - dered a-way in paths of crime; Yet, when his heart has melt - ed,
sweet, gold - en bells of heav-en chime; When we shall meet our dear ones,
can wash a-way the stains of crime; O start to - night for heav - en,

yet these things count but dross In the joy of the home-com-ing time.
and he has ceased to roam, There is joy at the home-com-ing time.
shall meet to part no more, There'll be joy at the home-com-ing time.
the cit - y of our God, And find joy at the home-com-ing time.

D. S.—*In the joy of the home-com-ing time.*

REFRAIN.

O the joy of the home-com-ing time, O the bliss that is
home-com - ing time,
real and sub - lime; All the cares of the past count as noth - ing

No. 17. It Was There.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. The ev - 'ning sun was sink-ing low, To rest, the birds had flown,
2. A ten - der song of love di - vine Came ring - ing to me there;
3. The song was waft - ed down to me From out a house of prayer
4. It made me think of "Home, sweet home" Which, then, was far a - way,
5. Oh, lit - tle church up - on the hill, Tho' now a - far from me,
6. My way - ward life was end - ed there, As sank the gold - en sun;

I stood with - in its gold - en glow, De - spair - ing and a - lone.
It touched this way-ward heart of mine And lift - ed my de - spair.
Which in a dis-tance I could see With - in a grove most fair.
For I in sin had loved to roam Since boy-hood's hap-py day.
I still can feel that hap - py thrill, When - e'er I think of thee.
'Twas there I lost my heart's de-spair, 'Twas there my heart He won.

REFRAIN.

It was there, it was there, I lost my load of sin;
It was there, it was there,

It was there, it was there, A flood of glo - ry came in.
It was there, it was there,

No. 18. Brighten Life's Way.

By singing the high tones an octave lower the alto may be sung by gentlemen.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **Hardy Raymer.**

1. So ma-ny are sigh-ing, so ma-ny are cry-ing, So many whose
2. With loads they are wea-ry, and life grows so drear-y And steep-er the
3. Their burdens grow light-er and each day seems bright-er When you give up

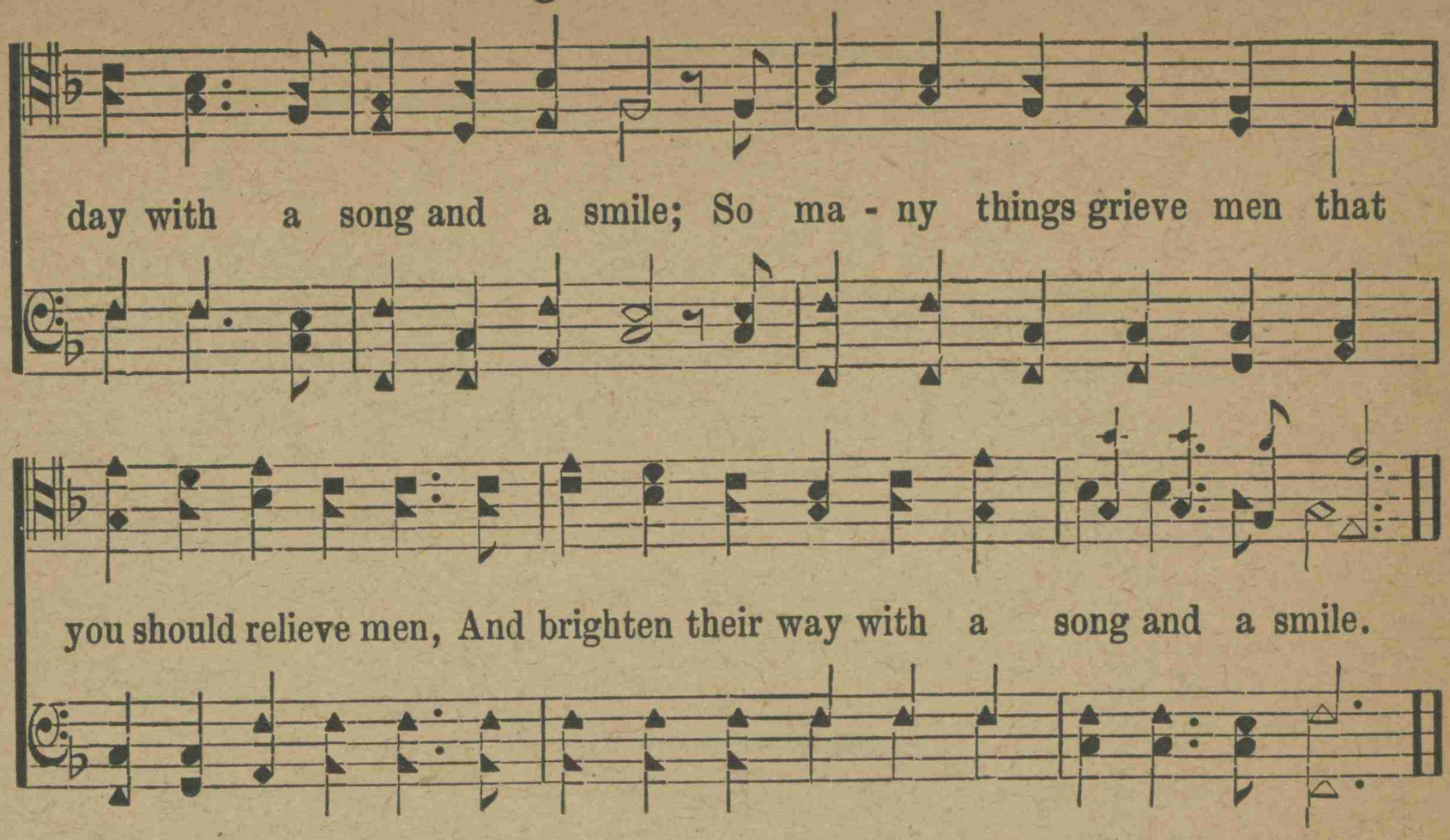
spirits our songs might be-guile; Then let us draw near them to
way becomes mile aft-er mile; So this is your du-ty: sur-
sighing for sing-ing a-while; To them God seems dear-er and

help them and cheer them And brighten their way with a song and a smile.
round them with beau-ty And brighten their way with a song and a smile.
heaven seems near-er When you cheer their way with a song and a smile.

QUARTET.

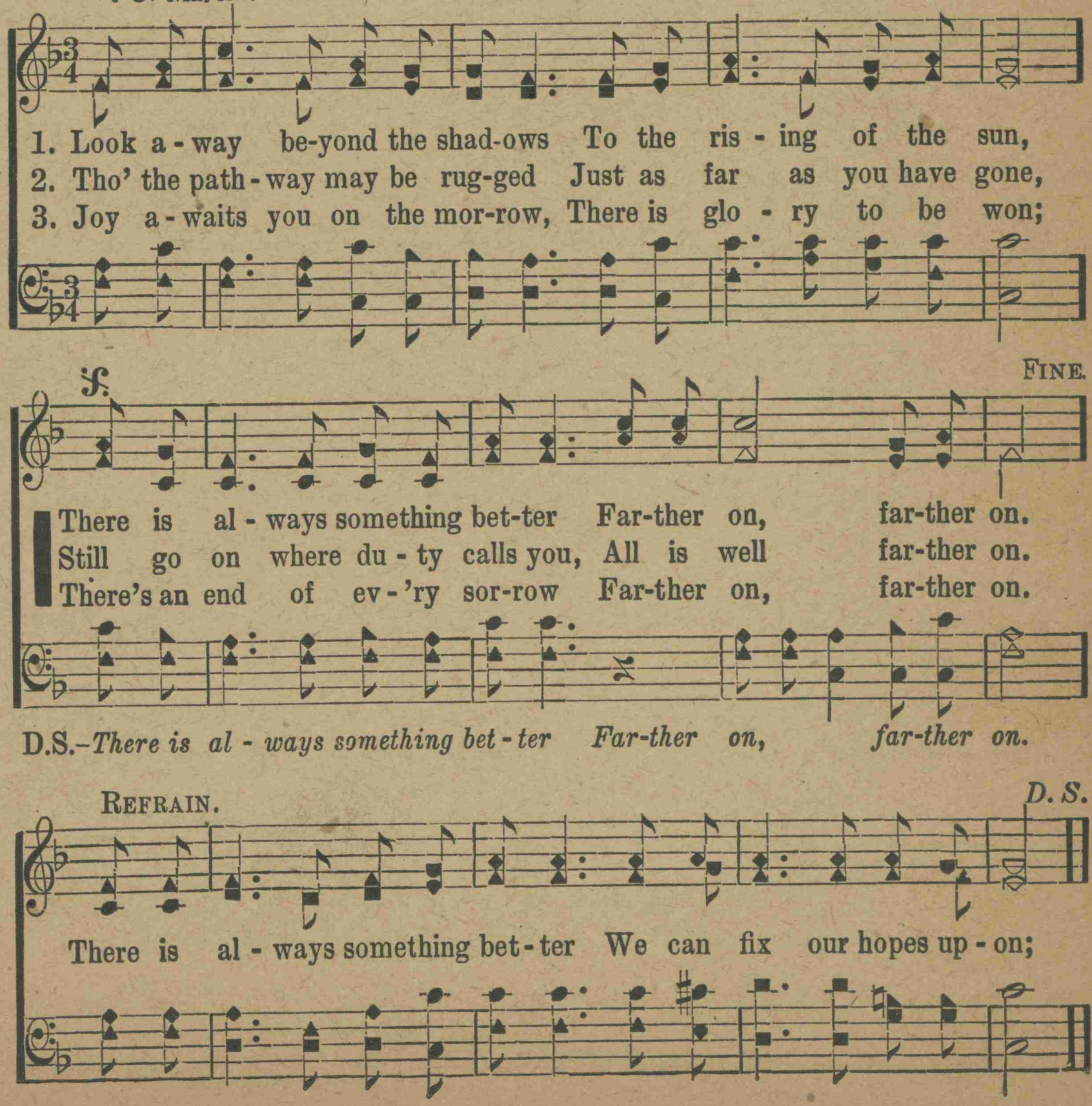
O, bright-en life's way with a song and a smile, Yes, bright-en each

Brighten Life's Way.



No. 19. Farther On.

W. C. Martin. D. M. RAGLE, OWNER, 1915. D. M. Ragle.



No. 20. If You Only Knew Him.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. Mrs. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Sure - ly if you knew my Sav - ior, You would love Him best of all;
2. He would ban-ish all your sor - row, He would fill your heart with peace;
3. He is read-y to re- deem you, From the tempt - er to de - fend;

Give your all in - to His keep - ing,
He would ease the load you car - ry,
You would long to dwell be - side Him,
And would an - swer to His call.
And from sin bring sweet re - lease.
He will prove Him - self your Friend.

CHORUS.

If you on - ly knew my Sav - ior, You would love Him best of all.
If you knew my Sav-ior,.... You would an-swer to His call;
Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, to His call;
If you on - ly knew my Sav - ior, You would love Him best of all.

No. 21. No Room For Thee.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. No room for Thee? Lord can there be A heart that has no room for Thee?
2. No room for Thee, the best of friends, On whom our hope of heav'n de-pends?
3. No room for Thee? How dark the place Un-light-ed by the lamp of grace;
4. No room for Thee? Here is one heart; O en - ter now and ne'er de - part;

This heart of mine is all Thine own, And there is room for Thee a - lone.
Where is the heart so dark with sin It will not let the Sav - ior in.
God sends no ray to pierce the gloom Of hearts that have for Thee no room.
In life, in death, be - yond the tomb, For - ev - er in my heart find room.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Dear Lord, . . this low-ly heart of mine Is whol - ly Thine, is whol-ly Thine;

Dear Lord,

ff rit. *pp*

To Thee I o - pen wide the door, O dwell in me for - ev - er-more.

No. 22. Don't You Want to Share the Glory?

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When we see the smil - ing face of the Sav - ior of the race, At the end - ing of the sto - ry; When we lay our bur-dens down and re-
2. When His ten-der sweet "well done" reach-es ev - 'ry faith-ful one, As we reach the ter - ri - to - ry, As we stand be - side the sea with "The
3. When the ev - er - last - ing song rolls from heaven's hap-py throng, When we tell re-demption's sto - ry, When with rapt-ure true we sing in the

REFRAIN.

ceive the gold-en crown, Don't you want to share the glo - ry? Don't you want to
Man of Gal - i - lee," Don't you want to share the glo - ry? Don't you want to
pal - ace of the King, Don't you want to share the glo - ry? Yes, I want to
share the glo - ry At the end-ing of the sto - ry? When the pearly gates un-
fold, And our Sav-ior we be-hold, Don't you want to share the glo - ry?
O, I want to share the glo - ry.

No. 23. God Keep You True.

To my husband.—Mrs. R. H. C.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **Mrs. R. H. Cornelius.**

1. God help you ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, And keep you pure and true,
2. O may His Spir - it be your shield, His hand point out the way,—
3. The temp-ter seeks to lure a - stray And soft - ly calls to you,
4. God help you thro' the years of life To keep the crown in view,

And strengthen you with heav'n-ly pow'r The work of life to do.
May you a true o - be-dience yield, And fol - low day by day.
God keep you in the nar - row way, And help you to be true.
And in the griefs and toil and strife Be ev - er strong and true.

CHORUS.

God keep you true, God keep you true, What-ev - er voice may call to you;

Wher-e'er you go, what-e'er you do, God keep you pure and true.

No. 24. When My Soul Shall at Last Reach Home.

W. C. Martin. J. W. DENNIS. OWNER, 1915. J. W. Dennis

1. O, the waves of the sea may sweep o'er me, And my frail bark may toss in the foam; But I know there is great joy be-fore me When my storm driv - en soul shall reach home. When my soul reach - es
2. There are loved ones whose welcome will greet me In a land where no sor - row a - bides, And my dear, lov - ing Sa - vior will meet me With a crown which His mer - cy pro - vides.
3. So I rise o - ver all of my sor - row, And my Spir - it can nev - er de - spair, For my joy will be full on the mor-row When I reach my bright home o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

When my soul shall at last reach home, Dear home, my home: I'll for - get all the sor - row In the joy of the mor-row When my soul shall at last reach home.

home, sweet home, Dear home, sweet home, my own dear home,

No. 25. I Knew There Was Welcome for Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Like a lamb in the des-ert a-stray I had wandered from Jesus a-
2. Like the prod-i-gal far from his home I had left the dear Sav-ior to
3. O His wel-come to me is so sweet I am hap-py to lie at His

way, But He called me so gen-tly to come That my soul found the
roam, But when noth-ing was left me to spend I re-turned to the
feet, And I want to for-ev-er a-bide Ver-y close to my

REFRAIN.

way to its home. And I knew..... there was welcome for me, A
arms of my Friend.
dear Sav-ior's side. And I knew there was welcome, sweet welcome for me, A

kind..... lov-ing wel-come for me, And now on His breast my
kind lov-ing wel-come, lov-ing wel-come for me,

soul is at rest Be-cause there was wel-come for me.....
sweet wel-come for me.

No. 26. If I'm Faithful to My Lord.

E. R. Latta. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER. J. A. Merritt.

1. If I'm faith-ful to my Lord, In the keep-ing of His word That He's
2. If I trust Him for His grace, All the time, in ev-'ry place, It shall
3. He's a-toned for all my sin, And He bids me to come in And to

giv-en to di-rect my feet a-bove, He will lead me by the hand 'Till I
be suf-fi-cient for my time of need; He will be my constant stay, And will
be a faith-ful member of His fold; If I choose Him for my own, He will
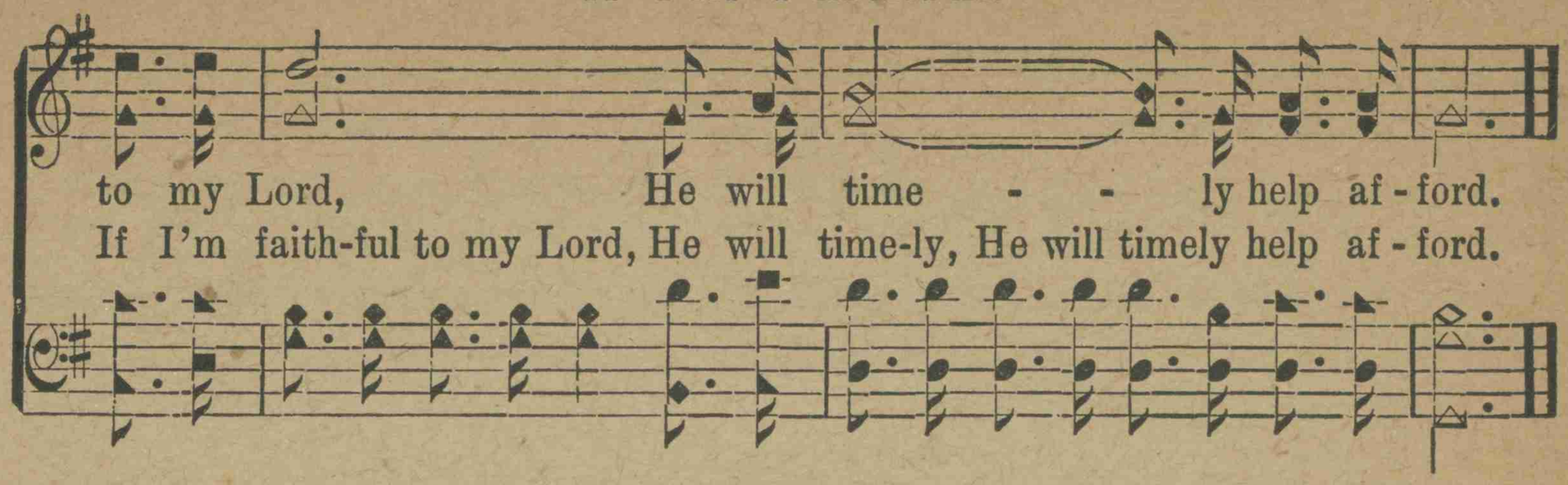
join the hap-py band, In the bless-ed hab-i-ta-tion of His love.
keep me in the way, And my soul on heav'nly man-na He will feed.
make His presence known, And His love and mer-cy nev-er can be told.

REFRAIN.

If I'm faith - - ful to my Lord, He will
If I'm faith-ful to my Lord, If I'm faith-ful to my Lord, He will

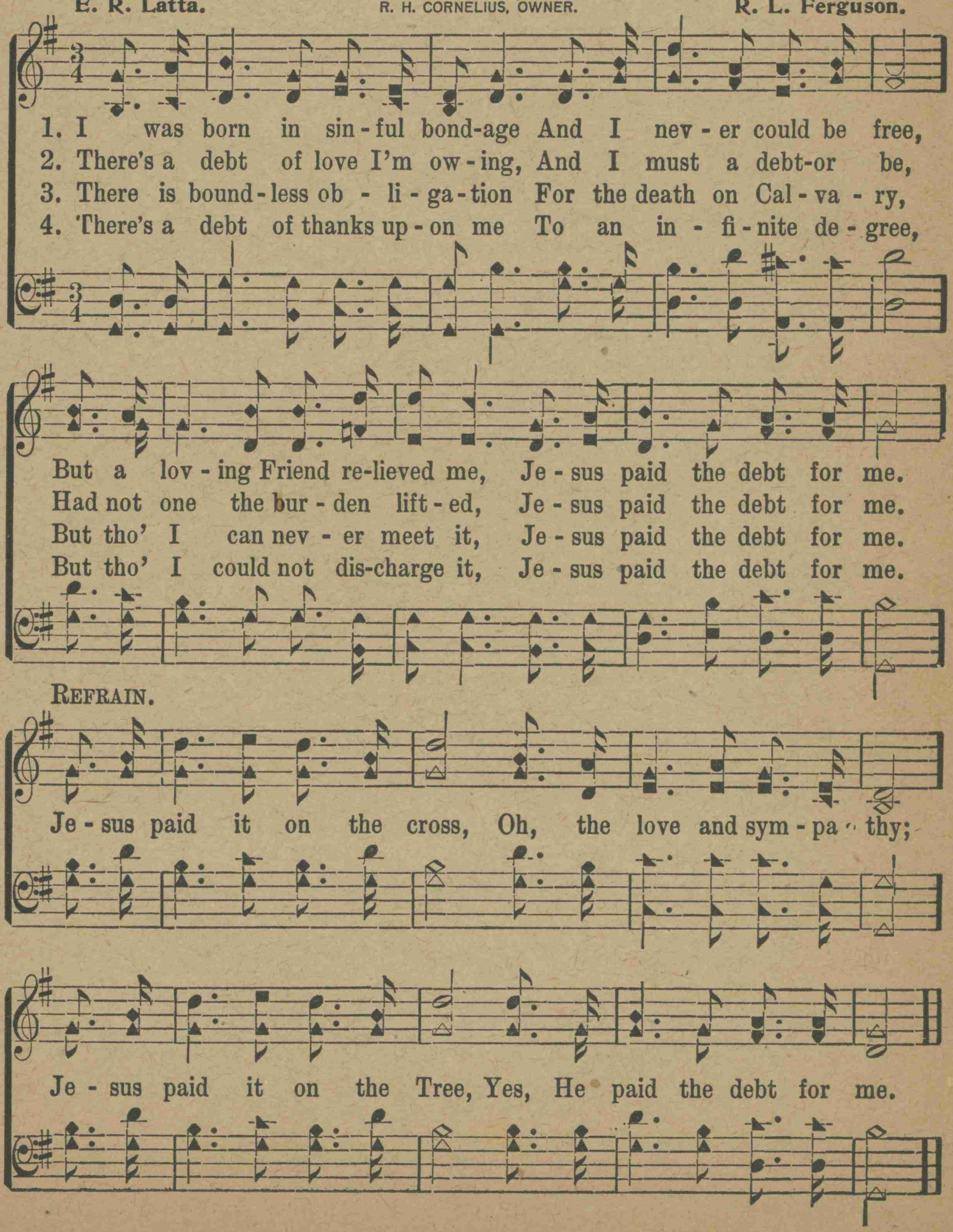
time - ly help af-ford; If I'm faith - ful
time-ly help af-ford, He will time-ly help af-ford; If I'm faithful, if I'm faithful,

If I'm Faithful.



No. 27. Jesus Paid It On the Gross.

E. R. Latta. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER. R. L. Ferguson.



No. 28. When We Come to the Parting.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. When we come to the parting there need be no cry-ing; Larger life be-gins
2. When we come to the parting the shad-ows are break-ing, And we first hear the
3. When we come to the parting we come to our treas-ures, And we en-ter the
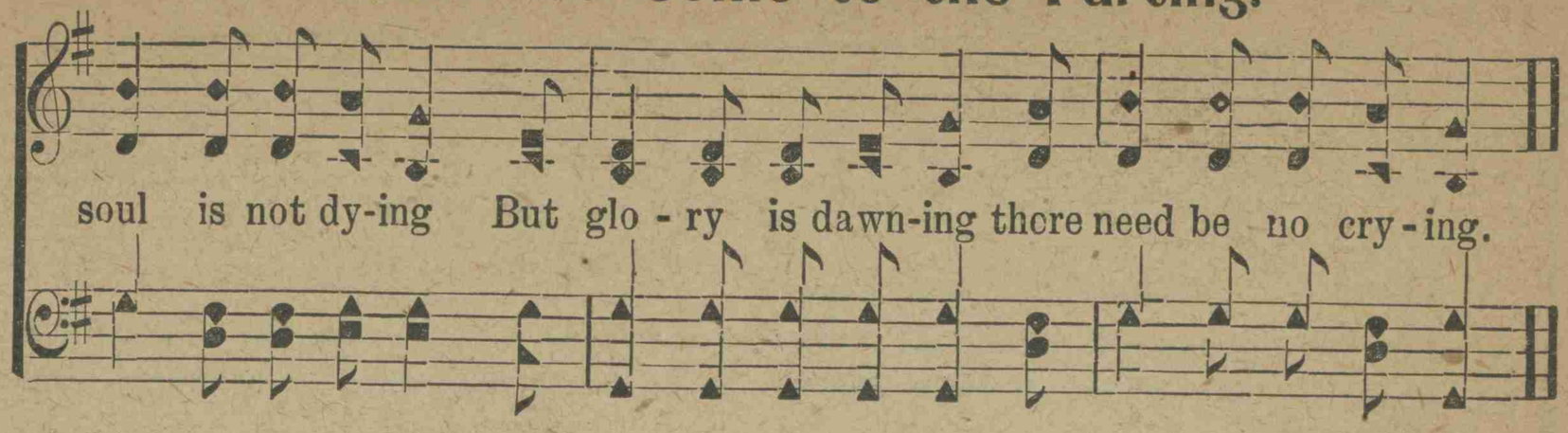
then, and the soul is not dy-ing; For the Lord meets His child at the
mu-sic the an-gels are mak-ing, And we catch a bright vis-ion of
re-gion of un-dy-ing pleas-ures, And re-ceive the fair man-sion which

brink of the riv-er, And we en-ter a realm where the joy lasts for-ev-er.
what lies be-fore us, And dis-cern the Lord's pinions spread lov-ing-ly o'er us.
Je-sus prepares us, And we see, then, how great is the love that He bears us.

REFRAIN.
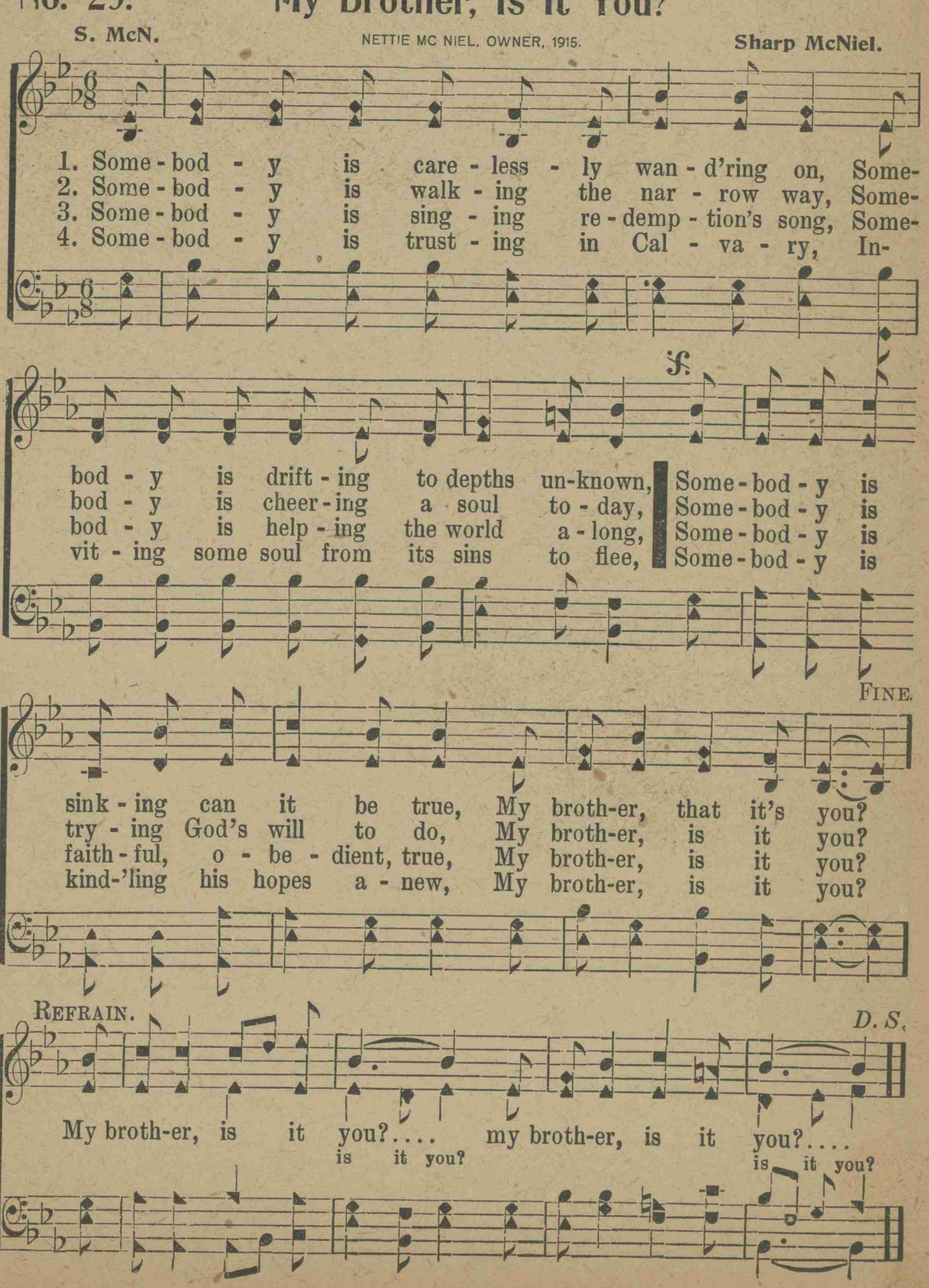
When we come to the part-ing sing soft-ly, sing sweetly, For the arm of the
Sav-ior en-cir-cles com-plete-ly; When we come to the part-ing the

When We Come to the Parting.



No. 29. My Brother, Is It You?

S. McN. NETTIE MC NIEL, OWNER, 1915. Sharp McNiel.



No. 30.

At the Cross.

E. R. Latta, PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There is par-don, full and free, What - so-e'er our sins may be,
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, In the Sav-iour's "all is well!" At the cross;
3. There's a joy that all may feel, at the cross, If in hum - ble faith they kneel, at the cross;
4. There's a hope that will en - dure, It is like an an - chor sure,

Let us now the Lord entreat, With our burdened souls to meet, And be-stow that pardon sweet,
Let us seek that peace to prove, That is showered from a-bove Thro' the Master's dy-ing love, At the cross.
Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it be, for us, too late, Mer-cy will not al-ways wait, at the cross.
Let us now that hope ob-tain, That shall nev - er prove in vain, While be-liev-ing we re-main,

REFRAIN.

At the cross, At the cross, There's re-demption there for me, At the cross;
There's re - demp-tion there for thee, There's re - demp-tion there for thee,
At the cross, There's re-demp-tion there for thee.
At the cross; There's re-demp-tion there for thee.

At the Cross.

At the cross, There's redemption there for me, At the cross.
There's redemption there for thee, At the cross.

No. 31. My Savior Will Not Let Me Fall.

W. C. Martin. T. N. Beall.

T. N. BEALL. OWNER, 1915.

1. Temp - ta - tion shall not do me harm, Be-cause my Sa-vior knows it all;
2. Tho' rough the path of life may be, And tho' my joys be mixed with gall,
3. Some-times a fear comes in my heart, Be-cause He does not show me all,
4. He strength-ens me from day to - day, Sup-plies my need be-fore I call;

He holds me with His might-y arm, And will not suf-fer me to fall.
His am-ple grace is giv - en me; He will not suf-fer me to fall.
And when I see the dark-er part It al-most seems that I must fall.
He leads me all a-long the way, And will not suf - fer me to fall.

REFRAIN.

My Sa-vior will not let me fall, O no, He will not let me fall;
He hears my prayer be-fore I call, And will not let me fall.

No. 32. I Take It to Jesus.

W. C. Martin. S. L. HOWARD, OWNER, 1914. S. L. Howard.

1. When life's bur - dens grow too great for me to bear, And my lit - tle strength is just a-bout to fall, O, I nev - er yield a mo - ment to de - spair,—I just take it right to Je - sus, that is all.
2. When my soul is tempt - ed, then I sim - ply pray To the One Who hears His children's faintest call; And He gives me strength to put the wrong a - way,— O, I take it right to Je - sus, that is all.
3. When with la - bors I grow ver - y faint and worn, And the fruits of all my la - bor seem so small; When my soul is ver - y wea - ry and for - lorn, Then I take it right to Je - sus, that is all.

REFRAIN.

That is all,..... that is all,..... I just take it right to Je - sus, that is all; That is all,..... that is all,..... that is all, that is all, that is all,

I Take It to Jesus.

all,..... And my Sav - ior hears me ev - 'ry [time I call.
that is all,

No. 33. I Thank the Lord, He Uses Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. I thank the Lord He uses me, Tho' poor my work on earth may be;
2. I can-not give large hoards of gold, Nor serve like might - y men of old,
3. He us - es me to dry some tears, To comfort hearts be-set with fears,

This hon - or is my joy and pride: To la - bor by my Sav-ior's side.
Nor speed a - broad on ser-aph's wing; Yet I may toil be-side my King.
To guide some soul that can-not see,— I thank the Lord He uses me.

CHORUS.

My joy and pride is to a - bide And la-bor by my Savior's side;
And tho' un - wor - thy I may be, I thank the Lord He uses me.

No. 34. O What a World This World would Be.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. If ev - 'ry knee..... would hum-bly bow,..... And ev - 'ry
2. If all the world..... would now be - gin..... To live the
3. If ev - 'ry heart..... would glad - ly own..... Our Sav - ior

tongue..... con-fess the Lord, (confess the Lord,) If ev - 'ry heart.....
life..... of char-i - ty; (of char - i - ty;) And put a - way.....
as..... its Lord and King; (its Lord and King;) If He should reign.....

would humbly vow..... To live ac - cord - - ing to His word,
the reign of sin,..... O what a world..... this world would be!
and He a - lone,..... What joys His kind - ly reign would bring!

REFRAIN.

O what a world..... this world would be; ..... What wonders

ev - - 'ry eye should see;..... If all would hum - -
eye should see;

What a World This World would Be.

bly bow the knee,..... O what a world..... this world would be.

bow the knee,

No. 35. Mother, At Home.

J. R. S. PROPERTY OF J. R. SIPES, 1913. J. R. Sipes.

1. How oft 'mid tri - als, pain and care, I think of hap-py childhood's day,
2. I know my moth-er's fee-ble now, Her hair is touched with locks of gray,
3. Oft times she called me to her side, And plead in gen-tle tones of love,
4. I grew at last to see my way, And knew that I was lost in sin;
5. If God should call her first to go To dwell with Him in man-sions fair,

FINE.

And of my home and mother dear, Whose smiles could drive all care a-way.
And care is rest-ing on her brow, For her own child so far a - way.
And took the Bi - ble as her guide To point me to the home a - bove.
And sought my Sav-ior day by day, Un - til, at last, He took me in.
The time will not be long I know, Till I shall join her o - ver there.

D.S.-*And tell her I've a bless-ed place In that ce - les - tial home a - bove.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I long to see my mother's face, And hear her gen-tle voice of love;

No. 36. Tell Jesus.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When the deep shad - ows lin - ger a-round you, When the dark clouds hide all the blue sky, Let not your griefs one mo-ment con-found you;
2. Hin-dered by doubt or pressed by temp-ta - tion, When your bright faith grows mist - y or dim, Ask God for strength and sweet con - so - la - tion;
3. O, there is com - fort for ev - 'ry sor - row, There is re - ward for la - bor and pain, Night shad-ows go at dawn of the mor - row,

REFRAIN.

All your heart needs the Lord will sup - ply.
Go to the Sav - ior, tell it to Him. Whis - per your troub-les
Clouds quick-ly pass, but bless-ings re - main.

soft-ly to Je-sus, Tell Him what brings you grief and dis - tress; Tell all the

pains and loss - es to Je - sus, It is His joy to com-fort and bless.

No. 37. The Nail-Pierced Hands Have Lifted Me.

J. B. P. J. B. PENNINGTON, OWNER, 1915. James B. Pennington.

1. In sin's dark bond - age once was I, A help-less cap-tive doomed to die;
2. With-out a com - pass,chart or guide, My soul was drift - ing with the tide;
3. I'm now an heir with God's dear Son, From sin and death my soul He won;
4. And when beyond death's shadows grim, I, face to face, a-bide with Him,

But thro' God's love and sym - pa - thy The nail-pierced hands reached down to me.
But from this dark and treach'rous sea The nail-pierced hands have res-cued me.
And,while I live, my song shall be, "The nail-pierced hands have lift-ed me.
My ev - er - last - ing theme shall be, "The nail-pierced hands have lift-ed me.

REFRAIN.

They've lift - ed me,..... they've lift-ed me,.....From sin's dark bond - age made me free;.... They've lift-ed me,..... they've lift-ed made me free;

me;..... The nail-pierced hands..... have lift - ed me..... lift - ed me.

No. 38. My Soul is Singing to Thee.

James Rowe. J. S. HARPER, OWNER, 1915, J. S. Harper.

1. So sweet is Thy love bless - ed Je - sus, It keeps me so hap-py and free, That e - ven when foes are a - round me, My
2. So much Thou dost help me dear Je - sus, A bless - ing to oth-ers to be That e - ven when bur - dened and wea - ry, My
3. And so it will be to the end, Lord, When cross - ing the si - lent, dark sea, My soul with Thy love o - ver - flow - ing Will

REFRAIN.

soul is sing-ing to Thee.
soul is sing-ing to Thee. My soul is sing-ing to Thee, sweet Friend;
still be sing-ing to Thee.

My soul is sing-ing to Thee; In sun - shine or
is sing-ing to Thee;

gloam, a - long the way home, My soul is sing-ing to Thee.

No. 39. If I Should Die To-night.

Rev. J. Oatman. Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, 1912. R. L. Ferguson.

1. If soon up-on time's roll-ing foam, My bark should fade from sight,
2. My hope is like an anch-or cast, My faith is clear and bright;
3. If I shall work till set of sun, And bat-tle for the right;
4. If dark the vale of death may be, I trust God for the light;
5. Tho' here you see my face no more, Yet in that land of light

Know this, that I'm in yon-der home, If I should die to - night.
I'll safe-ly reach my home at last If I should die to - night.
My Lord will say to me "Well done," If I should die to - night.
I'm sure that Christ will walk with me, If I should die to - night.
I'll wait for you on yon-der shore, If I should die to - night.

CHORUS.

Weep not, dear friends, when I must go, Let tears not dim your sight,

For I'll be safe at home, I know, If I should die to - night.

No. 40. O, the Beauties of the Home-Land.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. G. L. Cox.

1. When the beauties of the earth-land fade a-way, And the dawn-ing of the
2. All the sorrows will be past when morning breaks, And the beau-ties of the
3. I shall stand be-fore my Sav-ior, face to face, And re-ceive a crown of

morn-ing I shall see; I shall reach the land of ev - er-last - ing day,
Home-land greet my sight; When from out the last long sleep my soul a-wakes,
glo - ry from His hand, And for - ev - er I shall praise His sav - ing grace,

D. S.—*And my Friend, the King of kings, will wel-come me,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

And my pre-cious Sav-ior there shall welcome me.
In the bless-ed land of beau - ty and de - light. O, the beau-ties of the
For by grace a - lone I'll reach the promised land.
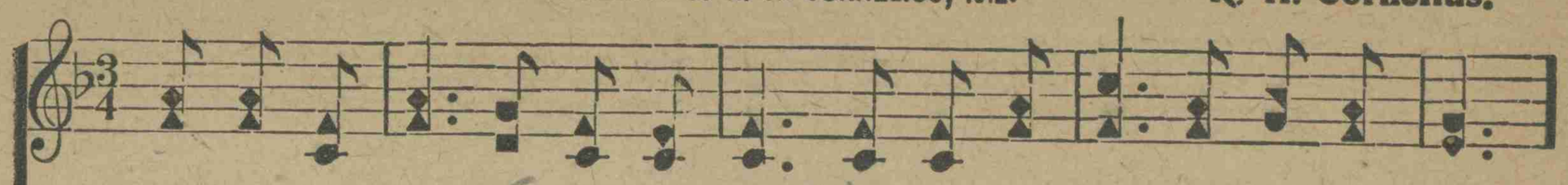
And His glo - ry and His rapt-ure I shall share.

D. S.
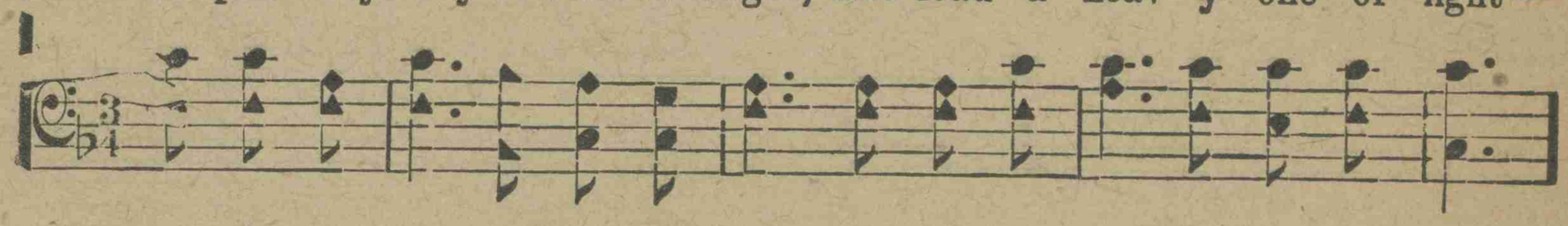
Home-land are for me, And a man-sion fair is wait-ing for me there,
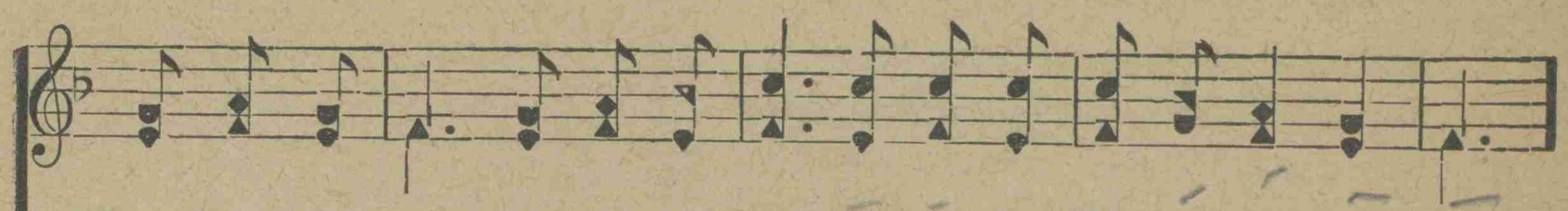
No. 41. I Live for Thee.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.
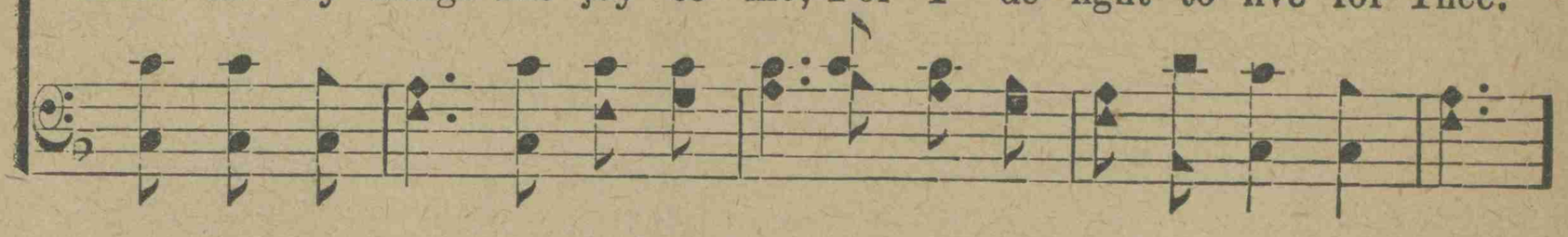


1. I look, dear Sav - ior to Thy Cross; It gives me grace to suf - fer loss;
2. Too long I lived for self a - lone, And tho't my life was all my own,
3. My pleas-ure is to do Thy will, Thy words and wish-es to ful - fill;
4. The path-way may be dark or bright, The load a heav - y one or light—

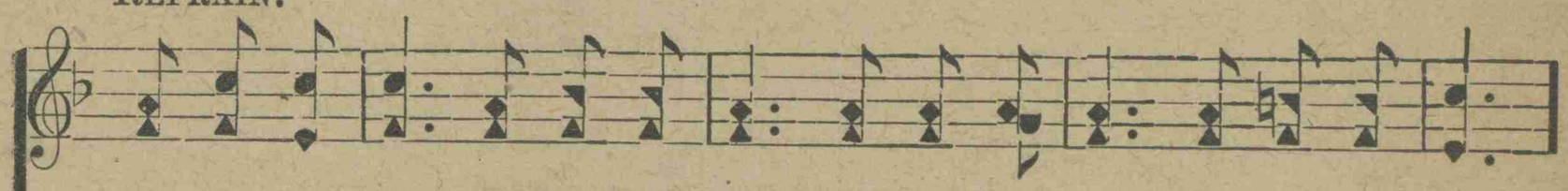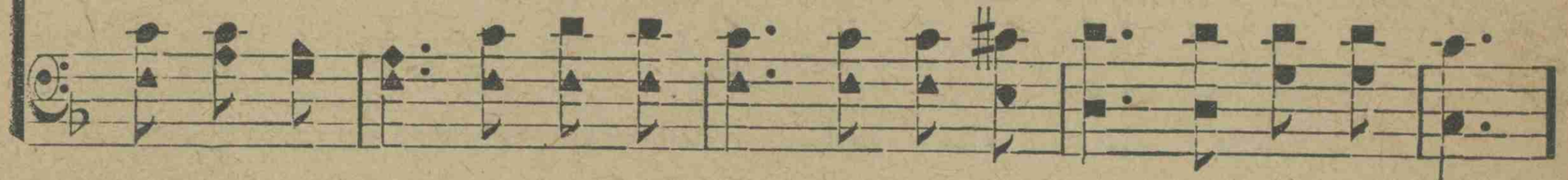




'Twas borne for me to Cal - va - ry, And so I bear my Cross for Thee.
But now the light has come to me, And I shall give my life to Thee.
Thy serv-ant I would ev - er be, O, give me grace to live for Thee.
Each du - ty brings but joy to me, For I de - light to live for Thee.
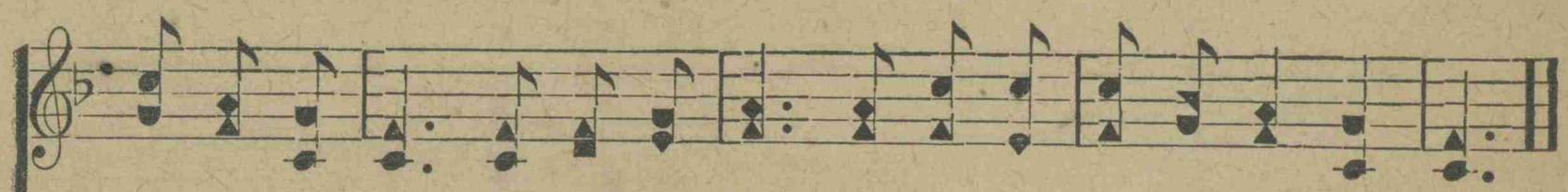


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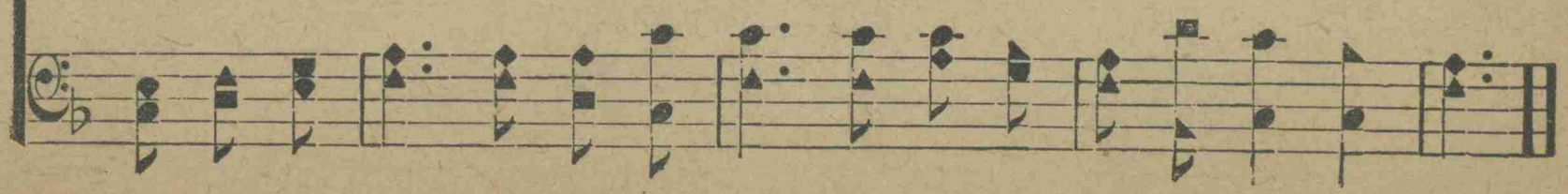


For Thee, dear Lord, who died for me, I live for Thee, I live for Thee,





I fix my eyes on Cal - va - ry, And live for Thee, and live for Thee.



No. 42. He is Always Just the Same.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Je - sus hushed the winds that swept fair Gal - i - lee,
2. He had mer - cy on the peo - ple in their need,
3. And the lep - er found in Him a kind - ly Friend,
4. Je - sus spoke un - to the dead and they a - rose,

And He calmed the rag-ing bil - lows of the sea;
And He gave to them the Bread of Life in - deed;
For He brought the lep - er's sor-rows to an end;
He has met and o - ver-come the last of foes;
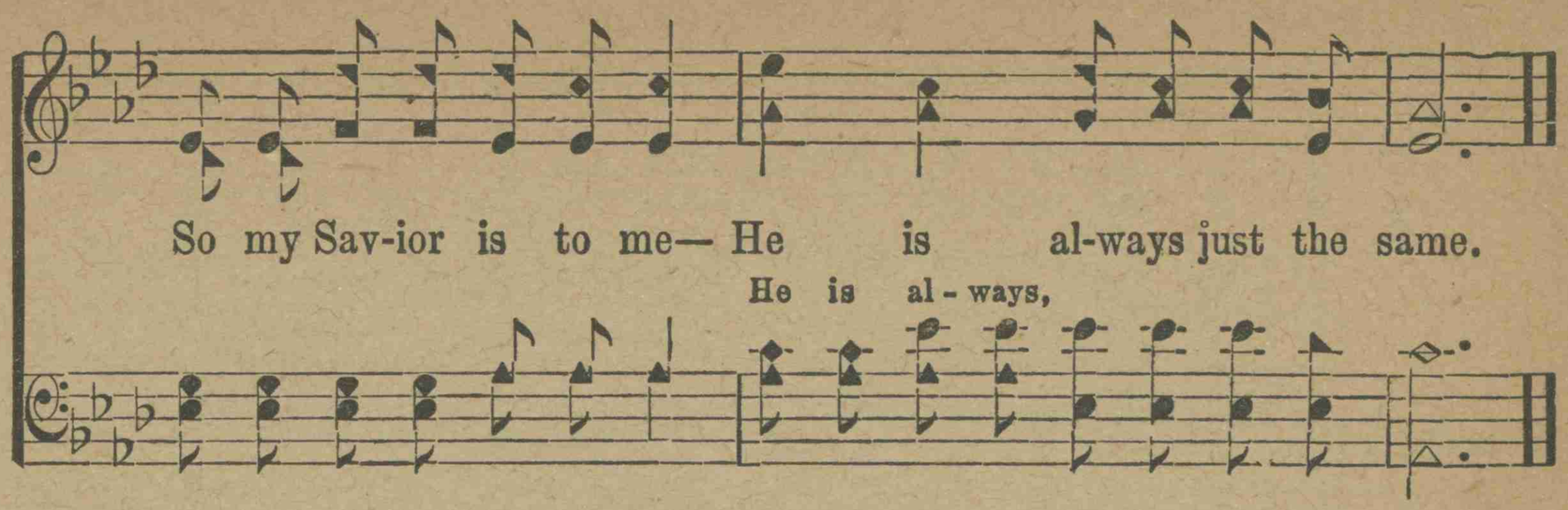
And I know He'll still the storms that troub-le me, For He is
When I hun - ger I shall nev - er vain - ly plead, For He is
For my heal-ing on His mer - cy I de - pend, For He is
And my spir - it shall a - rise, as He a - rose, For He is

REFRAIN.

al - ways just the same. He is always just the same,
al-ways, He is al-ways just the same. He is al-ways, al - ways just the same,

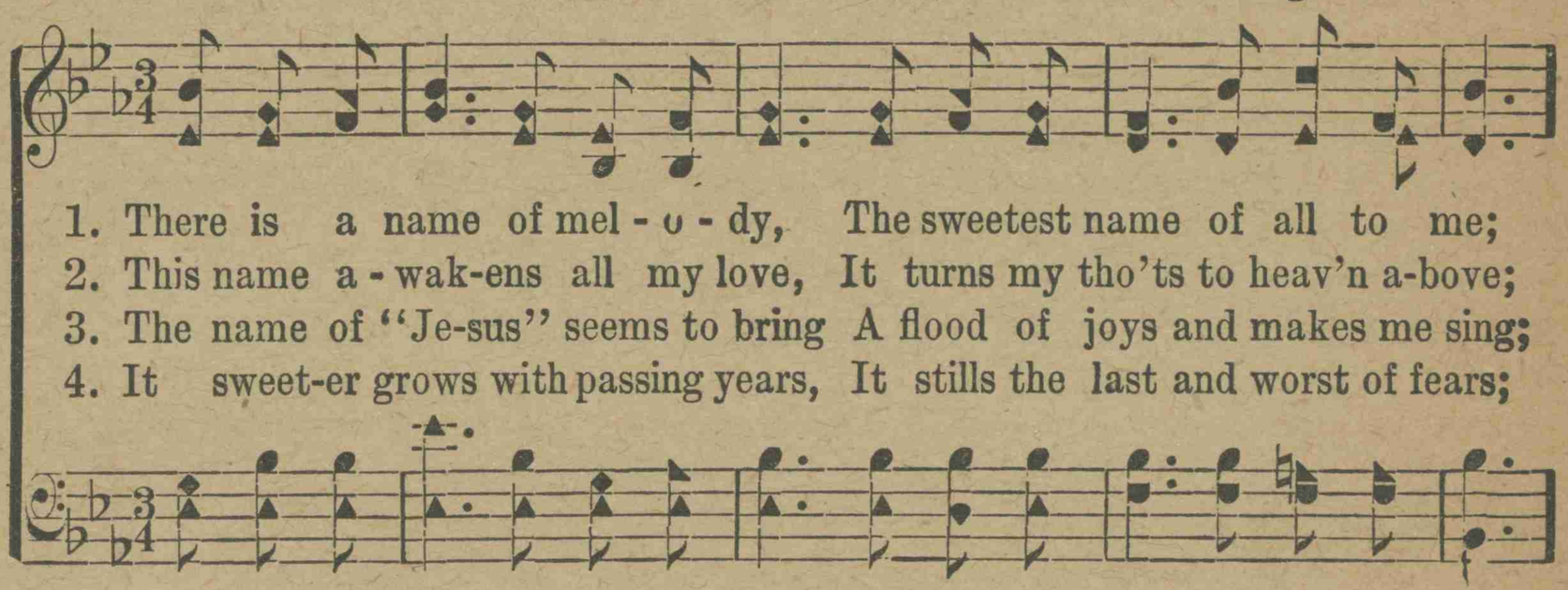
O I praise His bless-ed name!.... As He was in Gal - i - lee,
O I praise His bless - ed, bless-ed name!

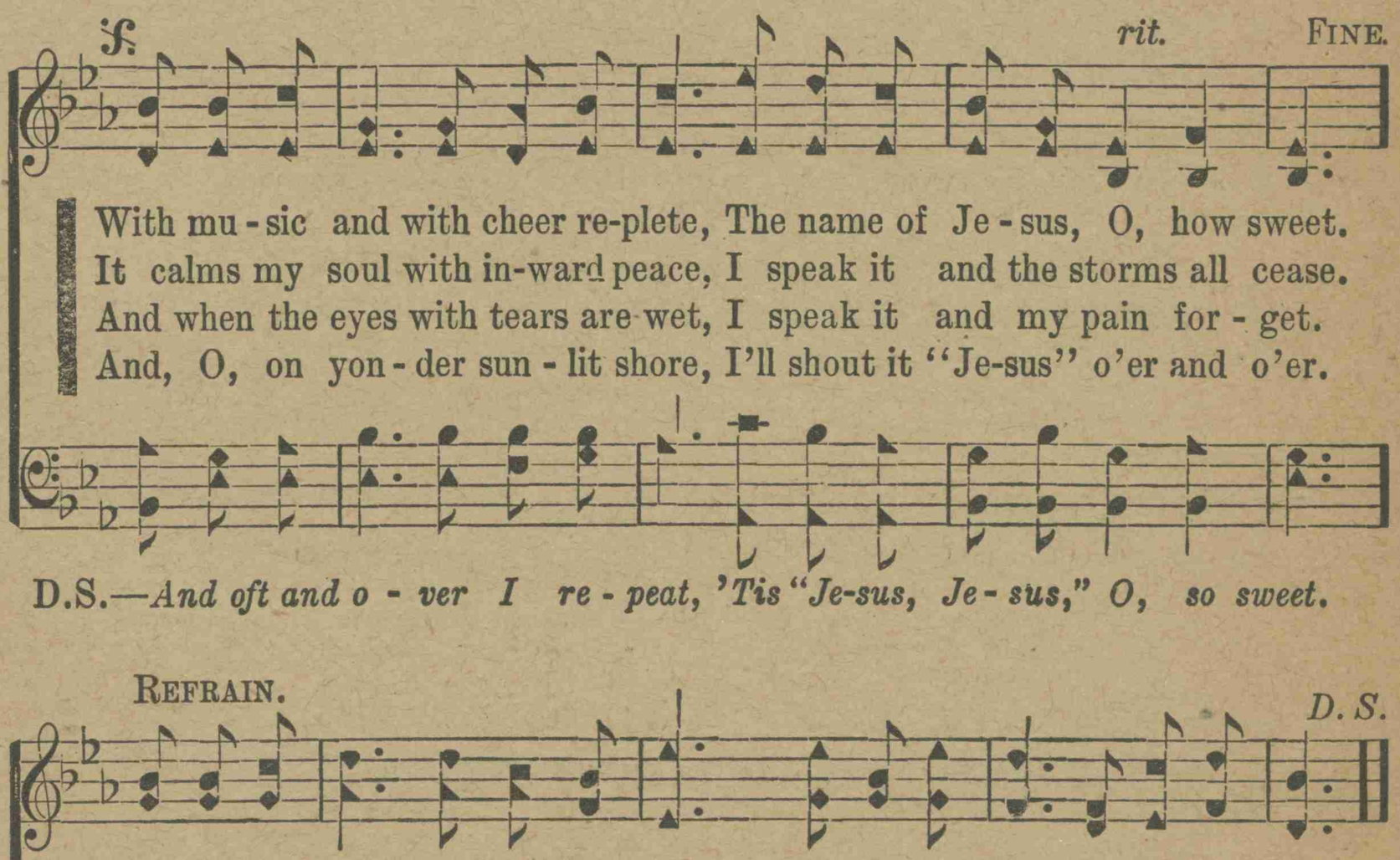
He is Always Just the Same.
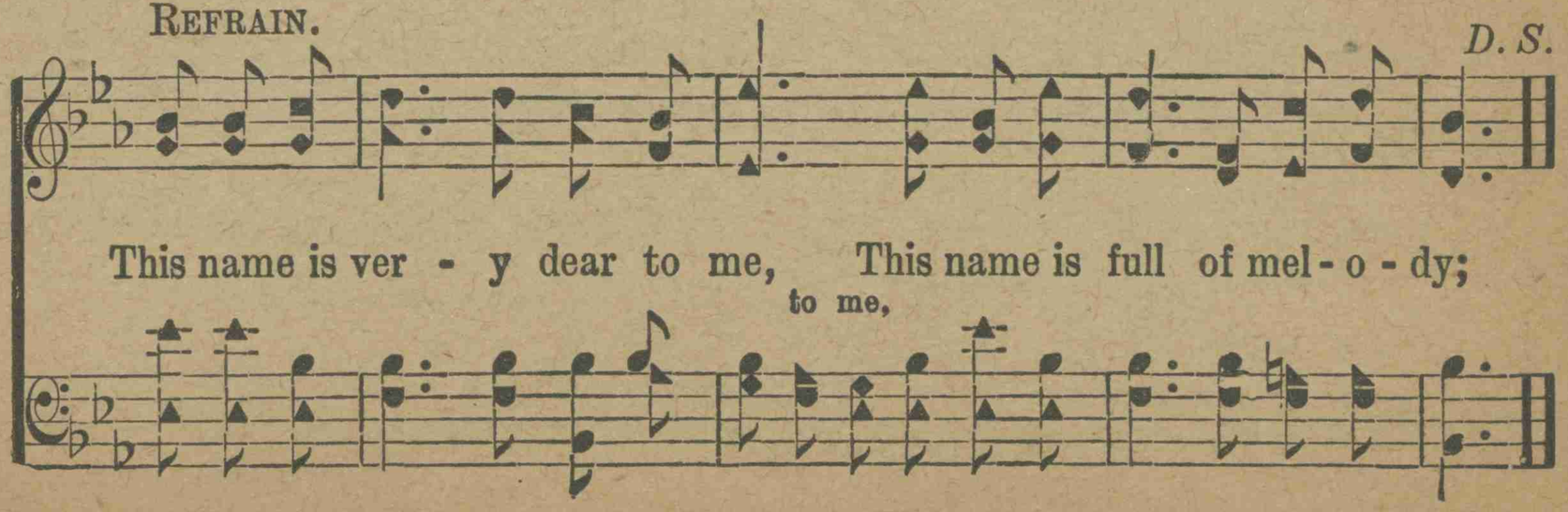


No. 43. The Name of "Jesus."

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. Hugh L. Hiett.







No. 44. I'll Tell of His Love.

S. H. S. S. H. SAVAGE, OWNER, 1915. S. H. Savage.

1. I'm tell - ing of Je - sus the won - der - ful Guide Who came out of
2. So bur-dened by sin and in bond-age I lay, A - way from the
3. I'm safe, and I'm kept by His won - der - ful grace, Thro' Je - sus from

heav - en for me, And will - ing - ly suf-fered, in ag - o - ny
heav - en - ly light; But homeward with Christ I am go - ing to-
sin I am free; I'll tell of His love till we meet face to

REFRAIN.

died, That I might be hap - py and free. O glo - - - ry I'll
day, For - giv - en and hap - py and bright.
face Where now He is wait - ing for me. O glo - ry to Je - sus, each

tell it!..... I'll tell..... of His love..... And
day I will tell it, O glo - ry to Je - sus I'll tell of His love, And

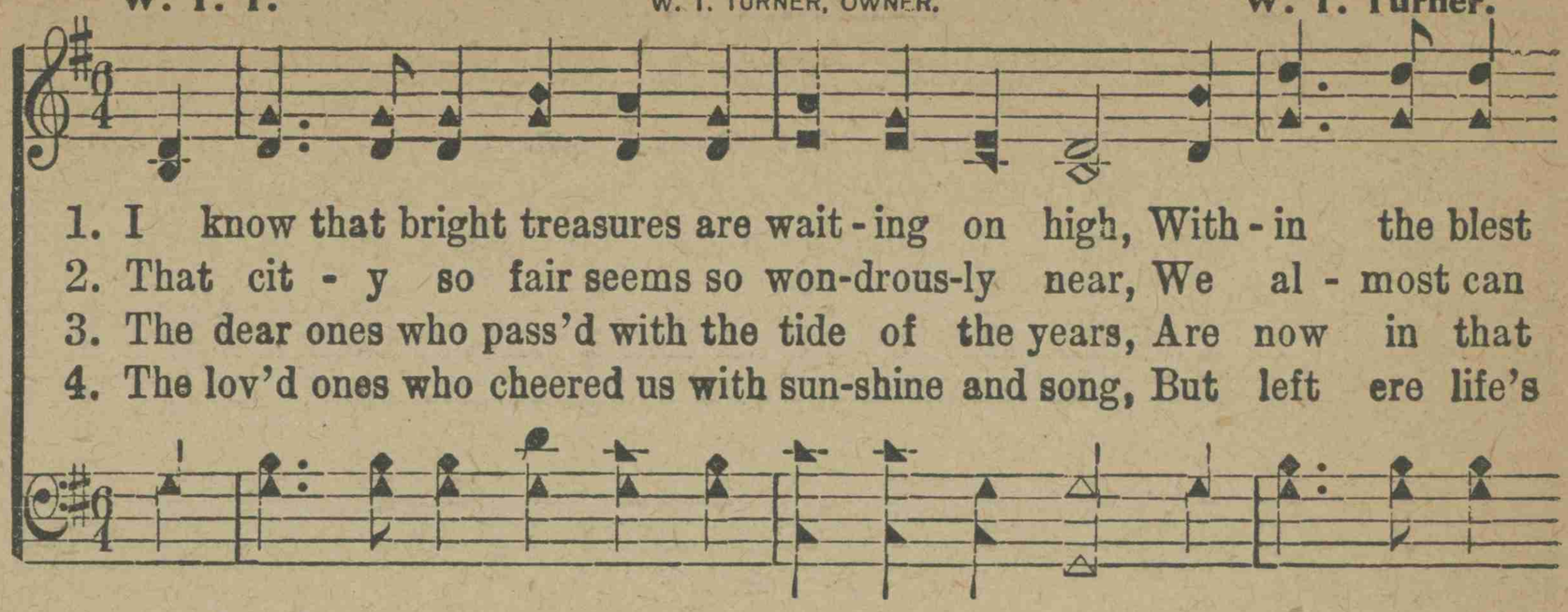
when..... life is end-ed,..... I'll sing it with an-gels a - bove.
aft - er the cross-ing, when this life is end-ed,

No. 45. Treasures In the City of God.
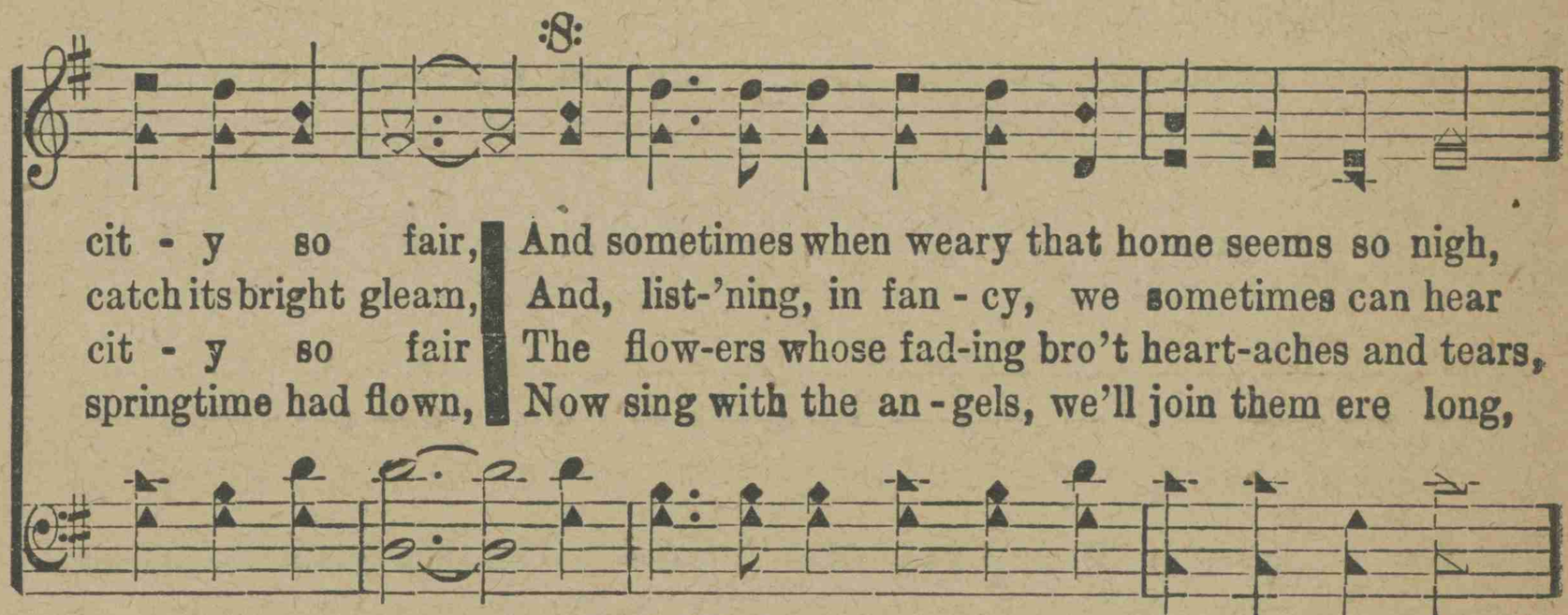
Arr. from a poem by Jennie Wilson, by
W. T. T.

W. T. TURNER, OWNER.

W. T. Turner.



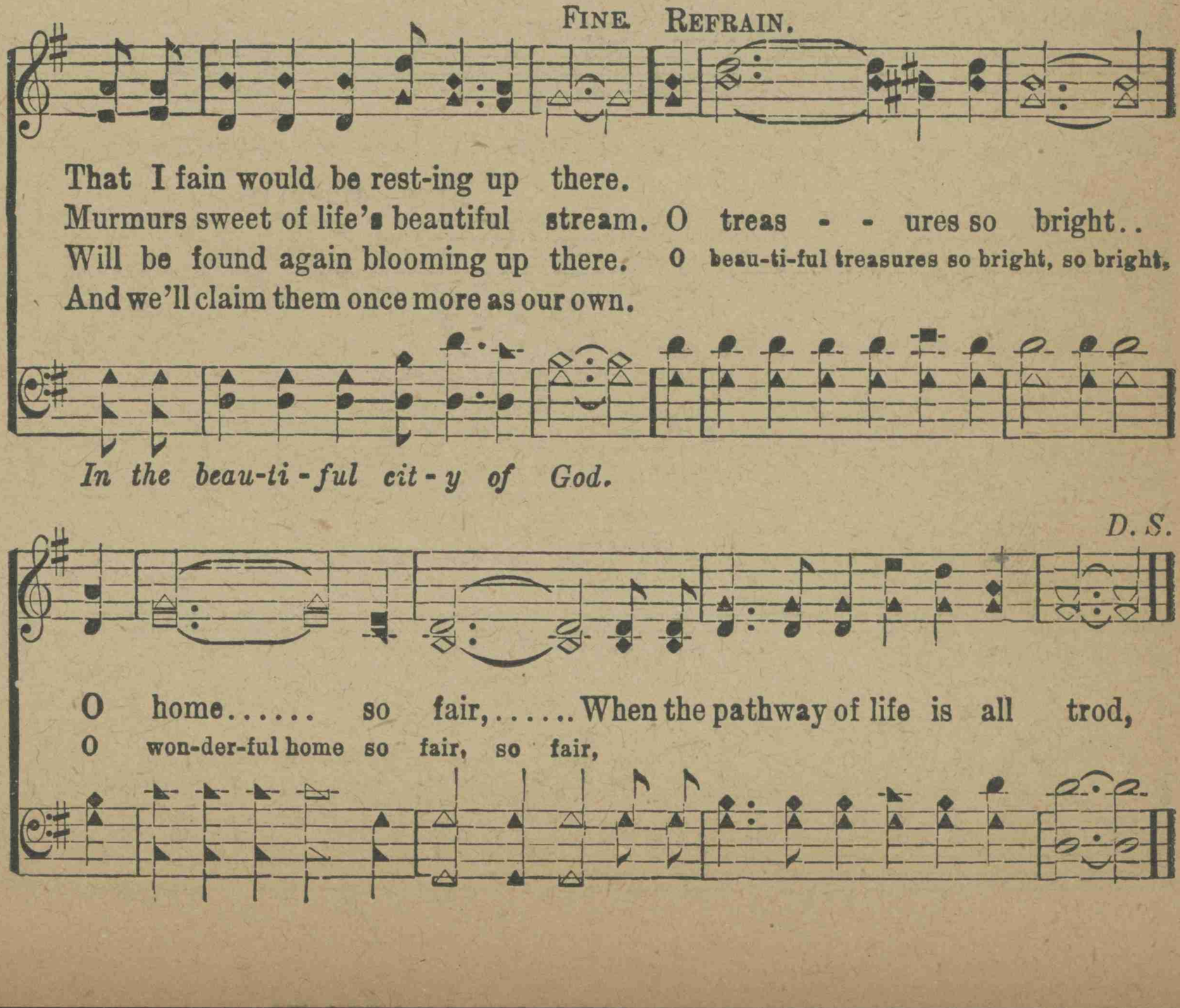
1. I know that bright treasures are wait - ing on high, With - in the blest
2. That cit - y so fair seems so won-drous-ly near, We al - most can
3. The dear ones who pass'd with the tide of the years, Are now in that
4. The lov'd ones who cheered us with sun-shine and song, But left ere life's



cit - y so fair, And sometimes when weary that home seems so nigh,
catch its bright gleam, And, list-'ning, in fan - cy, we sometimes can hear
cit - y so fair The flow-ers whose fad-ing bro't heart-aches and tears,
springtime had flown, Now sing with the an - gels, we'll join them ere long,

D. S.—*I'll sing thro' the a - ges with loved ones up there,*

FINE. REFRAIN.



That I fain would be rest-ing up there.
Murmurs sweet of life's beautiful stream. O treas - - ures so bright..
Will be found again blooming up there. O beau-ti-ful treasures so bright, so bright,
And we'll claim them once more as our own.

In the beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.

D. S.

O home..... so fair,.....When the pathway of life is all trod,
O won-der-ful home so fair, so fair,

No. 46. The Other Side.

♯ McNiel. PROPERTY OF SHARP MCNIEL. ♯ McNiel.

1. Just be - yond this world of sor - row, Dawns a bright and glo-rious
2. Here we meet with ma - ny tri - als, Sore temp - ta-tions and de-
3. Broth-er, you may deem Christ need-less, Of His ho - ly word grow

morrow, Where shall dwell..... the glo - ri - fied; (glo - ri - fied;)
ni - als, Count-less wants..... are not sup - plied; (not sup - plied;)
heed-less, Yet you soon.....must cross death's tide; (cross death's tide;)

If we spend our lives pre - par-ing, Joys we'll gain that saints are sharing,
But if we in faith grow stronger, We shall nev - er suf - fer long - er,
O then, come your sins con-fess - ing, Gain e - ter - nal life and bless-ing,

D.S.-*And in rap-ture end-ing nev - er, Praise the Lord who reigns for-ev - er,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

When we reach..... the oth-er side..... When we reach.....
the oth-er side.

When we reach the other side, (the other side.)

D. S.

the oth-er side,..... We'll be ful - - ly sat - is - fied,.....
oth-er side, sat-is-fied,

No. 47. Will You Go?

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. B. Easterling.

1. I am go - ing with Je-sus to a fair - er land, Where is beau-ty and joy be-yond com-pare; (be-yond compare;) He leads ev - 'ry pil - grim with a kind - ly hand—Will you go with our lov-ing Sav - ior there?
2. There the sun nev - er sets and not a shad-ow falls, There no cloud ev - er hov - ers in the sky; (the lof - ty sky;) Sweet peace and con-tent-ment are with - in its walls, And the joys of that coun-try nev - er die.
3. Turn a - side from the path that leads to endless night, Turn a - side to the road that leads a - bove; (that leads a-bove;) The straight nar-row way leads to the fade - less light, Where the law of the land is on - ly love.

REFRAIN.

Will you go, will you go, With Jesus to the land a-bove?
Will you go? will you go?

Will you go, will you go, With Jesus to the land of love.
Will you go? will you go?

No. 48. We're Soldiers True.

Edna Pearl Carey. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

Accomp. by Mrs Cornelius

1. As Chris-tian sol - diers we read - y stand To car - ry the
2. If souls be won, brave - ly fight we must, We'll sow the good
3. With Christ as Cap - tain we'll have no fear, Tho' bil-lows roll

gos-pel to ev - 'ry land..... By faith we walk in the
seed and in Christ we'll trust..... ..... To save, the world from the
high and the tempter's near;..... His word's our sword, we'll His

gos - pel light To Con-quer the foe to win the fight.....
pow'r of sin, And let the bright gos-pel light shine in.....
love pro - claim To save the world in His bless - ed name.....

We're Soldiers True,

CHORUS.

We're sol - - diers true and we firm - ly stand, Pro-
We're sol-diers so true and we firm - - ly, firm - ly stand, Pro-

claim - ing Christ un - to ev - 'ry land; His
claim-ing, pro-claim-ing,

won - der - ful voice we'll o - bey, Be faith - ful and work while 'tis

day— For Christ..... is King.....
For Christ is our lead-er and He is a won - der - ful King.

No. 49. Guiding Light.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. F. Caffey.

1. Thro' the shad-ows of the night, Came a strange and ho - ly light, A
2. O - ver des-erts moved the star, Wise men fol-lowed from a - far, A
3. Still this kind - ly light I see, 'Tis the light of life to me, A

light, so bright; 'Twas a glow-ing star to guide
Ho - ly, ho - ly light, shining thro' the night, And it led them wor-ship-ing,
D. S.— I will fol - low all the way,

FINE.

To the dear Re-deem-er's side, Bless-ed light, ho - ly light.
To the pres-ence of the King, Bless-ed guide, still a-bide, ho - ly light.
On-ward to the per-fect day,

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Guide me home, home above, To the home of love.
Guide me home, home above, To the home of love. to the home of love.

No. 50 Shall We Meet in Glory-Land?

James Rowe. W. E. HUBBARD, OWNER, 1913. W. E. Hubbard.

1. Are you pressing on? has your burden gone? Does the Sav-ior hold your hand?
2. Do you sing the song of the ransomed throng? Do you tell the sto - ry grand?
3. You have dear ones there in that cit - y fair. Shall you join that hap-py band?

FINE.

Are you in the fold, hav-ing joys untold? Shall we meet in Glo - ry Land?
Have you found a place with the saved by grace? Shall we meet in Glo - ry Land?
Shall you see the King where the an-gels sing? Shall we meet in Glo - ry Land?

D.S.-*Shall I see you there with the an-gels fair? Shall we meet in Glo - ry Land?*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Shall we meet? Shall we meet? On that hap-py gold - en strand?
Yes, we'll meet Yes, we'll meet

No. 51. Just for You and Me.

James Rowe. L. D. HUFFSTUTLER, OWNER, 1914. **L. D. Huffstutler.**

1. God's own Son came down from heav - en, Just for you and me; Glo-ry, throne and
2. Oft He followed pathways drear - y, Just for you and me; Oft - en He was
3. Je - sus made a bright to - mor - row, Just for you and me; Oft His head was
4. Hands and feet and side were riv - en Just for you and me; Life and all were

home were giv - en, Just for you and me.
worn and wea - ry, Just for you and me. Just for you, just for me, He was
bowed by sor - row, Just for you and me.
free-ly giv - en Just for you and me.

REFRAIN.

slain on Cal - va - ry, Wondrous, matchless love had He, Just for you and me.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY
2825 LEXINGTON ROAD LOUISVILLE, KY

No. 52. When We Rest On the Strand.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY, R H. CORNELIUS. J. M. Copeland.

1. With ho - san - nas to the King Heav-en's arch - es all will ring,
2. Not a sin - gle sign of care Pain or sad - ness will be there,
3. Those we miss to - day will be With us there be - side the sea,
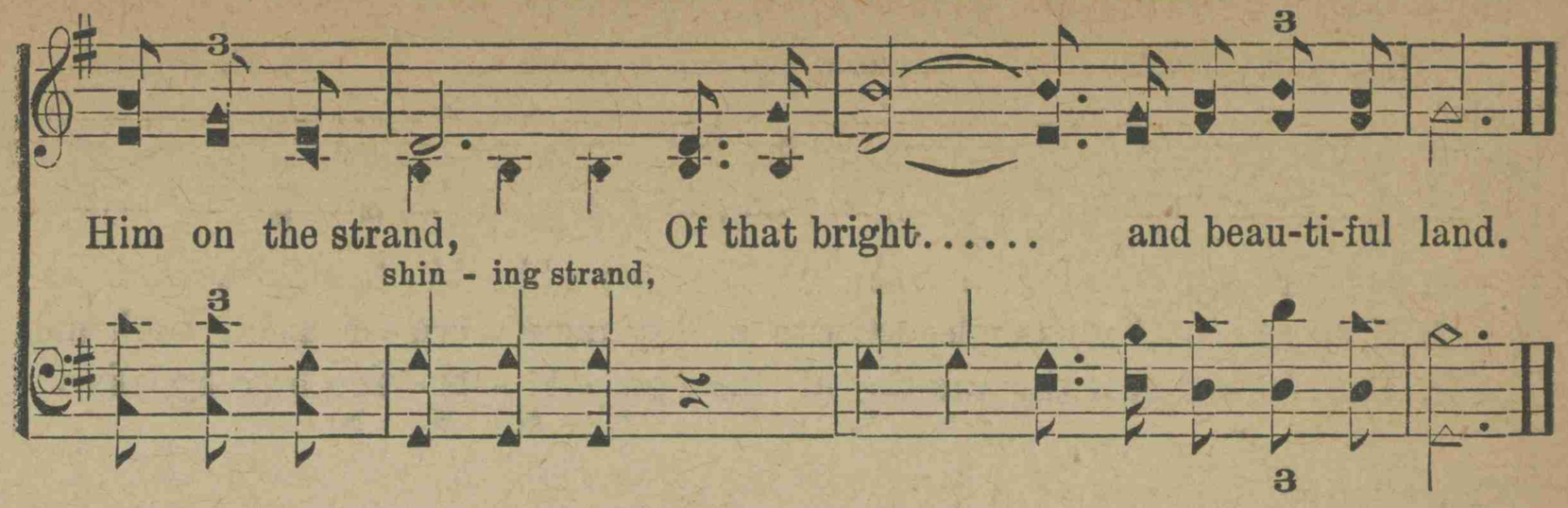
When we rest on the strand; Hearts and souls will swell with praise
Ev -'ry eye will be as bright
When we rest on the gold-en strand; And the King we've loved so long

On that bliss - ful day of days, When we rest on the strand.
As a ray of noon day - light,
Will be there to hear our song. When we rest on the strand.

Refrain.
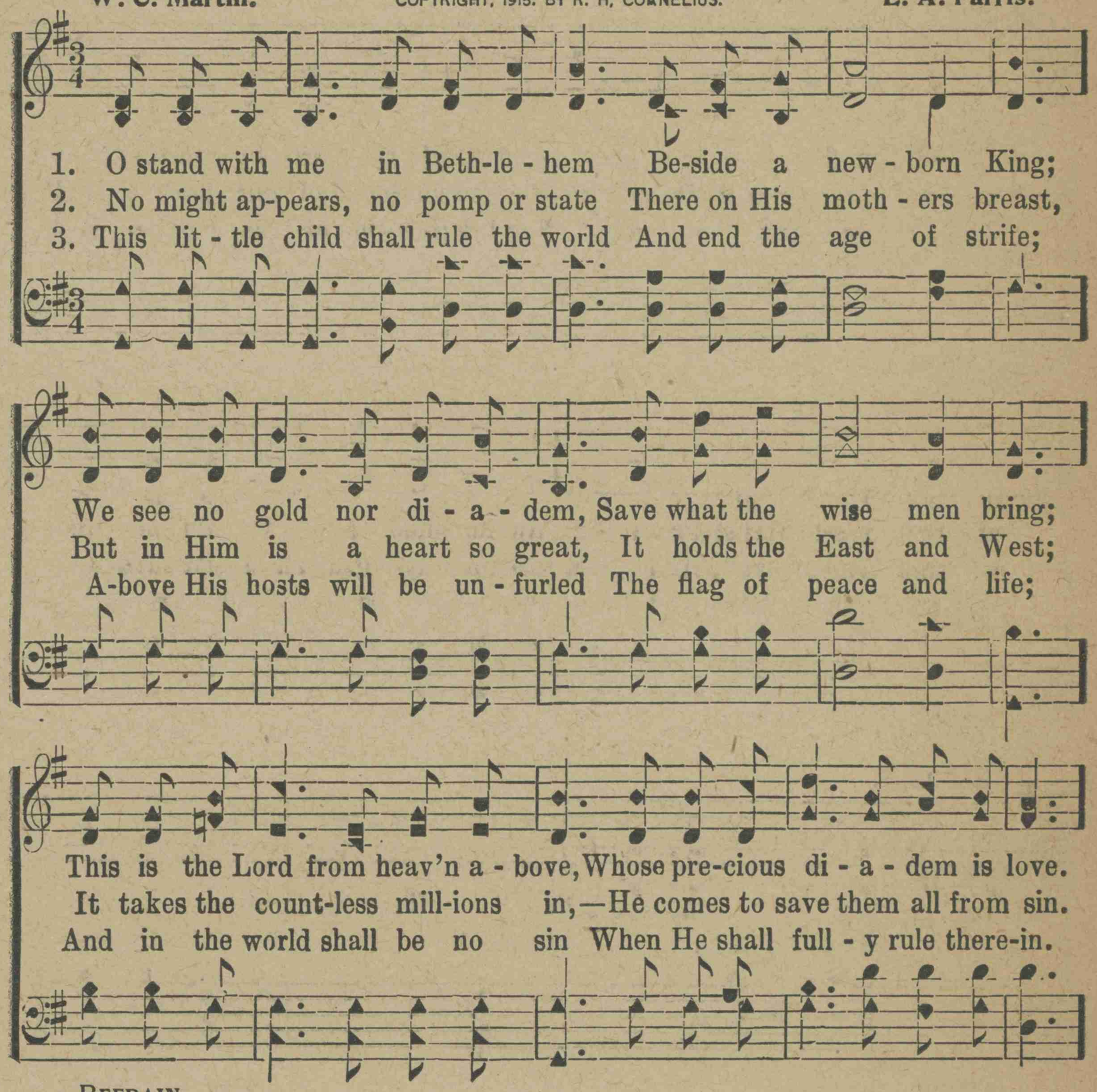
O the joy,..... the rapture di-vine, That will thrill..... your
di - vine,
spir - it and mine, When we sing..... to
with rapture di - vine,

When We Rest on the Strand.
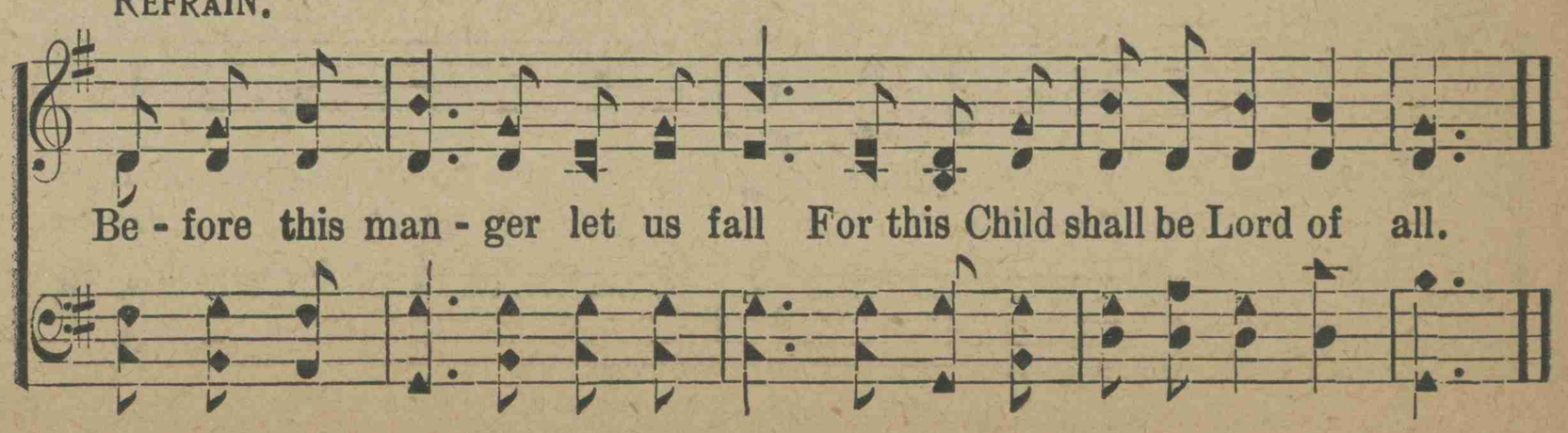


No. 53. O Stand With Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. L. A. Farris.



REFRAIN.



No. 54. Prohibition Bells.

Mrs. A. B. Wade. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. B. Bryant.

1. O don't you hear the mu-sic of the pro - hi - bi - tion bells, As 'tis waft -ed on from sea to sea? And the glo-rious proc-la - ma-tion that its
2. King Al - co - hol has ruled us with a ty-rants' cru - el hand; High and low are fall-ing 'neath His pow'r; For the life blood of our na-tion is His
3. But, far and near the mu-sic of the pro - hi - bi - tion bells Speaks a cheer-ing mes-sage to us all; For the rous - ing of the na-tion is the ev - 'ry meas-ure tells; From the aw-ful curse of rum we will be free.

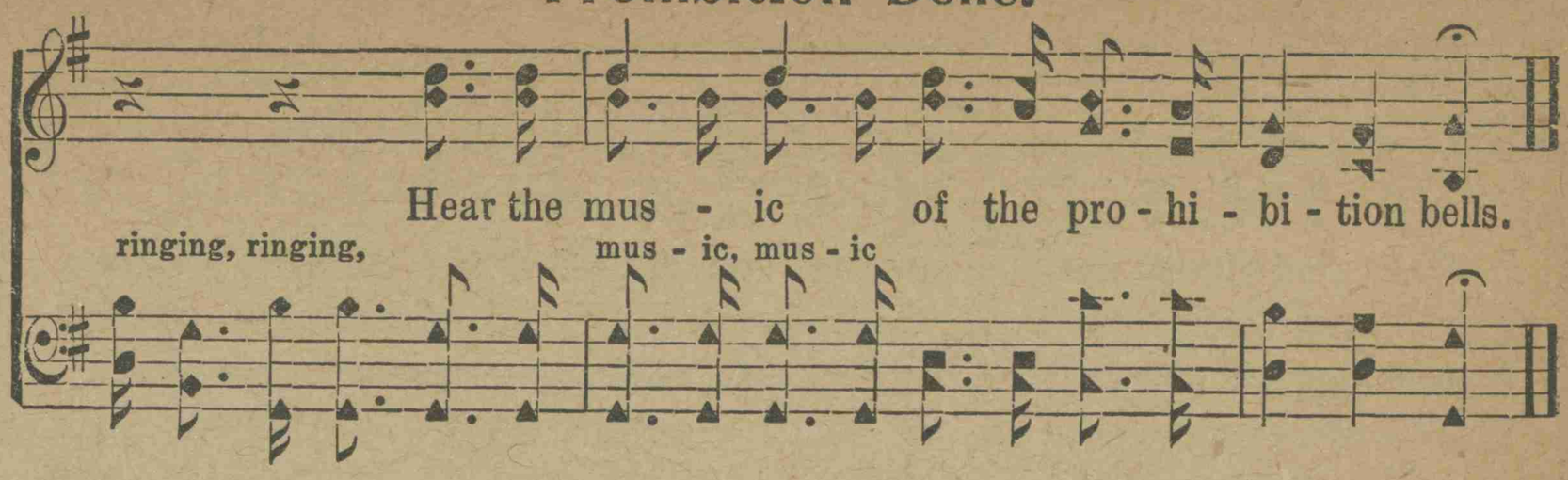
constant dread demand, And His vic-tim's dy-ing moans ascend each hour.
glo-rious truth it tells; And the foe of our be - lov - ed land must fall.

REFRAIN.

Hear the bells, hear the bells Hear the pro-
Hear the bells, hear the bells, Pro - hi - bi - tion bells;

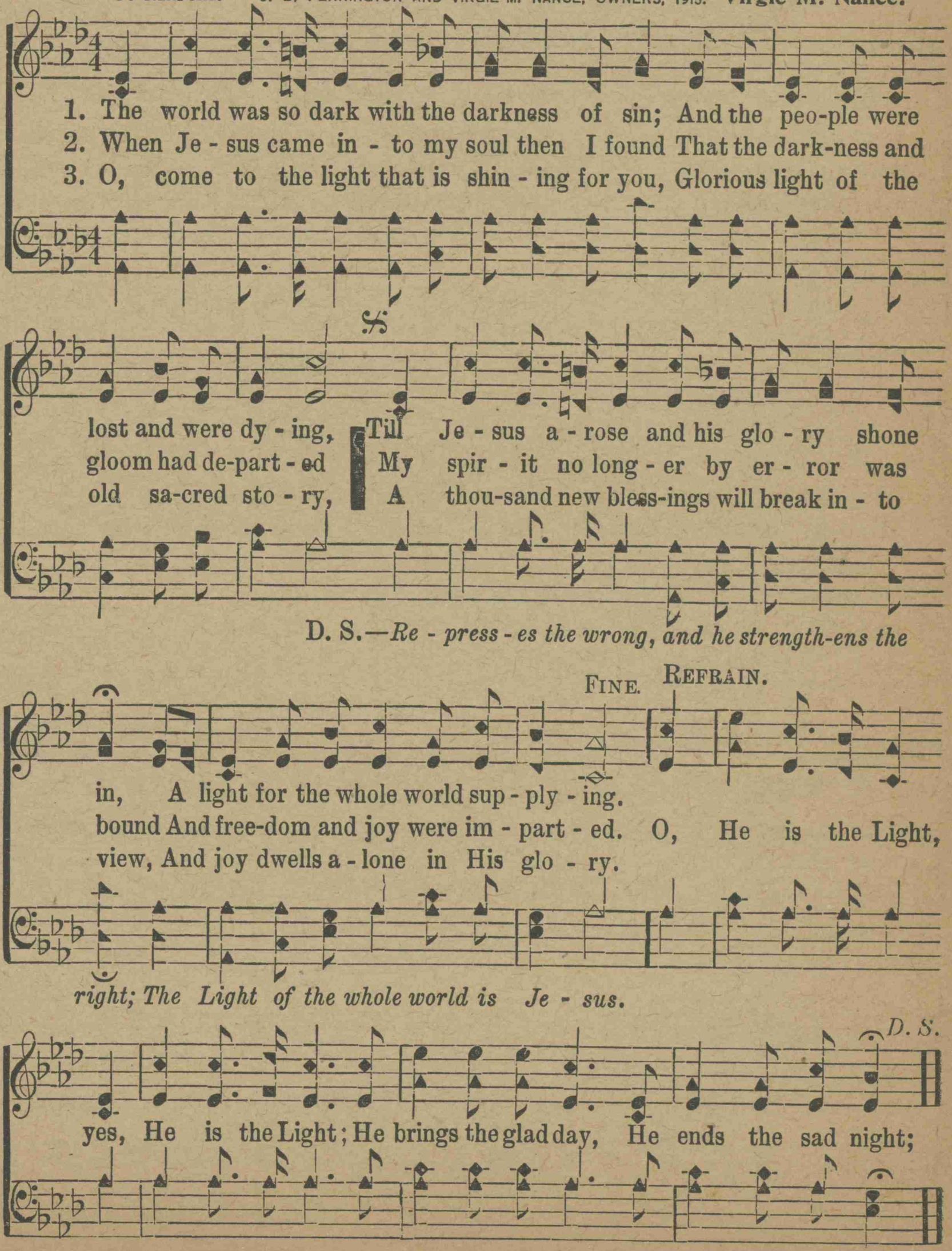
hi bells; Keep them ring-ing, Keep them ringing
Pro - hi - bi - tion bells; ring - ing, ring-ing, ring - ing, ring-ing,

Prohibition Bells.



No. 55. O, He is The Light.

W. C. Martin. J. B. PENNINGTON AND VIRGIE M. NANCE, OWNERS, 1915. Virgie M. Nance.



No. 56 What Will You Reap?

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L FERGUSON. **R. L. Ferguson.**

Slow.

1. What kind of seed are you sow-ing to - day? Tell me the fields you are
2. If you are in - do-lent, care-less and gay, Think of the sheaves you will
3. If you are now free from en - vy and strife, Sow - ing the seeds of a
4. Tell me, my broth-er, O tell me I pray, What kind of seeds are you

work-ing, I pray; But this, my broth-er, you sure-ly must know,
gath - er some day; All the wild oats that in laugh-ter you sow
vir - tu - ous life, Keep-ing your fields clear of mal - ice and sin;
sow - ing to - day? Joy and con-tent-ment, re - pin - ing and tears,

REFRAIN.

That you must reap just the har-vest you sow.
Sure-ly will bring you a har-vest of woe. Brother, re-mem-ber, as
Rich is the har - vest that you'll gather in.
What will you reap in the on - com-ing years?

years come and go, That you must reap just the har-vest you sow; Rich-es and

rit.

hon-or, or beg-ging and crime, O what will you reap at the har-vest time?

No. 57. O, Tell Me More About Him.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. The man who stilled the storm-y sea, Who bore His cross to Cal - va-'ry,
2. The man who washed my sins a-way, Re-stores me when I go a-stray,
3. The man who taught my heart to love, To seek those things which are above,
4. This man whom an - gels all a-dore, I want to love Him more and more;

Who gave His pre-cious life for me,—O, tell me more a - bout Him.
Sup - plies me grace from day to day,—O, tell me more a - bout Him.
Who sends the spir - it like a dove,—O, tell me more a - bout Him.
So tell the bless-ed sto - ry o'er,—O, tell me more a - bout Him.

REFRAIN.

I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, Who died my soul to re - deem;

I want to know more a-bout Je - sus, O, tell me more a - bout Him.

No. 58. Over There.

A. C. P. A C. PRICE, OWNER, 1914 A. C. Price.

1. We will all sing to-geth-er, o - ver there, (o - ver there,) We will
2. Yes, we'll praise our Re-deem-er o - ver there, (o - ver there,) With our
3. There'll be joy o - ver yon-der, bye and bye, (bye and bye,) In that

praise Him for - ev - er o - ver there; (o - ver there;) We will tell the
glad hal - le - lu - jahs o - ver there; (o - ver there;) With the loved ones
home He's pre-pared for you and I; (you and I;) While the an - gel

bless - ed sto - ry as we walk the streets of glo - ry, As we walk the
gone be - fore us we will sing a might - y cho - rus, We will sing a
choir re - joic - es with the shouts of heav'n-ly voic - es, With the shouts of

CHORUS.

streets of glo - ry, o - ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there,
might - y cho - rus, o - ver there.
heav'n-ly voic - es o - ver there. o-ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there,

Yes, we'll sing a might-y cho-rus o - ver there; O-ver there,
o-ver there, O-ver there,

Over There.

o-ver there, Yes, we'll sing a might-y cho-rus o - ver there.

o-ver there, o-ver there.

No. 59. On the Cross.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. B. Justice.

1. My life I spent in sin and pride, Nor cared for Christ the Cru - ci-
2. The Spir - it taught my heart to know The shame of treat - ing Je - sus
3. So now I list - en to His call, And on my knees be-fore Him
4. His lov - ing heart con-trived the plan, By grace He bro't it down to

rit.

fied, Nor knew it was for me He died, On the cross, on the cross.
so, Of spurn-ing Him in all His woe On the cross, on the cross.
fall, For I can see He gave up all On the cross, on the cross.
man; He saves as on - ly Je - sus can, On the cross, on the cross.

REFRAIN.

On the cross I see Him now, Thorns up - on His bleed - ing brow,

rit.

My sal - va - tion to be - stow; Dy - ing, dy - ing on the cross.

No. 60. The Song that Reached His Breast.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912, R. H. Cornelius.

1. The vil - lage Choir was sing - ing And all the world seemed glad,
2. He tho't of home and moth-er, And days of long a - go,
3. "Dear Lord," he cried, "for - give me, No more I wish to roam;

Yet there was one who listened, Whose soul was faint and sad;
When oft she sang at twi-light This song that touched him so;
I'm weak and worn and wea - ry, To Thee for rest I come,"
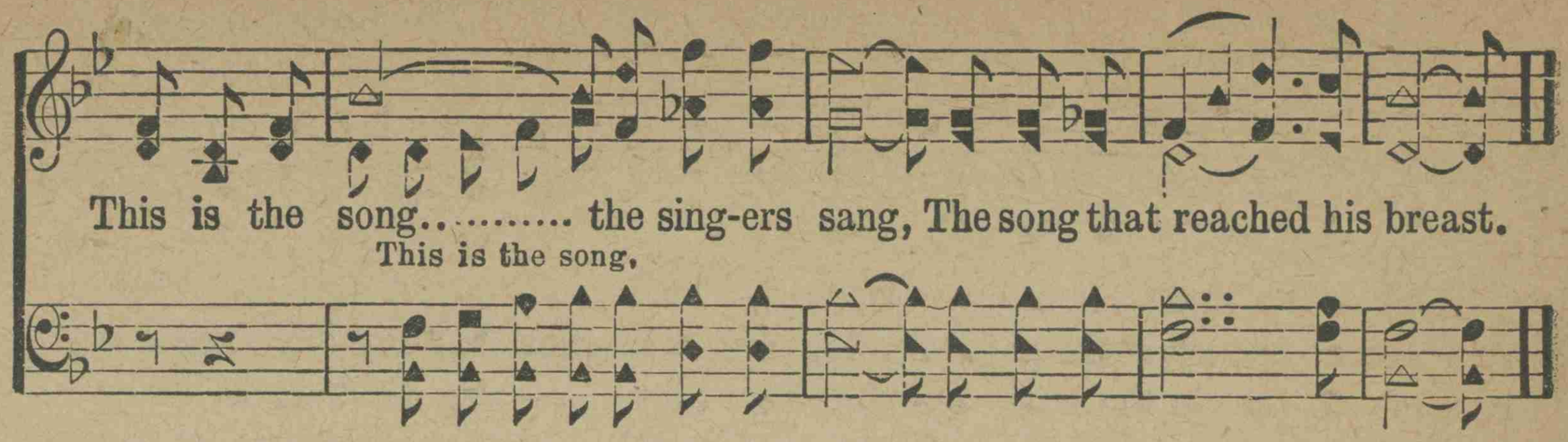
He had not come to wor-ship, But he was worn and sore,
He tho't of his trans - gres-sions, And wast - ed wea - ry years,
The wan-der - er was pardoned, Made peaceful, free and whole,

A wan - der - er, a sin-ner, Out-side the Old Church door.
And soon his heart was soft-ened, And fell like rain his tears.
And homeward went re - joic-ing, With mu-sic in his soul.

CHORUS.

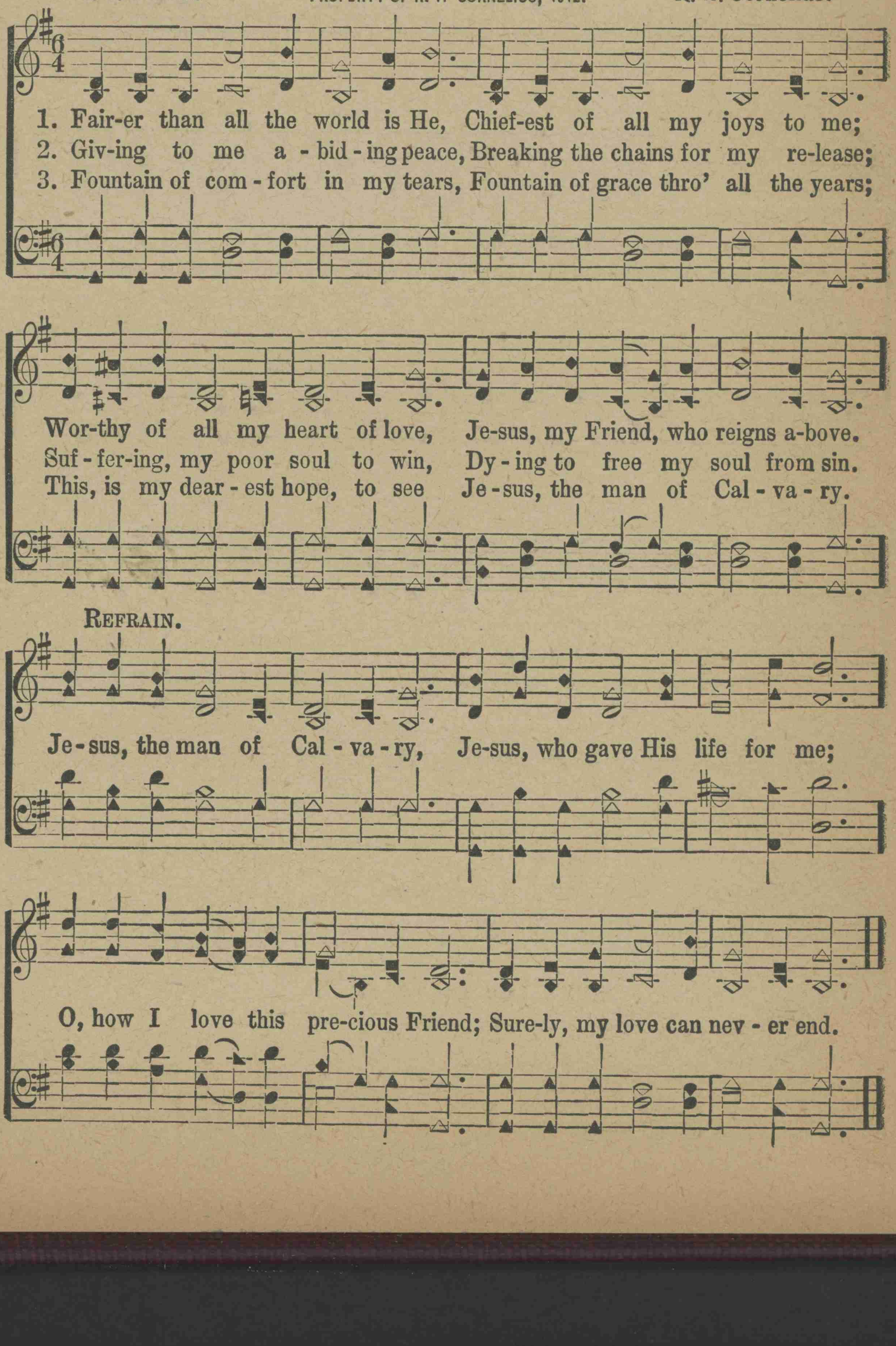
"Come un-to me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest;"
Come un-to me. And I will give

The Song That Reached His Breast.



No. 61. Jesus of Galvary.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.



No. 62. Show Me the Way.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, 1912. R. L. Ferguson.

1. Some-where there is a land of light, A land of nev-er end-ing day,
2. I care not where the path may lie, No hard-ships shall my heart dis-may;
3. Tho' li - ons in the way ap-pear, Or foes a - rise in bold ar - ray,
4. I seek the land where love a-bides; Where this world's tears are wiped a-way;

Of sweet-est peace, of pure de-light—I pray Thee, Lord, show me the way.
I seek a bet-ter land on high—I pray Thee, Lord, show me the way.
My faith shall con-quer ev-'ry fear—I pray Thee, Lord, show me the way.
Where all I need the King pro-vides—I pray Thee, Lord, show me the way.

REFRAIN.

Show me the way, show me the way To that good land of end-less day;
Show me the way, show me the way To that good land of end-less day;

rit.

Whose joys and glo - ries are for aye, Show me the way, show me the way.
Whose joys and glo-ries are for aye,

No. 63. Fully Saved.

Johnson Oatman. R. D. BURLESON, OWNER. **R. D. Burleson.**

1. I had wandered far a - way from the fold, (from the fold,) On the bar - ren hills of sin, dark and cold,
2. When I bro't Him all my great load of sin, (load of sin,) Then His ten - der arms of love took me in,
3. Let the bil - lows of this life round me toss, (round me toss.) Let the tempter of my soul seek its loss,
4. So I'm rest - ing in His love day by day, (day by day,) And I find He sweet-ly saves all the way;

But I heard my Sav-iour's voice,
And I soon found per-fect rest
But I'm rest - ing on the arm
So I still will shout and sing,

D. S.—*Kept by God's al-might - y pow'r,*

FINE.

And it made my heart re-joice, As I cried, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
On my precious Saviour's breast, Shouting out, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
That can save my soul from harm, And to-day I am saved, ful-ly saved!
As I make His praises ring, Praise the Lord, I am saved, ful-ly saved!

I am trust-ing ev - 'ry hour, And I'm saved, hal-le - lu-jah, ful-ly saved!

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful - ly saved, (ful - ly saved,)

D. S.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful - ly saved; (ful-ly saved;)

No. 64. My Anchor Holds Me.

W. C, Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. My life is like a storm-y sea, Where oft the gales sweep o-ver me;
2. When thro' the dark and troubled night I fail to see the har-bor light;
3. Tho' many wrecks may strew the shore, And souls go down to rise no more;
4. The sum-mer-time is draw-ing near, And soon the skies will all be clear;

But when the billows wild-ly roll,.... I have an anchor for my soul.
I lift a pray'r a-bove the gale,.... And trust the pow'r that cannot fail.
My soul shall live till storms are past,... A mighty an-chor holds me fast.
And in a peace-ful port at last,... My precious anchor shall be cast.

REFRAIN.

A might-y an-chor holds me fast, In ev'ry wild and stormy blast;
holds me fast, stormy blast:

My hope is sure, I am se-cure, My an-chor holds me fast.
My strong and might-y an-chor holds me fast.

No. 65. Hear the Saviour Calling.

PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. List-en to the Saviour while He calls to you, Hearken to His voice just now;
2. Are you tired of liv-ing in a state of sin? Come to Je-sus, He'll for-give;
3. Are you growing wea-ry of your heav-y load? Hear the Saviour's "Come to me;"
4. Would you meet your loved ones in that land on high? Still the Saviour bids you come;

Would you prove each promise of the Saviour true? Then before Him humbly bow.
Would you thro' your being feel new life be-gin? Come to Jesus Christ and live.
Would you walk untrammeled all a-long life's road? Je-sus Christ can set you free.
Ho-ly an-gels beck-on, beck-on from the sky, Come to-night and start for home.

REFRAIN.

Hear..... the Sav-iour call-ing, O why
Hear the Sav-iour call-ing, call-ing now for you, Why will you roam?
will you roam? Still..... in ac-cents
Why will you roam? Still in ac-cents ten-der,
ten-der, Dear sin-ner, come home.
Still in ac-cents ten-der, Dear sin-ner, O dear sin-ner, come home, come home.

No. 66. Tell the Message.

James Rowe. W. R CAMPBELL, OWNER. 1915. W. R. Campbell.

1. As you walk the glo-ry way With the Lord from day to day, Try to help the lost and lone to look a-bove; In the glo-ry of His smile, Prov-ing faith-ful all the while, Sweet-ly tell and sing the mes-sage of His love.
2. There are youth-ful ones and fair Who are yield-ing to de-spair, Who are wait-ing for the hope your Lord can give; Tell them of the Saviour dear Who is ev - er wait-ing near, Bid them has-ten to His pre-cious side and live.
3. All a - long the shin-ing road To the soul's di - vine a - bode, Tell the sto - ry of sal-va-tion o'er and o'er; Fill the valleys with the praise Of the Friend who crowns our days, O ex - tol, and serve, and wor-ship ev - er - more.

FINE.

D. S.—*Sweet-ly tell and sing the mes-sage of His love.*

REFRAIN.

Tell the mes-sage,... pre-cious mes-sage; Tell how Je-sus left His throne in heav'n a-bove, To re-deem your soul from loss;

tell the message, pre-cious message; To redeem your soul from loss,

D. S.

No. 67. I Will Meet My Mother There.

Effie Lee Owens. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1913. **J. W. Dennis.**

1. Oft my mem'ry wanders back To sweet days of long ago, And a-gain I seem to
2. Oft her gentle words return, Drifting down the tide of years, And methinks I see her
3. Oft in fan - cy I be-hold Mother in her own low chair, But no more on earth can

hear Mother's tones so soft and low; Now her voice on earth is still, But up-
form Thro' the mist of fall-ing tears; But 'tis all a dream I know. For her
I Ev - er see her seat-ed there; I shall miss her lov-ing smile, 'Till I

on the heav'nly shore I shall meet my sainted mother Where sad part-ings come no more.
face I'll see no more Till I meet her o-ver yonder, On the bright e-ter-nal shore.
cross the dusky tide, Then in heaven's blissful mansions We to-geth-er shall a-bide.

CHORUS.

I will meet her, yes, I'll meet her, ... In that home.. so bright and fair;
I will meet her, yes, I'll meet her, In that home so bright and fair;

Where an - gel - ic harps are ring-ing, ... I will meet... my mother there.
ever ringing,

No. 68. Wonderful Love.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Won-der-ful gift..... from the Fa-ther a-bove, (the Father above,)
2. I was con-demned,.. for a sin-ner was I, (a sin-ner was I,)
3. Earth has grown bright-er, and heav-en is near, (and heaven is near,)

Dear-er than gold..... is His won-der-ful love; (His won-der-ful love;)
Jus-tice de-creed..... that a sin-ner must die; (a sin-ner must die;)
All of the bless-ings of life are more dear; (the blessings more dear;)

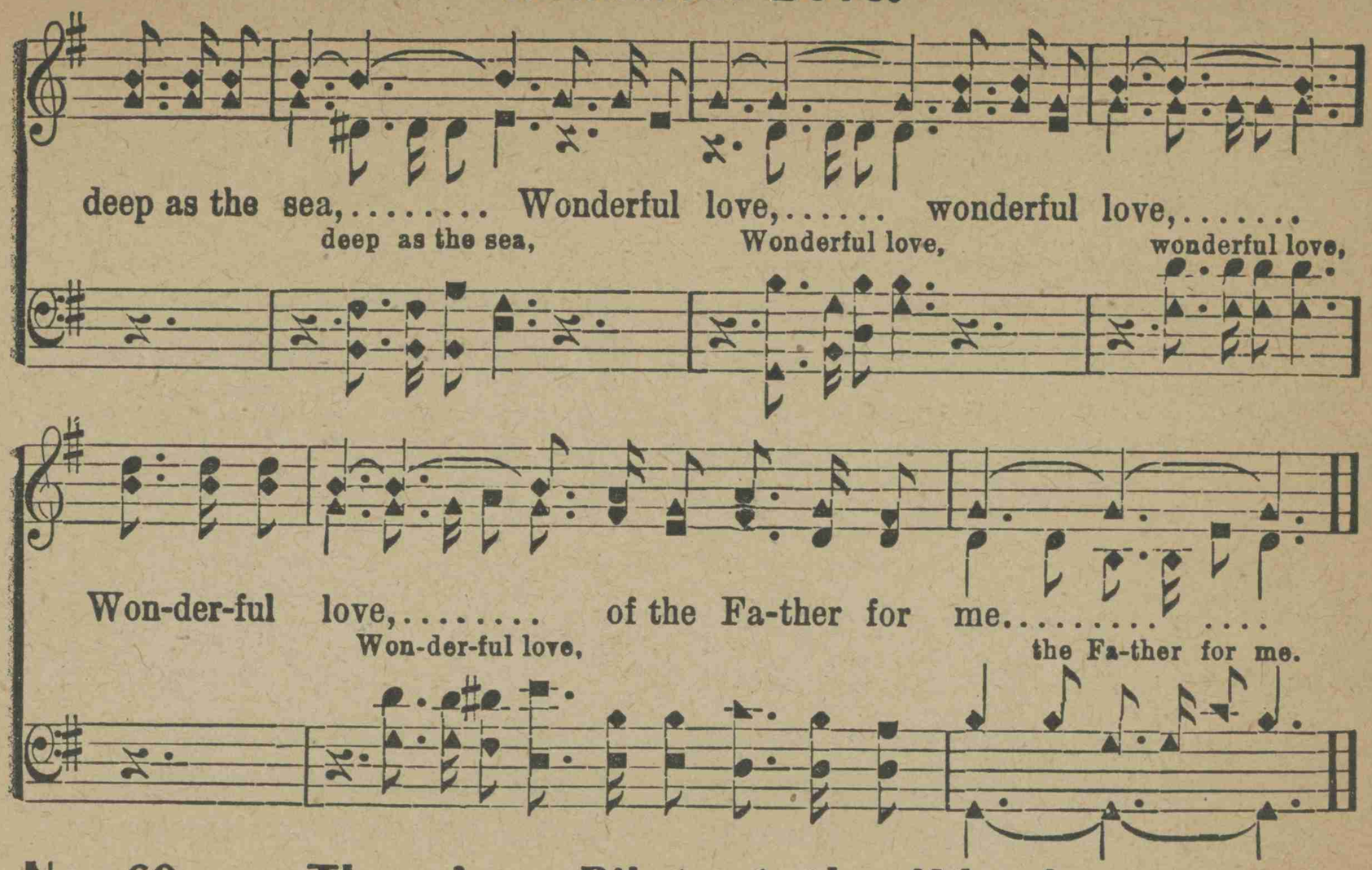
Fill-ing the soul..... with a rap-ture di-vine, (a rap-ture di-vine)
Dark was the night..... and no hope could I see, (no hope could I see,)
All of the shad-ows will sure-ly de-part, (will sure-ly de-part,)

O, I am hap-py..... be-cause it is mine. (because it is mine.)
Then this great love was..... re-vealed un-to me. (revealed un-to me.)
Heaven has come to..... a-bide in my heart. (abide in my heart.)

REFRAIN.
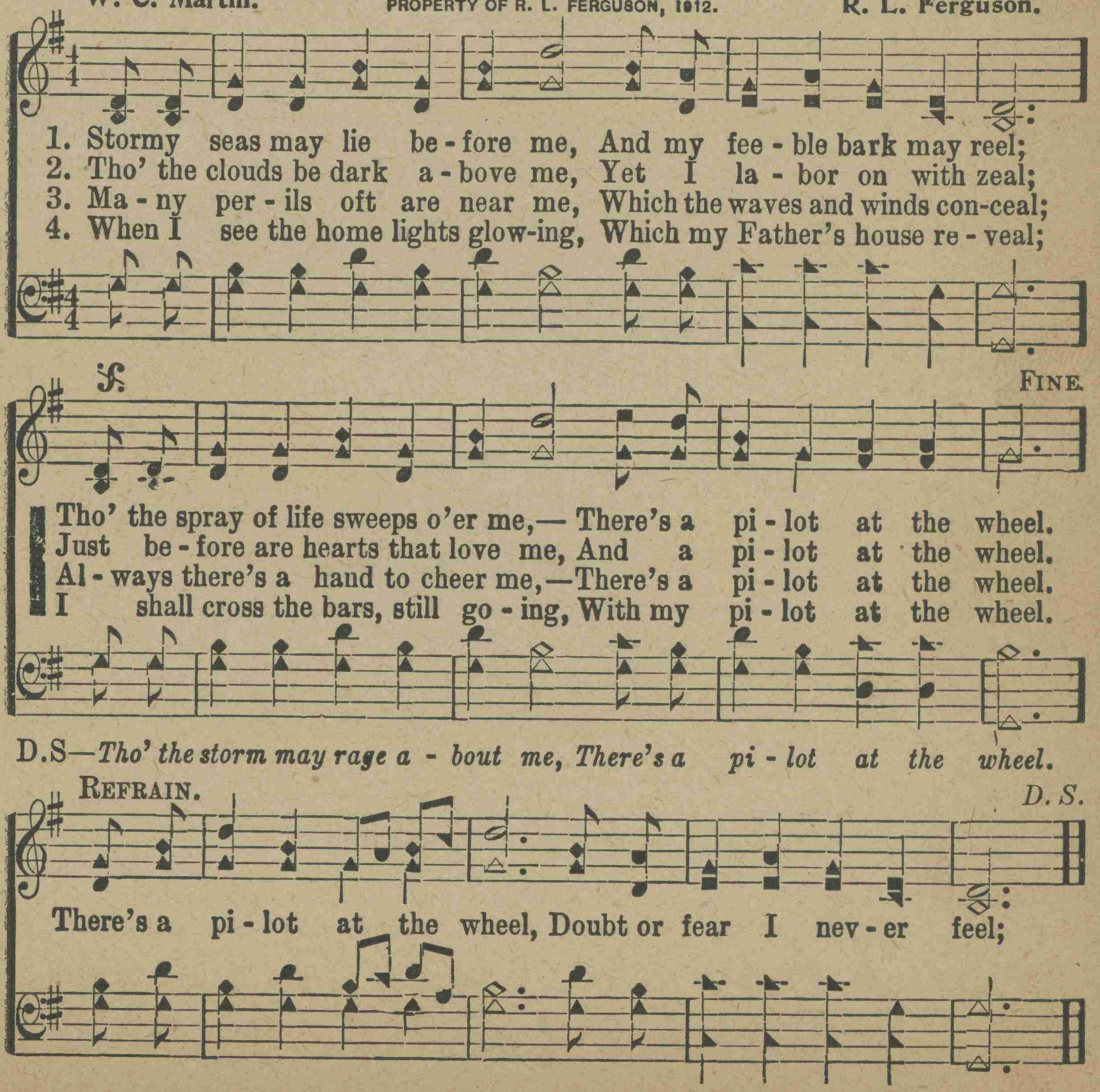
Wonderful love..... wonderful love,..... Broad as the sky,.....
Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love, Broad as the sky.

Wonderful Love.



No. 69. There's a Pilot at the Wheel.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, 1912. R. L. Ferguson.



FINE.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

No. 70. I Am With Thee, Never Fear.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Thro' my soul, like mu - sic steal-ing, Comes a mes-sage sweet and clear,
2. If the way be dark or drear - y, Still He's walk - ing by my side;
3. When I reach the mys - tic riv - er, He will whis - per words of cheer,

Depths of love from heav'n re - veal - ing, "I am with thee, do not fear."
If I'm faint, or worn, or wea - ry, I will lean up - on my Guide,
"I will nev - er leave thee, nev-er, I am with thee, do not fear."
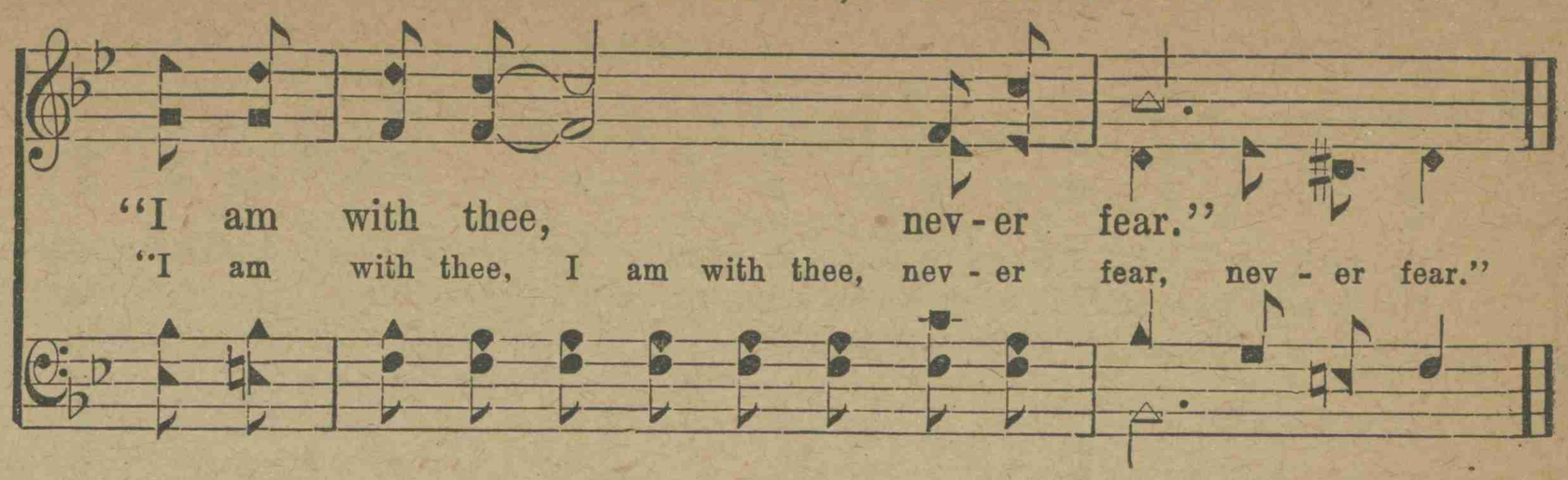
REFRAIN.

O the com - - - fort, O the glad - ness,
O the com-fort, O the glad - ness, O the com - fort, O the glad-ness,

Just to know..... that God is near;
Just to know that God is near, Just to know that God is near;
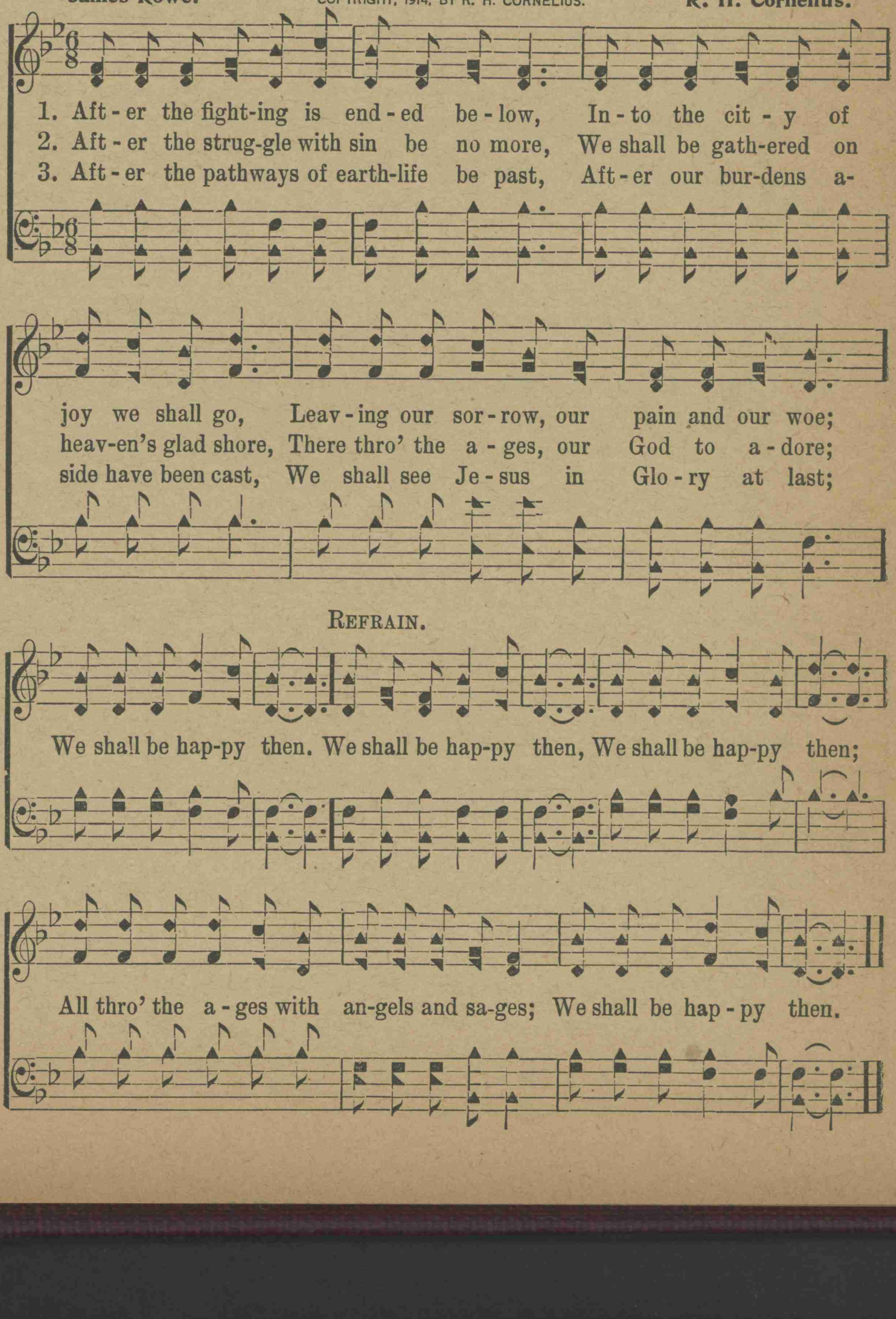
Words so sweet..... dis - pel my sad - ness,
Words so sweet dis-pel my sad-ness, Words so sweet dis - pel my sad - ness,

I Am With Thee, Never Fear.



No. 71. Then.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.



No. 72. This Friend of Mine.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. D. Burleson.

1. I sing a-bout a Friend of mine, A lov - er (lov - er) true; One whose de-
2. My Savior's ten-der love a-bides Tho' oth - ers (oth - ers) fail, He leaves me
3. His love will live thro' endless years, Di - vine- (di-vine-)ly sweet, Re-gale my

vo - tion is di-vine And ev - er (ev-er) new, He lin - gers near me
not what-e'er be-tides In hill (in hill) or vale, In all my griefs He
soul in oth-er spheres, With joy (with joy) re - plete, Will raise me from a

day by day, He sweet-ly cheers the wea - ry way, No oth-er friend like
has a share; He lifts a-way my load of care, And in His love my
world of strife, And crown with ev - er-last - ing life; My rapt-ure thro' e-

REFRAIN.

this of mine I ev - er (ev - er) knew. So dear..... a
spir - it hides When doubts (when doubts) as - sail. So dear a friend I
ter - nal years, Will be (will be) com - plete.

friend I nev - er knew— A Friend to me,.... A
nev - er knew, A Friend to me, A Friend to you; So dear a Friend I nev - er knew, A

This Friend of Mine.

Friend..... to you,..... Whose love..... is pure,..... Whose
Friend to me, a Friend to you, Whose love is pure, whose love is true, Whose

love..... is true,..... This Friend..... of mine.....
love is pure, whose love is true, This ver-y dear Friend, this precious Friend of mine.

No. 73. Decide for Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. B. Justice.

1. I know not what I ought to do, Nor all I ought to be,
2. Lord, shall I seek for earth-ly gain To use in serv - ing Thee?
3. My will shall ev - er bow to Thine, No oth - er good I see;
4. On yon - der bright e - ter - nal shore, When I shall stand with Thee;

And yet, I would be ev - er true, So Lord, de - cide for me.
Shall I have pleas - ure or re - frain, Dear Lord, de - cide for me.
Re - veal to me Thy will di - vine, And so de - cide for me.
Still then, dear Sav - ior, as be - fore, Shalt Thou de - cide for me.

D.S. - *For guid-ance, Lord, I look to Thee, De - cide, de - cide for me.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

De - cide for me, de - cide for me, Thou knowest all I ought to be;

No. 74. At the Great Roll-call in Heaven.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When the Lord shall call His peo-ple all to-geth-er 'round the throne, Some
2. Tho' my steps may sometimes fal-ter as I journey thro' the world, Toward
3. When the har-vest shall be gath-ered and the reap-ers raise their song, Their
4. Those I love will be with Je - sus in their robes of spot-less white, In
5. So I work for my Re-deem - er with a smile up - on my face; A-

day, some-where; To re-ward with crowns of glo - ry and a - vow them
home so fair; When the pil-grim-age is end - ed and the ban-ners
joy I'll share; When the might-y choirs of heav-en shall their mel - o-
beau - ty rare; They were love-ly in the shadow, they are fair - er
way with care! For I know that when they call my name, by His a-

Refrain.

as His own, Then I'll be there.
all are furled, Then I'll be there.
dy pro-long, Then I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there,
in the light And I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there
mazing grace I shall be there.

1. 2.

At the great roll call in heav-en I'll be there; in heav-en I'll be there.
I'll be there;

No. 75. Where He Abides.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. **Harley Smith.**

1. I need my Sav - ior ev-'ry hour, I need the shel - ter of His pow'r;
2. He gently calms my troubled breast, In Him a - lone is per-fect rest;
3. When earth-ly joys are all with-drawn, When noise and van-i-ty are gone;

Thro' Him a-lone can I be free, Where He a-bides is the place for me.
In height, or depth, on land or sea, Where He a-bides is the place for me.
My Sav-ior then my all shall be, Where He a-bides is the place for me.

CHORUS.

Where He a - bides..... is the place for me,.....From there all
Where He a-bides is the place for me,

earth's..... vain shadows flee;..... .....Near Je-sus I.....
From there all earth's vain shadows flee; Near Je - sus I

would ev-er be,.....Where He a-bides is the place for me.....
would ev-er be, the place for me.

No. 76. Join our Band.

James Rowe. M. L. LEMLEY, OWNER. 1915. **M. L. Lemley.**

1. Look a-round you, men of leis-ure; Look a-round you men of tho't, And be-
2. Look a-round you, men of pow-er, Look around you men of means, If you
3. Look a-round you, look around yon, There is sorrow ev - 'ry where: Precious

hold the awful havoc Which the power of drink has wrought, Homes are ruined,
have true hearts within you, You will note these awful scenes, Weeping mothers,
souls are going down-ward, Ev-er down-ward in de-spair! Is there no one

hearts are broken Ev-'ry hour of day and night, Won't you join us! won't you
hun-gry chil-dren, Shame and sorrow hand in hand All be - cause this might - y
near to help them From this might - y evil drink? Wont you rescue these dear
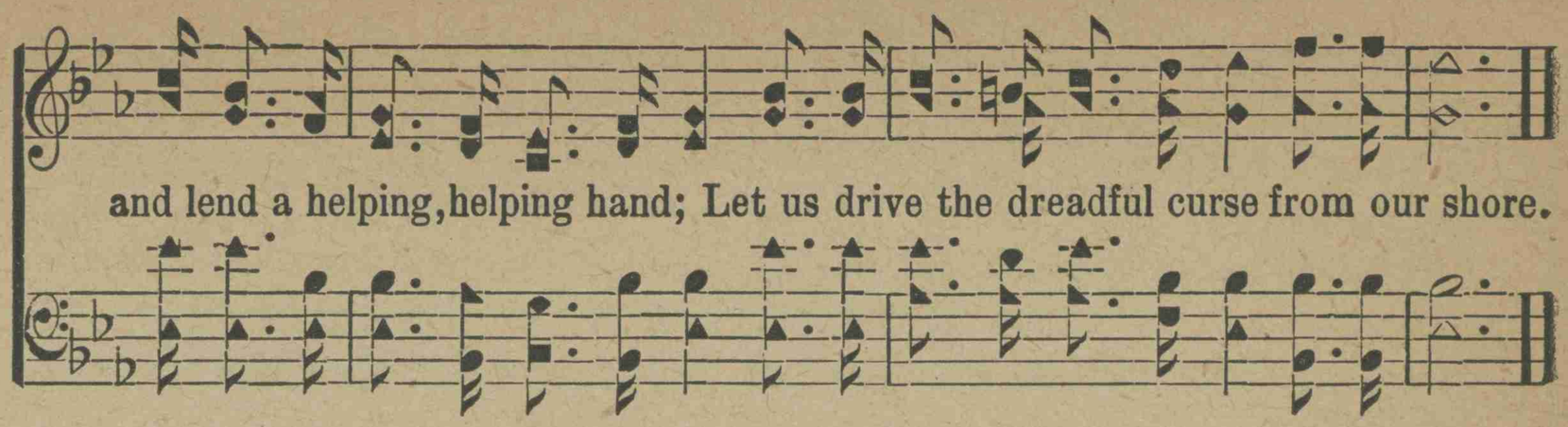
REFRAIN.

help us This de-stroy-ing foe to fight. Join our band..... and
mon-ster Goes un-hind-ered thro' our land.
broth-ers, Ere they tot-ter o'er the brink?

O, join our band.

lend a helping, helping hand, Souls are sink - ing more and more! Join our band

Join our Band.



No. 77. For Every One Whose Heart is Right.

W. C. Martin. T. N. BEALL. OWNER, 1915. T. N. Beall.

No. 78. There Will be Glory All the While.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. C. G. Carter.

1. Aft - er the storms of life are o'er, Aft - er we leave this drear-y shore,
2. Aft - er we hear the fi - nal call, Aft - er we let our bur - dens fall,
3. When we have joined the friends we love, Gathered around the throne a-bove,

And with the saved we stand up-on heav-en's isle; We shall re-joice in
Aft - er the foe has ceased to tempt and de - file, We shall up-lift a
When the dear Lord shall greet us all with a smile, Praising His love we

love di-vine, Bright-ly our crowns will glow and shine, And we shall all have
glad new song, Join-ing the hap - py an-gel throng, And we shall all have
shall a - bide, Hap-py and pure and sat - is - fied, And we shall all have

REFRAIN.

glo - ry there, all the while. There will be glo - - - ry all the

There will be sing-ing and shouting and glo-ry

while,..... When we have reached,.... heaven's isle;.....

all the while, safe - ly reached heav-en's isle;

There Will be Glory All the While.

We shall a-bide in love di-vine, Ev-er our gold-en crowns will shine

We shall have glo - - - ry all the while.....

We shall have sing-ing and shout-ing and glo - ry all the while.

No. 79. Whatever Comes Is Right.

W. C. Martin. J. W DENNIS, OWNER, 1914, J. W. Dennis.

1. What lies before my soul on the morrow Kindly the Lord has hid from my sight,
2. When 'round my soul the wild tempest ra-ges, Thunders may roll and furies af-fright,
3. Nothing shall move me ever to doubt Him, Nothing shall blind my soul to the light,

FINE.

But I shall know, in joy or in sor-row, Whatever comes must surely be right.
Then comes the les-son taught by the a-ges, Whatever God sends sure-ly is right.
How could I live one moment without Him; All that be-falls me sure-ly is right.

D.S.–*Yes, I will trust Him, knowing He loves me; Whatever comes must surely be right.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

So I will trust Him, knowing He loves me, Grace will attend the touch of His might;

No. 80 There's Glory in My Soul.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. A. L. FIELDER, OWNER, 1914. A. L. Fielder.

1. My Sav - ior leads.... me forth to where (forth to where) re - fresh - ing
2. Be - neath the ban - ner of His love (of His love,) my soul is
3. His throne shall be..... with - in my heart, (in my heart,) supreme He'll
4. O joy of heav'n,.. O love di - vine, (love di - vine, how sweet to

wa - ters flow, His presence gives....me peace and rest, (peace and rest,)
sat - - is - fied; O pre-cious is..... the love of Him (love of Him)
reign,.... my King; Glad hal-le - lu - jahs to His name (to His name)
me..... Thou art; 'Tis Christ and He.... a - lone to me (Christ to me)

D. S.—*The joy and peace.... of heav'n is mine,* (*peace is mine,*)

FINE. REFRAIN.

No fear nor doubt I know.
For me Who bled and died. There's glo - ry in.....
For - ev - er - more I'll sing. There's glo-ry in
Thy sweet-ness can im - part.

a fore-taste from a - bove.

D. S.

my soul to - day,..... I know a bless - ed Savior's love;.....
my soul to - day, my soul to-day, Savior's love;

No. 81. There's Room for You.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. O, soul, so far a - way from God, Who long the paths of sin have trod, No long - er wan - der in the cold, The Shep - herd
2. Although you long on husks have fed, The ban-quet ta - ble now is spread, Here's milk and wine, and hon - ey too, Come, broth - er,
3. You're wand'ring far on mountains cold; Of Je - sus love, you have been told, The Shep - herd Who is ev - er true, Says, "still there's

REFRAIN.

wants you in His fold.
come, there's room for you. There's room for you, there's room for
room, dear soul, for you."

you; 'Tis not con - fined to just a few, God bids you

come, His word is true; Come, brother, come, there's room for you.

No. 82.

Safe at Home.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When our toil..... be-low is end-ed, (here is end-ed,) When from earth...
2. Just a few..... more years of sorrow, (years of sorrow.) Just a few.....,
3. As we gaze.....the view seems clearer, (view seems clearer,) Day by day....

we have as-cend-ed, (have as-cend-ed,) We will sing..... with voic-es
more days to bor-row, (days to bor-row,) Then we'll shout..... and sing to-
the hope grows dearer, (hope grows dearer,) Hour by hour..... we're draw-ing

FINE.

blend-ed, (voic-es blended,) Safe at home, safe at home.
mor-row, (sing to-mor-row,) Safe at home, safe at home.
near-er, (draw-ing near-er,) Near-er home, near-er home.

D. S.—*Safe at home, safe at home.*

REFRAIN.

Safe at home, safe at home, Here no more our ties will sever, safe at
Safe at home, safe at home,

home; From our friends we will part nev-er, But for joy will cry for-ev-er,

D. S.

No. 83 Christ is Coming Back Again.

Johnson Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **T. W. Holland.**

1. Christ will come from Heav-en to earth a-gain, Aft - er time shall pass a - way;
2. When the an-gel trump shall resound at last Cry-ing "time shall be no more,"
3. He will take His seat on the Judg-ment throne; All our ac-tions there to weigh;
4. If we live for Him ev - 'ry day and hour Till our earth-ly race is run;

He will judge the world and the works of man, On that great, that aw-ful day.
All the dead shall rise at the trum-pet blast, And our night will then be o'er.
Ev - 'ry word and deed will at last be known; O be read - y for that day.
If thro' life we trust in His sav-ing pow'r, At the last He'll say, "well done."

REFRAIN.

He is com - ing,.. Com - ing back a - gain, With a
Christ is com - ing,
host of an - gels from the sky; He is com - ing,
Christ is com - ing,
Com - ing back a-gain, Hal - le - lu - jah,.. by and by.
He is com - ing,

No. 84. So Many Blessings.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. B. Easterling.

1. As falls the rain..... our bless-ings fall,..... Nor can we ev - -
2. Sometimes the light..... may seem but dim,..... But al-ways comes....
3. He leads us thro'..... a pleas-ant land,..... With pastures green.....
4. In Him we live,..... in Him we die,..... In Him we'll reign.....

er count them all, (count them all,) Like sands are they..... up - on the
more light from Him; (light from Him;) Sometimes our care - - less feet would
on ev - 'ry hand; (ev - 'ry hand;) How can our doubts..... and fears a-
be - yond the sky; (by and by;) Our joys shall be..... e - ter - nal
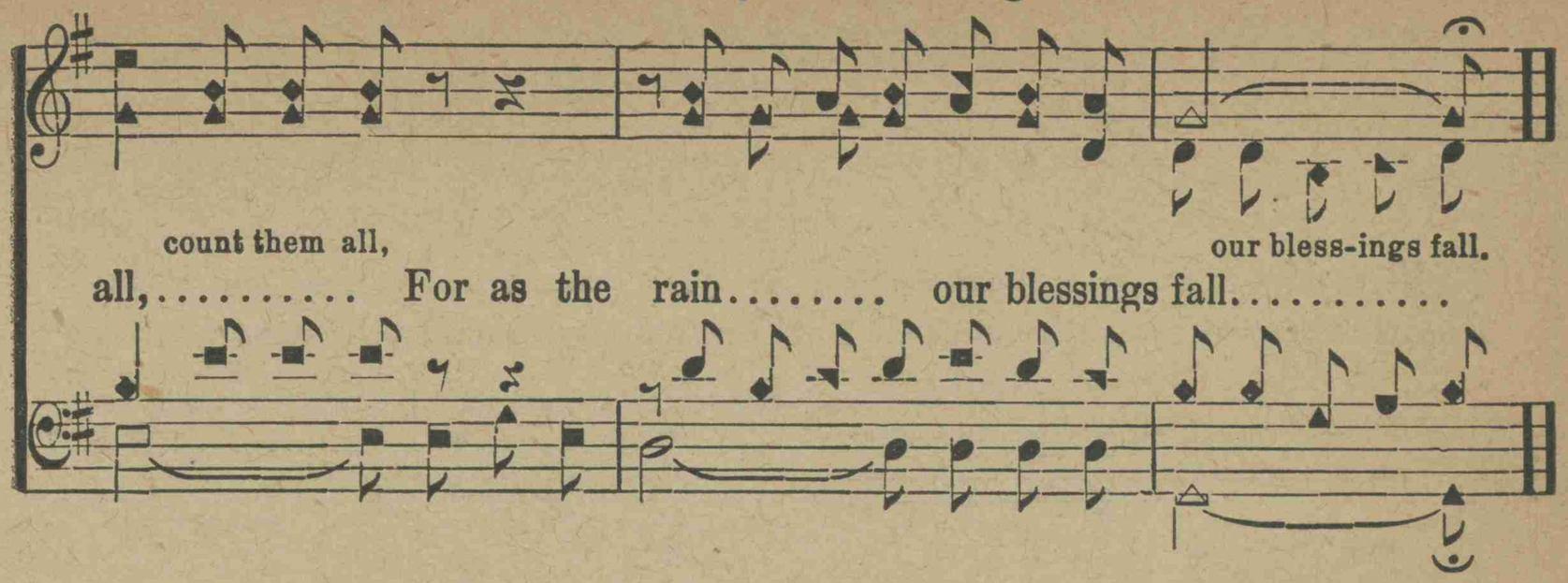
shore, (up - on the shore.) Un - til there seems..... no room for more.
stray, (our feet would stray.) But still He guides..... us in the way.
rise (and fears a - rise) When all these bless - - ings greet our eyes.
there– (e - ter - nal there—) O, bless-ings, bless - - ings, ev - 'ry - where.

REFRAIN.

So ma-ny bless - ings day by day,..... day by day, So much of joy.....
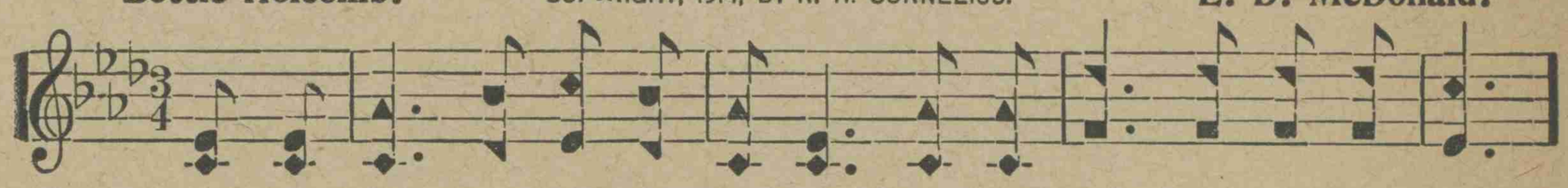
a-long the way,..... a - long the way, We sure - ly can - - not count them

So Many Blessings.
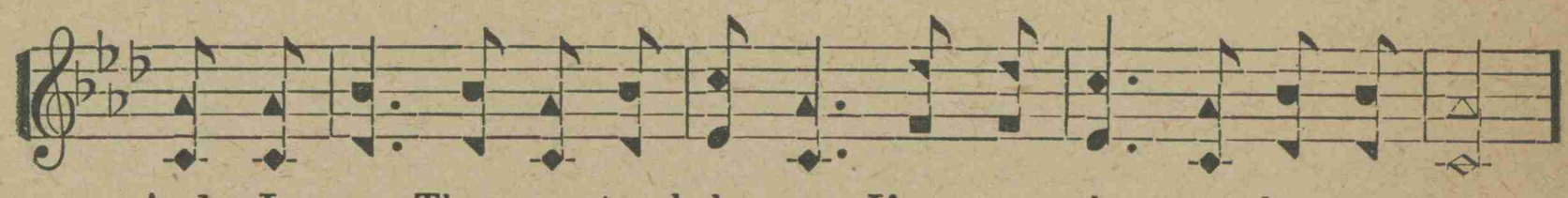


No. 85. I've No Other Place to Go.

Bettie Holcomb. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **E. D. McDonald.**

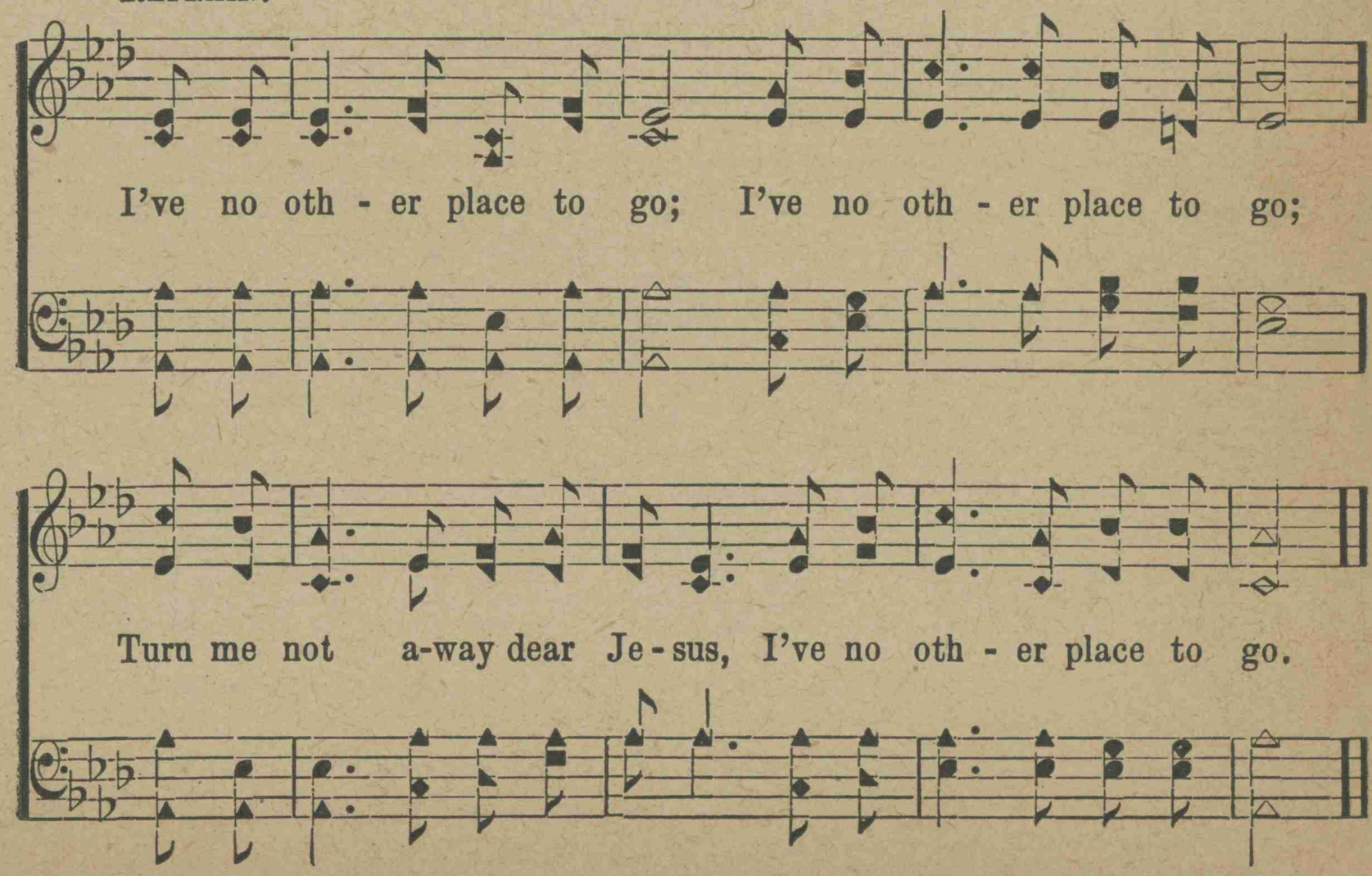


1. Je - sus in my want and weakness, At Thy feet I'm bow-ing low,
2. All the world has been un-friend-ly, And no earth - ly help I know,
3. All to Thee, dear Lord, I'm yielding, On me now Thy grace be-stow,



And I pray Thee now to help me, I've no oth - er place to go.
So I come to Thee for mer - cy, I've no oth - er place to go.
Thou a - lone can save and bless me, I've no oth - er place to go.

REFRAIN.



I've no oth - er place to go; I've no oth - er place to go;

Turn me not a-way dear Je - sus, I've no oth - er place to go.

No. 86. Rest At the Feet of the Savior.

Jennie Wilson. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER, 1913. **Hardy Raymer.**

1. Come and rest at the feet of the Sav - ior, O ye wea - ry and
2. Tho' His mer - cy you oft have re - ject - ed, And His voice you have
3. Come and rest with trans-gress-ions for-giv - en, Come and rest with your

sad of heart; He is wait - ing to of - fer you wel - come,
dis - o - beyed; While the Sav - ior so kind - ly en - treats you,
soul made white; With the bless - ing of heav - en up - on you,

CHORUS.

And sweet com - fort to you im - part.
Let your peace with the Lord be made. Come and rest at the
Dwell with joy in His love and light.

feet of the Sav-ior, Free - ly there, all your bur-dens lay; Come and

rest at the feet of the Sav - ior, Troub-led sin-ner, O come to - day.

No. 87 Hold Thou My Hand.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, Still keep me close to Thee;
2. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, In sor-row's e - vil day;
3. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, Close may I walk with Thee;
4. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, When death is draw - ing nigh;

In paths of safe - ty lead me, From sin's de - lu - sions free.
Thy pres-ence will sus - tain me, Thy arm will be my stay.
And on my soul re - flect - ed, O, may Thy im - mage be.
And bring me safe o'er Jor - dan, To Thy bright home on high.

CHORUS.

Hold Thou my hand, Sav - ior, hold my hand;

I can-not go with - out Thee, O, Lord, hold my hand.

No. 88. Shine Out.

Rev. W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. As lights up - on a rock-bound shore, Shine out, shine out;
2. O, nev - er let your light grow dim,
3. Beam brightly on the eyes that weep, Shine out, shine out;

shine out,

A - cross the waves that roll and roar, Shine out, shine out;
Ex - alt the Lord and point to Him,
Send cheer a - cross the roll - ing deep, Shine out, shine out;

For souls are tossed up-on the wave, And some may find the seaman's
For clouds may darken all the sky; No po - lar star ap-pear on
A - wak-en hope where hearts despair, The mer-cy of the Lord de-

grave, But light may guide and light may save, Shine out, shine out.
high, And if you fail some soul may die,
clare, Where souls are sinking, brightly there Shine out, shine out.

REFRAIN.

Shine out a - cross life's roll-ing sea, Shine out, shine

Shine out, a - cross life's rolling sea, Shine out a - cross life's

Shine out a - cross life's roll - ing sea.

Shine Out.

out, Shine out, shine out, And light some soul to Cal - va-
roll - ing sea, Shine out, some

And light some soul to

ry; Shine out, shine out, Shine out, shine out.
soul to Cal - va-ry; Shine out a - cross life's roll-ing sea, Shine out.

Cal - va - ry,

No. 89. My Love Shall Live Always.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When all the storms of life are o'er, And time for me shall be no more;
2. When all the stars shall lose their light, The sun shall dark-en in - to night;
3. When God at last shall calm-ly roll The az - ure heav-ens like a scroll;

FINE.

Then on the bright e - ter - nal shore, Shall live my love for Je - sus.
Still glow-ing with a lus - tre bright Shall live my love for Je - sus.
Still burn-ing in my hap - py soul Shall live my love for Je - sus.

D.S. - *When heav'ns and earth are passed a - way, Shall live my love for Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

My love grows greater day by day, My love wlll live and grow al-way,

No. 90. Will my Mother Know me There?

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF WM. M. GOLDEN. **Wm. M. Golden.**

1. When I reach... my home e - ter - nal, (home eternal,) Reach that cit - y
2. I have changed with chang-ing sea-sons, (changing seasons,) I am bent... with
3. Oft for me..... my mother wrestled, (mother wrestled,) When she used... to
4. Mother's face..... has been a bea-con, (been a beacon,) O'er a sea..... of

bright and fair, (bright and fair,) When I stand... a-mong the angels, (with the angels,)
toil and care, (toil and care,) Do you think... she will re-mem-ber, (will remem-ber,)
kneel in pray'r, (kneel in pray'r,) Do you think.. she has for-got-ten, (has for-got-ten,)
deep despair, (deep de-spair,) I shall look... for her up yon-der, (her up yon-der,)

FINE. REFRAIN.

Will my moth - er know me there? Yes, I know..... that
Will my moth-er know me there? Yes, I know that

D.S.—*And I'm sure..... she'll know me there.* (*know me there.*)

she will know me, In those man - sions bright and
sure - ly know me, In those man-sions

fair; Mother's love..... can ne'er for-get me,...
bright and fair; Moth-er's love ne'er for-get me,

D. S.

No. 91. I, Then, Shall Know.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, 1912. R. L. Ferguson.

1. The things now veiled in mys-ter - y, Will nev - er clear on Jordan's strand;
2. The les - son now is hard to learn, That all things move at God's command;
3. 'Tis hard for me to com-pre-hend, The will of God, so great, so grand;
4. So I will trust thro' dark or light, For when before God's throne I stand;

But when I cross the mys-tic sea, I, then, shall know, and un-der-stand.
But when the tide of life shall turn, I, then, shall know, and un-der-stand.
But when my pil-grim-age shall end, I, then, shall know, and un-der-stand.
The things He hides from mortal sight, I, then, shall know, and un-der-stand.

REFRAIN.

I then shall know, yes, I shall know, That ev-'ry-thing for me was planned,

rit.

Each note of pain, each night of woe, I, then, shall know, and un-der-stand.

No. 92. Soldiers are Needed on the Firing Line.

W. T. T. COYYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.

1. On to the front, O ye soldiers true and loy - al! Brave men are needed
2. On to the front, Christ your Captain now is call-ing, Put on the sword and
3. Still in the rear thousands stand, the bat-tle ra - ges, Sol-diers are few-est
4. Soon will the war-cry with vic-t'ry's song be blended, Marshalled no lon-ger

on the fir - ing line to-day; Then take your stand close beside the Captain royal,
ar-mor, all your fears allay; An - swer the call and sup-ply the need ap-pall ing,
in the thickest of the fray; On - ly the brave on the line the foe en-gag - es,
then in bat - tle stern ar-ray, Safe-ly we'll rest up in heav-en, conflict ended,

FINE. REFRAIN.

On to the front! a-way, a-way! Hear..... the bu-gle call - ing,
On to the front! a - way, a-way! Hear the bu - gle call-ing, call-ing,

See, the foes are fall - ing, Sol-diers are needed on the fir-ing line to-
See, the foes are fall-ing, fall-ing,

day; Christ, the Captain roy - al, Calls for sol-diers loy - al,
Christ, the Cap - tain, great and roy - al, Calls for sol - diers true and loy - al,

D. S.

No. 93. You May Tell My Dear Old Parents.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. If you reach the gates be-fore me to that land of end-less day,
2. Thro' my mind there steals a pic-ture of a fire-side warm and bright,
3. Then my home was al-most heav-en, tho' but hum-ble at its best,
4. Then no mat-ter what the jour-ney, tho' the way be dark or bright,

To that home that is for-ev-er bright and fair, When my fa-ther and my
I can see my moth-er in her old arm-chair; I can hear my fa-ther
But to me it was most beau-ti-ful and fair; O what will it be in
I will push a-head with hope, and not de-spair; For I soon will join my

D.S.-*That the Lord has heard and answered ev'ry prayer; Yes, be sure to give this*

moth-er ask you if I'm on the way, You may tell my dear old par-ents
pray-ing that I might be led a-right, And reach home at last in an-swer
heav-en, in those mansions of the blest, When with fa-ther and with mother
loved ones in that land of love and light, Then be sure to tell my par-ents

mes-sage when they meet you at the gate, You may tell my dear old par-ents

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll be there.
to his pray'r. You may tell them I'll be there,.....
I'll be there. tell my par-ents I'll be there,
I'll be there. (I'll be there.)

I'll be there.

No. 94. I Cling to Thee.

W. C. Martin. OWEN RUTLAND, OWNER, 1914. Owen Rutland.

1. Je - sus, Thou art life to me, And I cling a-lone to Thee, Cling to Thee,
2. When my soul would suffer harm Let me in my dread a-larm,
3. Faith-ful Friend and Leader true Let me when my sins pursue, Cling to Thee,

Cling to Thee; In Thy kindly strength I hide, Keep me ev - er near Thy
In this changing world I meet Snares for my un-wa - ry
cling to Thee, cling to Thee; Till I reach the land of love, Till I rest with Thee a-

REFRAIN.

side For I cling to Thee a-lone, I cling to Thee.
feet, So I cling to Thee a-lone, I cling to Thee. Ev-er Lord,.... I
bove, I must cling to Thee a-lone. I cling to Thee.

cling to Thee, From Thy side I would not roam, But cling to Thee; Lord, I
cling to Thee,
cling to Thee;

eling close to Thee, Till I reach my heav'nly home I cling to Thee.
close to Thee,
cling to Thee.

No. 95.

The Soul's Vision.

Eben E. Rexford.

PROPERTY OF MRS. W. E. PENN.

W. E. Penn.

1. I have had a glo-rious vis-ion, I have looked be-yond the gate-ways
2. O the rap-ture that came o'er me, When I heard the an-gels sing-ing
3. I could hear the gold-en vi-ols, And the voic-es of the an-gels
4. There I heard a sweet voice say-ing, "Would'st thou dwell in that fair Cit-y

of the Cit-y, that fair Cit-y of the blest; I have seen the hills e-
in that land, that heav'nly land be-yond the tide, When I saw those gone be-
blend in sweetest strains of joy-ful har-mo-ny; And my soul for-got her
where there is no sor-row, where there is no sin?" Fol-low thou the Savior's

lys-ian, And the spires of those fair mansions where the weary are at rest.
fore me In the light of heav'nly noon-day with their fac-es glo-ri-fied.
tri-als, And went reaching out to heaven on that wondrous mel-o-dy.
footsteps, And the path He trod will lead you where the righteous en-ter in.

REFRAIN.

O, the land beyond the shadows, Blessed land of peace and beauty Where I'll look upon the King!

And for-ev-er, and forever, Glo-ry, glory, glory, glory, Is the song I there shall sing.

No. 96. He Satisfies Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. Estella Collins.

1. In Christ alone.....my soul has found..... A balm to heal .....
2. I longed for rest.....and hap-pi-ness,..... For comfort in.....
3. I tried the brok - en cisterns first,..... They nev-er sat - -

my ev- ry wound; (ev'ry wound;) The on - ly per - fect peace I' ve
my sore dis-tress; (sore distress;) I sought for bliss..... at home, a-
is - fied my thirst; (ev -'ry thirst;) But now on Him.....my soul re-
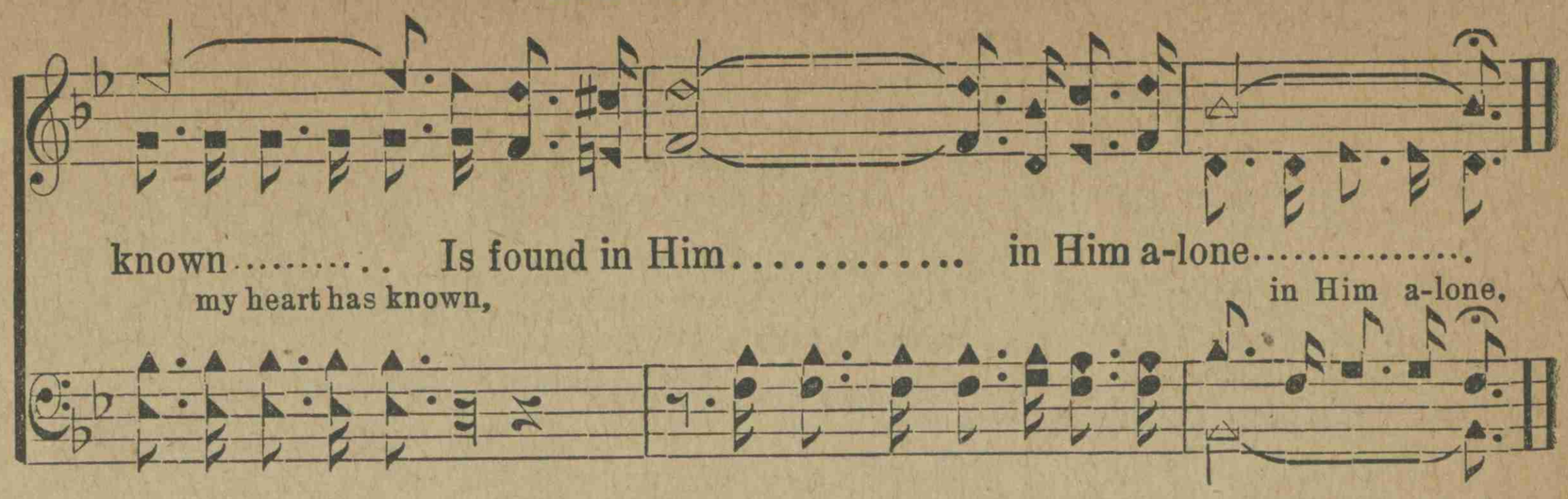
known (peace I've known) My heart has found (my heart has found) in Christ alone. (in Christ a-lone.)
broad; (and abroad;) At last I found, (at last I found,) the Son of God. (the Son of God.)
lies, (soul relies,) And Jesus al- (ways Jesus al-) ways sat-is- fies. (He sat-is-fies.)

REFRAIN.

He sat - is - fies..... me ev -'ry way;..... He sat-is-

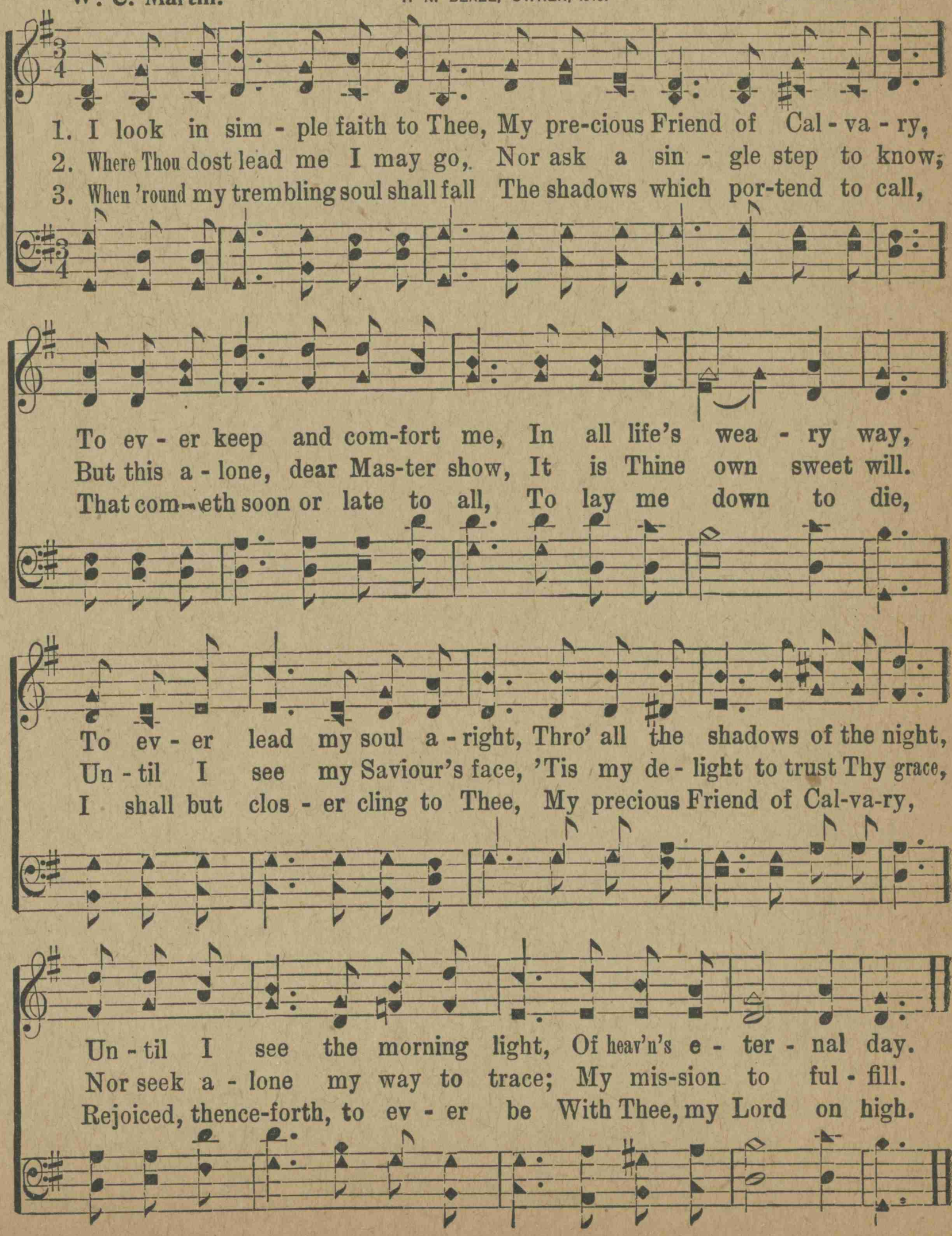
fies..... me ev'ry day (yes, ev'ry day;) The sweetest joy....my heart has

He Satisfies Me.



No. 97. My Friend of Galvary.

W. C. Martin. T. N. BEALL, OWNER, 1915. T. N. Beall.



No. 98. The Golden Shore.

W. C. Martin. HOSEA FREEMAN, OWNER, 1914. Hosea Freeman.
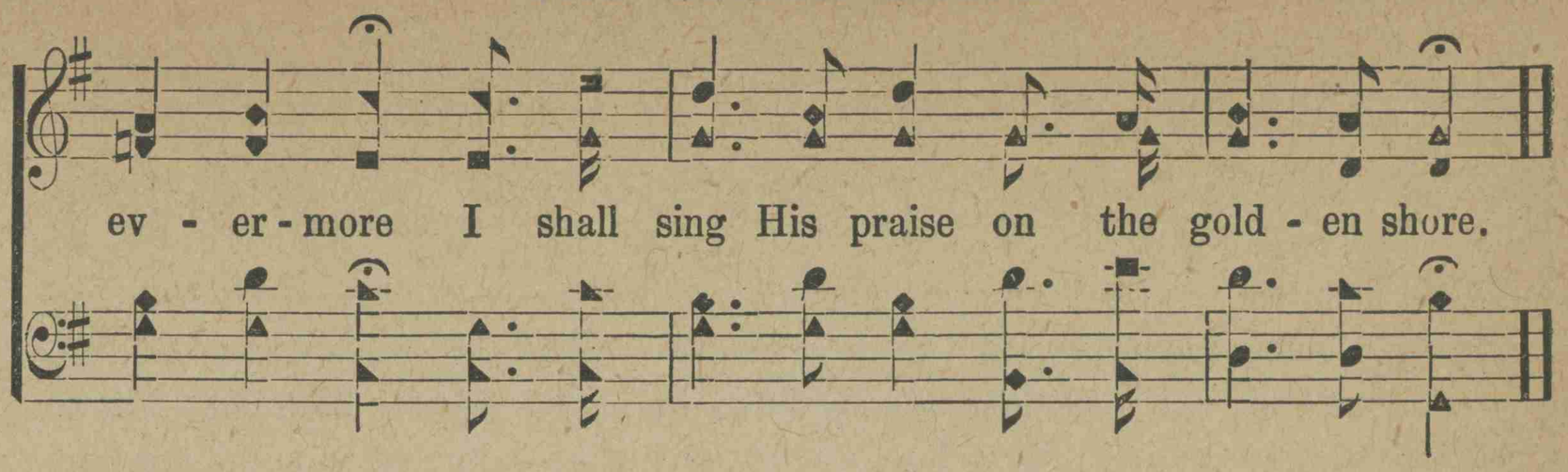
1. On the gold - en shore be-yond life's roll - ing sea, Friends who loved me well are now a - wait - ing me, And be - side them stands the Sav-ior
2. Long a - go my Sav - ior prom-ised to pre - pare For my home be- yond the tide a man - sion fair, And I know when all the storms of
3. I shall cast my an-chor yon-der by and by, And be - fore me all the land of love shall lie; All my wish - es shall be grant-ed
4. On the hap - py gold - en shore I'll weep no more; I shall greet the loved ones who have gone be - fore; I shall dwell with Christ, my Sav-ior,

I a - dore, So I shall be hap - py on the gold - en shore.
life are o'er, He will bid me wel - come on the gold - en shore.
me, and more, When I stand with Je - sus on the gold - en shore.
ev - er-more, And shall sing His prais - es on the gold - en shore.

REFRAIN.
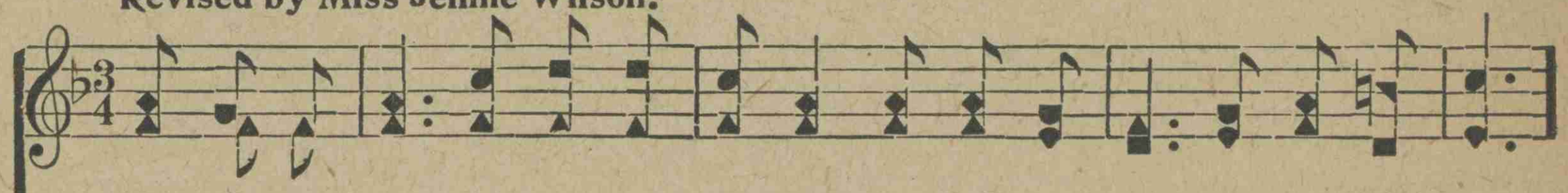
On the gold - - en shore, I shall weep no more; I shall
On the hap - py gold - en shore,
greet the friends who have gone be - fore; I shall dwell with Christ And for-

The Golden Shore.
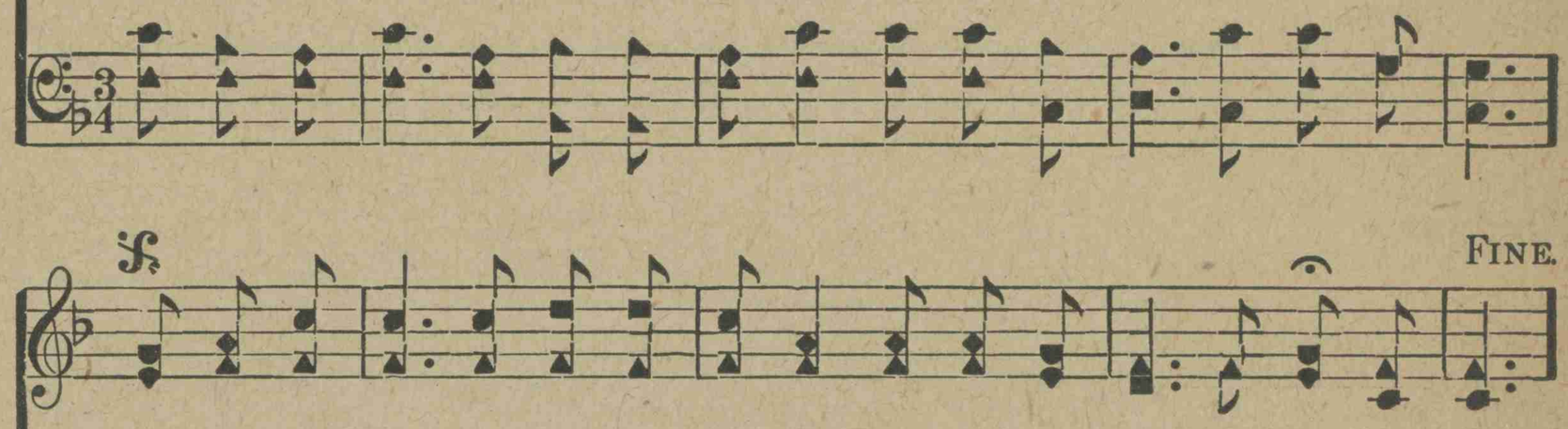


No. 99. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

W. A. S. W. A. STEWART, OWNER, 1913. **W. A. Stewart.**
Revised by Miss Jennie Wilson.



1. This earthly house is not en - dur-ing, All things will per - ish that you see;
2. The Judgment hour is fast approaching, And when it comes where will you be?
3. O come to Christ this ver - y mo-ment, Come, sin-ful one, with-out de - lay;
4. This sol-emn question will you set-tle? And now from Je-sus cease to roam;



FINE.

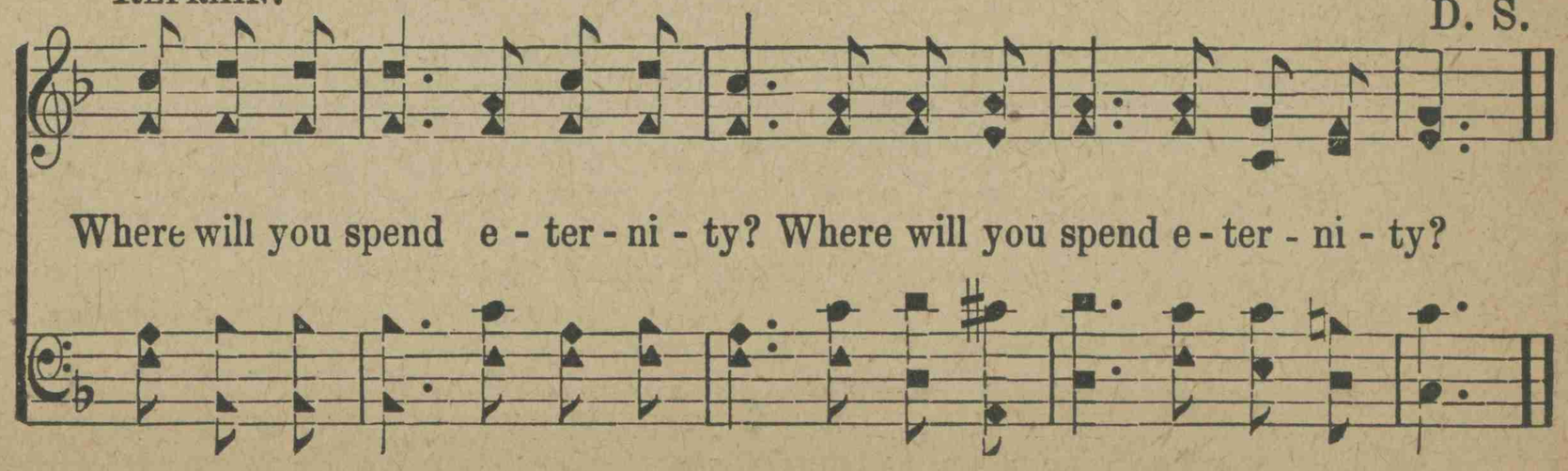
O pon-der well this sol-emn ques-tion, Where will you spend e-ter - ni - ty?
O stop just now and ask your spir - it, Where must you spend e-ter - ni - ty?
He'll give you life and peace e - ter - nal, Pre-par - ing you for that great day.
Then safe with Him you'll dwell forever, Re - joic - ing in His heav'nly home.



D.S. - *The scenes of time ere long will van-ish, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?*

REFRAIN.

D. S.



No. 100. We'll Go Shouting.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. When the an - gel trump is sounding, When the an-gel trump is sounding,
2. O what mu - sic will be o'er us, O what mu - sic will be o'er us,
3. There I'll see my dear old moth-er, There I'll see my dear old moth-er,
4. We'll go up to live for - ev - er, We'll go up to live for - ev - er,
5. We shall see the Ho - ly Cit - y, We shall see the Ho - ly Cit - y,
6. Broth-er, sis - ter, there I'll meet you, Broth-er, sis-ter, there I'll meet you,

rise..... ..... to be with Je - sus;

We shall rise to be with Je-sus, We shall rise to be with Je - sus;
When we rise to be with Je-sus, When we rise to be with Je - sus;
When I rise to be with Je-sus, When I rise to be with Je - sus;
4,5,6. When we rise to be with Je-sus, When we rise to be with Je - sus;

When the angel trump is sounding, When the an-gel trump is sounding, We shall
O what music will be o'er us, O what mu - sic will be o'er us, When we
There I'll see my dear old mother, There I'll see my dear old mother, When I
We'll go up to live for-ev-er, We'll go up to live for - ev - er, When we
We shall see the Ho-ly Cit-y, We shall see the Ho - ly Cit - y, When we
Brother, sister, there I'll meet you, Brother, sister, there I'll meet you, When we

REFRAIN.

rise to be with Jesus From the green grave-yard. With a band

We'll go shouting, we'll go shouting.

We'll Go Shouting.

of an - gels We'll go shout - - ing thro' the air;
we'll go shouting thro' the air, We'll go shouting, we'll go shouting, we'll go shouting thro' the air;

With a band of angels We'll go shouting, shouting, shouting thro' the air.
With a band, with a band of angels,

No. 101. I Love to Walk and Talk With Him.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. S. F. Lee.

1. While nature has her changing seasons, Her hours of light, her shadows dim,
2. If o'er my way the clouds are heav-y, And I am long-ing for the light,
3. Or if mine eyes are red with weeping, With grief for some de-part-ed form,
4. And when at last I reach the valley, And look upon death's shadows grim,

FINE.

There's One with me who nev-er chang-es, I love to walk and talk with Him.
If I am wea - ry and discouraged, A talk with Him soon makes it right.
A lit-tle walk and talk with Je - sus Soon still the waves and calm the storm.
A - down the vale I fear no e - vil, But sweetly walk and talk with Him.

D.S.-*In hours of joy, or hours of sad-ness, I love to walk and talk with Him.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

O yes, I love to walk with Je - sus, In sun-light clear, or twi-light dim;

No. 102. Jesus for You was Slain.

W. W. W. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. W. W. Wood.

1. Je-sus, the Lamb, was slain for men, Up - on Gol - go-tha's lof - ty height;
2. 'Twas there they crowned Him with the thorns, And spat up - on His pre-cious face;
3. O sin-ner, come ac-cept this peace, The peace that Je-sus of - fers you;

Was slain that we thro' Him might live, And have e - ter - nal life and light.
'Twas there He died the aw-ful death, That He might save the fall - en race.
Come un - to Him this ver - y hour, He is your friend, He'll take you thro'.

CHORUS.

O, sin - ner friend,..... look up to Him..... He'll save you
O, sin - ner friend, look up to Him,

thro'..... His precious blood;.....He died for all..... who will be-
He'll save you thro' His precious blood; He died for all

lieve..... O come to Him..... and grace re - ceive,.....
who will be-lieve, O come to Him and grace receive.

No. 103. O Morn Sublime!

James Rowe. L. D. HUFFSTUTLER, OWNER, 1914. L. D. Huffstutler.

1. O morn sublime, when we shall stand Up - on the shore of E - den land,
2. O morn sublime, when we shall see The Lamb whose blood has made us free,
3. O morn sublime, when we shall rest With Je - sus in that coun-try blest,

And tru - ly hear the lov - ing voice Of Him who makes the sad re - joice!
And join the saints and an-gels fair In songs of joy and rapt-ure there!
And know that there we shall a - bide For-ev - er pure and sat - is - fied!

CHORUS.

O morn sub - lime,..... O hap-py day,..... When all the

clouds..... shall roll a - way;..... Then we shall reach..... the home-land

roll a-way;

shore,..... And be with Christ..... for - ev - er - more.

for - ev - er-more.

No. 104. A Land Beyond the Valley.

W. C. Martin. AREL BERTRAND, OWNER, 1915. **Arel Bertrand.**

1. There's a land be-yond the val-ley That is fair - er than the day; Where the
2. We shall sing be-yond the val-ley, And our weep-ing will be o'er; We shall
3. Till we pass be-yond the val-ley We will toil and pray and sing; And the

flow - ers ev-er blooming, Joys that nev- er pass a-way; Where the tree of
raise our hal - le - lu- jahs, To the Sav - ior we a-dore; Robed in white and
dear-est of our treas-ures To our Sav - ior we will bring; We will tell a-
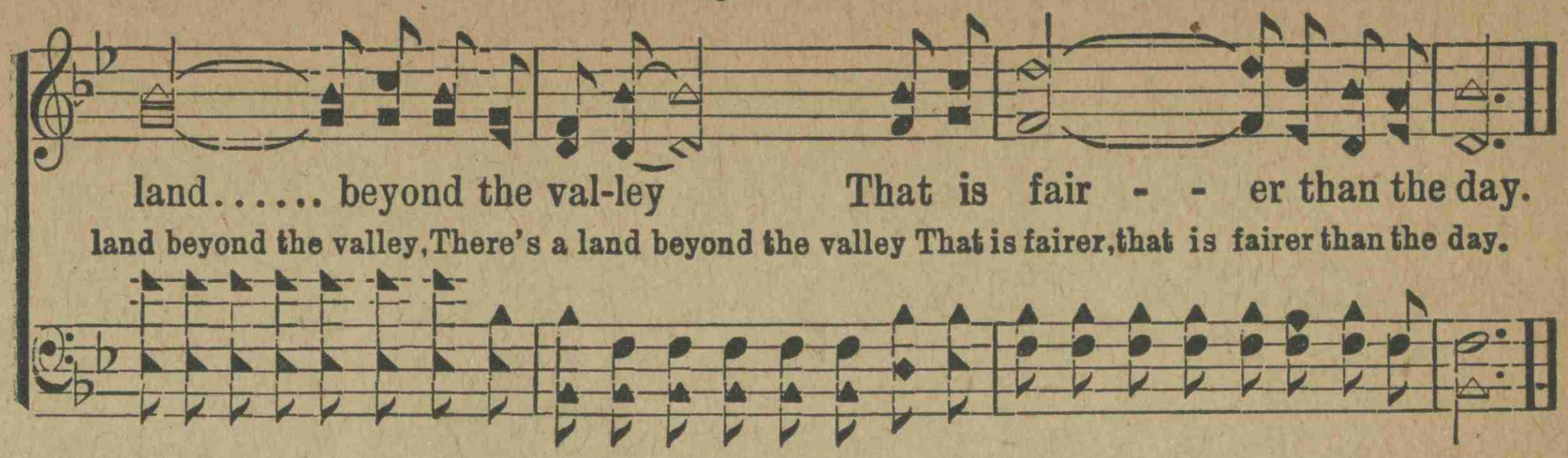
life is bearing Leaves that heal our pain and care; And our Sav - ior is pre-
crowned with glo-ry We shall min-gle with the blest, And for - get the wea - ry
broad the ti-dings Of the land be-yond the vale Where the joys a - bide for-

REFRAIN.

par - ing For us man-sions o-ver there. O - ver there..... be-yond the
journey When we en-ter in - to rest.
ev - er, And the bless-ing nev-er fail. O - ver there be-yond the val-ley, O - ver

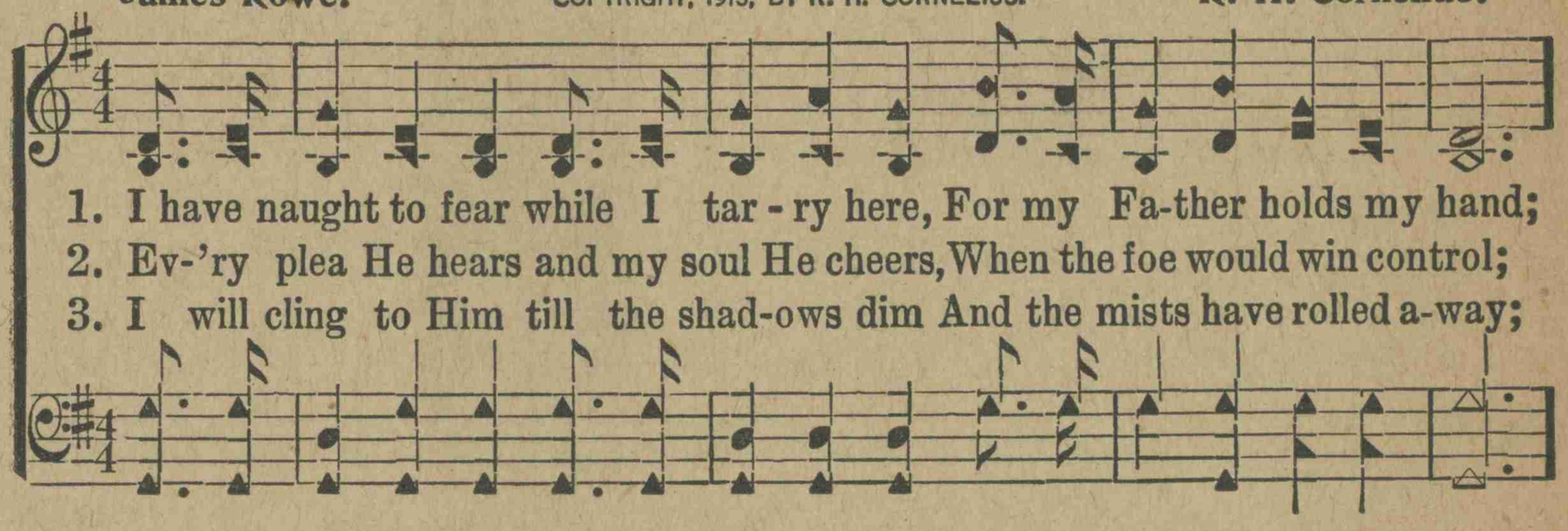
val - ley, Just be - yond..... the deep,dark val-ley; There's a
there be-yond the valley, Just be-yond the deep, dark valley, Just beyond the deep,dark valley; There's a

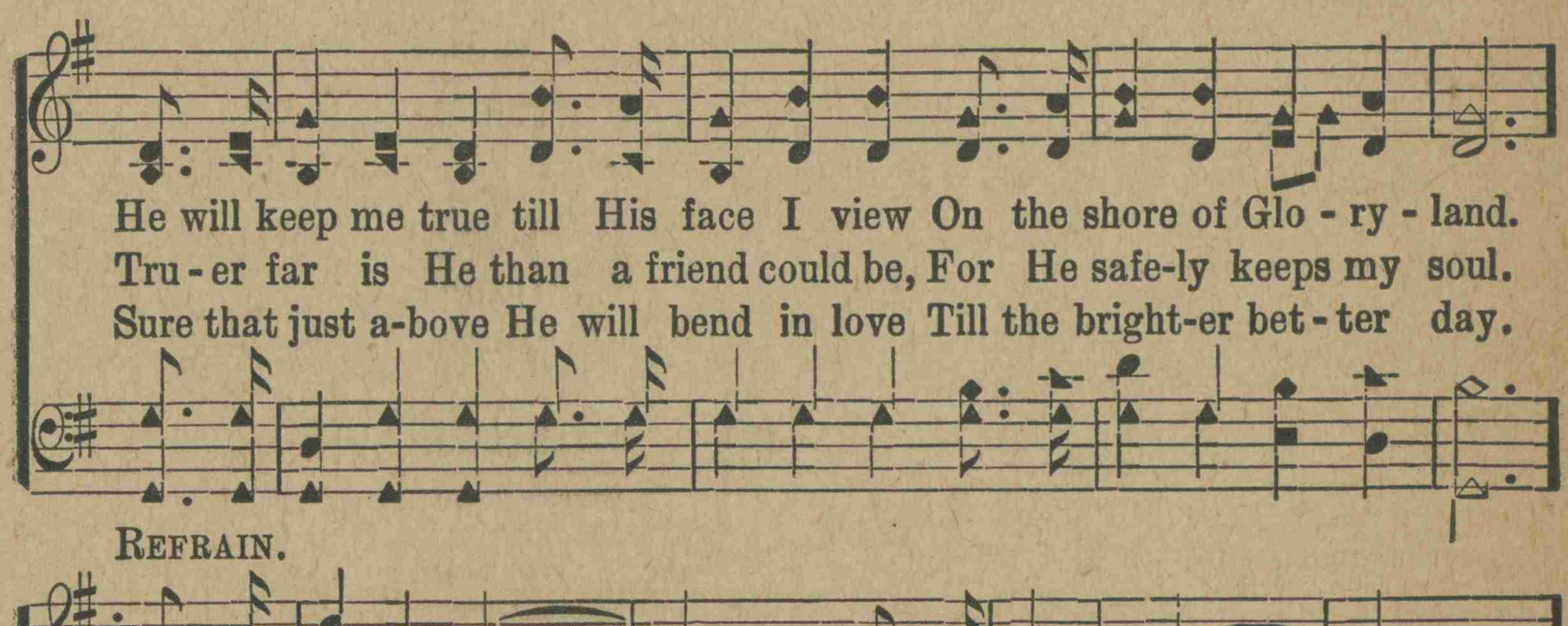
A Land Beyond the Valley.
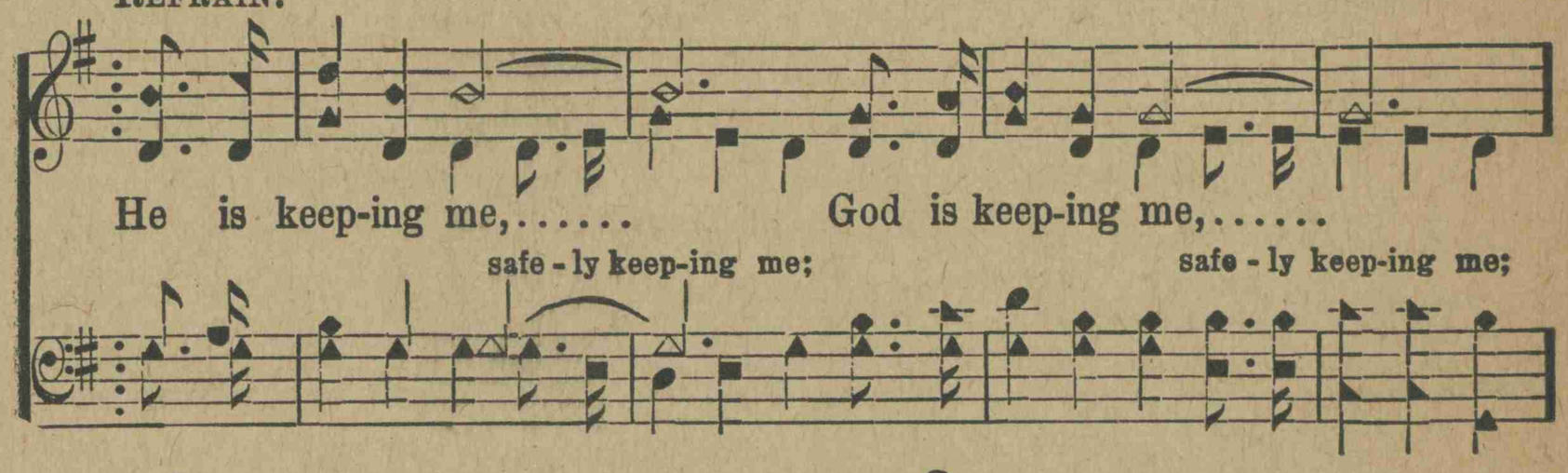


No. 105. God Is Keeping Me.
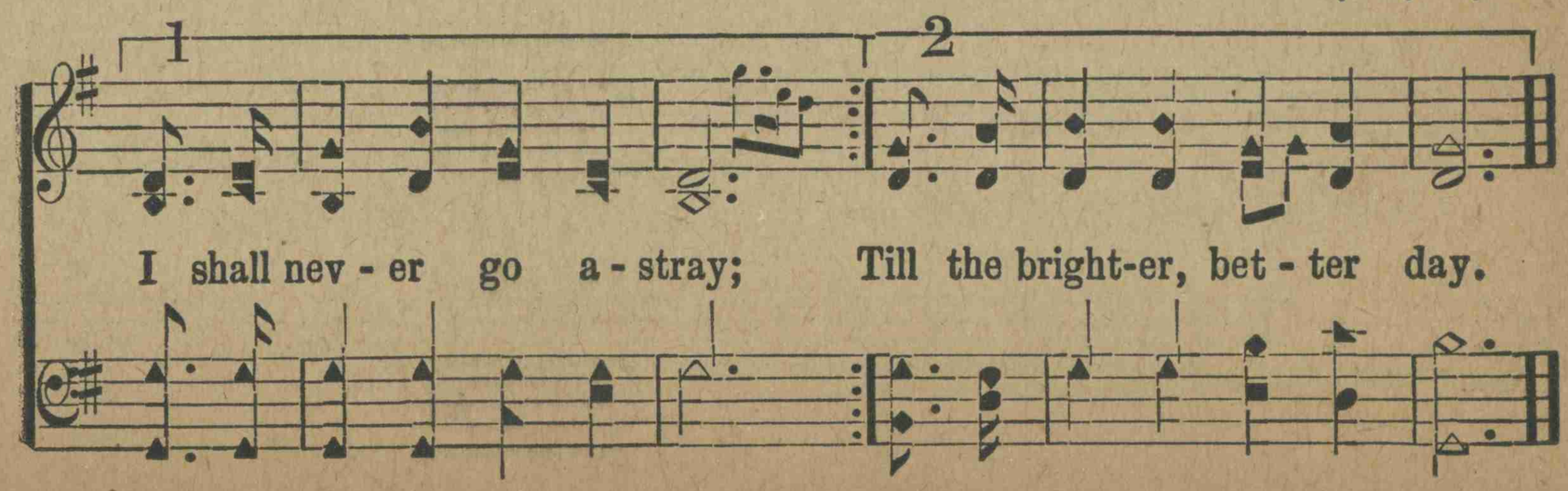
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.





REFRAIN.





No. 106. I Have Found At Last the Pleasure.

W. C. Martin. J. M. SUMMERS OWNER, 1915. J. M. Summers.

1. Mas-ter, I..... have left those pleasures (left those pleasures) That were once..
2. Earth once bound.. my heart and held me (bound and held me) Till I learned....
3. This new treas - ure is e - ter -nal; (is e - ter - nal;) Peace is mine ...

so dear to me, (so dear to me,) All my earth - - ly sin - ful
the bet - ter way, (the bet - ter way,) Then a high - - er love com-
that shall a - bide, (that shall a - bide,) This great rapt - - ure is su-

pleas-ures, (sin - ful pleas-ure) And I give (I give) my heart to Thee.
pelled me (love com-pelled me) And I cast (I cast) the old a - way.
per - nal, (is su - per - nal) I am ful- (ly ful-) ly sat - is - fied.

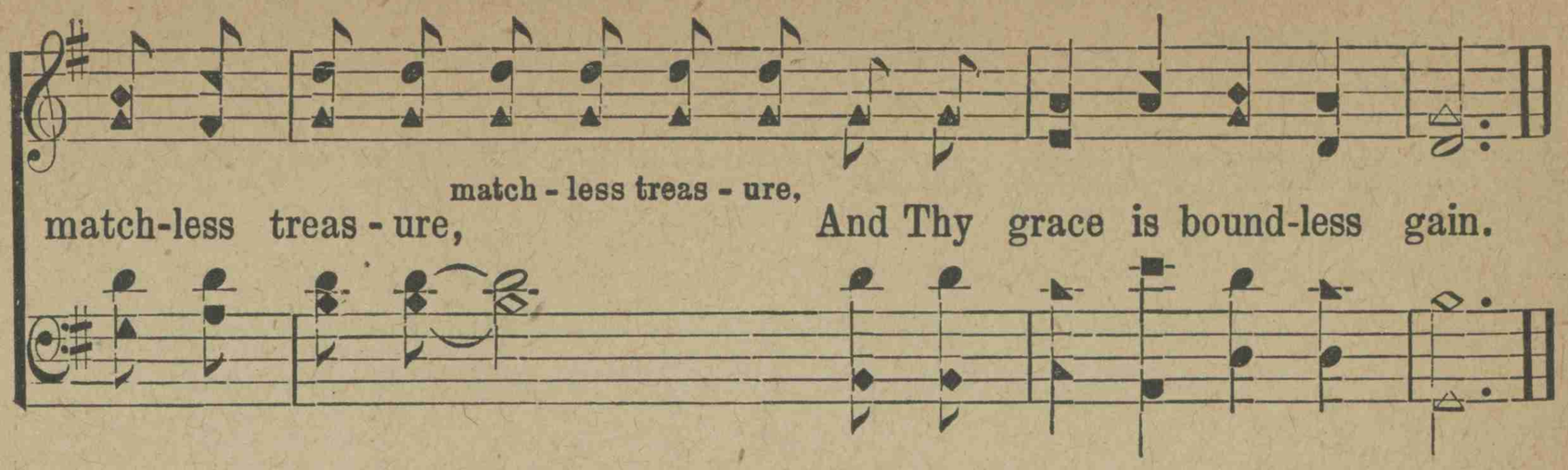
REFRAIN.

I have found glo - rious pleas - ure

I have found..... at last the pleas-ure.... I had

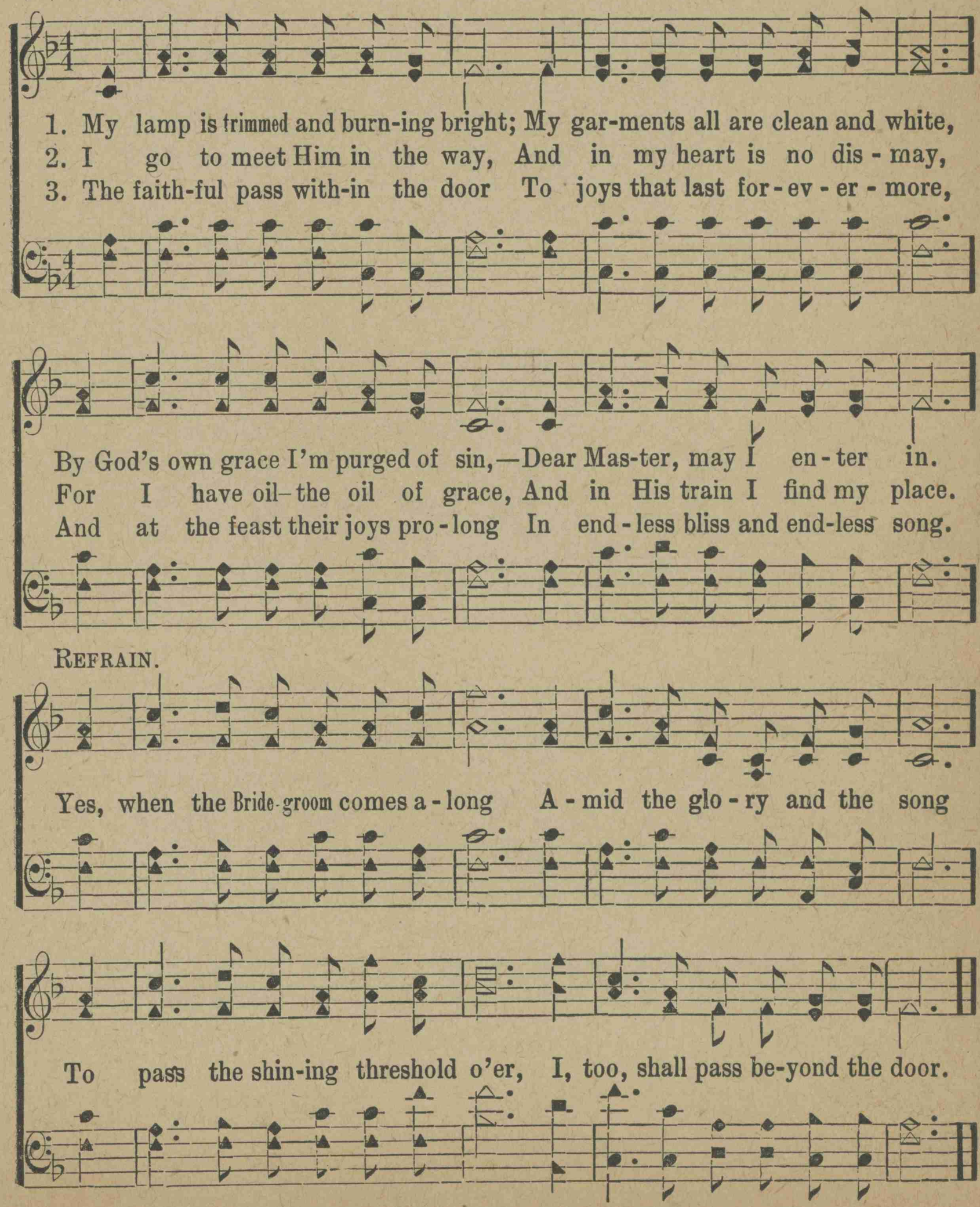
I had sought had sought in vain; Thy great love is
sought for years in vain; Thy great love..... is

I Have Found At Last the Pleasure.



No. 107. When the Bridegroom Comes.

W. C. Martin. C. M. LYLES. OWNER. 1915. **C. M. Lyles.**



No. 108. O, Joy Of Salvation!

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. A. C. Webb

1. O, joy of sal - va-tion, how sweet to my soul, To rise from my ben - ded knee per - fect - ly whole, And ev - er my sin as a
2. O, joy of sal - va-tion, the joy of the pure, For whose sins and sor-rows the cross is a cure, Whose care bur - dened soul has at
3. O, joy of sal - va-tion, how blithe- ly I sing Of Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my God and my King; I'll sing of Him here, and I'll

FINE.

vic - tor to stand, God's grace in my heart and God's book in my hand.
last found a rest, Where sin can - not bur - den, nor sa - tan mo - lest.
praise Him a-bove, The Au - thor of grace and the Foun - tain of love.

D. S.-*The Joy of sal - va-tion which sat - is - fies me.*

REFRAIN.

O, joy of sal - va - tion, I ask noth-ing more Than just to live close to the Lord I a - dore; This world has no joy like I find on my knee;

D. S.

No. 109. Trust in Jesus All the Way.

Frank B. Smith. PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS. **J. W. Dennis.**

1. O Chris-tian sol-diers, on the march to Canaan's land, Trust in Je - sus
2. Take courage, brother, tho' the way seem rough and long, Trust in Je - sus
3. Tho' threatened danger seems to lurk on ev - 'ry side, Trust in Je - sus
4. And when we stand redeemed on Heaven's shining shore, Trust in Je - sus

all the way; Go on re - joic - ing a u - nit - ed hap - py band,
all the way; The Bur - den-Bear - er beck-ons gen - tly, gen - tly on,
all the way; Thro' faith and constant pray'r look to the Heav'nly Guide,
all the way; There sin and sor - row will be past for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Trust in Je - sus all the way. Trust in Je - sus,
Trust in Je - sus, trust Him ev - 'ry day,

Trust in Je - sus,
Trust in Je - sus, trust Him ev - 'ry day, yes,
Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus,

Je - sus,
trust Him ev - 'ry day.
Trust in Je - sus all the way.

No. 110. Let Your Light Shine Brightly.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.
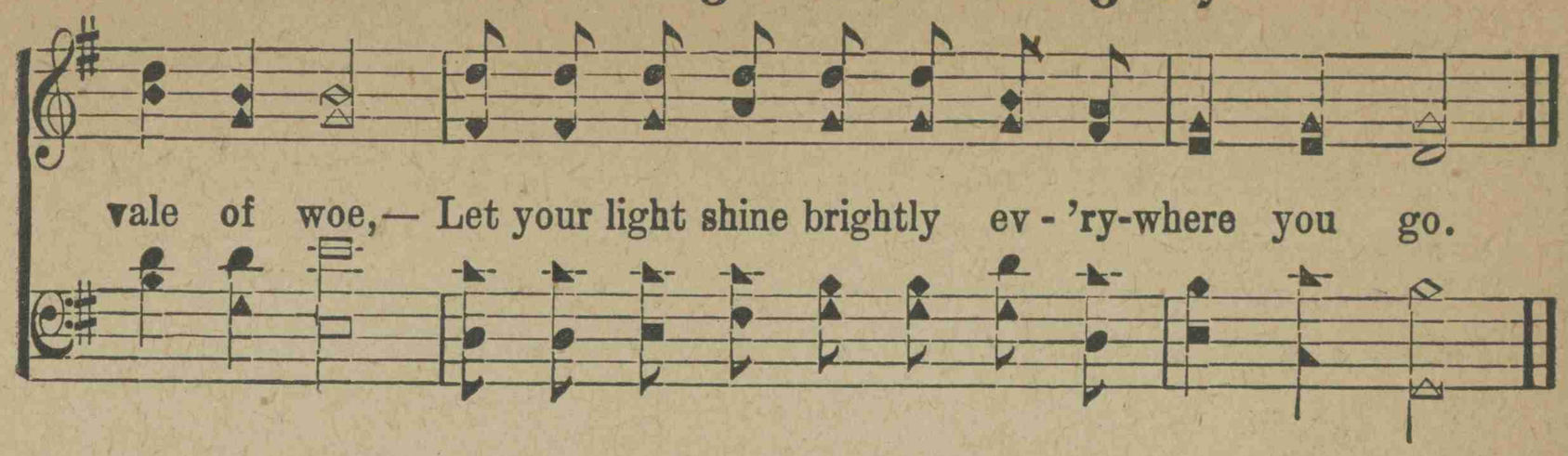
1. Let your light shine brightly ev - 'ry-where you go; Oft - en there is dan - ger that you may not know; Some poor soul may per - ish if you do not shine; Scat - ter all a-round your path a light di - vine.
2. Let your light shine brightly and the kind - ly ray May di - rect a wand'rer to the nar - row way; Ma - ny in the gloom are wand'ring to and fro; Let your light shine brightly ev - 'ry - where you go.
3. Let your light shine brightly that the world may know God a - bides with - in you ev - 'ry - where you go; Soon the dawn will drive a - way the gloom of night; You shall en - ter then the land of God's fair light.

REFRAIN.

Let your light shine brightly ev - ry - where you go; There are ma - ny all a-round you who need it so; You may help some pil - grim from the

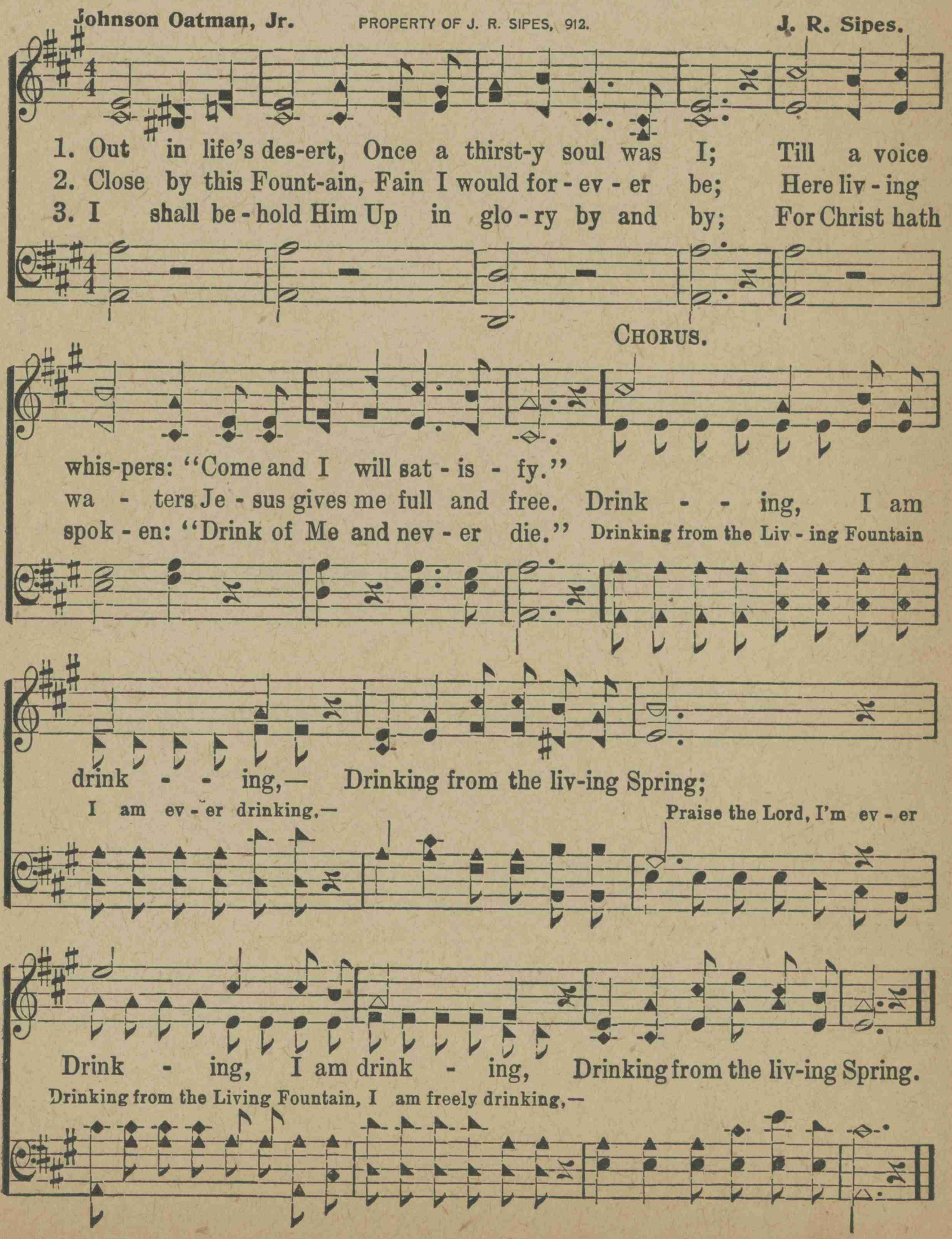
Let your light shine ev-'ry-where you go;

Let Your Light Shine Brightly.



No. 111. Drinking from the Living Spring.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF J. R. SIPES, 912. J. R. Sipes.



No. 112. When My Saviour Took Me In.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Once I sought the Friend of sin-ners, Came con-fess-ing ev-'ry sin,
2. Yes, I heard sweet words of par-don, And I felt new life be-gin;
3. Then I gave my life to Je-sus, Start-ed out some souls to win,
4. Now my life is full of sun-shine, I've been washed without, with-in;

And at once my load was lift-ed, When the Sav-iour took me in.
O what glo-ry shone a-round me, When the Sav-iour took me in.
Made a full, complete sur-ren-der, When the Sav-iour took me in.
Now I walk and talk with Je-sus, Since the Sav-iour took me in.

REFRAIN.

My dear Sav-iour took me in, He took me in,
Took me in,..... He took me in, took me in, Pardoned
Pardoned me of ev-'ry sin, Then the world seemed more like
me..... of ev-'ry sin, Then the world..... seemed more like
heav-en, When the Sav - - iour took me in.
heav-en, When the Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, took me in.

No. 113. Away to the Fields.

J. B. P. J. B. PENNINGTON, OWNER 1914. **James B. Pennington.**

1. The fields are all white, but the la-b'rers are few, And this is the
2. The sheaves are all His and not one should be lost; He paid a price
3. At life's ev-'ning fall, when the shad-ows grow long, Our sheaves to the

great har-vest day, My broth-er, the Mas-ter is call-ing for you,
dear-er than gold; Then en-ter the har-vest and count not the cost,
gar-ner we'll bring; And sing with the an-gels Re-demp-tion's sweet song,

REFRAIN.

So let us be up and a-way. A-way..... to the
But gath-er them in-to the fold. A-way to the beau-ti-ful
Till all heav'n with mu-sic shall ring.

field!..... A-way..... to the field!.....
har-vest field! A-way to the beau-ti-ful har-vest field!

1 2

Stand i-dle no long-er I pray; The Mas-ter needs reapers to-day.

No. 114. I'm a Witness.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. I. ROWE, OWNER, 1915. J. I. Rowe.

1. I have had my smiles and tears, I have had my hopes and fears, Thro' the days that God has suffered me to live; And I want to say to you:
2. I have been a way-ward child, Oft-en times by sin de-filed, Thro' the days that God has suffered me to live; But the blood has cleansing pow'r,
3. How such pa-tience He can show I have nev - er come to know, Thro' the years that He has suffered me to live; O, 'tis won-der - ful, but true,

Je - sus is a Sav-ior true, I'm a wit-ness of the grace that He can give.
He ap-plies it ev-'ry hour, I'm a wit-ness of the grace that He can give.
He can bring us safe-ly thro', I'm a wit-ness of the grace that He can give.
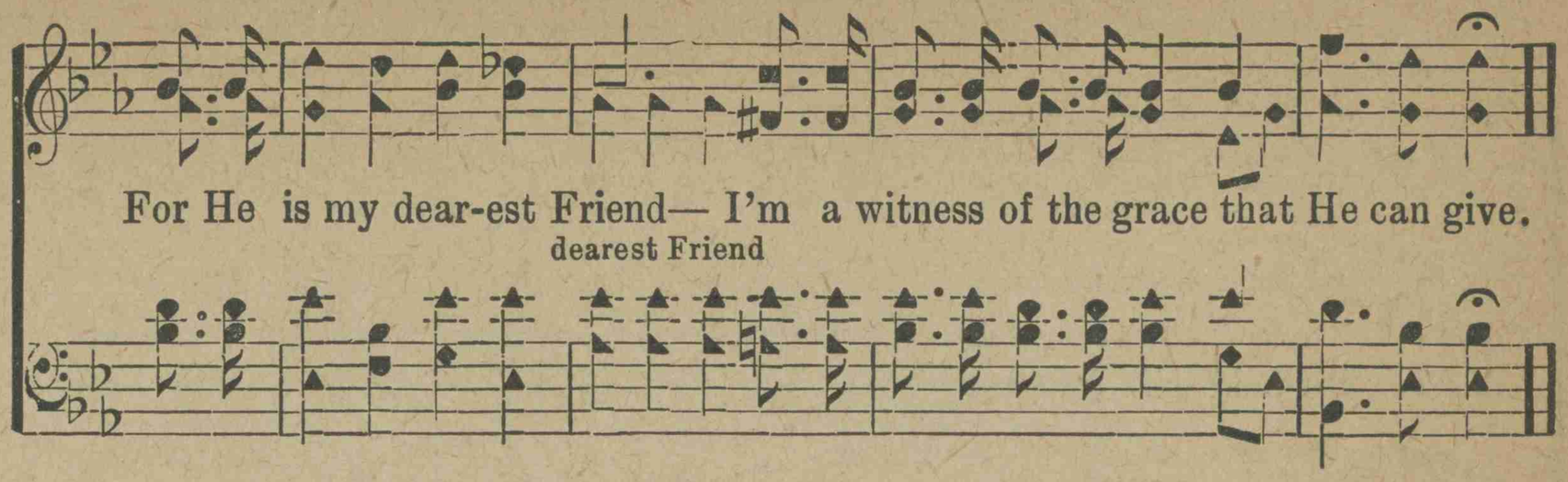
REFRAIN.

1 2

I'm a wit - ness of His grace; I'm a His grace, Thro' the years that God has suffered me to live; I will trust Him to the end,

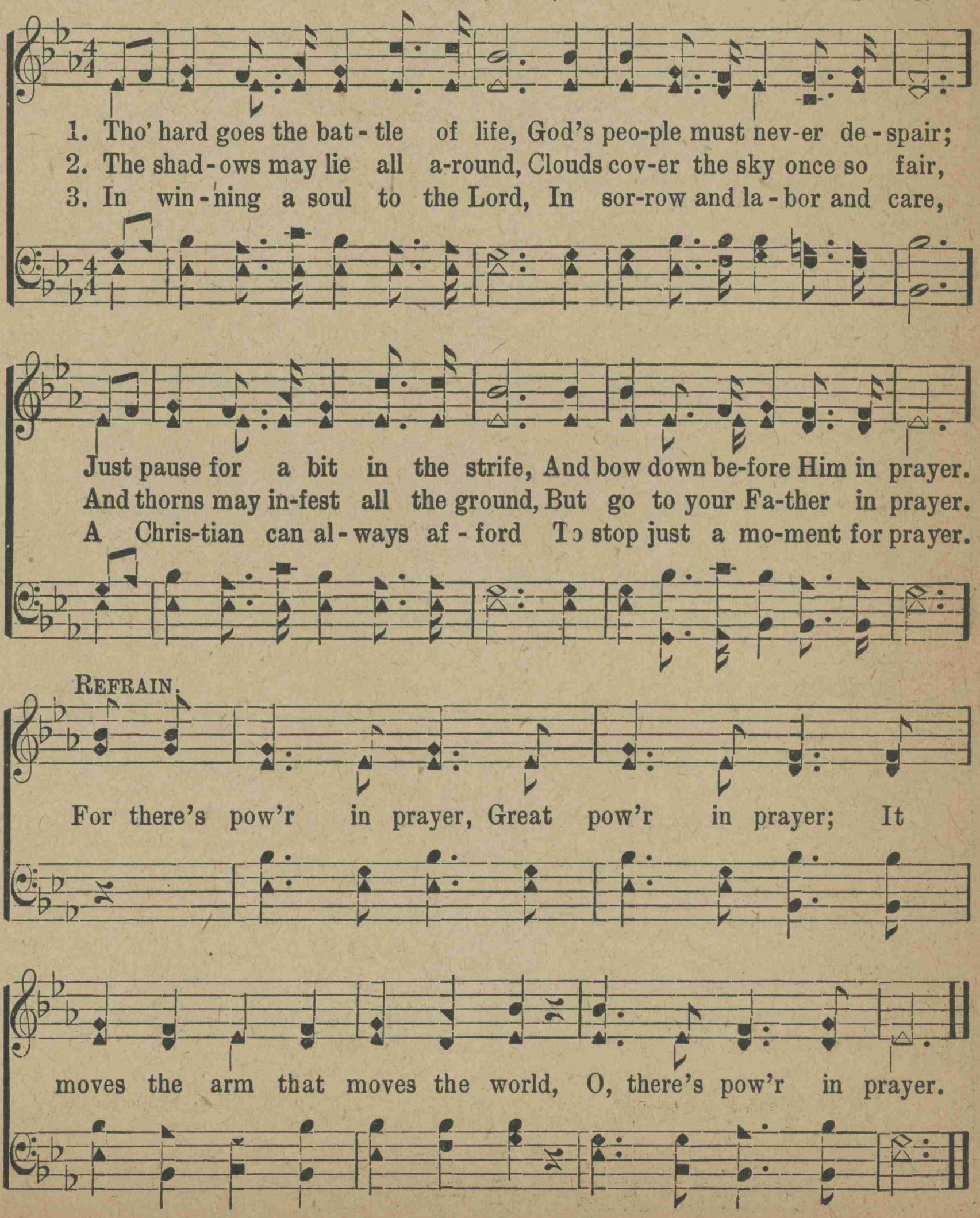
I'm a witness, I'm a witness of His boundless grace; I'm a of His boundless grace,
I will trust Him, ever trust Him, trust Him to the end.

I'm A Witness.



No. 115. There's Power in Prayer.

W. C. Martin. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1915. J. W. Dennis.



No. 116. To the Field with Jesus.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. To the field with Je - sus And the fight be - gin, With so great a
2. To the field with Je - sus, You are need-ed there, For the weak and
3. To the field with Je - sus, To the fir - ing line, And o - bey the

Lead - er Sure - ly you will win; Sin will fail to harm you,
way-ward Yield to dark de - spair; Do not fal - ter, sol - dier,
or - ders Of the King di - vine; Fear - less be, O sol - dier,

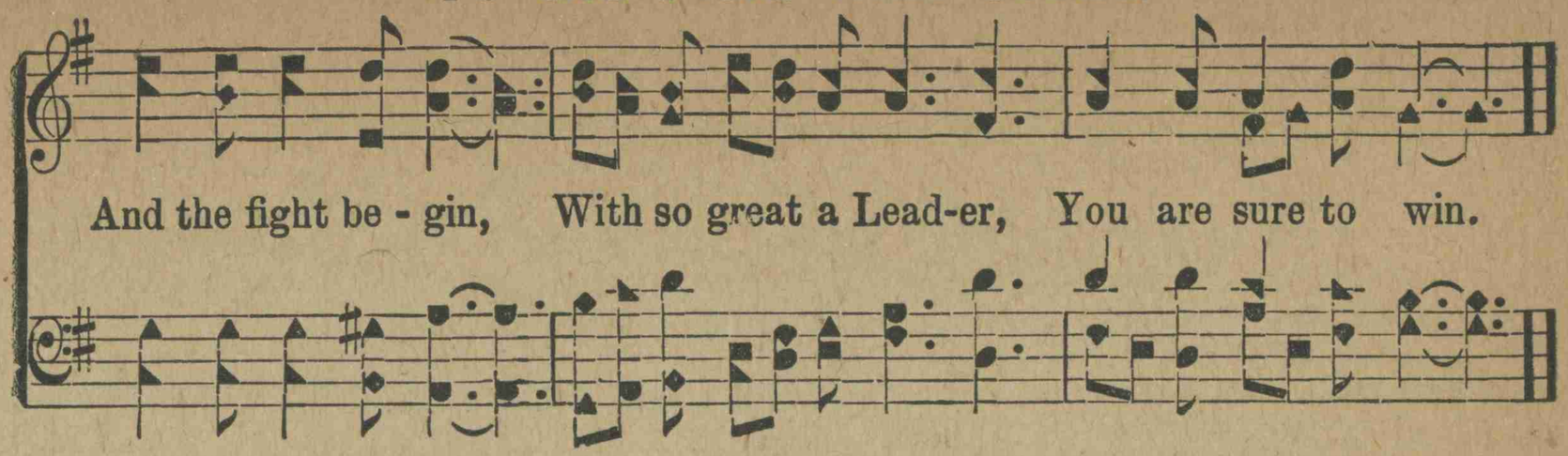
Christ your shield will be; To the field with Je - sus, On to vic - to-ry.
Du - ty calls you on; Go and fight for Je - sus, Till the fight be won.
Hon - or waits you there, And at last your Lead-er's Glo - ry you shall share.

REFRAIN.

To the field with Je - sus, And the fight be - gin,.....
the fight be - gin.
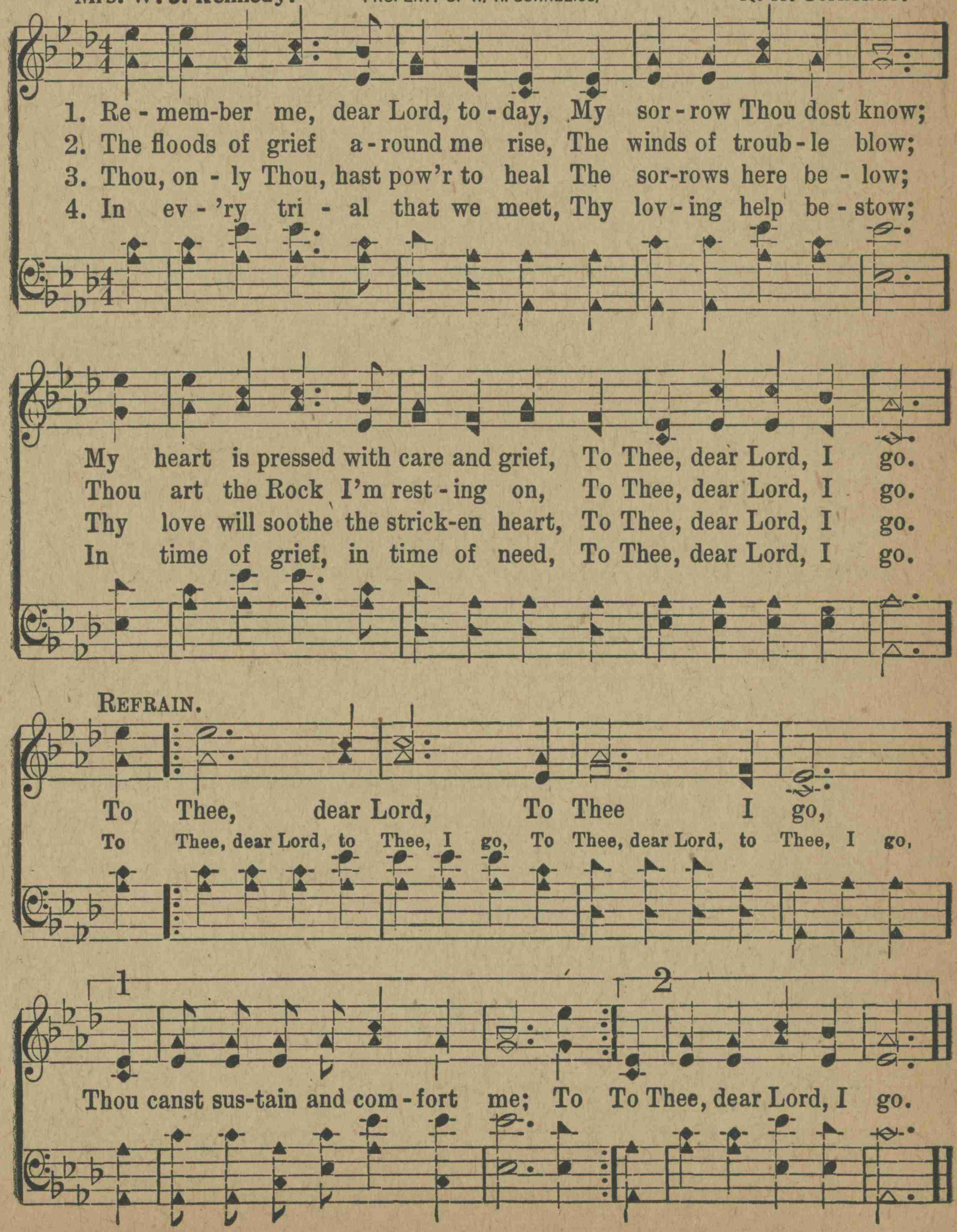
With so great a Lead-er, You are sure to win; To the field with Je-sus,

To the Field with Jesus.



No. 117. To Thee, Dear Lord, I Go.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, R. H. Cornelius.



No. 118. Under His Care.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. C. A. Churchill.

1. Un-der the care of my Sav - ior dear, Homeward I go, (Homeward I go,)
2. Faithful to Je - sus I mean to be, Press-ing a - long; (Pressing a - long;)
3. Aft-er the tri - als of earth are o'er, Rest will be mine, (Rest will be mine,)

Feel - ing His lov - ing pres - ence near, Help-ing me so, (Help - ing me so,)
He has re-deemed and made me free, Hap - py and strong; (Happy and strong;)
Won-der - ful rest where nev - er more I shall re - pine, (I shall re-pine,)

D.S.–*Hav-ing a ver - y help - ful Friend, Tri-als to share,* (*Tri-als to share,*)

Close to my dear-est, tru-est Friend, Sure that on Him I may de-pend,
Spread-ing the sto - ry of His love, Seek-ing the bet - ter world a - bove,
Close to the throne with all the throng, Sing-ing a sweet - er, no - bler song,

Sing-ing His prais-es ev - 'ry day, Close to my lov - ing Guide I'll stay,

FINE

On-ward I trav - el till wan - der - ings end Ev - er be - low.
On-ward I go with the heav - en - ly Dove, Sing - ing a song.
I shall a - bide ev - er hap - py and strong,–Rapt-ure di - vine.

Fol - low - ing ev - er the heav - en - ly way, Un-der His care.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Un-der His care, ... hap-py and fair, ...
Un-der His won-der-ful care, Hap - py, so hap-py and fair,

No. 119. Push to the Front.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF A. P. WAMMACK, 1914, A. P. Wammack.

1. Ye who have prom - ised to help the Mas - ter,
2. Bear - ing the ti - dings of true sal - va - tion, Push to the
3. Trust - ing the might of the King su - per - nal,

Foes are de - fi - ant and
front, Push to the front; Giv - ing the gos - pel to
yes, Faith - ful - ly strive for the

FINE.

fight - ing fast - er;
ev - 'ry na - tion; Push to the front, Push to the front.
crown e - ter - nal; ev - er

D.S.–*Great Re-ward-er; Push to the front in Je - ho - vahs name.*

REFRAIN.

Push to the front 'tis the cap - tain's or - der, Beat back the

D. S.

ar - mies of sin and shame, Fight with your might for the

No. 120. The Son Hath Made Me Free.

Miriam E. Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY W. A. STEWART. W. A. Stewart.

1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bon-dage, (Egypt's bondage,) But de-
2. I was once..... a slave to Sa-tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And He
3. Worldly pleas - ures can-not charm me, (can-not charm me,) No de-
4. All my fear,..... all con-dem - na - tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that

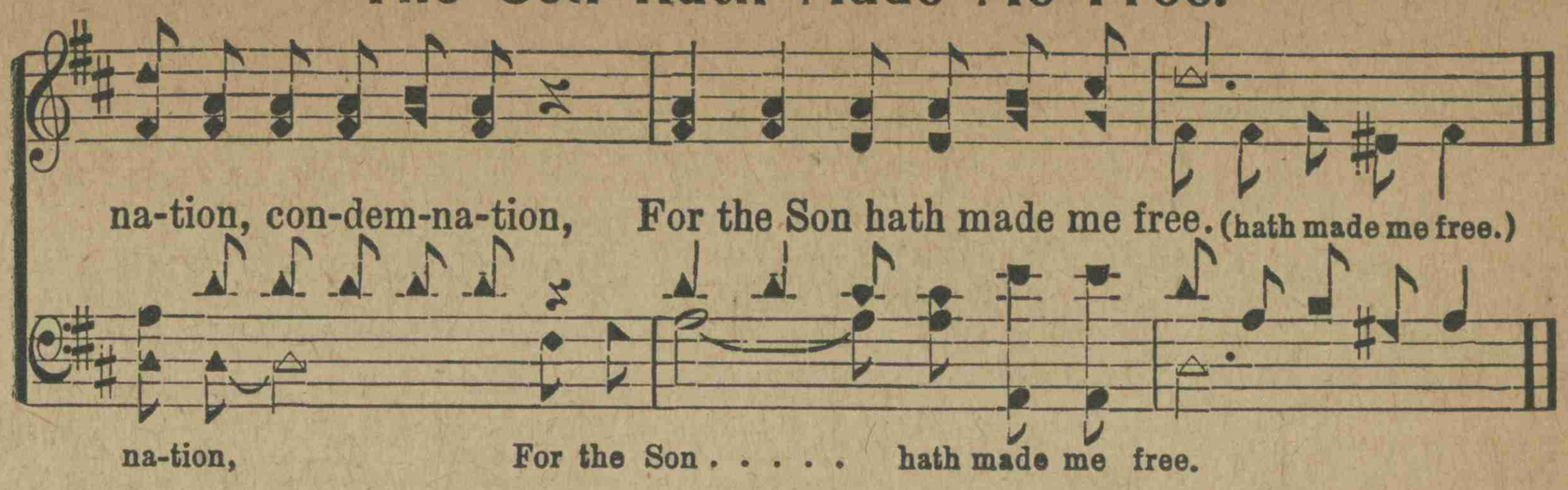
liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in
worked his will in me, (yes, in me,) But I'm bound..... by sin no
light..... in them I see, (none for me,) Fash-ion, fol - ly, pride have
stood... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name!.... are left be-

Ca-naan, (now in Canaan,) For the Son..... hath made me free.
lon-ger, (bound no longer,)
left me, (they have left me,) made me free,
hind me, (left be-hind me,)

REFRAIN.

I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,
I am dwell - ing now in Ca - naan, Je - sus'
Je - sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me; I am free from con-dem-
blood..... avails for me; I am free..... from con-dem-

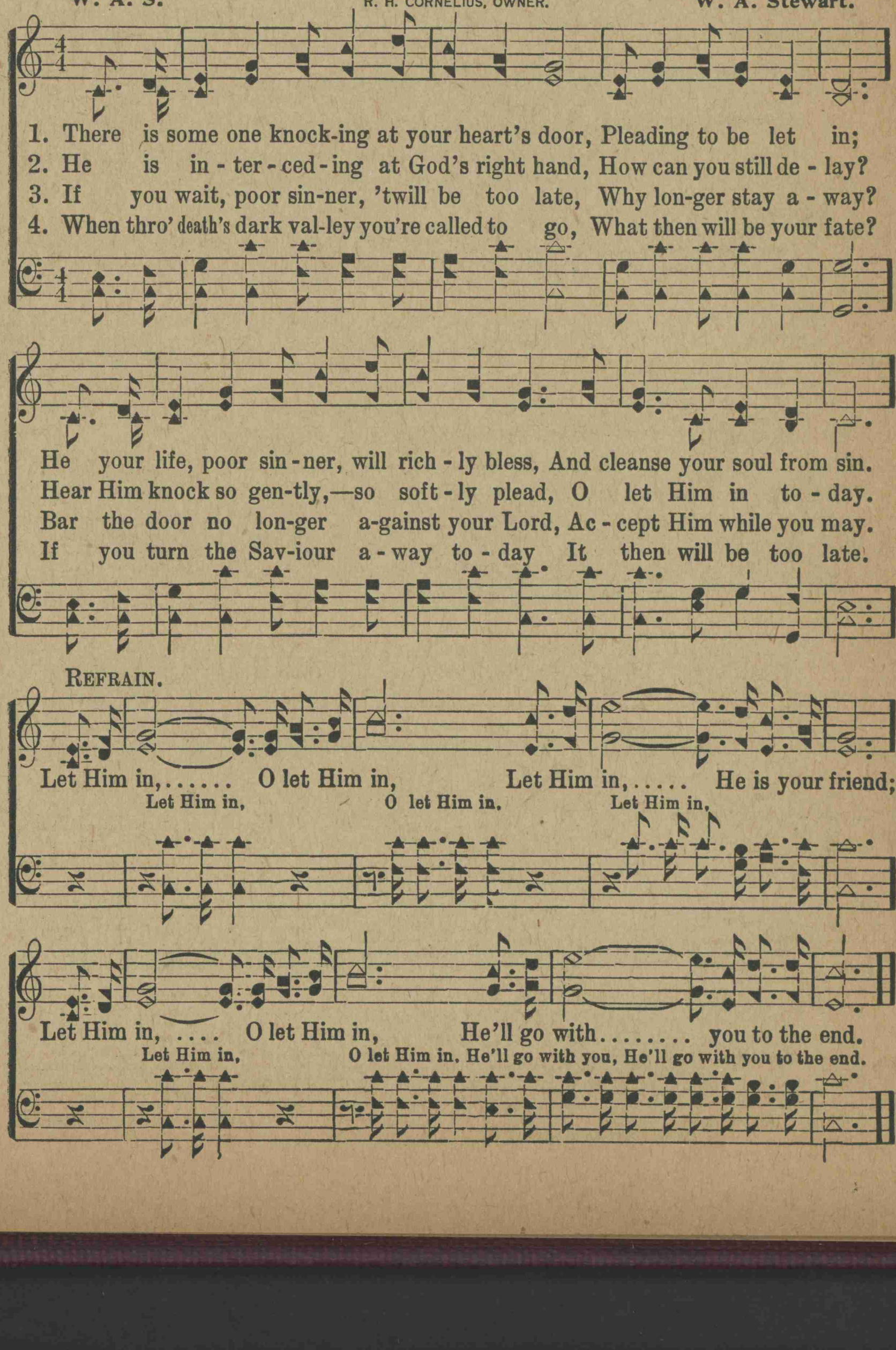
The Son Hath Made Me Free.



No. 121.

Let Him In.

W. A. S. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER. W. A. Stewart.



No. 122. Jesus Is a Friend to Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. G. A. Carlton.

1. I have found a Friend who is a Friend in-deed, And He loves me dear-ly
2. Je-sus washed me clean of ev-'ry stain of sin, And He purged my heart till
3. There's a home of beau-ty now a-wait-ing me, That my Friend makes read-y

and sup-plies my need, And He hears my voice when-ev-er I may call;
I was pure with-in; When my soul was fee-ble Je-sus made me strong,
by the Crys-tal sea; And He waits to greet me when my toil is o'er,

REFRAIN.

He re-stores me when I faint or when I fall.
And I love to praise Him in my sweet-est song. Hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus is a
And we'll dwell to-geth-er on the gold-en shore.

Friend to me! He is tru-er far than other friends could be; He is al-ways

near to meet my ev-'ry need—Hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus is a Friend in-deed.

No. 123. Come Home.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. W. A. Roberts.

1. Come home O, way - ward child come home, (child come home,) Nor long - er
2. Thy lov - ing Fa - ther waits for thee, (waits for thee,) And looks His
3. He waits not with..... a word of blame, (word of blame,) But gen - tly
4. The robe a - waits,..... the feast is spread, (feast is spread,) To greet the

from..... thy Fa-ther roam, (longer roam,) For there is rest,.....
way - ward child to see, (child to see,) Re-turn-ing from.....
cov - ers all the shame, (all the shame,) And lov-ing - ly.....
liv - ing who was dead; (who was dead,) Come home, O way - -

D. S.—*Come home, O way - -*

FINE.

O sweet-est rest, (sweetest rest,) At home and on..... thy Fa-ther's breast.
the land a - far (land a - far,) Where sin and grief.... and dy - ing are.
re-stores His child (His dear child) Who comes back to..... be rec - on - ciled.
ward child come home, (child come home,) Nor long-er from.... thy Fa - ther roam.

ward child come home, (*child come home,*) *Come home, come home, come home, come home.*

REFRAIN.

Come home, come home,..... O way - ward child,.....

From dark-est vale..... or des - ert wild,.....

or des - ert wild,

D. S.

No. 124. When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. When up - on..... the clouds of heav - en, (clouds of heaven,) Christ shall
2. Will His com - ing bring re - joic-ing? (bring re-joic-ing?) Or will
3. Will you join..... in lam - en - ta-tion? (lam - en-ta-tion?) Or the
4. Work and pray..... till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,) Help to

come.... to earth a - gain, (to earth a-gain,) Will the world..... be glad to
it..... bring tears and pain? (bring tears and pain?) Are you read - y to re-
an - gel's glad re-frain? (their glad refrain?) Will you help... His peo-ple
gath - er in the grain, (the golden grain,) Then with joy ..... you'll meet the
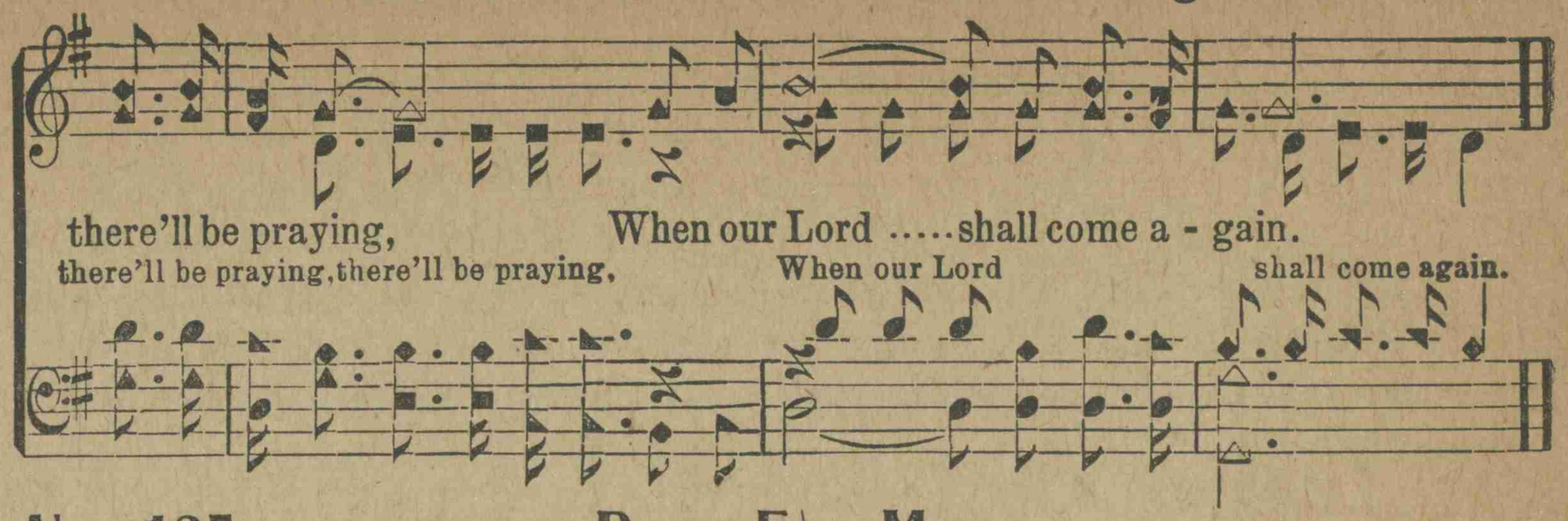
see Him, (glad to see Him,) When our Lord... shall come a - gain?
ceive Him, (to re-ceive Him,)
crown Him, (help to crown Him,) shall come again?
Sav-iour, (meet the Saviour,)

REFRAIN.

There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing, There'll be
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,

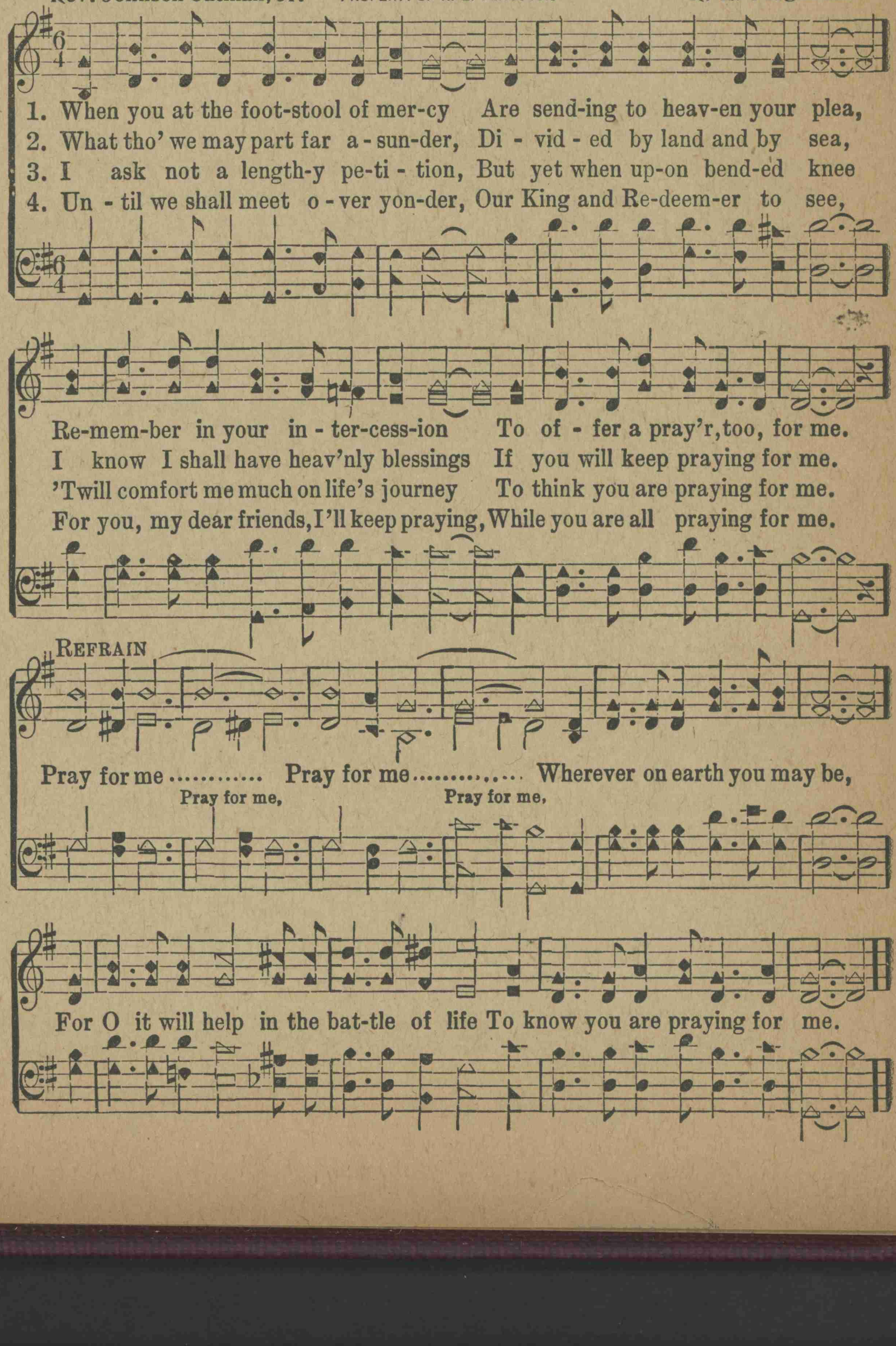
sor-row,... there'll be pain; There'll be weep-ing,
There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain, heart-rending pain; There'll be weeping,

When Our Lord Shall Come Again.



No. 125. Pray For Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON R. L. Ferguson.



No. 126. We Shall Abide With Him.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. S. H. SAVAGE, OWNER, 1913, S. H. Savage.
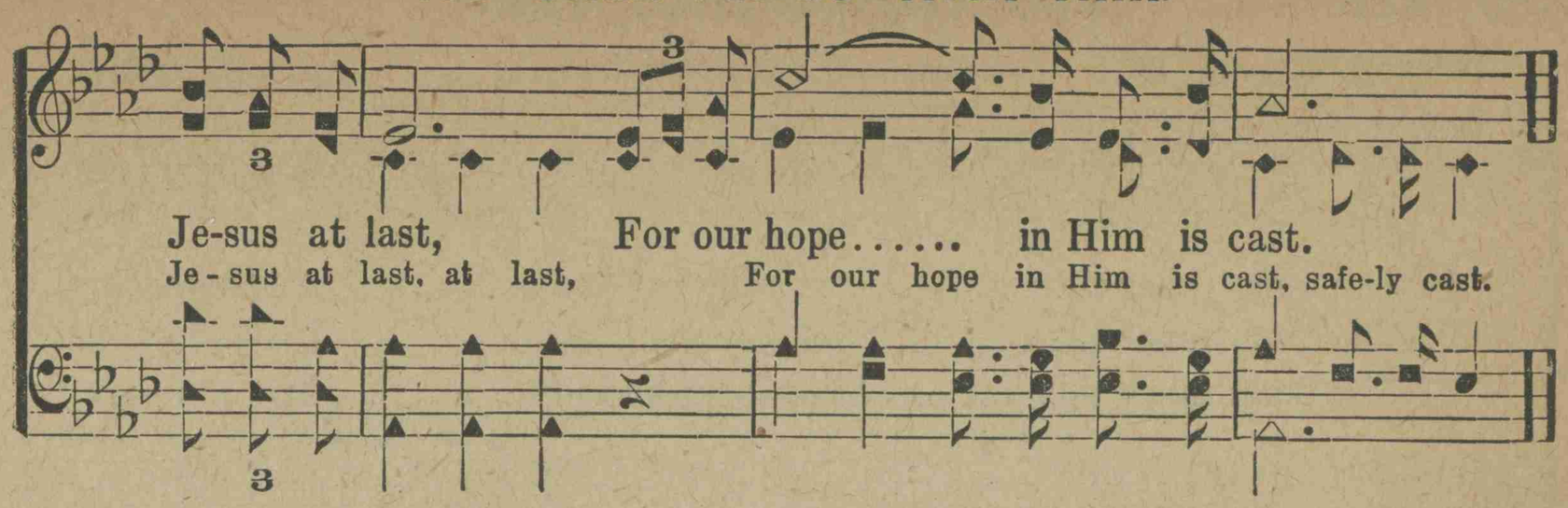
1. As we wend our way a-long, Press-ing thro' a mighty throng, Let us sing of Je-sus' tender love and care; He redeems our souls from sin, Vic - to-ry thro' Him we'll win, And at last we shall a-bide with Him up there.
2. Ma - ny here are lone and sad, We should seek to make them glad, Je-sus bids us one an-oth-er's burdens bear; Un - to Him be ev-er true, His ex-am - ple keep in view, And at last we shall a-bide with Him up there.
3. Trib - u - la-tions will be o'er, We shall wake to weep no more, Crowns of nev-er fad-ing beau-ty we shall wear; We shall meet our friends again, Safe from sor-row, sin and pain, We shall ev - er-more a-bide with Him up there.
4. He's pre-pared a man-sion grand O - ver in the Glo-ry Land, So be faithful till our work is fin - ished here; La-bor on with grateful heart, Trust in God and do your part, For at last we shall a-bide with Him up there.

REFRAIN.

Yes, we shall..... a - bide up there, And e-ter - - - nal glo - ry share; We shall a - bide..... with

Yes, we shall a - bide with Him up there,
And e - ter - nal glo - ry we shall share; We shall a-bide with
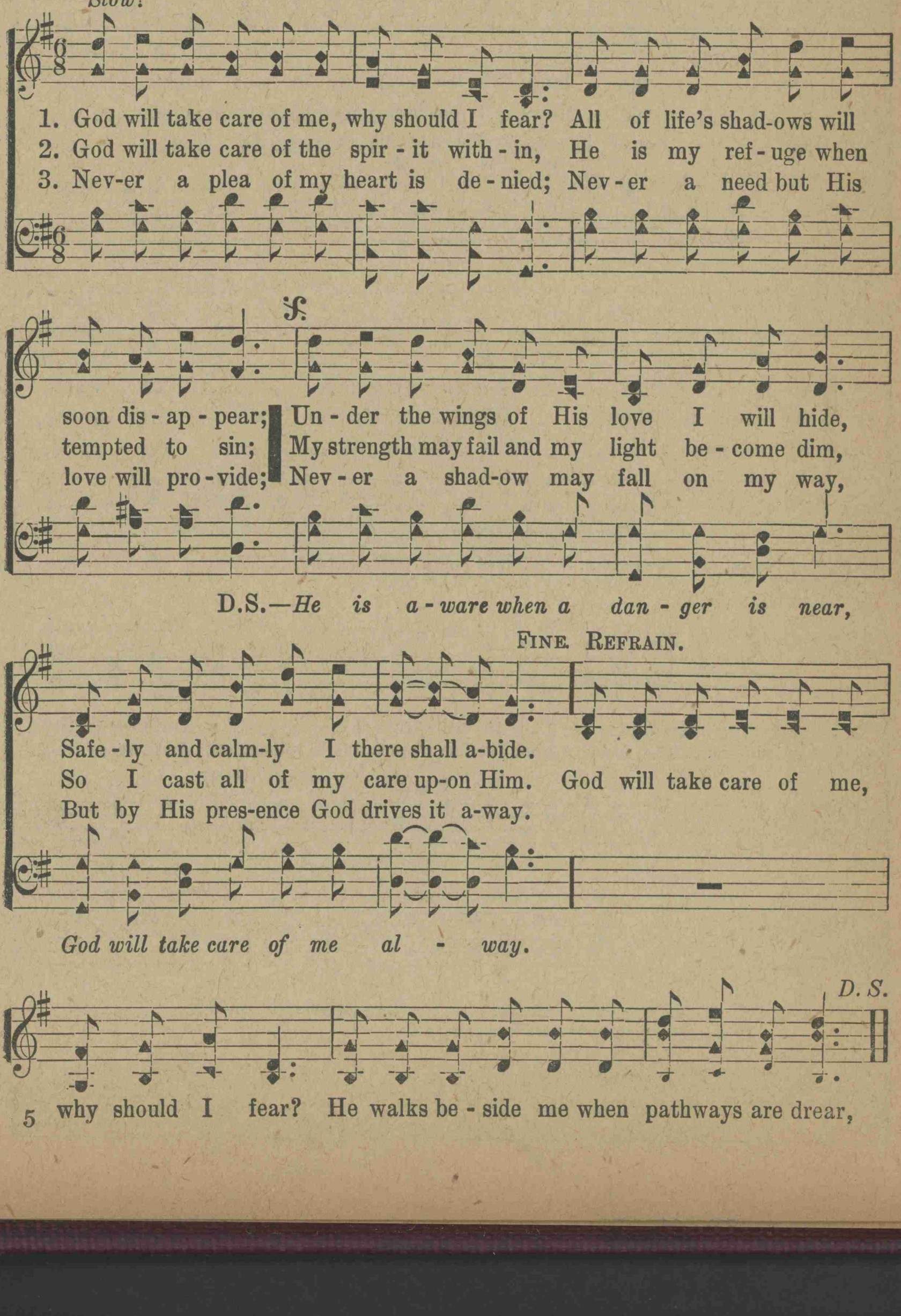
We Shall Abide With Him.



No. 127. God Will Take Care of Me Alway.

W. C. Martin. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER, 1913. **R. H. Cornelius.**

Slow:



No. 128. The Temperance Tide.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **F. P. Trimble.**

1 The temp'rance tide..... is roll - ing on, ... And spreading
2. The temp'rance tide..... will nev - er ebb..... Un - til it
3. The temp'rance tide..... brings hope and joy..... To ma - ny

o'er..... the land; (o'er the land;) As in our might.....
o - - - ver - flows, (o - ver-flows,) And hides from sight.....
sad - - - dened hearts; (saddened hearts;) O speed its flow,.....

we now u - nite..... A-gainst king rum..... to stand.
the shame and blight..... Which from rum traf - - fic grows.
till all shall know..... The glad-ness it..... im - parts.

D.S.—*of rum is gone;..... His sway will soon..... be o'er.*

REFRAIN.

The temp'rance tide..... is roll - ing on,..... And sweeps from
The tem-p'rance tide is roll-ing on; The tem-p'rance tide is roll-ing on, And sweeps from

shore..... to shore;..... The boast-ed pow'r.....
shore, and sweeps from shore to shore; from shore to shore;

D. S

No. 129. Almost Sundown.

S. W. Moore. MRS. R. H. OLIVER, OWNER, 1915, Mrs. R. H. Oliver.

1. I am look-ing o-ver my la-bors By the light of the set-ting sun,
2. While the day-light lingers a-round me I'll be working while yet I may;
3. Oh, do all you can for the Mas-ter, Do far bet-ter than I have done,

And the length-'ning shadows all tell me, Soon my day on earth will be done.
I'll not waste my ling-er - ing moments, By re-gret-ting a mis-spent day.
So that when your day shall be end - ed, You may welcome the setting sun.

CHORUS.

al-most down
The sun ..... is al-most down, ... Life is fleet - - -

ing fast a-way, (fast a-way,) I soon....shall wear the crown,(wear the crown,)

Christ shall give..... me in that day, (in that day.)

No. 130. The Stormy Sea.

J. S. Kimbrough. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Standing on the crumbling verge Of a dark and stormy sea,
2. Far be-yond the an-gry wave, And the swell - ing billow's foam,
3. On that bright e-ter - nal shore, Shall my an - chor safe, be cast;
4. To that heav'n - ly mansion fair, We shall gath - er by-and-by;
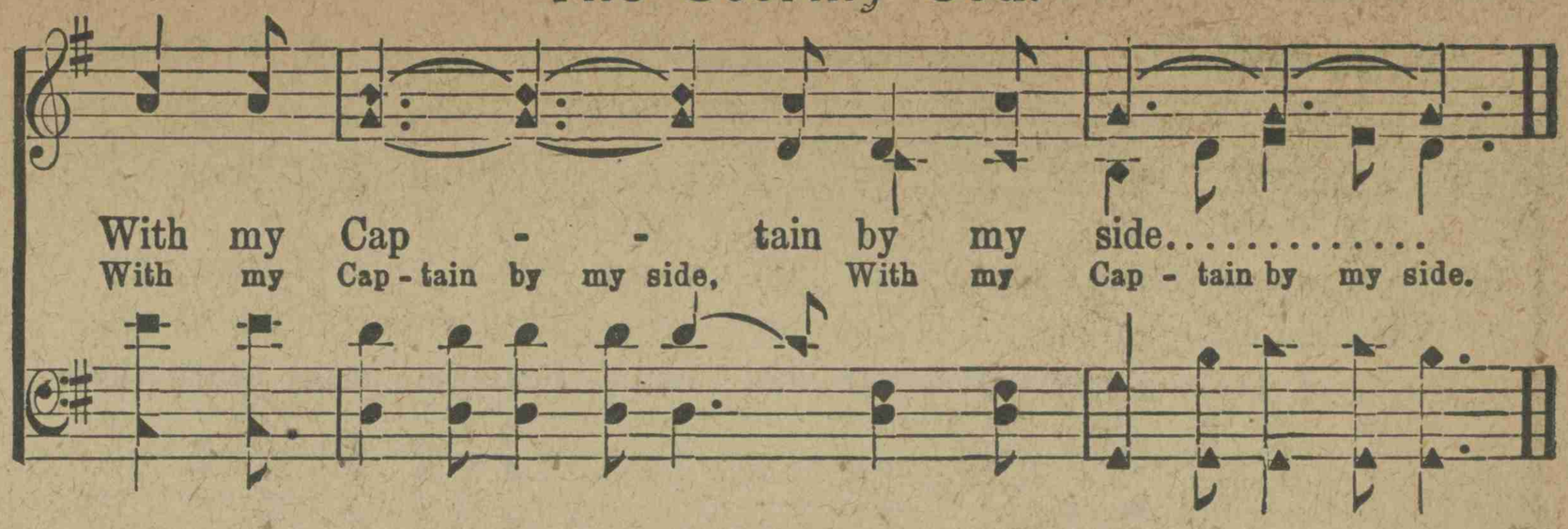
While be-yond.... its beating surge... Lies the soul's.. e - ter-ni - ty.
Christ who died... the world to save,.. Has pre - pared for me a home.
When the storms of life are o'er,.. There my soul shall rest at last.
With our loved ones o-ver there, In a home be-yond the sky.

REFRAIN.

On - ward roll, thou storm - y sea, Bear me on thy
On-ward roll..... thou stormy sea,..... Bear me on..... thy swollen

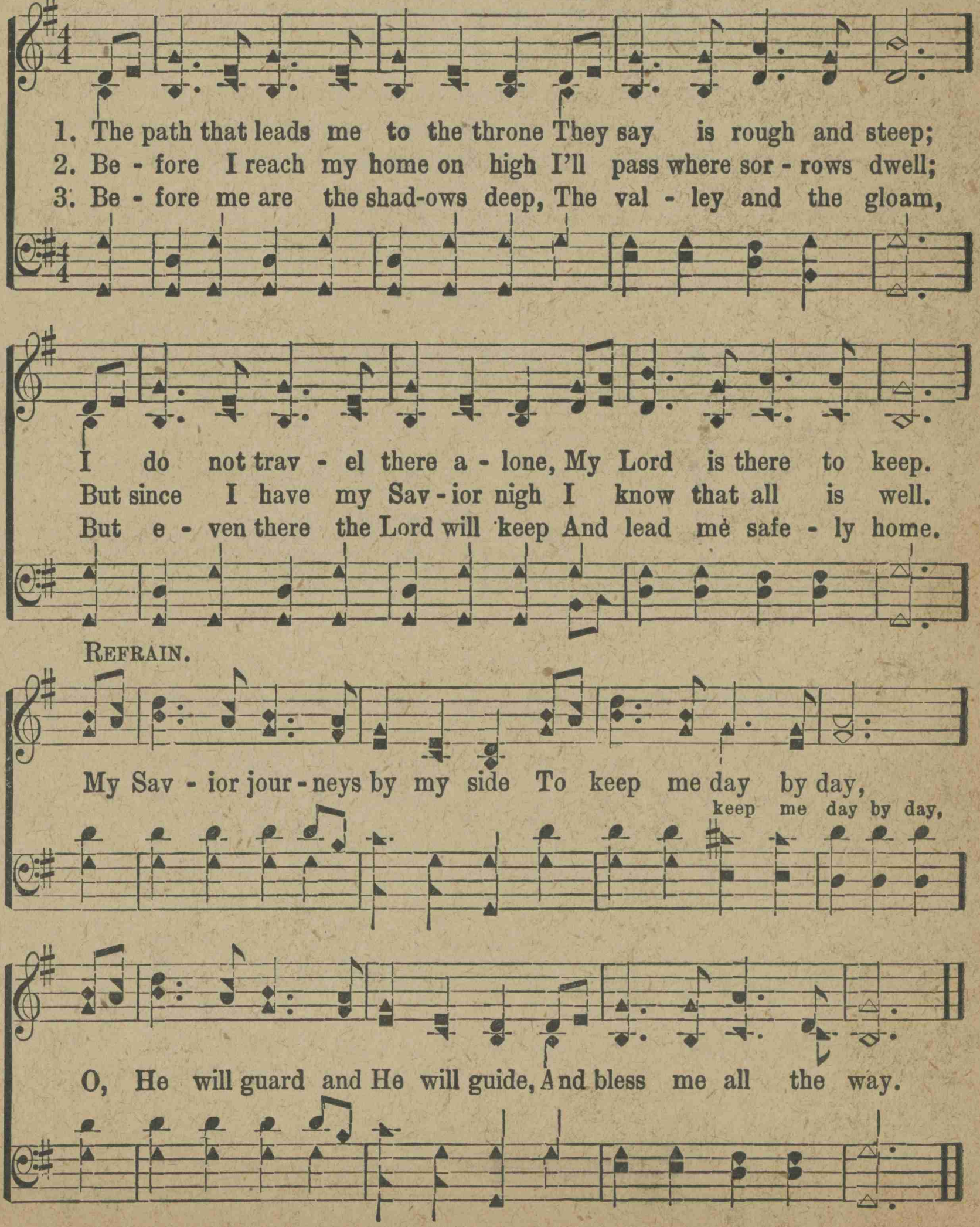
swoll-en tide; Safe my soul shall ev - er be, Safe my soul shall ev - er be,
tide,..... Safe my soul..... shall ev - er be,.....

The Stormy Sea.



No. 131. My Savior Journeys by My Side.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.



No. 132. Jesus Will Go With Me.

W. C. Martin. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1915. J. W. Dennis.

1. Down the rug-ged path-way of the years, When I fal-ter with my
2. When the path is rough un - to my feet, Then with Him I hold com-
3. So I lay a-side my car - nal care; Peace is in my heart where

doubts and fears; There's a Friend Who is my strength and stay; He will lin-
mun - ion sweet; And He bright-ens up the dark-est day; Je - sus lin-
He is there; When He speaks the shadows flee a - way: Je - sus jour-

REFRAIN.

ger near me all the way.
gers near me all the way. Je - sus will go with me all the way;
neys with me all the way.

He will nev - er let me go a - stray; He will keep me ev - er,

He will leave me nev-er; Je-sus will go with me all the way.
Je - sus will go with me all the way.

No. 133. All the Way.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. A. STEWART. W. A. Stewart.

1. Our Sav-iour al-ways goes a-head, All the way, all the way;
2. How far will Sa-tan tempt to sin?
3. Our Lord will prove a faith-ful friend
4. We'll need Him ev-'ry day and hour,
5. He'll give to us His pre-cious rest, All the way, all the way;

Wher-e'er He goes we're safely led, All the way, (He leads,) all the way.
How far will Christ the vict'ry win? All the way, (He'll win,)
He'll guide us safe-ly to the end, All the way, (He'll guide,)
In weakness we shall need His pow'r, All the way, (His pow'r,)
He'll guide our souls to mansions blest, All the way, (He leads,) all the way

REFRAIN.

All the way, all the way, Je-sus leads His children all the way;
All the way, all the way.

All the way, all the way, Jesus leads His children all the way.
All the way, all the way, all the way.

No. 134. Sing Along.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. If you would be a bless-ing, as you're pass-ing down life's way,
2. The world is full of sor-row and it has no need of more,
3. If you would prove to sin-ners that the Chris-tian life is best,
4. No mat-ter where Christ leads you, tho' the way seems dark as night,

Sing a song,.... a hap-py song; If you would help the peo-ple that you
Sing a song,.... a hap-py song; Get read-y for that cho-rus o-ver
Sing a song,.... a hap-py song; If you would bring re-joic-ing un-to
Sing a song,.... a hap-py song; The prom-ise hath been giv-en that at

FINE.

meet from day to day, Sing a-long,..... O sing your way a-long.
on the oth-er shore, Sing a-long,..... O sing your way a-long.
some poor troubled breast, Sing a-long,..... O sing your way a-long.
morn it shall be light, Sing a-long,..... O sing your way a-long.

D.S.–*heaven as you go, Sing a-long,..... O sing your way a-long.*

REFRAIN.

Sing a-long,..... O sing a-long, Sing a-long,

Sing a-long, O sing, O sing your way a-long,

D. S.

bright, sing a hap-py gos-pel song; If you would make this earth move like

No. 135. Scatter Sunshine.

W. B. S. WM. M. GOLDEN, OWNER, 1915. W. B. Scarborough.

1. Cast a smile of love and sun-shine, As you pass a - long the way;
2. There are souls who know not good-ness, Will you help them on their way?
3. Speak a word to those a - round you, Tell them of a Sav - ior's love;

Help to cheer the sad and lone - ly, Turn their dark-ness in - to day.
You can point them to the Sav - ior, He can wash their sins a way.
Al - ways do your best for Je - sus, Till we meet in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun - - - shine and be smil - - - ing, Let your
Al-ways smil-ing,
face . . be full of cheer . . . Sing-ing glo - - - ry
full of cheer:
hal - le - lu - - - - jah, Scat-ter sun - - - shine ev - 'ry-where.
hal - le - lu - jah,

No. 136. Christmas Song.

Katharyn Bacon. MRS. NETTIE MC NIEL, OWNER, 1915. **Sharp McNiel.**

1. When our blessed Lord was born On that first glad Christmas morn Hosts of
2. O the shepherds greatly feared When God's angels there ap-peared, But He
3. Gladness reigns in heav'n a-bove, Earth is filled with peace and love, And a-

an-gels bright proclaimed His wondrous birth, Sing-ing praise to God in heav'n,
said, "Fear not, good tidings now I bring, Un - to you is born this day
gain the King of kings we hail and bless; For He comes this Christmas day

That to us a Son was giv'n, Christ, the Prince of Peace and Sav - ior
Christ the Lord" to be for aye Un - to all the world a Sav - ior
To our hearts and drives a - way Care and grief and gives His joy and

REFRAIN.

of the earth.
and a King. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est,
righteousness. Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - - est, Christ the

Christ the Lord is born this hap - py day; Peace on earth, good
Lord is born this day; Peace on earth, good will for-

Christmas Song.

will to men for - ev - er. Praise, O, praise the won-drous King al - way.
ev - er, Praise, O praise the King al-way.

No. 137. It Matters Not.

W. C. Martin. D. M. RAGLE, OWNER, 1915. D. M. Ragle.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my Friend, And He is ev - er at my side;
2. Since Je - sus whis-pers to my heart Some precious words of ho - ly cheer,
3. The light that makes earth fair to me Is Je - sus who has all my love,

It mat - ters not what foes in - tend; It mat-ters not what may be-tide.
Tho' health and wealth and all de - part I still have all with Him so near.
And, for the a - ges, still 'tis He Shall be my all in all a - bove.

REFRAIN.

It mat-ters not what comes to me, Nor what may be my earthly lot;

Tho' high or low my place may be It mat-ters not, it mat-ters not.

No. 138. "Peace Be Still."

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. O I love to tell my Fa-ther all the tri - als of the way,
2. O I love to tell my Fa-ther when my wea - ry soul would rest,
3. O I love to tell my Fa-ther when I suf - fer pain or loss,
4. O I love to tell my Fa-ther, as He stills the storm-y sea,

For He al - ways gives me com-fort and He wipes the tears a - way,
For the sweet-ness of His pres-ence soon is felt with-in my breast;
For He glo - ri - fies the pa-tience that can meek - ly bear a cross,
Of my long-ing for the har - bor and the man-sion there for me;
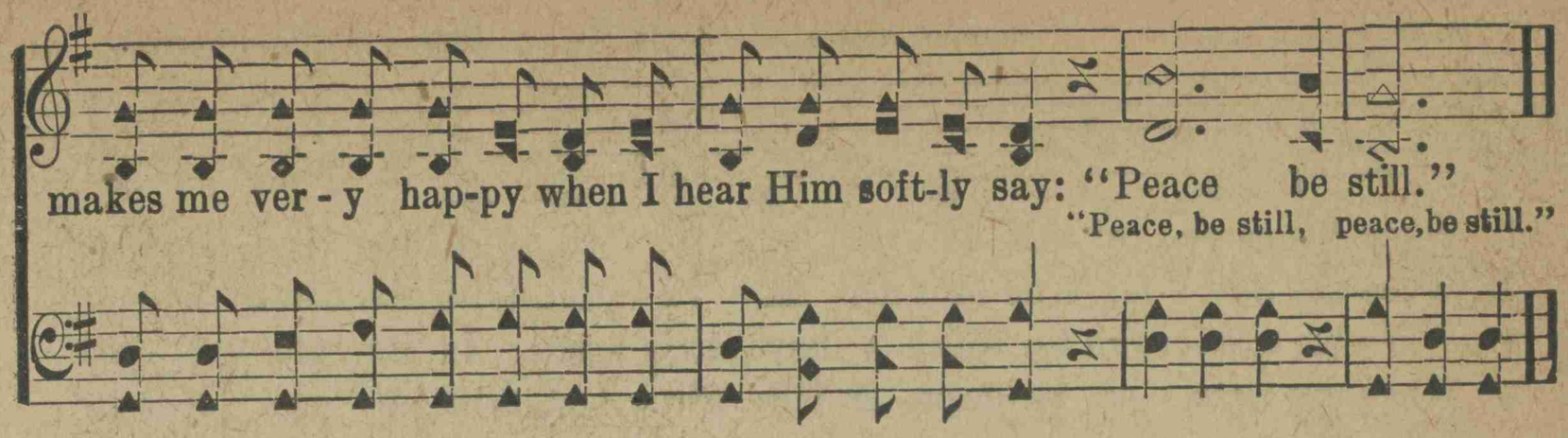
And the bur - dens all grow light - er as I hear Him soft - ly say,
And my weak-ness quick-ly leaves me when I hear the words ex-pressed,
And the bless-ings lost seem on - ly dross when He is speak-ing thus:
And it seems to bring it near - er when He ut - ters His de - cree,

REFRAIN.

"Peace be still." O I love to talk it o - ver with my Fa-ther
"Peace be still, Peace be still."
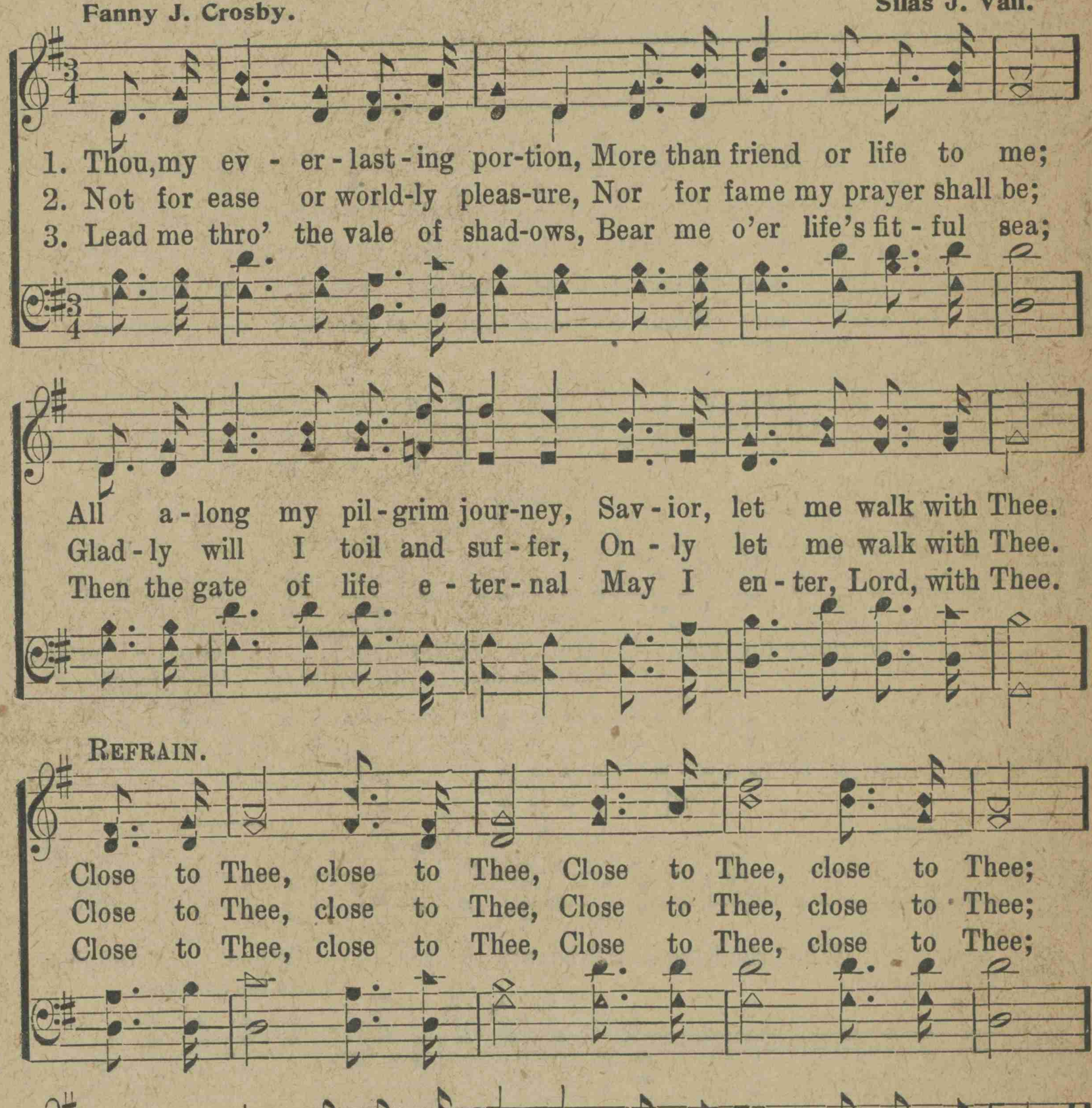
day by day, For a ho - ly peace my spir - it seems to fill, And it

"Peace, Be Still."



No. 139. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.



No. 140. Glory For Me.

J. B. P.

PROPERTY OF J. B. PENNINGTON, 1915.

James B. Pennington.

1. When the cares of this life are all end - ed, And from all of earth's sor - rows I'm free; When the King from His throne has de - scend-ed,
2. When the Sav - ior Who bo't my sal - va - tion With His blood up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shall is - sue the great proc-la - ma - tion,
3. When the bright crown for which I have striv - en, In its glo - ri - ous splen-dor I see; When I en - ter my man-sion in heav - en,
4. When my bless - ed Re-deem - er I've greet - ed, And my dear ones in glo - ry shall see; When a - mong that great throng I am seat-ed,

REFRAIN.

That will be glo-ry for me. Glo - ry for me,... Glo - ry for me; ..... When the King in His beauty I see, When.... the dear Son.... Whis - pers "well done".. That will be glory for me.

Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me; When the dear Son, God's Blessed Son, whispers "well done," whispers "well done," for me.

rit.

No. 141. Remember Every Blessing.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, 1912. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. When the clouds are dark a - bove you, And your bur-dens grow more
2. When the oil and meal are ceas - ing, And the fam-ine is op-
3. Love is yours that knows no meas-ure, Boundless grace are you pos-
4. Nev - er doubt God's love is o'er you, Nev - er cease His love con-

press-ing; When you think God does not love you, Then re-mem - ber
press-ing; When the sor - rows are in - creas - ing, Then re-mem - ber
sess - ing; Wealth be-yond all earth - ly treas-ure, O, re-mem - ber
fess - ing, Ev - 'ry step love goes be - fore you, O, re-mem - ber

REFRAIN.

ev - 'ry bless - ing. Count them o - - - - ver, all your bless-ings,
Count them o - ver, count them oft-en,

All God's lov - ing hands hath giv - en; Count them oft - - - -
Count them o-ver, count them oft-

en, count your bless - ings, And this earth will seem a heav - en.
en,

No. 142. Do Your Best.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. There's a voice..... that calls for reap - ers, (calls for reap-ers,)
2. Ma - ny souls..... now sit in dark - ness, (sit in dark-ness,)
3. Like a dove ..... per - haps some loved one (yes, some loved one,)
4. When the shades..... of eve - ning gath - er, (eve-ning gath - er,)

Those who hear..... are sure - ly blest; (are sure-ly blest;) 'Tis the voice.....
Ma - ny hearts.... are sore distressed; (are sore distressed;) Bring to them.....
Now has flown..... from the home nest; (from the home nest;) Where perchance.....
God will call..... you home to rest; (you home to rest;) But to - day .....

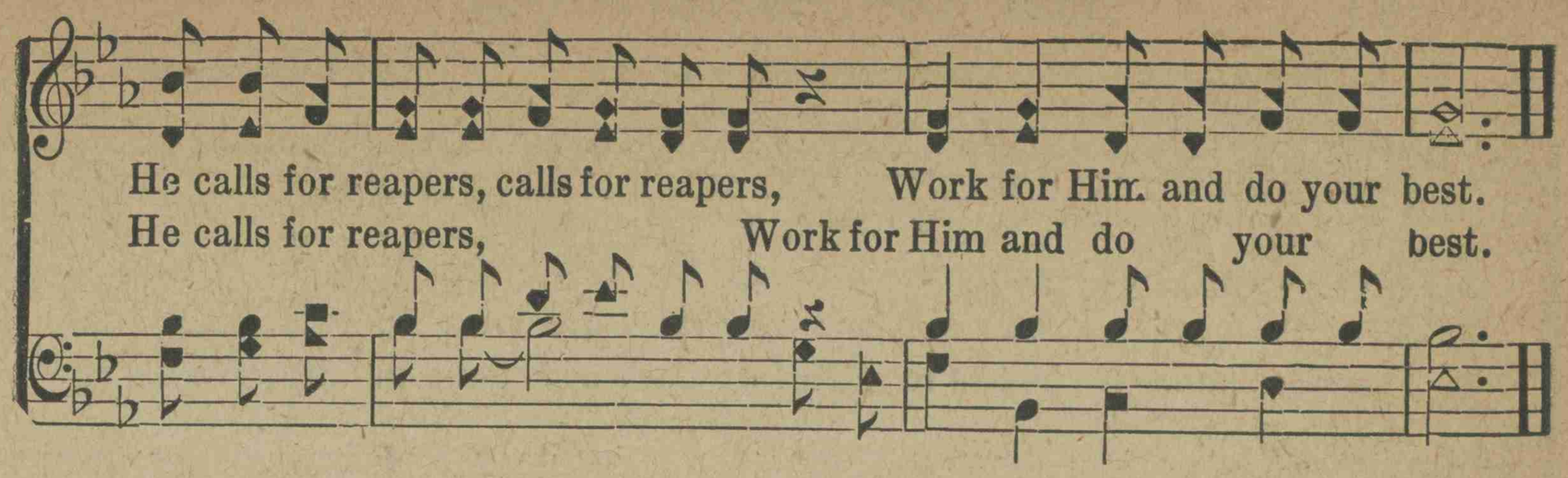
of Je-sus call-ing, (Je-sus calling,) Work for Him..... and do your best.
a ray of sunshine, (ray of sunshine,) Work for Christ... and do your best.
some heart is breaking, (heart is breaking,) Go to - day..... and do your best.
He needs your service, (needs your service,) Work for Him..... and do your best.

REFRAIN.

Do your best each day for Je - sus, do your best,
Do your best..... each day for Je - sus, By and

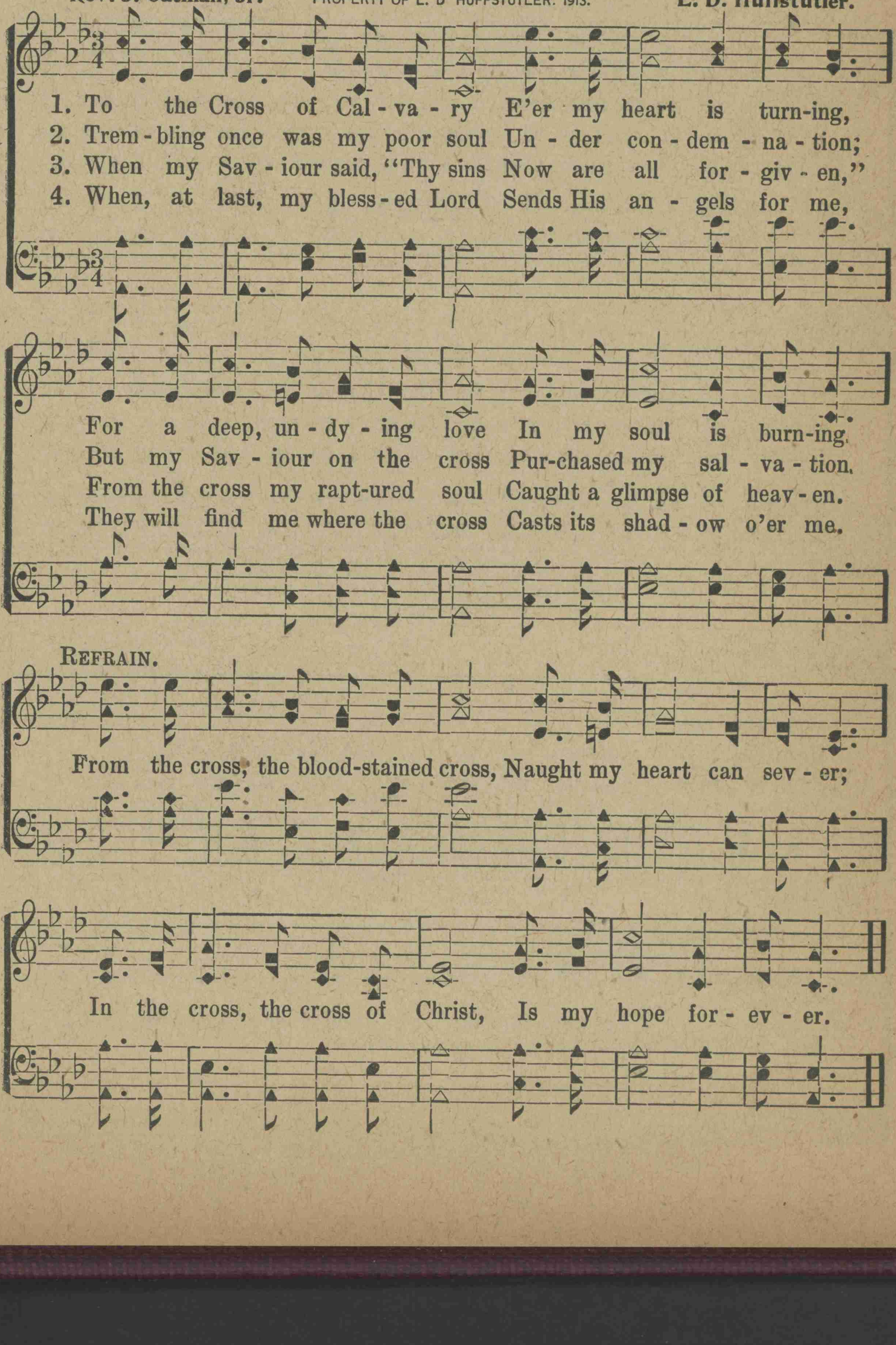
By and by you will have rest, you will have rest, But to - day
by..... ..... you will have rest, But to - day .....

Do Your Best.



No. 143. The Cross—My Hope Forever.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF L. D HUFFSTUTLER. 1913. L. D. Huffstutler.



No. 144. Hear the Master's Call.
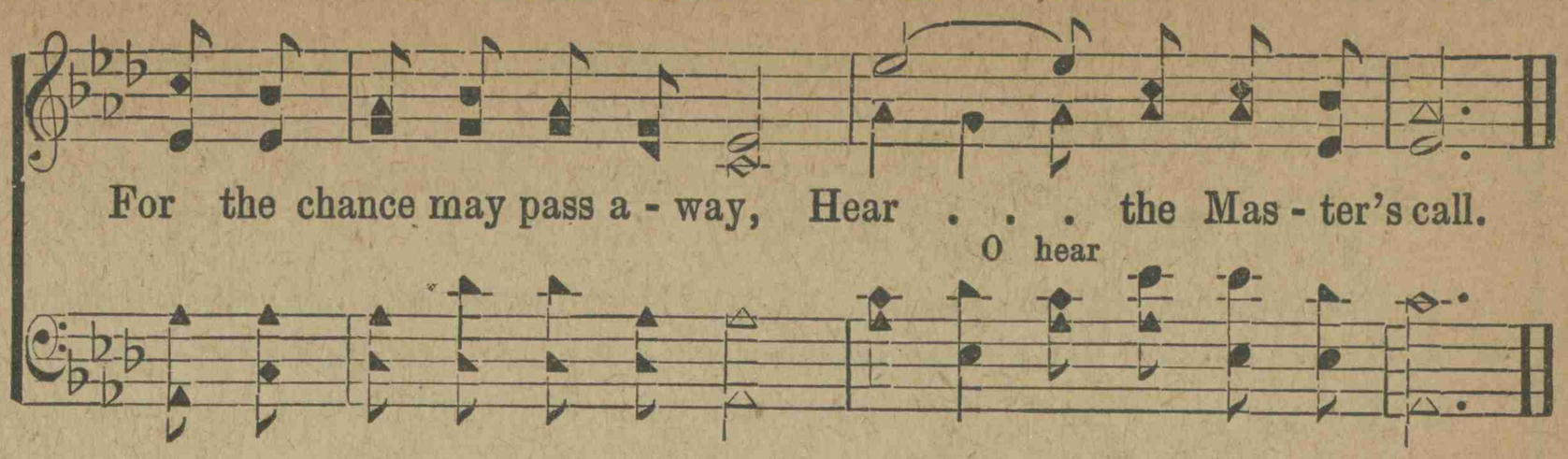
W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF ETHEL STAGG, 1912. **Miss Ethel Stagg.**

1. Where the gold-en grain is wav-ing there is work to do, Where a sick - le may be need-ed there's a call for you, O, the field is sure - ly read - y, lift your eyes and see, And the hon - or of the reaping is for you and me.
2. In the world of sin and sor - row there are souls to win, And the Lord is ev - er read - y to re-deem from sin; And He bids us tell the from a - bove. Hear..... the Mas-ter's call,
3. There are lone - ly hearts to com-fort, there are tears to dry, Wea - ry souls may need as-sur-ance that the Lord is nigh; And the weak may need a sto - ry of His sav - ing love, And the grace we need is free-ly giv - en day be gone. Hear the Mas - ter's call, hear the Mas - ter's call,
friendly hand to help them on, Let us then be up and do-ing ere the There..... is work for all; And it should be done to-day,

REFRAIN.
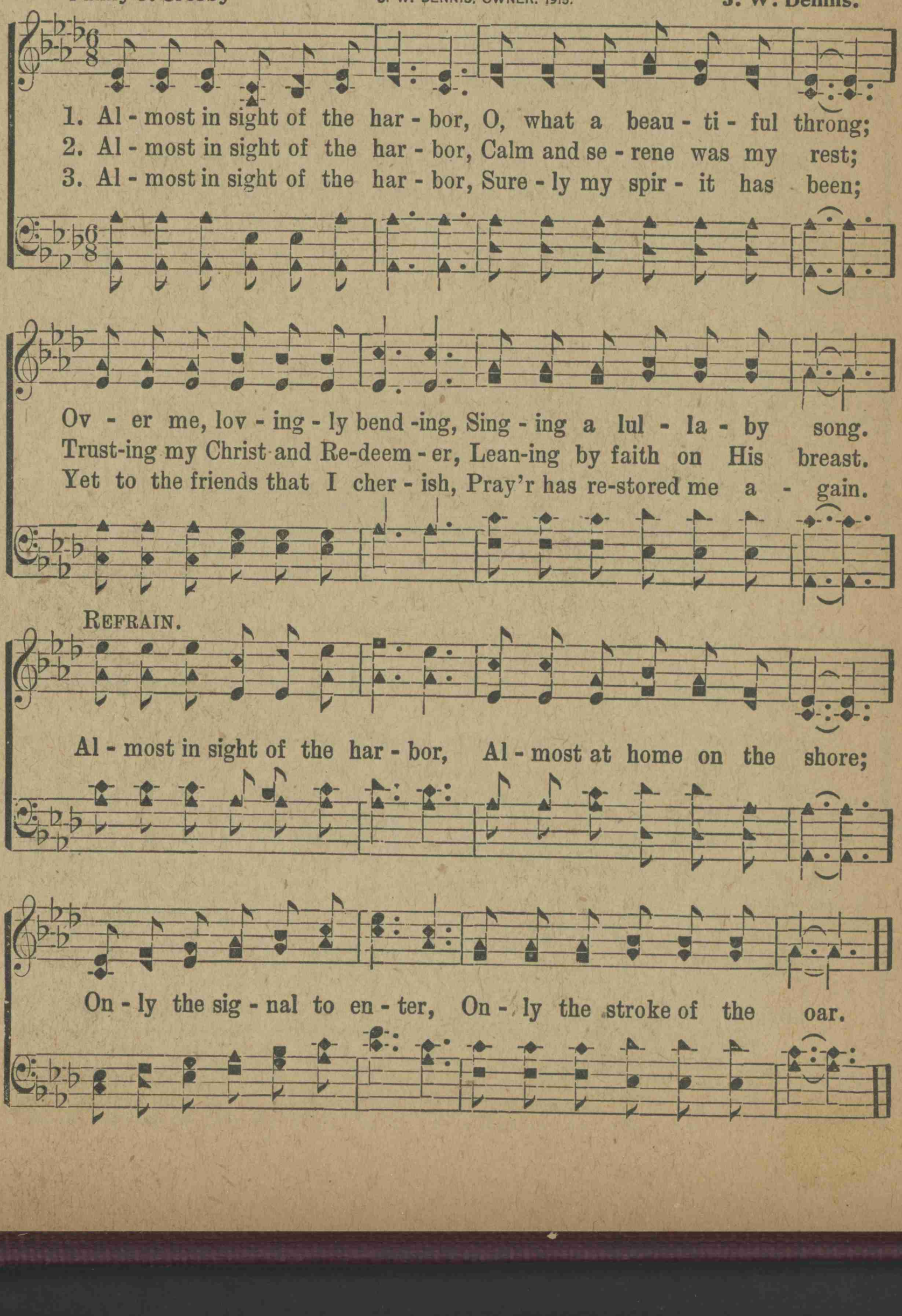
Hear the Mas-ter's call, hear the Mas-ter's call;
There is work for all, hear the Mas-ter's call;

Hear the Master's Call.



No. 145. Almost In Sight Of The Harbor.

Fanny J. Crosby — J. W. DENNIS, OWNER. 1915. — J. W. Dennis.



No. 146. Sailing With Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **C. C. Clements.**

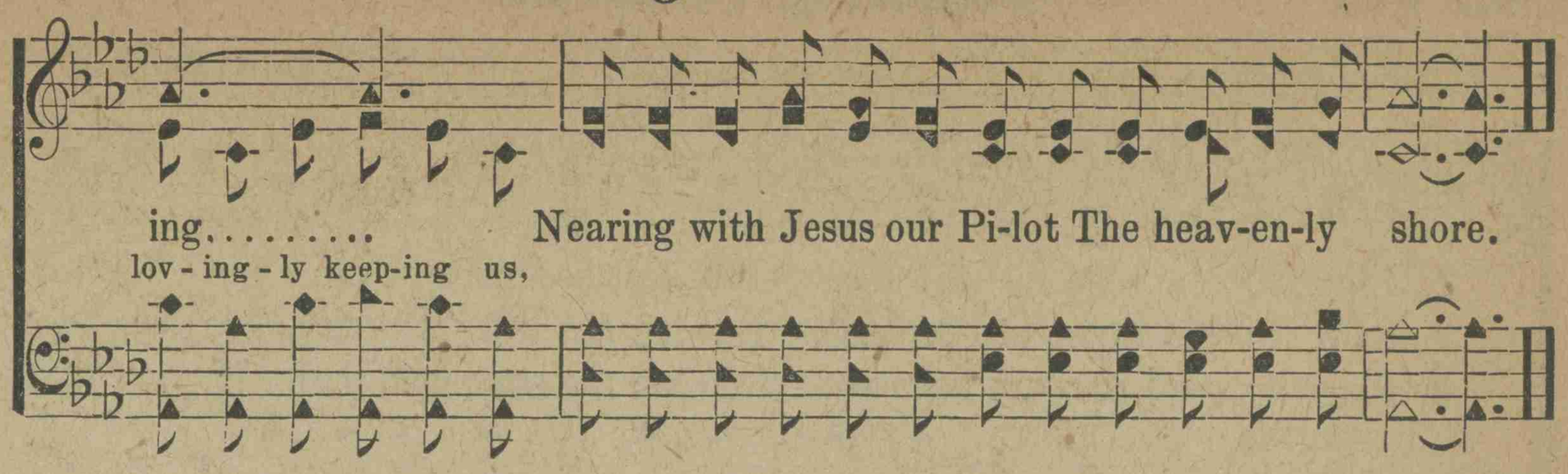
1. O'er the sea of life we sail to - day, Meet-ing storms and billows high,
2. There is naught to fear from fall-ing waves, We are safe for-ev-er - more,
3. We are sing - ing of his migh-ty love, As we sail across the sea,

But a Pi - lot true in the ship will stay Till we an - chor by and by.
For the Son of God still com-plete-ly saves And will guide us all to shore.
And we hope to sing to our King a-bove, Thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Sail - - ing, sail - -
Leav-ing the troubles and cares of the sto - ry land. Sail - ing with Je - sus our
ing, Sail-ing with Je-sus to Glo-ry, Prais-ing His love ev-er-
Pi - lot to Glo - ry land,
more; Sail - - ing, sail - -
Fearless are we when the tempest is sweeping us, Je-sus is near and is

Sailing With Jesus.



No. 147. Drifting From Jesus.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF LEE RENFRO, 1915. **Lee Renfro.**

No. 148. Gathering Sheaves.

James Rowe. H. C. COLLINS, OWNER, 1914. H. C. Collins.

1. Love, light around us throwing, Break-ing the shad-ows dim, Love, for our
2. Safe in the love of Je - sus, Do - ing His will to - day, Prais-ing the
3. Soon we shall en - ter heav-en, Join-ing the ransomed there, Hap-py that

Lead-er show - ing, Ev - er we work for Him; Sweetly the gos-pel sing-ing,
grace that frees us, Fol-low-ing His bright way; Giv-ing the grand old sto-ry
we have striv - en Sheaves to the Lord to bear; Close to the King e - ter - nal,

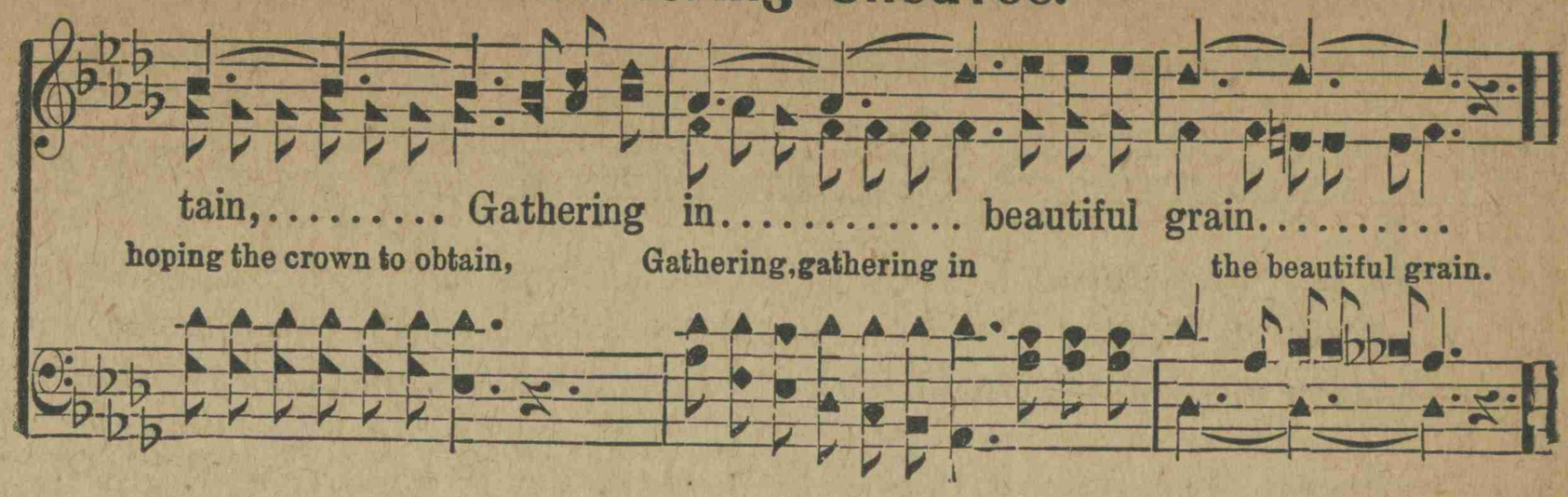
Sing-ing the theme of old, Out of the low-lands bring-ing Beau - ti - ful
Free-ly to young and old, Gath-er - ing for His glo - ry Beau - ti - ful
Thith-er we shall be - hold, Shin-ing with light su - per - nal All of our

REFRAIN.

sheaves of gold. Beau-ti-ful sheaves,..... precious as gold,..... Bringing to-
Beautiful sheaves of gold, truly as precious as gold,

day..... into the fold;..... Hoping the bright.....crown to ob-
Bringing to-day to the fold, bringing to-day to the fold; Hop-ing the crown to ob-tain,

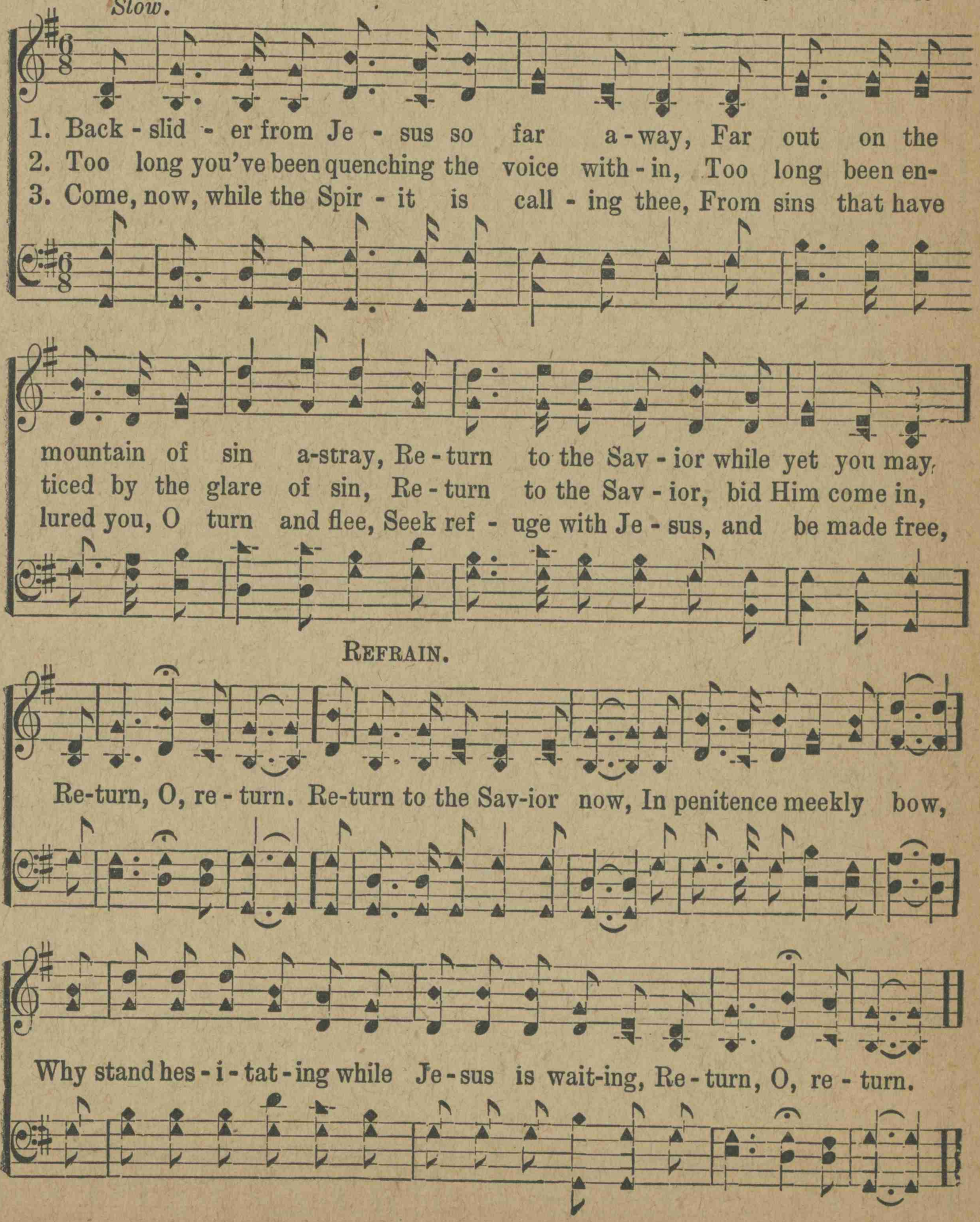
Gathering Sheaves.



No. 149. Return, O, Return.

Frank B. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

Slow.



No. 150. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. The cha - riot wheels of God drive hard, A - long life's dust - y road,
2. 'Tis not e-nough to join a church, Or oc - cu - py a pew;
3. If you would work for Je - sus you Have not your - self to please;

So there is work for ev - 'ry one In help - ing push the load.
There's work that must be done for Christ That none can do for you.
The Mas - ter did not call you to Sit down and take your ease.

While there is might - y pow'r in pray'r, Or an in - spir - ing song,
Pray on each day that God will give You might - y faith and strong,
Un - til you sing the new, new song. With all the blood-washed throng,

Still put your shoul - der to the wheel, And push the cause a - long.
Then put your shoul - der to the wheel, And push the cause a - long.
Just put your shoul - der to the wheel, And push the cause a - long.

REFRAIN.

A - wake,..... a - wake,.....
A - wake, ye Chris - tians, true and brave, the bat - tle now is on,

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

The time for work will soon be past, The day will soon be gone;
A - wake,..... a - wake,.....
To take the world for God and right, To o - ver-throw the wrong,
And
Means put your shoul-der to the wheel, And push the cause a - long.

No. 151. I Will Arise.

Sing with words of No. 216 also. **Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.**

CHO.—*I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come there's welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y - lad-en, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, O, there are ten thou-sand charms.
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.

No. 152. Keep Calling On the Lord.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. If days are full of troub-le, and nights are dark and drear, Yet do not be dis-cour-aged, For help is ev - er near, And all your fears will van-ish, Your strength will be re-stored, If in the hour of troub-le you'll
2. If you have wandered from Him, up - on the mountains wild, If you have not been faith-ful, Nor proved a lov - ing child, If you be - lieve in Je - sus, Your faith He will re - ward, If now you will but earn-est - ly
3. If you're an heir to glo - ry, and joint heir with God's Son, In heav'n you'll have a por-tion, When here your work is done; He'll bring you to that Cit - y, Where all His wealth is stored; Be faith-ful all a - long your way,—

REFRAIN.

Keep call-ing on the Lord. Keep calling, on the Lord, (on the Lord,)
call-ing, call-ing, call-ing

Keep call-ing, on the Lord; (on the Lord;)
call - ing, call - ing, call - ing

Keep Galling On the Lord.

In ev-'ry hour of dan-ger, He will His help af-ford, If

in the hour of dan-ger, You'll keep call-ing on the Lord.

No. 153. Because I Know His Love.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1913. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. To Je-sus would I ev-er cling, Nor from Him will I rove;
2. I press on toward the hap-py goal, A home with Him a-bove,
3. Should loss-es come on ev-'ry side, Or friends un-faith-ful prove,

f.

FINE.

His good-ness how I love to sing, Be-cause I know His love.
And joy is ev-er in my soul, Be-cause I know His love.
My faith in Je-sus would a-bide, Be-cause I know His love.

D.S.–*With Je-sus I would ev-er be, Be-cause I know His love.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Be-cause I know His love to me, I nev-er-more will rove;

No. 154. Just For Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. W. R. Campbell.

1. O this world is not my place, For I'm now a child of grace,
2. Ev - 'ry day there comes to me From the land I can - not see
3. There's a riv - er I must cross, But I shall not suf - fer loss,

And the stain of all my sin is washed a - way; My trans-gres-sions
Some sweet fore-taste of the great - er joys to come; And it fills me
For my Lord will meet me on the near - er shore; He will clasp me

are for - giv'n And I have a home in heav'n, And my hap - py
with de - light, Makes me ea - ger for the sight Of that land of
to His side, Bear me safe - ly thro' the tide, And my soul shall

D. S.—*There's one loft - y*

FINE. REFRAIN.

soul is now up - on the way.
beau-ty my e - ter - nal home. There's a house of beau-ty there, An es-
dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.

place in glo - ry just for me.

tate be-yond compare, Which my Sav-ior is pre - par - ing just for me;

Just For Me.

D. S.

There's a throne and there's a crown, There is hon - or and re-nown,

No. 155. Till Beyond the Gates.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **C. A. Churchill.**

1. Love all love ex-cell-ing—Savior, Friend and guide, Make our hearts Thy dwelling, Ev - er there a - bide; Light us with Thy glo - ry, O - ver
2. If Thy whispers cheer us, And Thy face we see, When the foe is near us, True our hearts will be; Tho' strong storms o'ertake us, And grief
3. Je - sus, per-fect lov - er, Keep us close to Thee, Till, all tri - als o - ver, Safe our souls shall be; Then in realms of glo - ry We will

D. S.—*Light us with Thy glo - ry O - ver*

FINE.

fen and wold, Till we tell Love's sto - ry On the streets of gold.
swells our souls, Faith will not for-sake us, If Thy love con - trols.
sing Thy praise, And re-peat Love's sto - ry Thro' e - ter - nal days.

fen and wold, Till we tell Love's sto - ry On the streets of gold.

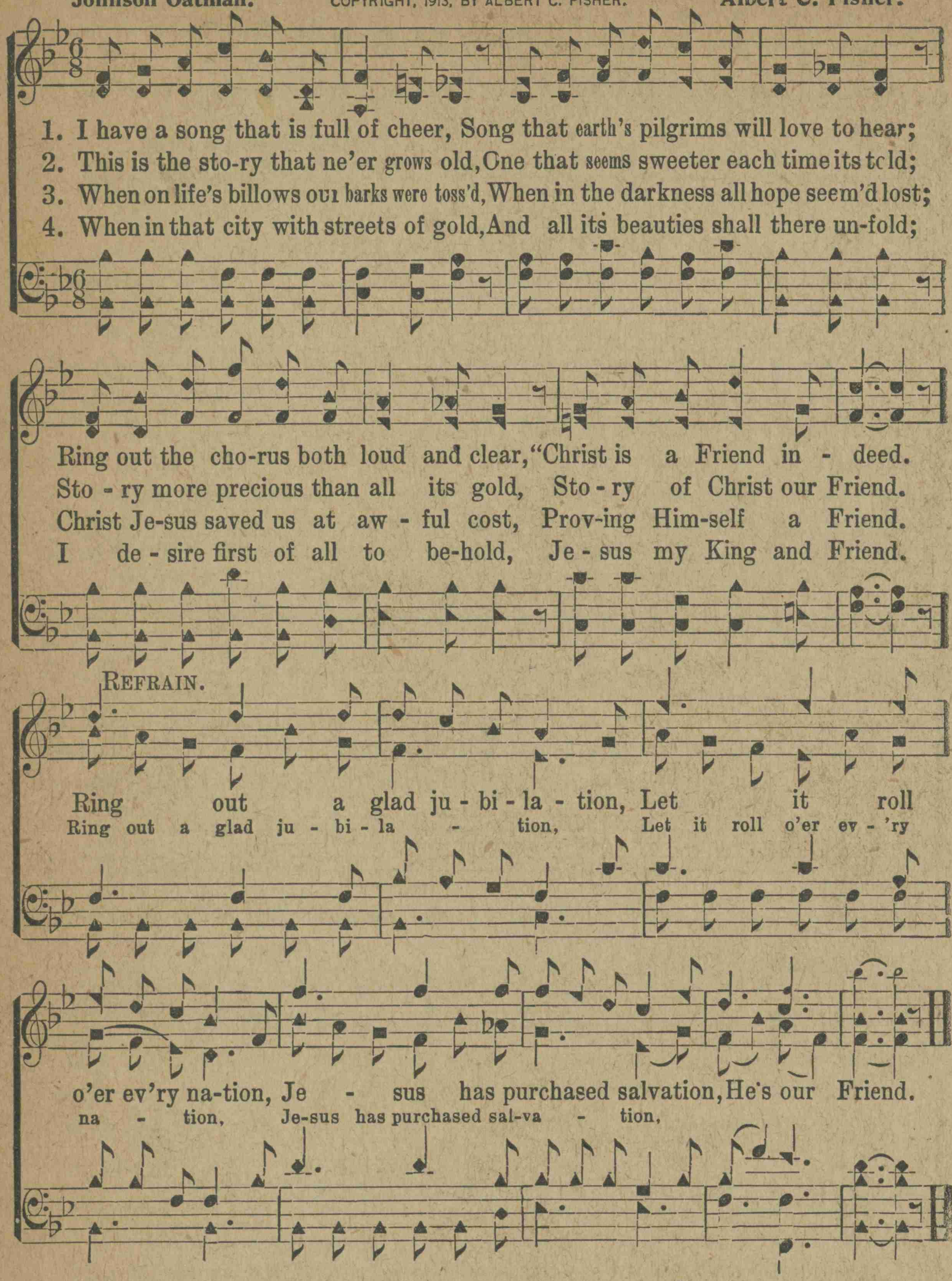
REFRAIN. D. S.

Light..... us with Thy glo - ry O - - - ver fen and wo ld,

Light us with Thy glo-ry o - ver fen and wold; O-ver fen and wold, o - ver fen and wold,

No. 156. He's Our Friend.

Johnson Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ALBERT C. FISHER. **Albert C. Fisher.**



No. 157. The Rock That is Higher than I.

Key of Ab.
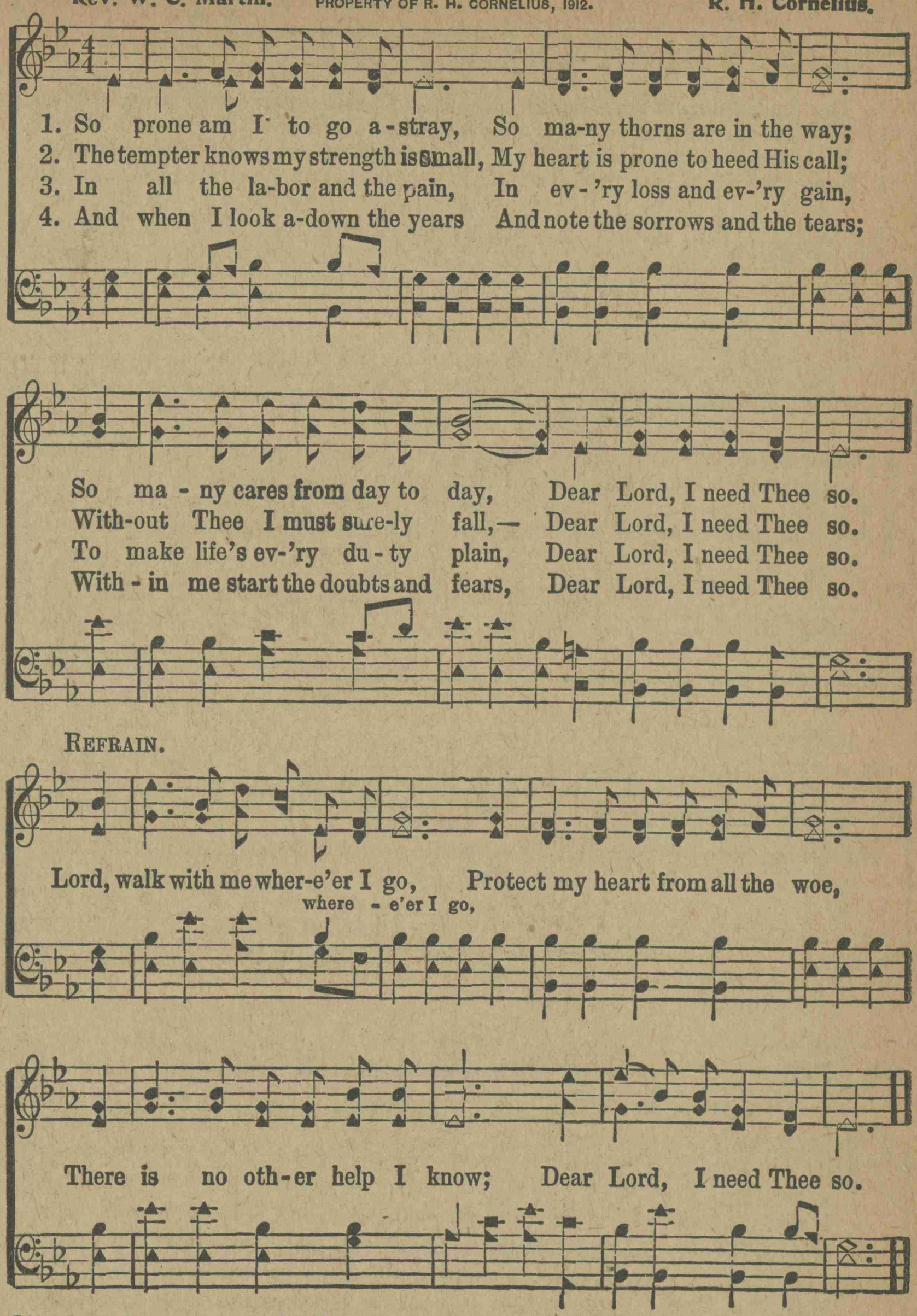
1 O sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep,
Like tempests down over the soul.
Cho.-‖:O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.:‖

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow so sweet.

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep
Or walking the shadowy vale.

No. 158. Dear Lord, I Need Thee So.

Rev. W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.



No. 159. Where He Leads Me.

Key of F.

Cho. Where He leads me I will follow :‖
I'll go with him, with Him all the way.

1 I can hear my Savior calling :‖
Take thy cross and follow, follow me.

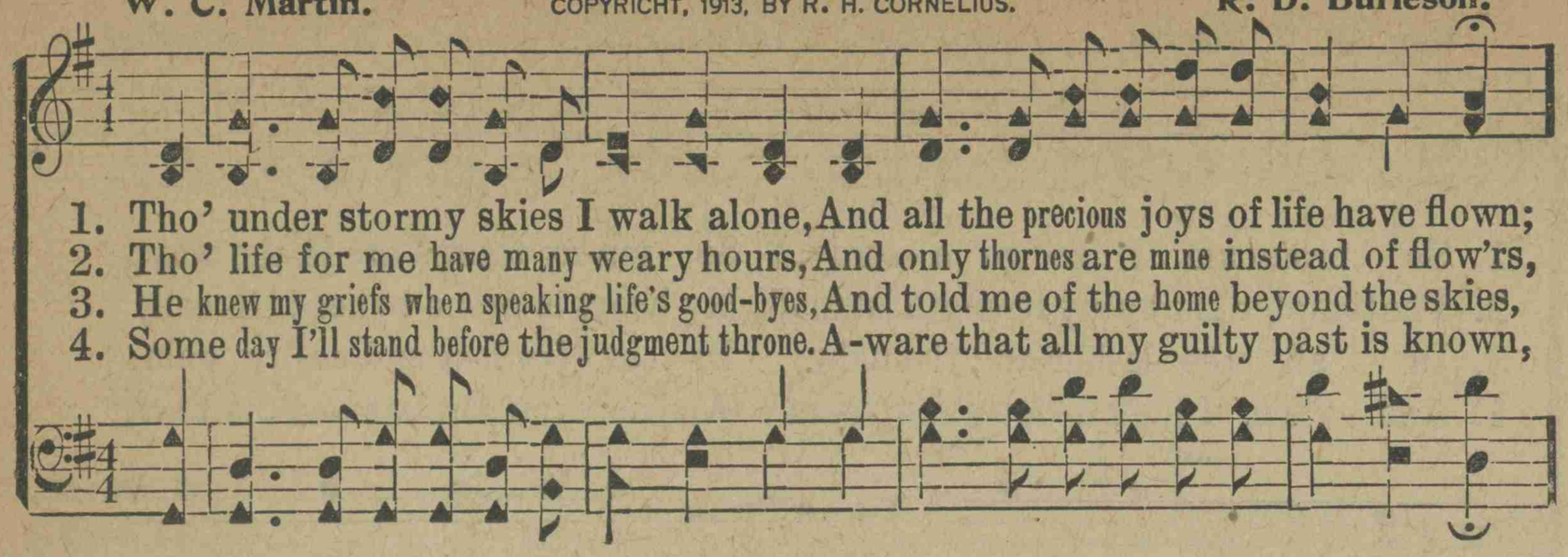
2 I'll go with Him through the garden, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

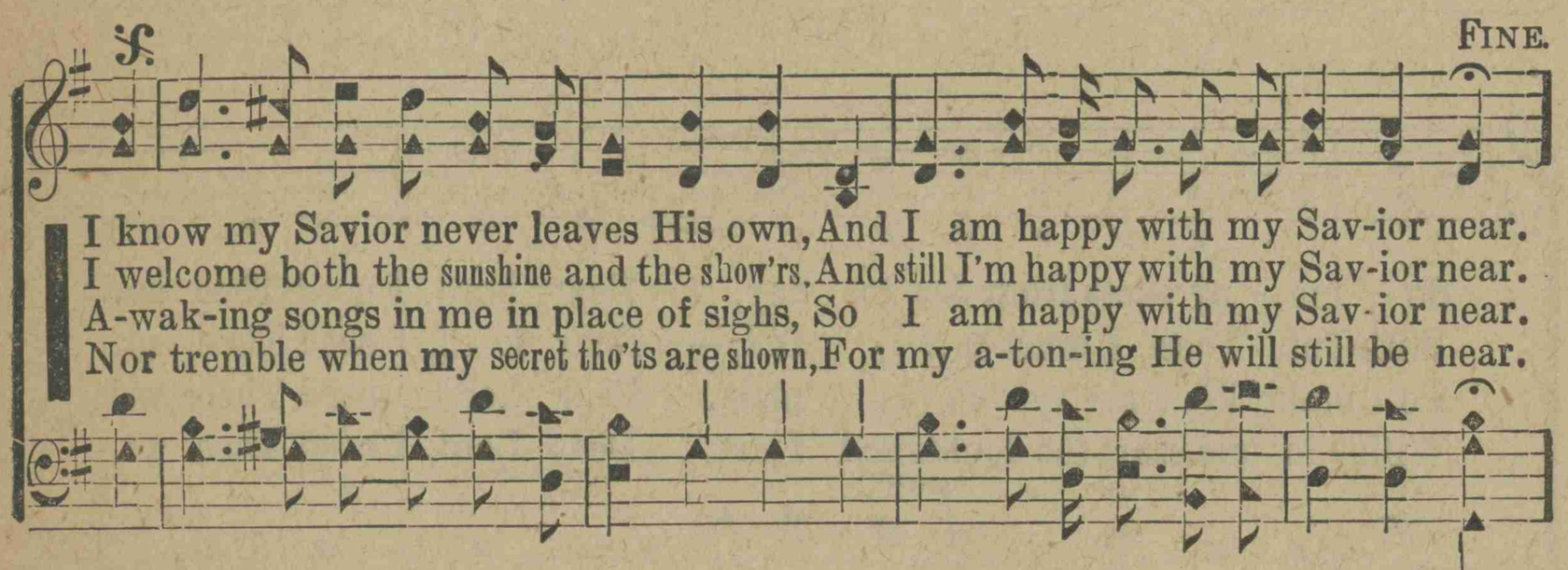
3 I'll go with Him through the judgment, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 He will give me grace and glory, :‖
And go with me, with me all the way.
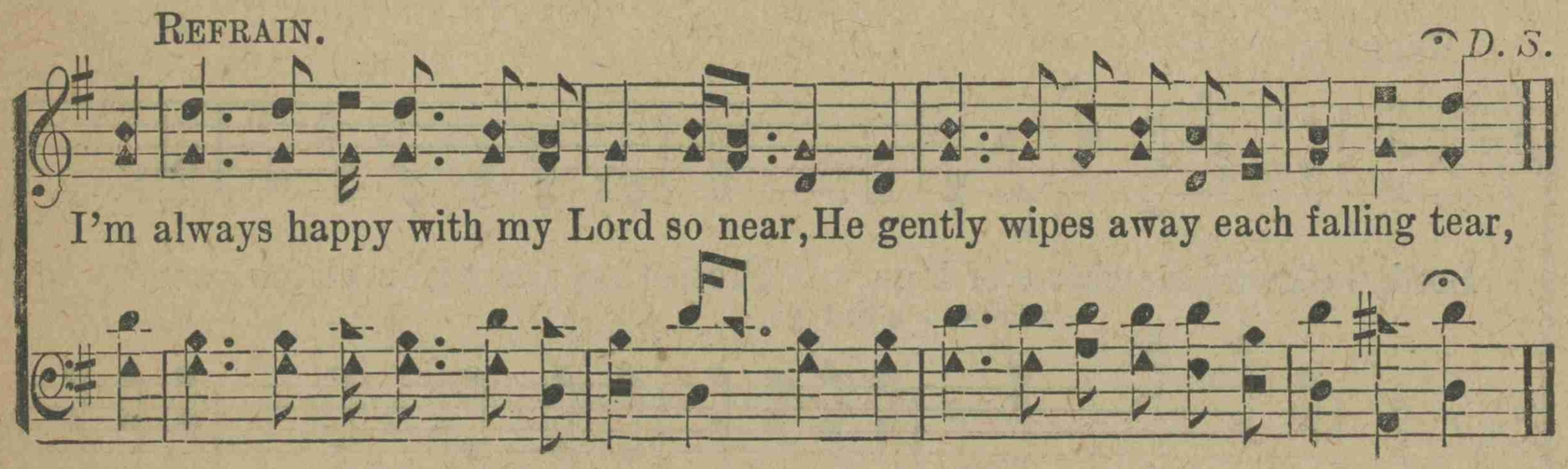
No. 160. Happy With My Savior Near

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. D. Burleson.



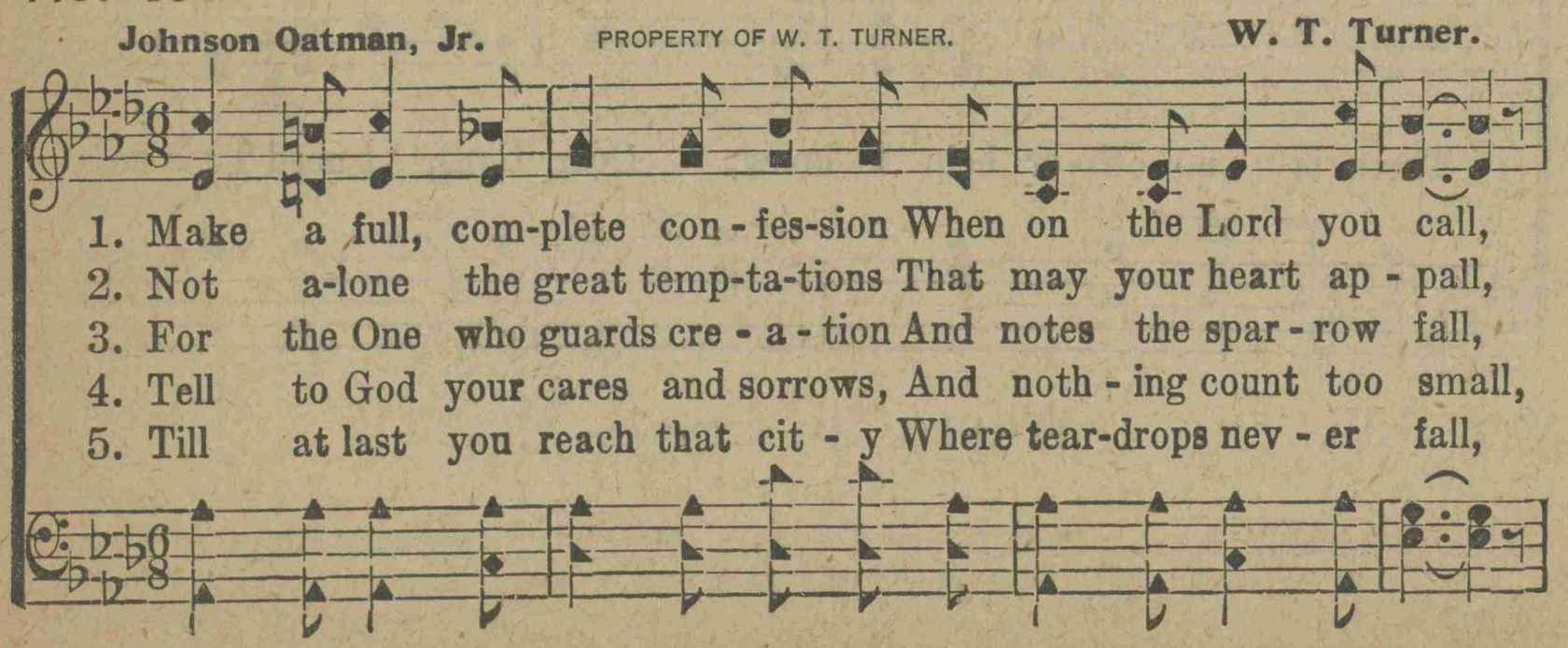


D.S.-*He calms my soul and quiets ev-'ry fear, I'm always happy with my Savior near.*



No. 161. Tell the Master All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.



Tell the Master All.

FINE.

Do not car - ry half the bur-den, But tell the Mas - ter all.
But the lit - tle cares and troub-les, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
Will give heed to your pe - ti-tion, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
For His ear is ev - er o - pen, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
When you pray to Him in se - cret Just tell the Mas - ter all.

D.S.-*Make to Him a full con - fess-ion, Just tell the Mas - ter all.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

All, all, what-ev - er your burdens may be, Wheth-er great or small;

No. 162. Does it Pay to Follow Jesus?

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day and hour of life;
2. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus When the friends of earth grow cold;
3. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus On the nar-row, thorn - y track;
4. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus When the whole world frowns and jeers;

FINE.

Thro' the shad-ows deep or sun-shine, In the time of peace and strife?
And re-fuse to share our tri - als As they loved to do of old.
When the voice of fame or for-tune Does its best to call us back?
And we scarcely see the pathway Thro' the mist of sor-rows' tears?

D.S.-*To the end, thro' shade or shine, Christ shall lead this soul of mine.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Yes, it pays, yes, it pays, Wheth-er ways be bright or dim;
to fol - low Him;

No. 163. Open the Way for Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. A. STEWART. W. A. Stewart.

1. When darkness is hedg-ing my way, The path I no long-er can see,
2. When danger would threaten my soul, To whom can I go but to Thee?
3. With-in Thy dear church here be-low, Of use to Thee, Master, I'd be;
4. And when at the pearl-gates I stand, De-sir-ing ad-mis-sion to Thee,

I go to my clos-et and pray, Lord, o-pen the way for me.
When billows would o-ver me roll, Lord, o-pen the way for me.
O show me just where I should go, Lord, o-pen the way for me.
Then bid those fair por-tals un-lock, Lord, o-pen the way for me.

REFRAIN.

O-pen the way, o-pen the way, O bid all the shad-ows to flee;
O-pen the way, o-pen the way, Lord, o-pen the way for me.

No. 164. Precious Is the Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. Emmet Ramer.

1. Pre-cious is the name of Je-sus, Full of ten-der-ness and grace;
2. Pre-cious name, the name of Je-sus, Full of com-fort-ing and rest;
3. Pre-cious name, O how I love it, How it fills my life with cheer;
4. Pre-cious name, there is no oth-er, Half so pre-cious, half so sweet;

Precious Is the Name.

Of all names the sweetest, dear-est, To our lost and fall - en race.
So - lace in our times of sor - row, Of all friends He is the best.
For no e - vil can be - fall me When the bless-ed Christ is near.
O I love in ad - o - ra - tion Low to bow at His dear feet.

D.S.–*All my life-long will I love Thee, Till in death my days shall end.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Wondrous Sav-iour, ten-der Friend;

No. 165. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. USED BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

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

go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wand'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

No. 166. O Jesus, Receive Me.

R. H. Cornelius — PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. — Arr. by R. H. C.

1. Dear Lord, I've wan-dered far from Thee, Far from Thee, far from Thee;
2. So vile and full of sin am I, Sin am I, sin am I;
3. My brok - en heart I bring to Thee, Bring to Thee, bring to Thee;
4. Dear Lord, my all I yield to Thee, Yield to Thee, yield to Thee;
5. And now I'm lean-ing hard on Thee, Hard on Thee, hard on Thee;

FINE.

Show pit - y now and par - don me,— O save me at the cross.
But no lost soul wilt Thou de - ny,— O save me at the cross.
Thy heal - ing balm is rich and free,— O save me at the cross.
Thy serv - ant I would ev - er be,— O save me at the cross.
O wash my soul and set me free,— O save me at the cross.

REFRAIN. D. S.

O Je-sus, receive me, No more will I grieve Thee, Thou precious Re-deem-er,

No. 167. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

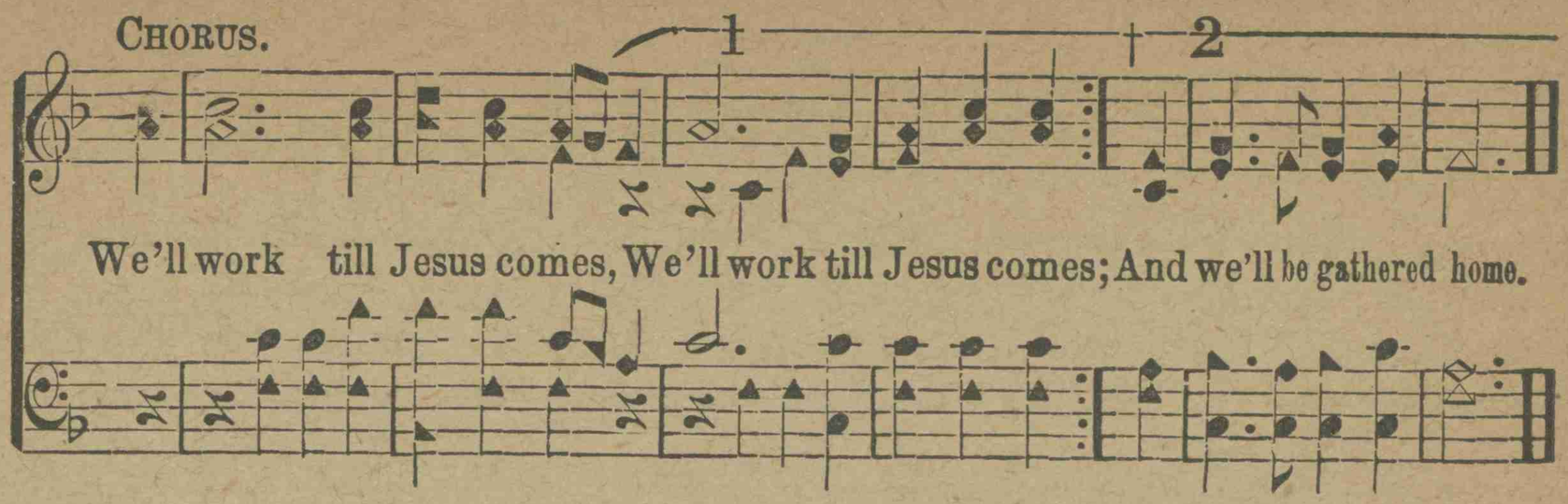
Elizabeth Mills. — USED BY PERMISSION. — William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come,
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at 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'n - ly home.

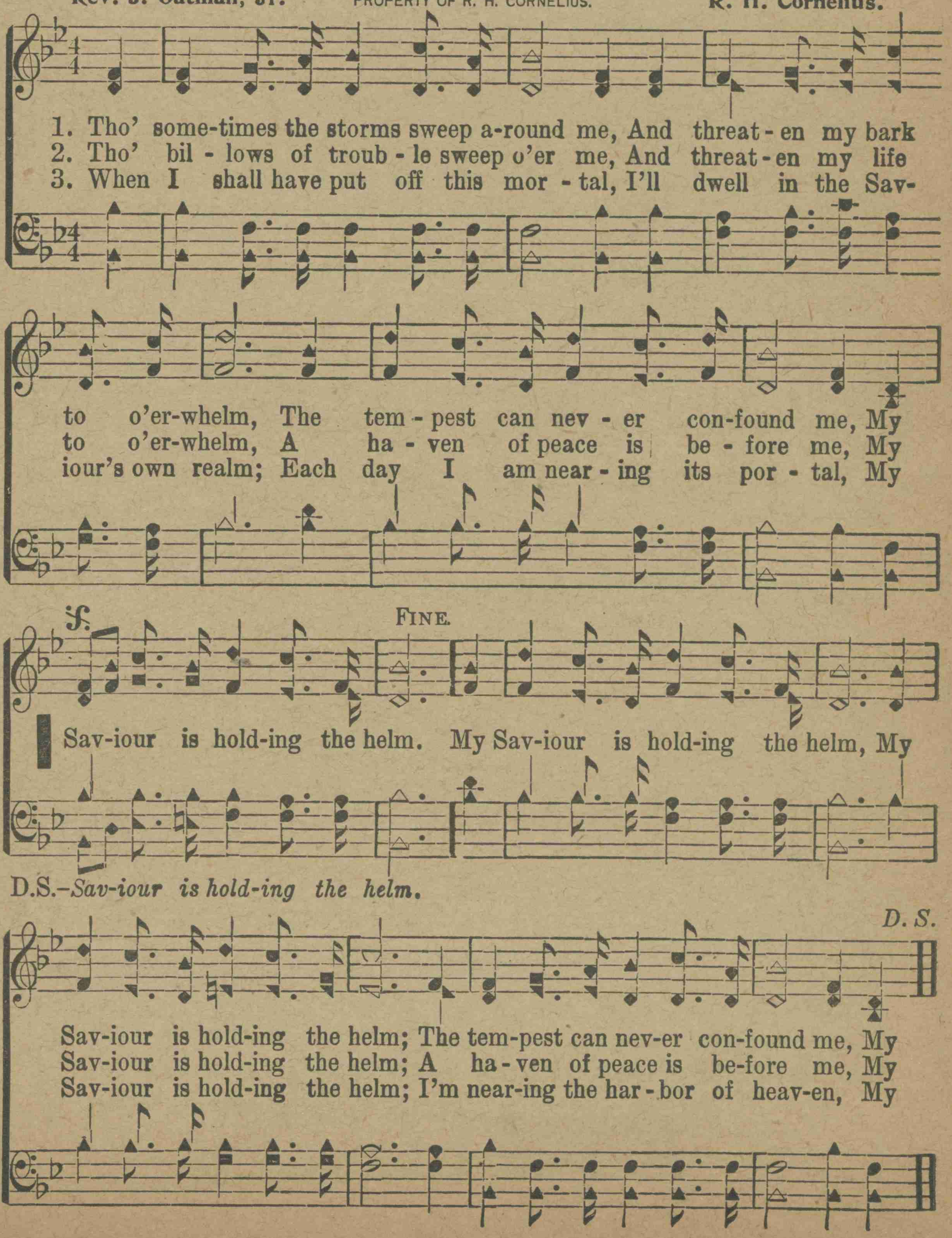
We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

CHORUS.



No. 168. My Saviour is Holding the Helm.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.
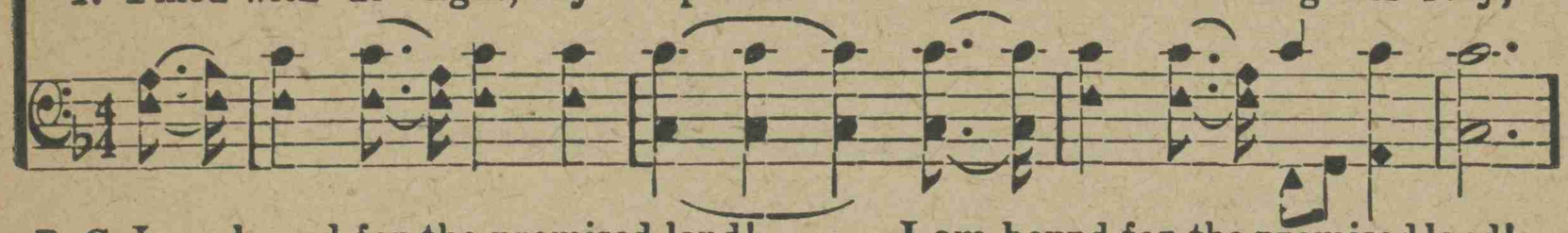


No. 169. The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.
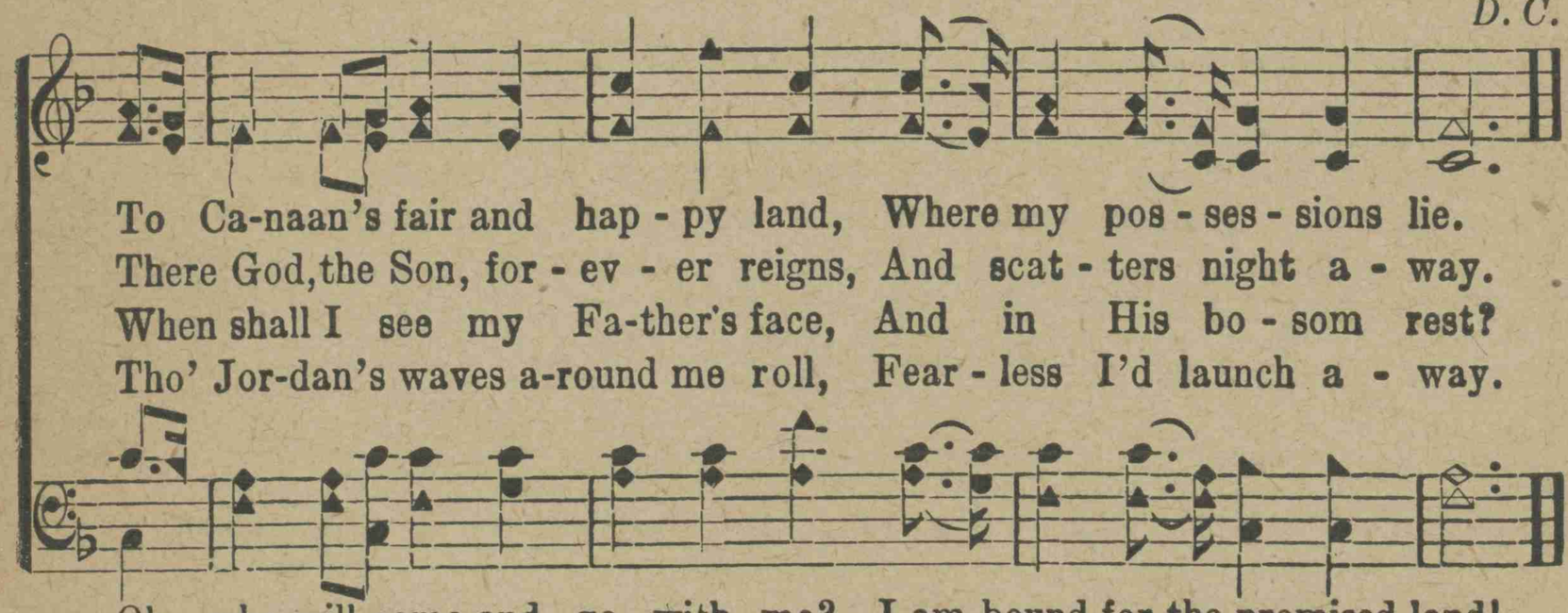


1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long - er stay;



D. C.-I am bound for the promised land!..... I am bound for the promised land!

D. C.

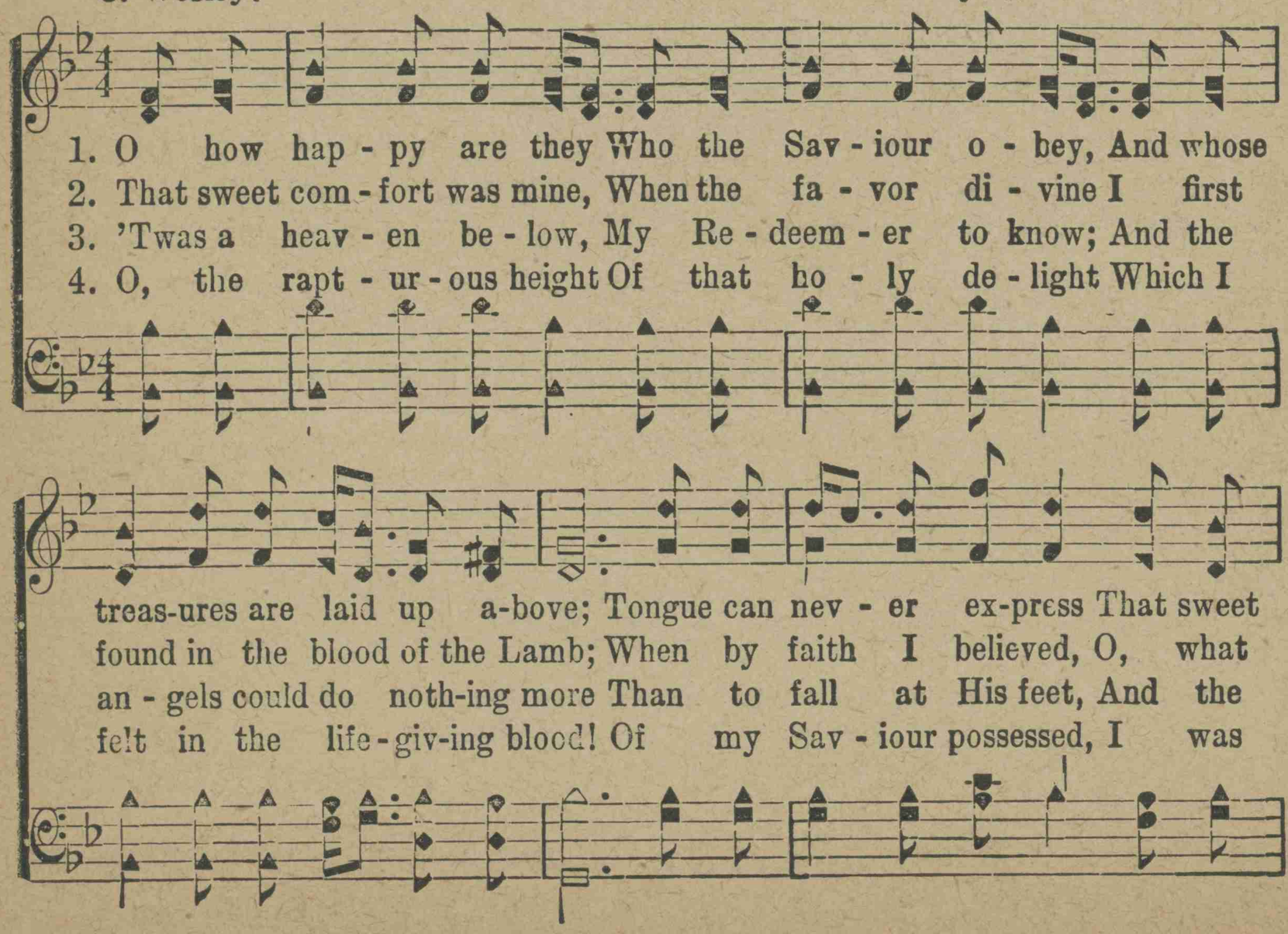


To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

Oh. who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!

No. 170. O How Happy Are They.

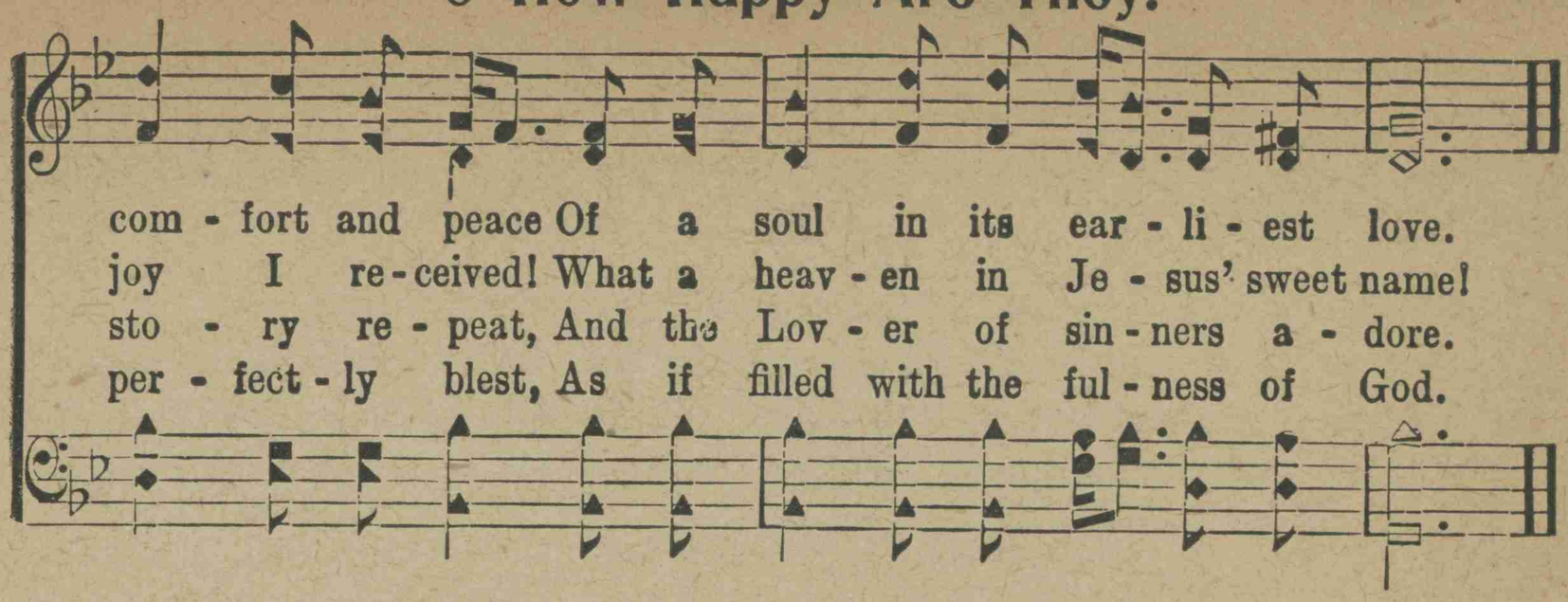
C. Wesley. Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.



1. O how hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And whose
2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re - deem - er to know; And the
4. O, the rapt - ur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light Which I
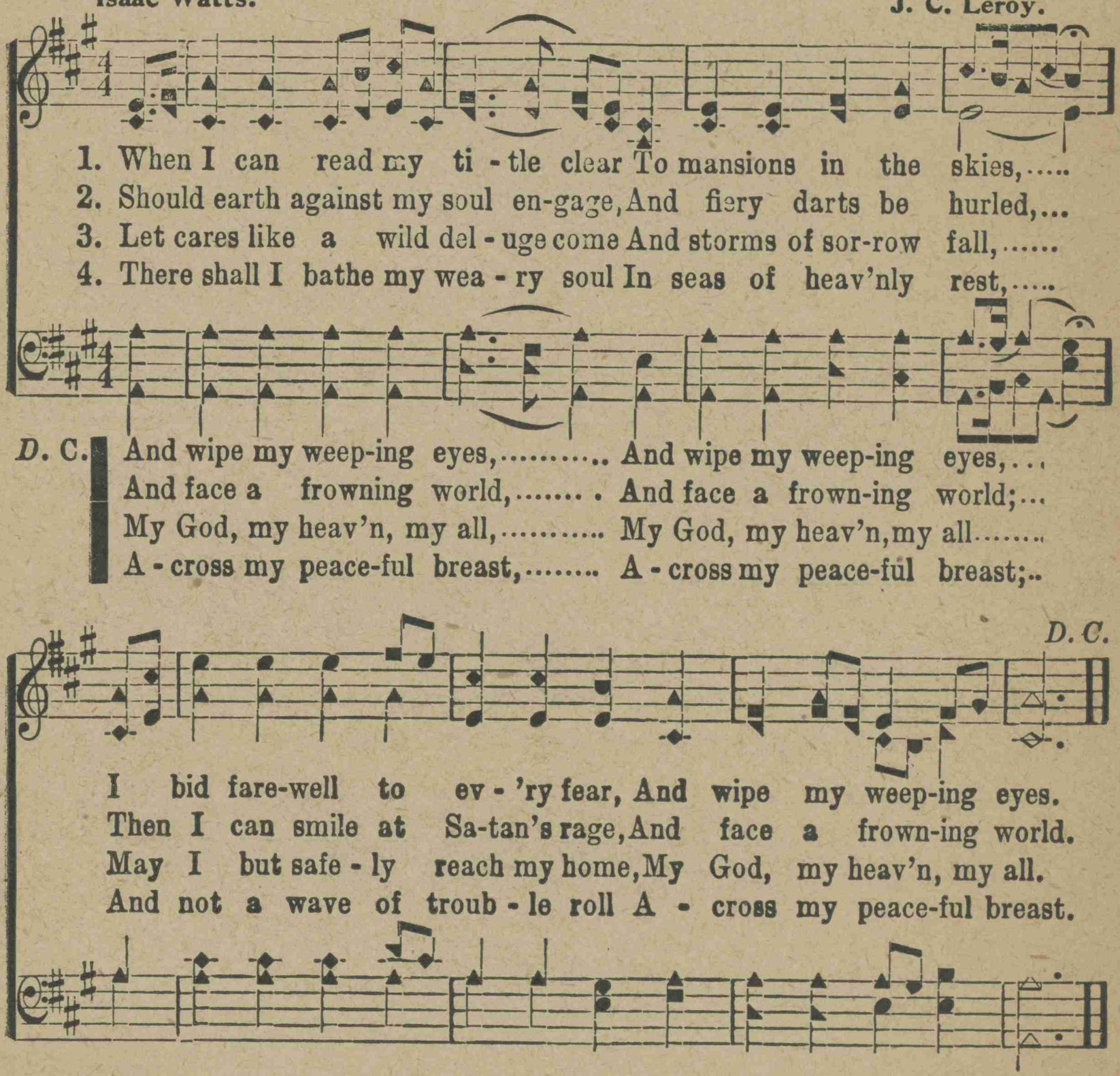
treas-ures are laid up a-bove; Tongue can nev - er ex-press That sweet
found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I believed, O, what
an - gels could do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet, And the
felt in the life - giv-ing blood! Of my Sav - iour possessed, I was

O How Happy Are They.



No. 171. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Leroy.



No. 172. Pisgah.

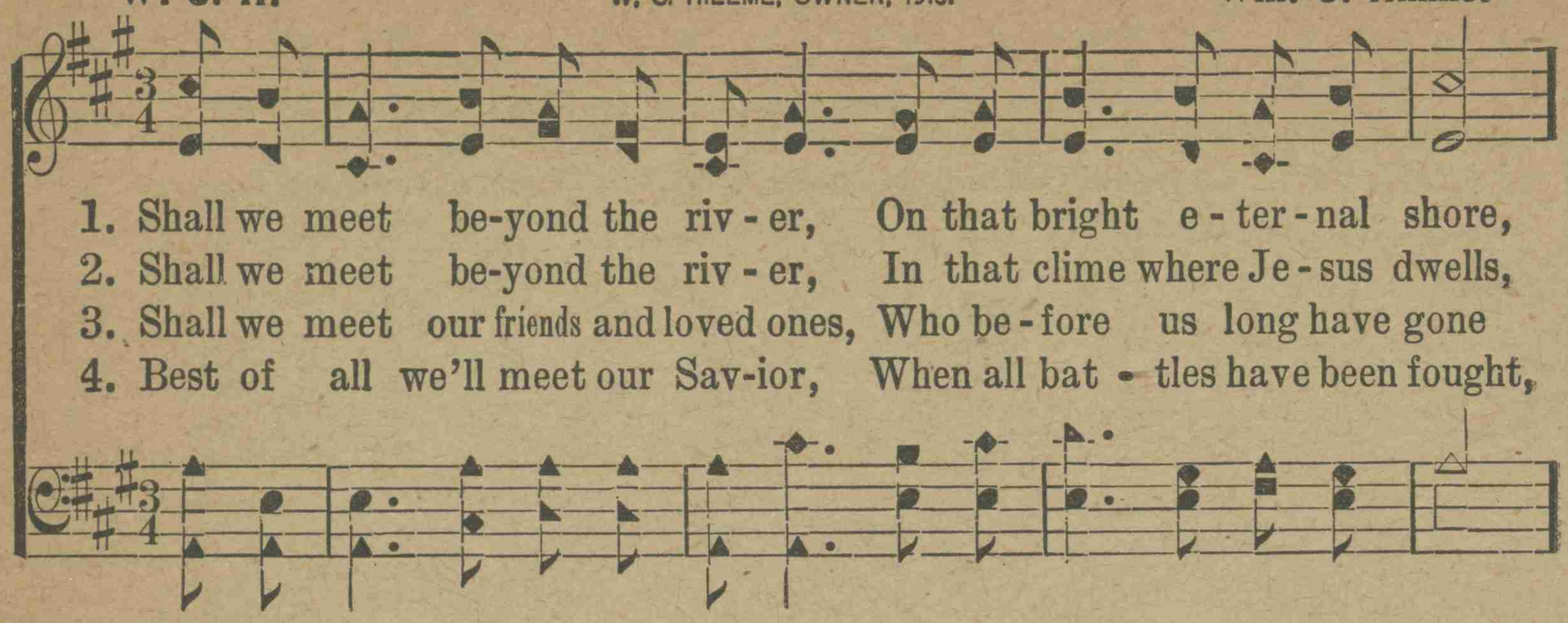
1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans.
And then remember me.
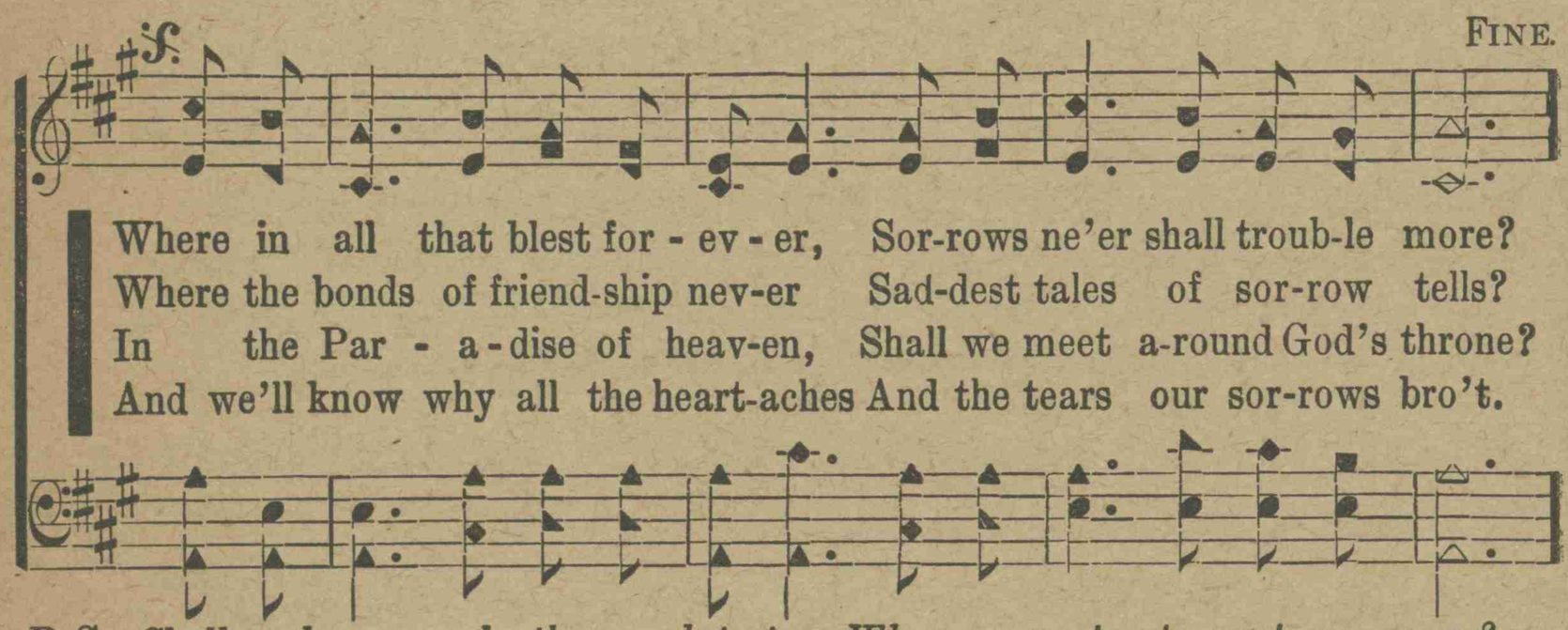
3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

No. 173. Shall We Meet?

W. C. H. W. C. HILLME, OWNER, 1913. Wm. C. Hillme.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, On that bright e - ter - nal shore,
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, In that clime where Je - sus dwells,
3. Shall we meet our friends and loved ones, Who be - fore us long have gone
4. Best of all we'll meet our Sav-ior, When all bat - tles have been fought,
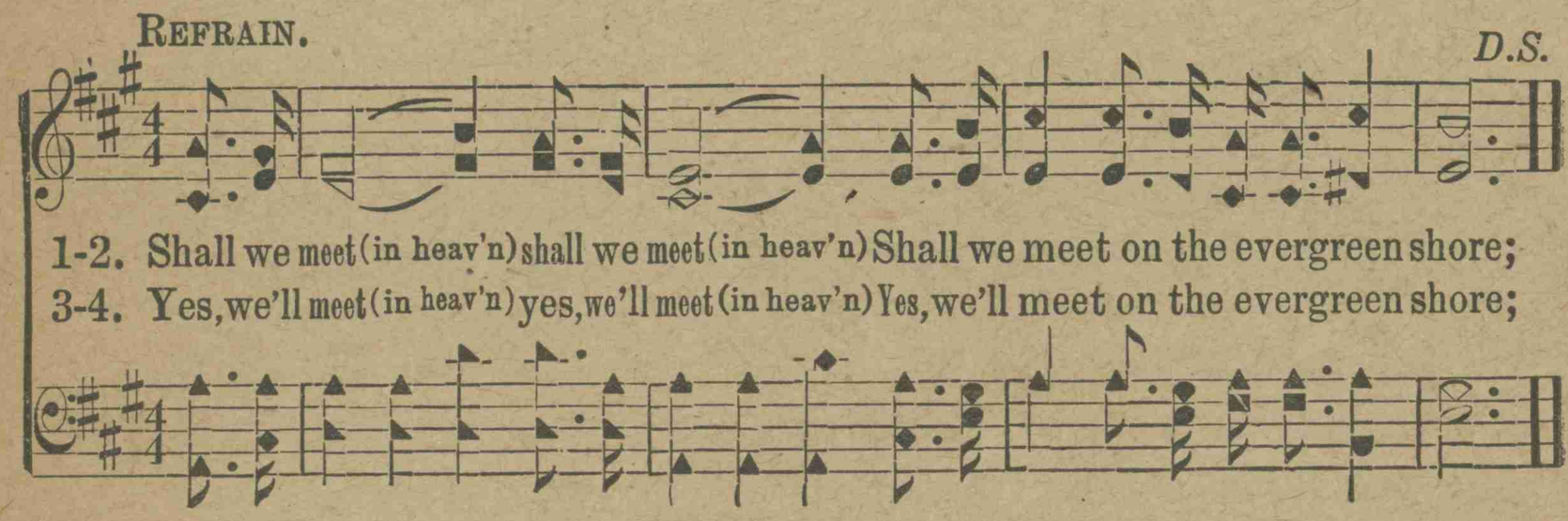


FINE.

Where in all that blest for - ev - er, Sor-rows ne'er shall troub-le more?
Where the bonds of friend-ship nev-er Sad-dest tales of sor-row tells?
In the Par - a - dise of heav-en, Shall we meet a-round God's throne?
And we'll know why all the heart-aches And the tears our sor-rows bro't.

D.S.–*Shall we know each oth - er bet - ter When we meet to part no more?*

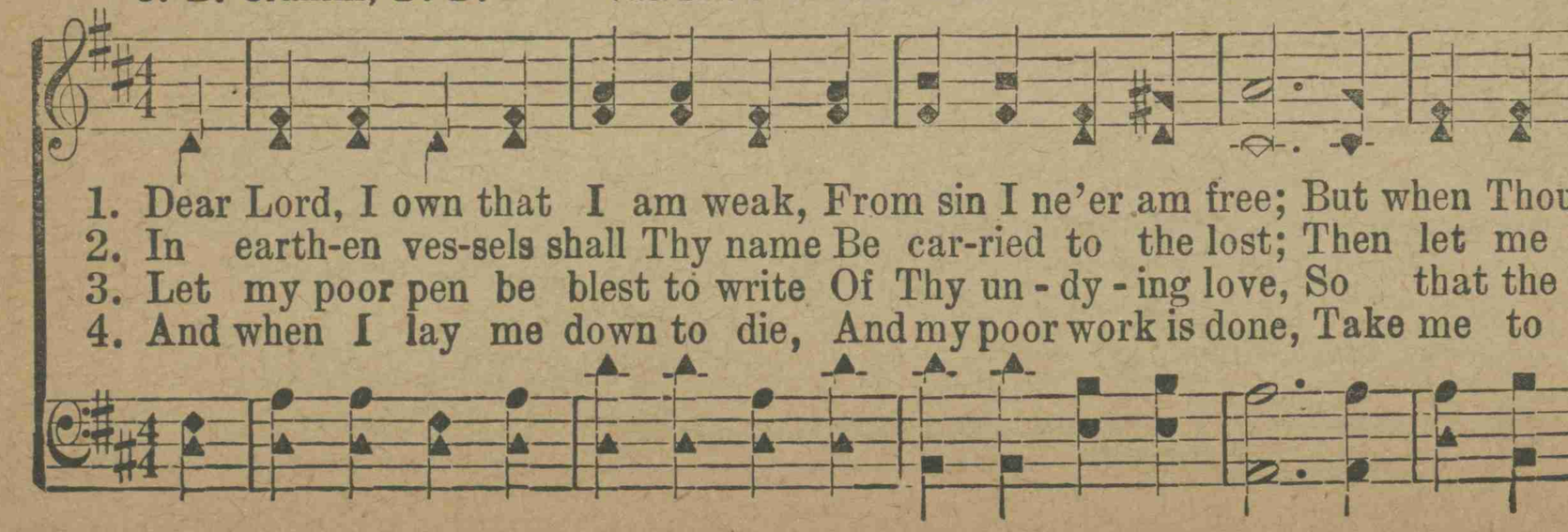
REFRAIN. D.S.



1-2. Shall we meet (in heav'n) shall we meet (in heav'n) Shall we meet on the evergreen shore;
3-4. Yes, we'll meet (in heav'n) yes, we'll meet (in heav'n) Yes, we'll meet on the evergreen shore;

No. 174. Lord, Send Me.

J. B. Cranfill, D. D. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.



1. Dear Lord, I own that I am weak, From sin I ne'er am free; But when Thou
2. In earth-en ves-sels shall Thy name Be car-ried to the lost; Then let me
3. Let my poor pen be blest to write Of Thy un - dy - ing love, So that the
4. And when I lay me down to die, And my poor work is done, Take me to

Lord, Send Me.

REFRAIN.

hast lost lambs to seek, I pray Thee, Lord, send me.
go, I pray, dear Lord, I will not count the cost. Lord, send me,
lost may find the light, And Thy rich mercies prove. Lord, send me, Lord, send me,
realms be-yond the sky, To dwell with Thy dear Son.

Lord, send me, O touch my tongue with fire di-vine, Lord, . . . send me.
Lord, send me, send me, Lord, send me, send me.

No. 175. O Lord, Send Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. If to work some one is need - ed, Lord, send me;
2. Touched by coals from off Thine al - tar,
3. For some work my soul is yearn - ing, Lord, send me, send me;
4. If my past has been for - giv - en,

For some mis - sion I have plead - ed,
Now no long - er do I fal - ter, O Lord, send me.
Since my lips have felt the burn - ing,
To help some soul on t'ward heav - en,

FINE.

D.S.-*If Thy pres - ence will go with me, O Lord, send me.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Send me, Lord, to pray or la-bor, Send me, Lord, to friend or neigh-bor;

No. 176. He Loved and Died.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. D. Burleson.

1. I know not how the Na - za - rine Could love a sin - ner so un - clean;
2. For love of me He suf-fered loss; My sins He car-ried to the cross;
3. Some day by His a - maz-ing grace, I'll stand be-fore Him face to face,

I do not know why He should die To save a reb - el such as I.
He died that I might nev-er die, And now He pleads for me on high.
And then in sweet-er notes I'll raise A song to His e - ter-nal praise.

REFRAIN.

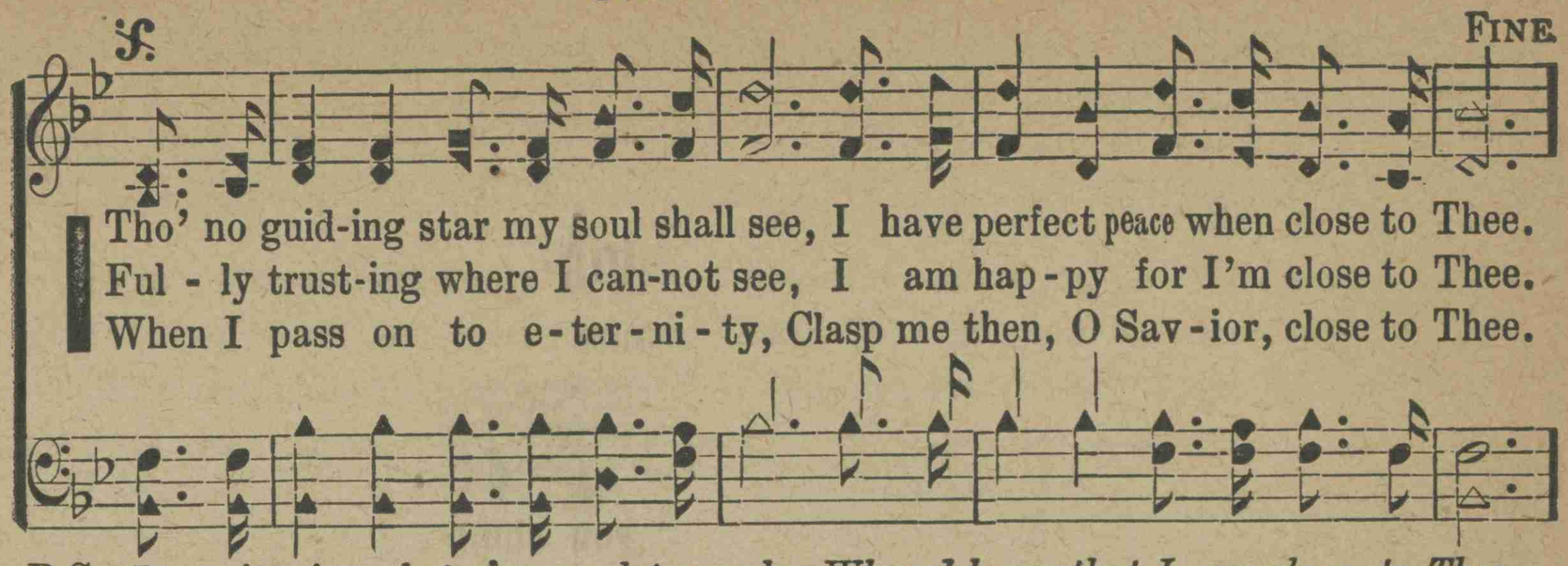
And yet He did so, loved and died; To save my soul was cru - ci - fied!
O, it is won-der - ful to me That love like that could ev - er be.

No. 177. Close to Thee.
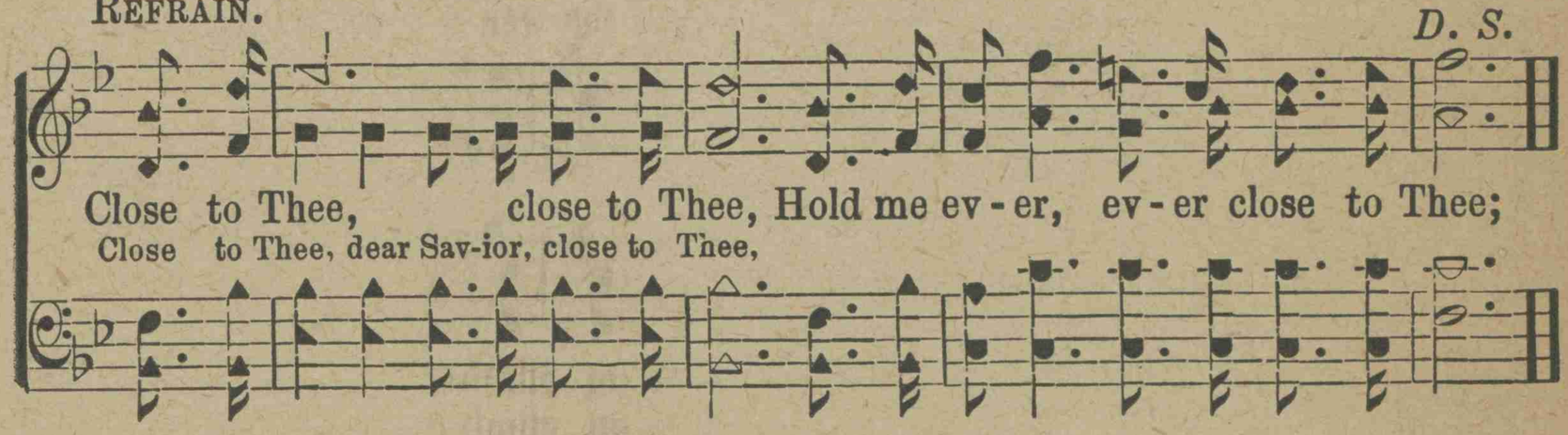
W. C. Martin. S. L. HOWARD, OWNER, 1914. S. L. Howard.

1. Close to Thee, dear Savior, close to Thee, When the darker clouds are o - ver me;
2. Close to Thee, my own hand held in Thine; Where Thou lead-est is a path di-vine;
3. When the shadows of the ev'n-ing fall, When my soul shall hear a dis-tant call,

Close to Thee.

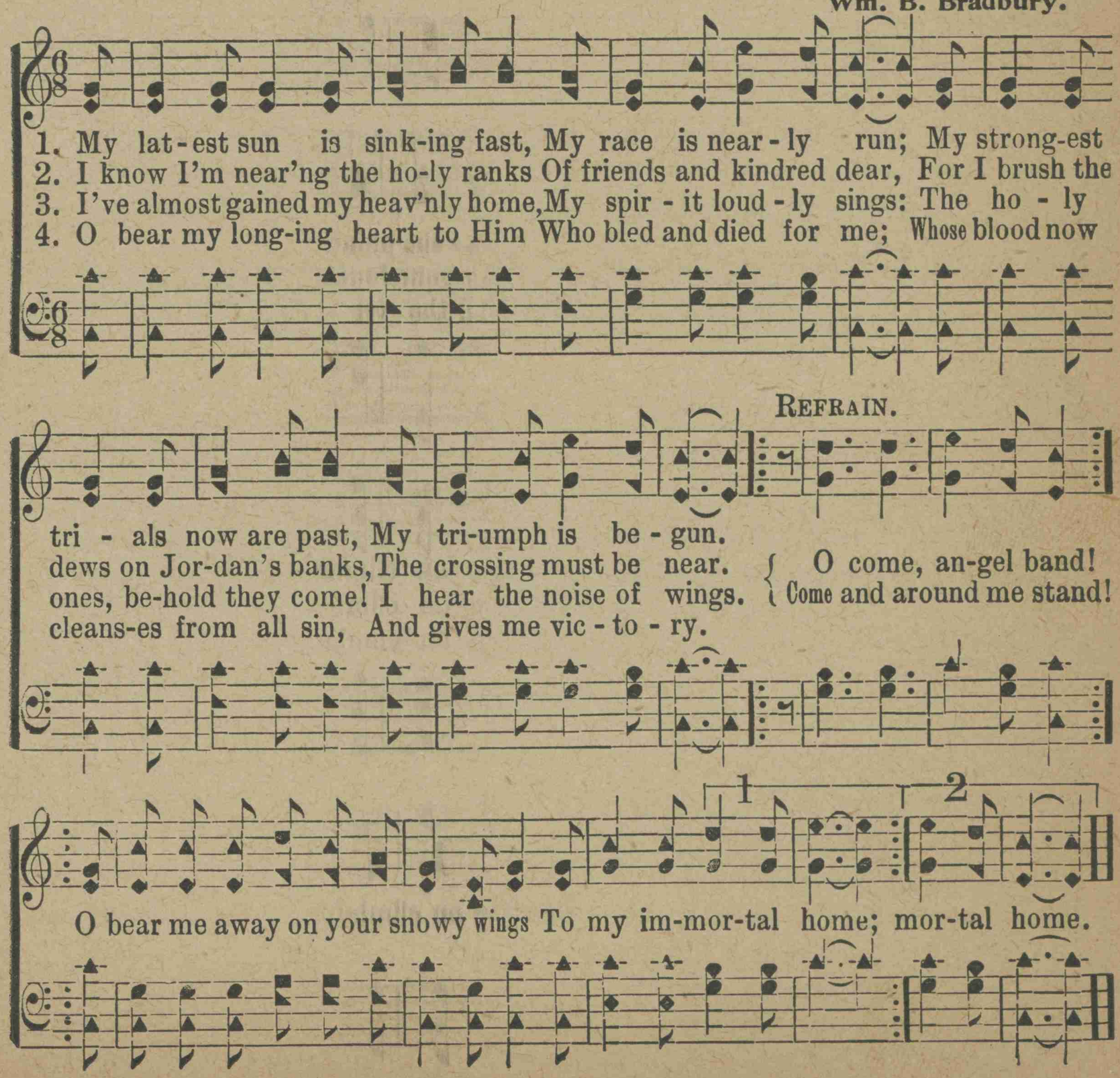


REFRAIN.



No. 178. The Land of Beulah.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 179. Keep on Climbing.

Birdie Bell. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Do you oft - en grow dis-cour-aged As you climb the up-ward way?
2. Is the jour - ney long and toil-some? Do your dear - est hopes de-part?
3. When you reach the dis-tant sum-mit, And the wea - ry feet may rest,

Is the sum-mit far a - bove you, Keep on climb-ing ev - 'ry day;
Tho' the tear-drops blind your vis-ion, Keep on climb-ing, troub-led heart;
You will see the shin-ing gate-ways Of the Cit - y of the Blest;

Step by step you'll gain the sum-mit, Je - sus points you to the goal;
For the path grows ev - er bright-er, As your foot-steps up-ward wend,
Ev - 'ry grief will be for - got - ten, All the tri - als of the way,

Tho' the ach - ing feet may stum-ble, Keep on climbing, wea - ry soul.
And the Mas-ter helps you on-ward, Keep on climbing to the end.
Then be brave and pa - tient ev - er, Keep on climbing day by day.

REFRAIN.

Keep on climb-ing, keep on climb-ing,
ev - er climb-ing, ev - er climb-ing.

Keep on Climbing.

Look-ing up..... but nev - er down,
Look - ing up but nev - er down, Look - ing up but nev - er down,

And the Mas - - ter's hand will guide you,
And the Mas-ter's hand will guide you, And the Mas - ter's hand will guide you,

Till you win ..... the prom-ised crown.
Till you win the prom-ised crown, win the beau - ti - ful, gold - en crown.

No. 180. Holy Manna.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.

FINE.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship And a - dore the Lord our God;
   Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the Word?

2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners 'round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?

3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us While we struggle hard with sin;
   Will you tell to trem-bling mourners Je - sus waits to wel-come them?

4. Let us love our God su - preme-ly, Let us love each oth-er, too,
   Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new.

D.C.—*Breth-ren, pray that ho - ly man - na May be show-ered all a-round.*

REFRAIN.

D. C.

All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

No. 181. No Ship Will Leave That Shore.

Johnson Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. As oft - en by some shore we stand To see a might-y ship de - part,
2. We stand beside death's riv - er wide And strain our eyes to watch a sail;
3. No dear ones there will leave that home While friends be-hind in sor-row weep,
4. Prepare, my soul, to reach that land And spread thy sail to catch the breeze;

We give some friend the part-ing hand With tear-dimmed eye and aching heart.
One dear to us is on its tide, Is cross - ing with the boat-man pale.
No ves - sel start a-cross the foam To bear them o'er some mighty deep.
If thou wouldst reach the gold-en strand Thou too must cross the un-known seas.

But from the shores of end - less day No ship will ev - er sail a - way,
But from the shores of heav'n a - bove No boat will bear the friends we love,
We'll see no ves - sel leave that shore With loved ones to re - turn no more,
But from the shores of end - less day No ship will ev - er sail a - way.

But from the shores of end - less day No ship will ev - er sail a - way.
But from the shores of heav'n a - bove No boat will bear the friends we love.
We'll see no ves - sel leave that shore With loved ones to re-turn no more.
But from the shores of end - less day No ship will ev - er sail a - way.

No. 182 Yes, We'll Meet.

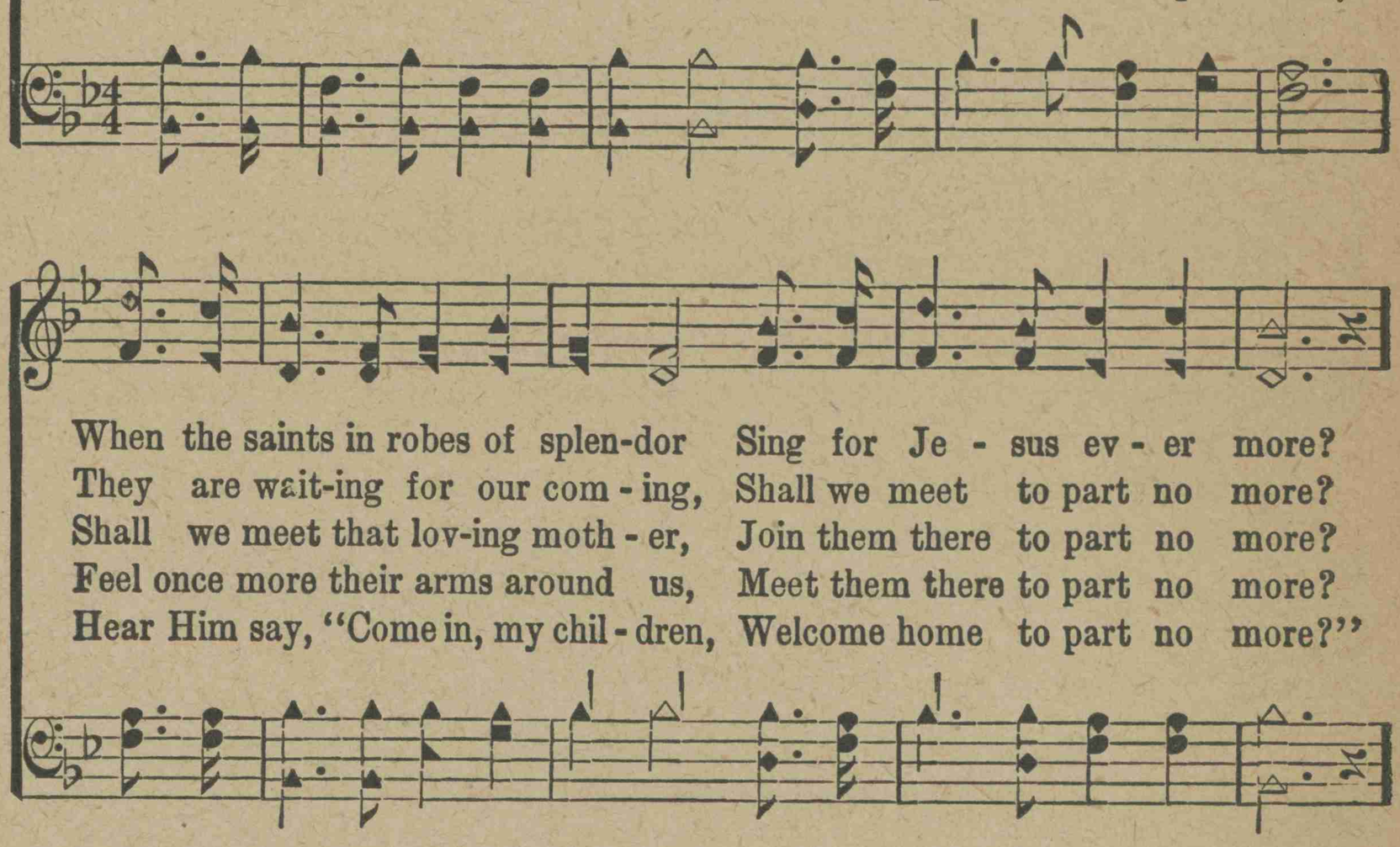
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. and G. W. Field.

PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS, 1912.

J. W. Dennis.
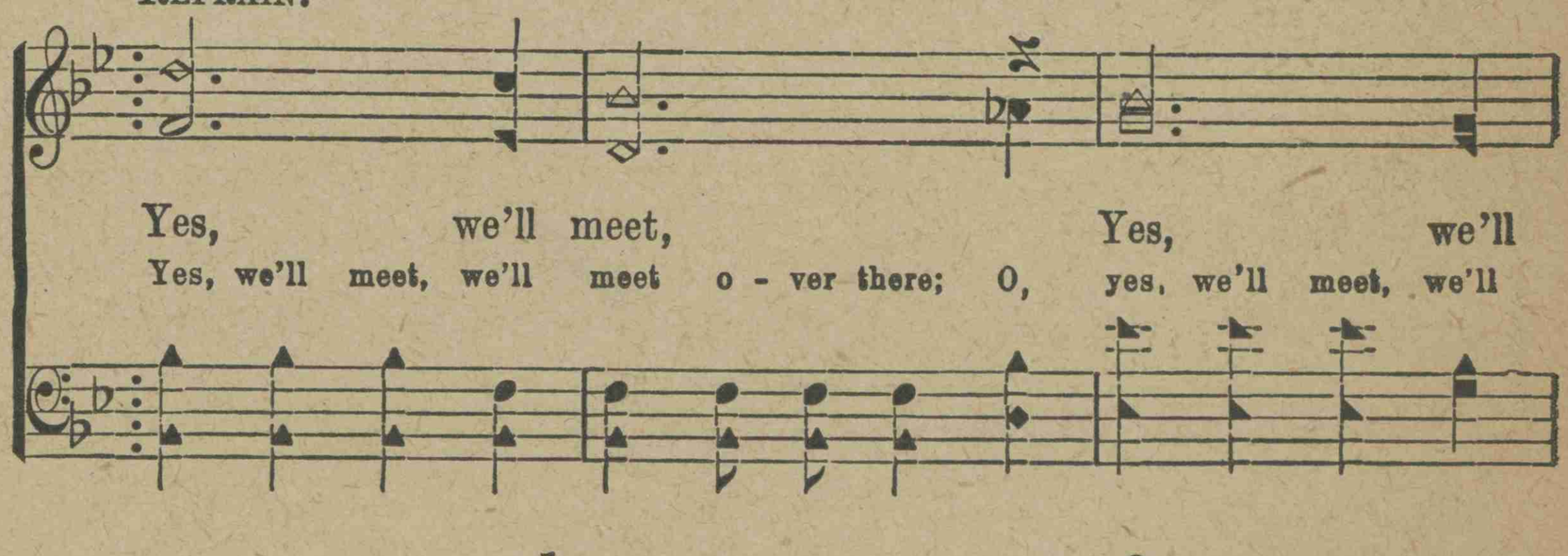


1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, On the hap - py, gold-en shore,
2. Shall we meet our friends and dear ones Who have gone a-while be - fore,
3. Shall we meet that dear old fa - ther, When the storms of life are o'er,
4. Shall we join our lov-ing chil-dren, Those that death from us once tore,
5. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When we pass the o - pen door,
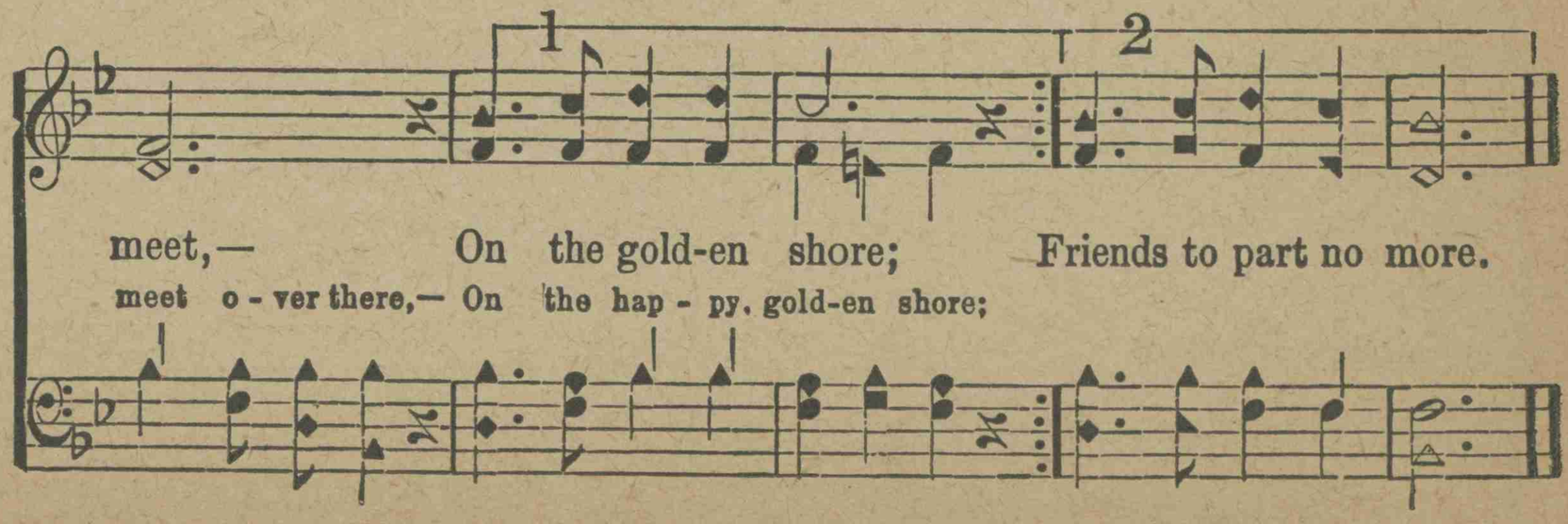


When the saints in robes of splen-dor Sing for Je - sus ev - er more?
They are wait-ing for our com - ing, Shall we meet to part no more?
Shall we meet that lov-ing moth - er, Join them there to part no more?
Feel once more their arms around us, Meet them there to part no more?
Hear Him say, "Come in, my chil - dren, Welcome home to part no more?"

REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll
Yes, we'll meet, we'll meet o - ver there; O, yes, we'll meet, we'll



meet,— On the gold-en shore; Friends to part no more.
meet o - ver there,— On the hap - py, gold-en shore;

No. 183. March On to Battle.

Rev. W. C. Martin, B. Lit. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. March on to bat-tle, with Christ before you, The ban-ner of His love is
2. A thou-sand foemen a-round are pressing, So face them with the Master's

o'er you, And all His min-ions are fight-ing for you— O nev-er,
bless-ing, The joy of bat-tle your heart pos-sess-ing, Go to the

nev-er look be-hind; Wher-e'er the Master may choose to lead you, March
strug-gle with a song— 'Tis God that calls you, and He inspires you; 'Tis

on be-cause the cause may need you, And like a he-ro whose
God whose clear command now fires you; 'Tis God who lends you His

heart is fear-less, Do bat-tle for a cause and Cap-tain peer-less.
arm de-fend-ing, 'Tis God who crowns you with a life un-end-ing.

March On to Battle.

May be sung by ladies only.

The fier - y pil-lars will glow a-bove you, And all a-round you, there are

All voices.

D.S.–*March on to bat - tle with Christ be-fore you, The ban-ner of His might y*

loy-al hearts that love you; The God of bat - tle will nev - er fail you, And

love is float-ing o'er you; O give the Mas - ter your best en - deav - or And

FINE. 8va May be sung by men only.

all His might and all His wis-dom will a - vail you; And God has need of

win a tri-umph that shall crown your name for-ev-er.

heroes, Brave souls to fol-low where the path of du - ty leads them; Yes, God needs

D. S

he-roes, needs loy - al he-roes To fight in bat - tle for the truth and right.

No. 184. Do Your Best for Jesus.

A. L. M. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. A. L. Myrick.

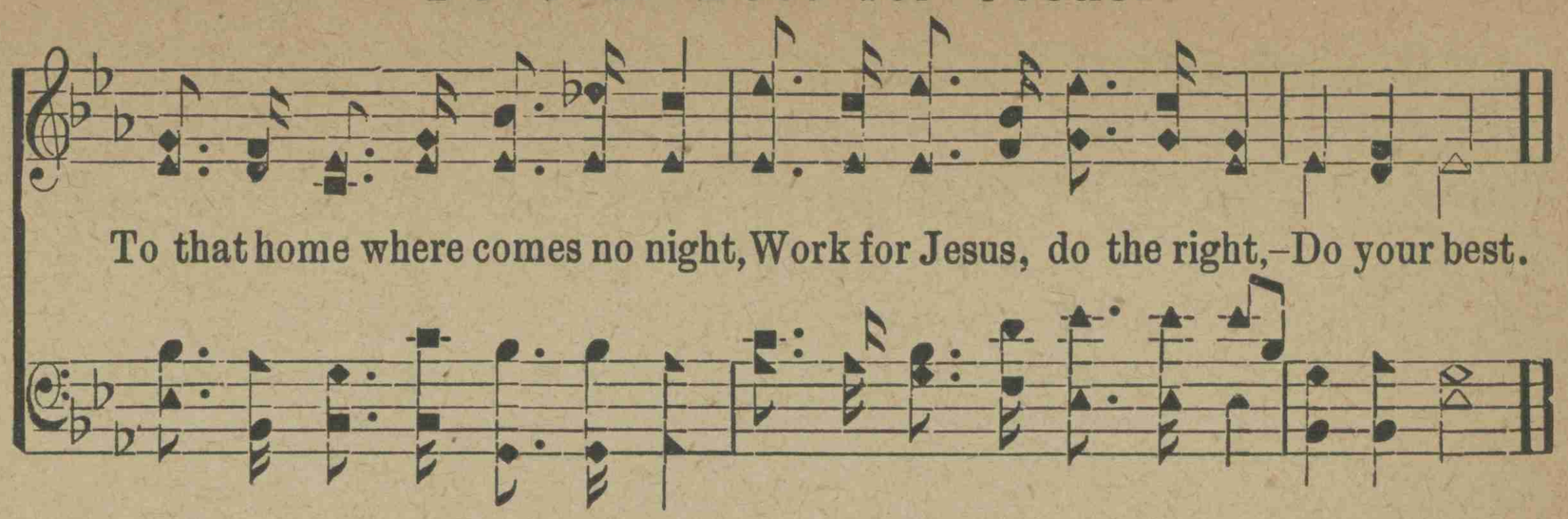
1. Do your best for Je - sus ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Make your-self a bless - ing all a - long the way; Work with willing heart and hand, Send the news to ev - 'ry land, And for Je - sus firm - ly stand—Do your best.
2. There are souls to res - cue ev - 'ry-where you go, Mill - ions that are dy - ing God's rich love to know; Tell how Je - sus died to save, How He triumphed o'er the grave, Tell of Je - sus, O be brave—Do your best.
3. If some soul you've rescued, when this life is o'er Great will be your wel - come on the gold - en shore; Hal - le - lu-jah there shall roll, When the Sav - ior you be - hold And your work on earth is told, Do your best.

REFRAIN.

Do your best for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Help some way - ward soul to find the way To the Cit - y fair and bright,
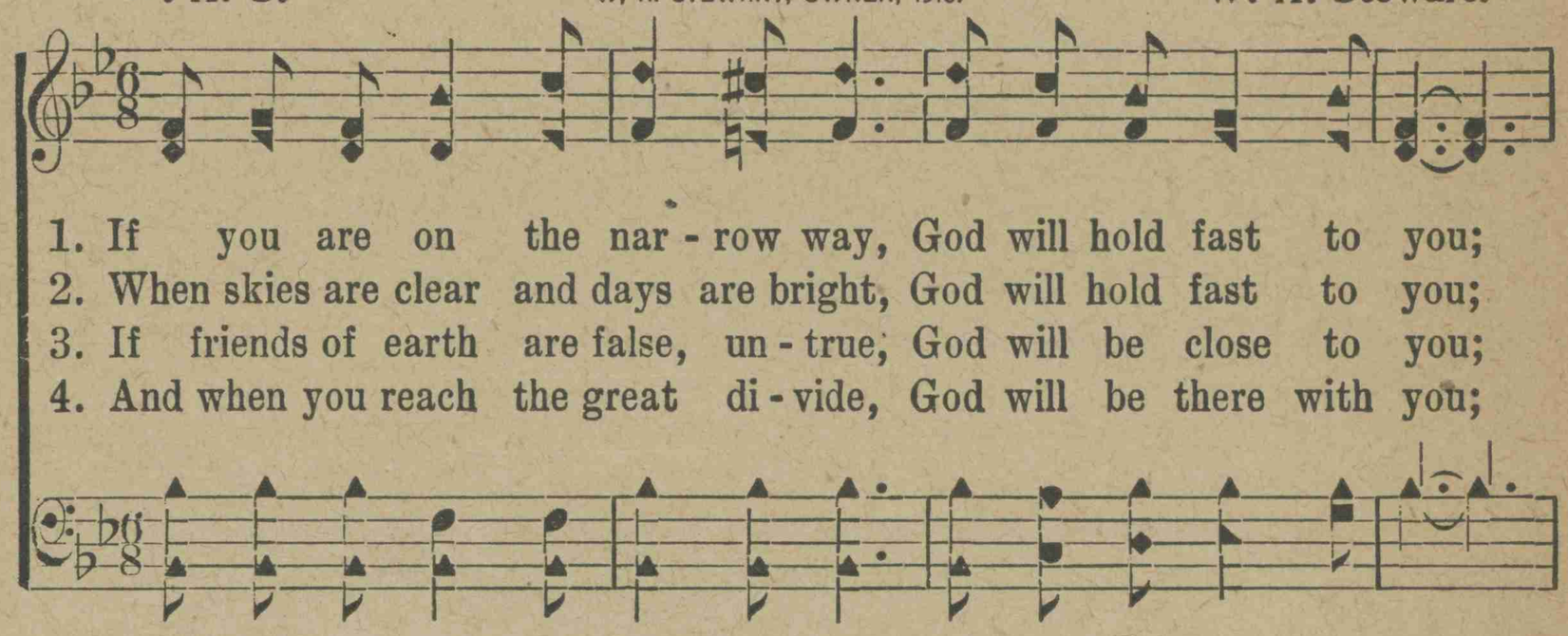
Do your best for Je-sus ev - 'ry day; Help some way - ward soul to find the way
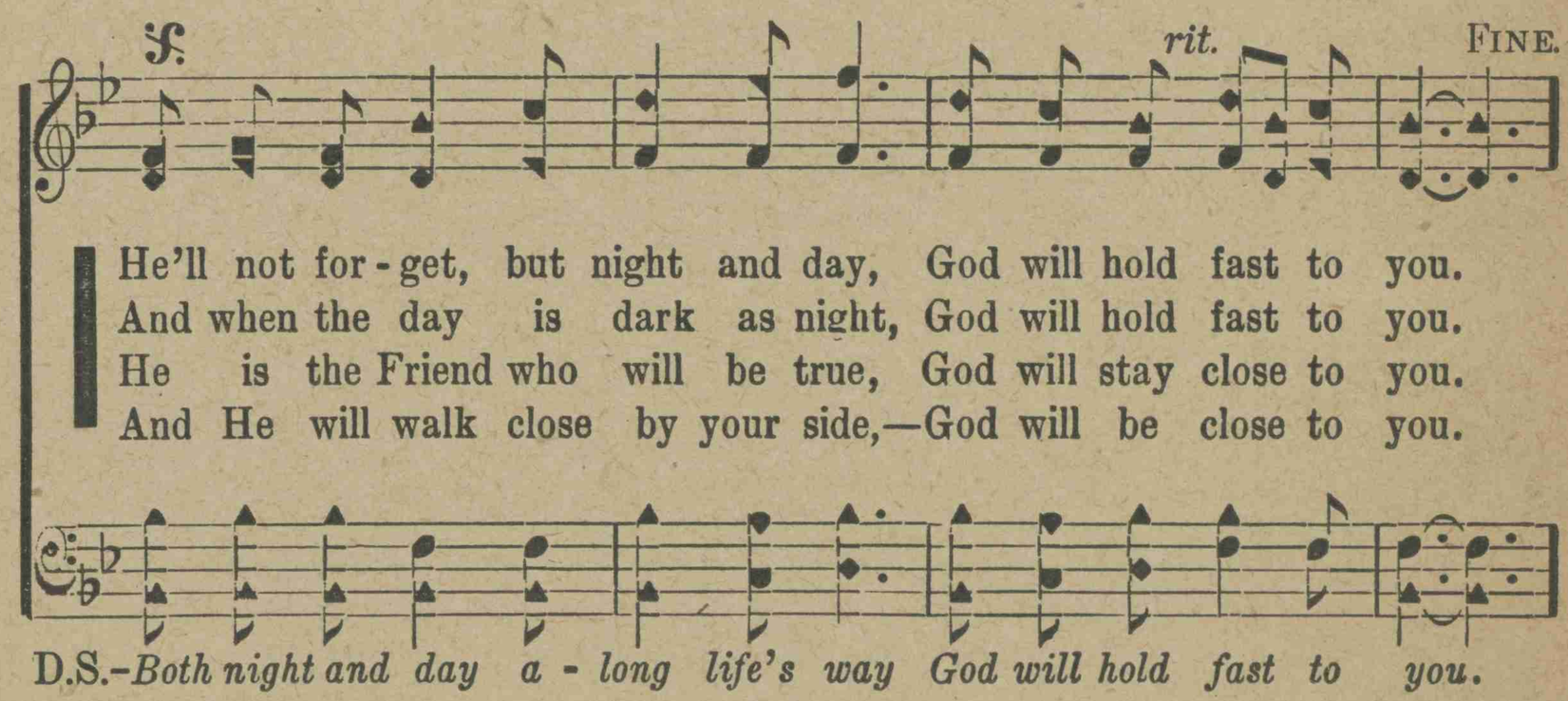
Do Your Best for Jesus.

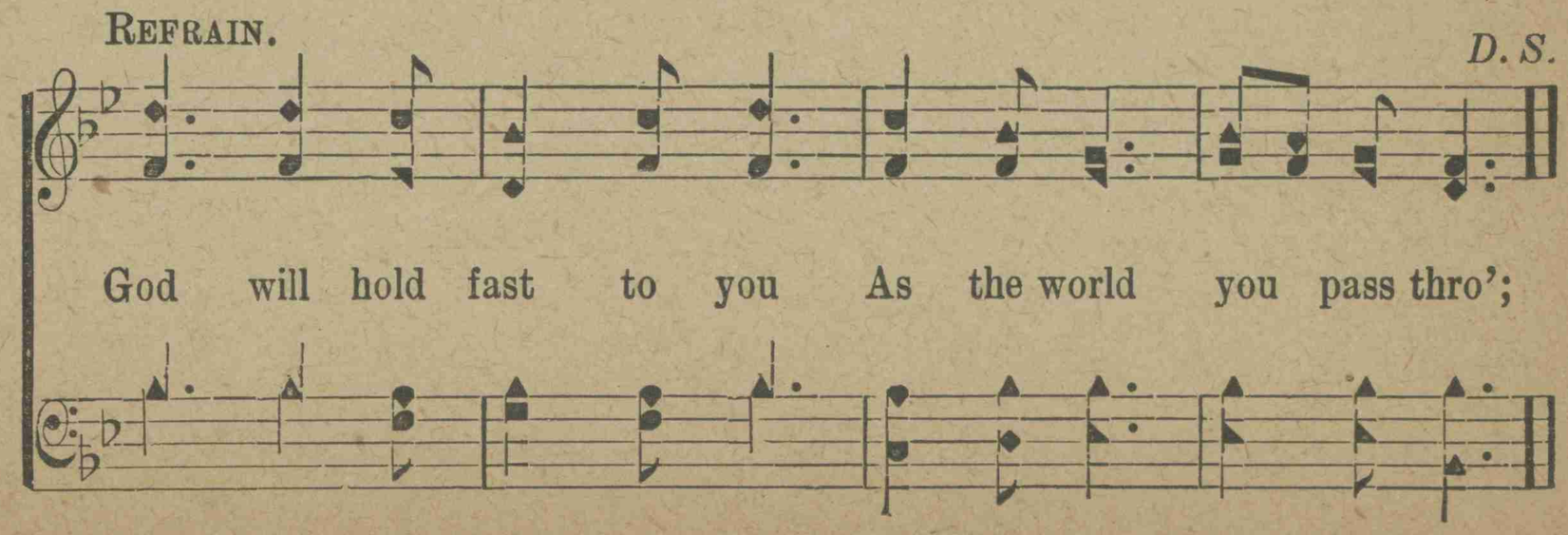


No. 185. God Will Hold Fast to You.

W. A. S. W. A. STEWART, OWNER, 1915. W. A. Stewart.







No. 186. Are You Seeking Jewels?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. A. STEWART, OWNER, 1915. **W. A. Stewart.**

1. Ma - ny souls are out of Je - sus, Ma-ny yet have nev-er heard What a
2. Un - to each a work is giv - en, You are left with-out ex-cuse, And be-
3. Down among the poor and low-ly, Up a-mong the rich and great; Ma - ny

vast and no-ble work be-fore us lies! Broth-er are you heed - ing du - ty,
fore you there is placed a shin-ing prize; Do you of each gold - en mo-ment
long-ing ones re - pine in tears and sighs; Let them hear the grand old sto - ry
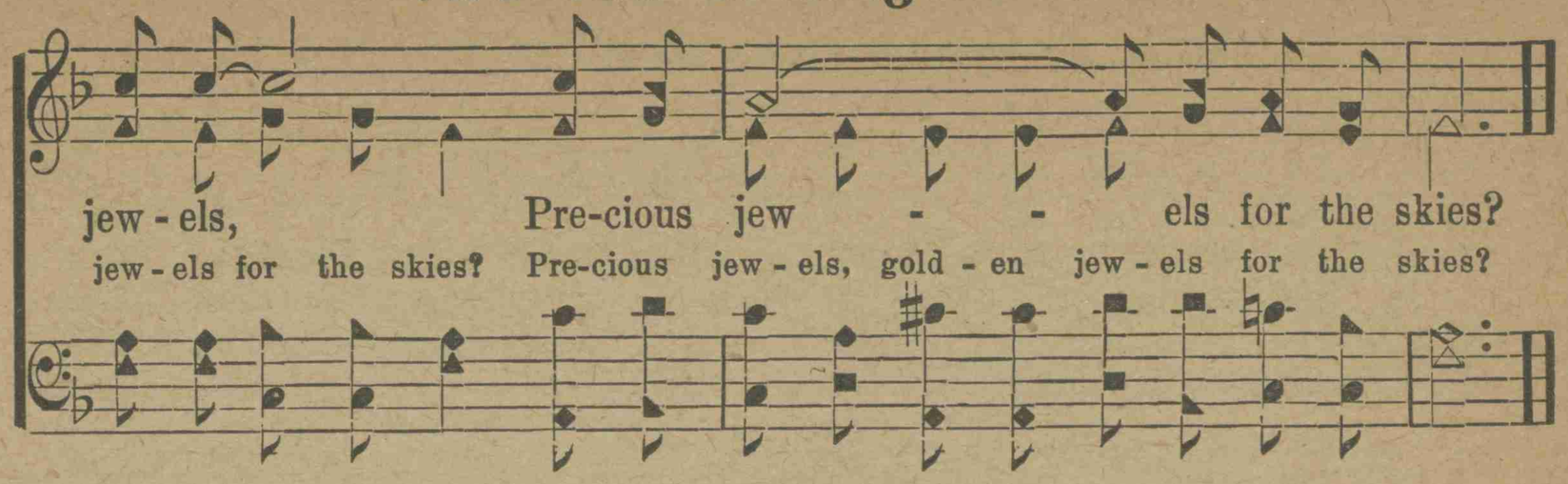
Do you spread His blessed word? Are you seek-ing pre-cious jew-els for the skies?
Make a wise and prop-er use, Are you seek-ing pre-cious jew-els for the skies?
Do not fal-ter, do not wait, O, be seek-ing pre-cious jew-els for the skies!

REFRAIN.

Are you seek - - ing pre-cious jew - els? Seek - ing
Are you seek-ing pre-cious jew - els for the skies? Seek-ing

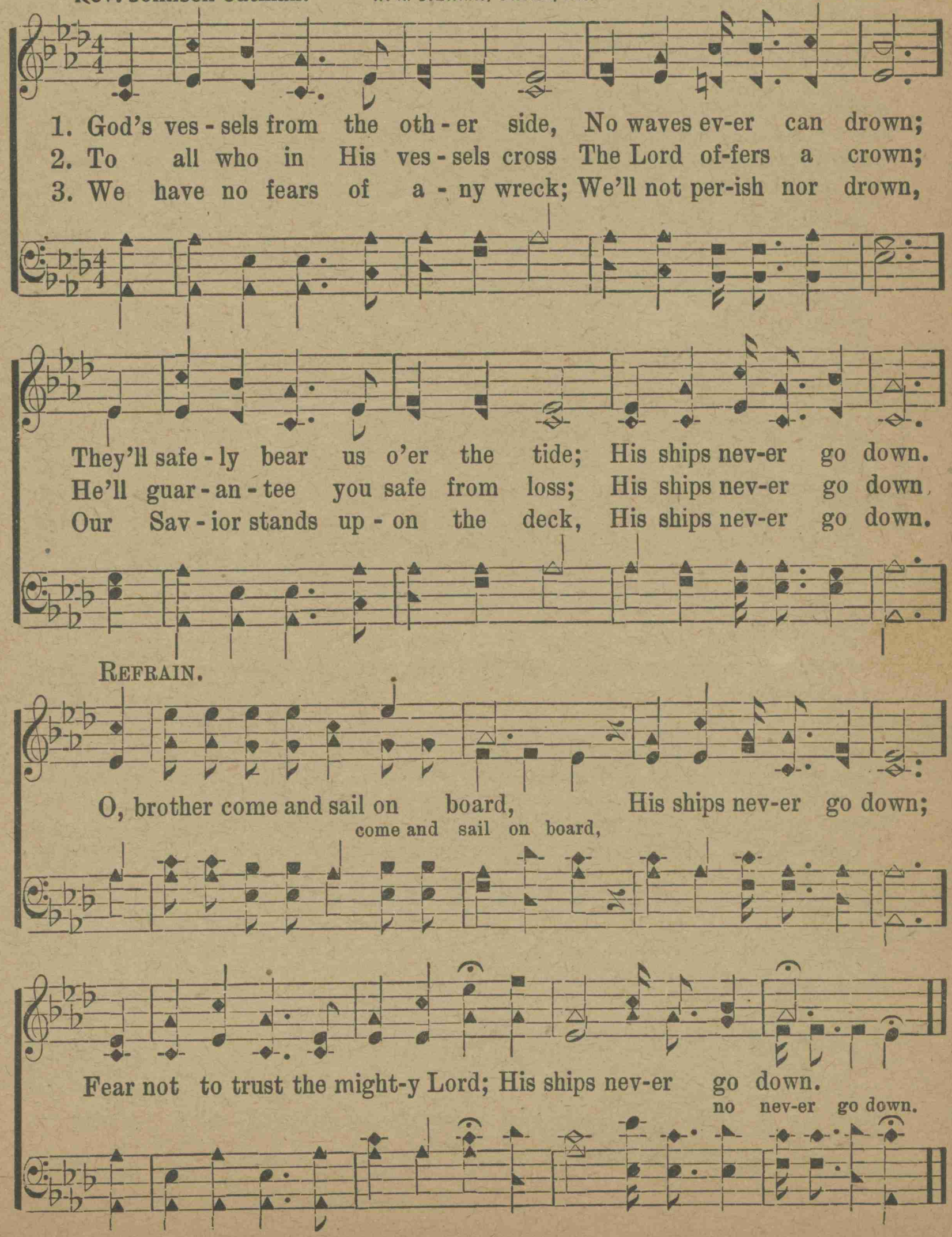
souls..... that are a - stray? Are you seek- - ing precious
souls the pre-cious souls that are a - stray? Are you seek-ing pre-cious jew-els, pre-cious

Are You Seeking Jewels?



No. 187. His Ships Never Go Down.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. W. A. STEWART, OWNER, 1915. W. A. Stewart.



No. 188. Meet Me Over There.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY R. L. FERGUSON. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. I'm on my way to heav-en, to that land of end-less day, That land where all is peaceful, bright and fair; When time with you is o-ver
2. In that fair home up yon-der there is nei-ther grief nor tears, There we will nev-er sor-row nor de-spair, But hap-py and con-tent-ed
3. There by life's flow-ing riv-er is that hap-py blood-washed band, In robes of wondrous beauty, white and fair; Shall you and I join with them
4. Sometime we'll meet our Sav-iour in that great e-ter-nal home, Which He has gone to heav-en to pre-pare; Yes, when our march is o-ver

and the clouds have rolled a-way, Then meet me in the morning o-ver
thro' the nev-er end-ing years, O meet me in the morning o-ver
in that cho-rus great and grand? Then meet me in the morning o-ver
and on earth no more we roam, We'll go to live with Je-sus o-ver

D.S.–*and you lay your bur-dens down, Then meet me in the morn-ing o-ver*

FINE. REFRAIN.

there. (o-ver there.) Meet me o-ver there, meet me o-ver there, Yes,
Meet me o-ver there, yes, meet me, meet me o-ver there, yes, meet me,
there. (o-ver there.)

D. S.

meet me in that land be-yond the sky; When life with you is o-ver

No. 189. I Am Looking Unto Jesus.

Frank B. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. A. STEWART, W. A. Stewart.

1. As I trav-el on thro' life, 'Mid the e-vil and the strife, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry day;
2. All my doubts are giv-en o'er, Sim-ply trust-ing ev-er-more, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry day;
3. Leaning on His last-ing arm, Kept se-cure from ev-'ry harm, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry day;

Free from self, O let me be,
Leav-ing ev-'ry doubt be-hind,
Guid-ed by the hand of love,

D. S.—*In His mer-cy I'll con-fide,*

Trust-ing on-ly, Lord, in Thee, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry
All in Him to sure-ly find, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry
To the man-sions bright a-bove, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry

Till in heav-en I a-bide, I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry

FINE. REFRAIN.

day. (ev-'ry day.) I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry day, (ev-'ry day,)

day. (ev-'ry day.)

D. S.

Trust-ing in His won-drous grace so full and free; (full and free;)

No. 190. Hallelujah, Praise His Name.

Frank B. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. I can feel the Savior's presence all the way, I am guid-ed by His
2. I am walk-ing where the rays of glo-ry shine, all the way, In the pres-ence of His glo-ry shine,
3. I am go-ing to the pal-ace of the King, Where the saint-ed band makes of the King,

coun-sel ev-'ry day; I'm re-joic-ing since He took my sins a-way,
pow-er so di-vine, And I know that I am His and He is mine,
loud His prais-es ring; I am hap-py and I can-not help but sing,

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu - - jah, praise His name. Hal-le-lu - - jah, hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise His name. Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu - - jah, I am walk-ing with my Sav-ior ev-'ry day; Hal-le-
hal-le-lu-jah,

lu - - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, I am sing-ing all the way.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I am singing all the way.

No. 191. Live Closer to Your Lord.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. If seems the world to you un - kind, If foes a-gainst you have combined,
2. If you are yield - ing to de-spair, If heav - y grows your load of care,
3. If sor-row's wa - ters o'er you roll, And doubt and fear as - sail your soul,
4. Each day live clos - er to His side, Then all your needs shall be sup-plied,

And strength and com - fort you would find, Live clos - er to your Lord.
And no one of - fers it to share, Live clos - er to your Lord.
If strives the temp - ter to con - trol, Live clos - er to your Lord.
And safe your spir - it will a - bide, Live clos - er to your Lord.

REFRAIN.

Live clos - er, clos - - - er to your Lord, And give Him
Live clos - er, clos - er to your Lord,
full con - trol, Then He will watch,.....
And give Him full con - trol, Then He will watch,
will watch and guard you, And sat - is - fy your soul.
And sat - is - fy your soul.

No. 192. We Will See Our Saviour There.
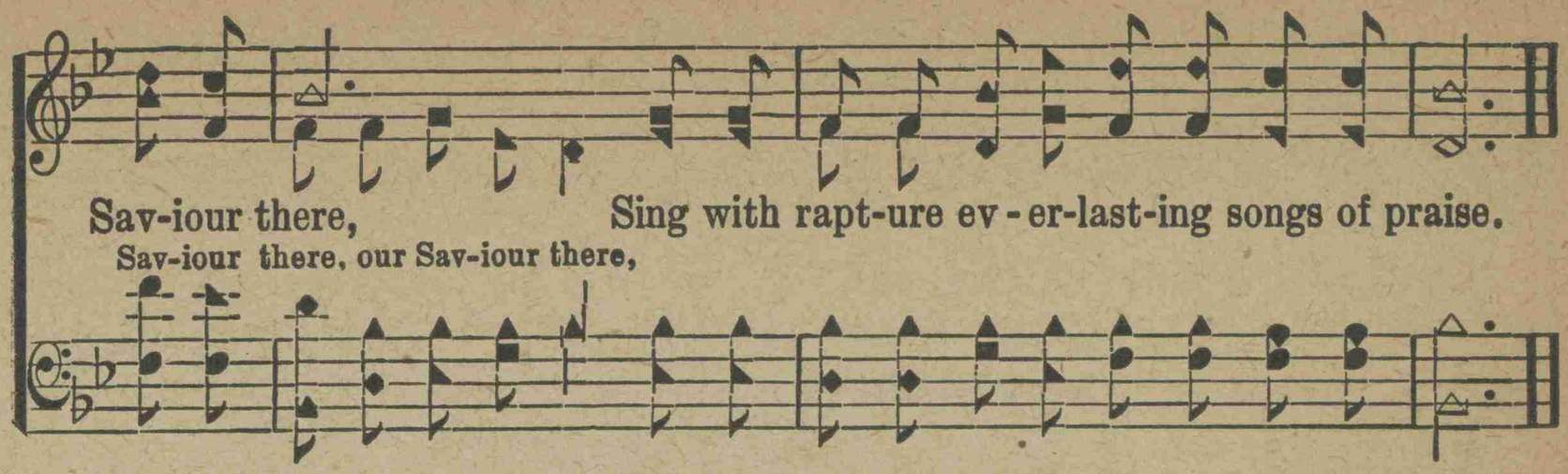
Lizzie DeArmond. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There's a hap-py land and bright far be-yond the shades of night, Where no clouds can dim the sunshine clear and fair, Where the glo - ry of the day shines with pure ce - les - tial ray, We will see our bless-ed Sav - iour there.
2. Tho' we strug-gle here be-low, pain and sick-ness oft - en know; Christ has gone a home up yon-der to pre - pare; When we reach the heav'n-ly place thro' the rich - es of His grace, Joy, O joy, we'll see our Sav - iour there.
3. O what greetings glad and sweet, as we bow at Je - sus' feet, In Je- ru - sa-lem, that cit - y past com-pare; All our earth-ly bat - tles done, no more wea - ry race to run, Best of all, we'll see our Sav - iour there.

REFRAIN.

We will see..... our Sav-iour there, As His
We will see our Sav - iour there, We will see our Sav - iour there,
pierc - ed hand up - on our head He lays; We will see..... our
Yes, we'll see our

We Will See Our Saviour There.



No. 193. Sail Toward the Light.

W. C. Martin. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1914. J. W. Dennis.

No. 194. We'll Sing of God's Love.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

We'll sing of God's love,..... His won-der-ful love,..... ....
We'll sing of God's love, His won-der-ful love, We'll sing of God's love, His wonderful love,

1. Send-ing His Son (send-ing His Son) from on high; (from on high;) Twas wonderful
2. Seek-ing us when (seek-ing us when) far a-stray; (far a-stray;) 'Tis blessed to
3. Par-don He gives (par-don He gives) for Christ's sake, (for Christ's sake,) He dwells in our
4. Guiding our steps (guid-ing our steps) lest we stray; (lest we stray;) He heareth our

love ('twas won-der-ful love) bro't Christ from a-bove, (bro't Christ from a-bove,) For
know ('tis bless-ed to know) Christ blood once did flow, (Christ blood once did flow,) To
hearts (He dwells in our hearts) And peace still im-parts, (and peace still im-parts,) Earth
pray'rs, (He heareth our pray'rs,) Our bur-dens He bears, (our bur-dens He bears,) Our

us (to suf-fer and die,) to suf-fer and die. (to suf-fer and die.)
wash (our sins all a-way,) our sins all a-way. (our sins all a-way.)
can- (not give nor can take.) not give nor can take. (not give nor can take.)
strength (re-news day by day,) re-news day by day. (re-news day by day.)

REFRAIN.

Won - - der-ful, wonderful love,..... Won - -
Wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love, Wonderful, wonderful love,

We'll Sing of God's Love.

der-ful, won-der-ful love,..... Won - der-ful, won-der-ful
won - der-ful, won-der-ful love.

love,..... That nev - - er, no, never will cease.....
Wonderful, wonderful love, never, no, never will cease, no, never will cease.

No. 195. Little Ones.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Lit - tle feet were made to walk In the paths of light; Lit - tle tongues were
2. Lit - tle lips were made to praise Christ the children's friend; Fol-low Him in
3. Lit - tle hands were made to work For the bless-ed Lord; Du-ty's call we
4. Lit - tle hearts were made to glow With the love di - vine; Live for Him while

REFRAIN.

made to talk For the true and right.
all your ways, On His care de - pend. Lit - tle ones are ver - y dear
must not shirk But o-bey His word.
here be - low, For His glo - ry shine.

To the Savior's heart; Ear-ly they His call should hear, And from sin de-part.

No. 198. Glory Will Come After While.

James Rowe. J. S. HARPER, OWNER. 1915. J. S. Harper.

1. If we a-bide in the love of our King, If to His prom-is-es
2. Let us be true in His serv-ice while here, Do-ing His bid-ding with
3. Let us be true to the heav-en-ly Dove, Tell-ing the world of His

sweet-ly we cling, Soon we in Glo-ry His prais-es shall sing;
rec-ords all clear, For in His like-ness we there shall ap-pear;
glo-ri-ous love, Then we shall share all His glo-ry a-bove;

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry will come af-ter while. Glo-ry will come af-ter while,.....
Glo - - ry will come af-ter while,

When we have reached the bright isle;..... Yes, by His
When we have reached the bright isle;

grace, in that beau-ti-ful place, Glo-ry will come af-ter while.

No. 199. Beside the Cross.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS C. A. Higgs.

1. The cross of Christ..... is my retreat, (is my retreat,) My shelter from.....
2. 'Tis here that love..... and justice meet; (and justice meet;) Here sin is brok -
3. O, this is my..... a-bid-ing place, (abiding place,) Where flows the stream..

the des-ert's heat, (desert's heat,) My ref-uge in..... the wilderness, (wil-der-ness,)
en in de-feat, (in de-feat,) And here I find..... the golden key (golden key)
of saving grace, (saving grace,) I know no gain,..... I know no loss (know no loss)

REFRAIN.

The cure for all..... my soul's distress. (soul's distress.)
That opens heav - - en's gate to me. (gate to me.) Beside the Cross.....
A-side from this..... my Savior's cross. (Savior's cross.)

I take my stand,.... My ref-uge in..... a weary land;..... All other
I take my stand, a weary land;

gain..... I count but loss.... Be-side the cross,.... be-side the cross.
I count but loss beside the cross.

No. 200. His Love.

James Rowe. L. D. HUFFSTUTLER, OWNER, 1915. L. D. Huffstutler.

1. I am hap-py in Je-sus and sing-ing His praise, That oth-ers my glad-ness may see, For with bless-ings di-vine He is crown-ing my days;
2. I was lost and dis-cour-aged and close to de-spair, My life was a turb-u-lent sea; But to-day I am hap-py, my path-way is fair;
3. I am tell-ing His sto-ry as home-ward I go, That help-ful to Him I may be; O, I wish that all sinners His goodness might know;

REFRAIN.

His love has done wonders for me.
His love has worked wonders for me. His love has done wonders for me, So His to the end I will be; He has raised me and crowned me His bless-ings sur-round me, His love has done wonders for me.

No. 201. He Arose.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. M. Copeland,

1. When the King a-wak-ened in His low-ly grave, He a-rose,
2. There were an-gels watch-ing by His hum-ble bed,
3. Je-sus took a-way from death its aw-ful sting;
4. He a-rose and now He reigns, a King on high, He a-rose,

He a-rose; He a-rose a Vic-tor, He a-rose to save;
When He laid a-side the vest-ments of the dead;
In the dark, dark val-ley now His child can sing;
from the grave, He a-rose; He a-rose a Vic-tor, so by grace, shall I;

REFRAIN.

He a-rose, He a-rose. He a-rose from the
He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-

grave; From its pow'r, He will save; He will save His
rose from the grave; From its pow'r, He will save, will save;

peo-ple from the last of foes, He a-rose, He a-rose.
He a-rose,

No. 202. When the City Cometh Down.

Rev. 21: 2 and 10.

Rev. L. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY L. A. MORRIS. USED BY PER. Rev. L. A. Morris.

1. Oh, the cit - y of the Lord is com-ing down, (coming down,) Oh, the cit - y
2. There'll be joy in earth and heav-en in that day, (in that day,) There'll be joy in
3. All the peo-ple of the Lord shall be as one, (be as one,) All the peo-ple
4. There will be no death nor sor-row in that day, (in that day,) There will be no
5. In that love-ly gold-en cit - y we are told, (we are told,) In that love-ly

of the Lord is com-ing down; When the saints for Je-sus wait-ing shall re-
earth and heav-en in that day; We'll sing Glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah! when we
of the Lord shall be as one; When the Bridegroom comes in glory and we
death nor sor-row in that day; For the hand of God, our Fa-ther, all our
gold - en cit - y we are told; Saints will all u - nite in sing-ing with a

D. S.—*There'll be glo - ry all a - round, When the*

FINE.

ceive the victor's crown, When the cit-y of the Lord cometh down.
all re-ceive a crown, When the cit-y of the Lord cometh down.
all re-ceive a crown, When the cit-y of the Lord cometh down. (cometh down.)
tears shall wipe a - way, When the cit-y of the Lord cometh down.
gold - en harp and crown When the cit-y of the Lord cometh down.

waiting saints are crowned; When the cit-y of the Lord com-eth down.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Cometh down,.... cometh down,..... When the city of the Lord cometh down,
Cometh down, yes, cometh down, cometh down, yes, cometh down,

No. 203. I Am Here to Serve the Lord.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. I vol - un-teer to serve the Lord, And ev - er to o-bey His word;
2. To a - ny work I lend my hand To which my Master may com-mand;
3. If there are bur-dens I must bear, Or ti - dings that I must declare;
4. For me there can be no retreat, Nor must I ev-er know defeat;

So here I stand with purpose true, For a - ny work He bids me do.
I on - ly ask to clear-ly see It is my Lord commanding me.
If there are sorrows to en-dure, I must be stead-y, strong and sure.
For I must conquer ev -'ry day And trusting Him I sure-ly may.

REFRAIN.

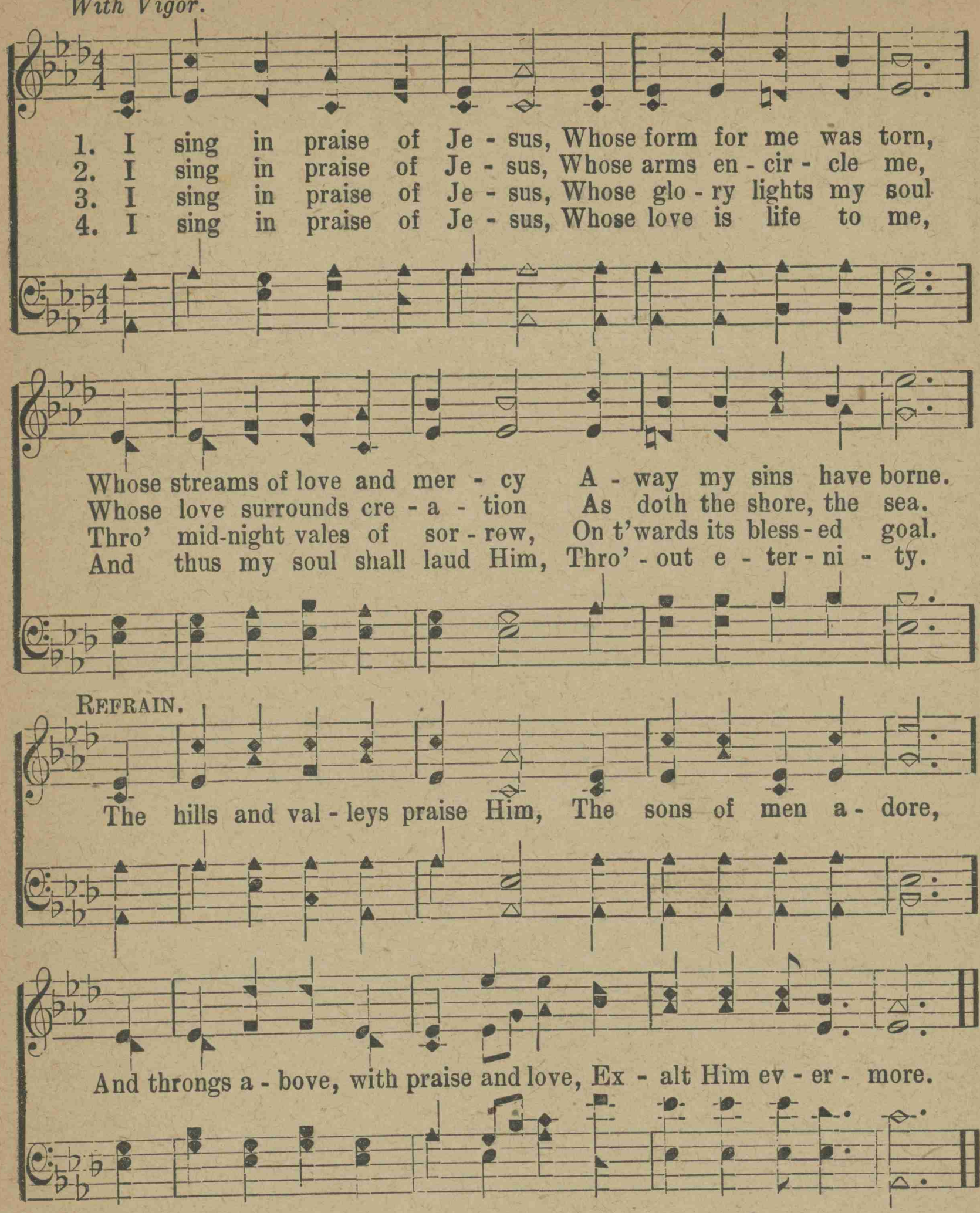
I'm here... to serve, to dare and do; My hands are His, my heart is true;
I'm here to serve, to dare and do; My hands are His, my heart is true;

I know.. He will His grace afford, So I..... am here to serve the Lord.
I know He will His grace af - ford, So I am here to serve the Lord.

No. 204. I Sing in Praise of Jesus.

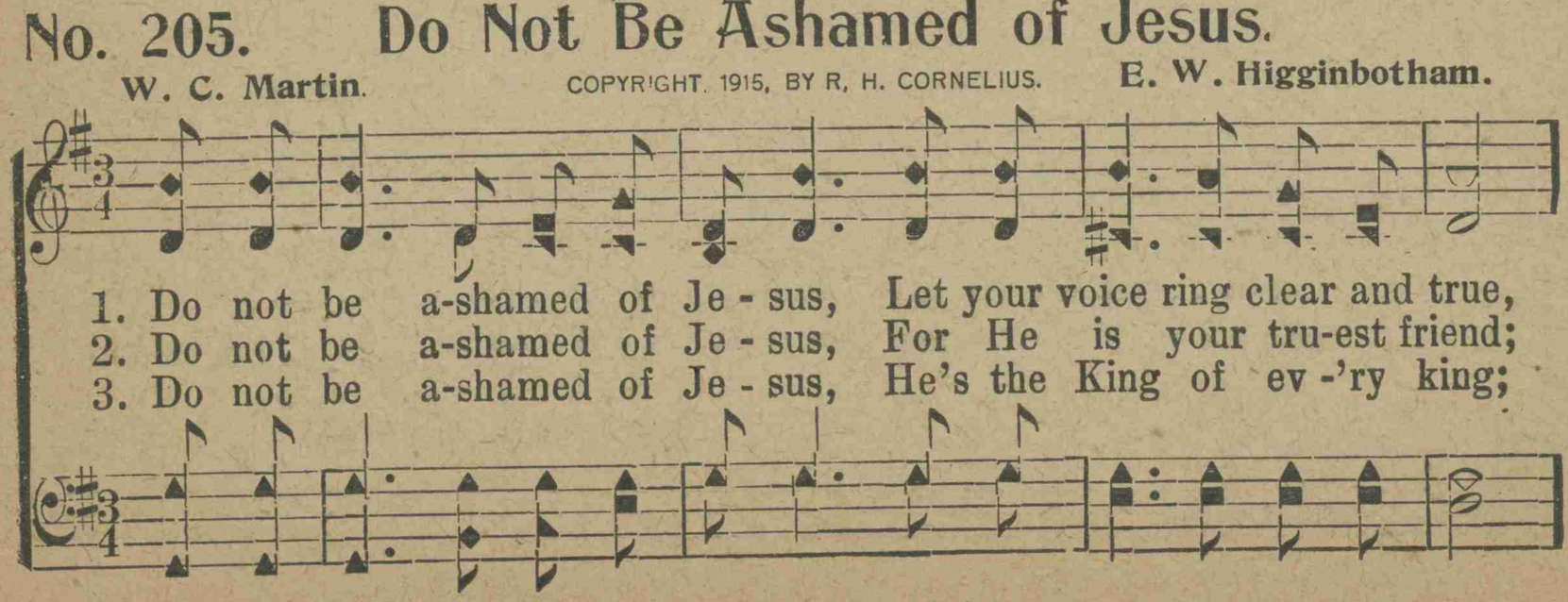
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **F. E. Meek.**

With Vigor.



No. 205. Do Not Be Ashamed of Jesus.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **E. W. Higginbotham.**



Do Not Be Ashamed of Jesus.

FINE.

For when you were poor and need - y He was not a - shamed of you.
He will nev - er chide nor fail you, And on Him you can de-pend.
And the lords of ev - 'ry na - tion To His feet their trib - ute bring.

D.S.-*Do not be a-shamed of Je - sus, For His glo - ry is com - plete.*

D. S.

Do not be a-shamed of Je - sus, An - gels wor - ship at His feet;

No. 206. The Savior is a Friend to All.

W. B. E. WM. B. EVANS. OWNER. 1915. Wm. B. Evans.

1. The Sav-ior is a Friend to all, No other friend like Him can be;
2. Tho' storms assail and woes be-tide, And all the world should me for-sake;
3. Be-fore I reach the home so sweet, Great tri - als here I must go through,

FINE.

He lifts me up from ev-'ry fall,—The Sav - ior is the Friend for me.
I'll call on Him my soul to guide,—The Sav - ior is the Friend I'll take.
And so I bow at Je - sus' feet For Je - sus is a Friend so true.

D.S.-*I'll ask His aid in ev - 'ry need For He is ev - er by my side.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

He is a faith - ful Friend in-deed, To Him I free - ly can con-fide;

No. 207. 'Tis Jesus That I Need.

W. C. Martin. OLIVER MCNIEL. OWNER, 1915. Oliver McNiel.

1. He died my dy-ing soul to win, He lives to free my soul from sin;
2. He walks with me from day to day; He drives my doubts and fears a - way;
3. He shel-ters me from ev-'ry storm, He guards my trust - ing soul from harm,

For me on high He in - ter-cedes: 'Tis Je - sus that my soul most needs,
By His own hand I'm safe - ly led, And with the bread of life I'm fed.
And well I know that when I die, He'll take me home with Him on high.

REFRAIN.

'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus that I need, 'Tis Je - sus that I need,

rit.

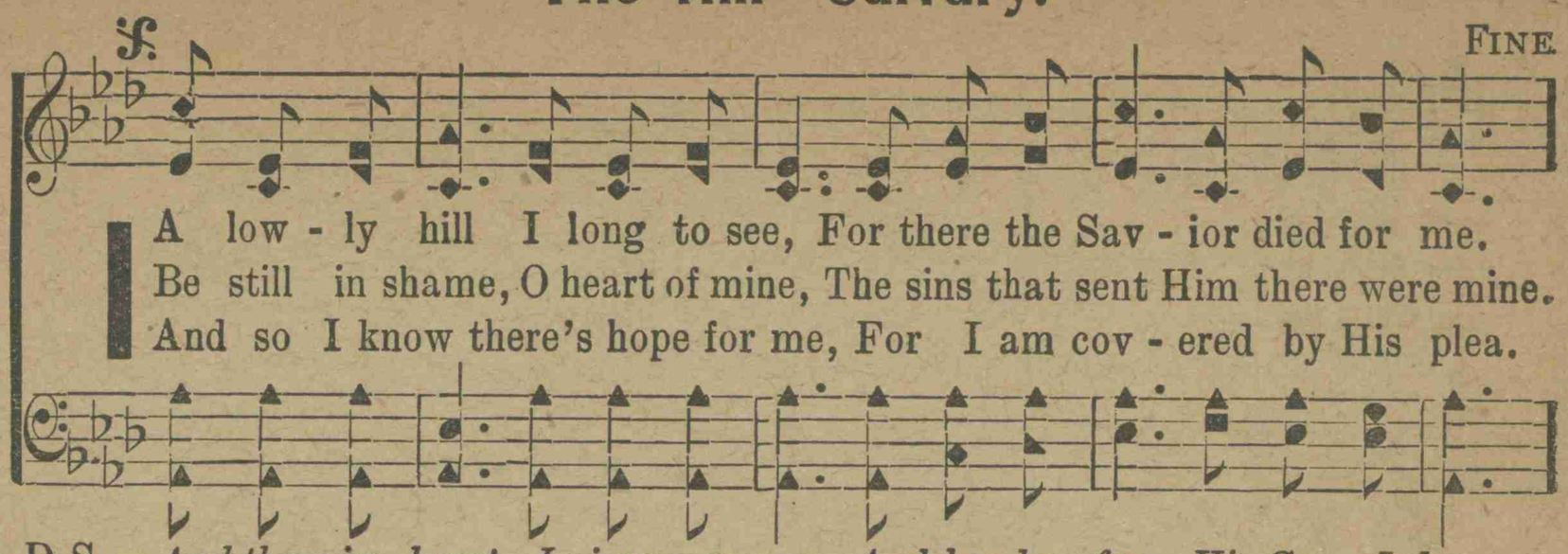
A Sav - ior and a Friend in-deed: 'Tis Je - sus that I need.....
Je - sus that I need.

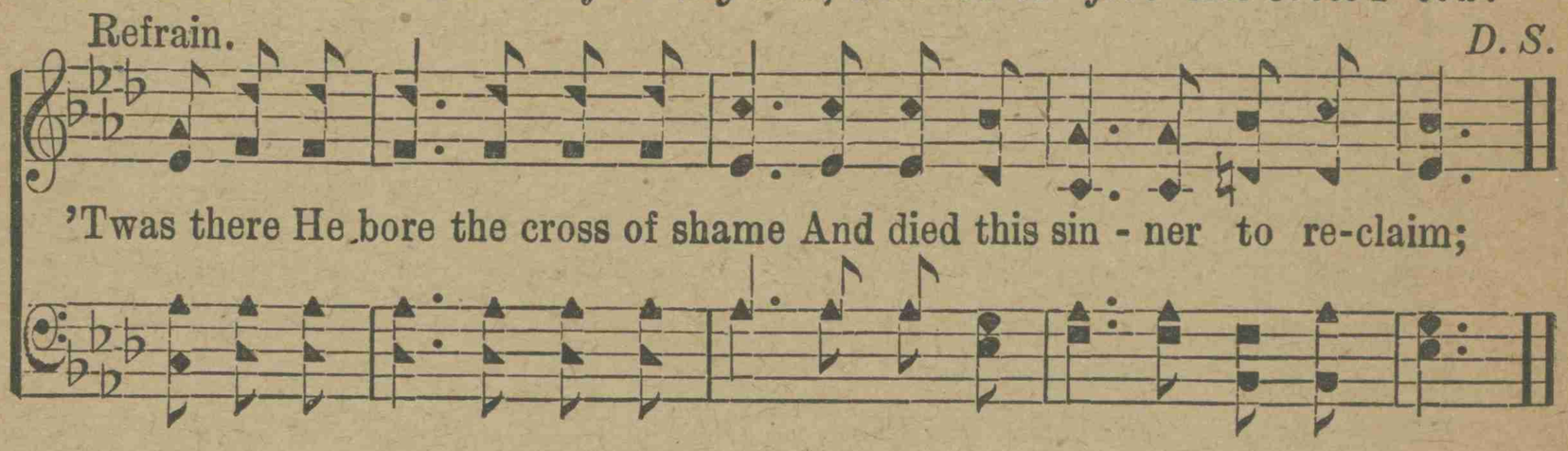
No. 208. The Hill---Galvary.

W. C. Martin. R. H. CORNELIUS, OWNER, 1915. J. E. Cole.

1. There is a hill where Je-sus' feet Climbed upward from the cit - y street,—
2. So faint was He up - on the road, He fell be-neath His aw - ful load;
3. He loved the men who slew Him there And raised for them a pleading pray'r,

The Hill---Galvary.



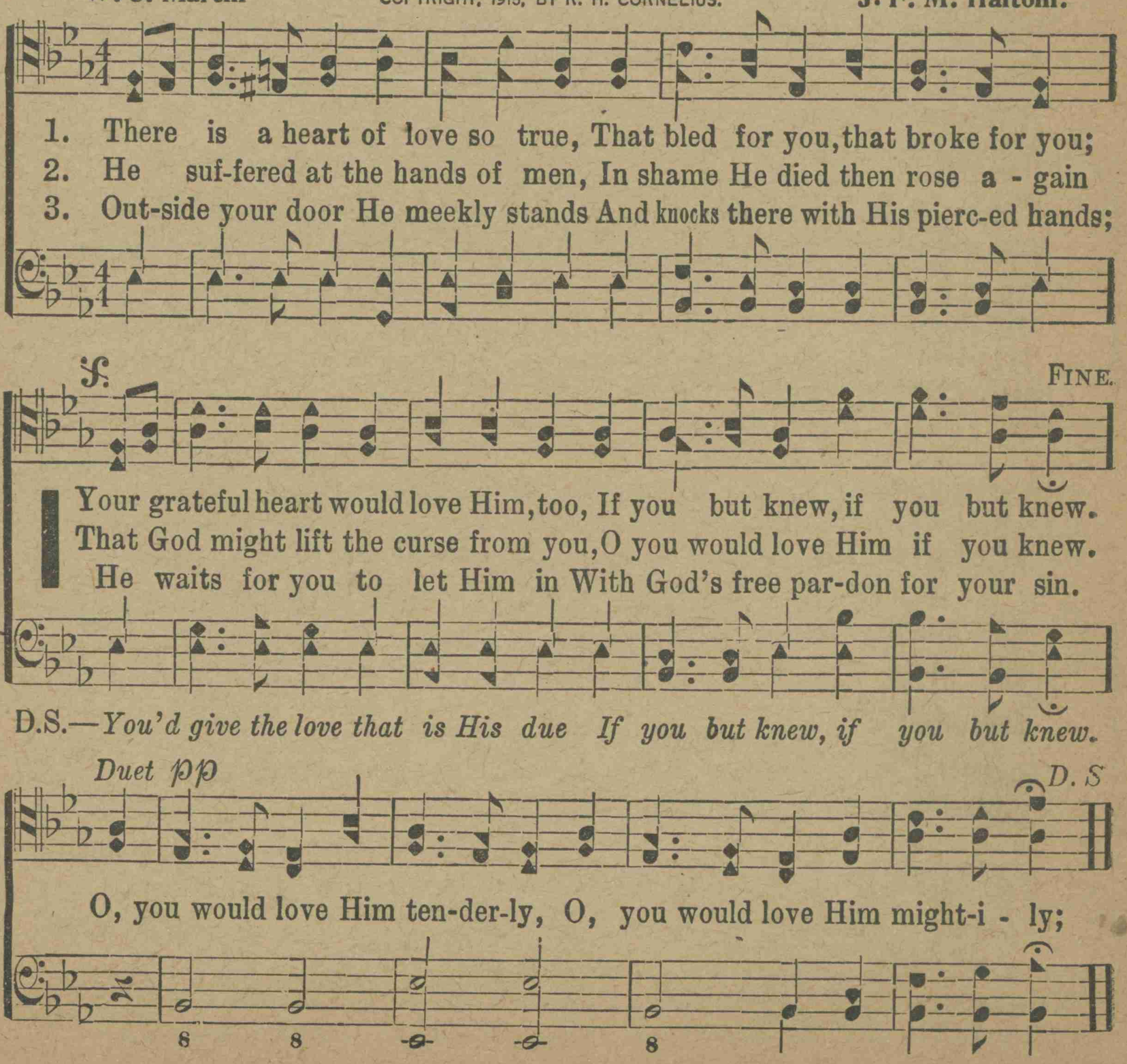


No. 209. If You But Knew.

W. C. Martin
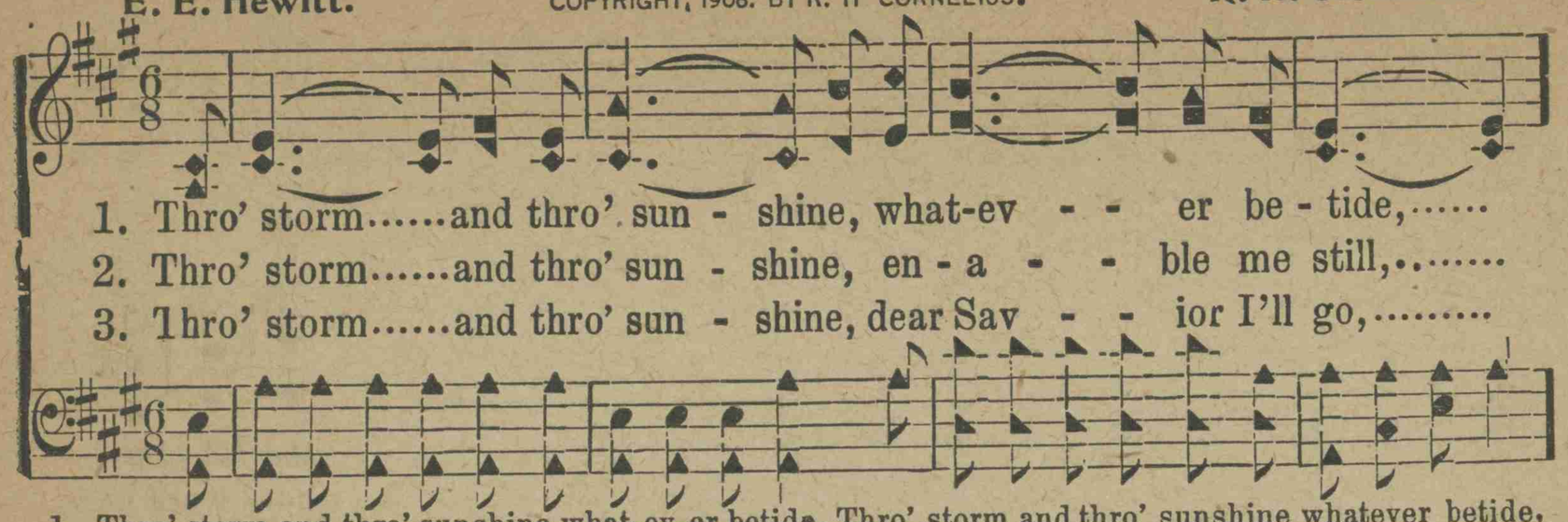
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS.

J. F. M. Haltom.

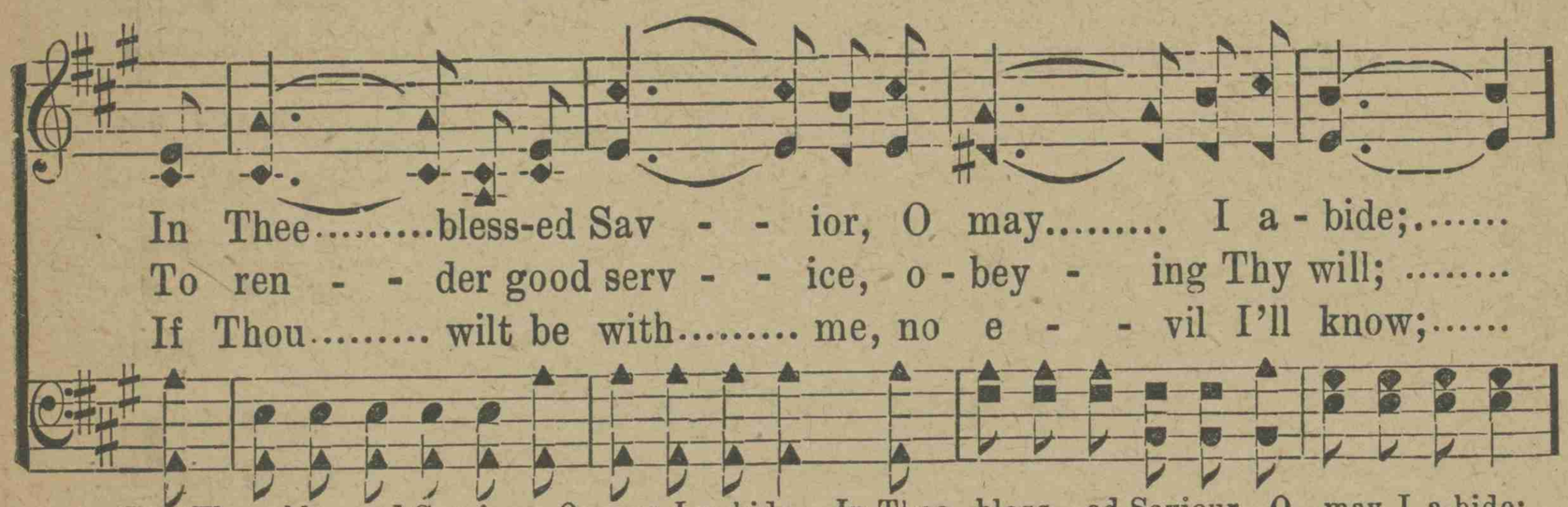


No. 210. Thro' Storm And Thro' Sunshine.
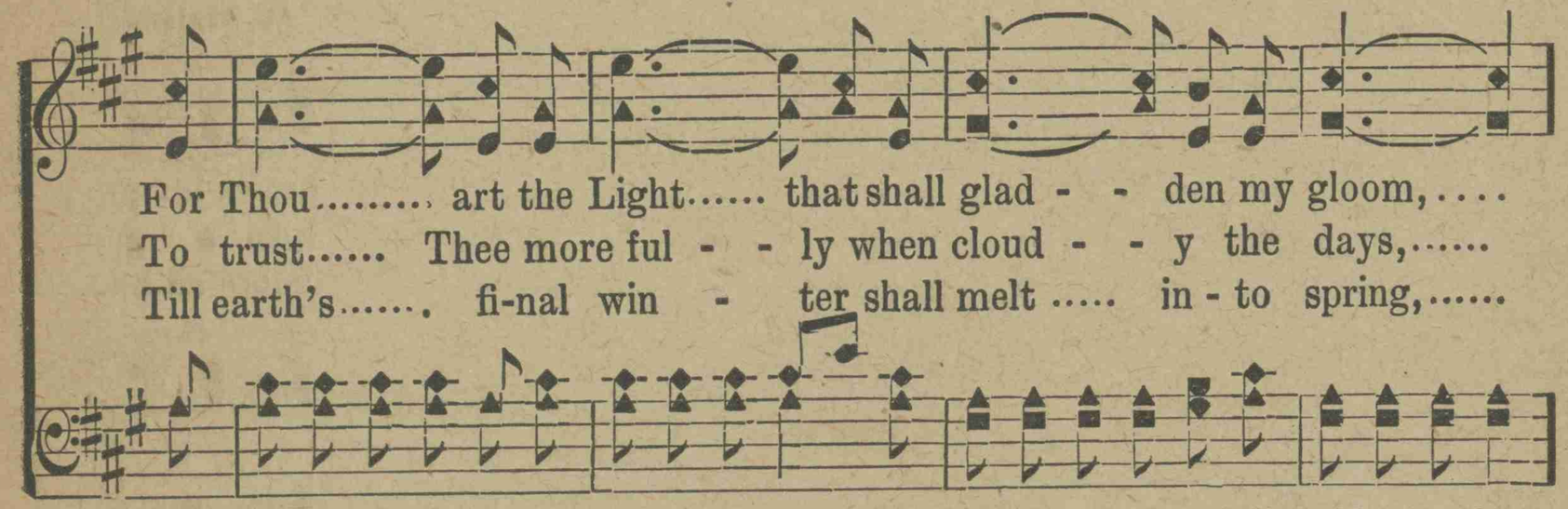
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1908. BY R. H CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.
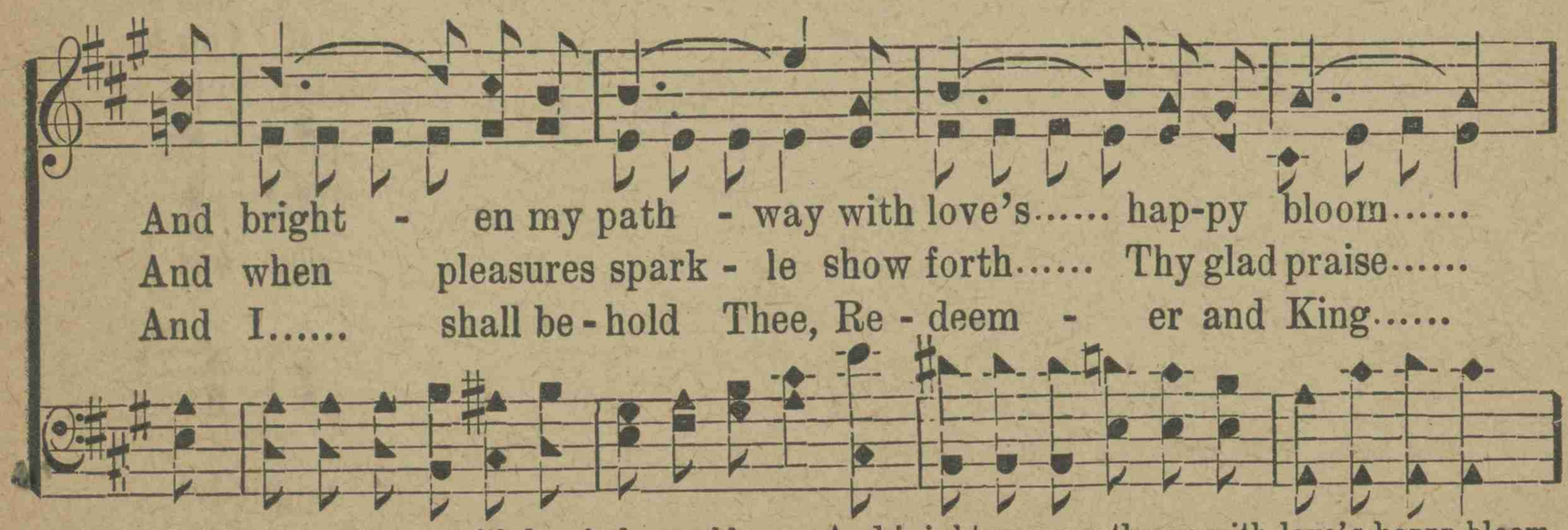


1. Thro' storm and thro' sunshine what-ev-er betide, Thro' storm and thro' sunshine whatever betide,
2. Thro' storm and thro' sunshine en-a-ble me still, Thro' storm and thro' sunshine en-a-ble me still,
3. Thro' storm and thro'sunshine,dear Savior,I'll go, Thro' storm and thro'sunshine, dear Savior, I'll go,



In Thee, bless-ed Sav-iour, O may I a-bide, In Thee bless - ed Saviour, O may I a-bide;
To ren-der good serv - ice o-bey-ing Thy will To ren-der good serv-ice o-bey-ing Thy will;
If Thou wilt be with me, no e - vil I'll know, If Thou wilt be with me, no e - vil I'll know;
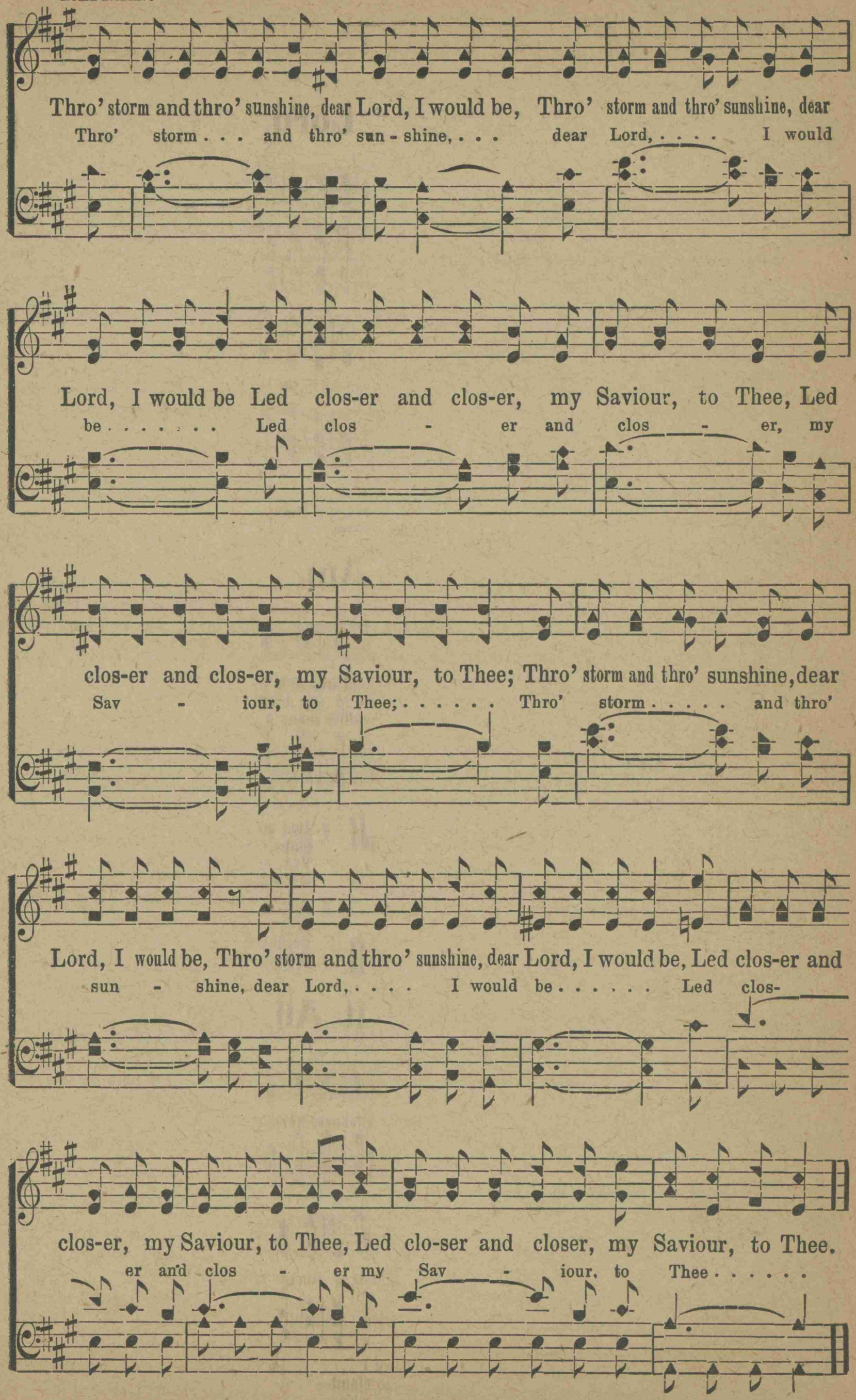


For Thou art the Light that shall gladden my gloom, For Thou art the Light that shall gladden my gloom,
To trust Thee more ful-ly when cloud-y the days, To trust Thee more ful - ly when cloud-y the days,
Till earth's fi-nal win-ter shall melt in-to spring. Till earth's fi - nal win-ter shall melt in - to spring,



And brighten my pathway with love's happy bloom, And brighten my pathway with love's happy bloom.
And when pleasures sparkle show forth Thy glad praise, And when pleasures sparkle show forth Thy glad praise.
And I shall be-hold Thee, Re-deem-er and King, And I shall be-hold Thee, Re-deem-er and King.

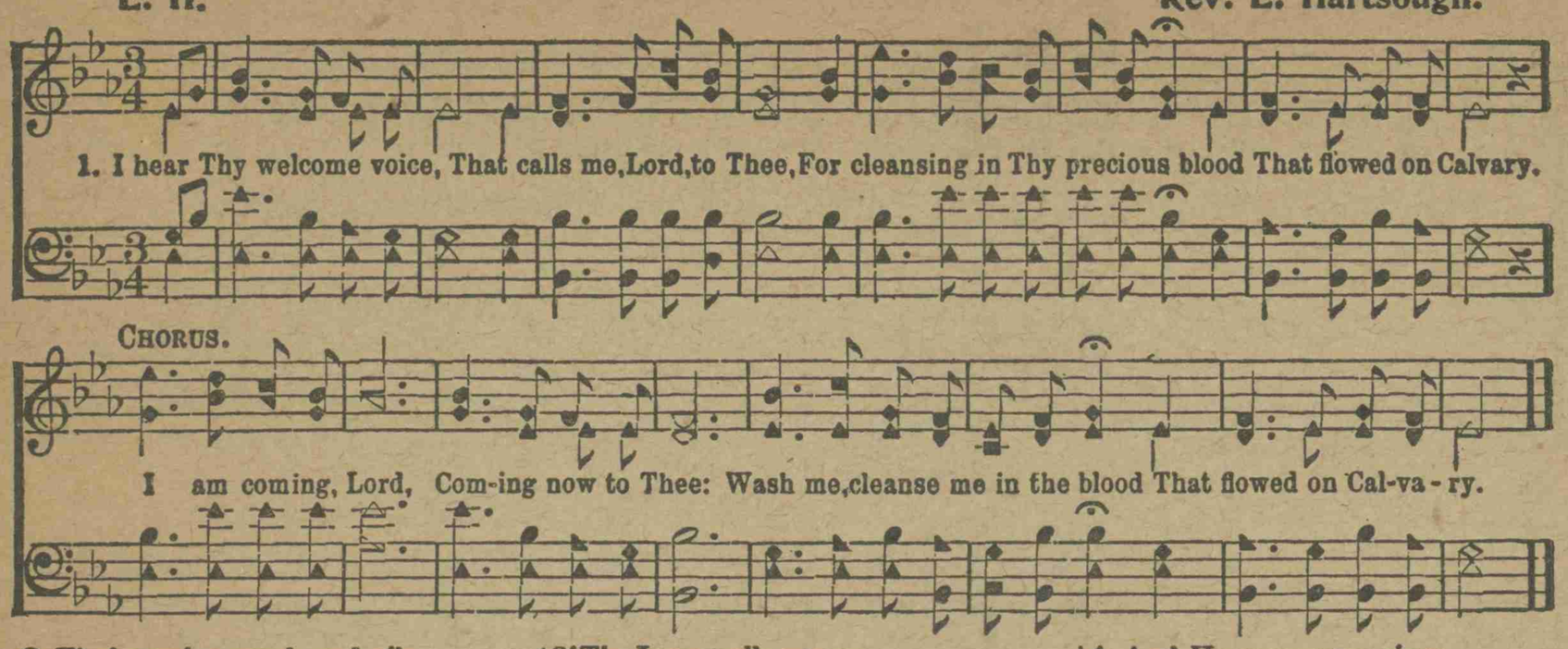
Thro' Storm and Thro' Sunshine.

REFRAIN.



No. 211. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



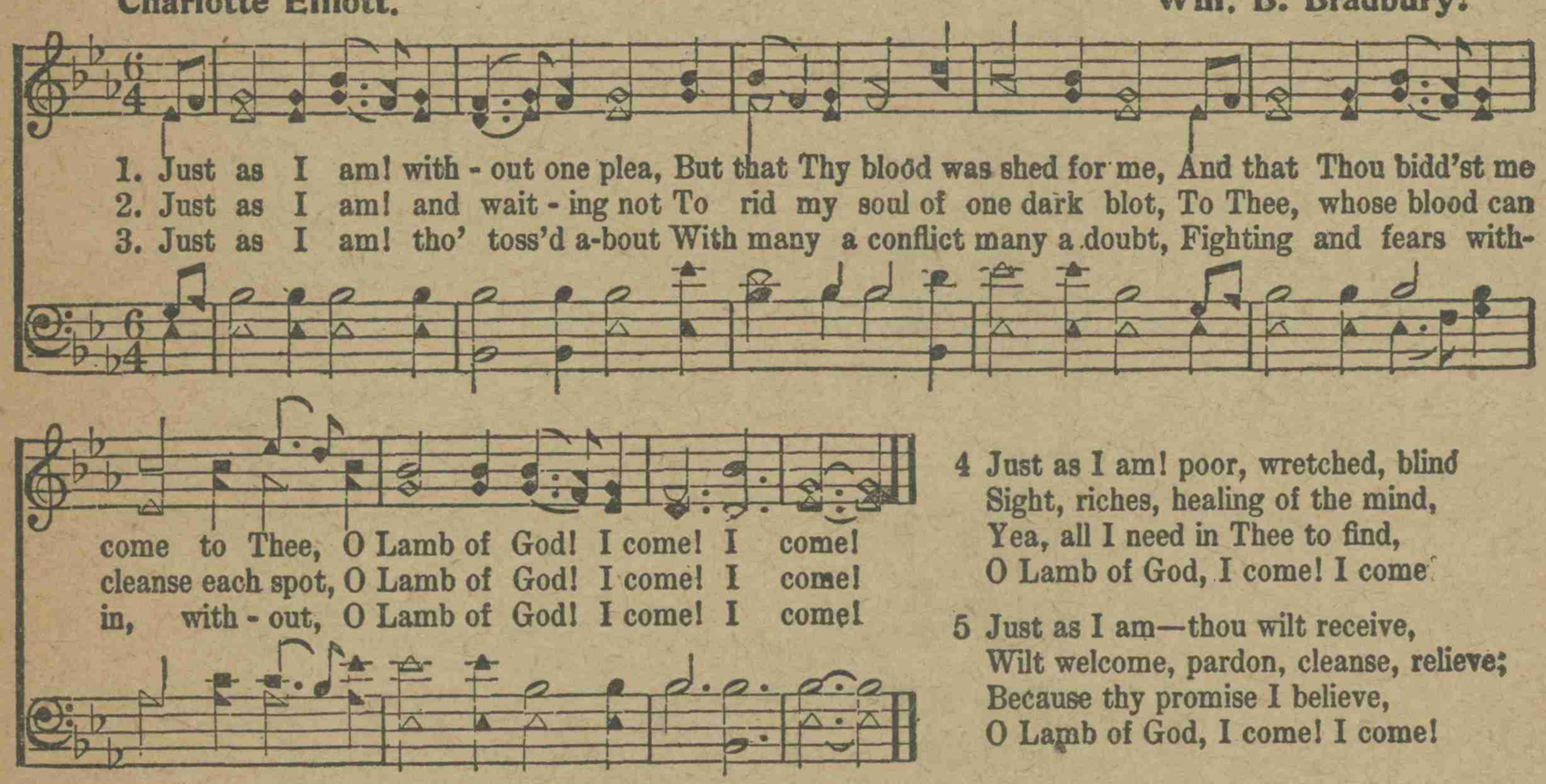
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 212. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

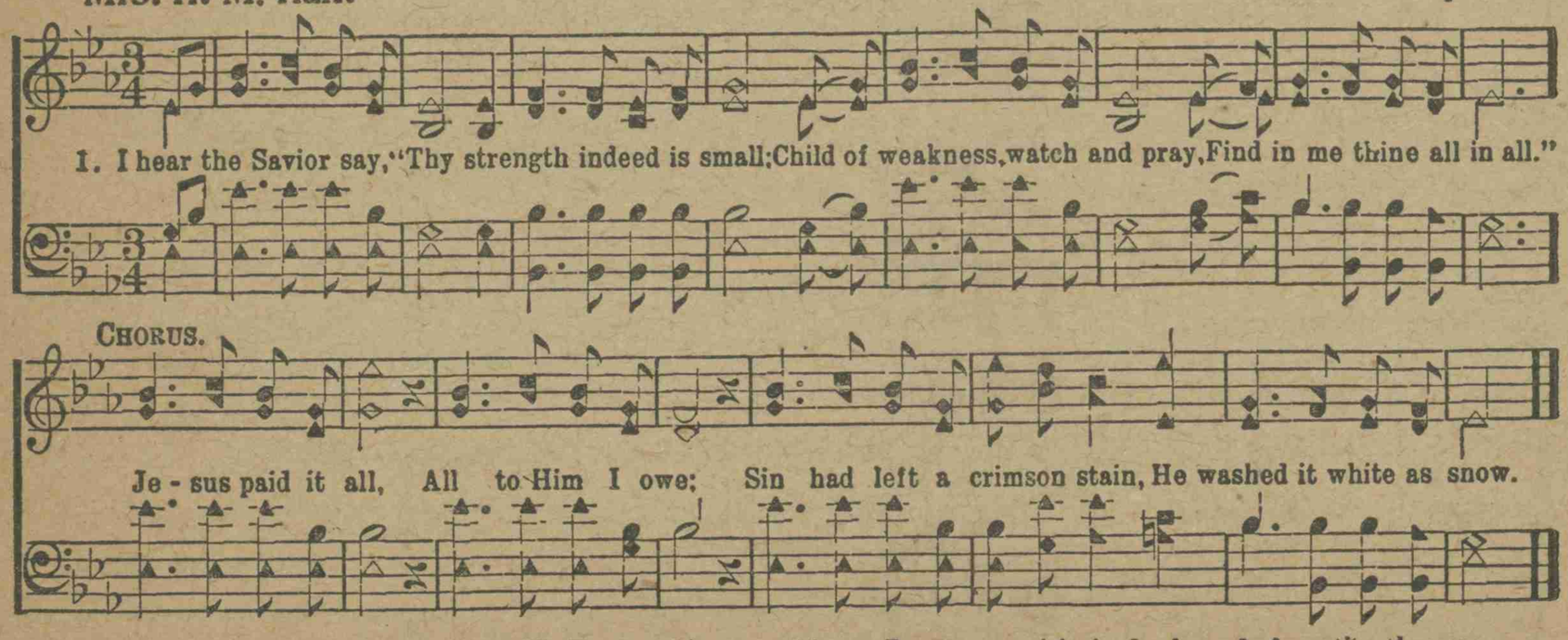


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 213. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



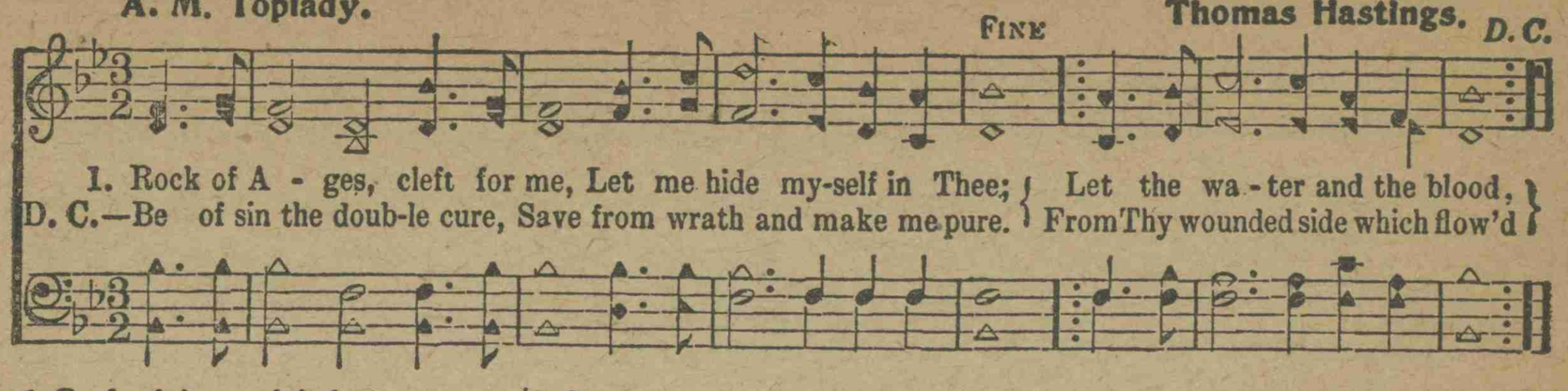
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt th e heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 214. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



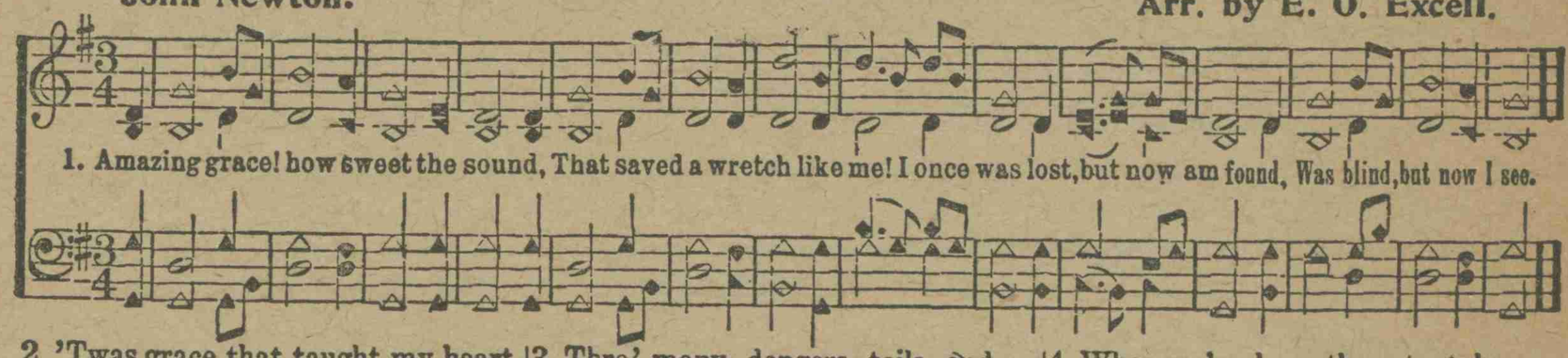
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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 Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 215. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.
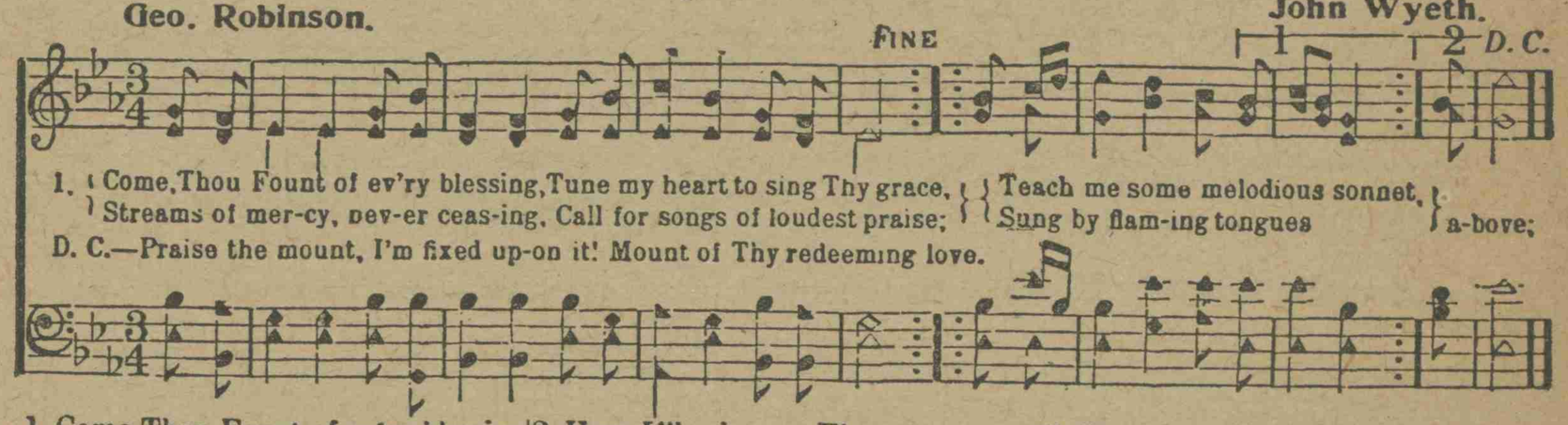


2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise.

No. 216. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.
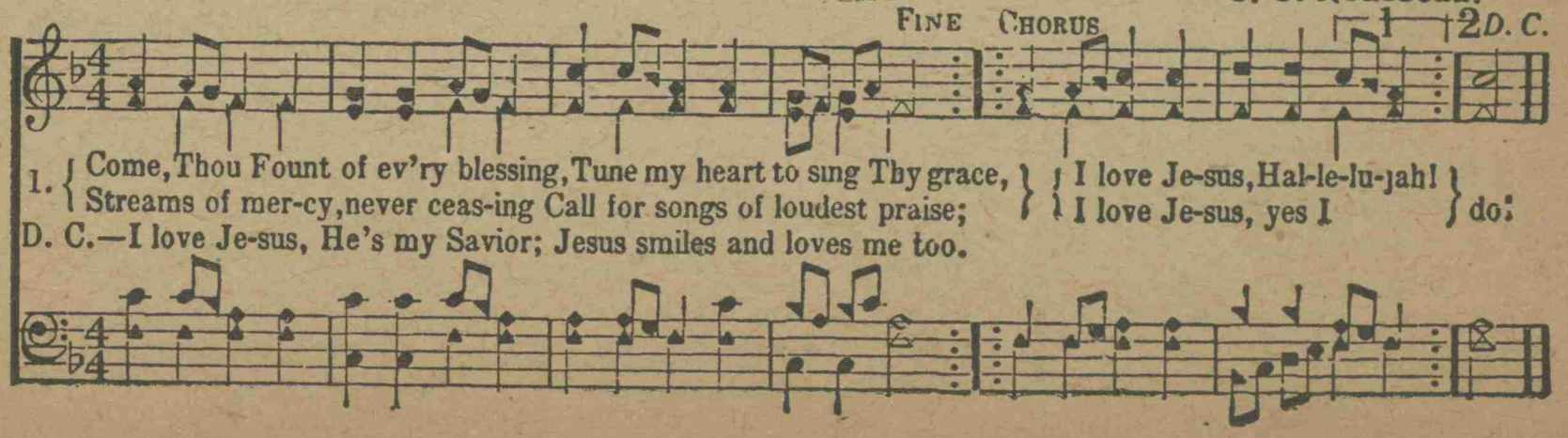


1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

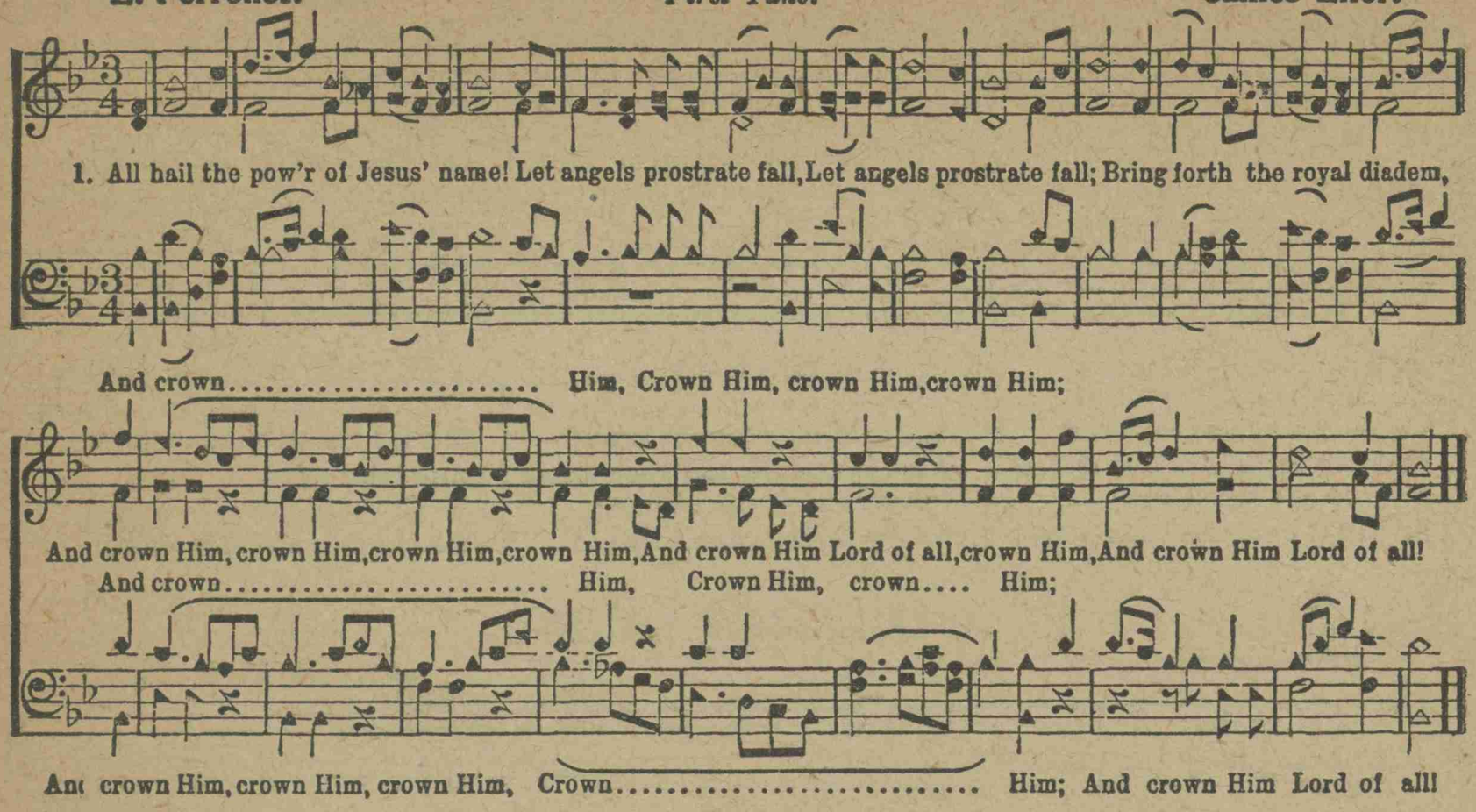
No. 217. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. J. J. Rousseau.



No, 218. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* **James Ellor.**
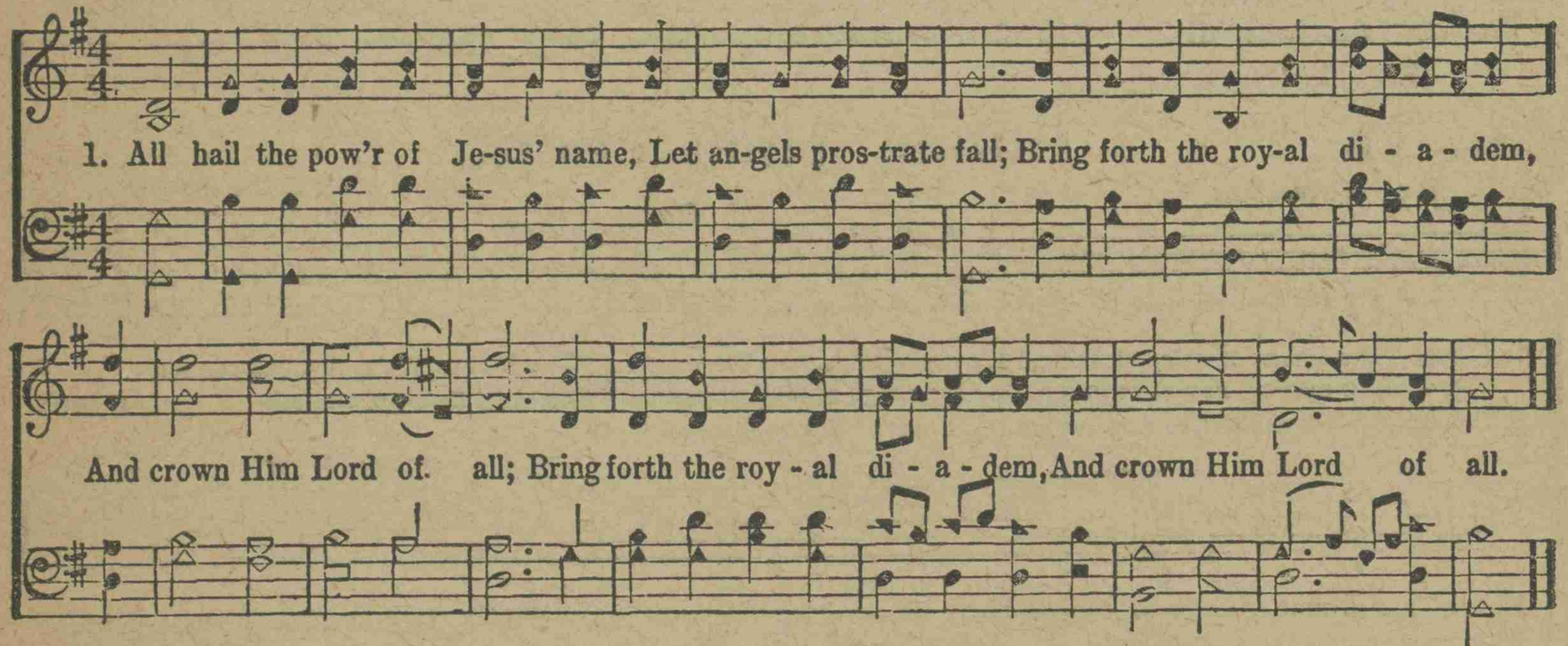


2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

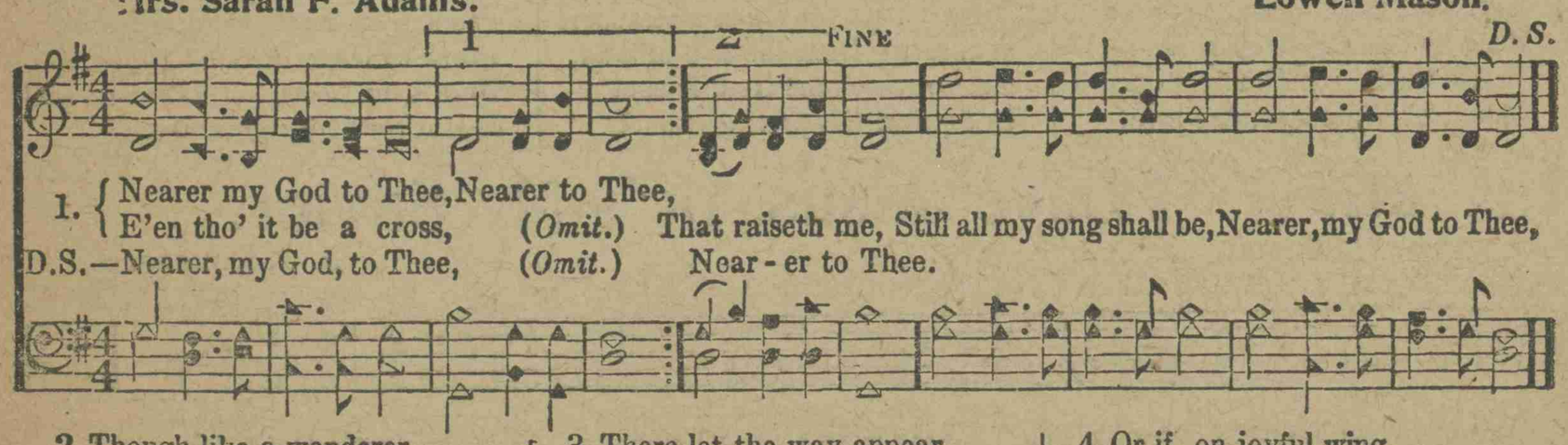
No. 219. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**



No. 220. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**
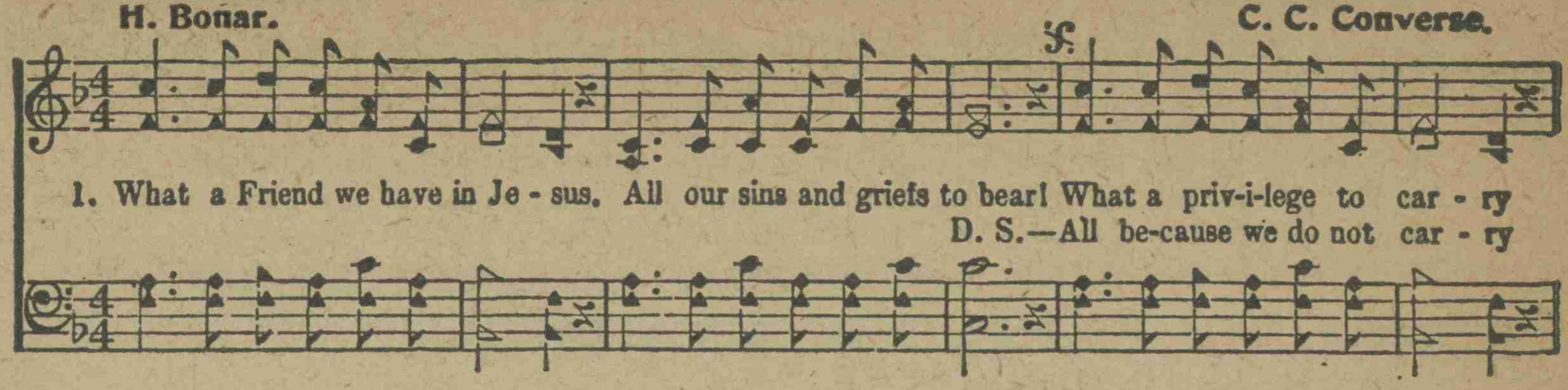


2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

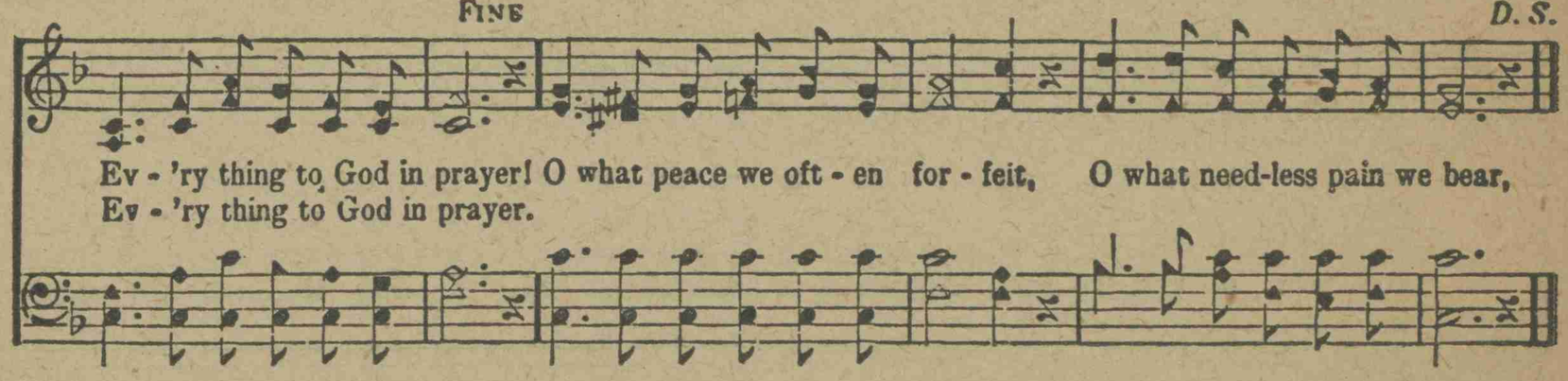
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 221. What a Friend.

H. Boñar. C. C. Converse.





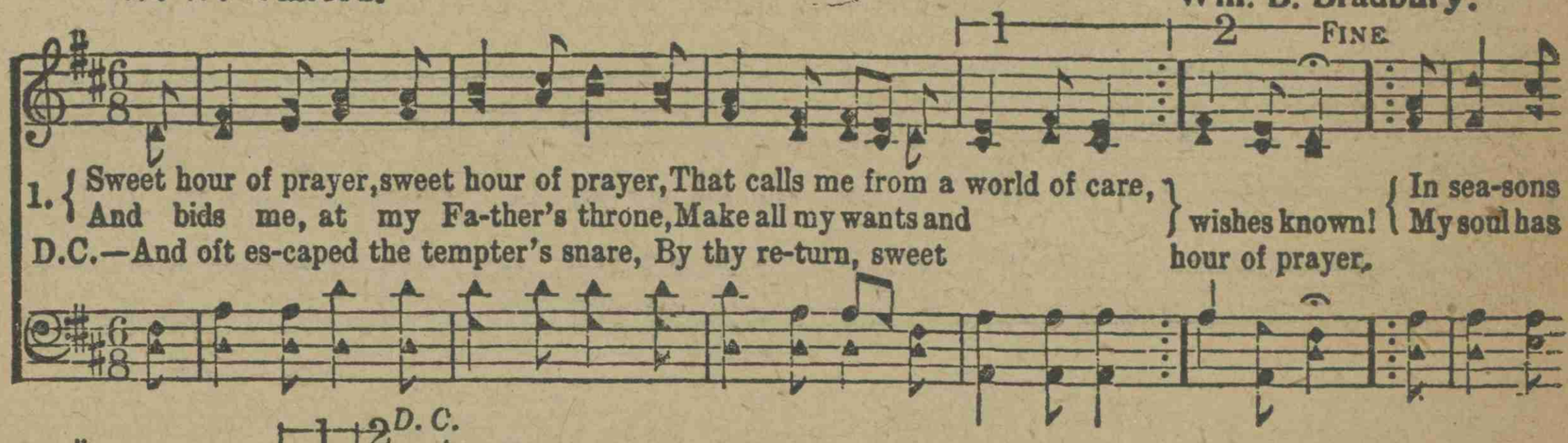
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

No. 222. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.
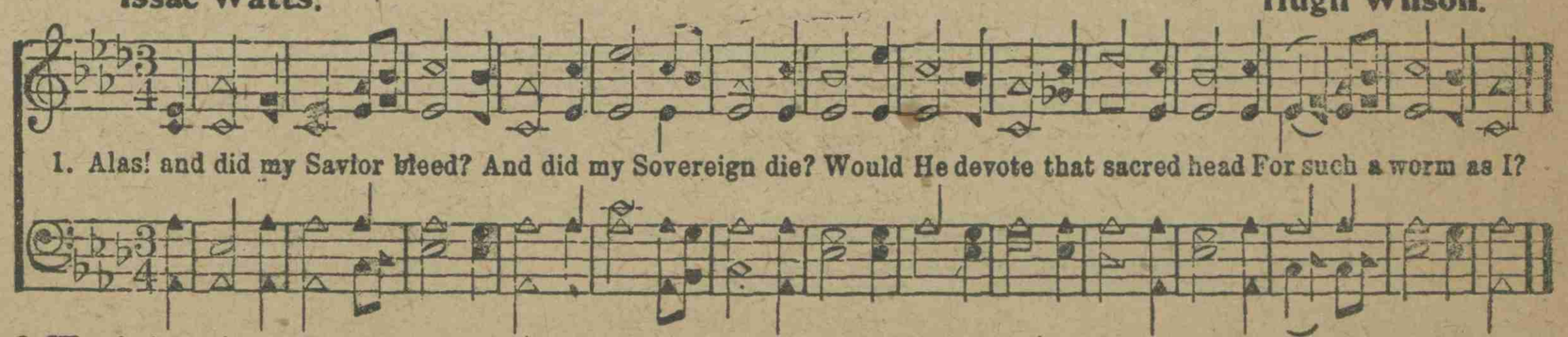


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 223. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 224. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 225. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
{ sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The } sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- } cause He first loved me.

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. 226. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, 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; / He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 227. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

FINE. D. S

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 228. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

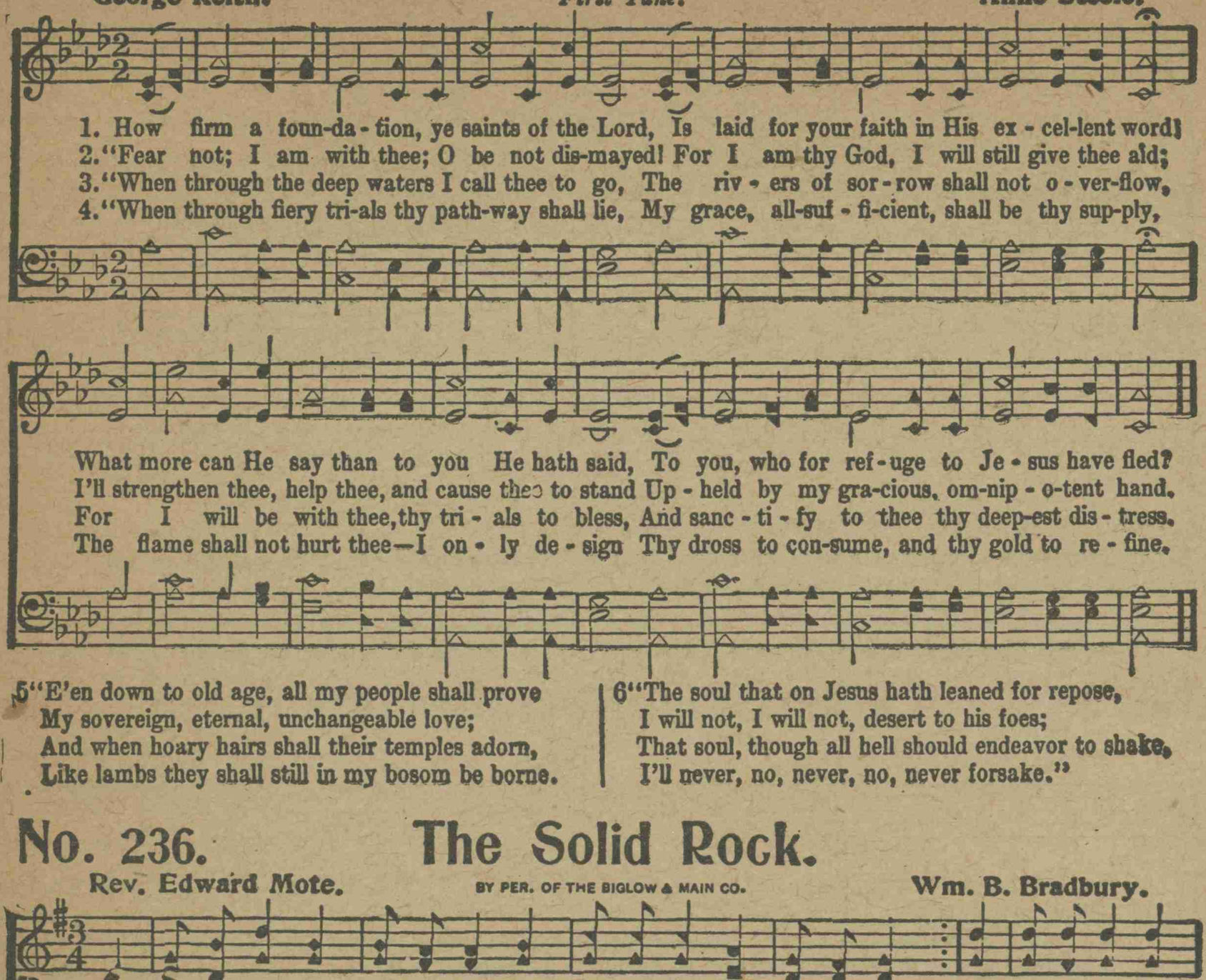
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 235. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,

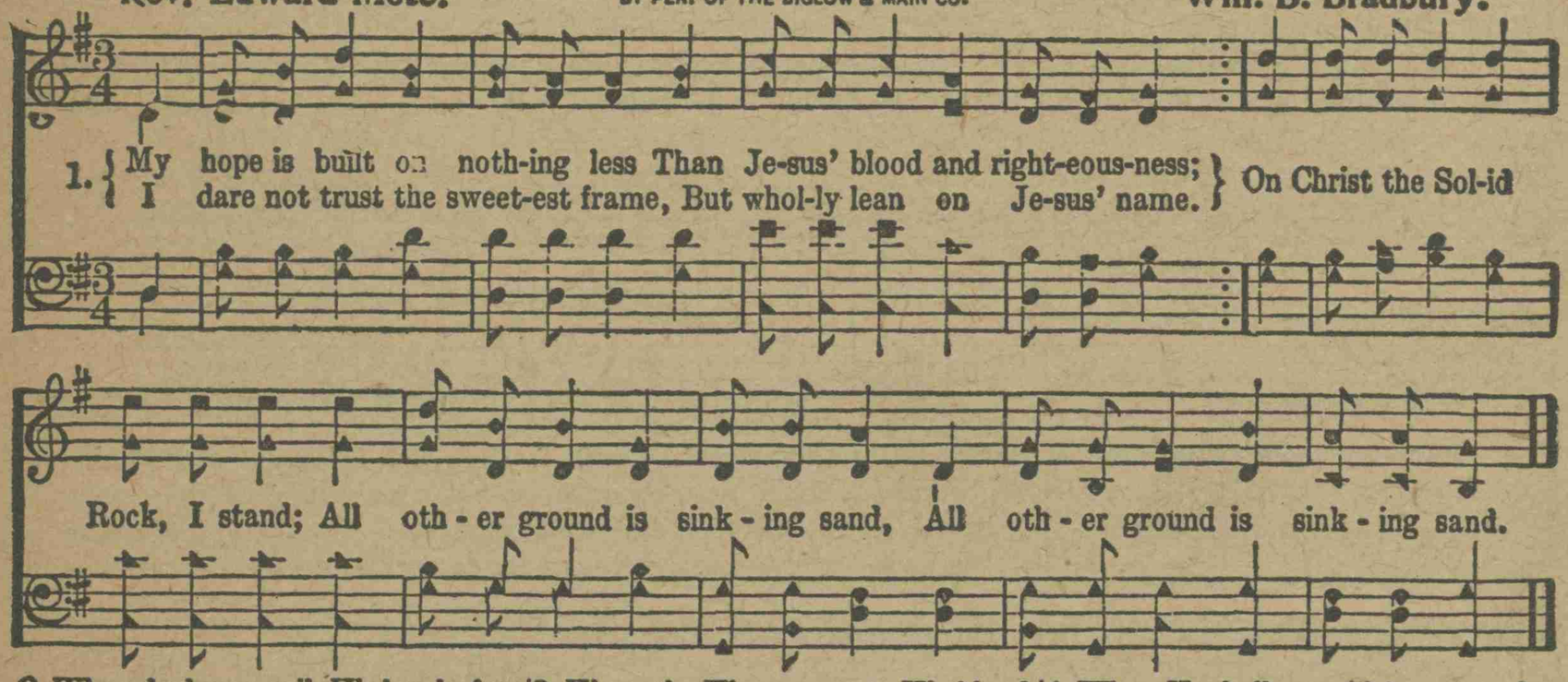
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 236. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; / I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 237. Pass Me Not.

Key of A-flat.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

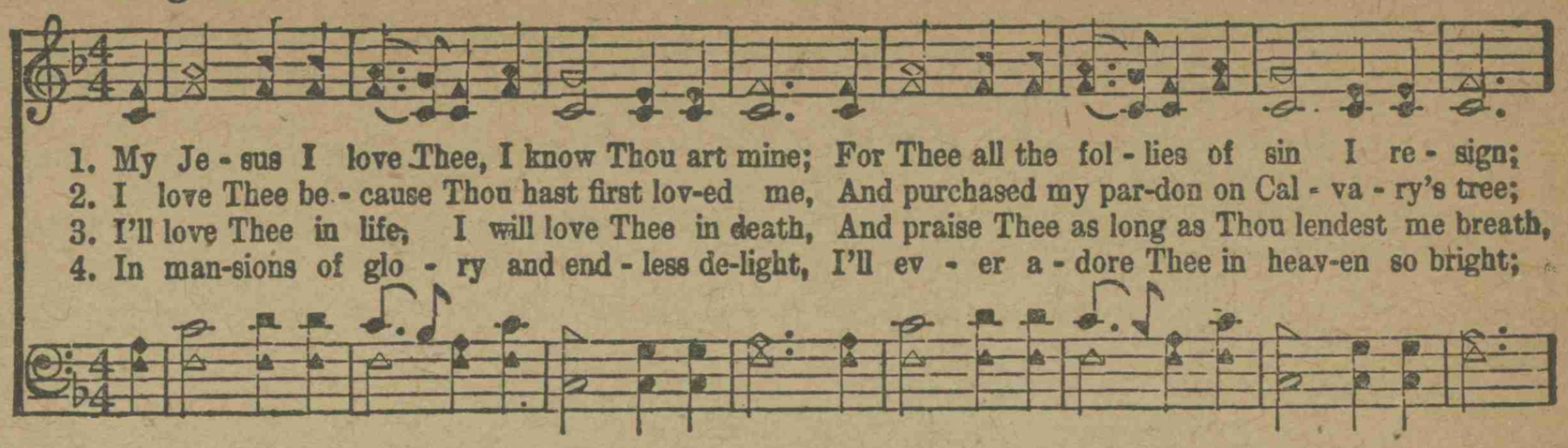
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

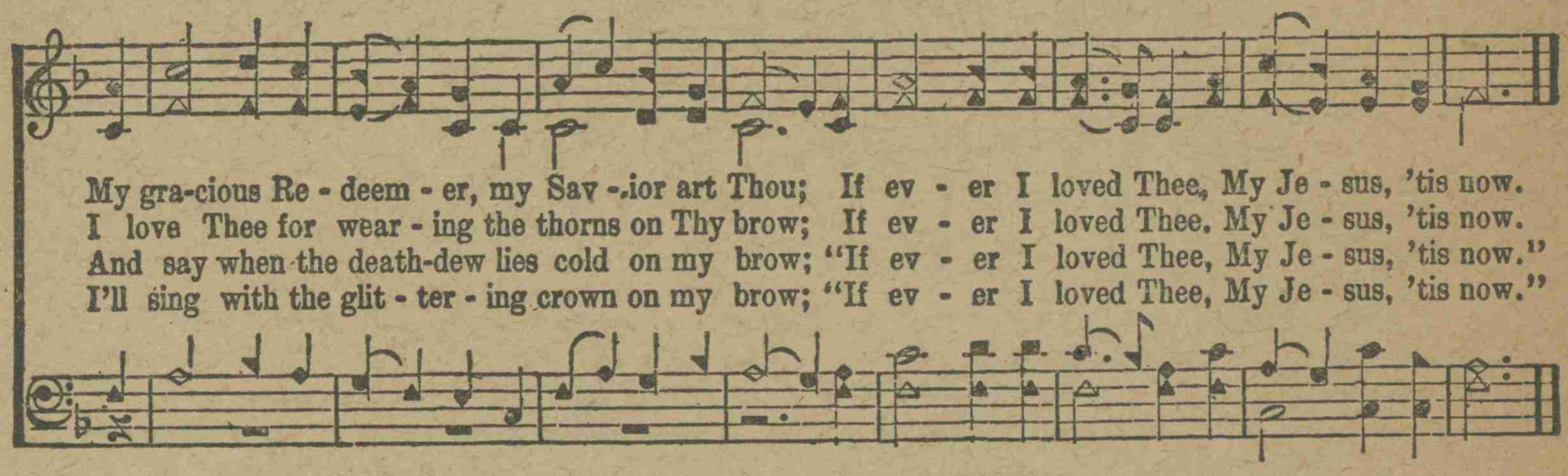
4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee?

Fanny J. Crosby.

No. 238. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.





No. 239. O Turn Ye.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 240. Look to Jesus.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

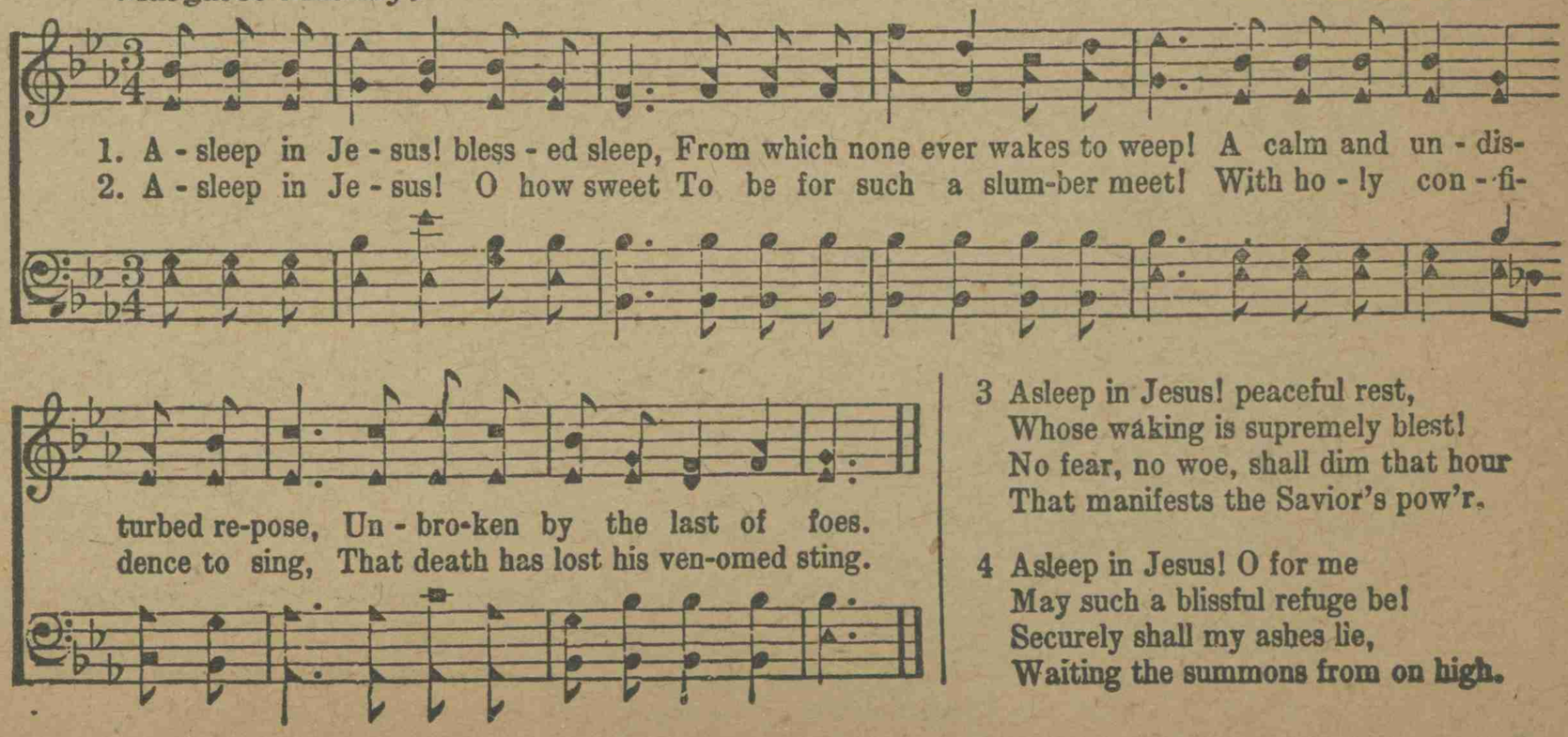
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 241. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 242. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—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.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 243. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 244. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 245. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho ly is Thy name, I am
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 246. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
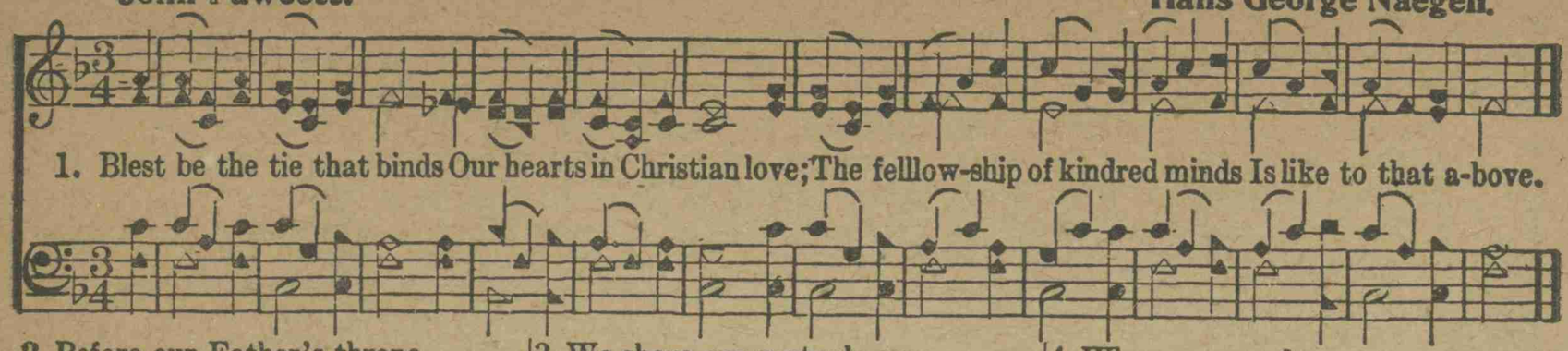
No. 247. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins a - way,. O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 248. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegell.



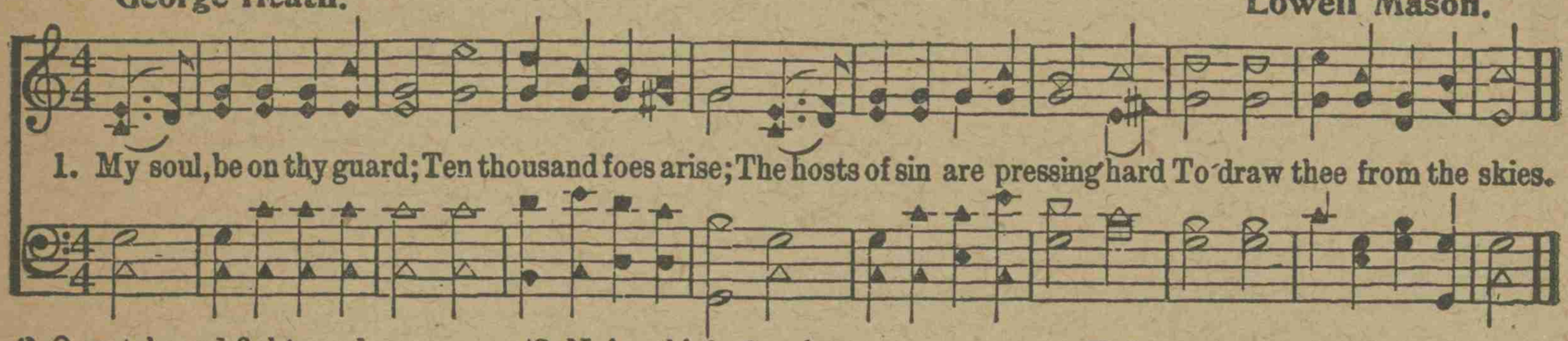
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 249. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



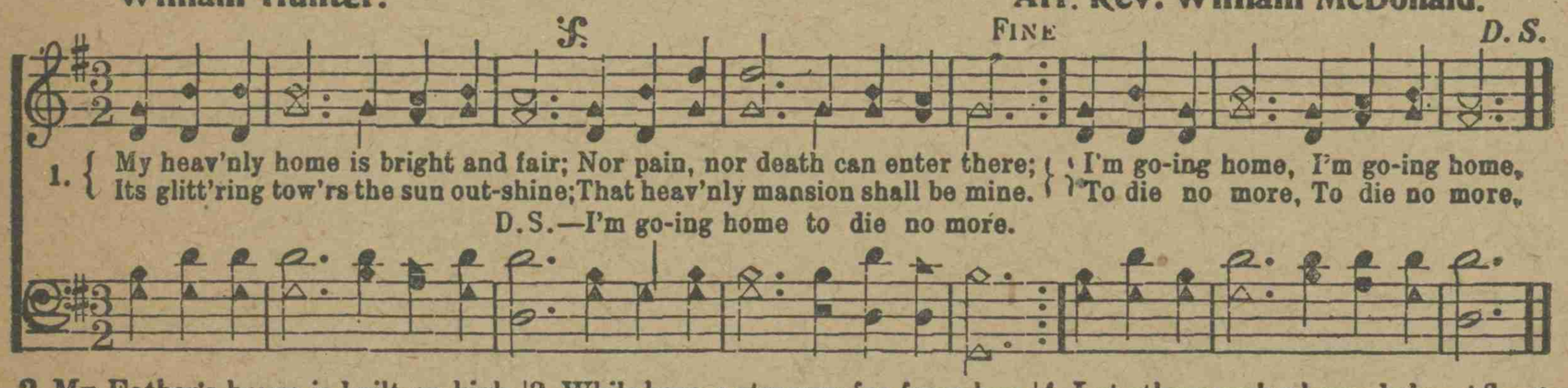
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 250. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



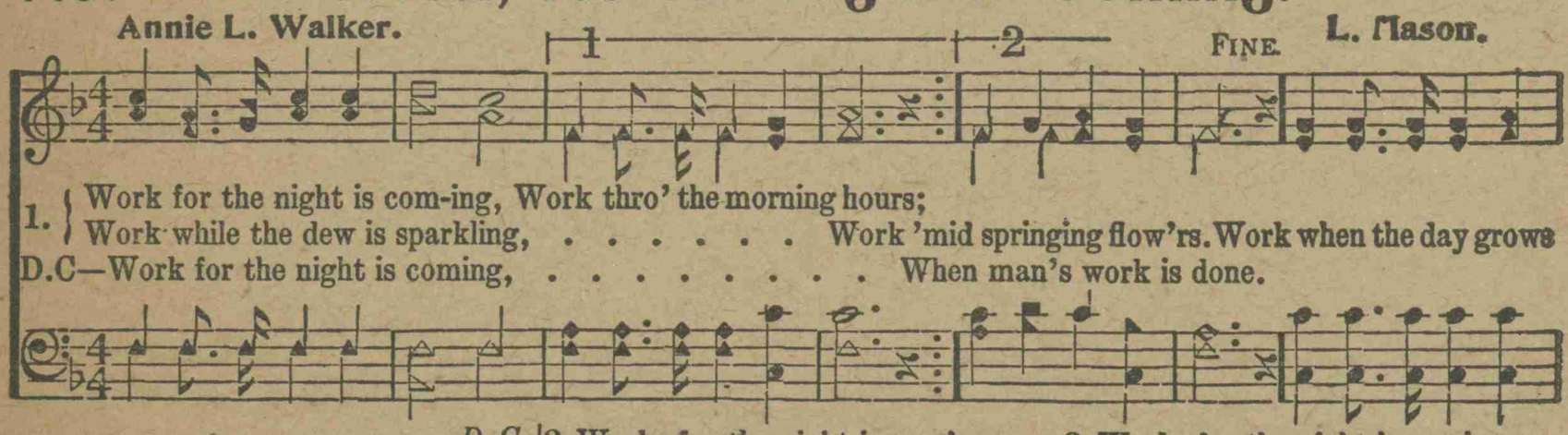
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

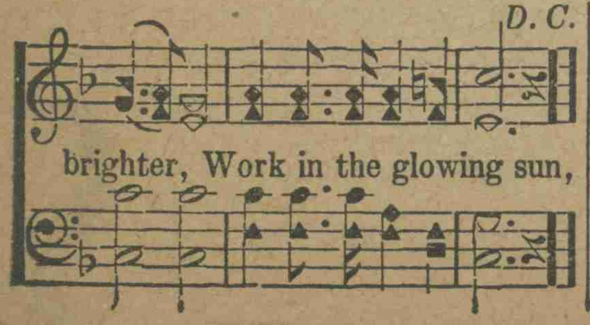
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 251. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



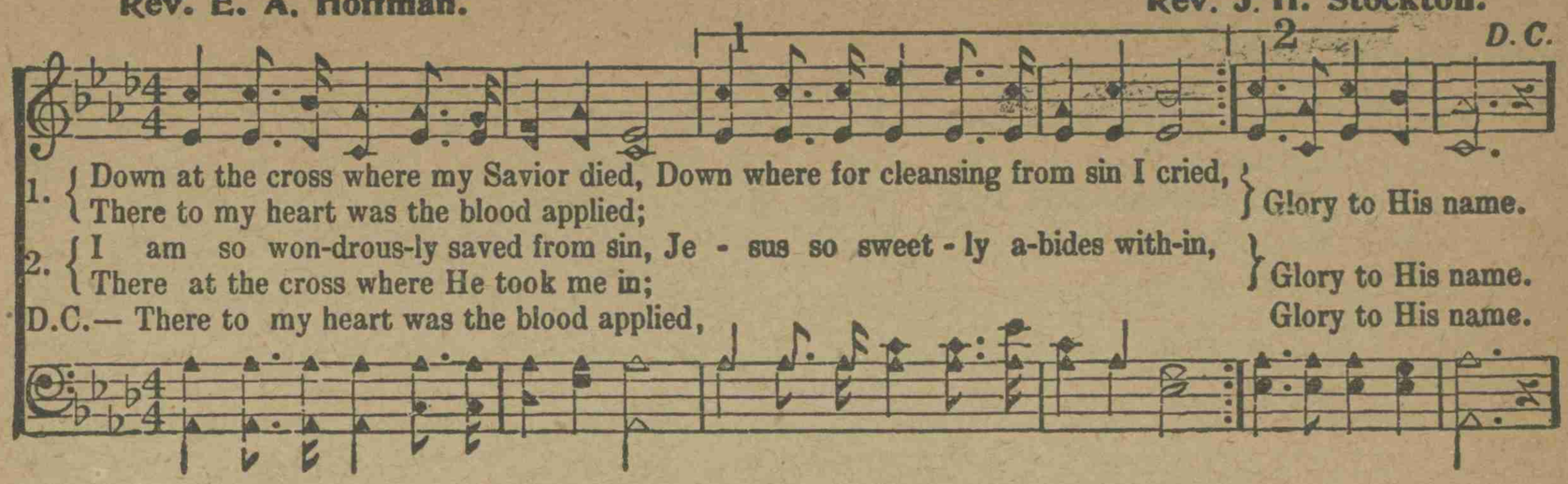


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the 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. 252. Glory to His Name.

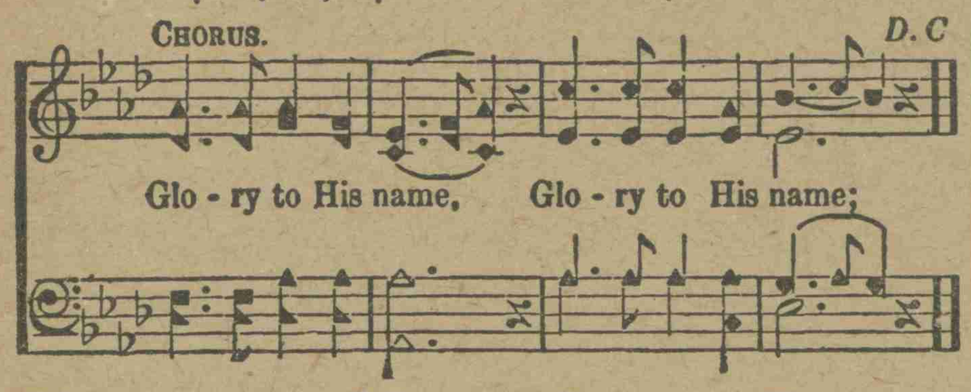
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, / There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.

2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, / There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.
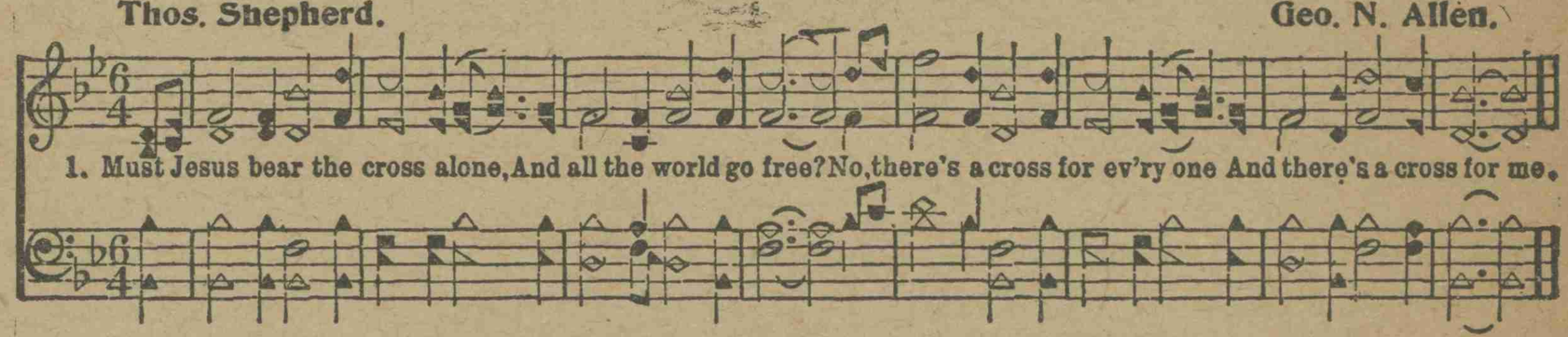


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 253. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

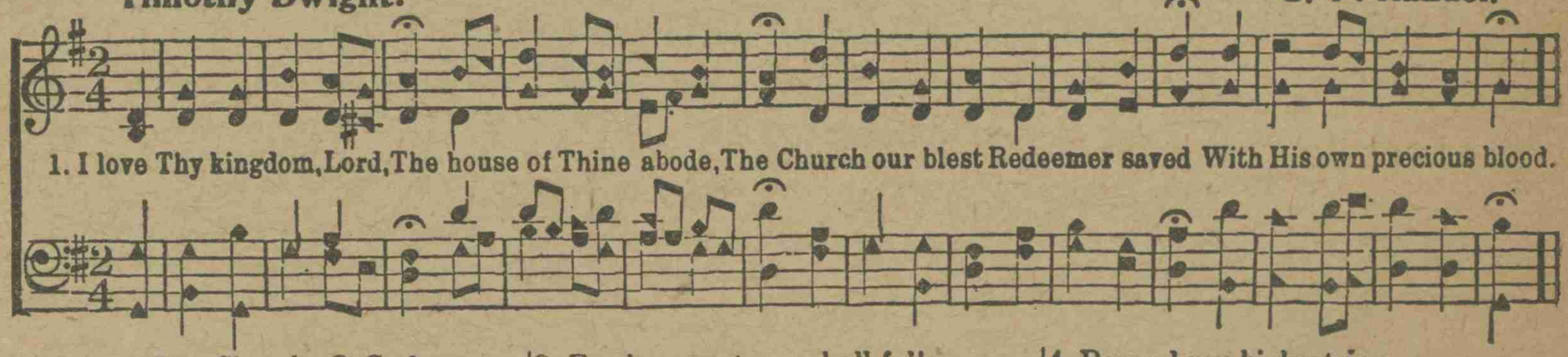
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

No. 254. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.

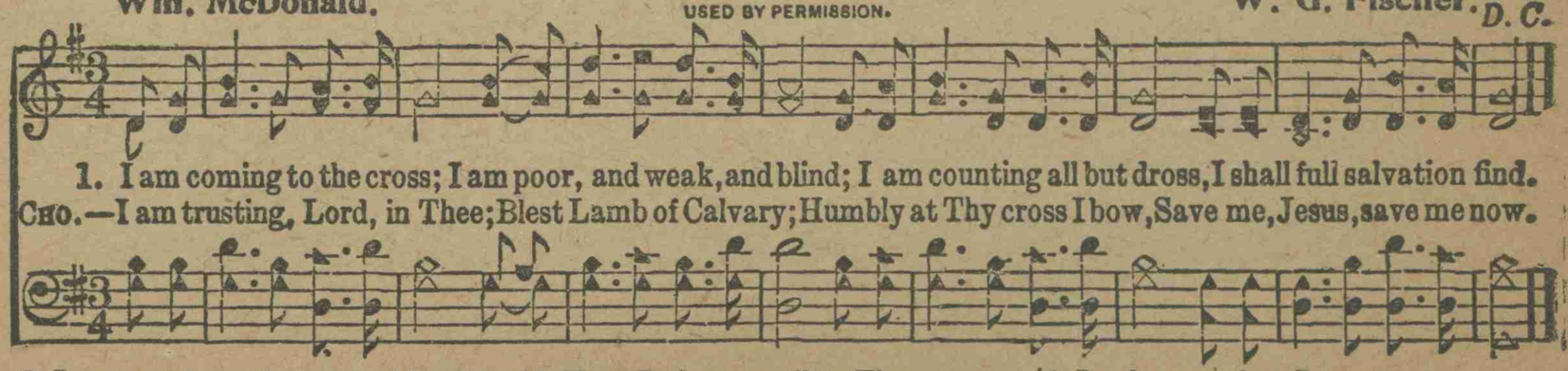
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 255. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



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; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

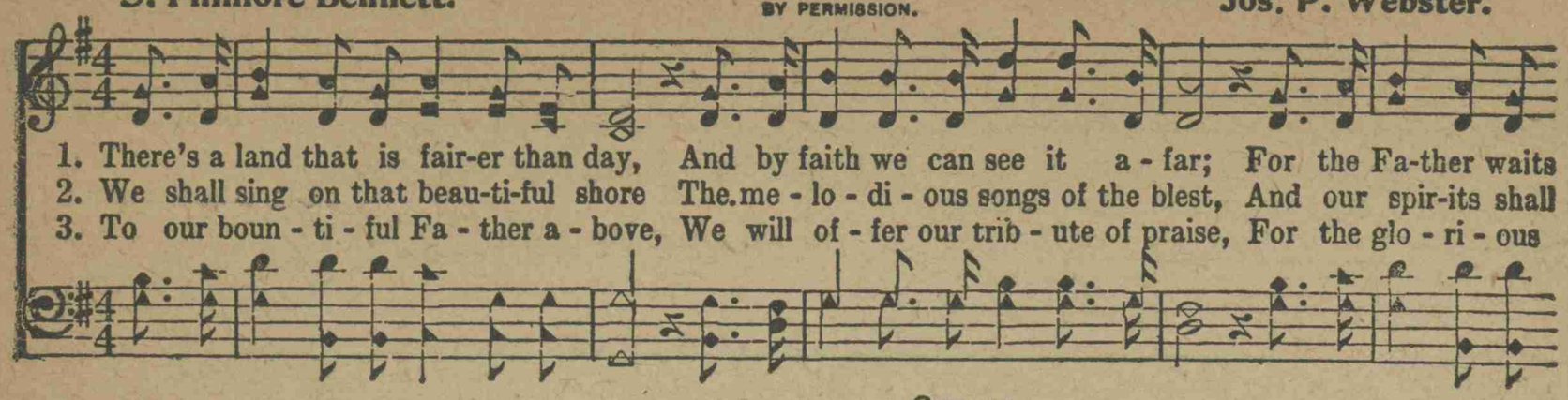
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

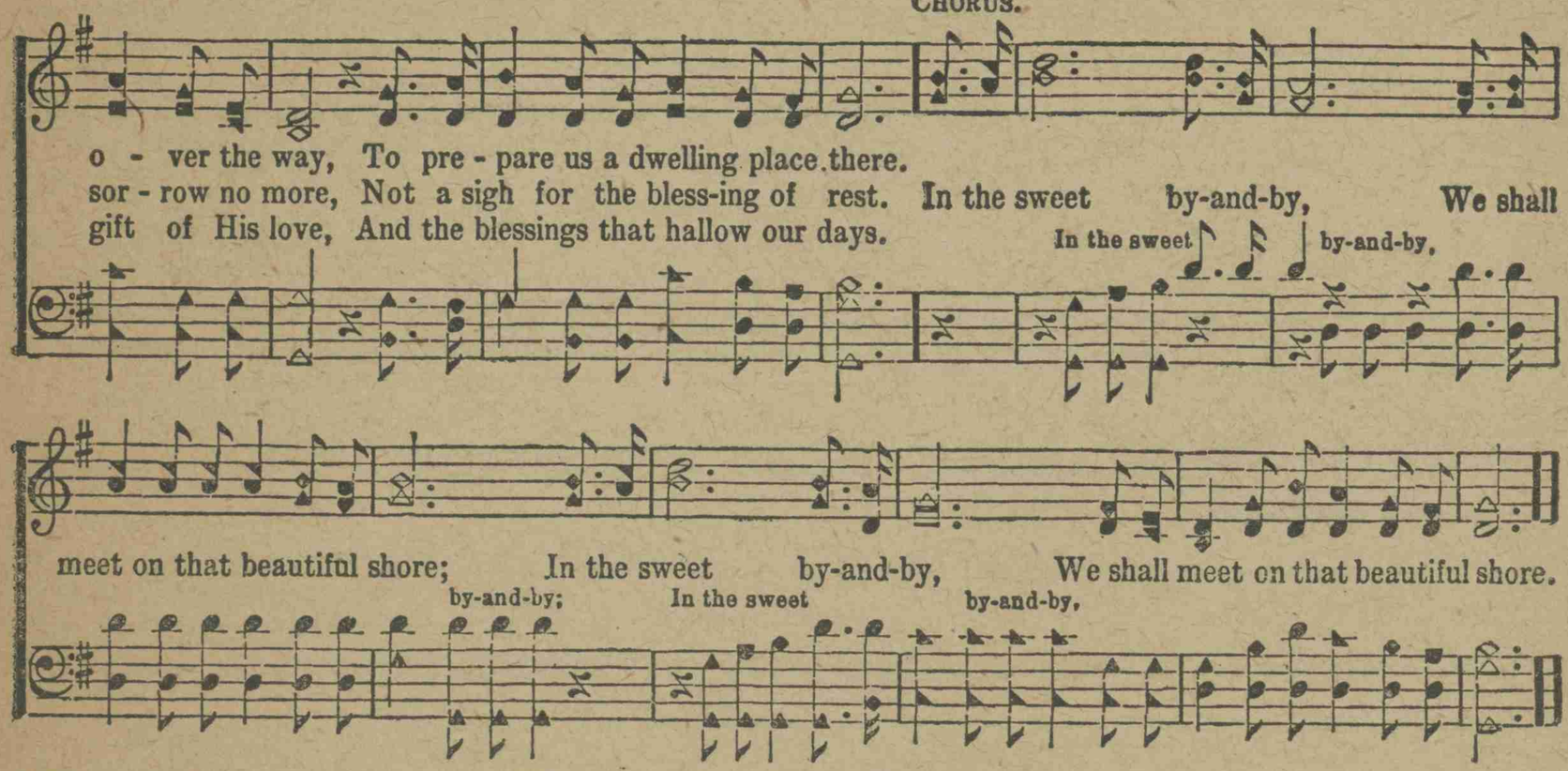
4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 256. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

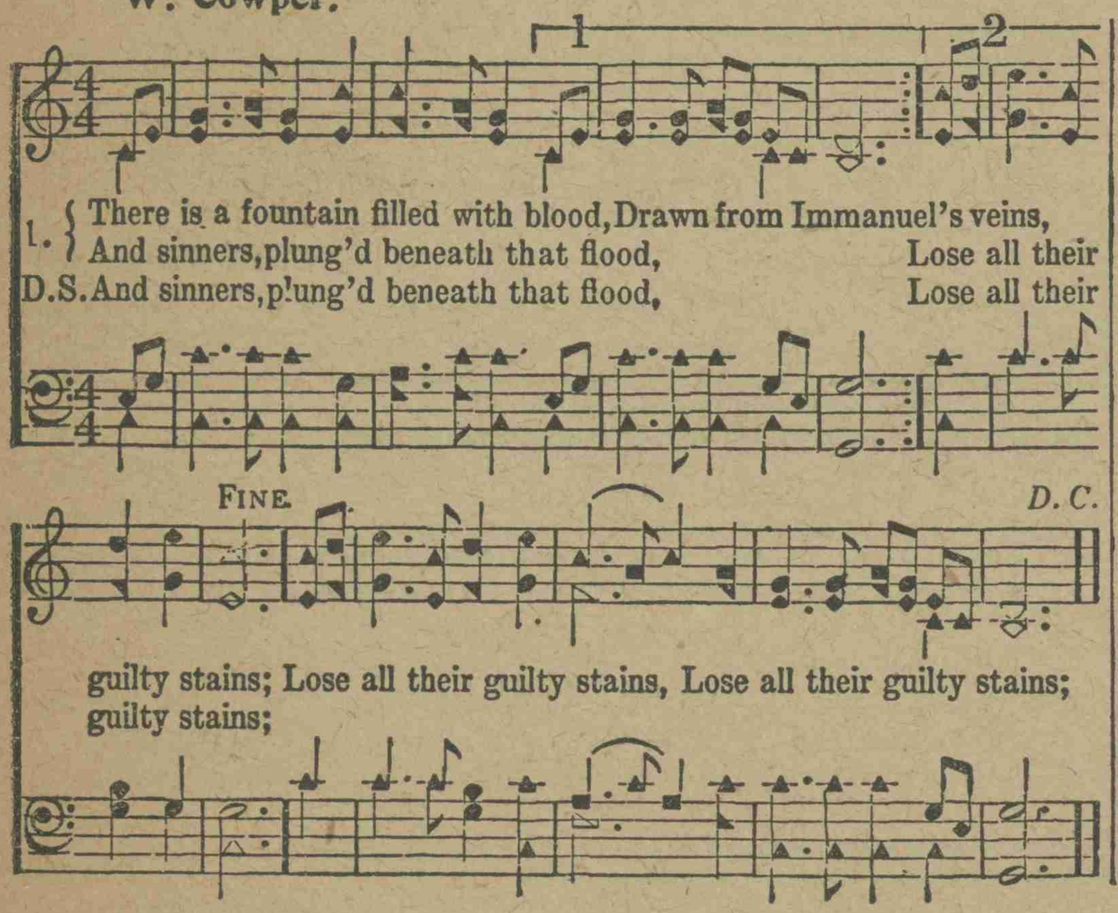


CHORUS.



No. 257. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 258.

Music number 262.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 259. Come to Jesus. Key of G.

1 Come to Jesus etc.
2 He will save you,
3 He is able.
4 Only trust Him.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 Don't reject Him.
9 Hallelujah! Amen.

No. 260. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 261. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

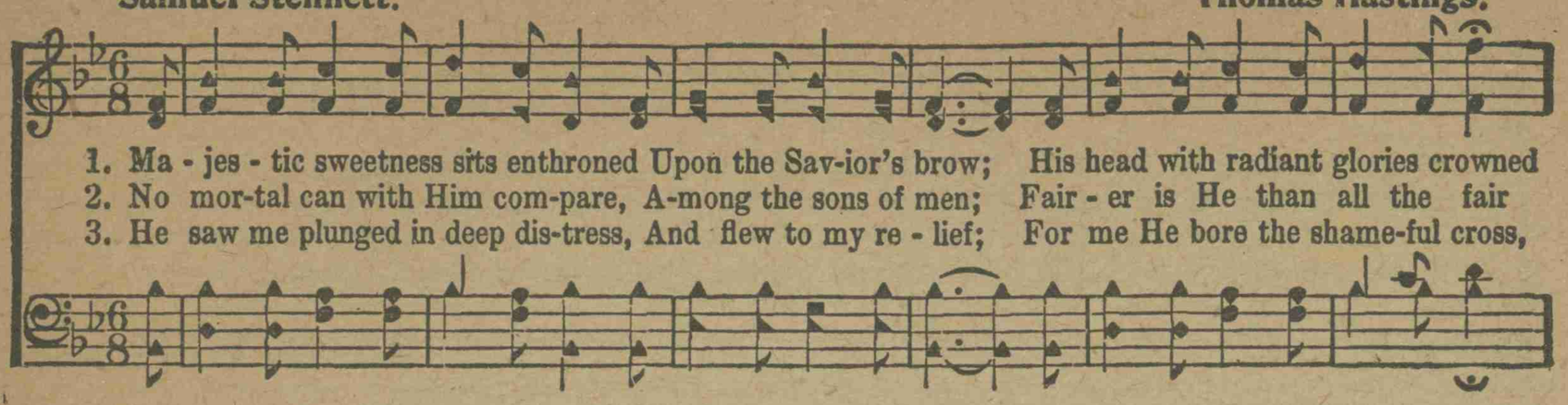
CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

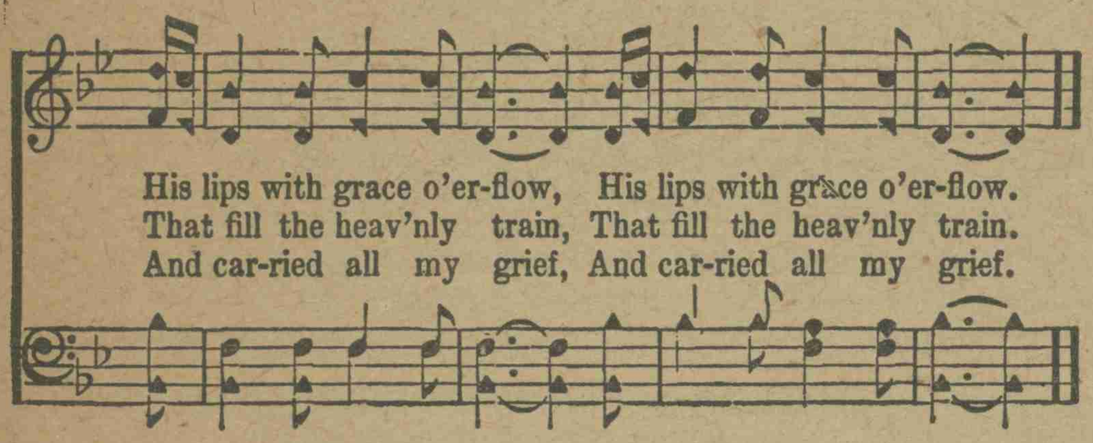
hand He lead-eth me: His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 262. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 263.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds.
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 264.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 265.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody 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 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

No. 266.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility.
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember Thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee!

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee!

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

No. 267.

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

No. 268. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my

over there.

mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 269. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; }
{ Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

FINE. CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

D.S.—*Second time.*

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 270. O For a Closer Walk with God.

Tune—No. 262.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

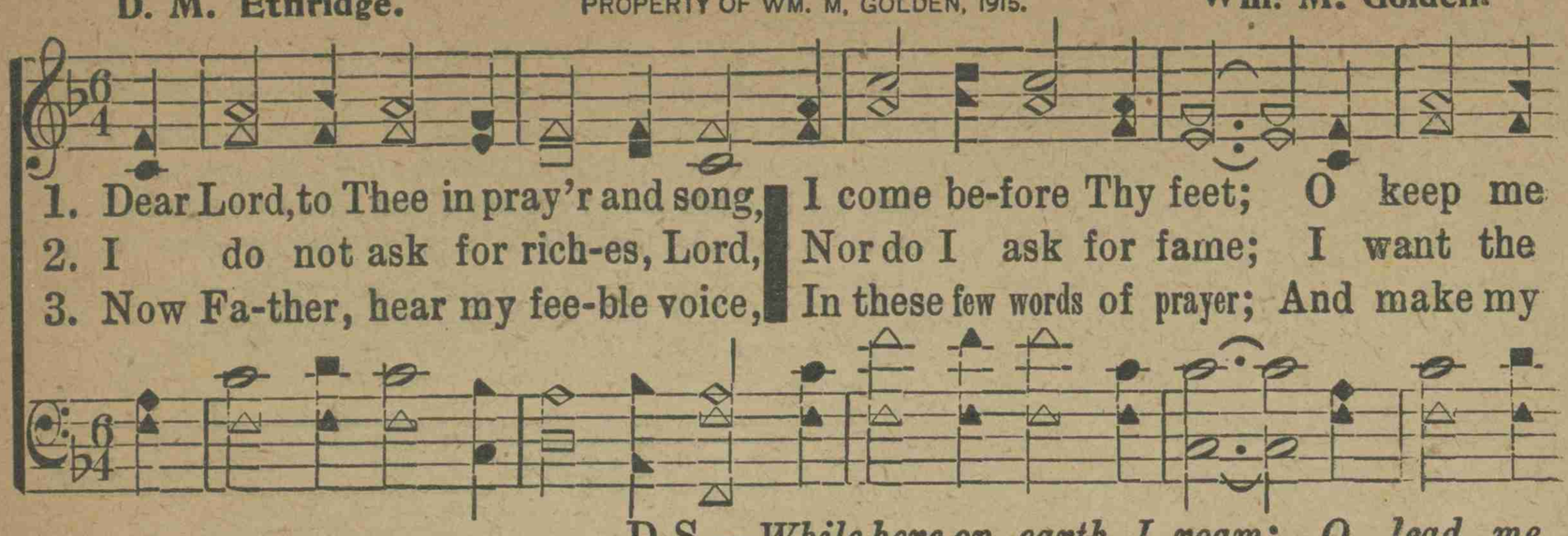
2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

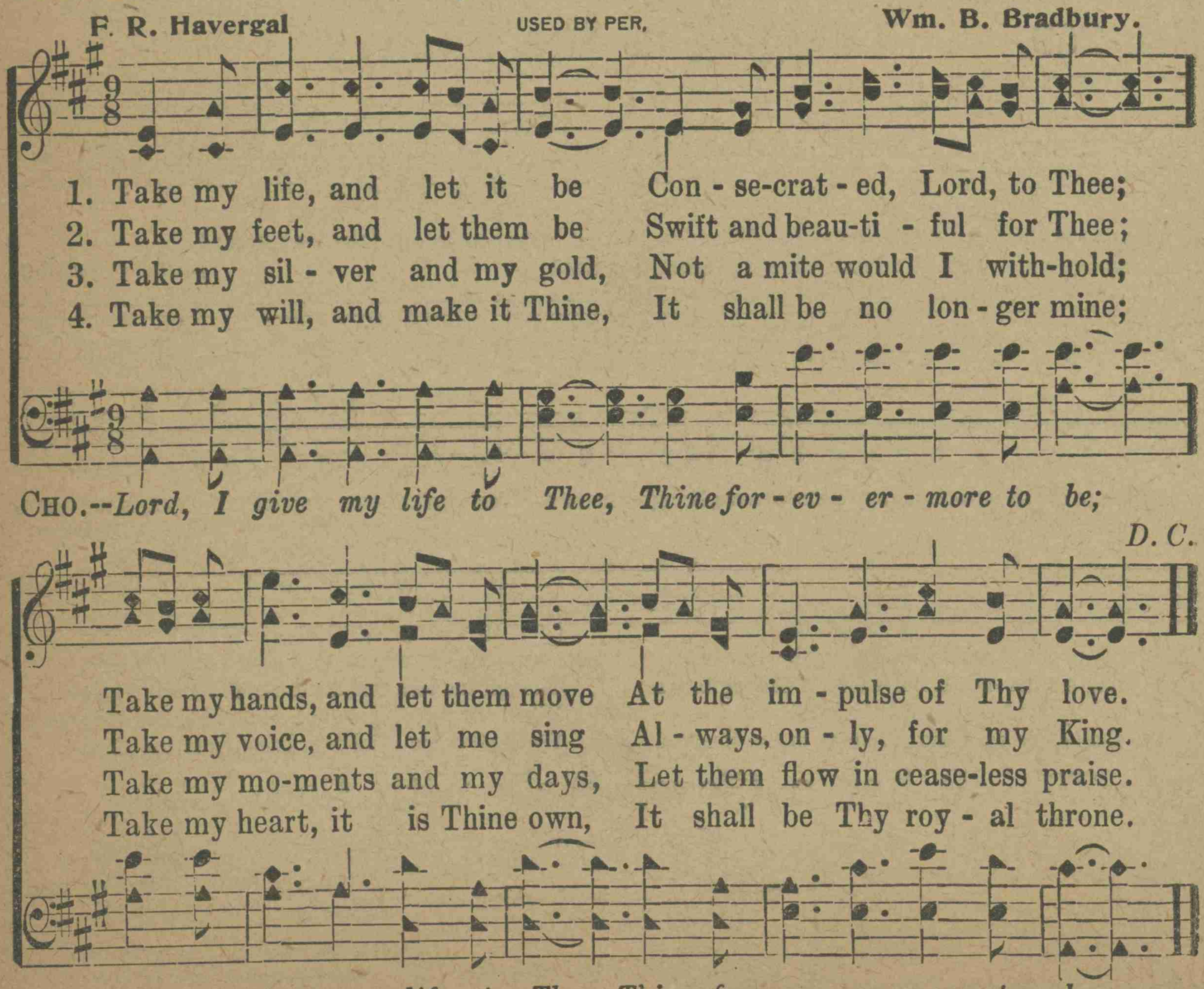
No. 271. Lord Lead Me On.

D. M. Ethridge. PROPERTY OF WM. M. GOLDEN, 1915. Wm. M. Golden.



No. 272. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal USED BY PER. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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