

CHO - For God so loved the world, That He gave His on ly

Son, That who so ev er be liev eth in Him, Might have ev er last ing life.

Son, That who so ev er be liev eth in Him, Might have ev er last ing life.....

# REVIVAL

# POWER



He "Shall so Come in Like Manner"

For God so loved the world, That He gave His on ly



Myndel Baptist

Sunday School

Don't take me away



# REVIVAL POWER

for

The Church, Sunday-School, the Revival,  
Young People's Meetings,  
Conventions and the Home.

by

WOODIE W. SMITH

AND

JOE W. ENGLISH

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WOODIE W. SMITH CO.

Music Publishers,

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# PREFACE.

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"O Lord revive Thy work." "Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit has come upon you." "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

## REVIVAL POWER.

JOE W. ENGLISH.

Just like the heavy-headed grain,  
We bow our hearts to Thee;  
And seek from Thee REVIVAL rain,  
With harvests full and free.

Oh, look on Thy plantation, Lord,  
And send the showers now;  
Oh, turn our hearts unto Thy word,  
Before Thy throne we bow.

Refreshing showers from above,  
Upon Thy vineyard pour;  
And from Thy bounty-store of love,  
REVIVE us, we implore.

There is a sound of going heard  
Afar through mulberry trees;  
More thrilling than the song of bird,  
Is this REVIVAL breeze.

Oh, bend us, Lord, we humbly cry,  
In penitence and prayer;  
Before Thy feet we lowly bow,  
Oh, clothe us with Thy POWER.

THE AUTHORS.



# Revival Power.

No. 1.


## Freedom In Christ.

"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—Jno. 8: 36.


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W. W. S.

WOODIE W. SMITH.




1. Are you wear - y and distressed, Is your soul by sin oppressed;  
2. Does the cross seem hard to bear, Is there troub - le a - ny-where;  
3. Have you fal - len by the way, In the mir - y pit of clay;  
4. If by for - tune you are blest, Make the Lord your wel - come guest;





Lean your head on Je - sus' breast, He a - lone can give you rest,  
Are you sink - ing in de - spair, Je - sus will your sor - row share.  
Hear the Sav - iour kind - ly say, "Fol - low Me I am the way."  
De - mon - strate His won - d'rous love, Lay your treas - ures up a - bove.




### CHORUS.



He a - lone can make you free, He your dear - est friend will be;



If you trust His sav - ing pow'r, He will save you this hour.





# No. 2

# Near the Cross.

'Peace through the blood of his cross.'—Col. 1: 29.

Copyright by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



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



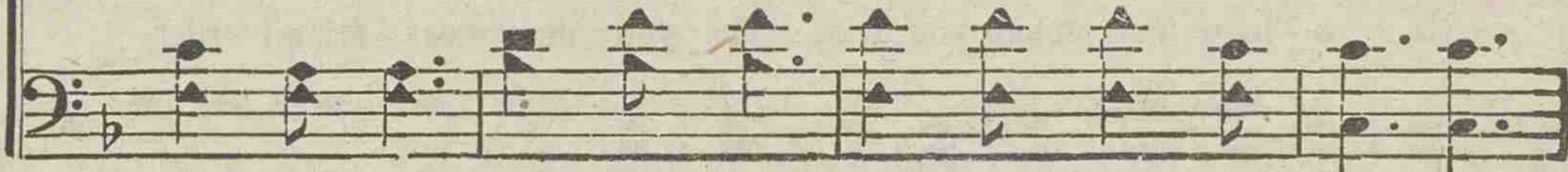

Free to all a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun-tain.  
 There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.



## REFRAIN.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;




Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.





# Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of Death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know Since Je-sus came



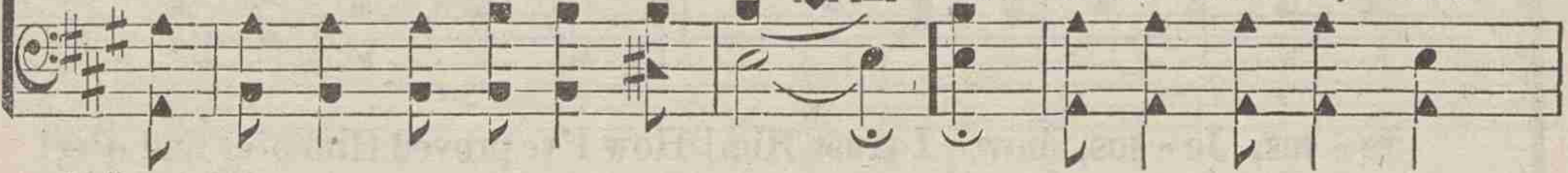
in-to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
 in-to my heart! And my sins which were ma-ny are all washed a-way  
 in-to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,  
 in-to my heart! And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,  
 in-to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,



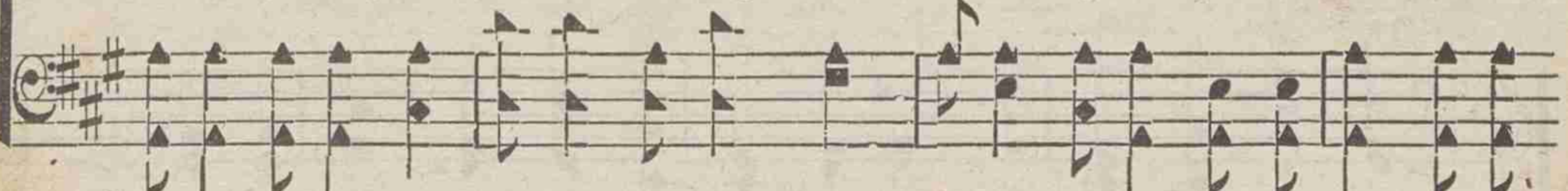
## CHORUS.



Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my  
 Since Je-sus came in, came



heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my  
 in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart,



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.





## 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

COPYRIGHT, 1882. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,  
USED BY PER,

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;



Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



## REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.





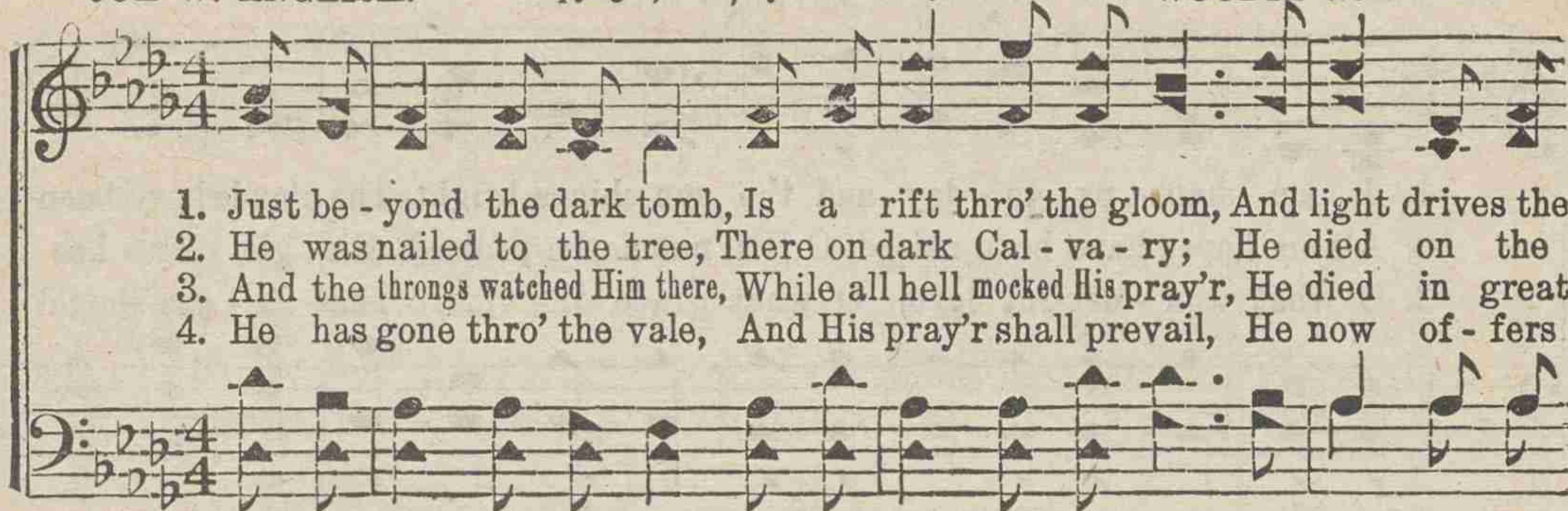
# No. 5.

# Jesus Christ Is Risen.

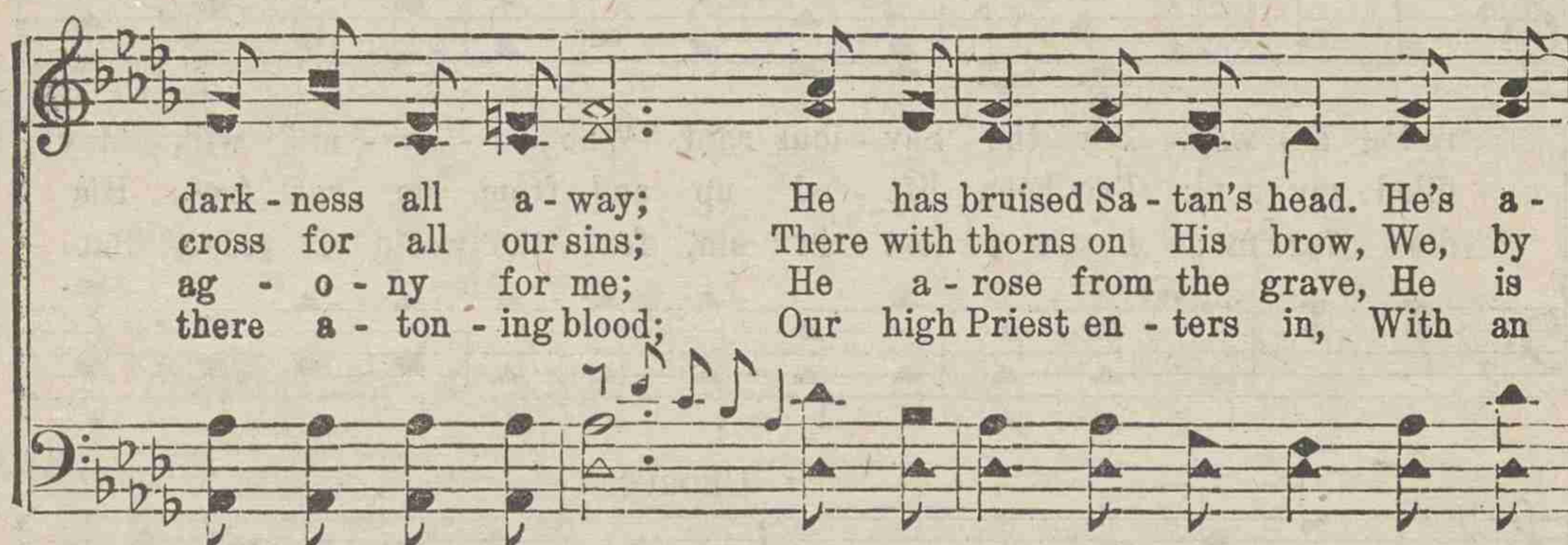
JOE W. ENGLISH.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Just be - yond the dark tomb, Is a rift thro' the gloom, And light drives the  
 2. He was nailed to the tree, There on dark Cal - va - ry; He died on the  
 3. And the throngs watched Him there, While all hell mocked His pray'r, He died in great  
 4. He has gone thro' the vale, And His pray'r shall prevail, He now of - fers



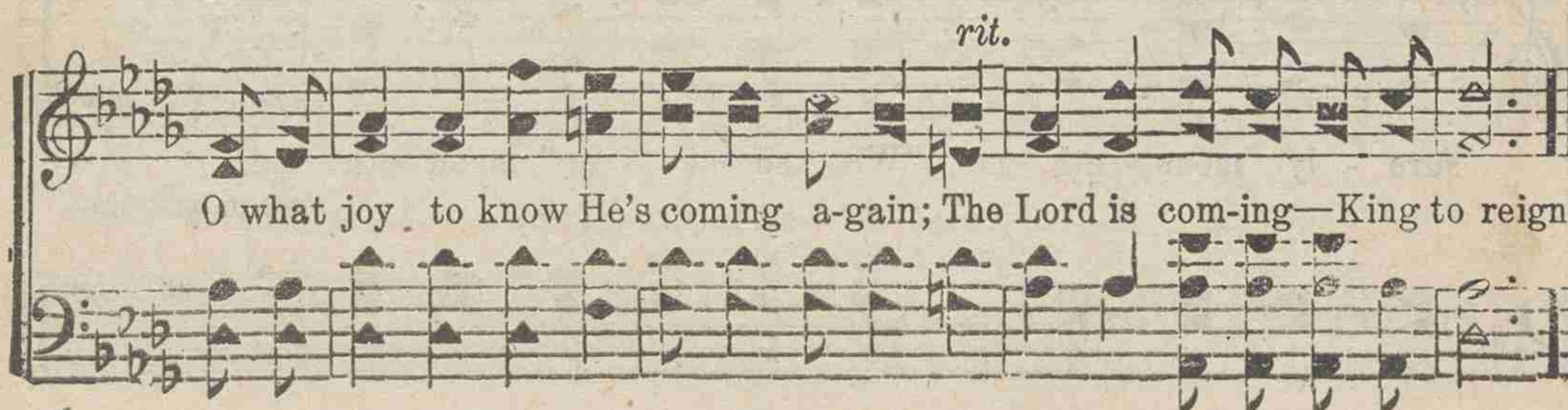
dark - ness all a - way; He has bruised Sa - tan's head. He's a -  
 cross for all our sins; There with thorns on His brow, We, by  
 ag - o - ny for me; He a - rose from the grave, He is  
 there a - ton - ing blood; Our high Priest en - ters in, With an



*rit.* CHORUS.  
 live from the dead, The King of glo - ry reigns for aye.  
 faith, see Him now, And songs of sal - va - tion now be - gin. Je - sus Christ the  
 might - y to save, He of - fers sal - va - tion full and free.  
 of - f'ring for sin, Our Christ in - ter - cedes for us a - bove.



Lord is ris - en in - deed, And is seat - ed at His fa - ther's right hand;



*rit.*  
 O what joy to know He's coming a - gain; The Lord is com - ing—King to reign.



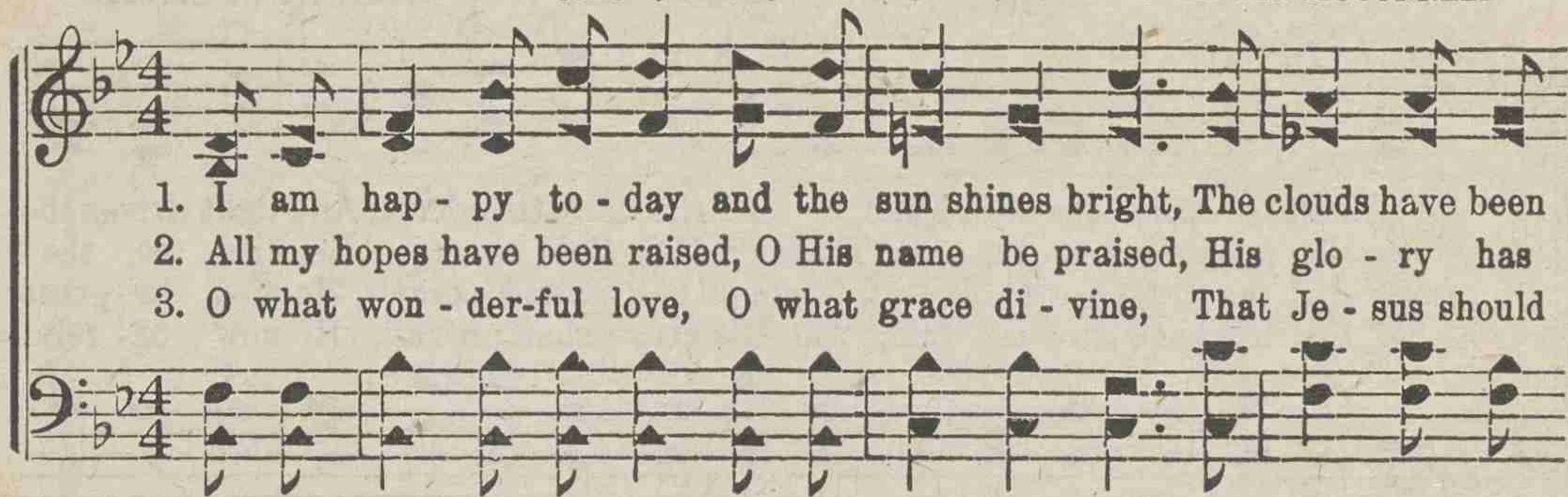
# No. 6.

# "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

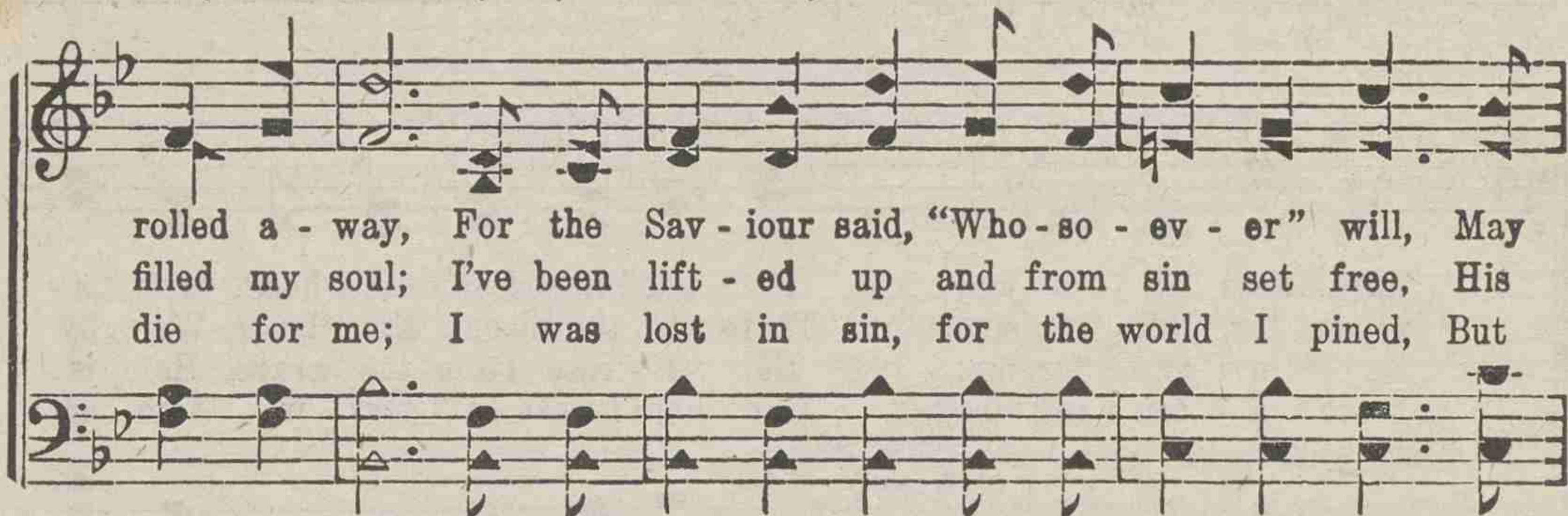
J. E. M.

Copyright, 1914, by Charlie D. Tillman.

J. EDWIN McCONNELL.

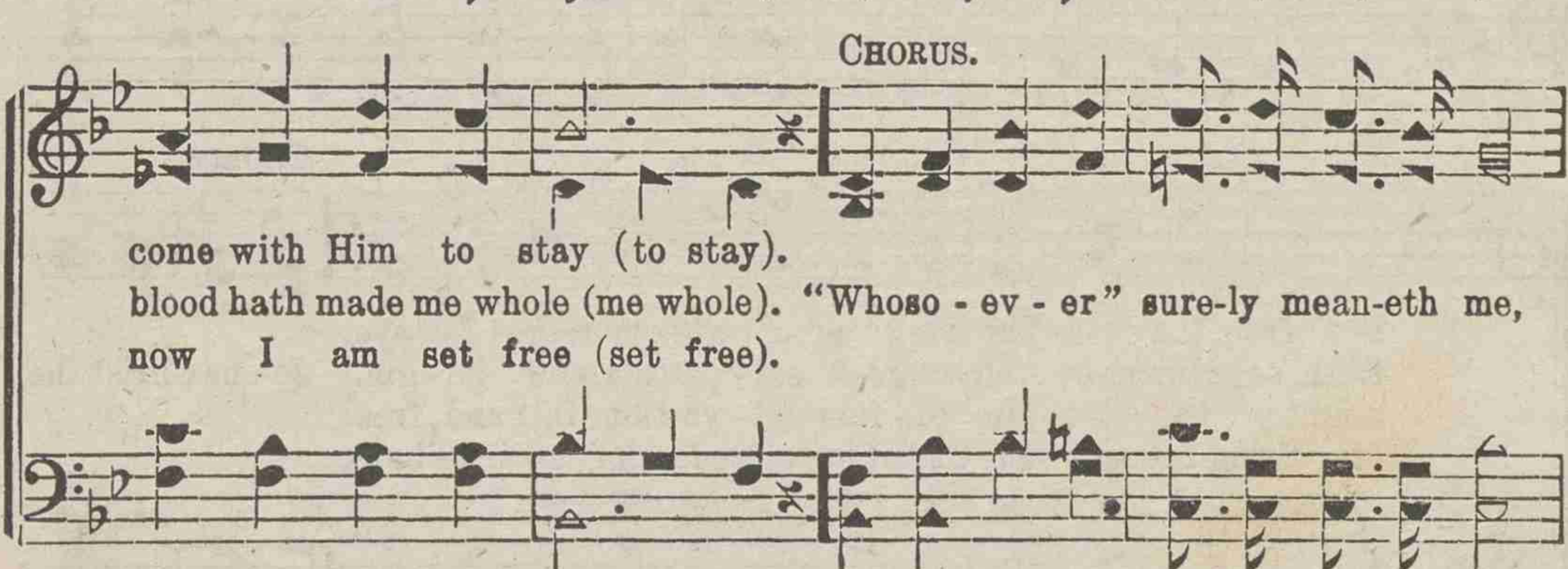


1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been  
 2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has  
 3. O what won - der-ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should




rolled a - way, For the Sav - iour said, "Who - so - ev - er" will, May  
 filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His  
 die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

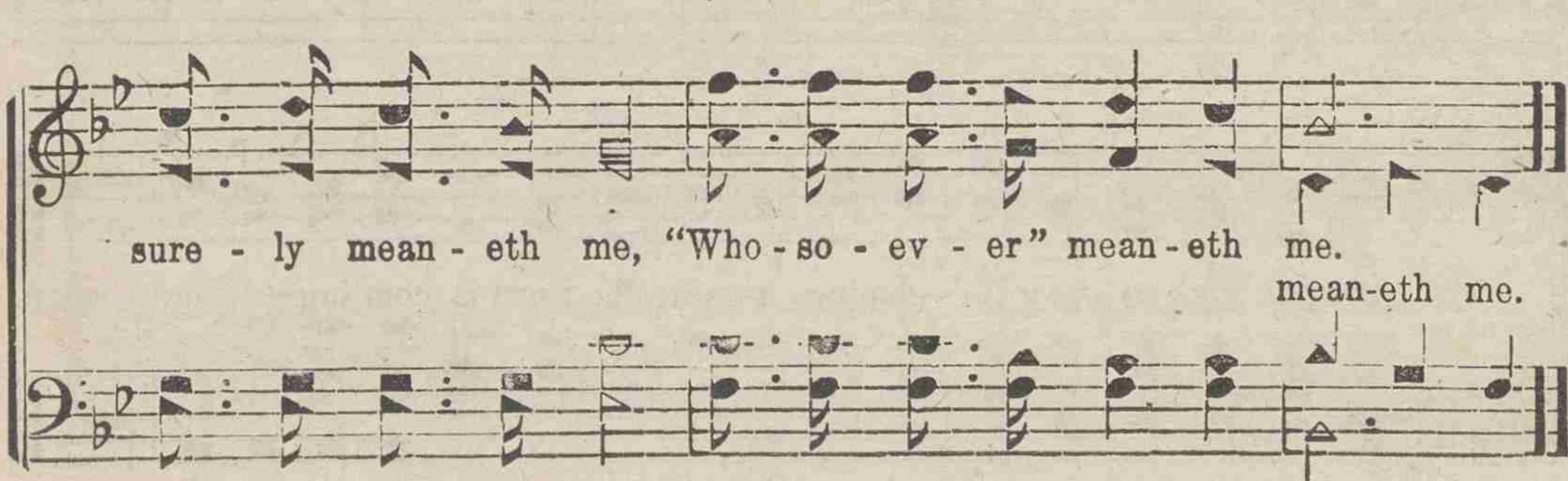
CHORUS.



come with Him to stay (to stay).  
 blood hath made me whole (me whole). "Whoso - ev - er" sure-ly mean-eth me,  
 now I am set free (set free).



sure - ly mean - eth me, O sure - ly mean - eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"



sure - ly mean - eth me, "Who - so - ev - er" mean - eth me.  
 mean-eth me.



# No. 7.

# Christ is All.

W. W. S.


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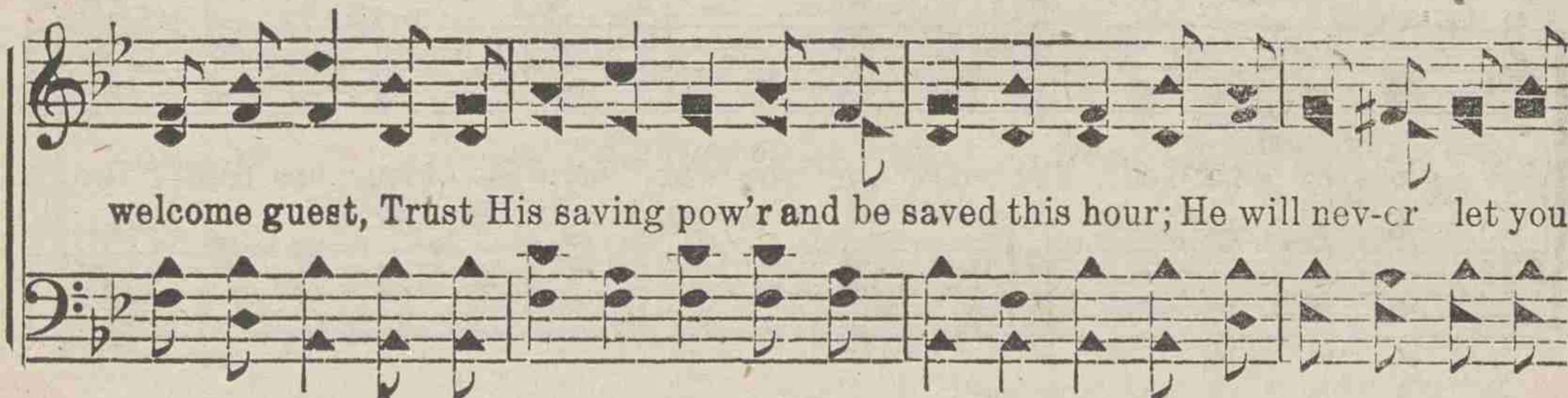
1. Would you build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Christ is all, Christ is  
 2. Would you have the peace that knows no measure,  
 3. When af - flic-tions press your soul, re-mem - ber  
 4. "Come to me," oh, hear those words so ten - der, Christ is all,



all; Would you have re - wards that are su - per - nal, Christ is  
 Would you know the joy of heav'n - ly treas-ure, Christ is  
 None but Him con - sol - ing love can ten - der, Christ is  
 Christ is all; He will give you rest, to Him sur - ren - der, Christ is



CHORUS.  
 all, Christ is all. He is wait-ing now to bless, come and be His  
 Christ is all,



welcome guest, Trust His saving pow'r and be saved this hour; He will nev-er let you



fall, - He's the truth, the life, the all, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus Christ is all.




# No. 8.

# Jesus Lifted Me.

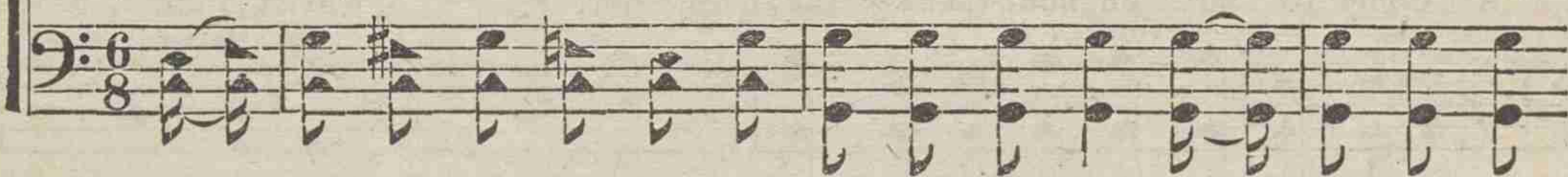

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MRS. W. W. S


MRS. WOODIE SMITE.




1. Let me tell you a sto - ry that nev - er grows old, But is sweet-er and  
 2. My soul was o'er-shad-owed with sin and with shame, My joy was all  
 3. My hope is re-stored for His blood is ap - lied, In Je - sus my


sweet-er each time it is told, 'Tis the sto - ry of sun-shine, of  
 fad - ed, my hope was in vain; But list to my sto - ry and  
 Sav - iour I stand jus - ti - fied; I've noth - ing to of - fer, but



CHORUS.



light and of love, That Je-sus has lift - ed me.  
 catch the sweet strain, That Je-sus has lift - ed me. He lift - ed my soul, O  
 for me He died, Yes, Je-sus has lift - ed me.




glo - ry to God, I'm now in the way my Sav - iour has trod, He




bore all my sin, my soul is set free, For Je - sus has lift - ed me.



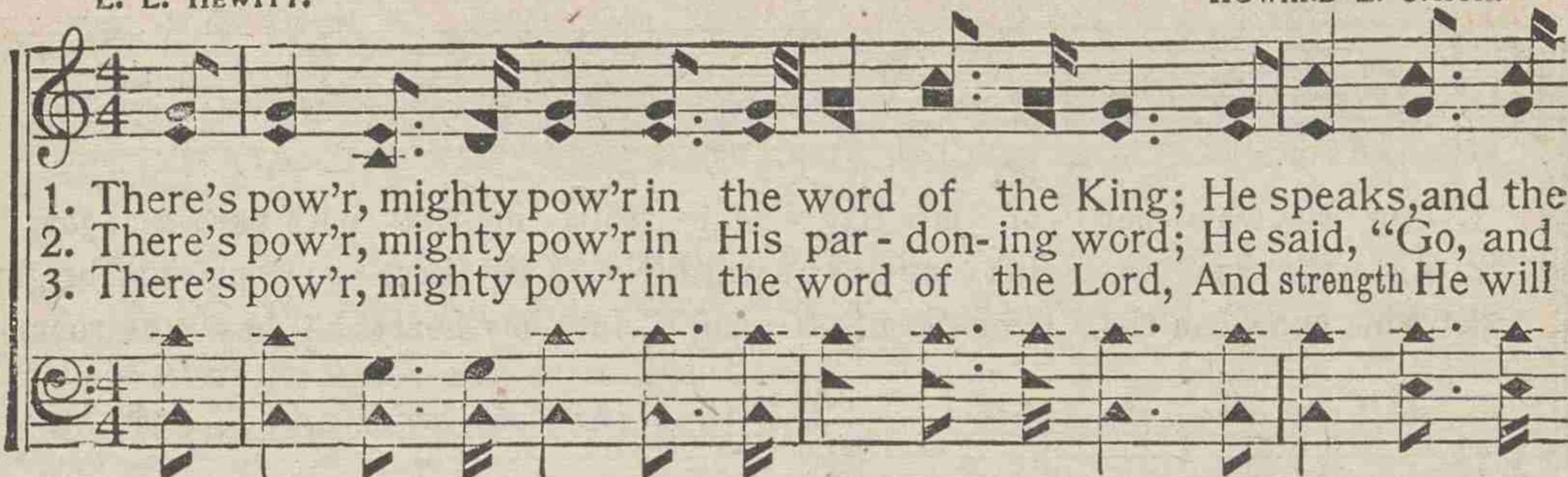


# No. 9 His Word Was With Power.

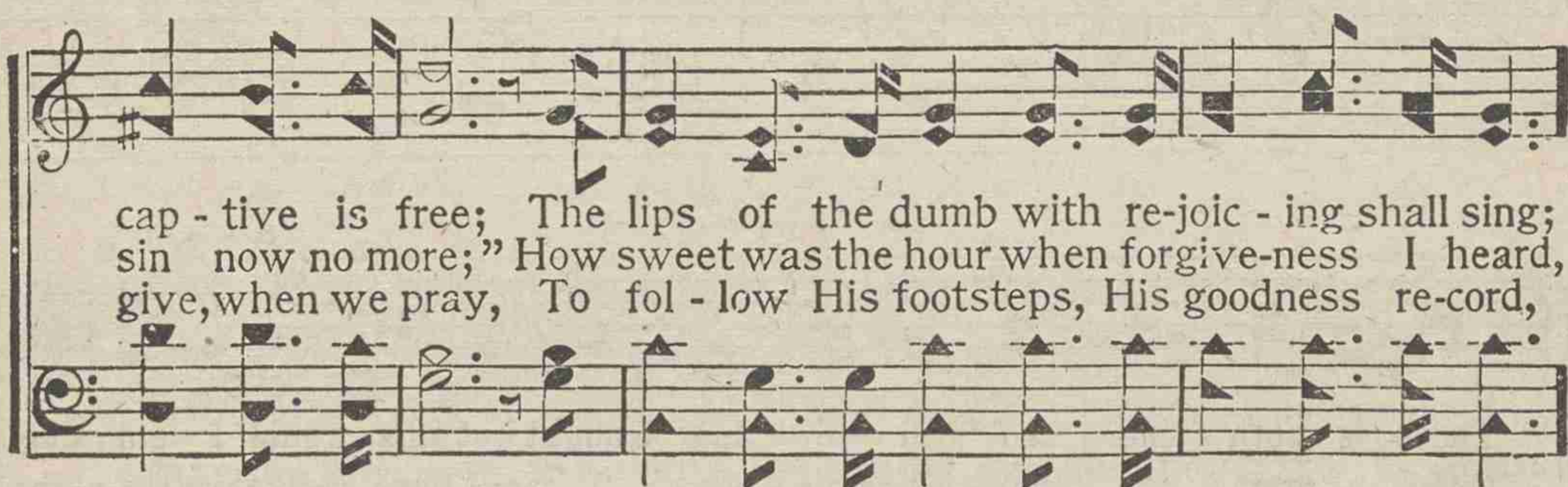
"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation."—Rom. 1: 16.

E. E. HEWITT.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the  
 2. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in His par - don - ing word; He said, "Go, and  
 3. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will



cap - tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re-joic - ing shall sing;  
 sin now no more;" How sweet was the hour when forgive-ness I heard,  
 give, when we pray, To fol - low His footsteps, His goodness re - cord,

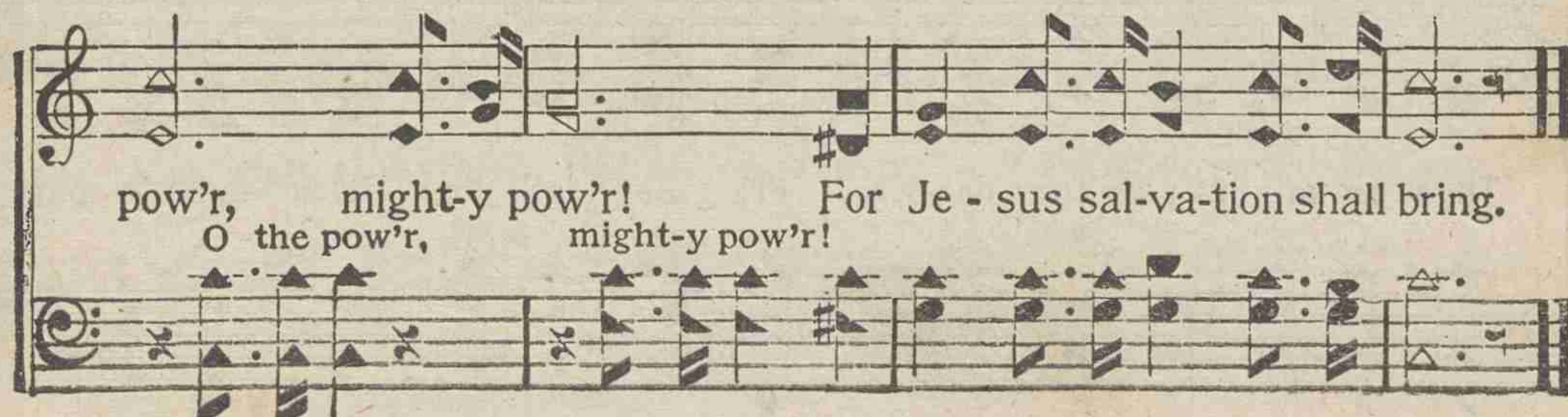
## CHORUS.



O speak, blessed Sav - ior, to me! O the pow'r, might - y  
 And Mer - cy had o - pened the door!  
 And walk in love's beau - ti - ful way. O the pow'r,



pow'r, In the word of my Sav - ior and King! O the  
 might - y pow'r,



pow'r, might - y pow'r! For Je - sus sal - va - tion shall bring.  
 O the pow'r, might - y pow'r!



# No. 10. Whisper Gently, Blessed Saviour.

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MRS. W. W. S.  
*Slowly.*

MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.

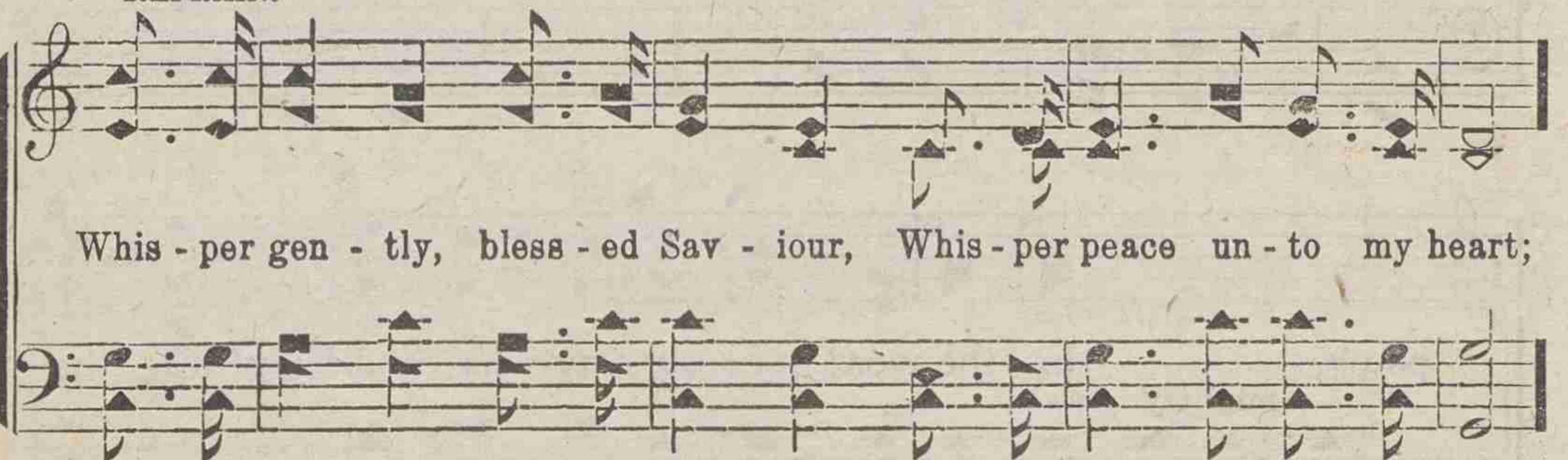


1. Gen - tle whis - per of my Sav - iour Fills my soul with per - fect joy;  
2. As the sun is sink - ing down - ward 'Neath the sky, so blue and bright,  
3. Whis - per when the temp - ter nears me; In my heart he has no room;



There is noth - ing so con - sol - ing; Naught but this would I em - ploy.  
Once a - gain the Sav - iour whis - pers, "I will keep thee thru the night."  
Fold Thy lov - ing arms a - round me, Drive a - way all care and gloom.

## REFRAIN.



Whis - per gen - tly, bless - ed Sav - iour, Whis - per peace un - to my heart;



Thou art might - y to de - liv - er; Let all sin from me de - part.




# No. 11 A Sinner Saved By Grace.


"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—EPH. 2: 8, 9.

REV. E. F. LYON.


J. A. BROWN.




1. 'Twas by His grace thro' faith I came, And met my Lord's em-brace,  
2. When I shall stand be - fore the King, And see His shin - ing face,  
3. When I shall see Him on His throne, And He as-signs my place,  
4. When I shall greet the heav'nly throng, The ransomed of the race,  
5. I'll meet my loved ones gone be - fore, Who've triumphed in the race,




A sin - ner now my on - ly claim, A sin - ner saved by grace.  
I'll hear the heav'nly cho - rus ring, A sin - ner saved by grace.  
I'll join the cho - rus of His own, A sin - ner saved by grace.  
I'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, A sin - ner saved by grace.  
And shout the cho - rus ev - er - more, A sin - ner saved by grace.



I'm a sin-ner saved by grace, Soon I shall see His shining face;  
sin-ner, a sin-ner saved by grace,



His glo - ries share, His im - age bear, A sin - ner saved by grace.






# No. 12. He Will Drive Sorrow Away.

H. E. O.


H. E. OGDEN.



1. When you are tempt - ed to wan - der in sin, Turn to the  
2. Think what He suf - fered that we might have rest, All who will  
3. If you have tri - als and troub - les to bear, Go to the




Sav - iour of men; He's stand - ing read - y to save you to - day,  
lean on His breast; Now He is call - ing, O come while you may,  
Sav - iour in pray'r; Ask Him to save you and lead you each day,





CHORUS.




He will drive sor - row a - way.... He will drive sor - row a -



way,.. He will drive sor - row a - way,.... Look to the



mer - ci - ful Fa - ther and pray; He will drive sor - row a - way....





# No. 13. I Want To Do Something For Jesus.

W. JONES.

Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I want to do something for Je - sus, He suffered and died on the 'tree,
2. I want to do something for Je - sus, Because He from sin made me free;
3. I want to do something for Je - sus, His serv-ant I'm will-ing to be;
4. I want to do something for Je - sus, That others His great love may see;



*rit.*



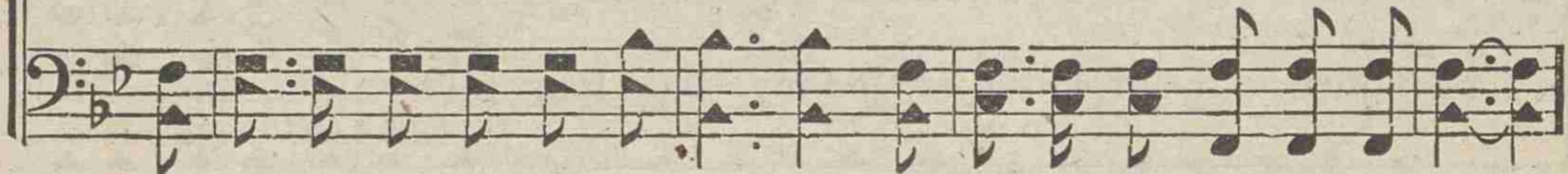
That I thro' His death might have par - don, He's done so much for me!  
He res-cued my soul from all dan - ger, He's done so much for me!  
I'll tell of His love and His mer - cy, He's done so much for me!  
For - ev - er I'll sing the sweet sto - ry, He's done so much for me!



## REFRAIN.



I want to do something for Je - sus, Tho' weak and un - wor-thy I be;



*rit.*



I'll la - bor for Him, my dear Sav - iour, He's done so much for me!





"The word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter 1: 25.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ, my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a - ges
2. Standing on the promis-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promis-es I now can see, Perfect, present cleansing
4. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
5. Standing on the promis-es I can - not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment



let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,  
 doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,  
 ly by love's strong chord, O - ver-coming dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,  
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-iour as my all in all,



## CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,



Standing on the promises of God my Sav-iour, Stand - ing,  
 Standing on the prom-is-es,



stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.  
 Stand-ing on the prom - is - es,





# No. 15. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

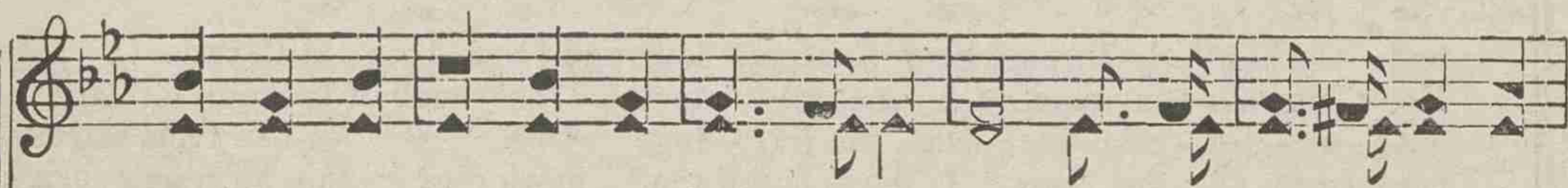
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trusting Him, we be - lieve That the



gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in  
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may  
Sav-iour who loves them their sor - row con-fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing  
blessing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re-ceive; In the full - ness of this



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



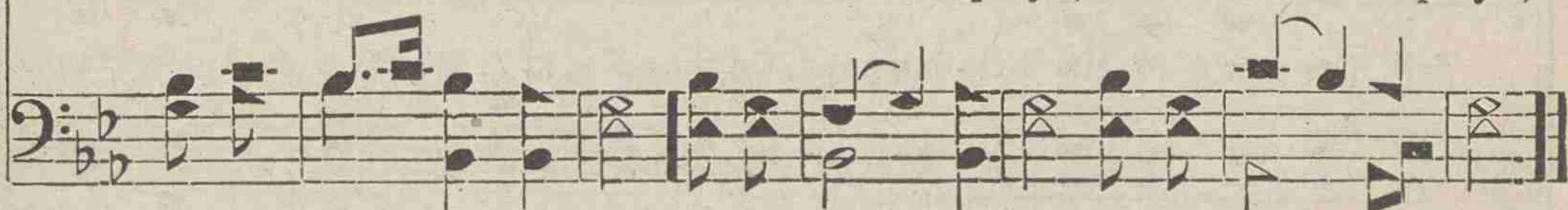
*D. S.*—What a balm for the wea - ry!

FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*



O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of pray'r;



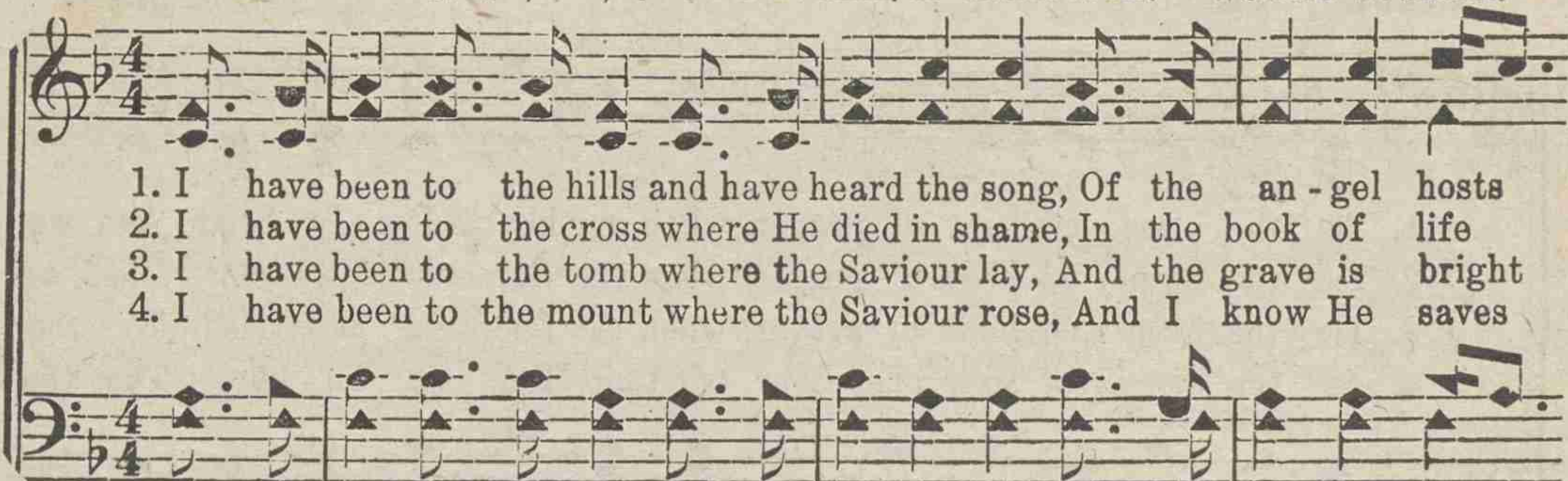
O how sweet to be there!



# No. 16.

# The Healing Touch.

JOE W. ENGLISH. Copyright, 1908, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.



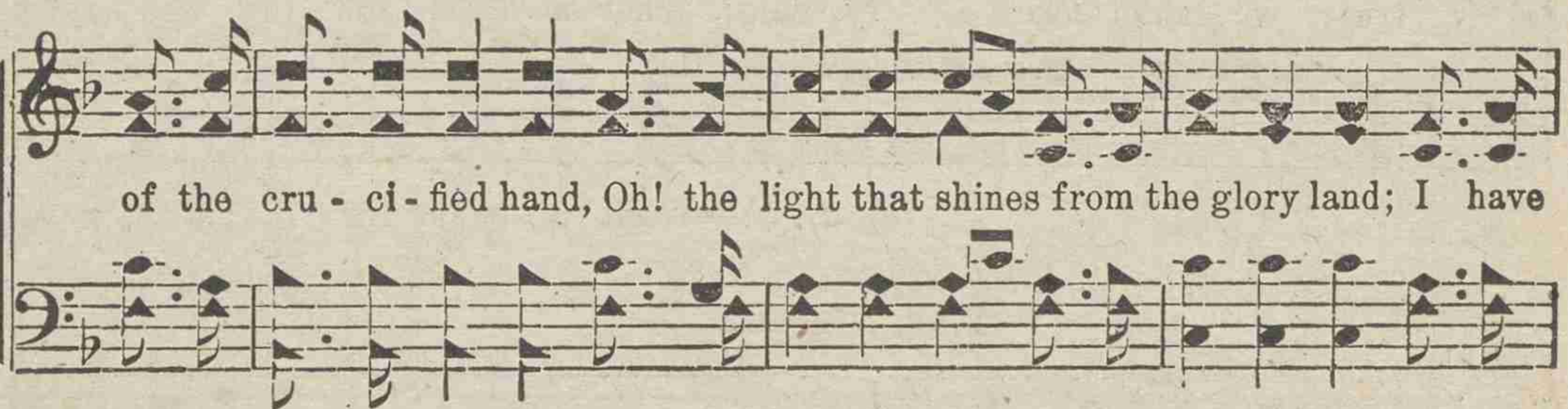
1. I have been to the hills and have heard the song, Of the an - gel hosts  
 2. I have been to the cross where He died in shame, In the book of life  
 3. I have been to the tomb where the Saviour lay, And the grave is bright  
 4. I have been to the mount where the Saviour rose, And I know He saves



and the heav'n-ly throng. How the Sav - iour and Lord, borne in Beth-le - hem,  
 He engraved my name; I can now feel the touch of the nailpierced hand,  
 with e - ter - nal day; Oh! the liv - ing One is a-live from the dead,  
 me from all my foes; I have heard the news of the an - gels bright,



CHORUS.  
 Came to seek and save all who trust in Him.  
 I have start - ed home to the heav'n-ly land. Oh! the heal - ing touch  
 In the cold dark tomb, heav-en's light is shed.  
 How the Lord will come in the glo - ry - light.



of the cru - ci - fied hand, Oh! the light that shines from the glory land; I have



felt the pow'r of His lift - ing hand, On the sol - id rock my feet now stand.



## No. 17. The Hand That Was Pierced for Me.

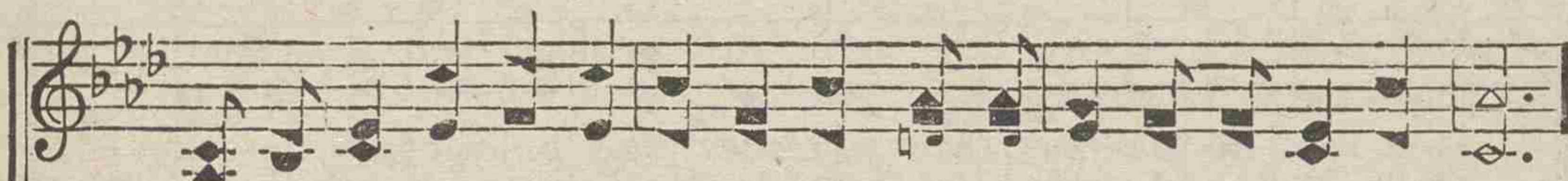
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W. W. S.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



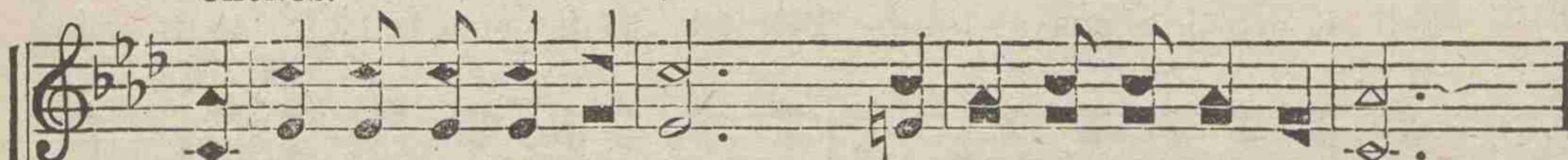
1. There's a lov - ing hand outstretched for me, From the cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. As I view that hand by faith in Him, Who was slain to set me free;
3. 'Tis the hand of Je - sus Christ the Son, Lead - ing me through lib - er - ty;



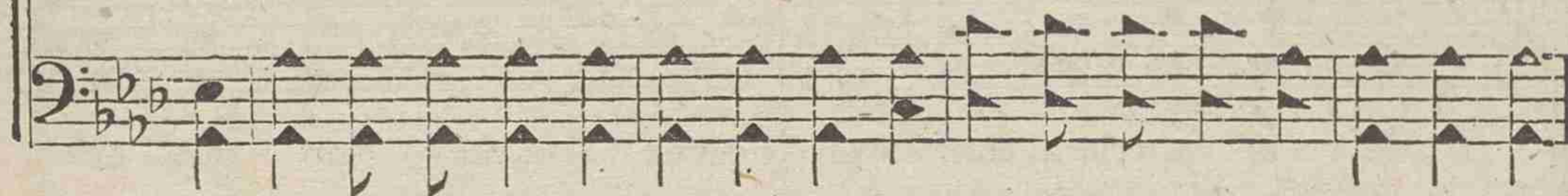
And it bids me turn to God and live, 'Tis the hand that was pierced for me.  
I can feel the ten-der lov-ing touch, Of the hand that was pierced for me.  
To the throne of God to live for aye, Blessed hand that was pierced for me.



CHORUS.



The hand that was pierced for me,      The hand that was pierced for me;  
for me,                                  for me:



I nev - er can for - get that hand, The hand that was pierced for me.

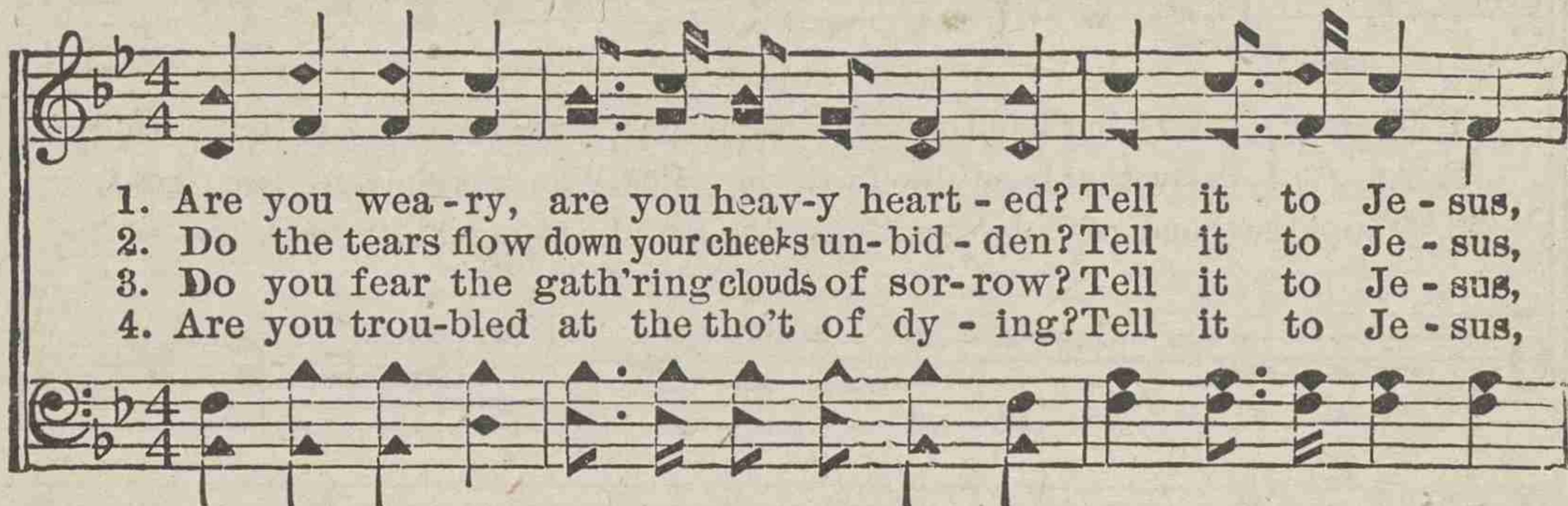




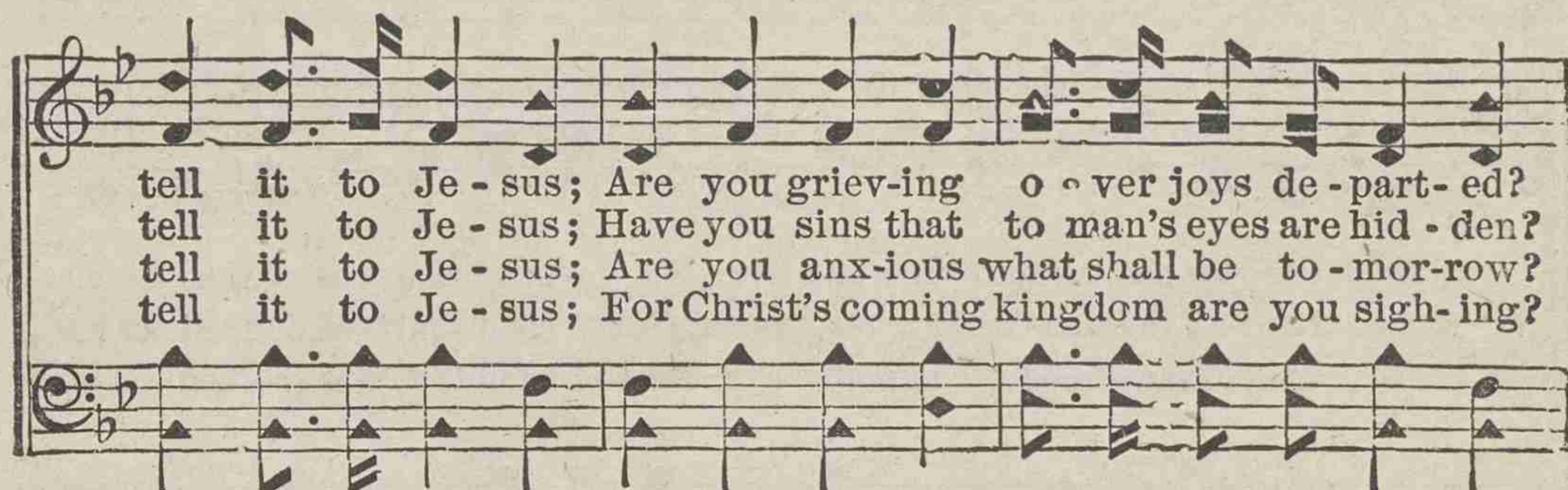
*"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.*

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.



1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

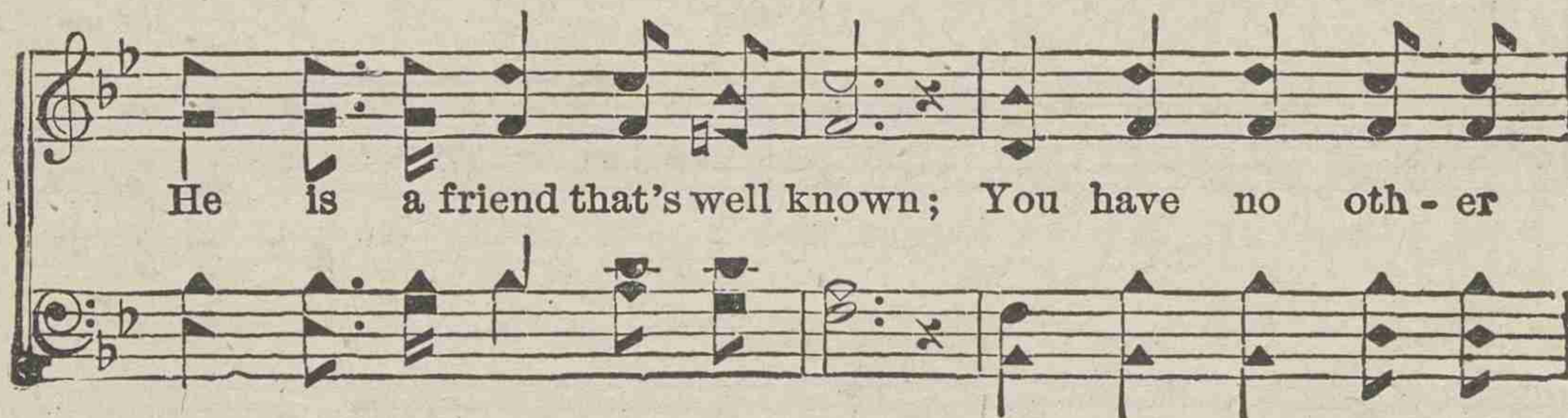


tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?  
 tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid-den?  
 tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?  
 tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.



Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, tell it to Je-sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er




such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.




E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.



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




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



## REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,  
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun-shine in the soul,




When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;  
 hap - py mo - ments roll;




When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.





# No. 20.

# He Is Mine.

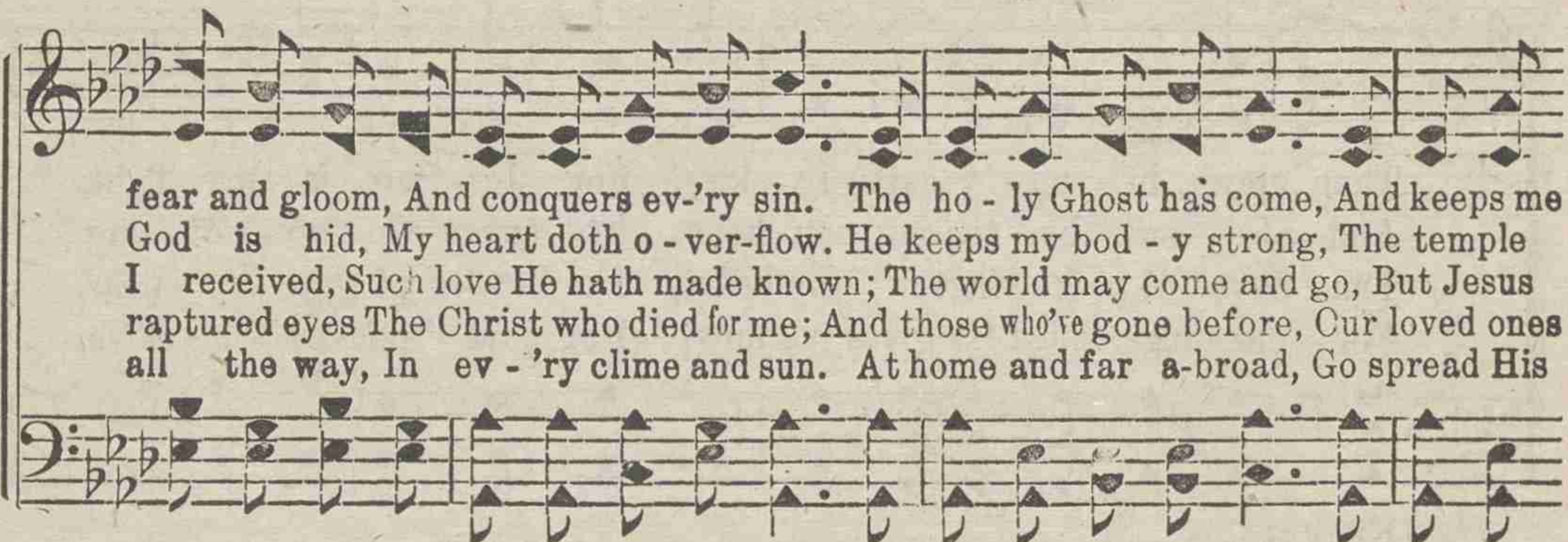
Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." Warren Collins, owner.

W. C.

WARREN COLLINS.



1. There's glo - ry in my soul, For Je - sus dwells within, He drives a-way all  
 2. E - ter - nal life is mine, And oh! I love Him so, My life with Christ in  
 3. My ev - 'ry care and woe, I take to Him a - lone, And oh! what comfort  
 4. My Lord is com-ing soon, What glo-ry that will be, When I shall see with  
 5. Then let us la - bor on, Un - til our Lord shall come, He'll guide and keep us



fear and gloom, And conquers ev-'ry sin. The ho - ly Ghost has come, And keeps me  
 God is hid, My heart doth o - ver-flow. He keeps my bod - y strong, The temple  
 I received, Such love He hath made known; The world may come and go, But Jesus  
 raptured eyes The Christ who died for me; And those who've gone before, Our loved ones  
 all the way, In ev - 'ry clime and sun. At home and far a-broad, Go spread His



ev - 'ry hour, For - ev - er in my heart enshrined, He fills me with His pow'r.  
 of my Lord, He fills me with His mighty love, What peace He doth af-ford.  
 is the same, No pow'r can turn His heart from me, Oh! glo-ry to His name.  
 He will bring, And at the sup-per of the Lamb, We'll meet our Lord and King.  
 written word, Un - til all earth's remotest bounds, The Gospel shall have heard.

## CHORUS.



There's glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul, There's glory, glo - ry in my soul;



For He is mine, and I am His, There's glo - ry in my soul.



# No. 21. Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." Warren Collins, owner.

ANON.

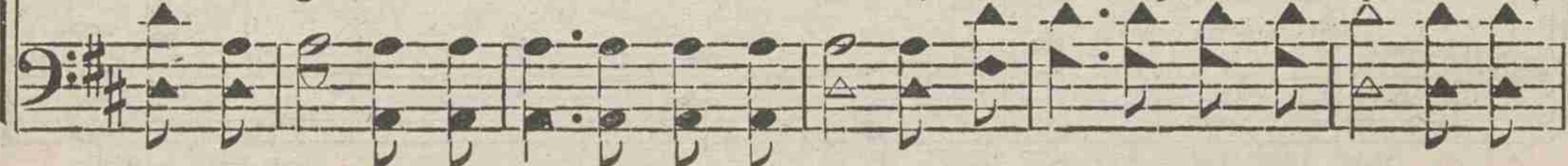
WARREN COLLINS.



1. Near the camp fire's flick'ring light, In my blanket bed I lie, Gaz-ing through the
2. Sad - ly sings the whip-poor-will, In the boughs of yonder tree, Laugh-ing-ly the
3. Mid the stars one face I see, One the Sav-iour called a-way; Moth-er, who in
4. Faint er grows the flick'ring light, As each ember slow-ly dies; Plain-tive-ly the



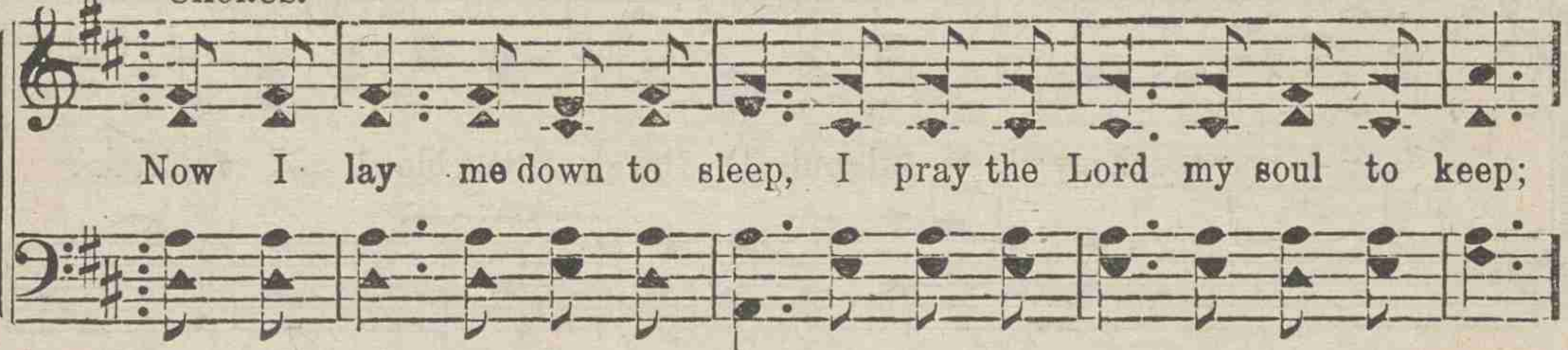
shades of night, At the twinkling stars on high; O'er my spir-it in the air, Si-lent mountain rill Swells the midnight mel-o - dy. Foe-men may be lurk-ing near, In the in - fan - cy, Taught my ba-by lips to pray. Her sweet spirit ho-vers near, In this birds of night, Fill the air with saddened cries, Over me they seem to cry, You may



vi - gils seem to keep; As I breath my childhood's prayer, Now I lay me down to sleep. can-yon dark and deep; Lo, I breathe on Jesus' ear, I pray Thee, Lord my soul to keep. lone-ly mountain wake, Take me to her, Saviour dear, If I should die before I wake. nev - er-more a-wake; Lo, I lisp, if I should die, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.



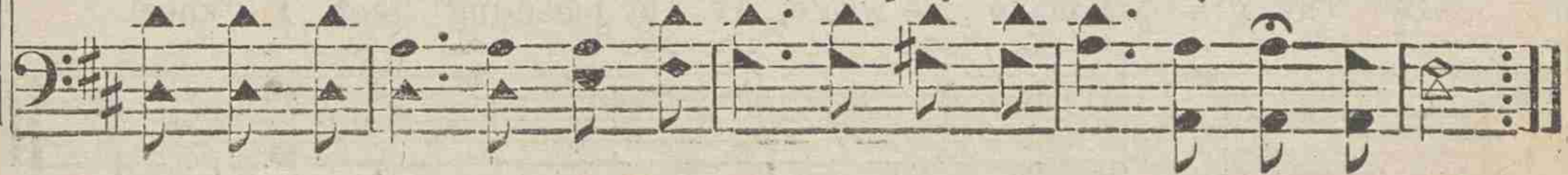
## CHORUS.



Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;



If I should die be - fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.





## No. 22.

## At Thy Bleeding Feet.


Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

JOE W. ENGLISH.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. O Lord to Thee I lift my plea, For par - don, grace and pow'r,  
 2. O Lord on high, to Thee I cry, Wilt Thou for - give my sin;  
 3. I come to Thee, O let me see Thy mer - cy bound - less, free,



My sin is great; be - hold my fate; And save this ver - y hour;.....  
 Lest I should fall, O hear my call, Sal - va - tion now be - gin;.....  
 For sin - ners dead, Thy blood was shed, It cleans - es e - ven me;.....



Lest I should die, O hear my cry—At Thy bleed - ing feet I lie.  
 Hear mine ap - peal, my sin I feel, At Thy bleed - ing feet I kneel.  
 Saved from the sting of sin, I sing, To Thy bleed - ing feet I cling.

CHORUS.



Sav - iour touch my sin - ful soul, O the cleansing blood I feel!....

*rit.*



By Thy grace, O make me whole, At Thy bleed - ing feet I kneel.



# No. 23.

# Tenderly Calling.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

H. E. OGDEN.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



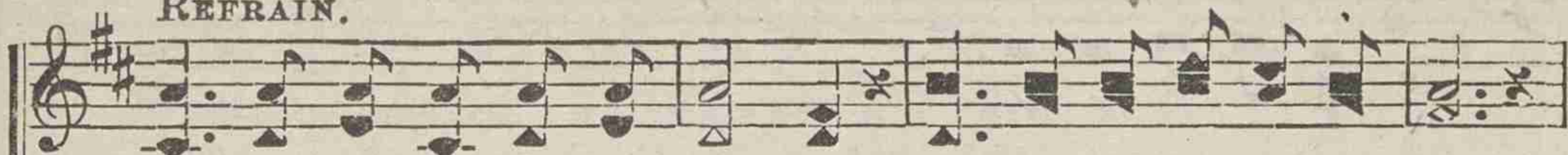
1. Je - sus now is in - ter - ced - ing, At the throne for one and all;
2. Moth-er's pray'r for you as - cend - ing, To the Christ who loves you so;
3. List - en, sin - ner, to the warn - ing, Bid - ding you from sin to turn;
4. Come, O come to Christ be - liev - ing, With your heart's door open wide;



Sin - ner, do not spurn His plead - ing, It may be some one's last call.  
If you sin un - til the end - ing, You must share e - ter - nal woe.  
In the aw - ful judgment morn - ing, You can not God's biddings spurn.  
O - ver sin and sor - row griev - ing, Let Him come in to a - bide.



## REFRAIN.



Christ so ten - der - ly is call - ing, O ac - cept Him while you may;



Don't re - ject the call of mer - cy, On - ly trust Him and o - bey. (o-bey.)





# No. 24. I've a Message From the King.

S. W. JONES.

Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I've a mes-sage from the King, His great love to you I bring, Sin - ner,  
2. When you've trusted in this King, Praise to Him you'll lev - er sing, For His  
3. Now I plead with one and all, At His feet to hum - bly fall, Trust - ing



heed the mes-sage He has sent to you; Just re - ceive it now, I pray,  
love will change your longing sin-sick soul; Then re - ceive His sav - ing grace,  
Je - sus to for-give you from all sin; He will give you per-fect rest,



Trust in Him without de - lay, For in Him you'll find a friend that's ev - er true.  
Free to all the hu-man race, If you'll trust Him He will lead you to the goal.  
With the ransomed and the blest, Come be-liev-ing and He'll make you pure within.



REFRAIN.



I've a message from the King; I've a message from the King; I will tell the sto-ry



true, sin - ner, mer-cy waits for you; I've a mes-sage from the great Heav'nly King.

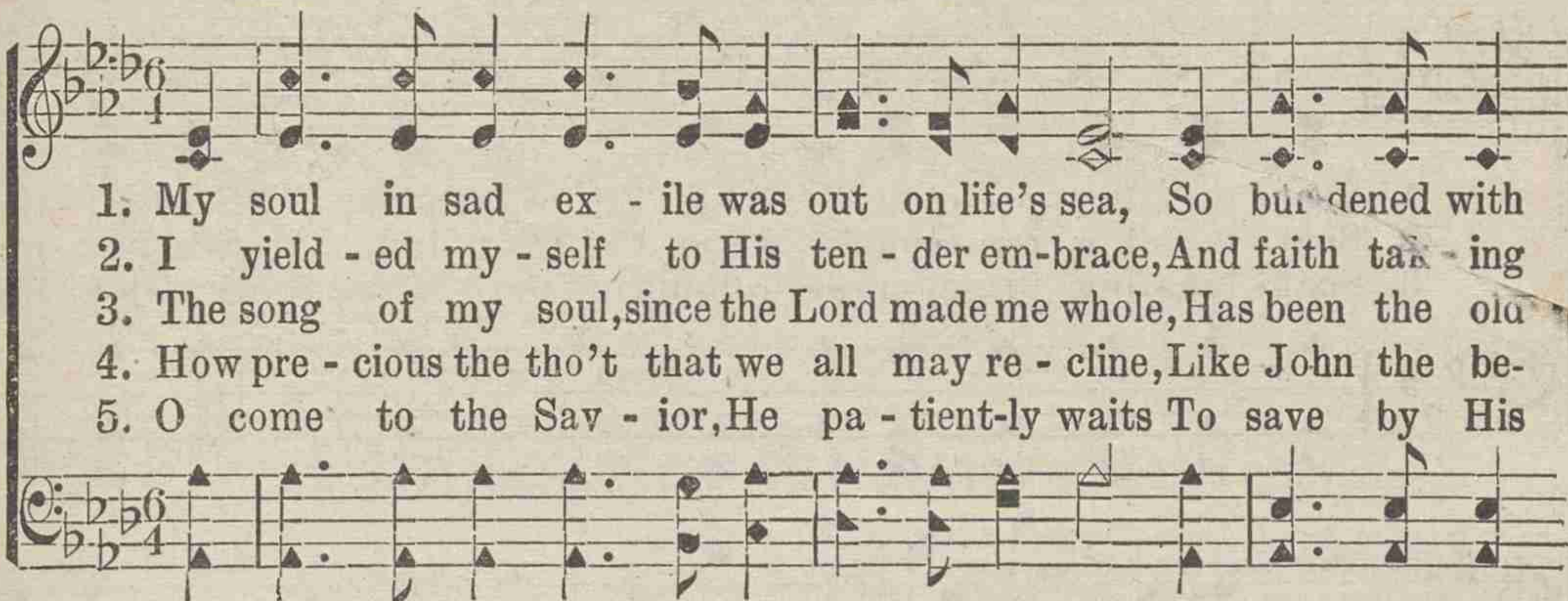





H. L. Gilmour.

USED BY PER. DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

Geo. D. Moore.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em-brace, And faith tak - ing  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be-  
 5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits To save by His



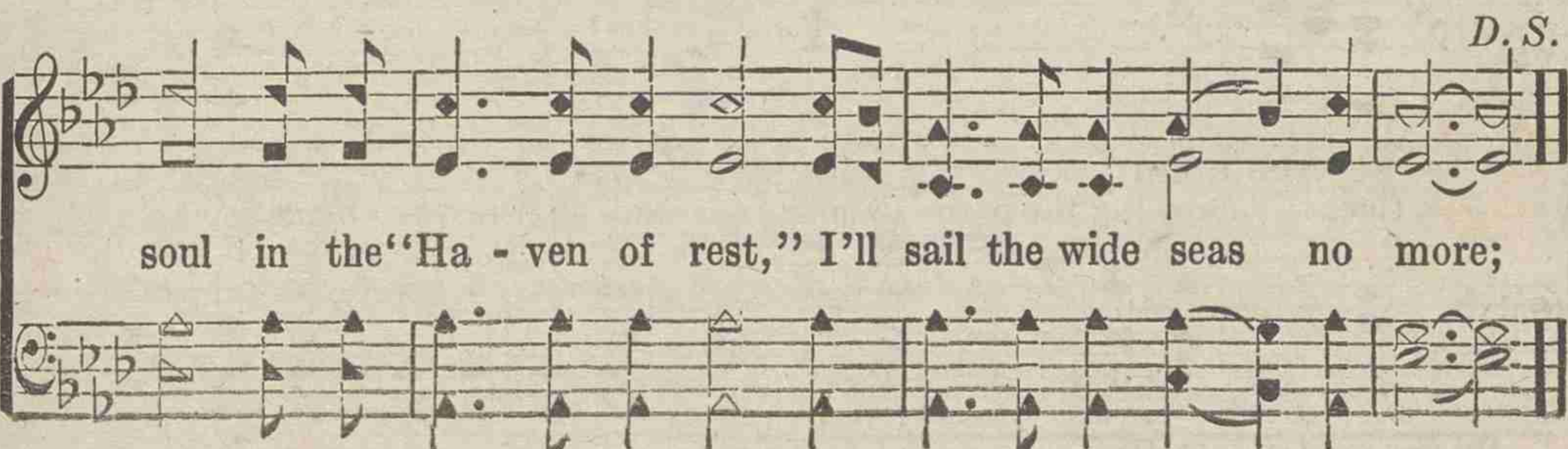
sin and dis-tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;"  
 hold of the Word, My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;  
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-ev - er will have  
 lov - ed and blest, On Je-sus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,  
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest,"

D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep;



FINE CHORUS.

And I en-tered the Ha - ven of Rest.  
 The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest." I've an - chored my  
 Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
 And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine,"  
 In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



D. S.

soul in the "Ha - ven of rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;



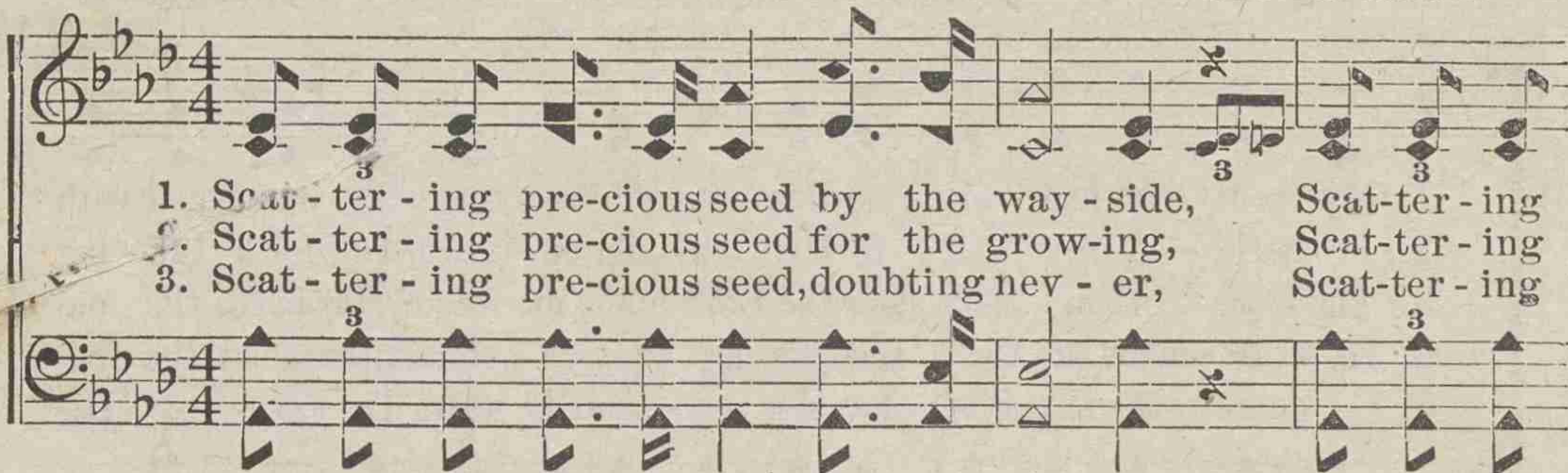
# No. 26

# Scattering Precious Seed.

"The field is the world \*\*\* and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat - ter - ing  
 2. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat - ter - ing  
 3. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat - ter - ing

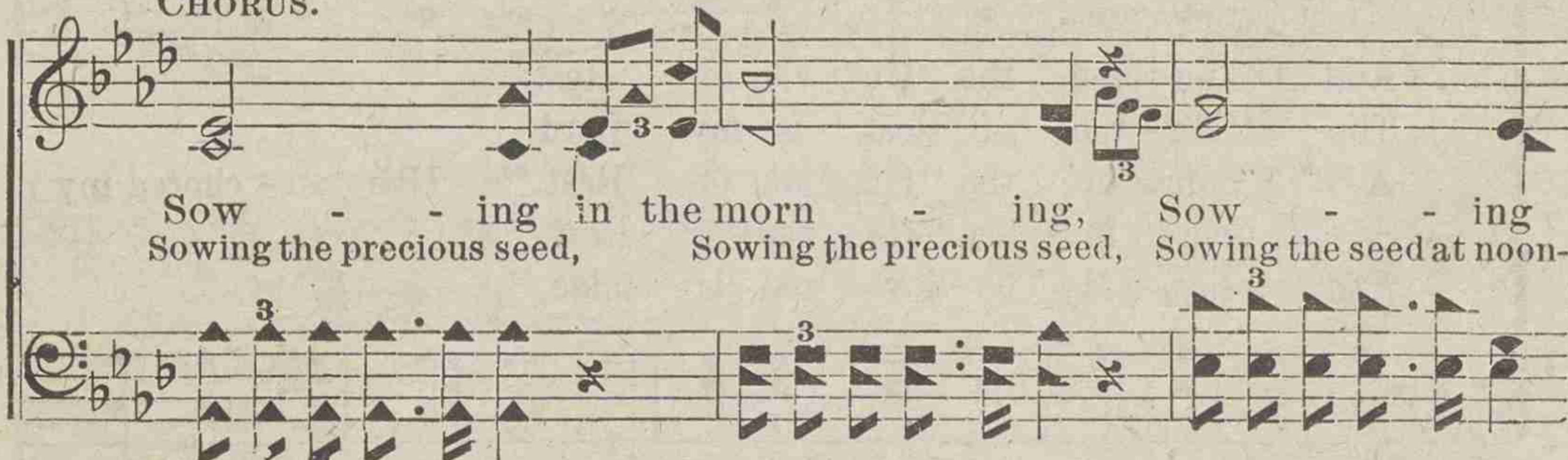


pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed  
 pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed,  
 pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r



o'er the field, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.  
 trust ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.  
 and en - deav - or, Trust - ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

## CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - - ing  
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon -



at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the  
 tide, Sow - ing the precious seed; Sow - ing the pre - cious seed,



## Scattering Precious Seed.

ev 'ning, Sow-ing the precious seed by the way. . . by the way.

*pp*

3

3

## No. 27. I Am Leaving the Dangerous Sands.

F. L. EILAND.

Copyright, 1908, by S. D. Simons. By per.

S. D. SIMONS.

1. With a zeal that is new, I a-gain would pursue, Here, the course that my  
2. I am now on the road, Leading home to my God; I am plac-ing my  
3. Let me go far a-way From that field of dis-may, Nev-er-more to be

3/4

Sav-iour commands; Thro' the light that shines in, Brighter hopes now be-gin,  
cause in His hands; It is glad-ness for me Once a-gain to be free,  
held by its bands; Thro' the light that is mine, From the Spir-it di-vine,

*D. S.—O I praise His great name, That this vic-t'ry I claim,*

**FINE. CHORUS.**

I am leav-ing the dan-ger-ous sands! They had mired my feet,

*D. S. al Fine.*

Stayed my pro-gress so sweet, Here, in heed-ing my Sav-iour's commands;

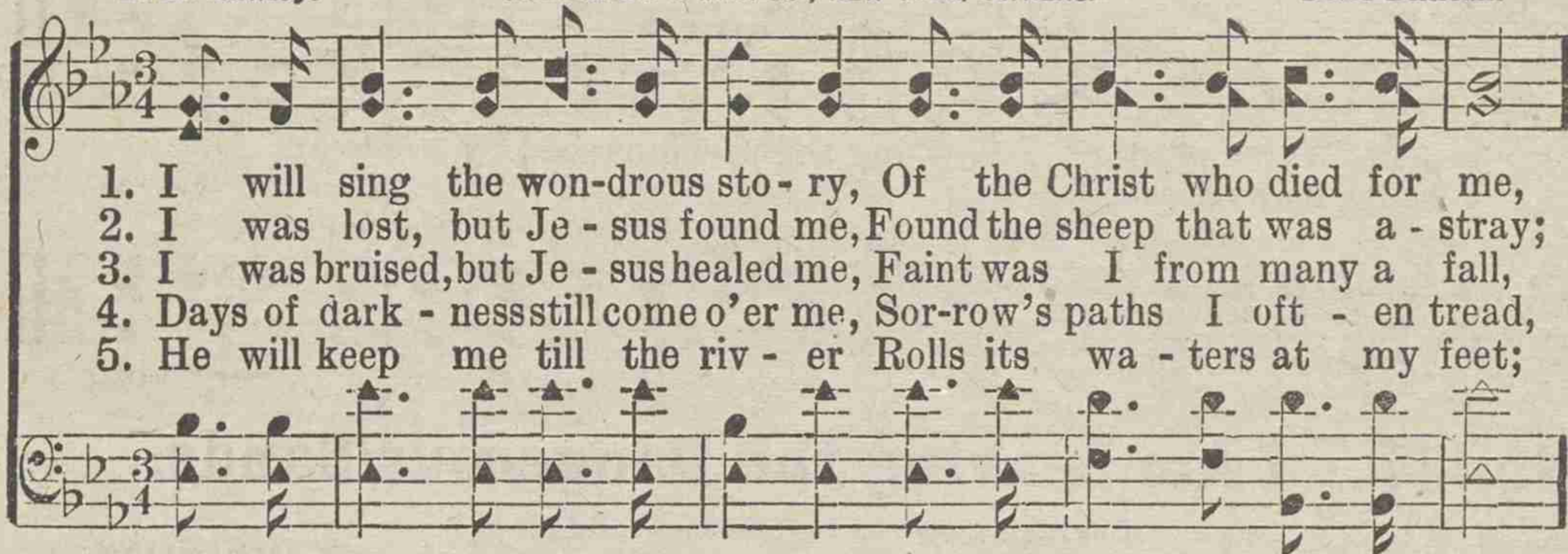


## I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. Rawley.

COPYRIGHT 1887. BY IRA D. SANKEY.  
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK, OWNERS.

Peter Bilhorn.

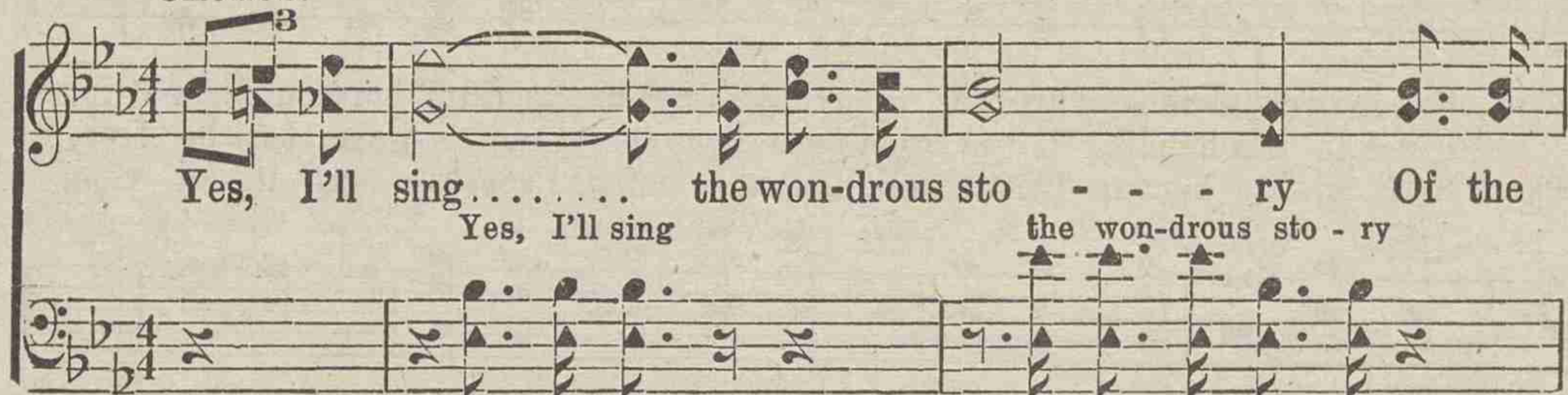


1. I will sing the won-drous sto-ry, Of the Christ who died for me,  
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that was a-stray;  
3. I was bruised, but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,  
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft-en tread,  
5. He will keep me till the riv-er Rolls its wa-ters at my feet;



How He left His home in glo-ry, For the cross on Cal-va-ry.  
Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in-to His way.  
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
But the Sav-ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe-ly led.  
Then He'll bear me safe-ly o-ver Where the loved ones I shall meet;


## CHORUS.



Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto-ry Of the  
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto-ry



Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in  
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo-ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.  
the saints in glo-ry, Gathered by the crystal sea.



# No. 29.

# I'll Be Glad.

J. P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Pink English.

J. P. ENGLISH.



1. I'll be glad when I get home To that bright realm a - bove,
2. I'll be glad to hear the songs That all the ran - somed sing,
3. I'll be glad to meet my friends And loved ones gone be - fore,
4. I'll be glad to rest me where Bright An - gels for me wait,



When all my grief will be for - got, In God's e - ter - nal love.  
 I'll join them and the cho - rus swell, All hon - or to our King.  
 When all my la - bor here is done, And har - vest time is o'er.  
 And I'll be glad to meet you there, In - side the gold - en gate.



## CHORUS.



I'll be glad, so ver - y glad, To see my Fa - ther's face,



And tell the old, old sto - ry how, He saved me by His grace.





# No. 30.

# To-day's Needs.

W. W. S.

Copyright, 1920, by Woodie W. Smith.

Woodie W. Smith.



1. What we need to - day is the pow'r of Je - sus, In the old time way,  
 2. What we need to - day is the love of Je - sus, In the old time way,  
 3. What we need to - day is the grace of Je - sus, In the old time way,  
 3. What we need to - day is is a weeping Prophet, In the old time way,  
 5. What we need to - day is the church a-wak-ened, In the old time way,




in the old time way; When the peo-ple came with their hearts all burdened,  
 in the old time way; That will set our hearts all a - flame for sin-ners,  
 in the old time way; That will bring us back to the house of wor-ship,  
 in the old time way; That will mourn the loss of a dy - ing na - tion,  
 in the old time way; Then the seat of sin sure - ly will be shak - en,

## CHORUS.

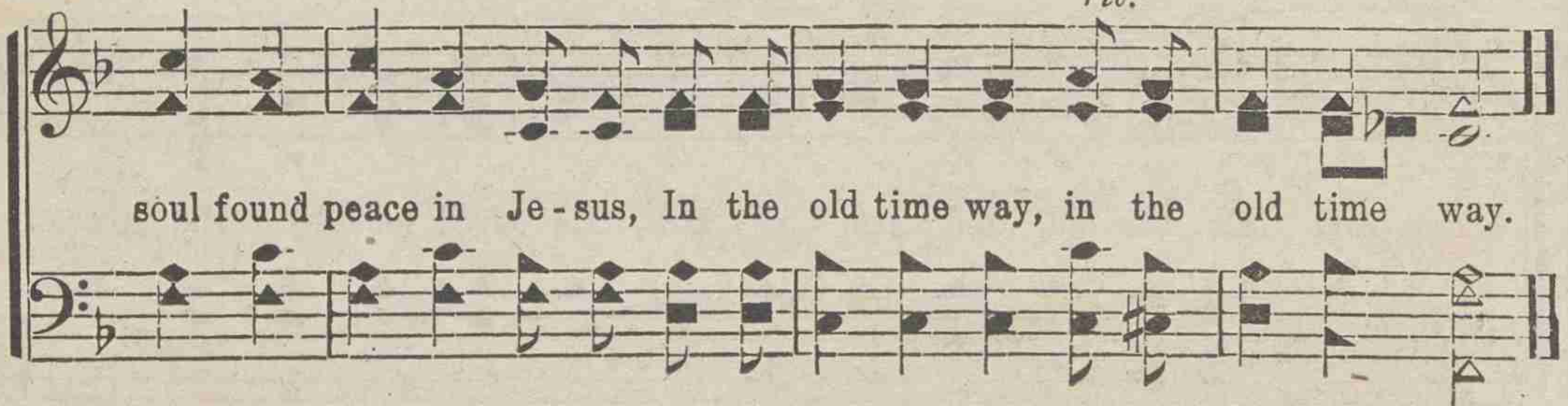


In the old time way, in the old time way. Oh, the joy that



thrilled God's people, In the old time way, in the old time way; When a

*rit.*



soul found peace in Je - sus, In the old time way, in the old time way.



# No. 31. Jesus Is Ready to Save You.

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

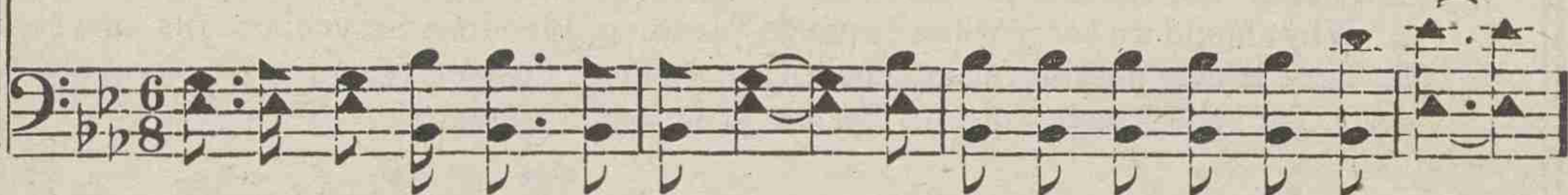
D. E. D.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

D. E. DORTCH.



- |           |           |              |                                      |
|-----------|-----------|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Je-sus | is read-y | to save you, | O come to the fount of His love;     |
| 2. Je-sus | is read-y | to save you, | O hear Him say "Come un-to Me;"      |
| 3. Je-sus | is read-y | to save you, | O doubting one make no de-lay;       |
| 4. Je-sus | is read-y | to save you, | O trust Him, He's faithful and true, |
| 5. Je-sus | is read-y | to save you, | Tho' you may be cov-er'd with stain; |



The wa-ter is free, 'Tis flow-ing for thee, It is-sues from heaven a-bove.  
 Come, lean on His breast, He'll give you sweet rest, And makes your soul happy and free.  
 If you will be-lieve, His precepts receive, He'll take all your sorrow a-way.  
 He's calling you now, oh, pen-i-tent bow, There's mercy and pardon for you.  
 He'll cleanse you I know, He'll make you as snow, And not a dark spot will re-main.



## CHORUS.



Je-sus is read-y just now, ..... Je-sus is read-y just now; .....  
 just now, just now;



Come fall at His feet, Have pardon complete, For Jesus is ready just now.





# INVITATION SONGS.

No. 32.

## Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

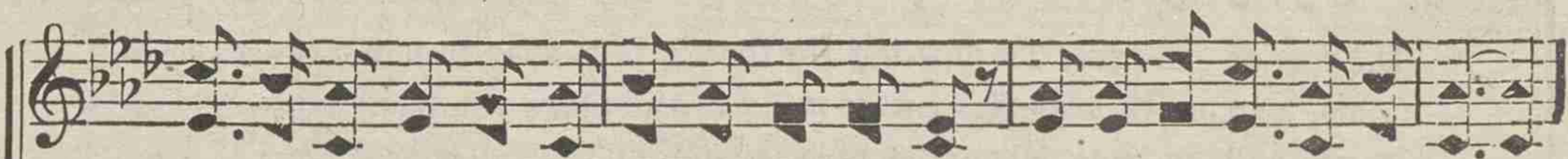
W. L. T. By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., Chicago, Ill. WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. pp*

*m*



1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,



See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

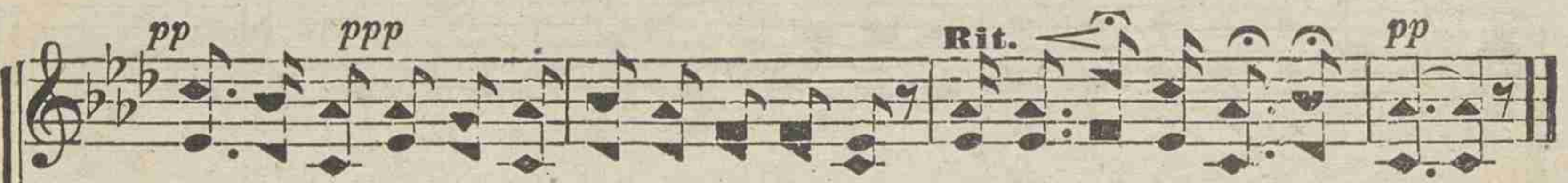


### CHORUS.

*Cres.*



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!





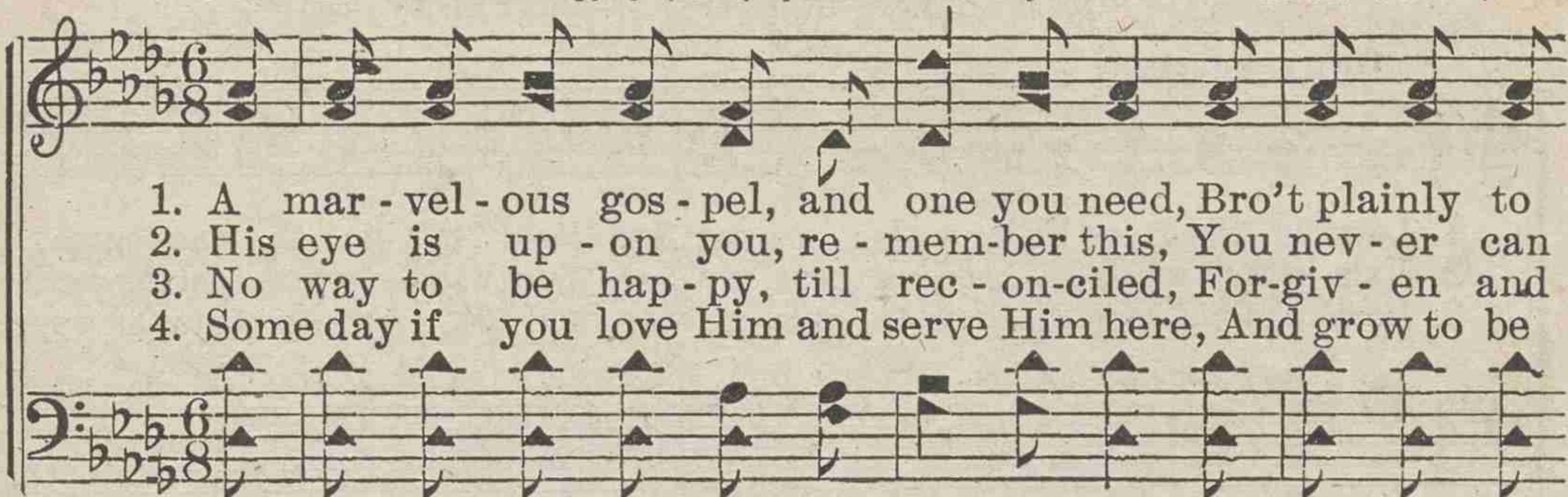
## No. 33.

## Jesus Is Watching You.

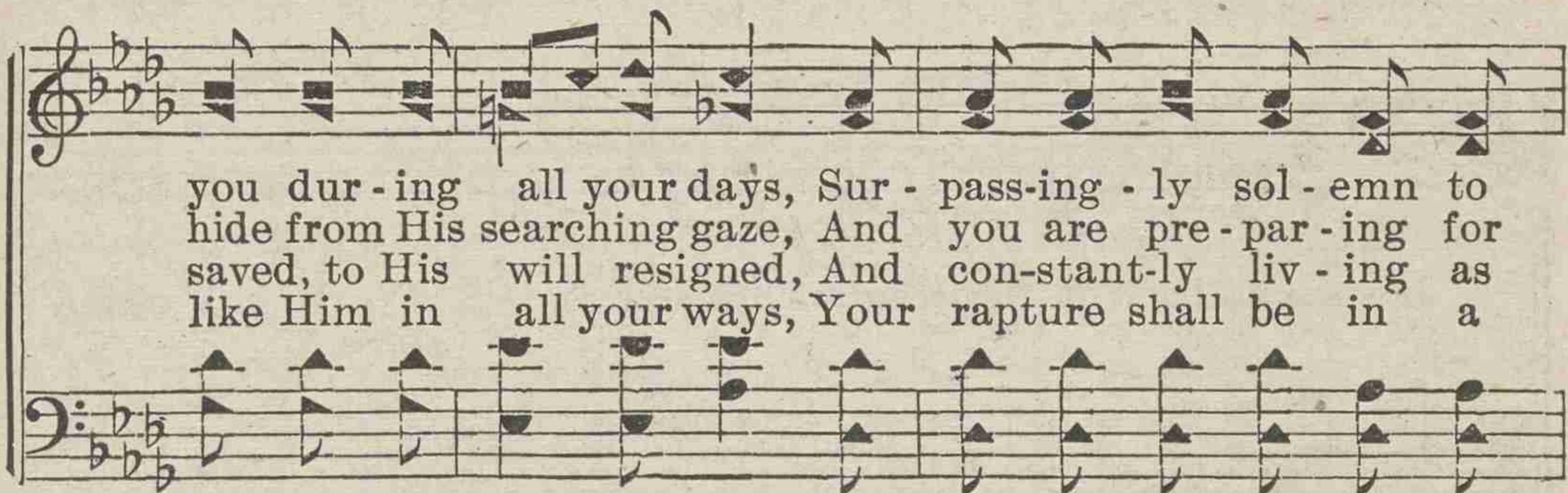
W. G. COOPER.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

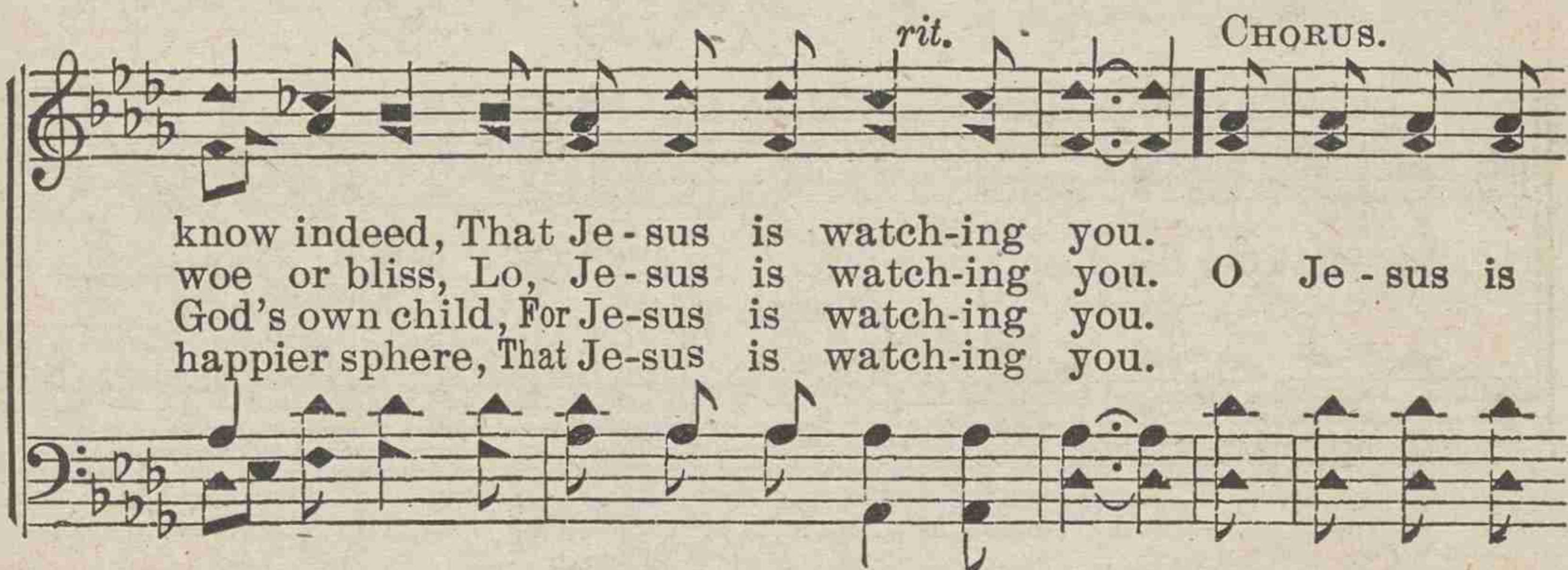
H. E. OGDEN.



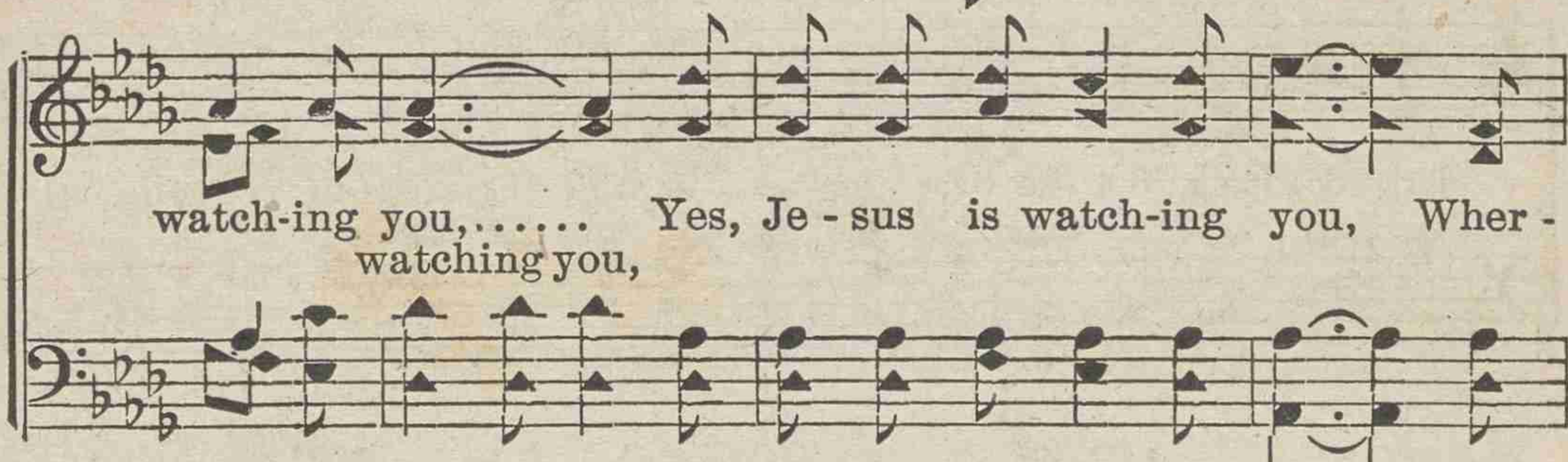
1. A mar - vel - ous gos - pel, and one you need, Bro't plainly to  
 2. His eye is up - on you, re - mem - ber this, You nev - er can  
 3. No way to be hap - py, till rec - on - ciled, For - giv - en and  
 4. Some day if you love Him and serve Him here, And grow to be



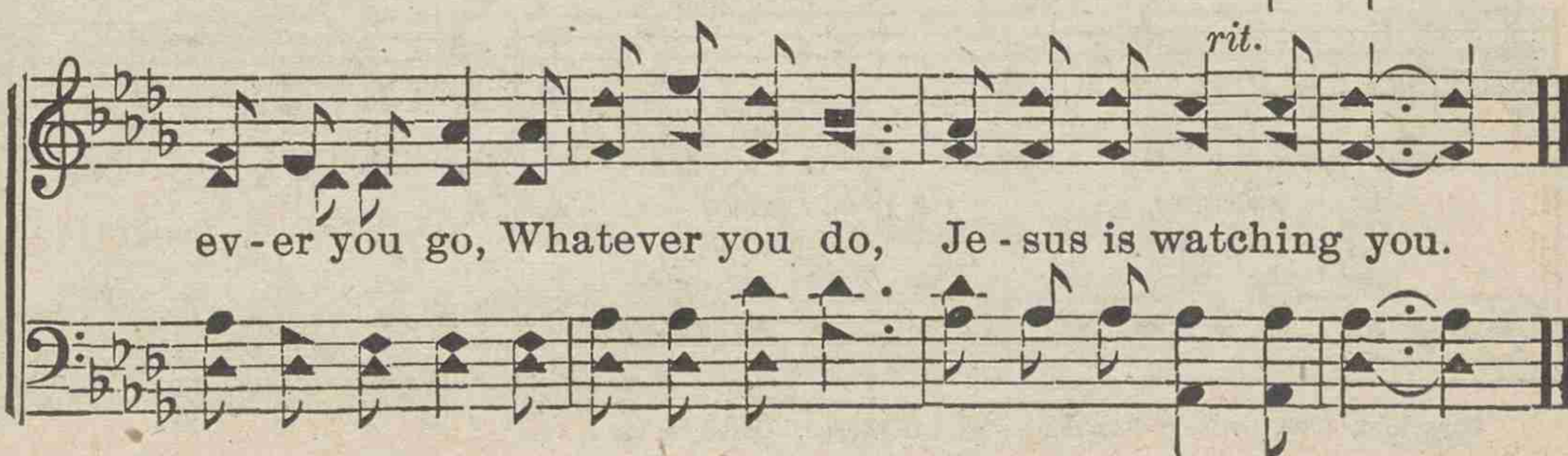
you dur - ing all your days, Sur - pass - ing - ly sol - emn to  
 hide from His searching gaze, And you are pre - par - ing for  
 saved, to His will resigned, And con - stant - ly liv - ing as  
 like Him in all your ways, Your rapture shall be in a



*rit.* CHORUS.  
 know indeed, That Je - sus is watch - ing you.  
 woe or bliss, Lo, Je - sus is watch - ing you. O Je - sus is  
 God's own child, For Je - sus is watch - ing you.  
 happier sphere, That Je - sus is watch - ing you.



watch - ing you, ..... Yes, Je - sus is watch - ing you, Wher -  
 watching you,



*rit.*  
 ev - er you go, Whatever you do, Je - sus is watching you.



# No. 34

# Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow. Softly.

1. Low in the grave He lay - Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the com - ing day—  
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—  
 3. Death can - not keep His prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS. Faster. cres.

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y  
 He a - rose,

tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the  
 He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a - rose! He a - rose!



# No. 35.

# Joy! Joy! Joy!

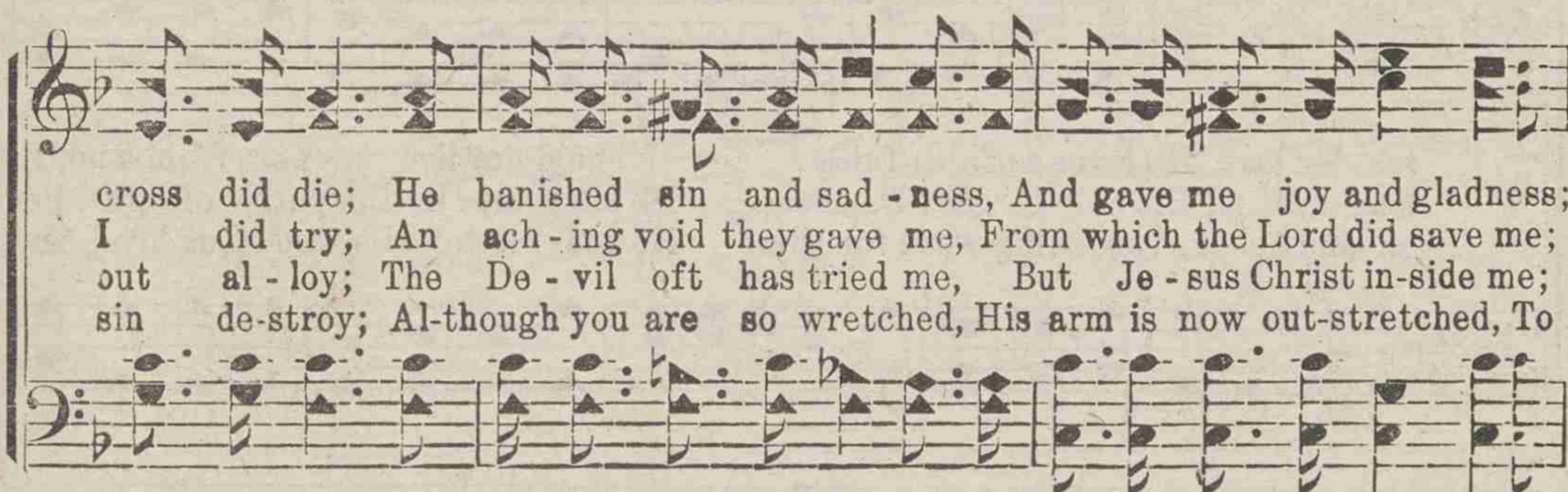
Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

C. W. BYRON.

Arr. WARREN COLLINS.



1. When lost in sin, I came to Christ my Sav - iour, Who for me on the  
 2. The world quite failed to give me sat - is - fac - tion, Though its vain pleasures  
 3. And ev - er since I learned to live for Je - sus, Joy and peace came with -  
 4. Poor wandering one, as - tray in sin and sad - ness, Come to Christ who can



cross did die; He banished sin and sad - ness, And gave me joy and gladness;  
 I did try; An ach - ing void they gave me, From which the Lord did save me;  
 out al - loy; The De - vil oft has tried me, But Je - sus Christ in - side me;  
 sin de - stroy; Al - though you are so wretched, His arm is now out - stretched, To

## CHORUS.



Now I'm run - ning o - ver with joy! joy! joy!  
 Now I'm run - ning o - ver with joy! joy! joy! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus is  
 Keeps me run - ning o - ver with joy! joy! joy!  
 save your soul and give you perfect joy! joy! joy!



*rit.* **FINE.**  
 com - ing a - gain, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; He's



**D. S.**  
 com - ing a - gain, For - ev - er to reign, He's coming as King to reign;



# No. 36.

# My Lord and I.

MRS. L. SHOREY. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I have a friend so precious, So ver-y dear to me, He loves me with such  
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me  
 3. He knows that I am long-ing Some weary soul to win, And so He bids me



ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly; I could not live a-part from Him, I  
 lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light, Be-  
 go and speak, The loving word for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love, And



love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.  
 neath a sun-ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.  
 why He came to die, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

## CHORUS.



And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we dwell to-  
 And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we walk to-  
 And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we work to-



geth-er, My Lord and I; I could not live a-part from Him, I  
 geth-er, My Lord and I; He leads me in the paths of light, Be-  
 geth-er, My Lord and I; He bids me tell His wondrous love, And



## My Lord and I. Concluded.

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 why He came to die, And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

No. 37.

## Things Eternal.

JOE W. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." JOE W. E. CLISH.

1. In a land of shift - ing sand, In a life of shade and pain;  
 2. In this world of sin and strife, In its race for greed and gain;  
 3. Safe in Je - sus now I stand, He is more than life to me;  
 4. Glo - rious vis - ions fill my soul, Vis - ions of those man - sions there;

With its pomp and show so grand, And its fash - ions all in vain:  
 Pleas - ure counts for more than life, All is fleet - ing - all is vain.  
 I am saved from sink - ing sand, 'Mid the rag - ing of life's sea.  
 I am striv - ing for the goal, And a Vic - tor's crown to wear.

### CHORUS.

I will build on this foun - da - tion, Which shall nev - er pass a - way;

Je - sus Christ, the same for - ev - er, He's the Life, the Truth, the Way.



# No. 38.

# Behold the Saviour.

Copyright 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

JOE. W. ENGLISH.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



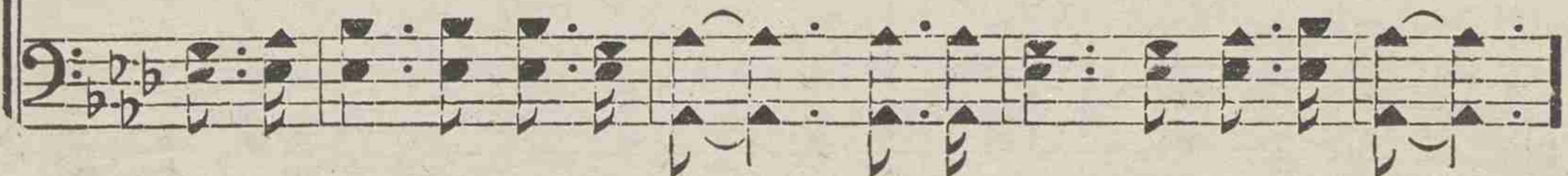
1. Be - hold the Sav - iour now as-cend-ing High a - bove a world of woe,
2. Be - hold the Sav - iour in - ter - ced-ing At the mer - cy - seat on high,
3. Be - hold Him cru - ci - fied and bleeding, Spotless Lamb for sinners slain,



The rip-'ning harv - est now is bend-ing, And His truth shall on-ward go:  
Our Ad - vo - cate for us now pleading, Bold - ly now thru Him draw nigh;  
O sin-ner, come, His mer-cy plead-ing, He hath borne your sin and shame,



On-ward go to ev - 'ry na - tion, Winning souls to His sal - va - tion:  
Blood a - ton - ing of-fered there, Priest for us He pleads in pray'r;  
O be-lieve on Him; con-fess-ing, And re-ceive e - ter - nal bless-ing;



High a - bove a world of woe,  
At the mer - cy - seat on high,  
Spotless Lamb for sin-ners slain;

Yes, His truth shall on-ward go.  
Bold-ly now thru Him draw nigh.  
He hath borne our sin and shame.





# No. 39.

# O Why Not To-Night?

(Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.)

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long-de-lud-ed
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-ed none Who would to Him their souls u-



light; Poor sin-ner, har-den not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.  
 sight; This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.  
 quite? Renounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.  
 nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



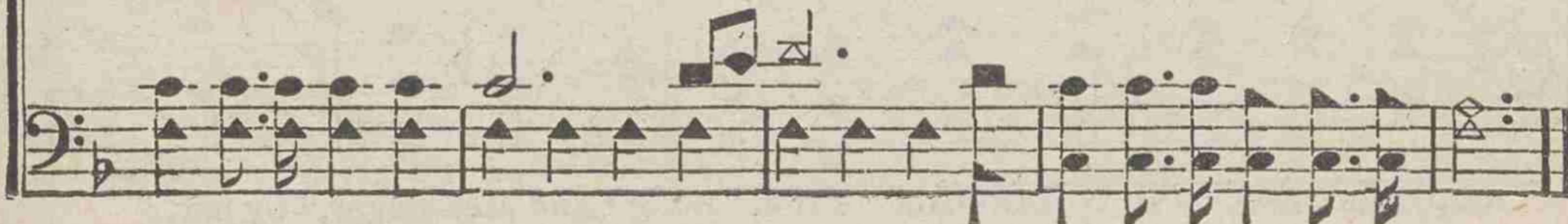
## CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-  
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?



night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?






# No. 40

# Seeking the Lost.

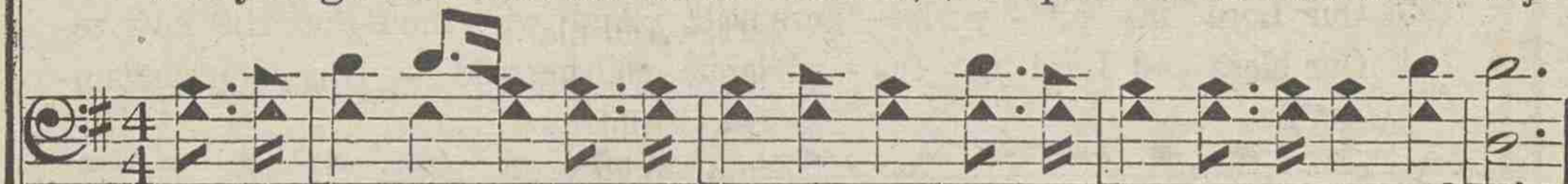

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. J. B.


A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone a-stray,  
 2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind, And who walk in midnight gloom?  
 3. Will you tell them all if they will believe, That their souls will be tru - ly blest?  
 4. Will you go and tell them the Sav-iour died, And pro-vid-ed for them the way?

Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand' rings in sin's dark way.  
 Will you bear some light to their dark-en'd mind? Will you tell them their com - ing doom?  
 For the Saviour said that they shall re-ceive Precious bless-ings of peace and rest.  
 If they ful - ly trust in the cru - ci - fied He will par-don their sins to-day.



## CHORUS.


Will you seek . . . . . them . . . . . now? . . . . . Will you



Will you seek them now? Will you seek them now? Will you



show . . . . . them the way?



show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost.




That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.





# No. 41. Now Is the Time to Prepare.

H. E. O.

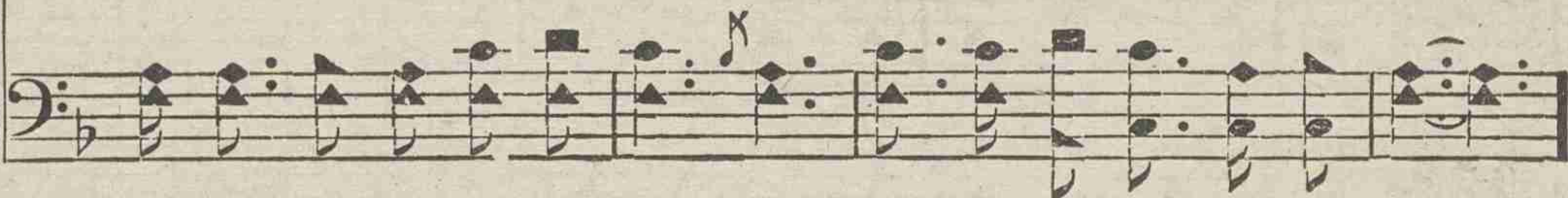
H. E. OGDEN.



1. Sin-ner, don't wait till the judg-ment, Start for that cit-y so fair;
2. Soon we will come to the judg-ment, Who shall be a-ble to stand?
3. If you still lin-ger in dark-ness, Sure-ly you'll sink in de-spair;



'Twill be too late in that mo-ment, Now is the time to pre-pare.  
Turn, and be one of that num-ber That will reach heaven's fair land.  
Re-sist the Saviour no lon-ger,— Now is the time to pre-pare.



## CHORUS.



Now is the time to pre-pare, If you ex-pect to go there;



Christ you are needing, For you He's pleading, Now is the time to pre-pare.



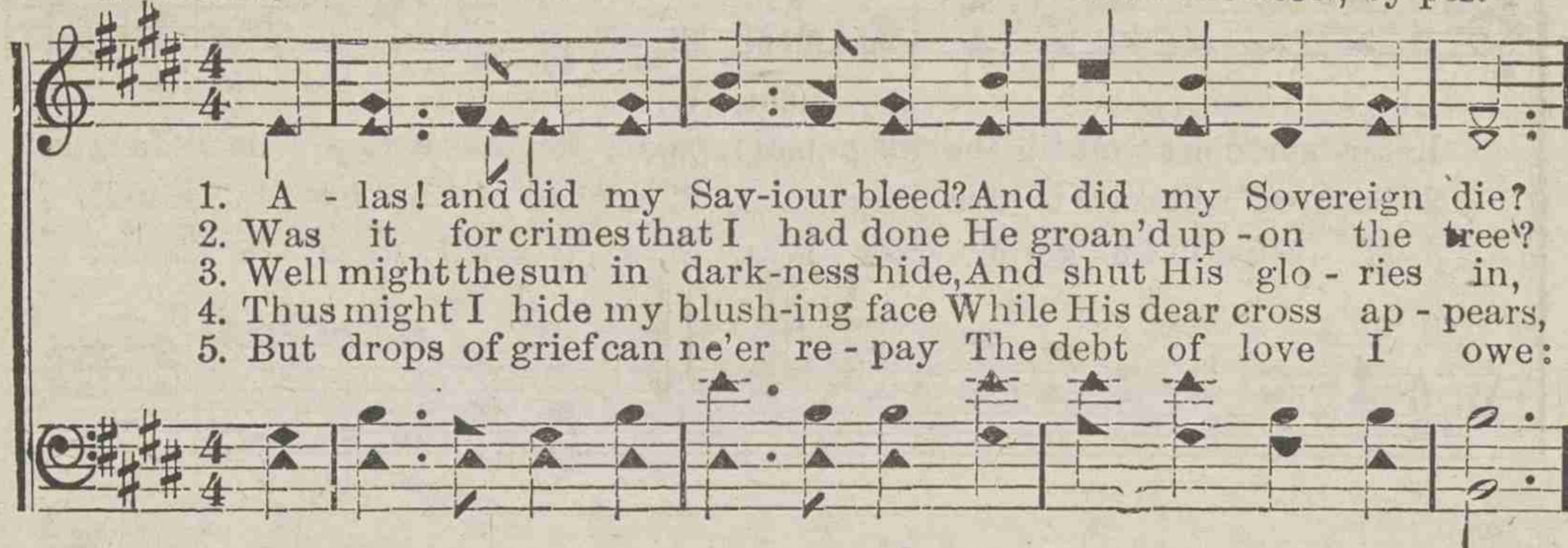


"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

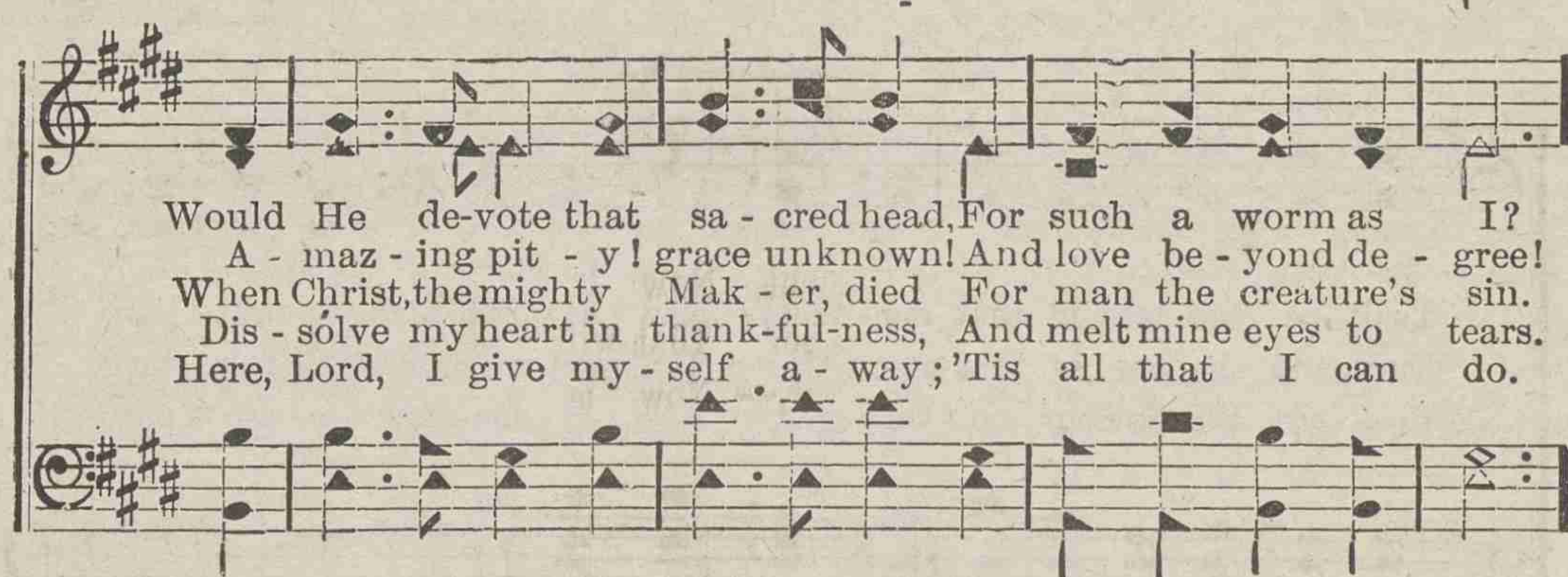
Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,  
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

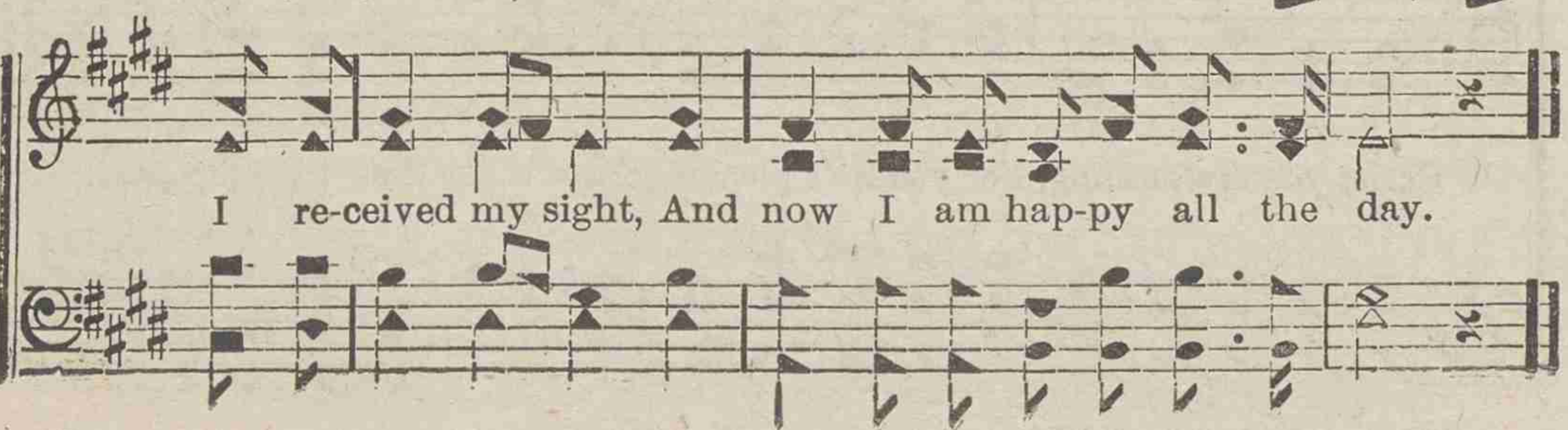
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith  
 rolled a-way,



I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.



# No. 43

# My Soul Has Been Lifted.

H. E. O.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

H. E. Ogden, owner.

H. ELLIS OGDEN.



1. My soul has been lifted from sin and from death, I'm hap - py in Je - sus, I
2. My soul has been lifted from shame and disgrace, In freedom I walk in the
3. I'm now by His mer - cy a child of the King, Tho' Sa - tan may buffet, to
4. Some day, thro' the power of His matchless grace, In glo - ry I'll witness the



praise Him each breath; While filled with His wonderful presence and life, He  
light of His face; He sev - ered the fet - ters that once did en - chain, And  
Christ I will cling; Now He for my life - work doth all things ar - range, I'm  
smile of His face; Where life is in - vest - ed with lim - it - less charms, And



## CHORUS.



keeps me all safe - ly when dan - ger is rife. Je - sus saved me, the  
now I press on - ward His love to proclaim.  
heir to the king - dom, O mar - vel - ous change.  
sin nev - er brings its dis - cord - ant a - larms. Je - sus sweetly



new life to be - gin; Yes, He lift - ed me from sin, Now I'm growing  
ev - ry sin, Now I'm al - ways



more like Him each day, There is glo - ry all a - long the way.  
There is wondrous glory, glo - ry





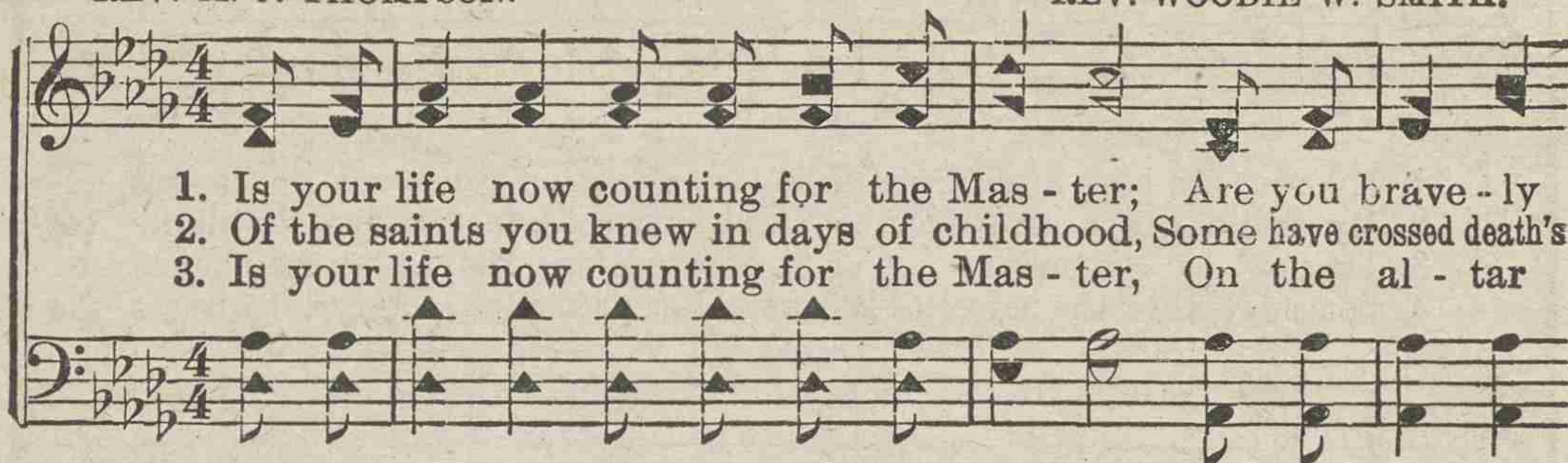
# No. 44.

# Counting For Jesus.

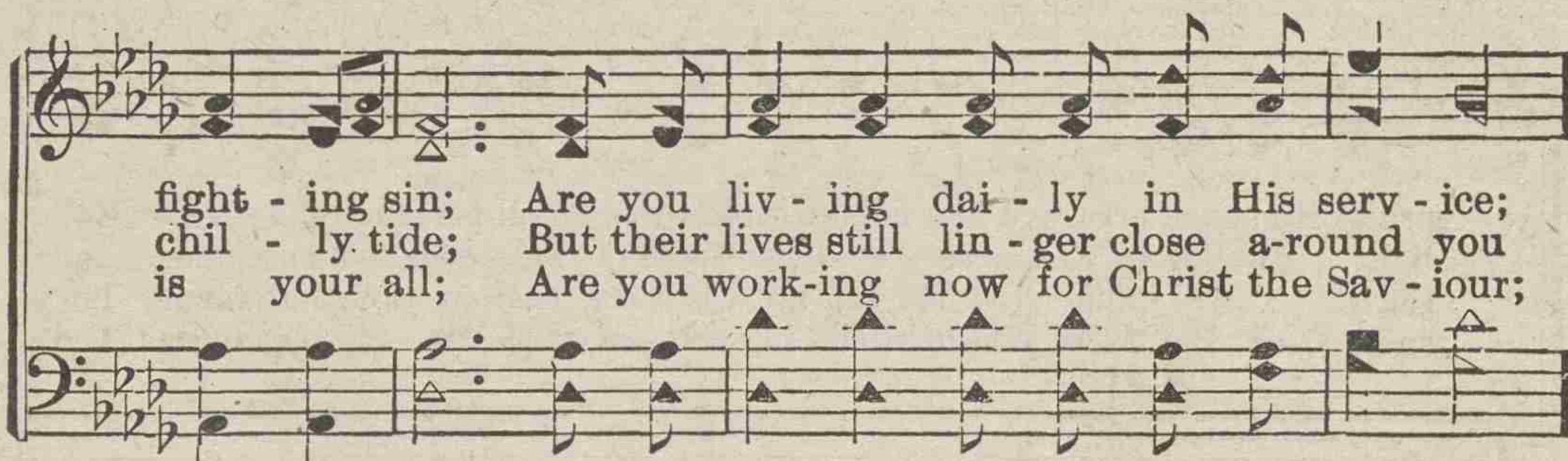
REV. M. J. THOMPSON.

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REV. WOODIE W. SMITH.

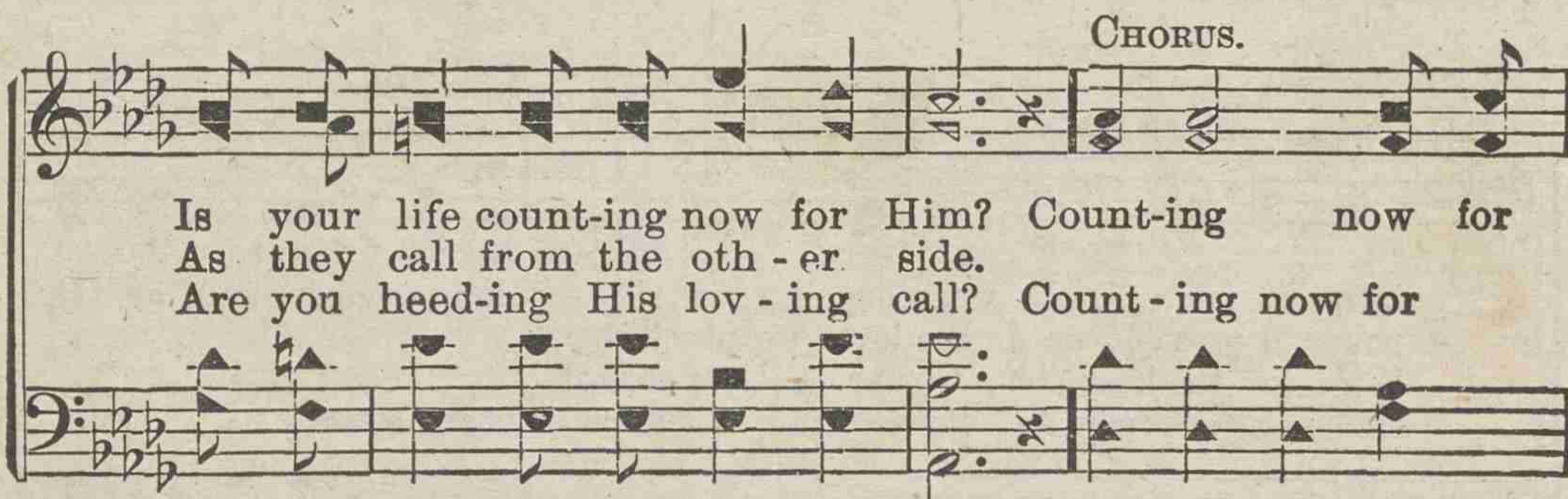


1. Is your life now counting for the Mas - ter; Are you brave - ly  
 2. Of the saints you knew in days of childhood, Some have crossed death's  
 3. Is your life now counting for the Mas - ter, On the al - tar




fight - ing sin; Are you liv - ing dai - ly in His serv - ice;  
 chil - ly tide; But their lives still lin - ger close a-round you  
 is your all; Are you work - ing now for Christ the Sav - iour;

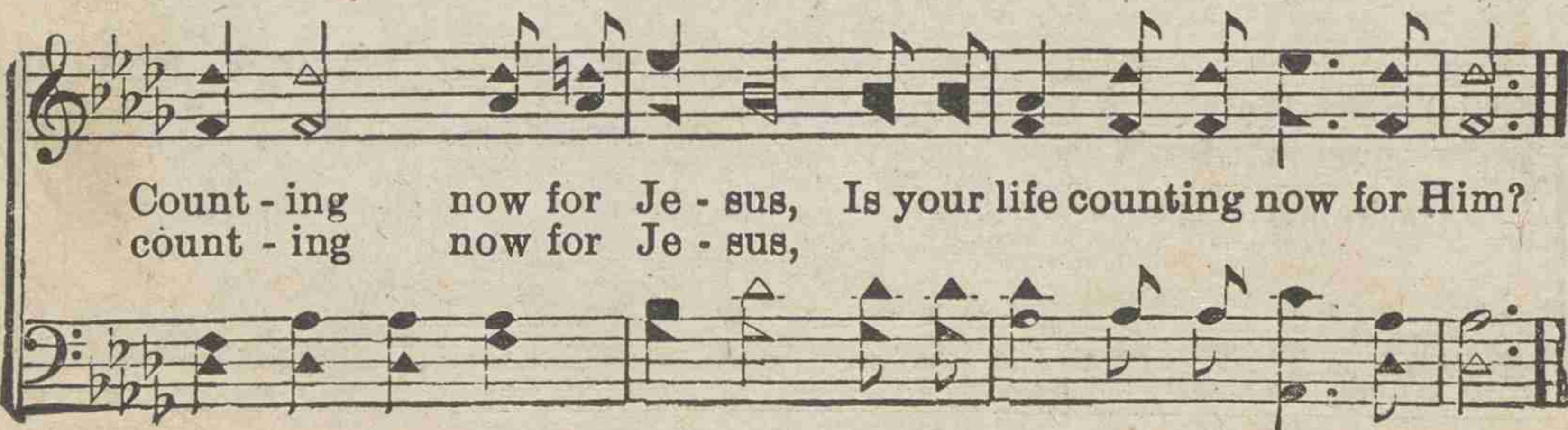
CHORUS.



Is your life count - ing now for Him? Count - ing now for  
 As they call from the oth - er side.  
 Are you heed - ing His lov - ing call? Count - ing now for



Je - sus, Count - ing now for Je - sus,  
 Je - sus Christ, Are you counting now for Je - sus Christ, Are you



Count - ing now for Je - sus, Is your life counting now for Him?  
 count - ing now for Je - sus,



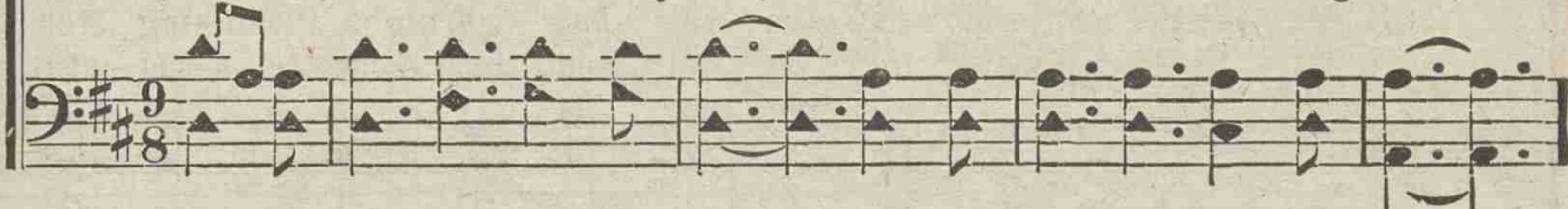
# No. 45. Saviour, Fill Me With Thy Love,

H. E. O.

H. ELLIS OGDEN.



1. Sav - iour, fill me with Thy love, Which is changeless, deep and strong;...
2. Sav - iour, fill me with Thy love, Which a - lone can make me free;....
3. Sav - iour, fill me with Thy love, Glo - rious nev - er - fail - ing love;....



Then sup - port me by Thy grace, Keep me from the way of wrong.  
When I'm prone to go a - stray, Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee.  
Which will keep me free from sin, Till I reach my home a - bove.



## REFRAIN.



Sav-iour, fill ..... me with Thy love, ..... Glo-rious  
Saviour, fill me with Thy love, Saviour, fill me with Thy love, Glorious



love, ..... O love di-vine; ..... Saviour, fill ..... me  
love, O love divine; glo-rious love, O love divine; Saviour, fill me with Thy love,



with Thy love, ..... Let me ev - er - more be Thine .....  
Sav-iour, fill me with Thy love, for - ev - er Thine.





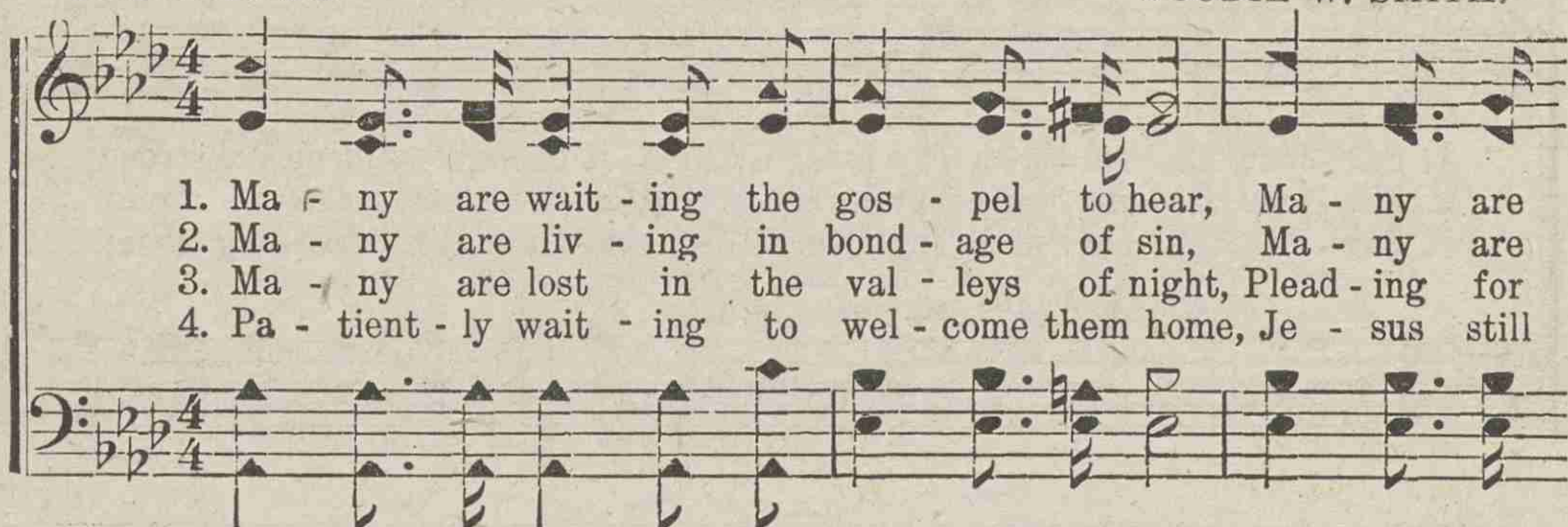
## No. 46

## Let Us Lead Them to Jesus.

(Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith. By per )

JAMES ROWE.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Ma - ny are wait - ing the gos - pel to hear, Ma - ny are  
 2. Ma - ny are liv - ing in bond - age of sin, Ma - ny are  
 3. Ma - ny are lost in the val - leys of night, Plead - ing for  
 4. Pa - tient - ly wait - ing to wel - come them home, Je - sus still

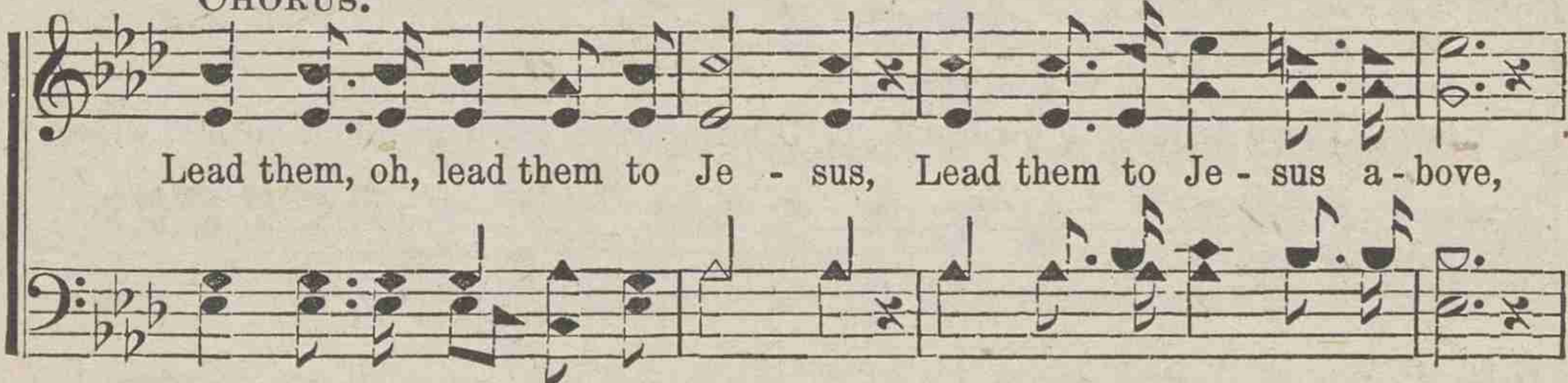


liv - ing in sor - row and fear, Long - ing and sigh - ing for  
 long - ing new life to be - gin; No - bod - y helps them sal -  
 friend - ship and cry - ing for light; No one is near them to  
 loves them, tho' blind - ly they roam; Still He is ten - der - ly



com - fort and cheer, Oh, let us lead them to Je - sus.  
 va - tion to win; Oh, let us lead them to Je - sus.  
 lead them a - right; Oh, let us lead them to Je - sus.  
 whis - per - ing "come," Oh, let us lead them to Je - sus.

## CHORUS.



Lead them, oh, lead them to Je - sus, Lead them to Je - sus a - bove,



Tell of His mercy, Sing of His love, Oh, let us lead them to Je - sus.



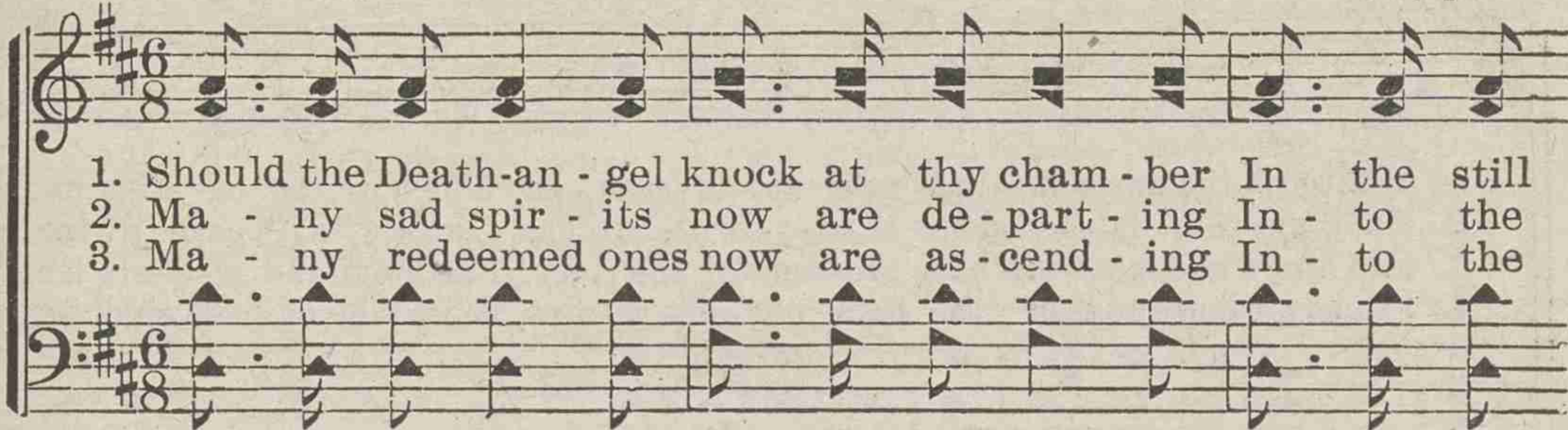
# No. 47.

# Say, Are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Should the Death-an - gel knock at thy cham - ber In the still  
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the  
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the



watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment,  
 world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief mo - ment brings your doom nearer,  
 man - sions of light; Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing,



CHORUS.  
 Or to the land of de - light?  
 Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware! Say, are you read - y?  
 O let Him save you to - night.



O are you read - y? If the Death-an - gel should call;.....  
 should call;



Say are you ready? O are you ready? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.



# No. 48. What Are They Doing In Heaven?

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

R. T. D. CARPENTER.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. What are the saved do - ing now up in heav - en, Who bore the bur - den and
2. Ma - ny were la - dened too heav - y with burdens, Load - ed with care till their
3. Fa - thers and moth - ers have crossed o'er the river, Broth - ers and sis - - ers long
4. Friends, we are told in the book of God's re - cord, Those who be - lieve shall be



heat of the day; 'Till Je - sus called them to dwell with Him yon - der, What  
lives ebbed a - way; Fac - ing the grave in the joy of their Sav - iour, What  
since passed a - way; How my sad heart longs to be with them ev - er, What  
robed in that day; Why should we weep for our loved ones in glo - ry, For



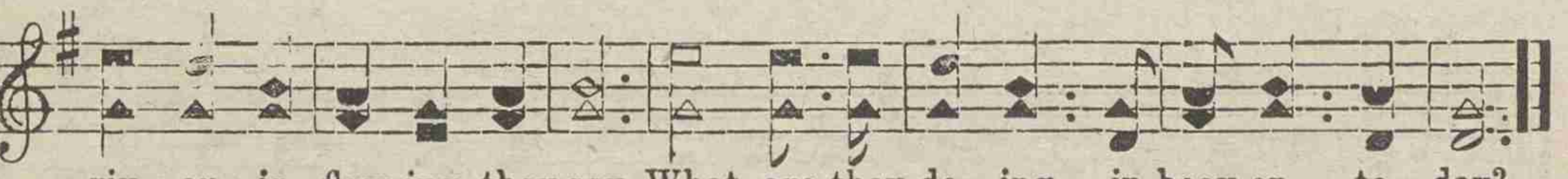
## CHORUS.



- 1-3. are they do - ing in heav - en to - day? O what are they do - ing in
4. they are sing - ing in heav - en to - day. O yes, they are sing - ing in



heav - en to - day, Where all tears are wiped a - way; And grace like a  
heav - en to - day, Where all tears are wiped a - way; And grace like a



riv - er is flow - ing, they say, What are they do - ing in heav - en to - day?  
riv - er is flow - ing, they say, Yes, they are sing - ing in heav - en to - day.





## No. 49.

## I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

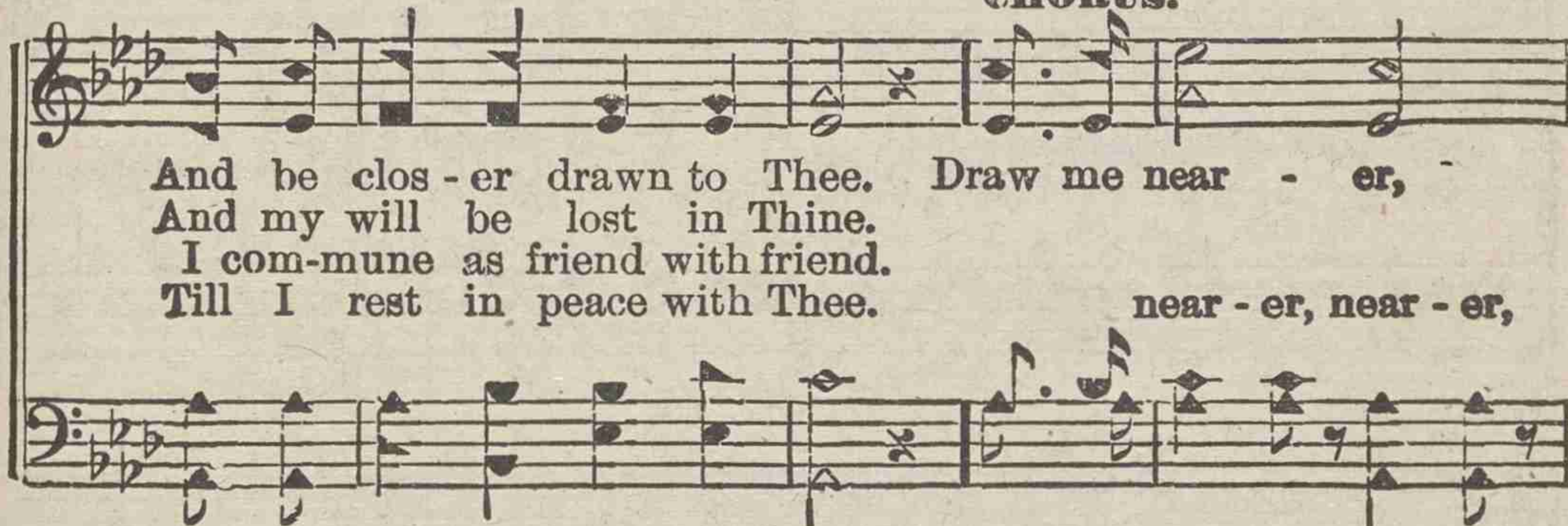


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of  
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour, That be - fore Thy  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the



love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,  
 nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

## CHORUS.



And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,  
 And my will be lost in Thine.  
 I com - mune as friend with friend.  
 Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er,



near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed - ing side.



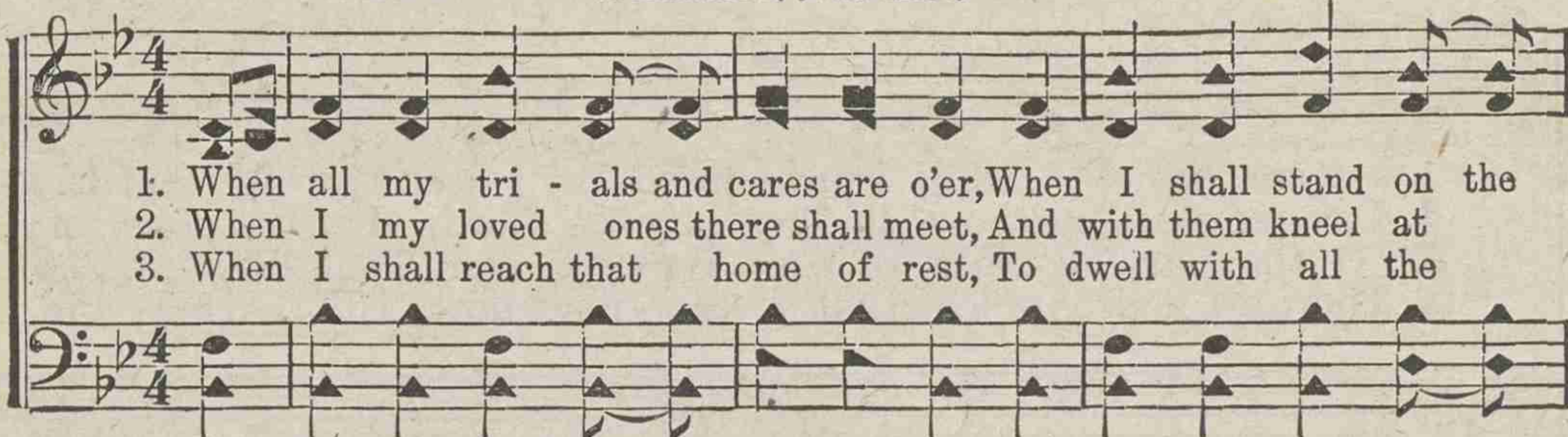
# No. 50

# I'll Be Satisfied Then.

G. W. WINNINGHAM.

(Controlled by J. H. May.)

JAMES H. MAY.



1. When all my tri - als and cares are o'er, When I shall stand on the  
 2. When I my loved ones there shall meet, And with them kneel at  
 3. When I shall reach that home of rest, To dwell with all the



gold - en shore, — If I may hold my Sav - iour's hand, I'll be  
 Je - sus' feet, — If I may rest by the great white throne, I'll be  
 saved and blest, — If I may drink at the fount of life, I'll be

## REFRAIN.



sat - is - fied then..... I'll be sat - is - fied then,.....  
 sat - is - fied then. sat - is - fied then,



I'll be sat - is - fied then, If I may hold  
 sat - is - fied then, If I may rest  
 If I may drink



my Sav - iour's hand, I'll be sat - is - fied then.  
 by the great white throne,  
 at the fount of life, sat - is - fied then.



# No. 51.

# I Shall Be Satisfied.

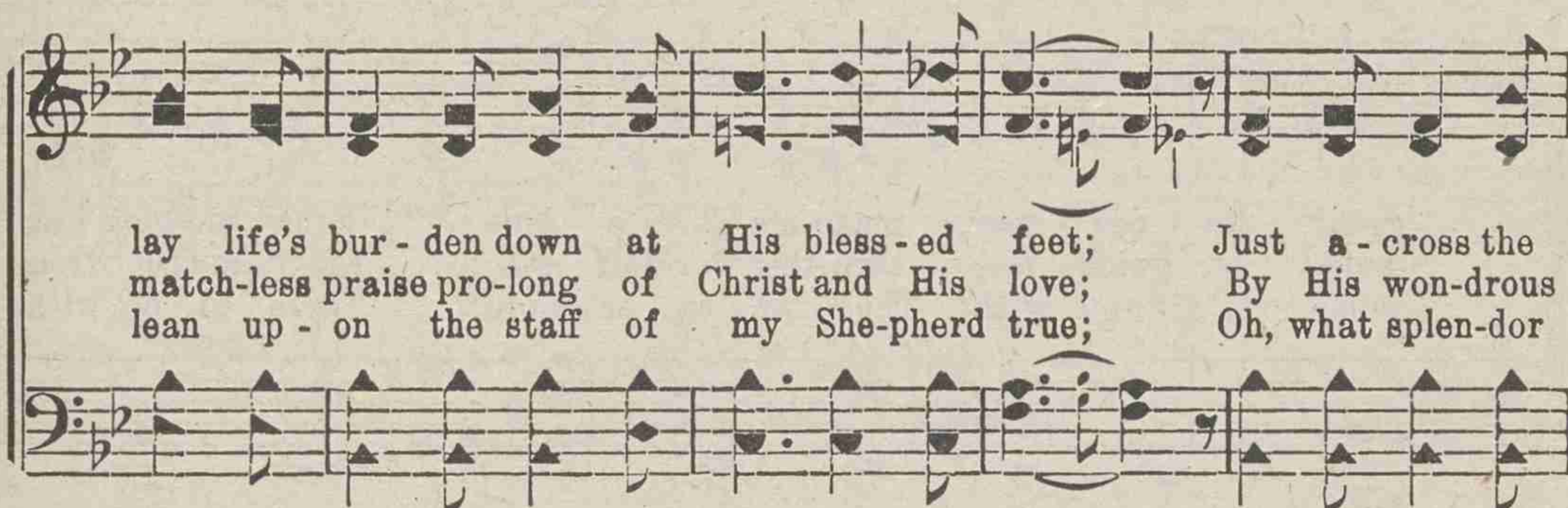
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SMITH AND ENGLISH.

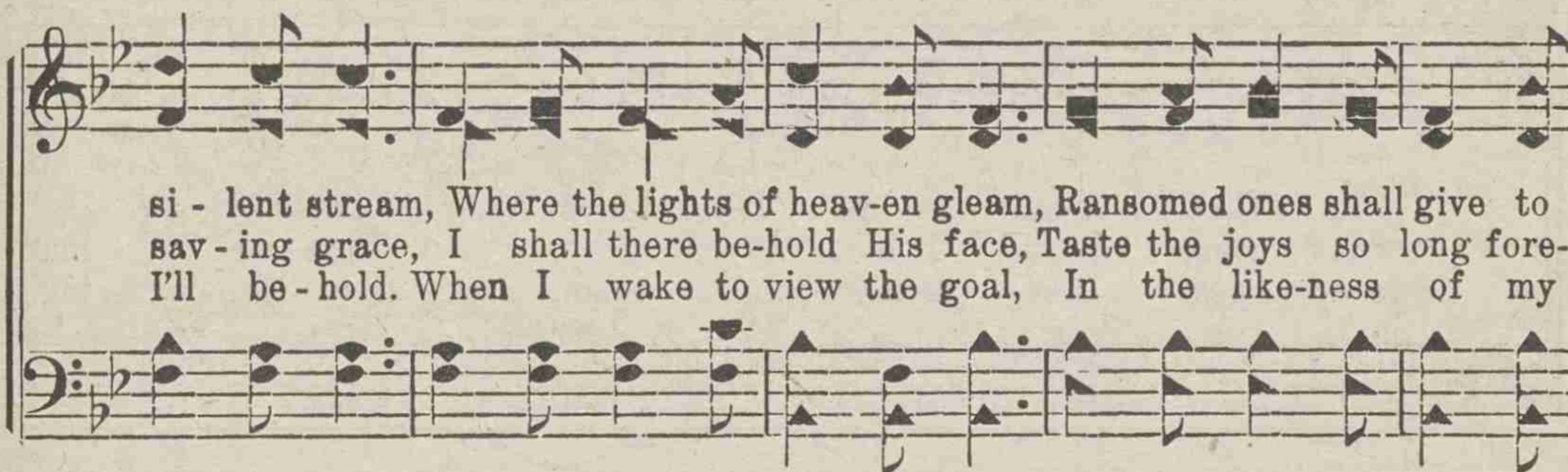
WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. When the cares of life are o'er, And I reach the gold-en shore; I shall  
 2. There I'll sing redemption's song, When I join the ransomed throng, And the  
 3. Through the val-ley dark as night, He will be my bea-con light, I shall



lay life's bur-den down at His bless-ed feet; Just a-cross the  
 match-less praise pro-long of Christ and His love; By His won-drous  
 lean up-on the staff of my She-pherd true; Oh, what splen-dor



si-lent stream, Where the lights of heav-en gleam, Ransomed ones shall give to  
 sav-ing grace, I shall there be-hold His face, Taste the joys so long fore-  
 I'll be-hold. When I wake to view the goal, In the like-ness of my



CHORUS.

me a wel-come so sweet. I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be  
 told in Man-sions a-bove. I shall be I shall be  
 King, I'll sing an-thems new. I shall be I shall be



sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, When I be-hold my King.  
 I shall be



# No. 52.

# Lift Me Higher, Jesus.

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H. E. O.

H. ELLIS OGDEN.

Unison.



1. Lift me high - er, Je - sus, near - er to Thy throne,..... Oh! Thou
2. Lift me high - er, Je - sus, as I on-ward go, ..... Guide me
3. When life's day is end - ed, and my journey's o'er,..... Take me



great Re - dee - mer, make me Thine a - lone;.... Draw me clos - er  
safe - ly guide me, thru this world of woe;.... Keep my feet from  
home to dwell with Thee for - ev - er - more;.... There to be with



to Thee, near - er to Thy side, ..... In Thy ho - ly  
wand' - ring, Lord, I hum - bly pray, ..... Bless - ed Sav - iour  
loved ones, nev - er more to roam, ..... Gen - tle, lov - ing



CHORUS.



pres - ence, Lord, I would a - bide.  
lead me in the nar - row way. Draw me clos - er,  
Sav - iour guide me safe - ly home.



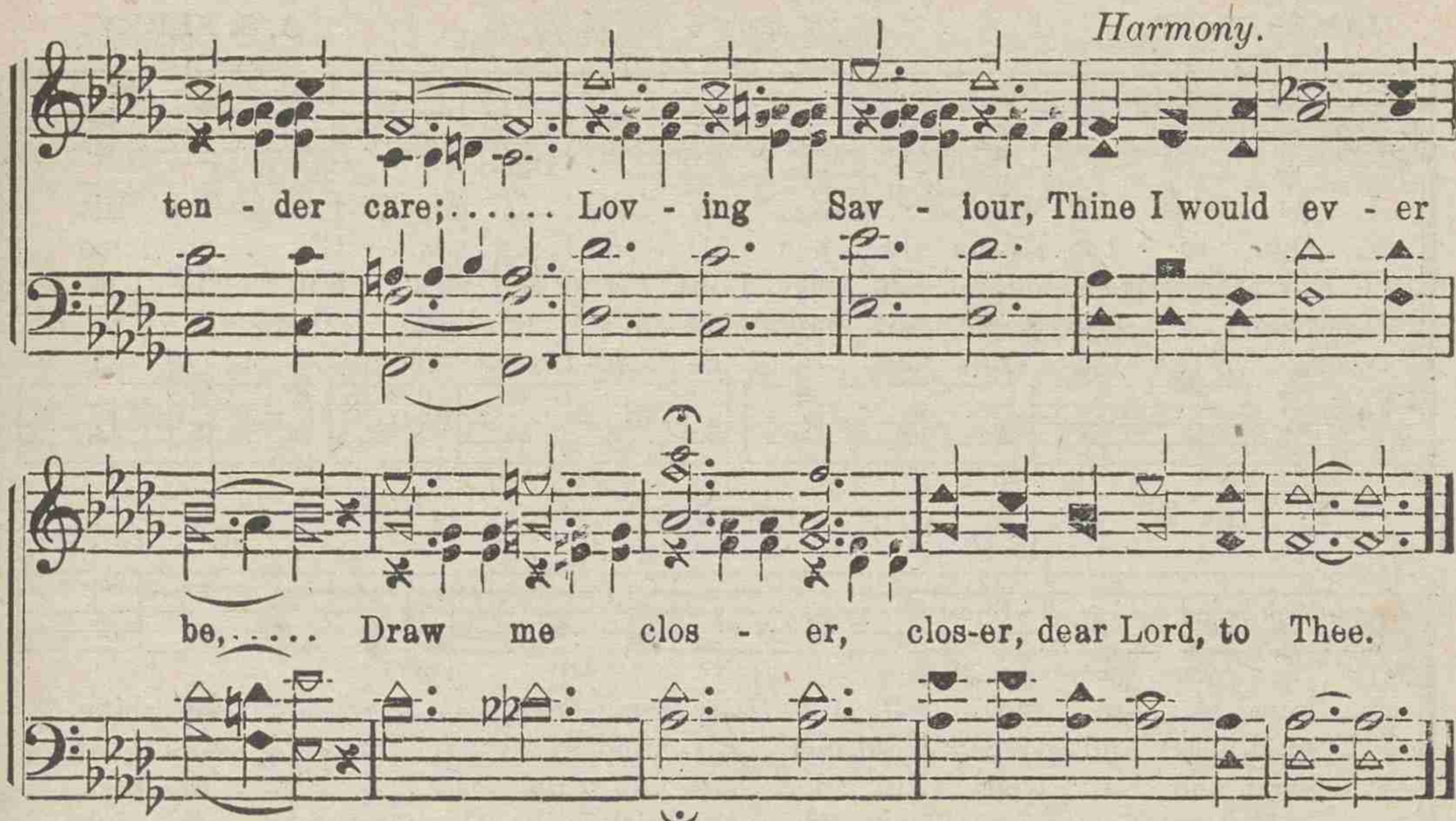
Lord, is my dai - ly pray'r, ..... Keep me ev - er safe in Thy





# Lift Me Higher, Jesus. Concluded.

*Harmony.*



ten - der care;..... Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thine I would ev - er  
be,..... Draw me clos - er, clos-er, dear Lord, to Thee.

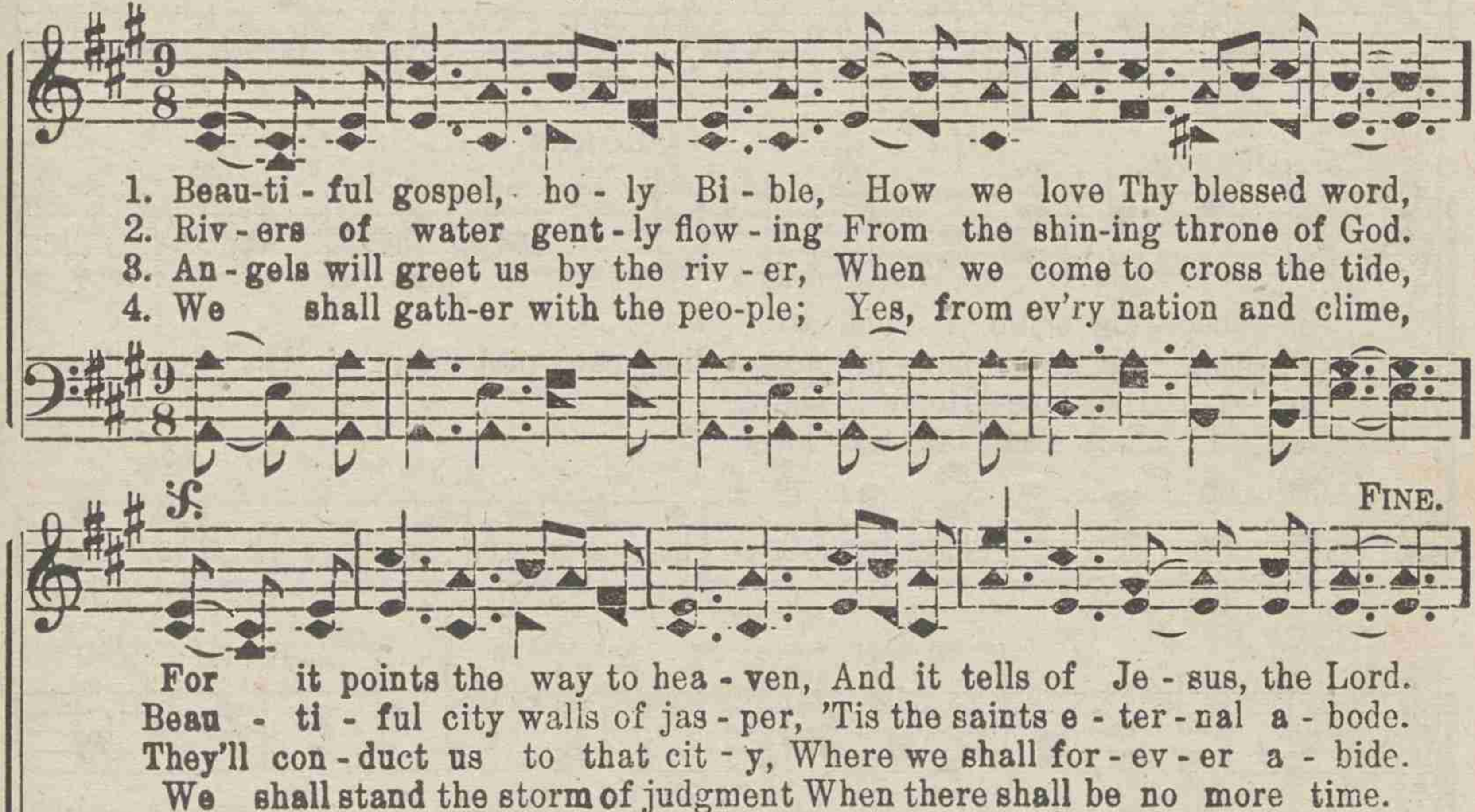
No. 53.

## Holy Bible.

P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by P. nk English

PINK ENGLISH.



1. Beau-ti - ful gospel, ho - ly Bi - ble, How we love Thy blessed word,  
2. Riv - ers of water gent - ly flow - ing From the shin - ing throne of God.  
3. An - gels will greet us by the riv - er, When we come to cross the tide,  
4. We shall gath - er with the peo - ple; Yes, from ev'ry nation and clime,  
FINE.

For it points the way to hea - ven, And it tells of Je - sus, the Lord.  
Beau - ti - ful city walls of jas - per, 'Tis the saints e - ter - nal a - bode.  
They'll con - duct us to that cit - y, Where we shall for - ev - er a - bide.  
We shall stand the storm of judgment When there shall be no more time.

D. S.—Beau-ti - ful gos-pel, ho - ly Bi - ble, How we love thy bless - ed word.

REFRAIN. D. S.



Message of glad-ness, sto-ry of glo-ry, Sweet-est news that mor-tal e'er heard,



# No. 54. What a Glorious Saviour.

JAMES ROWE.

A. S. BERRY.

1. O what a glo - ri - ous Sav - iour is mine! Pre - cious His  
2. Out of the depths He has lift - ed my soul, — Giv - en me  
3. Earth friends are dear, but my Lord is the best, Faith - ful in  
4. When I get home to my man - sion of light, When I be-

love is to me, All the way home, wheth - er shad - ow or shine,  
glad - ness and peace; Hold - ing His hand, I am fac - ing the goal,  
weal and in woe; Till I have en - tered the cit - y of rest,  
hold Him a - bove, There, where my faith will be end - ed in sight,

## CHORUS.

His cheer - ing smile I shall see.  
Let - ting my praise nev - er cease. Sing, peo - ple! sing of His boundless  
Dai - ly His love He will show.  
How I shall sing of His love!

love! Cling to this Friend till this life is o'er, Then, in that beau - ti - ful

world a - bove, We shall be with Him for ev - er - more.




## I Am Praying for You.



S. O'Maley Cluff.

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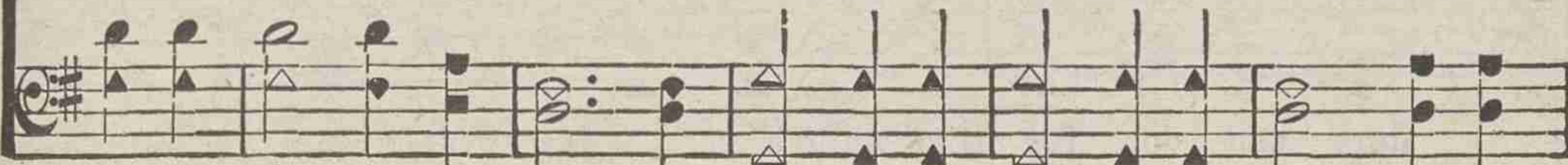
Ira D. Sankey.




1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -  
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -  
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -  
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -


ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness  
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
 ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in  
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to



## CHORUS.



o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.  
 heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am  
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!  
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!




praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.



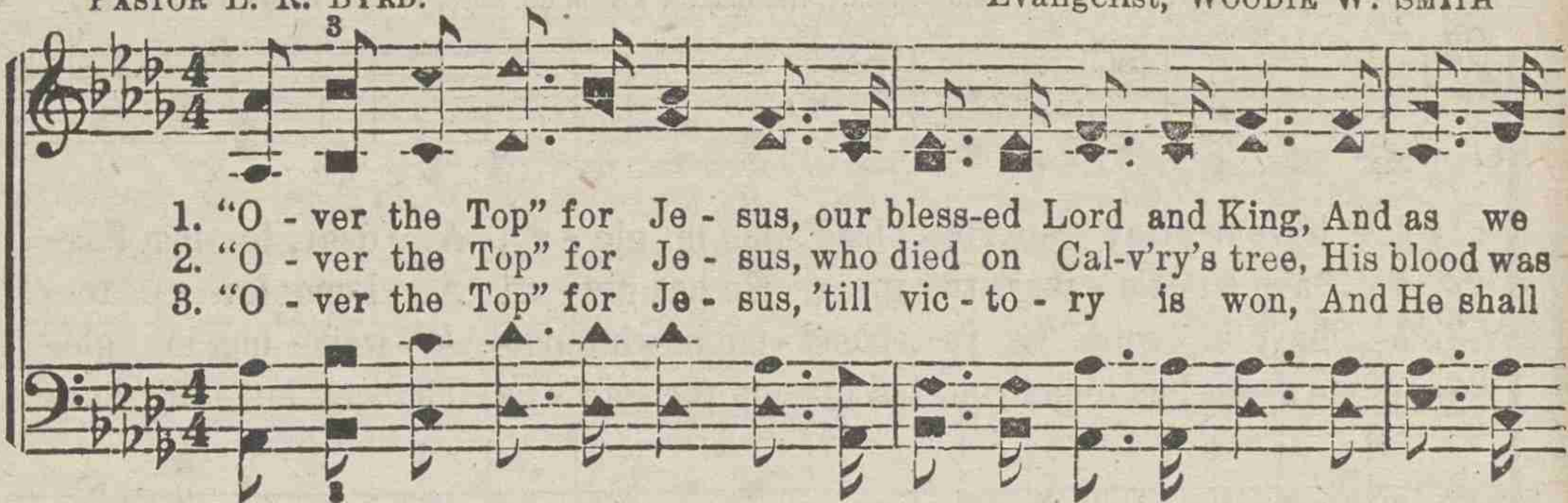


# No. 56. "Over the Top" for Jesus.

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PASTOR L. R. BYRD.


Evangelist, WOODIE W. SMITH



1. "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, our bless-ed Lord and King, And as we  
 2. "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, who died on Cal-v'ry's tree, His blood was  
 3. "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, 'till vic-to-ry is won, And He shall



march to bat - tle, His prais-es we will sing; Like sol - diers true, we'll  
 shed so free - ly, from sin to set us free; With cour - age strong, we'll  
 bid us wel - come to that e - ter - nal Home; The con - flict o'er, for -



dare and do, for Him while here be - low, He is our guide, what  
 march a - long, and brave - ly face the foe, We'll nev - er fear, while  
 ev - er - more, its glo - ries then we'll know, He'll say "well done, thou



CHORUS.  
 e'er be-tide, and "O - ver the Top" we'll go.  
 He is near, and "O - ver the Top" we'll go. "O - ver the Top" for  
 faith - ful one," and "O - ver the Top" we'll go.



Je - sus, Be - cause He loved us so, "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus,



# "Over the Top" for Jesus. Concluded.

Like sol - diers brave and true; His pre - cious life He gave, Our souls from

sin to save, And "O - ver the Top" for Him we'll go.

"O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, Be-cause He loved us so, "O - ver the Top" for

Je - sus, Like Sol - diers brave and true, His pre-cious life He gave, Our

souls from sin to save, And "O - ver the Top" for Him we'll go.....



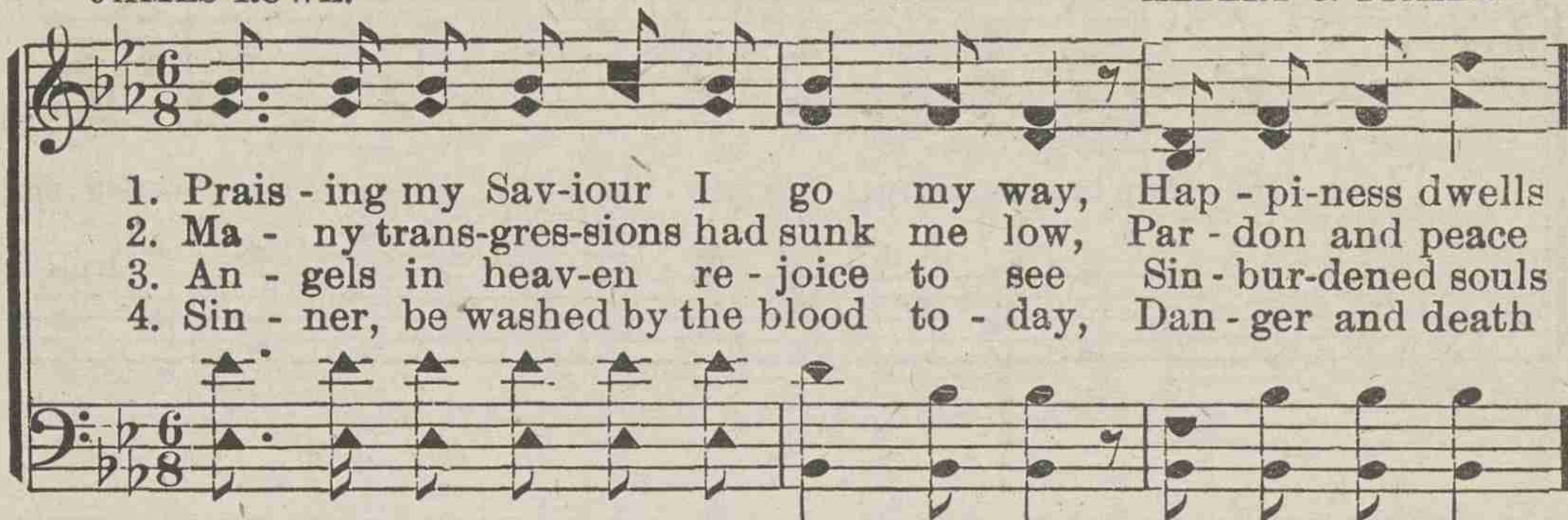
# No. 57.

# I Am Saved.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1912, by Albert C. Fisher, Ft. Worth, Tex.

ALBERT C. FISHER.



1. Prais - ing my Sav-iour I go my way, Hap - pi-ness dwells  
 2. Ma - ny trans-gres-sions had sunk me low, Par - don and peace  
 3. An - gels in heav-en re - joice to see Sin - bur-dened souls  
 4. Sin - ner, be washed by the blood to - day, Dan - ger and death



with me to - day; Tru - ly I now to the world can say,  
 I longed to know; Now I am sing - ing wher-e'er I go,  
 made pure and free, So they are sing - ing to - day o'er me,  
 are in de - lay; Sing with the saved ere you go a - way,



*rit. - - rall.* **REFRAIN.** *ff*

I have been saved by the blood..... Saved!... Saved!.....  
 Saved! I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb,



I've been washed in the soul-cleansing flood!.... Saved!...  
 soul-cleansing flood! Saved! yes, saved for His



*ff* *rit.*

Saved!..... I am saved by the pre - cious blood.....  
 glo - ry, I am, pre-cious blood.



# No. 58. I'm Saved by the Blood of the Lamb.

W. W. S.

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WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my rec - ord is clear, I'm saved by the  
 2. I wan - dered in e - vil till Je - sus came in, I'm saved by the  
 3. He found me in sor - row, but now I can sing, I'm saved by the  
 4. Oh, sin - ner, be - hold the Re - deem - er of men, Be saved by the

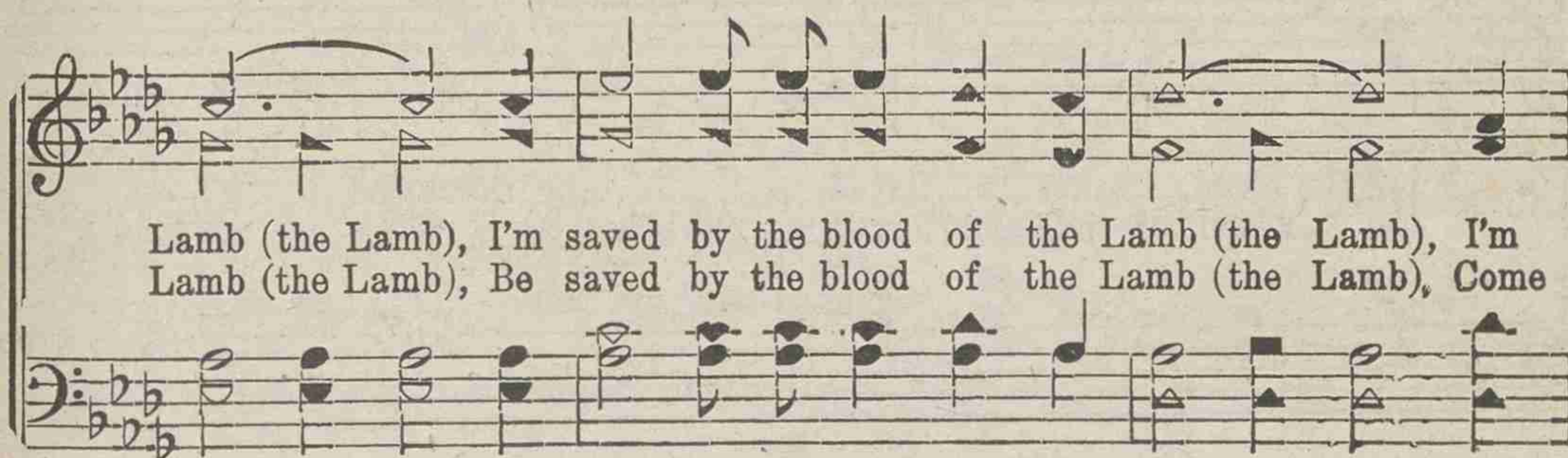


blood of the Lamb; He banished my sor-row, dis - pelling my fear, I'm  
 blood of the Lamb; But when I believed Him, He saved me from sin, I'm  
 blood of the Lamb; I'm trust-ing in Je - sus, His prom-ise I claim, I'm  
 blood of the Lamb; He bids you re-turn from the path-way of sin, Be

## CHORUS.



saved by the blood of the Lamb. I'm saved by the blood of the  
*Chorus after 4th stanza.*—Be saved by the blood of the



Lamb (the Lamb), I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb (the Lamb), I'm  
 Lamb (the Lamb), Be saved by the blood of the Lamb (the Lamb), Come



hap-py in Him, He freed me from sin, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb.  
 trusting in Him, He'll save you from sin, Be saved by the blood of the Lamb.



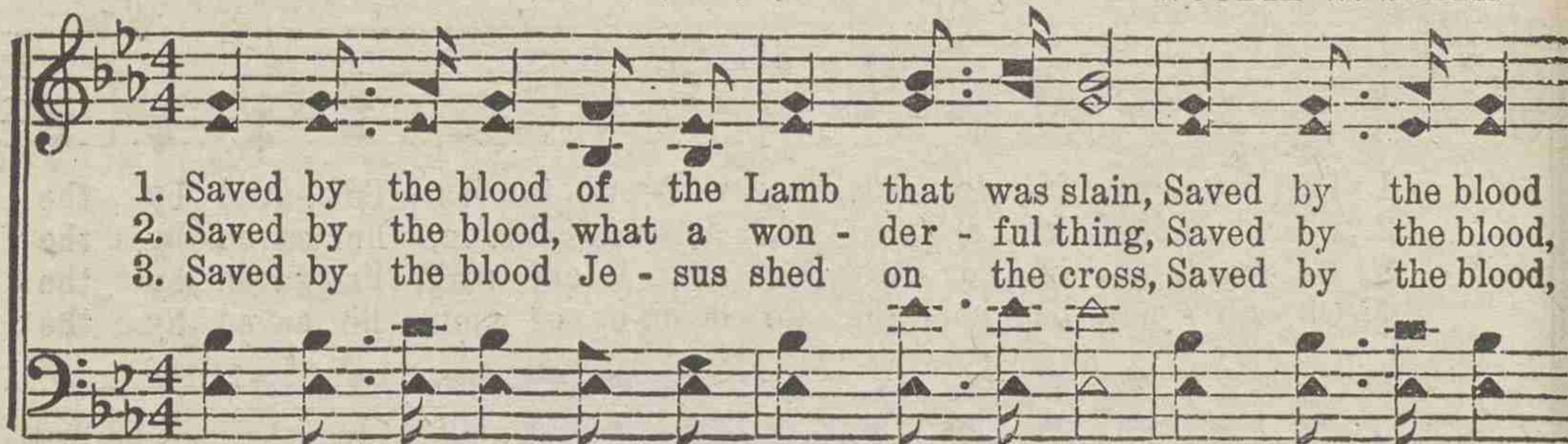
# No. 59.

# Saved By the Blood.

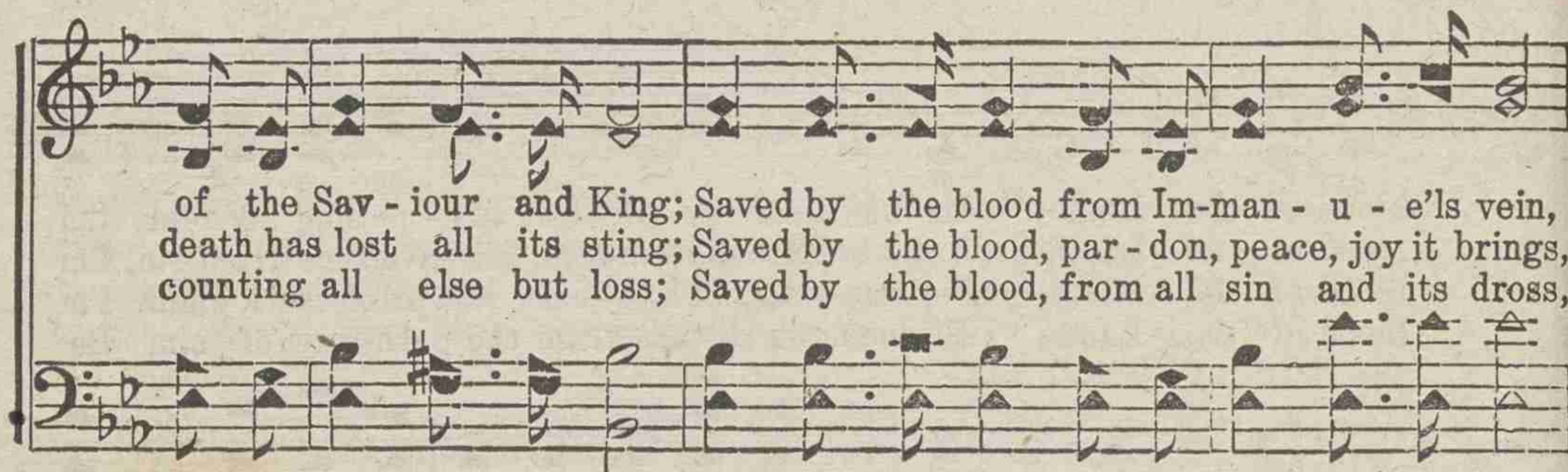
W. W. S.

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WOODIE W. SMITH.

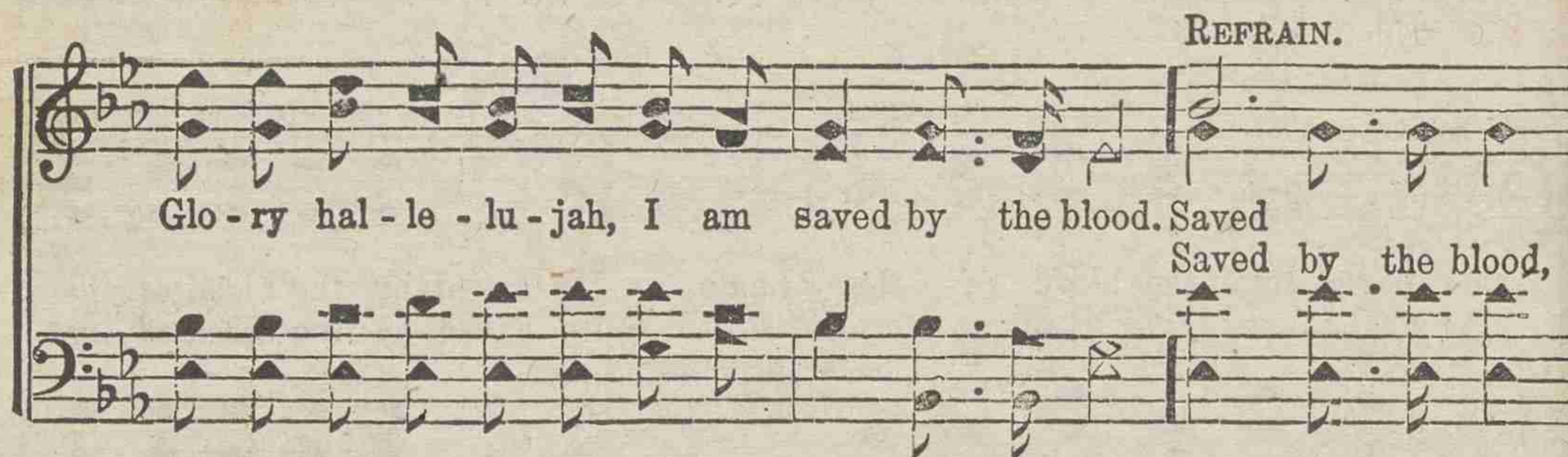


1. Saved by the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Saved by the blood  
 2. Saved by the blood, what a won - der - ful thing, Saved by the blood,  
 3. Saved by the blood Je - sus shed on the cross, Saved by the blood,

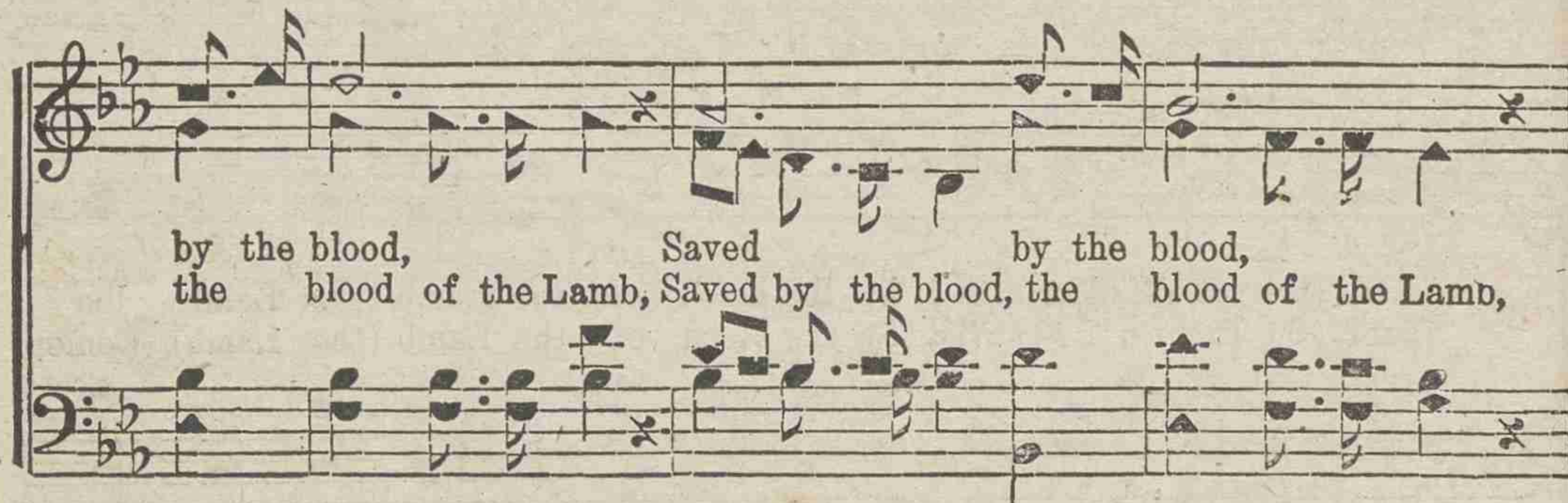


of the Sav - iour and King; Saved by the blood from Im-man - u - e's vein,  
 death has lost all its sting; Saved by the blood, par - don, peace, joy it brings,  
 counting all else but loss; Saved by the blood, from all sin and its dross,

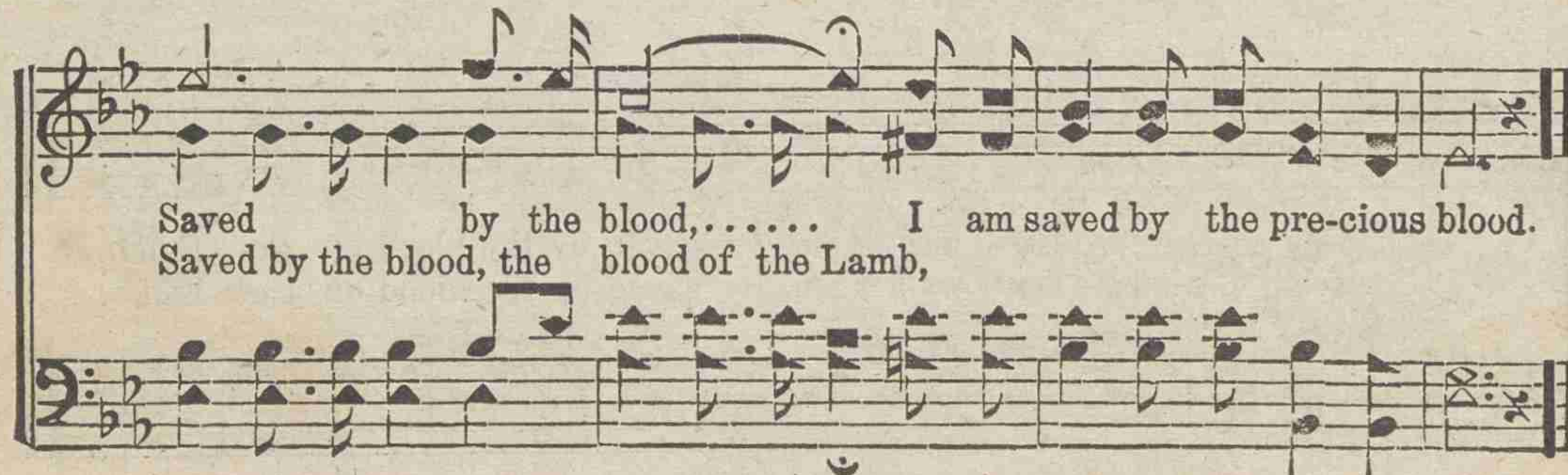
REFRAIN.



Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved by the blood. Saved  
 Saved by the blood,



by the blood, Saved by the blood,  
 the blood of the Lamb, Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb,



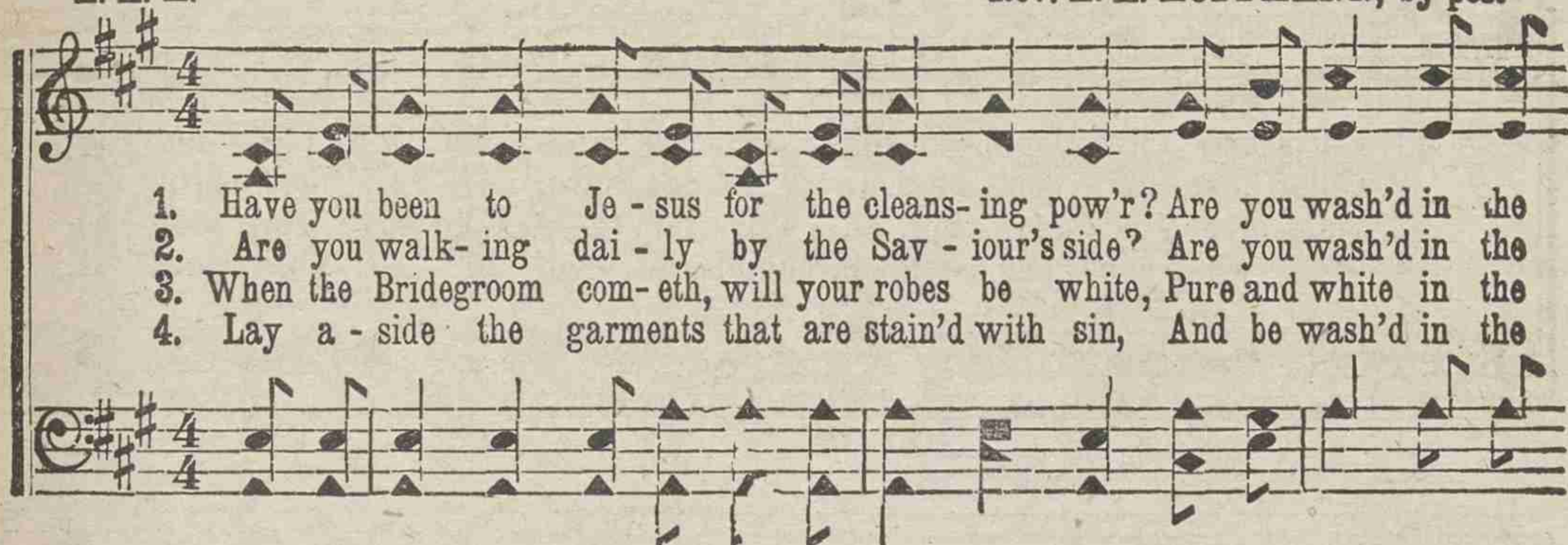
Saved by the blood,..... I am saved by the pre-cious blood.  
 Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb,



## ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN, by per.

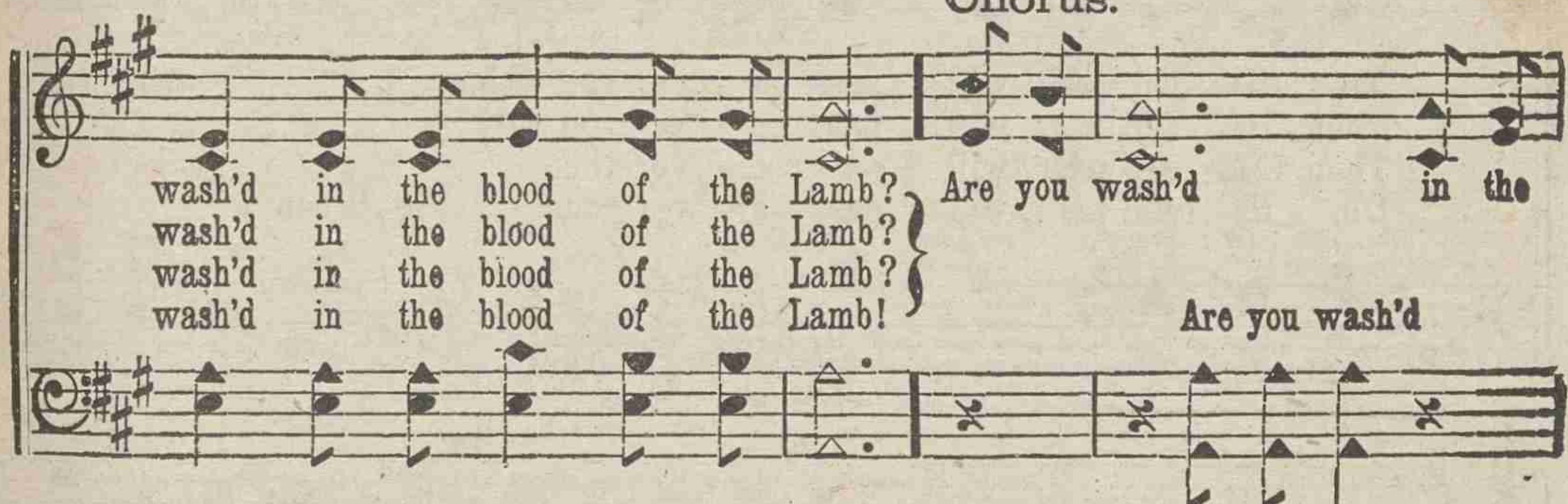


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the  
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you wash'd in the  
 3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the

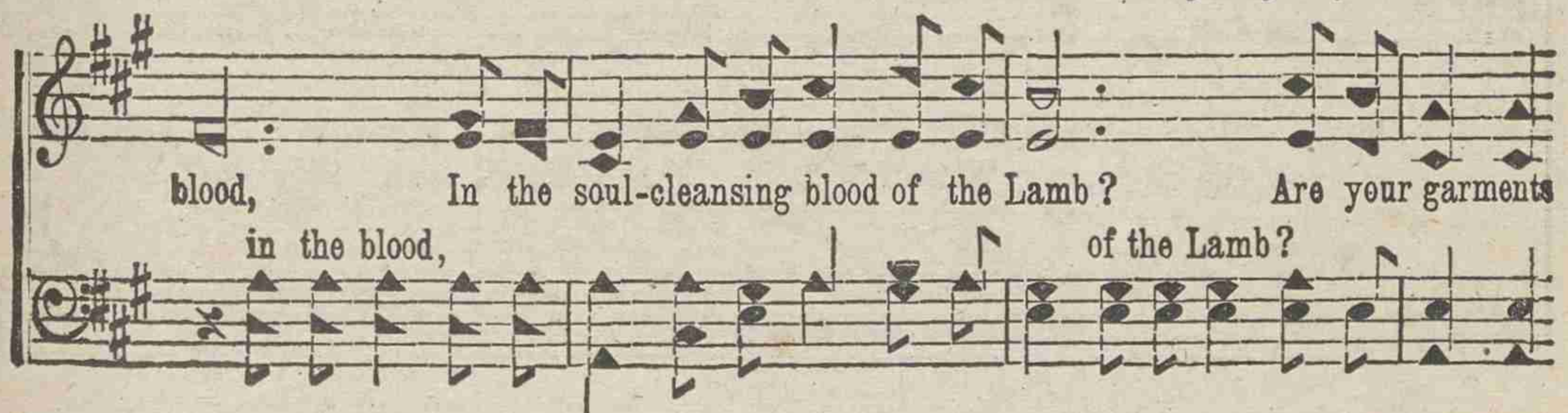


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be  
 blood of the Lamb! There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un - clean, O be

## Chorus.



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the  
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?  
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?  
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Are you wash'd



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments  
 in the blood, of the Lamb?



spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?



# No. 61.

# When I See the Blood.

JOHN.

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1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,  
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,  
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,  
 4. O what com-pas-sion, oh, bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

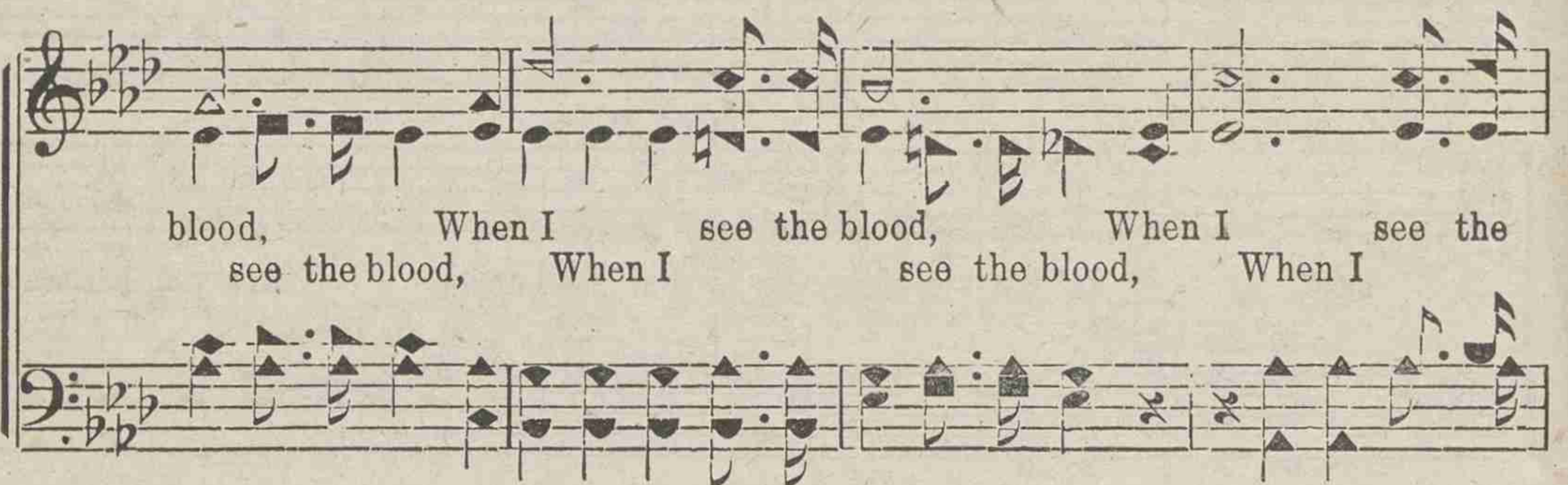


paid all his due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,  
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him trust in His word,  
 who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je-sus in,  
 Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

CHORUS.



Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the  
 Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I



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



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



# No. 62.

# Blood Divine.

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W. W. S.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I know that I am spir - it born, God saved this soul of mine;
2. I'm hap - py in His ser - vice now, For Him I love to shine;
3. I want to win some pre - cious souls, With this frail life of mine;



And made me hap - py in His love, I'm bought with blood di - vine.  
To fol - low Him is my de - light, I'm bought with blood di - vine.  
Through loving grat - i - tude to Christ, I'm bought with blood di - vine.



## CHORUS.



I'm bought with blood di - vine, . . . . . That flowed from Calv'ry's shrine; . . .  
di - vine, Calv'ry's shrine;



I'm not my own, but His a - lone, I'm bought with blood di - vine





# No. 63 Underneath Me are the Everlasting Arms.

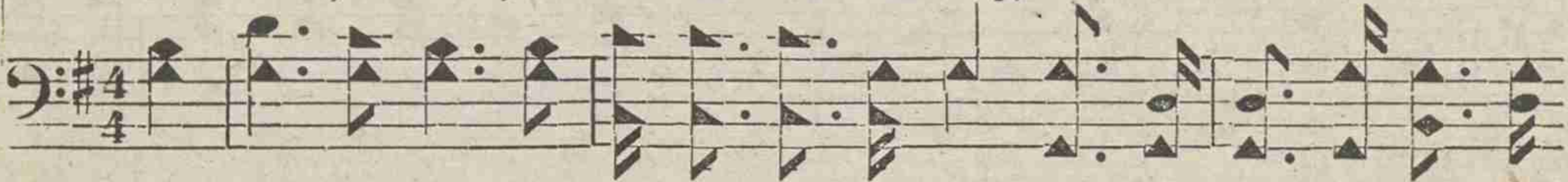
"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33; 27.

J. A. B.

J. A. BROWN.



1. My faith hath seen the bless-ed King of kings, Un - der-neath me are the
2. I heard His voice like mu-sic from a - bove, Un - der-neath me are the
3. I wan-dered far in ways of sin de-filed, Un - der-neath me are the
4. Up - on my hand His shin-ing sig - net ring, Un - der-neath me are His
5. Now bask-ing 'neath a lov-ing Father's smile, Un - der-neath me are the
6. I'm lean-ing on His bo-som while I rove, Un - der-neath me are the
7. In storm, in calm, on land or on the deep, Un - der-neath me are the



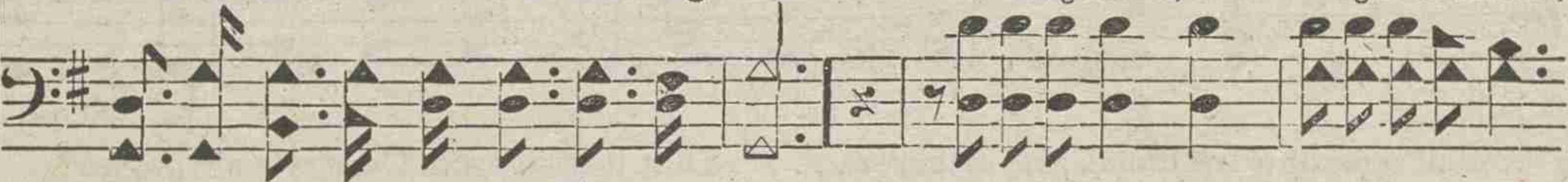
ev - er - last - ing arms; I've felt the touch of heal - ing in His wings, Un - der -  
 ev - er - last - ing arms; He filled my soul for - ev - er with His love, Un - der -  
 ev - er - last - ing arms; Now safe at home a sin - ner rec - on - ciled, Un - der -  
 ev - er - last - ing arms; My fears are calmed my heart is tun'd to sing, Un - der -  
 ev - er - last - ing arms; Ten thou - sand joys the hap - py days be - guile, Un - der -  
 ev - er - last - ing arms; I can - not fall or stray beyond His love, Un - der -  
 ev - er - last - ing arms; Se - cure I'll lay me down in peace and sleep Un - der -



## CHORUS.



neath me are the ev - er - last - ing arms. With - in a lov - ing Fa - ther's arms,  
 O ref - uge sweet, a loving Father's arms,



Se - cure a - mid ten thou - sand charms, O ref - uge, safe and  
 Se - cure, se - cure a - mid ten thousand, thousand charms, O ref - uge, safe, so sweet and



free from all a - larms, Un - der - neath me are the ev - er - last - ing arms.





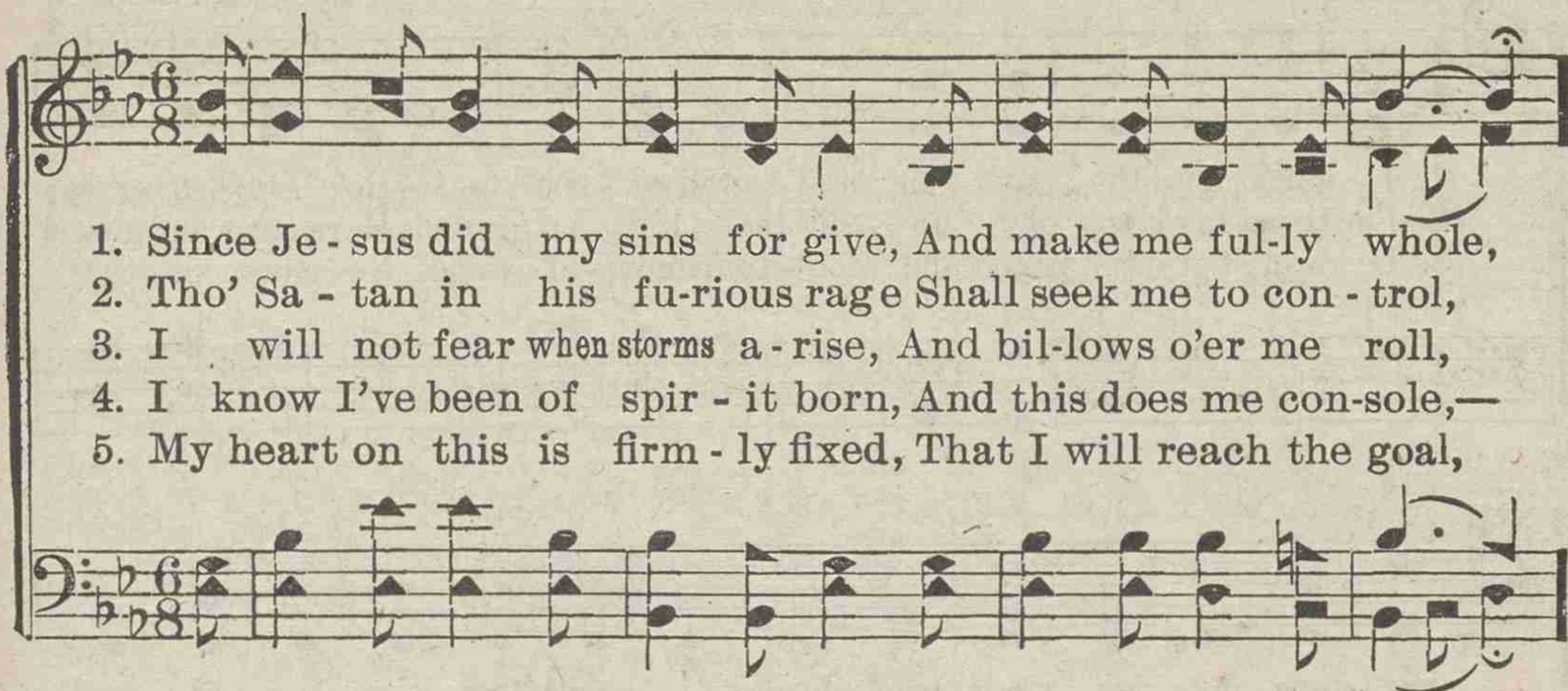
# No. 64.

# His Seal Is On My Soul.

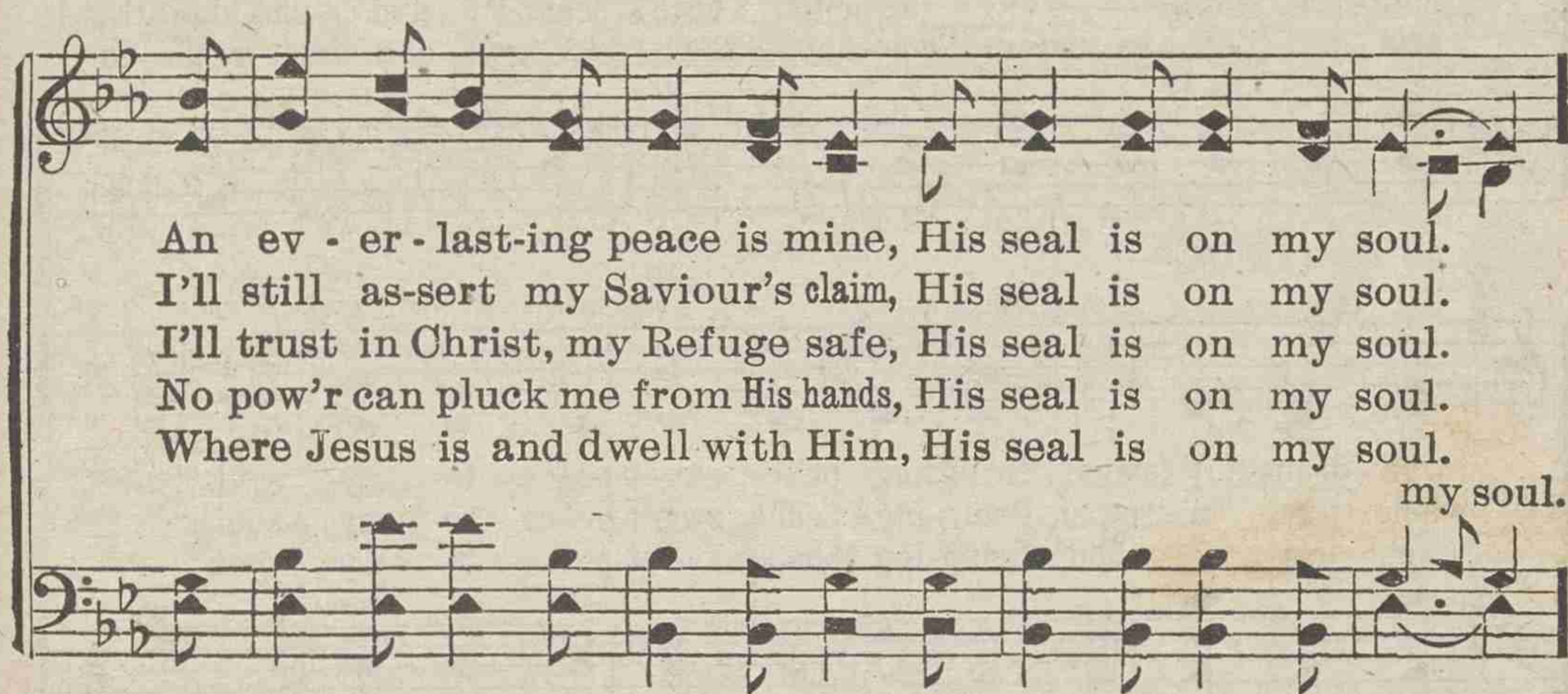
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F. L. EILAND.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Since Je - sus did my sins for give, And make me ful - ly whole,  
 2. Tho' Sa - tan in his fu - rious rage Shall seek me to con - trol,  
 3. I will not fear when storms a - rise, And bil - lows o'er me roll,  
 4. I know I've been of spir - it born, And this does me con - sole, —  
 5. My heart on this is firm - ly fixed, That I will reach the goal,



An ev - er - last - ing peace is mine, His seal is on my soul.  
 I'll still as - sert my Saviour's claim, His seal is on my soul.  
 I'll trust in Christ, my Refuge safe, His seal is on my soul.  
 No pow'r can pluck me from His hands, His seal is on my soul.  
 Where Jesus is and dwell with Him, His seal is on my soul.

REFRAIN.



His seal is on my soul,..... His seal is on my soul,



No pow'r can pluck me from His hand, His seal is on my soul.....  
 my soul.



## No. 65.

## Peace In My Soul.

Copyright, 1910, by Austin Taylor.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

FRANK GRAMMER AND AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. I came to the Sav-iour and bowed at His feet; He lift-ed my  
 2. I'm tread-ing to-day up-on new, high-er ground; Here song and sweet  
 3. O won-der-ful peace and con-tent-ment of mind! No more in the

bur-dens, my joy made com-plete; I heard a new song, O so  
 flow-ers doth ev-er a-bound; There's beaut-y and sun-shine the  
 pris-on of Sa-tan con-fined, Such glo-ry and free-dom in

won-drous-ly sweet! Bring-ing peace, sweet peace to my soul.  
 whole way a-round, Bring-ing peace, sweet peace to my soul.  
 Je-sus I find! Bring-ing peace, sweet peace to my soul.

REFRAIN.

Won-der-ful peace,..... O won-der-ful peace,.....  
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace, O won-der-ful peace,.....

Won-der-ful peace in my soul; Peace in my soul—tho'



## Peace In My Soul. Concluded.

sin - bil - lows roll, There is peace, sweet peace in my soul....

### No. 66. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all spent upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years, lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—DAN. 12:3.

C. C. LUTHER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

DUET.

1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet;  
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;  
3. O the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,  
4. O ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.  
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.  
I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.  
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

REFRAIN.

"Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?




## No. 67. Do You Think To Pray ?



"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4: 6.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.


W. O. PERKINS.




1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?  
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?  
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?  
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?





In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,  
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it  
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er  
When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row




### CHORUS.



As a shield to-day?  
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will  
Who had crossed your way?  
At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.





# No. 68. For God So Loved the World.

W. W. S

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



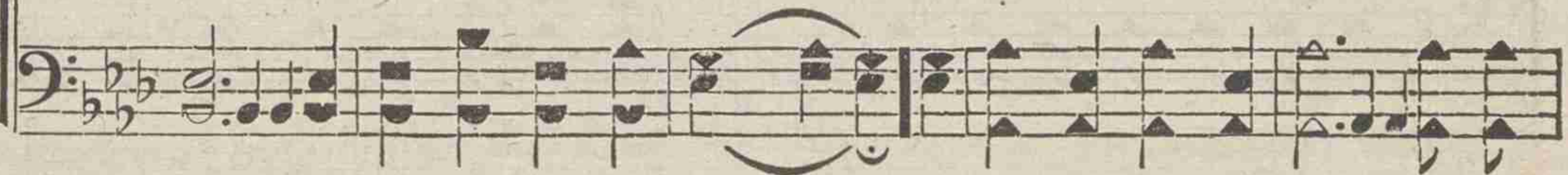
1. The Tri - une God be-held the world in sin and shame; And touched by loving
2. He came by low - ly berth to peaceful Beth-le-hem, The wise men of the
3. He came to save the lost, to set the captive free; Be-hold Him while He's
4. The Son of God in tears, in ag - o - ny and blood; Sus-pend-ed on the



## CHORUS.



grief, the bless-ed Sav-iour came.....  
East by star-light sought for Him..... For God so loved the world, that He  
near; He died for you and me.....  
cross to man-i-fest our God.....



gave His on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him might



have ev - er-last-ing life;.... For God so loved the world, that He gave His on-ly



*rit.*



Son, That who-so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him might have ev-er-last-ing life.





# No. 69.

# Saved, Saved, Saved.

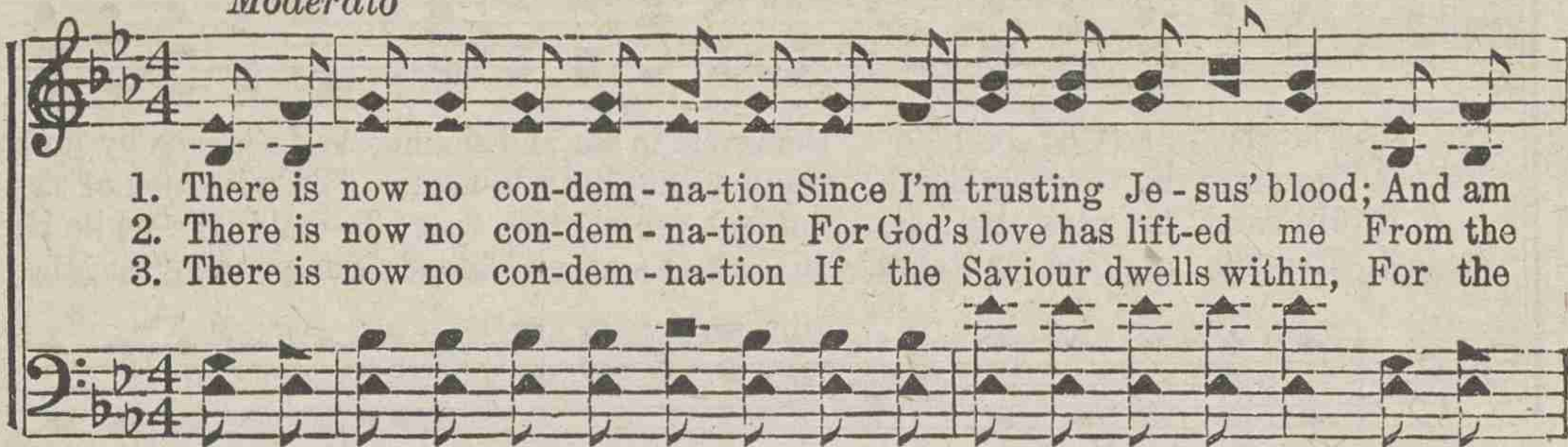
Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

W. W. S.


ROM. 8.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

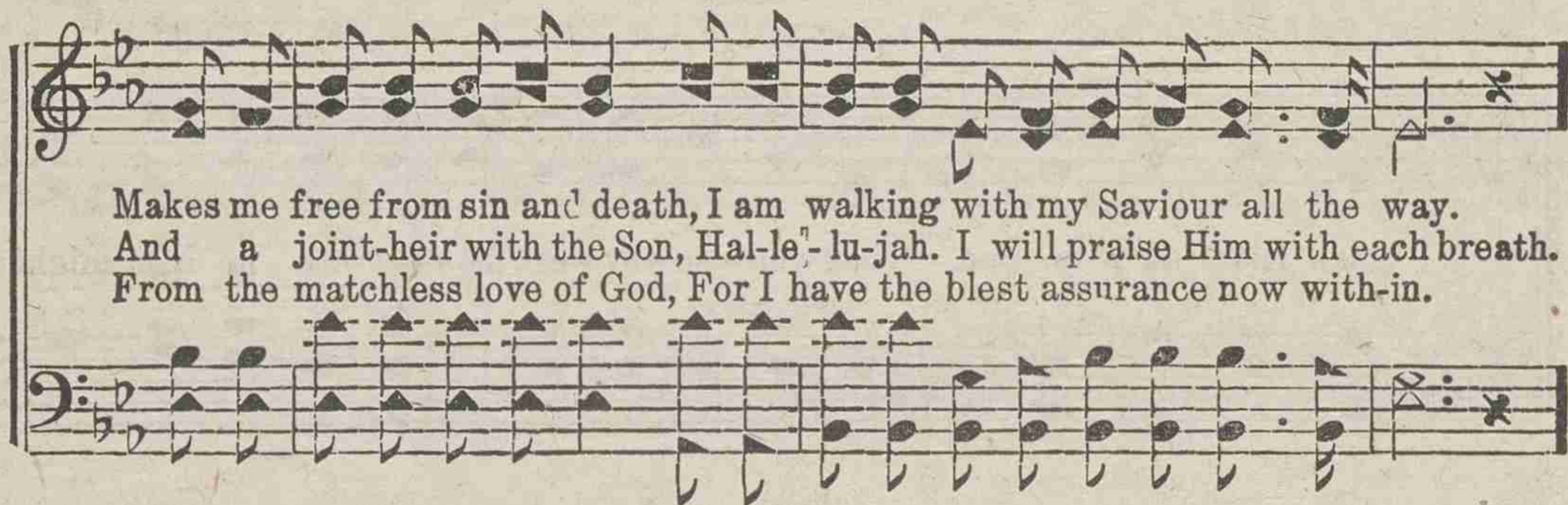
*Moderato*



1. There is now no con-dem-na-tion Since I'm trusting Je-sus' blood; And am  
 2. There is now no con-dem-na-tion For God's love has lift-ed me From the  
 3. There is now no con-dem-na-tion If the Saviour dwells within, For the



walk-ing in the Spir-it day by day; For the pow-er of the Gos-pel,  
 mi-rey pits of Sa-tan, sin and death; I'm an heir of God the Fa-ther,  
 soul is free from bondage, death and sin; And no pow'r can sep-a-rate me



Makes me free from sin and death, I am walking with my Saviour all the way.  
 And a joint-heir with the Son, Hal-le-lu-jah. I will praise Him with each breath.  
 From the matchless love of God, For I have the blest assurance now with-in.

CHORUS.



Saved! saved! saved! O glo-ry to God, I feel the as-sur-ance di-vine;



Saved! saved! saved! O glo-ry to God, His Spir-it bears witness with mine.

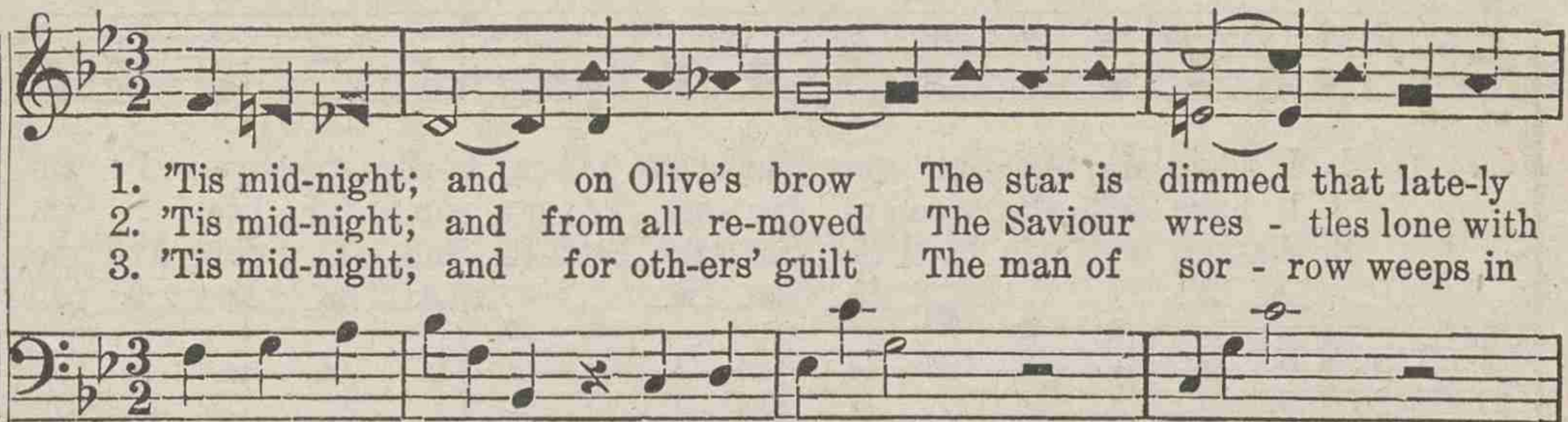


# No. 70.

# Olive's Brow.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.

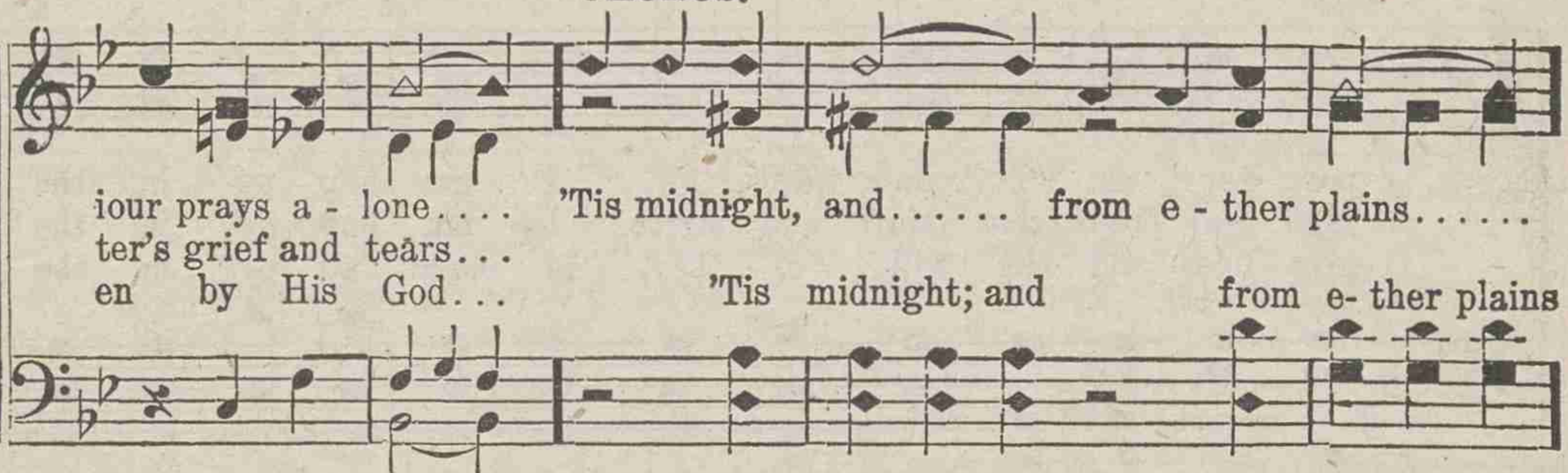


1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly  
 2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved The Saviour wres - tles lone with  
 3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth-ers' guilt The man of sor - row weeps in



shone,.... 'Tis midnight in.... the gar - den now,.. The suff'ring Sav -  
 fears;.... E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved.. Heeds not His Mas -  
 blood;.... Yet, He who hath in anguish knelt,.. Is not for - sak -

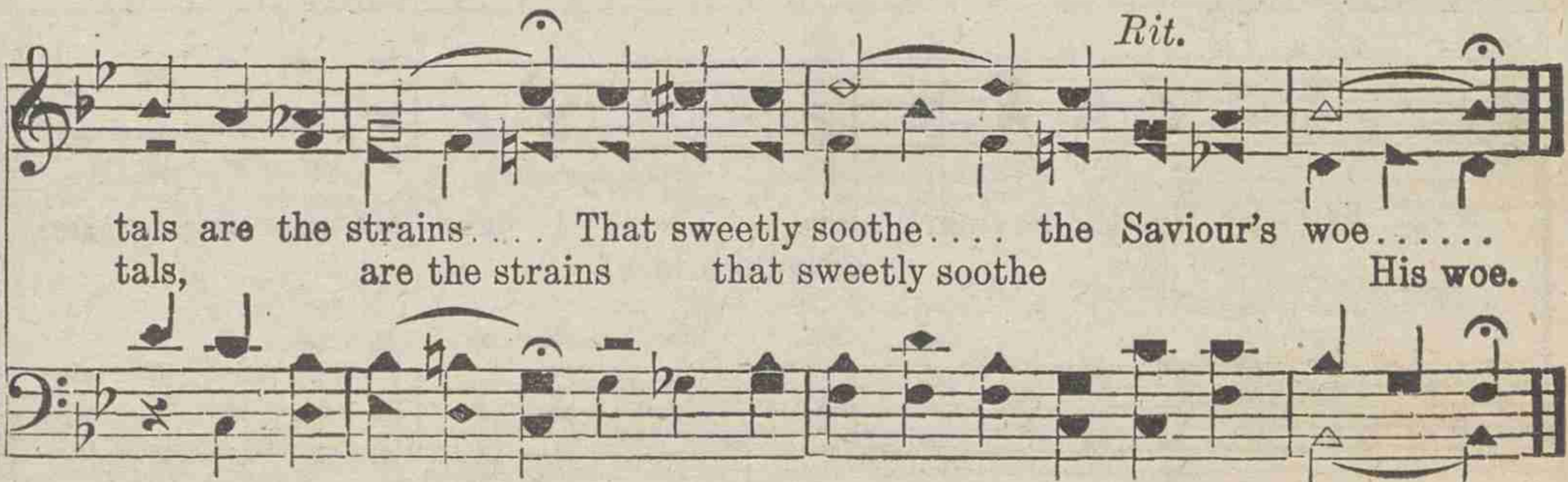
## CHORUS.



our prays a - lone.... 'Tis midnight, and..... from e - ther plains.....  
 ter's grief and tears...  
 en by His God... 'Tis midnight; and from e - ther plains



Is borne the song..... that an-gels know;..... Unheard by mor -  
 Is borne the song that an-gels know, Unheard by mor -



tals are the strains.... That sweetly soothe.... the Saviour's woe.....  
 tals, are the strains that sweetly soothe His woe.



# No. 71. Happy In the Saviour's Love.

W. W. S.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I have start-ed on my jour-ney to my home a - bove, I am  
2. I have left the wea-ry des-ert of my sin - ful life, I am  
3. Sin-ner, will you heed the mes-sage sent to you to - day, And be




hap - py in the Sav-iour's love; I am trust-ing Je - sus'  
hap - py in the Sav-iour's love; I am now up - on the  
hap - py in the Sav-iour's love? Pray God's par - don and for-




pow - er as I on - ward go, I am hap - py in the  
high - way free from sin and strife, I am hap - py in the  
give - ness and His will o - bey, Be made hap - py in the



## CHORUS.



Saviour's love. I am hap - py in the Saviour's love, I am  
boundless love,



hap - py in the Saviour's love, I have left the sinking sand,  
boundless love,





## Happy In the Saviour's Love. Concluded.

On the sol - id rock I stand, I am hap - py in the Saviour's love.

## No. 72. Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

DELMA E. STEPHENS. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Noth - ing gives the soul re - lief;  
2. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Noth - ing in this world of sin;  
3. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, God's a - noint - ed Priest and King;

Save His ten - der love and guid - ance, And in Him a firm be - lief.  
Tho' we gain all earth - ly pleas - ure, There's a long - ing still with - in.  
Turn from sin and trust Him on - ly, Sat - is - fac - tion He will bring.

### REFRAIN.

Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Noth - ing sat - is - fies the soul;

Save His Ho - ly Spir - it - woo - ing, And a life in His con - trol.



# No. 73.

# Wonderful Grace.

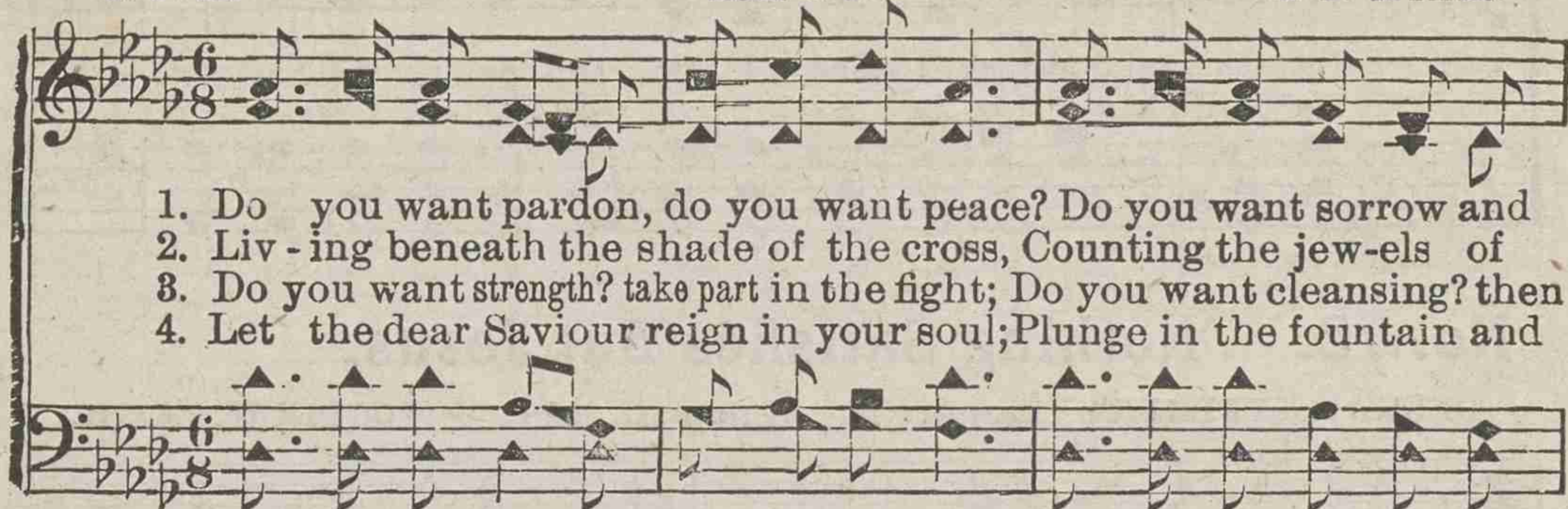
From the "Life-Line," by per. A. F. Myers, Toledo, Ohio.

"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—

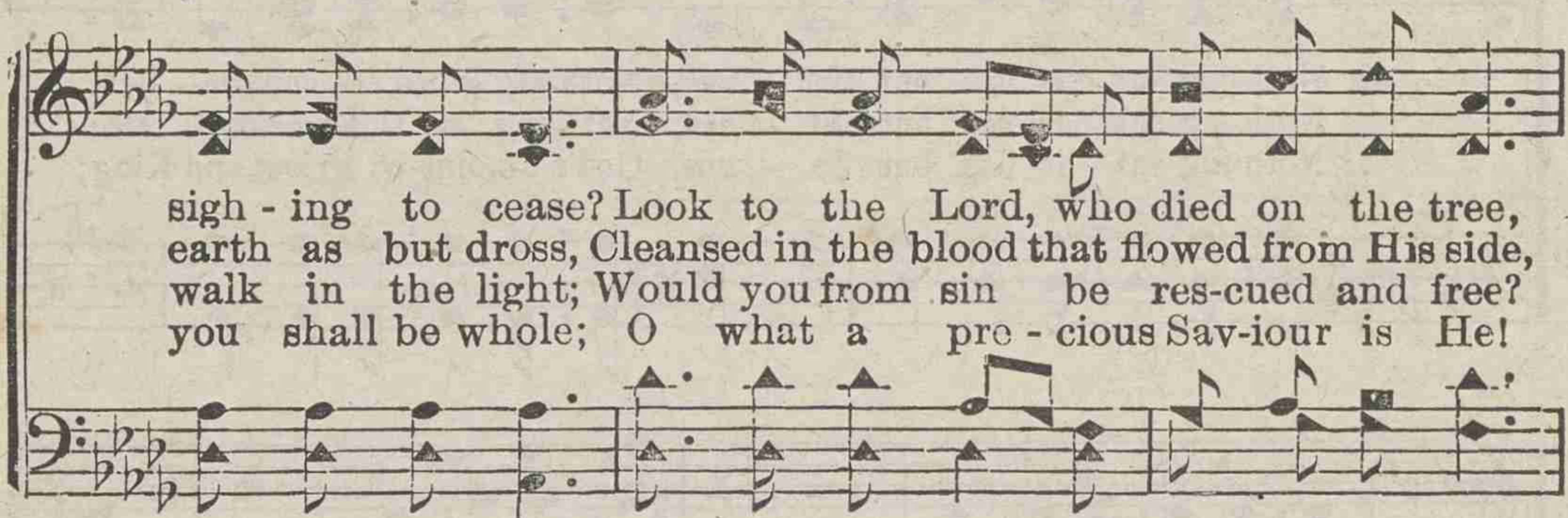
A. F. M.

ROM. 3: 24.

A. F. MYERS.




1. Do you want pardon, do you want peace? Do you want sorrow and  
 2. Liv - ing beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew - els of  
 3. Do you want strength? take part in the fight; Do you want cleansing? then  
 4. Let the dear Saviour reign in your soul; Plunge in the fountain and



sigh - ing to cease? Look to the Lord, who died on the tree,  
 earth as but dross, Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side,  
 walk in the light; Would you from sin be res - cued and free?  
 you shall be whole; O what a pre - cious Sav - iour is He!

## CHORUS.



Je - sus can save you for He's saved me.  
 Je - sus re - deems you, for you He died. Won - der - ful grace, how it  
 Je - sus can help you, for He helped me.  
 Je - sus can cleanse you, for He cleans' d me.



sat - is - fies me; Won - der - ful mer - cy, so rich and so free; Would you a



child of the cov - e - nant be? Je - sus can save you, He sweetly saved me.



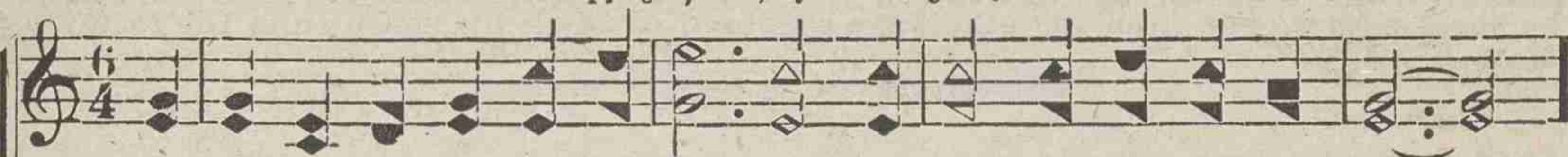
# No. 74.

# Down At the River.

P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Pink English.

PINK ENGLISH.



1. Our friends will be down at the riv - er When death shall call us a - way
2. The mu - sic of heav-en will greet us As we shall near the bright home,
3. We'll en - ter the cit - y with Je - sus, And kneel at His bless-ed feet;
4. We'll rest by the beau-ti - ful riv - er, Be-neath the wide-spreading tree:



To en - ter the glo-ries of heav-en, O what a won - der-ful day!  
 And millions of glo - ri - fied an - gels From God's own cit - y will come.  
 Our songs of His praises will ech - o Thru all e - ter - ni - ty sweet.  
 We'll dwell in the light of His pres-ence, How sweet, how sweet, it will be!



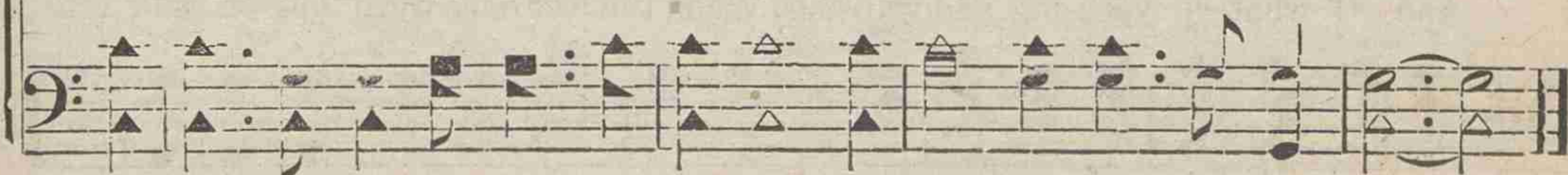
## CHORUS.



Our friends will be down at the riv - er On that bright, beau-ti-ful shore,



O what a glad, hap-py re - un - ion When we are called to cross o'er.





# No. 75

# The Judgment.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate one from the other, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."—  
MATT. 25: 31, 32.

Arr. copyright, 1903, by Coward & Brown.

Unknown.

From Dr. E. T. RIENHEART.



1. I dreamed that the great judgment morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a-way,
3. The wid-ow was there, and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



I dreamed that the na-tions had gathered To judg-ment be-fore the white throne.  
A pau-per he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.  
No sor-row in heav-en for-ev-er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.  
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus Had passed off as mor-al men too.



From the throne came a bright, shining angel, And stood on the land and the sea,  
The great man was there, but his greatness, When death came was left far behind;  
The gambler was there, and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink  
The souls who had put off sal-va-tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;



And swore with his hand raised toward heav'n, That time was no longer to be.  
The an-gel that o-pened the records, Not a trace of his greatness could find.  
{ With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense, } To-gether in hell they did sink.  
{ And the man who had rented him house-room, }  
No time now to think of re-lig-ion!" At last they had found time to die.



## REFRAIN.

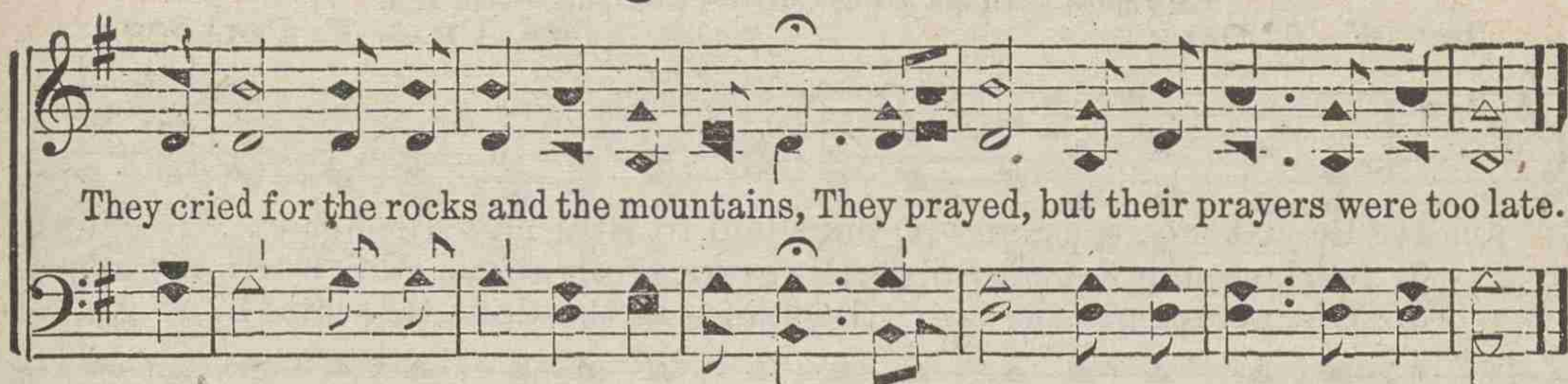


And O what a weep-ing and wail-ing! When the lost ones were told of their fate;





## The Judgment. Concluded.



They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayers were too late.

**No. 76.**

## Spurn Me Not.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. Spurn me not, O lov - ing Sav - iour, Cast me not a - way;  
 2. I am sin - ful, vile, un - worth - y, All un - clean I am;  
 3. Thou hast died for me a ran - som, Shed Thy pre - cious blood;  
 4. To Thy cross my soul is cling - ing, There my faith is stay'd;



Grant me par - don, life and fa - vor, For Thy grace I pray.  
 Thou art right - eous, pure and ho - ly, Spot - less, per - fect Lamb.  
 Thou hast pur - chas'd full re - demp - tion, Bought my peace with God.  
 Make me joy - ful ev - er sing - ing, "Thou my debt hast paid."

### CHORUS.



Je - sus, Sav - iour, Cast me not a - way,  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour,



For I seek Thy smile and fa - vor; Hear me while I pray.

By permission.



# No. 77.

# Three Warnings.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



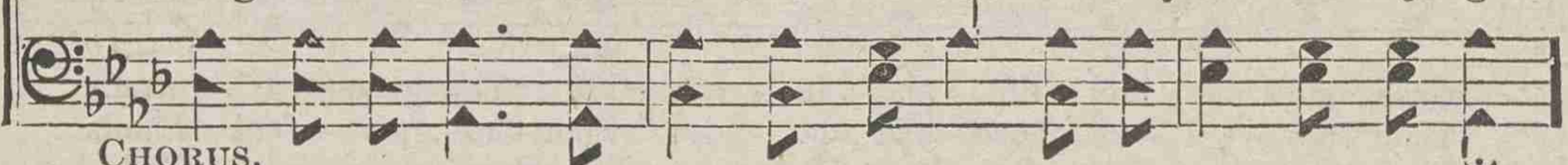
1. Re-sist not the Spir- it, but yield to Him now, In mer- cy He calls
2. Oh! quench not the Spirit, His grace from above Will warm thy affec-
3. Oh! grieve not the Spirit, He stands at the door, He waits to be gra-



thee, come, sin - ner, and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no  
tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is froz - en, shall  
cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how



long - er de - lay, He pleads with Thee gently, He's pleading to - day.  
glow as the flame, Thy spir - it, when ransom'd, His love shall proclaim.  
long must He wait? O sin - ner! this moment may close Mercy's gate.



## CHORUS.

Re - sist	not the Spir	- - - it, re - sist
Oh! quench	not the Spir	- - - it, Oh! quench
Oh! grieve	not the Spir	- - - it, Oh! grieve



Re - sist not the Spir- it, Re-sist Him not now, Re - sist not the Spir-  
Oh! quench not the Spir- it, Oh! quench Him not now, Oh! quench not the Spir-  
Oh! grieve not the Spir- it, Oh! grieve Him not now, Oh! grieve not the Spir-



Him not now, In mer - - - cy He



it, re - sist Him not now, In mer - cy He calls thee, in  
it, Oh! quench Him not now, In mer - cy He draws thee, in  
it, Oh! grieve Him not now, In mer - cy He warns thee, in





## Three Warnings.

calls  
draws  
warns

thee; come, sin  
thee; come, sin  
thee; come, sin

ner, and bow.  
ner, and bow.  
ner, and bow.

mer - cy He calls thee; Come, sin - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.  
mer - cy He draws thee; Come, sin - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.  
mer - cy He warns thee; Come, sin - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow,

Come, sin - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.

## No. 78. Yield not to Temptation.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—Mark 14:38.

H. R. P.

Used by per. of H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vict'ry will  
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions subdue, Look ev - er to  
2. { Shun e - vil com-pa-nions; Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in  
Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to  
3. { To Him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will  
He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to

1 2 CHORUS.  
help you Some other to win; }  
Je - sus, (Omit.) } He'll carry you thro'.  
rev'rence, nor take it in vain; } Ask the Savior to help you,  
Je - sus, (Omit.) } He'll carry you thro'.  
con-quer, Tho' often cast down; }  
Je - sus, (Omit.) } He'll carry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.




# 79. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

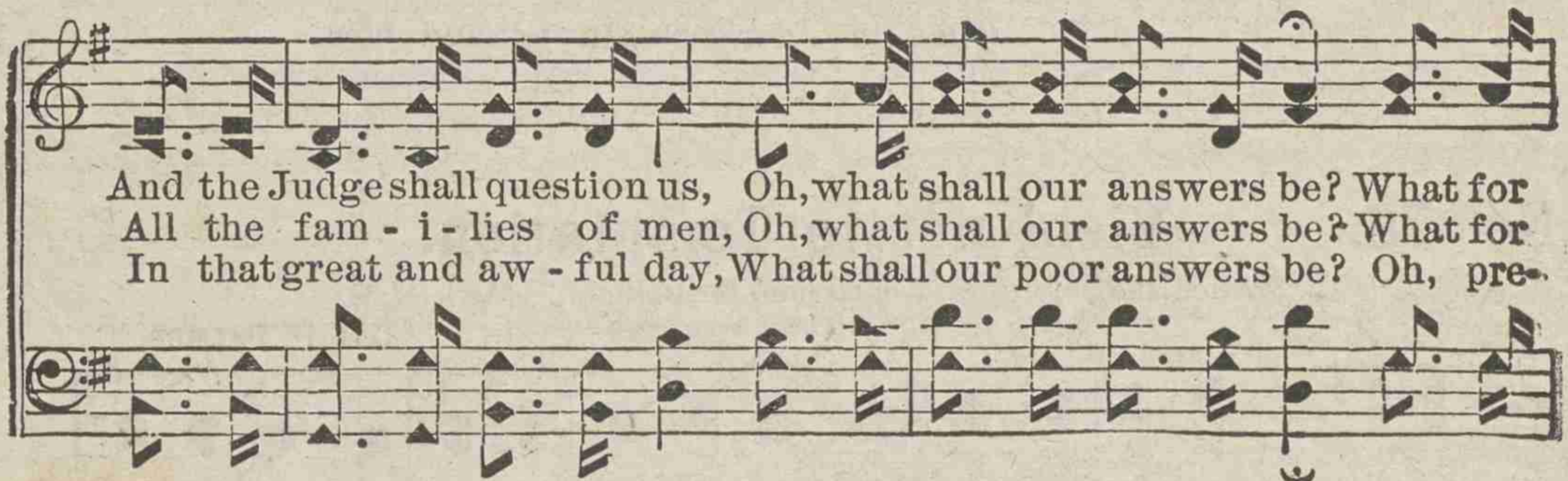
*"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?"—Job 31: 14.*

E. R. LATTA.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. When we in the judgment stand, In that migh - ty com - pa - ny,  
 2. When the Lord has gath - ered there, From the land and from the sea,  
 3. Lord, it is a sol - emn tho't, That we must ac - count to Thee!




And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for  
 All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for  
 In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor answers be? Oh, pre-



ev - 'ry trifling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act,  
 all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,  
 pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres - ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin - ful blot!

## CHORUS.



We may do from day to day? When that aw - ful day we  
 And a mansion bright a - bove?  
 Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand! When that aw - ful day we



see, Oh, what shall our answers be? When that  
 see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be, our answers be?



# What Shall Our Answers Be? Concluded.

aw - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall.... our answers be?  
When that awful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be?

## No. 80.

## I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Used by permission.

S. C. FOSTER.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

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

*purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.*



# No. 81. My Record Will Be There.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—ECCL. 12: 14.

J. A. B.

Copyright, 1908, by J. A. Brown. The Brown-Franklin Co., owners.

J. A. BROWN.



1. In a day that is not far, At the blazing judgment bar,
2. I must meet each brok-en vow, That I hold so light-ly now,
3. Ev-'ry se-cret lust and tho't There shall be to judgment bro't,
4. I must meet my cankered gold, For whose greed my life was sold,
5. Let me turn and seek the Lord, Let me trust His ho-ly word,



Ev-en now the aw-ful summons I can hear; I must  
Ev-'ry heart-ache I have caused, each sigh, each tear; Things that  
When the Lord in all His glo-ry shall ap-pear; All the  
It shall mock me in the judgment's lu-rid glare, Say-ing  
Let us bow and call up-on Him while He's near; Then when



meet the might-y God, I must face His ho-ly word, I must  
time can not e-rase, I must meet them face to face When I  
deeds of dark-est night Shall come out to greet the light When I  
ye have sold for naught, All the Saviour's blood had bo't, And you  
I my rec-ord face, He will an-swer in my place When I



## CHORUS.



stand be-fore the judg-ment bar.

Oh, my rec-ord will be there,  
When the books shall o-pen lie,





## My Record Will Be There. Concluded.

1

Be its pag-es dark or fair, When I stand be-fore the  
In that morn-ing by and [Omit.....]

2

judgment bar; by, Oh, my rec-ord, oh, my rec-ord will be there.

## No. 82. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

ISAAC WATTS.

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord."—ISA. 61: 10.

Anon.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To man-sions in the  
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be  
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come—Let storms of sor-row  
4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly

skies, I'll bid fare-well, I'll bid fare-well, I'll bid fare-well to  
hurled, Then I can smile, then I can smile, Then I can smile at  
fall, So I but safe, so I but safe, So I but safe-ly  
rest, And not a wave, and not a wave, And not a wave of

ev-'ry fear, And wipe..... my weep-ing eyes.  
Sa-tan's rage, And face..... a frown-ing world.  
reach my home, My God,..... my heav'n, my all.  
troub-le roll A-cross..... my peace-ful breast.

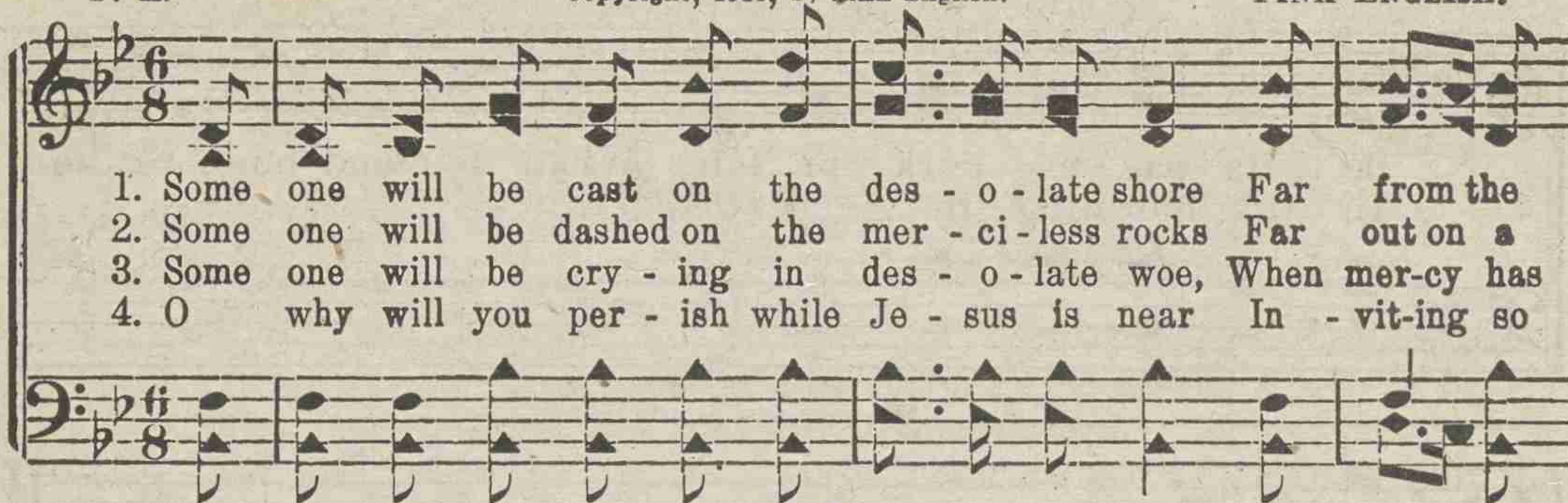


# No. 83. Away In the Regions of Night.

P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Pink English.

PINK ENGLISH.




1. Some one will be cast on the des - o - late shore Far from the  
 2. Some one will be dashed on the mer - ci - less rocks Far out on a  
 3. Some one will be cry - ing in des - o - late woe, When mer - cy has  
 4. O why will you per - ish while Je - sus is near In - vit - ing so

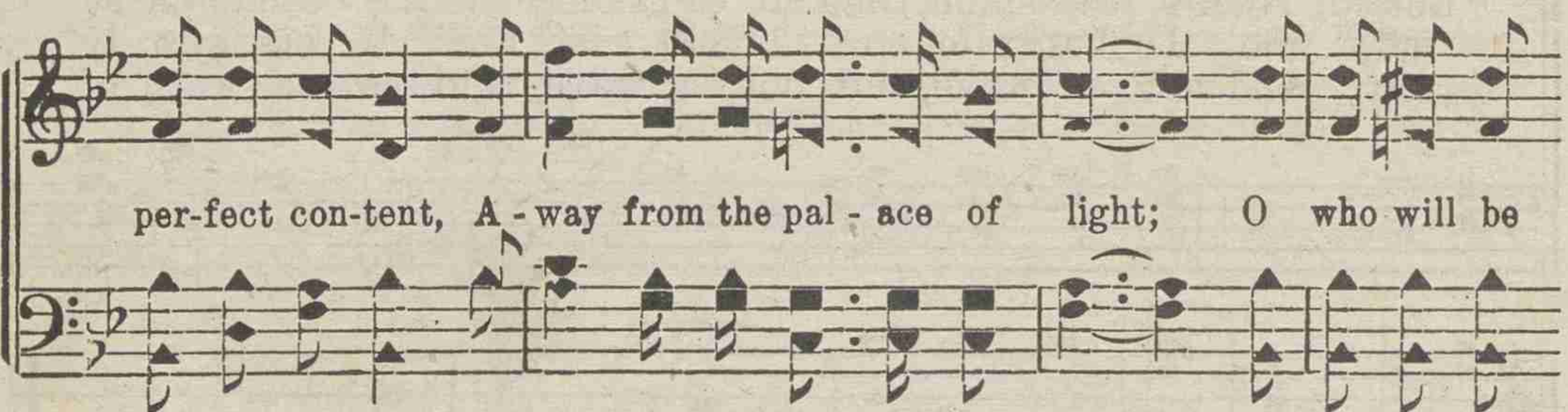


king - dom of light, Some heart will be ach - ing in bit - ter - ness there,  
 bil - low - y sea, Some one will be wrecked in the pit - i - less storm,  
 tak - en its flight, How ma - ny are care - less - ly drift - ing a - way,  
 sweet - ly to - day? Come, en - ter this beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly life,

## REFRAIN.



A - way in the re - gions of night.  
 For - ev - er in dark - ness to be. A - way from the coun - try of  
 A - way in the re - gions of night.  
 Ere mer - cy has cast you a - way.



per - fect con - tent, A - way from the pal - ace of light; O who will be




ban - ished for - ev - er from God? A - way in the re - gions of night.





"He shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Rev. J. E. GOULD.


O. S. GRINNELL.




1. Lis-ten, sin-ner, will you listen, While I make one more appeal? Would with  
 2. But the grave is not the end-ing, Sin will kill beyond the tomb; Oh, what  
 3. You have had the Bible warning; You have had the Spirit, too, Ev - er  
 4. But the Bi - ble you have slighted, And the Spirit turn'd away, And re -


tears your eyes might glist-en! Would to God your heart might feel! You will,  
 aw - ful hor-rors pend-ing In those words, the "sin-ner's doom!" God has  
 since life's ear - ly morn-ing, It has strove and plead with you; Ma - ny  
 fused, tho' oft in-vit - ed To im-prove your gra-cious day. Oh! how




too, ere long be dy-ing; Soon we'll miss you from the earth; And your  
 traced it with His fin-ger, Je - sus said it should be so: "He who  
 times the tear-drop glisten'd, Ma - ny times your heart did melt; To the  
 hard your heart is get-ting! Oh, how sad your state to - day! Friend, your

cold form will be ly - ing 'Neath the greensward and the turf.  
 lives and dies a sin - ner Must en - dure e - ter - nal woe."  
 sto - ry you have lis - ten'd, Of the pangs your Sav - iour felt.  
 star of hope is set - ting; Haste to Christ with-out de - lay!





# 85. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

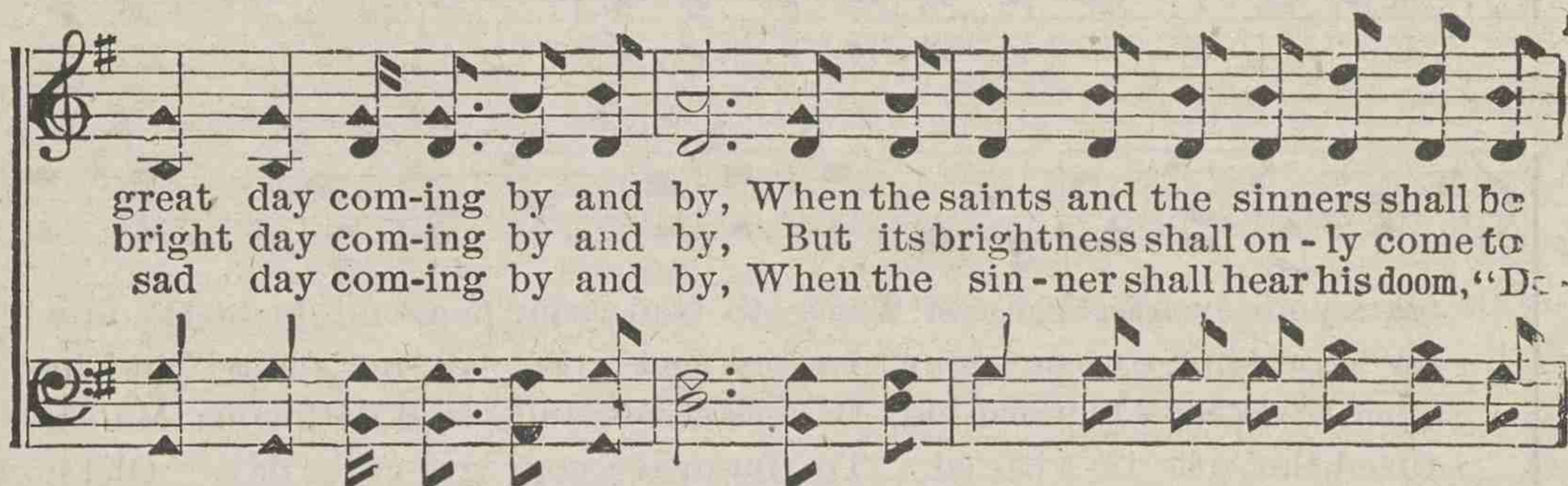
"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, a great day com-ing, There's a  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, a bright day com-ing, There's a  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, a sad day com-ing, There's a

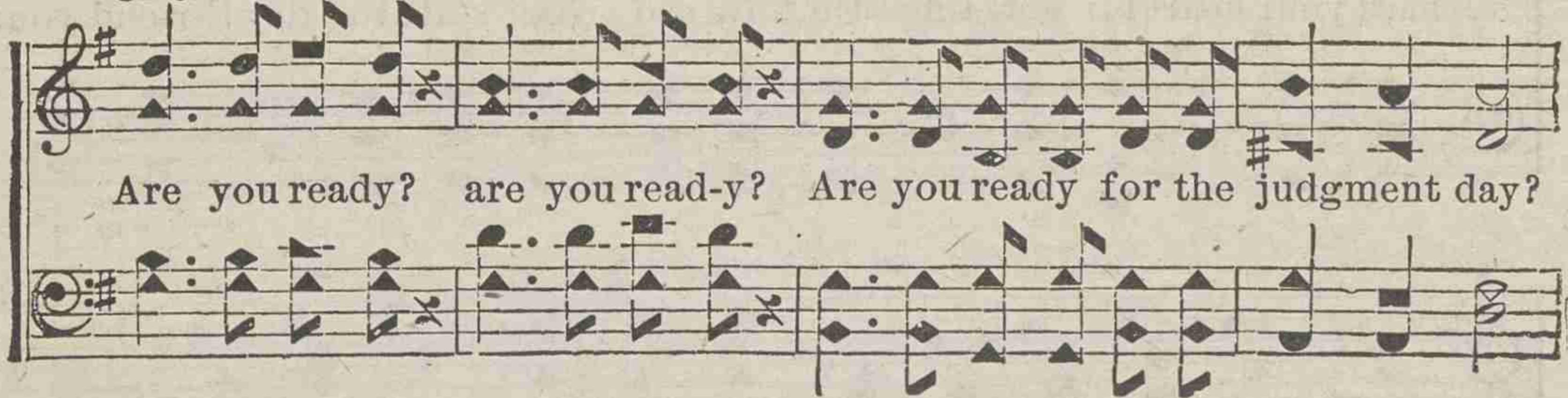


great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be  
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-



part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

## CHORUS.



Are you ready? are you read-y? Are you ready for the judgment day?



Are you read-y? are you read-y? For the judg-ment day?



"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN vi. 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rap-ture now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,  
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove,  
 hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.



Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto-ry,  
 Ech'-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
 Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.



this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



# No. 87. Sinner, He Calls For You.

P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Pink English.

PINK ENGLISH.



1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for you Seek - ing for wand'rer's to -
2. O how He suf - fer - ed on Cal - va - ry's tree! Dy - ing in ag - on - y
3. Soon will the day of de - liv - er - ance pass; Life will be o'er by and
4. When the great day of His judg - ment has come, And all are gath - er - ing



day— Out on the moun - tain where wild tempests rage; Searching for  
there, That you might have a bright man - sion a - bove In that sweet  
by; Oth - ers are gone to their bit - ter re - ward: Sin - ner, you,  
there; Will you be hap - py with all the redeemed, Or shall you



those a - stray: Thru the shad - ows, dark and cold, With a love so true,  
home so fair. Gen - tly He has called for you All your long life thru;  
too, must die. When this life's for - ev - er o'er, And hope's vanished too,  
reap de - spair? Come, O come to Je - sus now, You will find Him true;



Earn - est - ly plead - ing for those who are lost; Sin - ner, He calls for you.  
How will you an - swer the Sav - iour to - day? Sin - ner, He calls for you.  
Out in e - ter - ni - ty friendless you'll be, Sin - ner, He calls for you.  
Come to the Sav - iour, He's wait - ing to - day, Sin - ner, He calls for you.





# No. 88. Shall I Be Saved To-Night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.


FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. M. BLISS WILSON. By per.



*Excellent solo or soprano and tenor duet.*





1. Je - sus is plead - ing with my poor soul, Shall I be sav'd \*to - night?  
 2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be sav'd to - night?  
 3. Je - sus is knock - ing at my poor heart, Shall I be sav'd to - night?  
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be sav'd to - night?


If I be - lieve He will make me whole, Shall I be sav'd \*to-night?  
 How can my heart so un - grate-ful be? Shall I be sav'd to-night?  
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part, Shall I be sav'd to-night?  
 Quick-ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Ten - der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, "How can you grieve me from day to day?"  
 How He will save me by grace di - vine, Now, if I will I may call Him mine;  
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list'ning ear;  
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, for-give my sin;

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be sav'd \*to-night?  
 Can I the pleas-ures of earth re-sign? O shall I be sav'd to-night?  
 Shall I re - ject Him, a Friend so dear? O shall I be sav'd to-night?  
 New let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be sav'd to-night.



\*For day services use the word "to-day."



## No. 89

## Church of God, Awake.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5:7.

Mrs. E. J. BUGBEE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring ban-ners Float a-long the glo-rious years,
2. In your costly tem-ples praying, "Let Thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,



Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears;  
 Are but words of i-dle mean-ing, If with these you turn a-way;  
 Scat-ter bless-ing now He bids you, O'er His green earth ev-'rywhere;  
 Till the measure full and e-ven Has been rendered at Thy word;



On-ward press, the cross is bending Far to-ward the morning skies,  
 Boundless wealth to you is giv-en, From His hand who owns it all,  
 Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,  
 Then from out her night of sor-row, Shall the earth redeemed a-rise,



Speed-y dawn of light por-tend-ing;—Church of God, awake, a-rise!  
 And His eye be-holds in heav-en What ye ren-der back of all.  
 In the gra-cious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.  
 And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal-tint-ed skies.



## CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,  
 Church of God, a-wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,





## Church of God, Awake.



Send the gos - pel's joyful sound Un - to earth's remotest bound.  
Oh, send the gos - pel's joy - ful sound

## No. 90 O, How Happy are They!

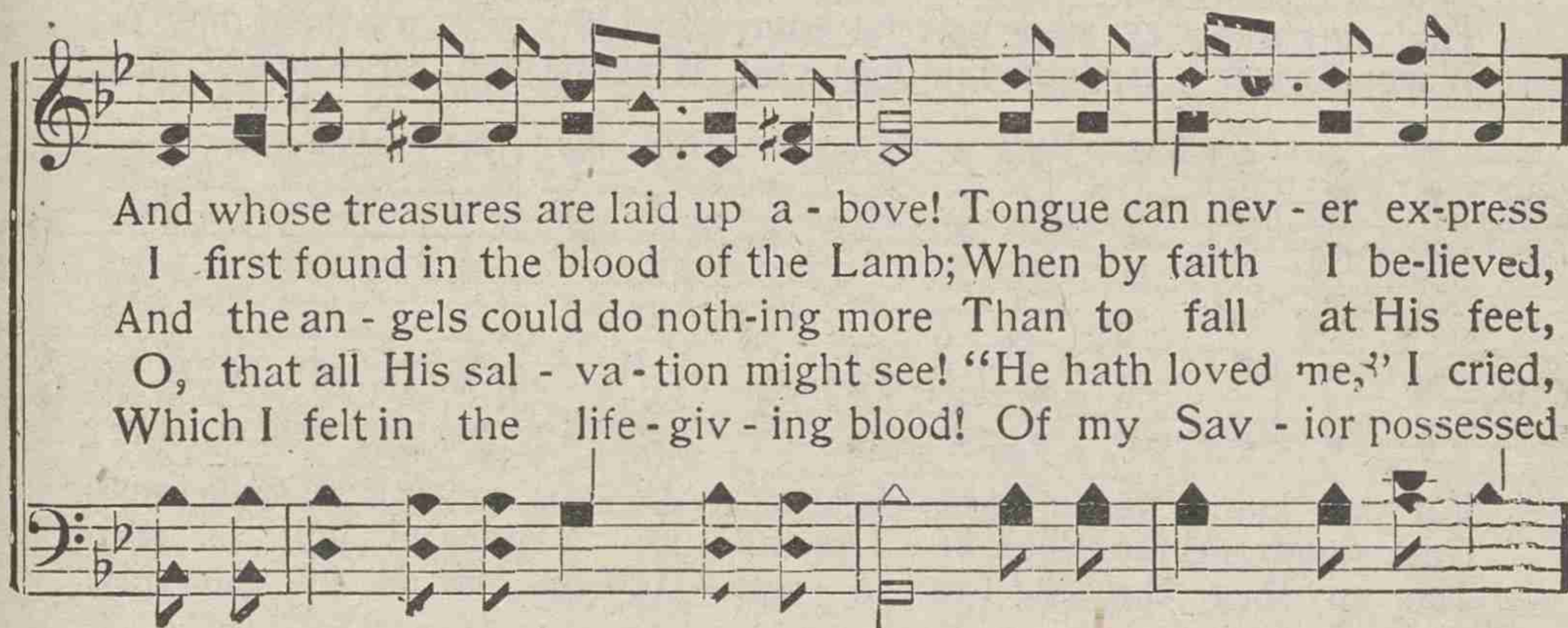
"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22: 14.

C. WESLEY.

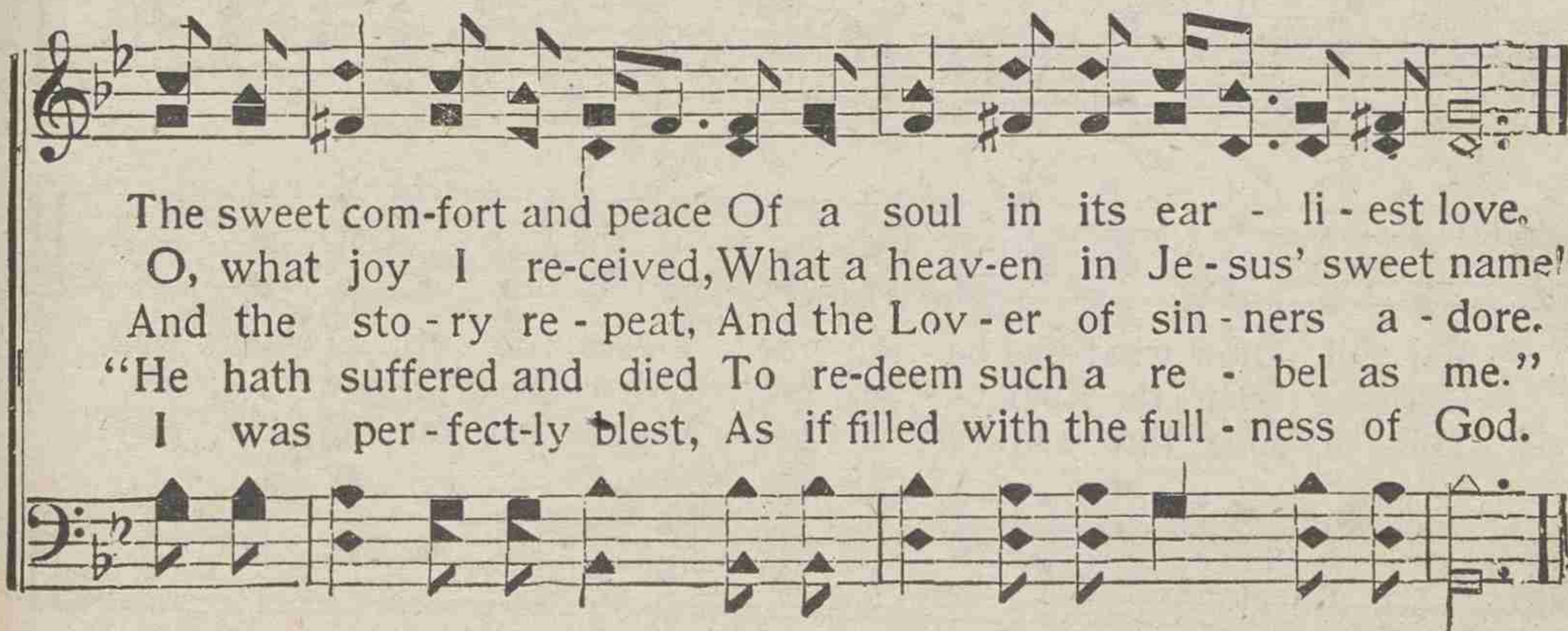
Arr. JNO. C. F. KGYER.



1. O, how hap - py are they Who the Sav - ior o - bey,  
2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine  
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know,  
4. Je - sus, all the day long, Was my joy and my song;  
5. O, the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light



And whose treasures are laid up a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I be - lieved,  
And the an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at His feet,  
O, that all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried,  
Which I felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - ior possessed



The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.  
O, what joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name!  
And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.  
"He hath suffered and died To re - deem such a re - bel as me."  
I was per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the full - ness of God.



## All the Way My Savior Leads.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.  
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?  
 2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;  
 3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful - ness of His love!




Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy Who thro' life has been my guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;  
 Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove;




Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
 Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,  
 When my spir - it, clothed, im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,




For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;  
 This my song thro' end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;




For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.  
 This my song thro' end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.





# No. 92


# He's My Leader.

Copyright, 1908, by W. W. Smith. By per.

Thought suggested by a sermon preached by Mr. W. B. Riley, at Stamford, Tex., July 6, 1907.  
Dedicated to the B. Y. P. U. Assembly at Stamford, Tex., July, 1907.

W. W. SMITH.

MRS. ADA E. SMITH.



1. I want to be with Je - sus ev - 'ry-where He goes, He's my  
2. I know He'll not for-sake me, for a friend He is, He's my  
3. When sor-row's clouds a - rise, that would dis-tress my soul, He's my  
4. His yoke is eas - y while I'm walk - ing by His side, He's my



Lead-er ev - 'ry day; I want to serve Him dai - ly, for my care He knows,  
Lead-er ev - 'ry day; He'll guide me safe-ly on - ward, He is mine, I'm His,  
Lead-er ev - 'ry day; I'll fear them not, for He will lead me to the goal,  
Lead-er ev - 'ry day; Thro' faith, by grace, I ev - er will with Him a - bide,

## REFRAIN.



He's my Lead - er all the way. He's my Lead - er ev - 'ry



day, He's my Lead - er ev - 'ry day, Mat-ters  
ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,



not wher - e'er I go, He's my Lead - er all the way (all the way).



## No. 93.

## A Letter From Home.

W. W. S.

Copyright, 1881, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith

WOODIE W. SMITH.

*With expression.*

1. I've re-ceived a pre-cious let - ter from my home, sweet home, And it  
 2. As I read this pre-cious let - ter from my home, sweet home, I can  
 3. Ev - 'ry time I read this let - ter from my home, sweet home, Cords of

tells me that my Sav - iour I shall see; That He  
 feel my bless - ed Sav - iour and His love; For I  
 love I feel that ne'er I'd felt be - fore; For my

left His home in glo - ry and came down to dwell with men, And to  
 know He's in - ter - ced - ing with the Fa - ther at the throne, And pre -  
 Sav - iour sends the spir - it to di - rect my mind and soul, And re -

die up - on the rug - ged cross for me. (to die for me.)  
 par - ing me a man - sion up a - bove. (man - sion a - bove.)  
 veal Him as He was re - vealed of yore. (re - vealed of yore.)

## CHORUS.

Pre - cious let - ter from home, pre - cious let - ter from home, How I



## A Letter From Home. Concluded.

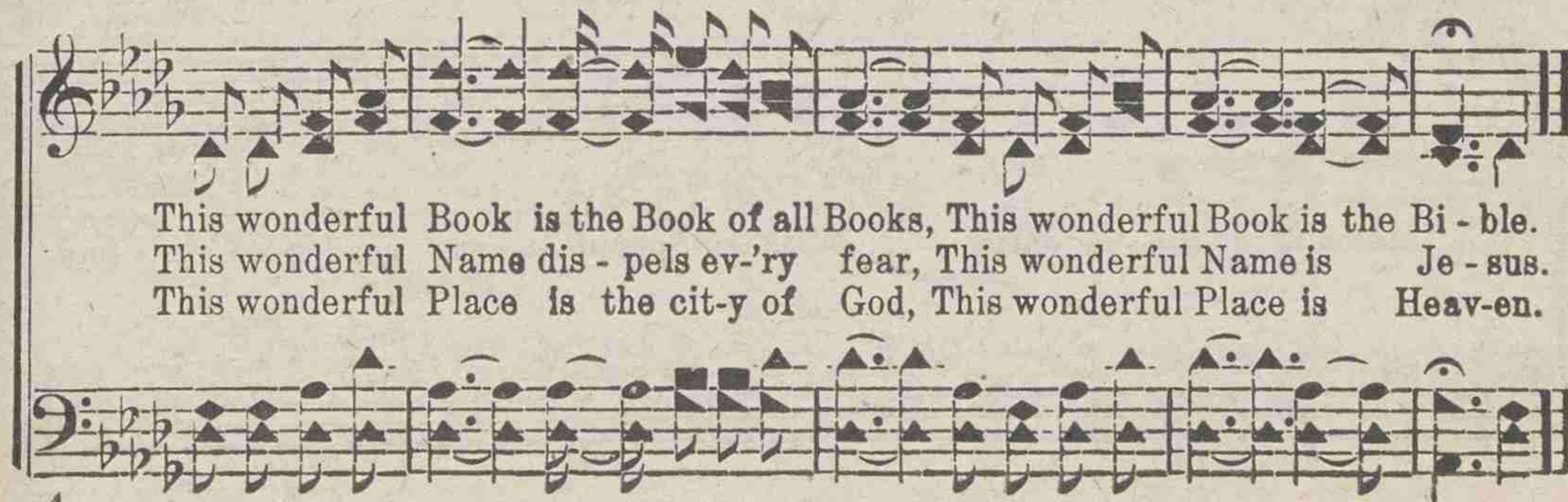
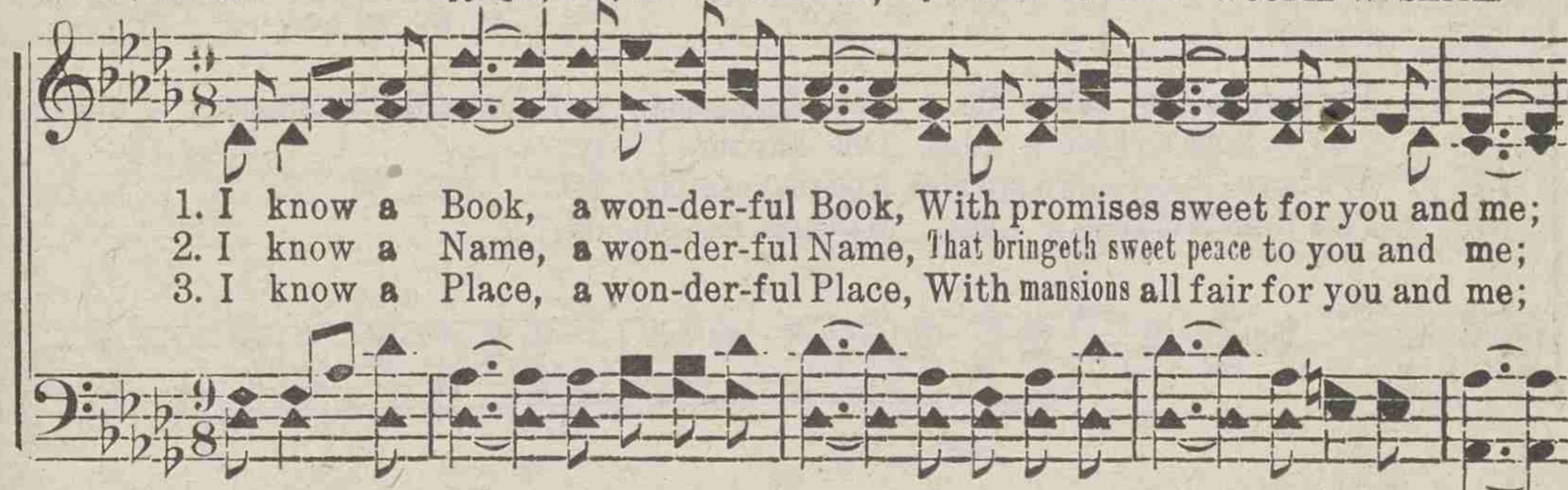


## No. 94.

## Wonderful Triune.

W. W. S.

Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.





# 95. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE B. GOULD.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es



Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



## REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.  
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.





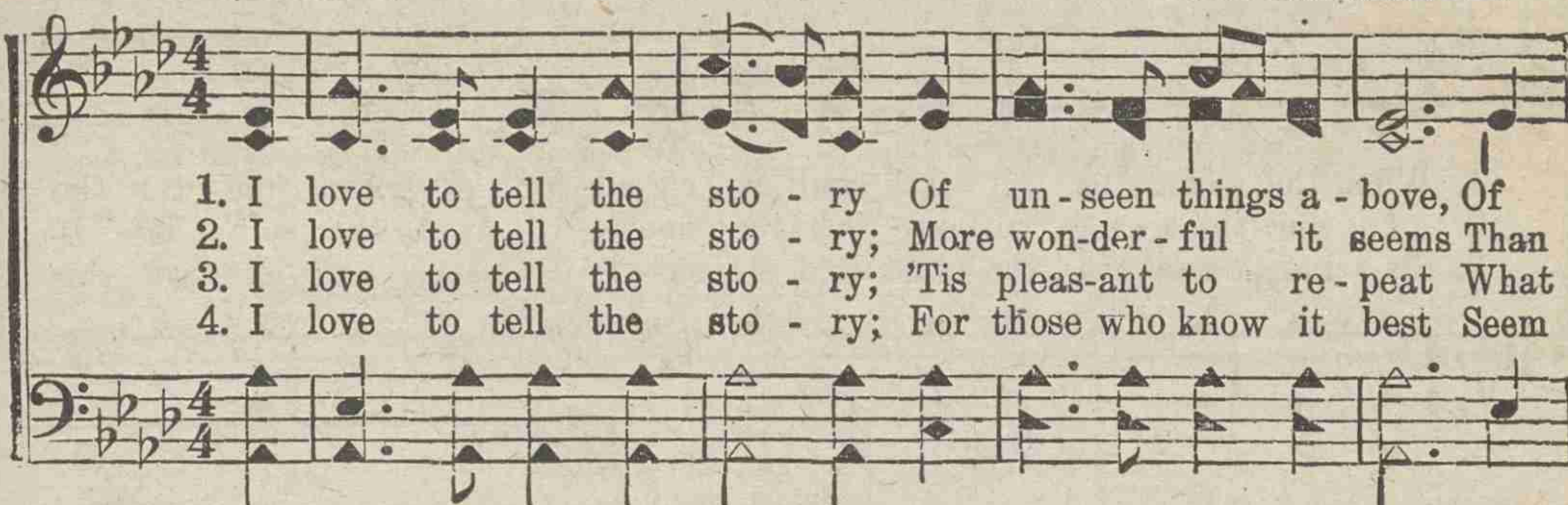
## No. 96.

## I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23:3

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem



Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the  
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the  
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting, To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of



sto - ry, Be - cause I know its true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As  
 sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I  
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
 glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old, Sto - ry That

## REFRAIN.



noth - ing else can do.  
 tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in  
 God's own ho - ly word.  
 I have lov'd so long.



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



## No. 97.

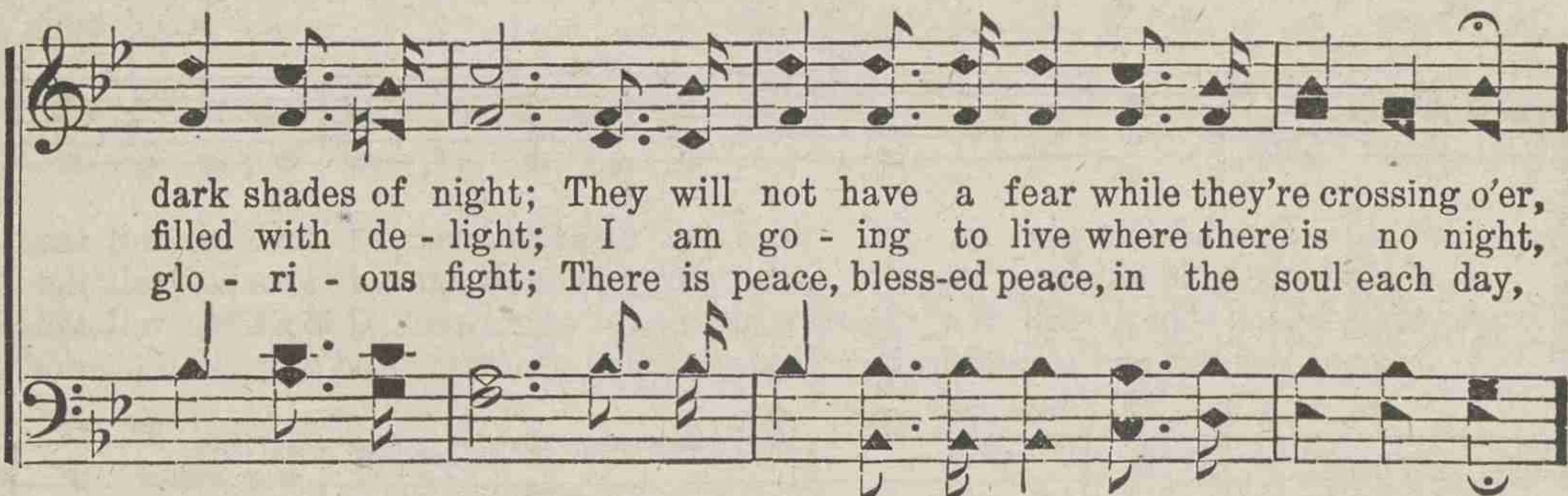
## Jesus Holds the Light.

J. F. B.

J. F. BRISTOW.



1. When the saved of all earth shall be called to go, And en - ter the  
 2. I am think - ing to - day of that heav'n - ly land, My spir - it is  
 3. Sin - ner, come to the feast and be saved to - day, And join in this



dark shades of night; They will not have a fear while they're crossing o'er,  
 filled with de - light; I am go - ing to live where there is no night,  
 glo - ri - ous fight; There is peace, bless-ed peace, in the soul each day,

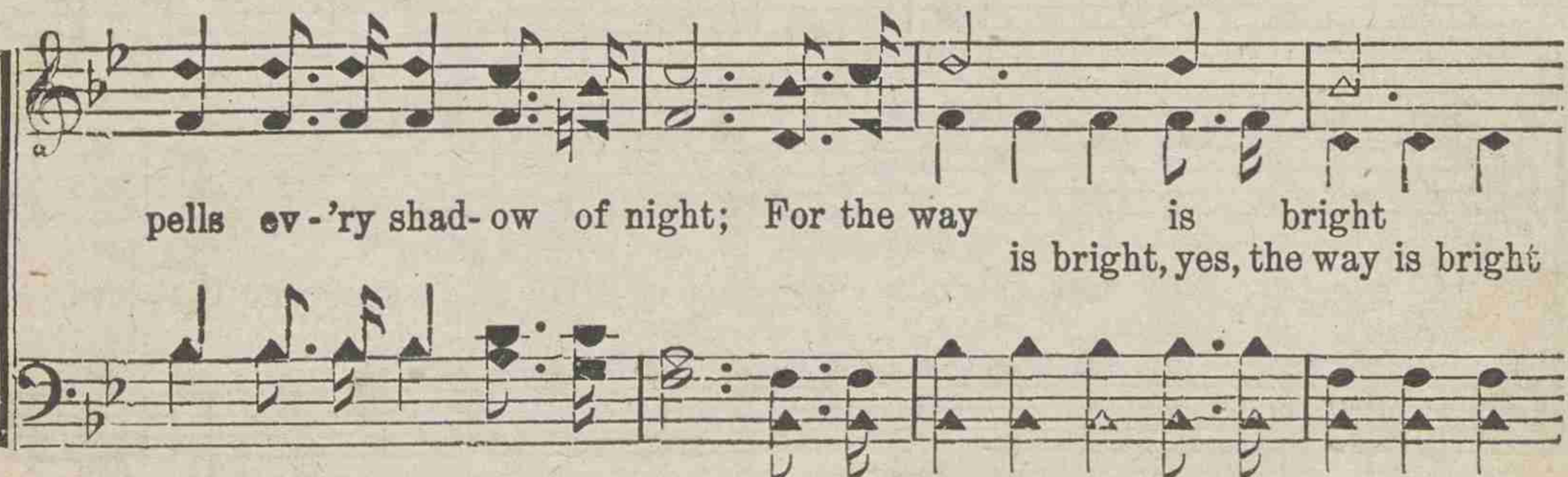
## CHORUS.



For Je - sus holds the light. Je - sus holds the  
 For Je - sus holds the light.  
 When Je - sus holds the light. the light, Je - sus



light, while we're cross - ing o'er, Which dis-  
 holds the light, cross - ing o'er, while we're cross-ing o'er,



pells ev - 'ry shad - ow of night; For the way is bright  
 is bright, yes, the way is bright



## Jesus Holds the Light. Concluded.

to that home so fair, When Je - sus holds the light.  
home so fair, to that home so fair,

No. 98.

## What Will It Matter?

P. E.

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PINK ENGLISH.

1. What will it mat - ter if a cloud, Drift o'er the way like some dark shroud?  
2. What will it mat - ter, wea - ry soul, If sor - row's bil - lows round you roll?  
3. What will it mat - ter on the road, If each must bear his heav - y load?  
4. Bright E - den home how sweet 'twill be, When we shall face e - ter - ni - ty;

Though brighter days of earth are fled, There's fadeless glo - ry just a - head:  
Oh! how the tones of Je - sus thrill, When He com - mands the storm be still:  
What if we do not un - der - stand The lead - ing of God's un - seen hand?  
Oh! hap - py day, Oh! wonderous crown When we shall lay life's bur - dens down;

In E - den's fair de - light - ful clime, Far out be - yond the stretch of time;  
He knows the way thy feet should go, He guides the storm - y winds that blow;  
Beyond the fleet - ing, fad - ing years We'll find re - lease from fall - ing tears,  
And rest be - neath the cool - ing shade, And reap the joys so long de - layed,

What if sad tears be - dim the eye, We'll rest in God's sweet by and by.  
All will be well be - side life's sea In God's un - known e - ter - ni - ty.  
Oh! wea - ry soul there's rest for thee, In boundless im - mor - tal - i - ty!  
What will it mat - ter if we die, We'll rest in God's sweet by and by!



# No. 99

# It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace like a riv - er, at-tend-eth my way, When sorrows like
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—O the bliss of this glo - ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



sea - bil-lows rolls, What-ev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
sur-ance control, That Christ hath regarded my helpless es - tate,  
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,  
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,



CHORUS.

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



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





# No. 100 WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,  
Rev. I. WATTS. I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.


*Spirited.*



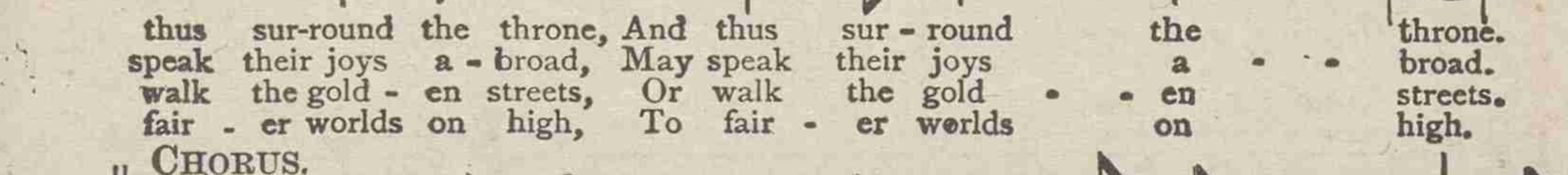
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -  
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And  
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May  
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or  
marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To



thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're



We're march - ing on to Zi - on,  
marching up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,



S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a  
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the  
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that

## CHORUS.

dwelling place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall  
 bless - ing of rest.  
 hal - low our days. In the sweet by - and - by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -  
 by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -

by,  
 by, by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.



# No. 102. You Can If You Will.



REV. M. J. THOMPSON.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith & Ussery.


REV. WOODIE W. SMITH.




1. Are you tired of your sin-wear-y bur - den, Is the load get-ting heavy to  
 2. Will you give up your sins for the Sav - iour, Will you trust in the Lord and do  
 3. Now be-lieve on the Lord as your Sav - iour, And from sin He your soul will re -  
 4. Life is of-fered "to all who re - ceive Him," E - ven "them who believe on His



bear (to bear)? Cast it all now on Christ, the Re-deem-er, He is of-f'ring to  
 good (do good)? Will you meet the conditions for par - don, Will you deal with your  
 lease (release); For the soul that repents there's redemption, For con - fes-sion the  
 name (His name); For the soul steeped in sin there is par-don, Life e - ter - nal to -




## REFRAIN.




help ev - 'ry - where. You can if you will, ..... Yes, you can if you will, ....  
 soul as you should?  
 Lord of-fers peace.  
 day you can claim. You can if you will, Yes, you


..... Trust in Je - sus and live, You can if you will; Let Him  
 can if you will,




have His own way ..... With your soul, friend, to - day, .....  
 Let Him have His own way With your

..... You can if you will, Yes, you can if you will.  
 soul, friend, to - day,





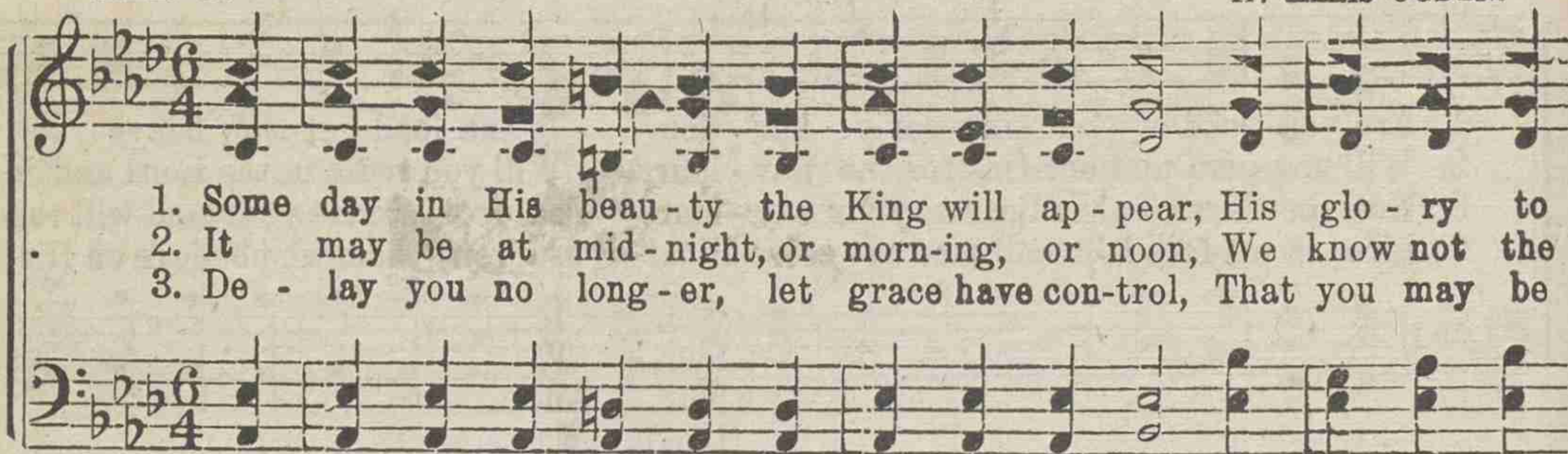
# No. 103.

# He's Coming Again.

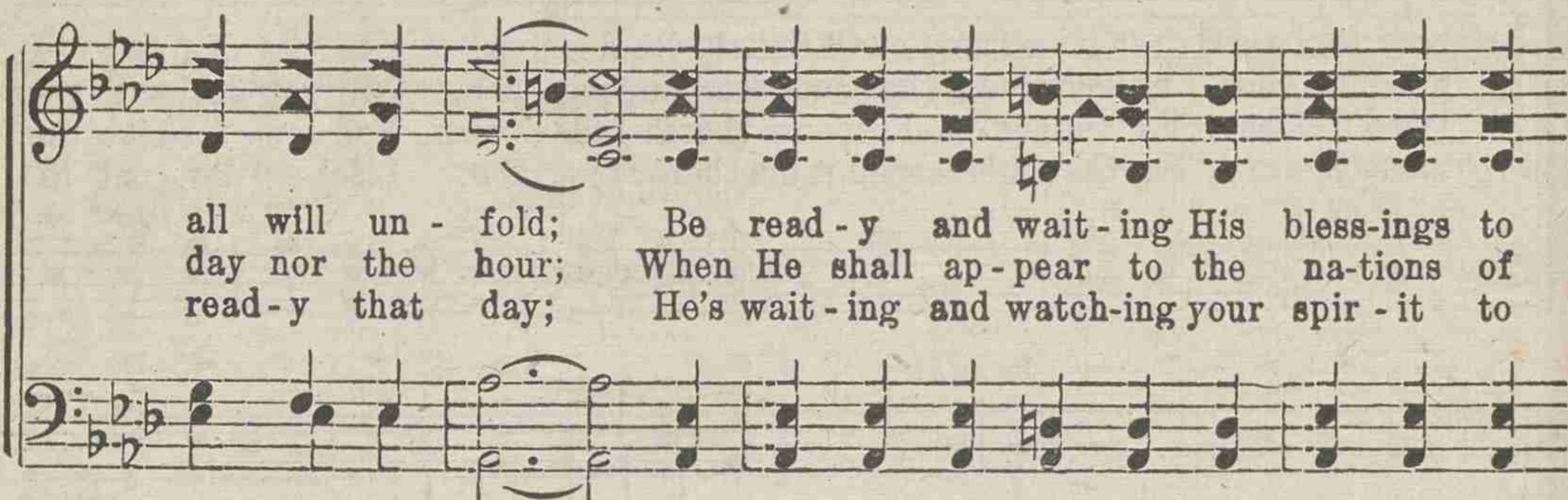
H. E. O.

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H. ELLIS OGDEN.



1. Some day in His beau-ty the King will ap-pear, His glo-ry to  
 2. It may be at mid-night, or morn-ing, or noon, We know not the  
 3. De-lay you no long-er, let grace have con-trol, That you may be



all will un-fold; Be read-y and wait-ing His bless-ings to  
 day nor the hour; When He shall ap-pear to the na-tions of  
 read-y that day; He's wait-ing and watch-ing your spir-it to



CHORUS.  
 know, O let Him have full' con-trol. He's com-ing,.....  
 earth, In won-der-ful glo-ry and pow'r.  
 bless, Your doubt-ings to ban-ish a-way. a-gain,



He's com-ing,..... Some day He'll de-scent from on high;  
 a-gain,



The King in all His beau-ty, Is com-ing by and by.



# No. 104.

# Take Me As I Am.

W. W. S.

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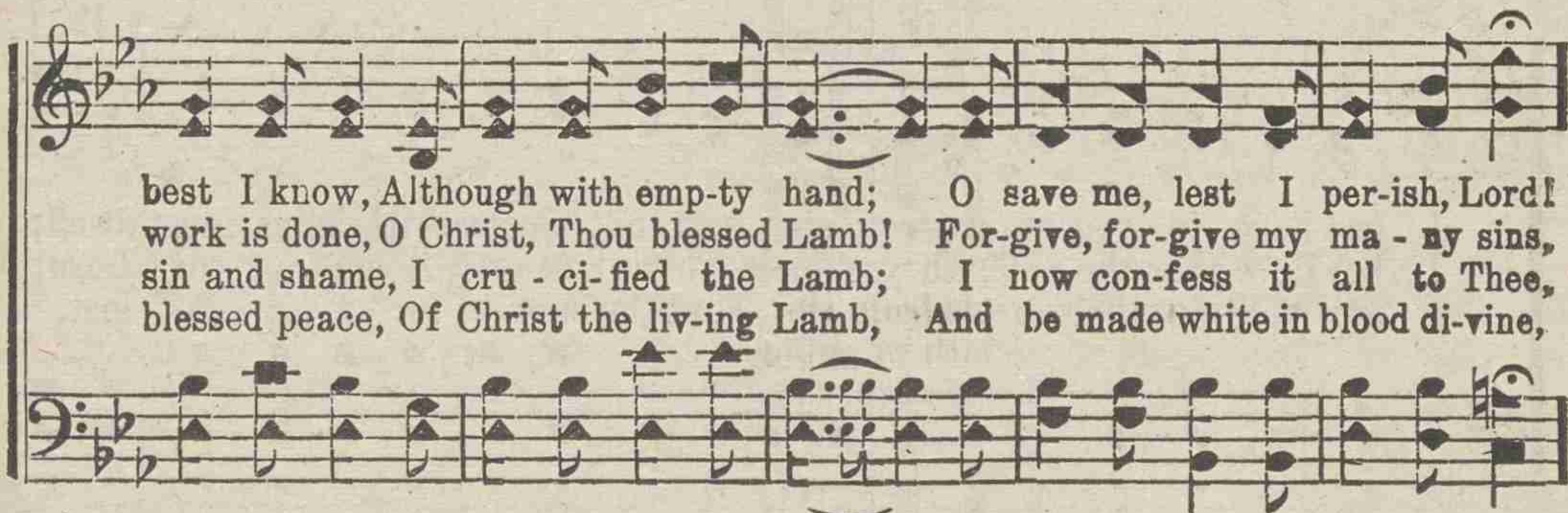
WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I've spurned Thee, Lord, from time to time, I've scorned Thy blessed Son, I've brought re-  
 2. Dear Fa-ther, save my fainting soul, I'm doomed in dark despair; But if Thou'lt  
 3. I wast-ed ma-ny precious years, I threw my life a-way; I made so  
 4. Just as a mother stills her child, And drives away the pain, Just as a



proach up-on Thy name, I'm lost and all un-done; I come to Thee as  
 on-ly hear my cry, I shall Thy glo-ry share; If Thou wilt speak, the  
 ma-ny vows to Thee, And broke them ev'-ry day; I drank the dregs of  
 Fa-ther rules his house, Dear Je-sus in me reign; That I may have the




best I know, Although with emp-ty hand; O save me, lest I per-ish, Lord!  
 work is done, O Christ, Thou blessed Lamb! For-give, for-give my ma-ny sins,  
 sin and shame, I cru-ci-fied the Lamb; I now con-fess it all to Thee,  
 blessed peace, Of Christ the liv-ing Lamb, And be made white in blood di-vine,

## CHORUS.



And take me as I am.... Take me as I am,..... O take me as I  
 And take me as I am....  
 Lord, take me as I am....  
 O take me as I am.... Take me as I am, take me



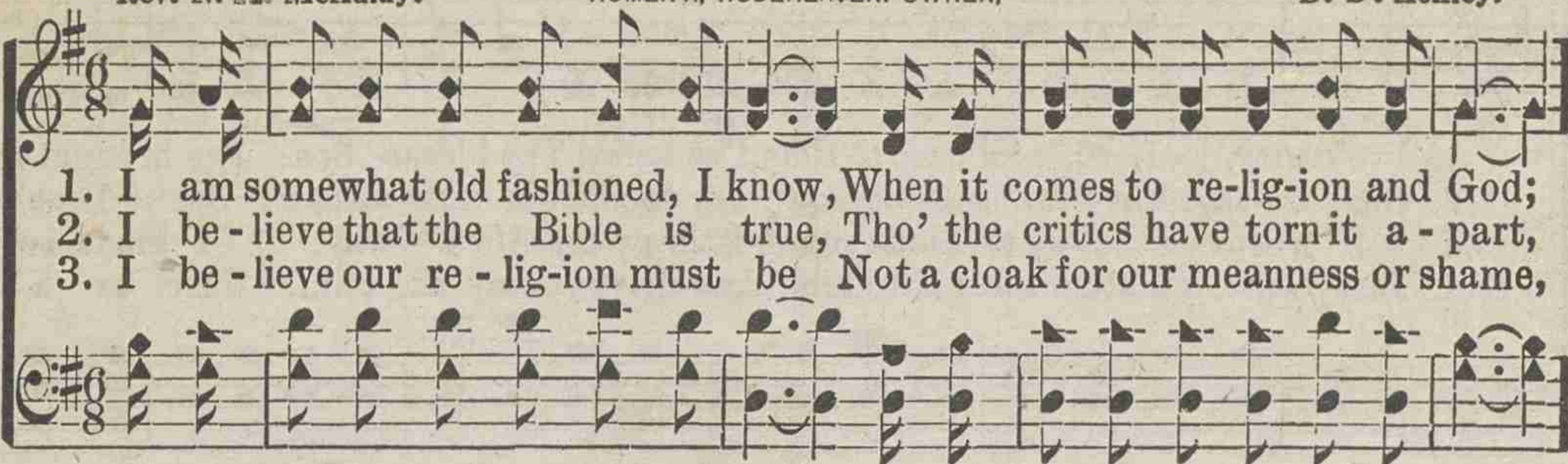
am;..... Save me, O Lord, I pray, And take me as I am.....  
 as I am; take me as I am.



Rev. N. A. McAulay.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER,

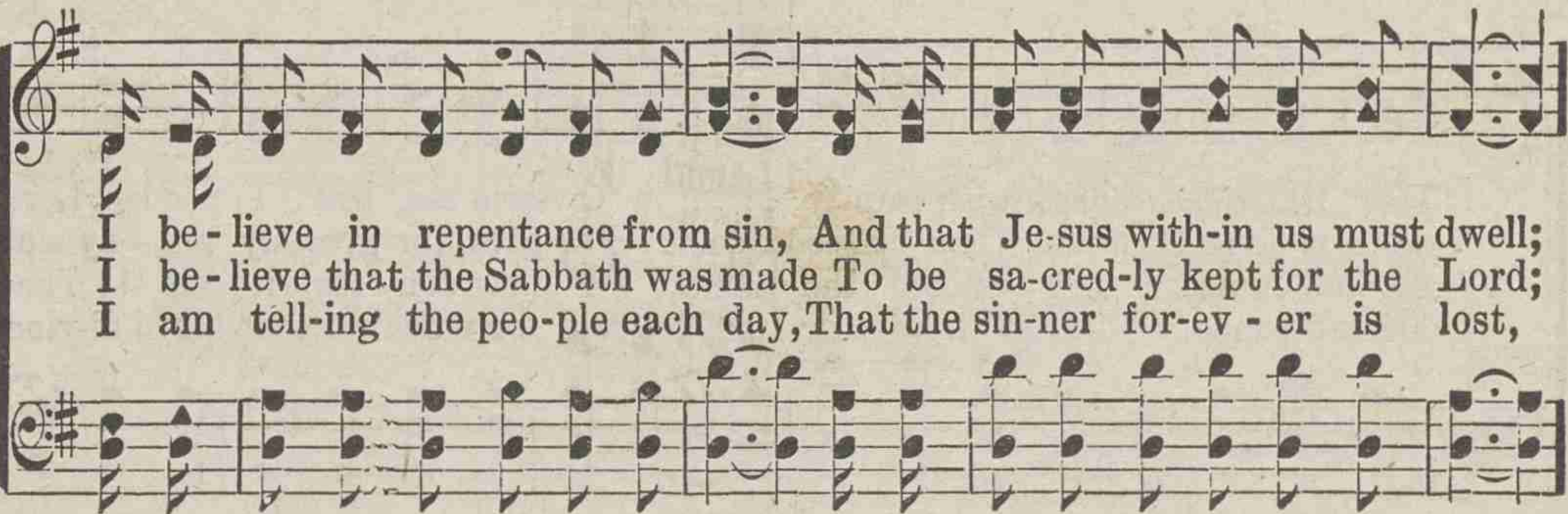
B. D. Ackley.



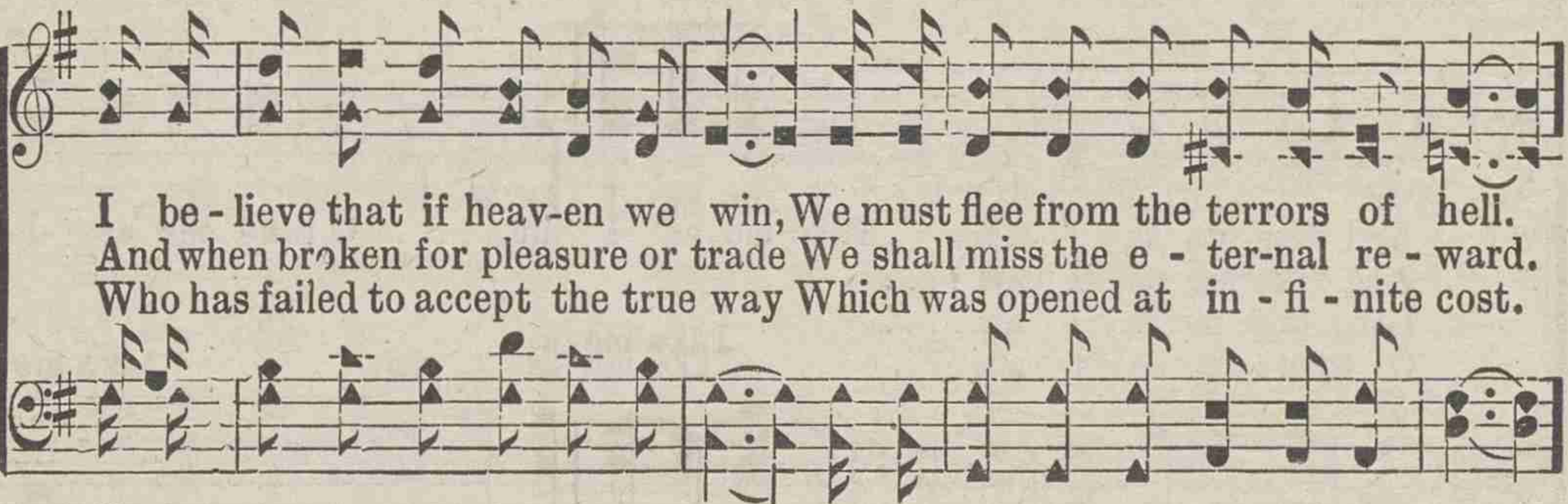
1. I am somewhat old fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;  
2. I be-lieve that the Bible is true, Tho' the critics have torn it a-part,  
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our meanness or shame,



Ma - ny think I am pain-ful-ly slow Since I walk where my fa-thers have trod.  
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.  
But a pow-er from bondage to free, All who trust in that heav-en - ly name.



I be-lieve in repentance from sin, And that Je-sus with-in us must dwell;  
I be-lieve that the Sabbath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;  
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev - er is lost,



I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the terrors of hell.  
And when broken for pleasure or trade We shall miss the e - ter-nal re - ward.  
Who has failed to accept the true way Which was opened at in - fi - nite cost.

## CHORUS.



I'm a lit - tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,



## The Old Fashioned Faith.

And I'll praise Him wher-ev-er I go, For cleansing and mak-ing me whole.

106

## Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stites.

COPYRIGHT, 1876 BY BIGLOW & MAIN.  
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK, OWNERS,

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Simp - ly trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past;

E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.  
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.  
If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.  
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;

Trust - ing Him what-e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



# No. 107. 'Tis Jesus Who Cares For Your Soul.

W. W. S.

(EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. When moun-tains of sor-row be-fore you a-rise, And troub-les shall  
 2. When you have been tempted be-yond your own pow'r, And need a dear  
 3. When earth-ly friends fail you and turn you a-way, And shad-ows of  
 4. And when you have trust-ed and tried this dear friend, His won-der-ful

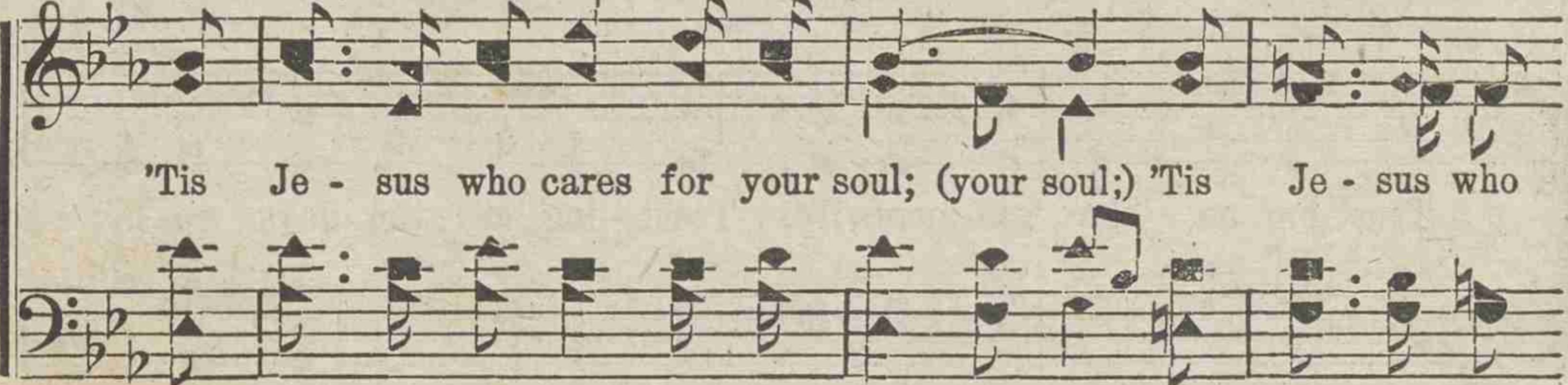


o-ver you roll,..... Re-mem-ber, my broth-er, you  
 friend to up-hold;..... There's one in-ter-ced-ing for  
 dark-ness en-fold;..... Just trust in the Sav-iour, He'll  
 name you'll ex-tol;..... For you'll be so hap-py you'll




have a true friend, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul.....  
 you at the throne, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul.....  
 light up the way, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul.....  
 shout-ing-ly say, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for my soul.....

## CHORUS.



'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul; (your soul;) 'Tis Je-sus who



cares for your soul; (your soul;) Tho' oth-ers for-sake you, you



# 'Tis Jesus Who Cares For Your Soul. Concluded.

have a true friend, 'Tis Je - sus, who cares for your soul.

No. 108.

Prepare.

H. E. OGDEN.

(EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Pre-prepare, pre-prepare to meet the Saviour, In those mansions bright and fair;
2. Pre-prepare, pre-prepare to meet the Saviour, When He comes to earth a - gain;
3. Pre-prepare, pre-prepare to meet the Saviour, And the loved ones gone be - fore;
4. Pre-prepare, pre-prepare to meet the Saviour, He is com - ing soon or late;

'Twill be a day of great re - joic - ing O - ver there, just o - ver there.  
 He'll welcome you to heaven's por - tals, If your soul is free from sin.  
 O come and join the hap - py num - ber, Dwell with Christ for ev - er - more.  
 To judge the world with righteous judgment, Sin - ner, en - ter mer - cy's gate.

CHORUS.

Prepare, prepare, O sin - ner prepare To meet the Sav - iour o - ver there,

*Rit.*

That all His glo - ry, you may share, Don't wait too long, O soul pre-prepare.



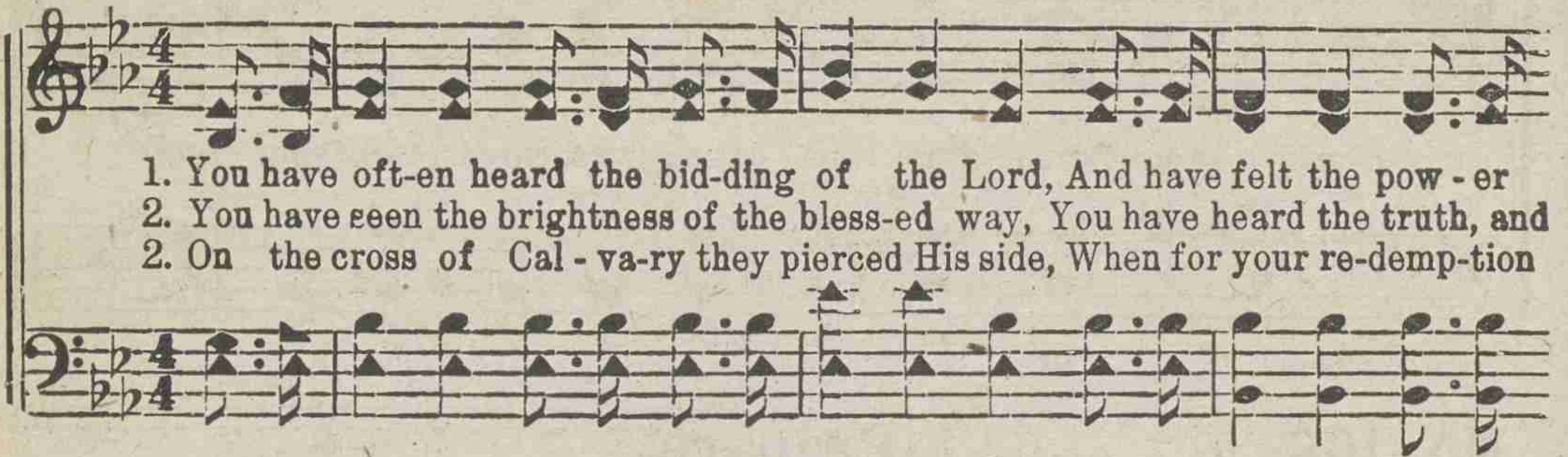
# No. 109.

# Almost At the Gate.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

MRS. W. W. S.

MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. You have oft-en heard the bid-ding of the Lord, And have felt the pow-er  
 2. You have seen the bright-ness of the bless-ed way, You have heard the truth, and  
 2. On the cross of Cal - va-ry they pierced His side, When for your re-demp-tion



of His bless-ed word; If you will sur - ren - der He will let you in, You are  
 now you must o - bey, If with Christ the Sav-iour you would live for aye, You are  
 He was cru - ci - fied; Sinner, trust Him on - ly and be jus - ti - fied, You are

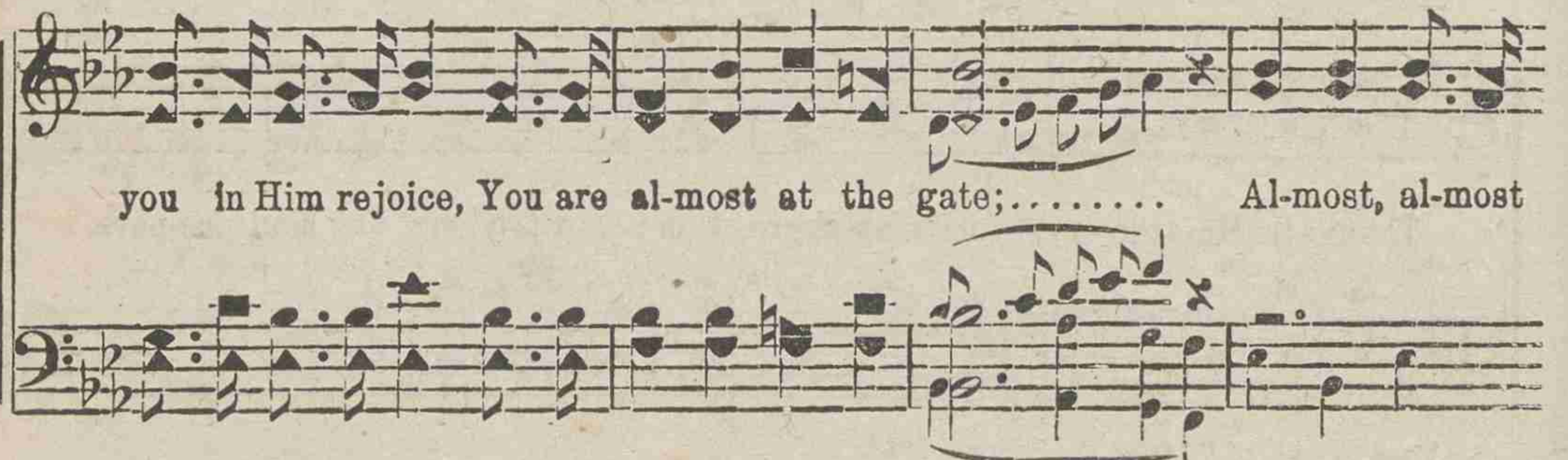
REFRAIN.



al - most at the gate. Al - most, al - most at the gate,  
 Al - most at the gate,



Al most, al-most at the gate, Don't you hear His loving voice, Bidding  
 Al-most at the gate,



you in Him rejoice, You are al-most at the gate;..... Al-most, al-most



## Almost At the Gate. Concluded.

at the gate, Al-most, al-most at the gate, Don't you  
Al-most at the gate, Al-most at the gate,

hear His loving voice, Bidding you in Him rejoice, You are almost at the gate.

## No. 110. Wasted Opportunities.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

THOS. D. LEMMOND.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Wast-ed op - por-tun - i - ties we can ne'er re - gain, Why then stand we  
2. Wast-ed op - por-tun - i - ties, days that are no more, We can nev - er  
3. Wast-ed op - por-tun - i - ties, God has giv - en man, Tal-ents ly - ing  
4. God holds us re-spon-si - ble, for each hour of waste, Let us then our

i - dle here, i - dle why re - main? Wast-ed op - por-tun - i - ties,  
call them back, they have passed our door; Then why not im-prove our time,  
i - dle fail to do what they can, Both in serv - ing Je - sus and  
mis-sion fill, do, His work in haste, For these op - por-tun - i - ties

good we might have done, Had we not stood i-dle, some souls we might have won.  
as the moments fly? While these op-por-tun - i - ties swift - ly pass us by,  
read - ing in His word, Of His love and mer - cy free, tell-ing what we've heard.  
come to ev - 'ry soul, Giv - ing work for all to do, who have been made whole.

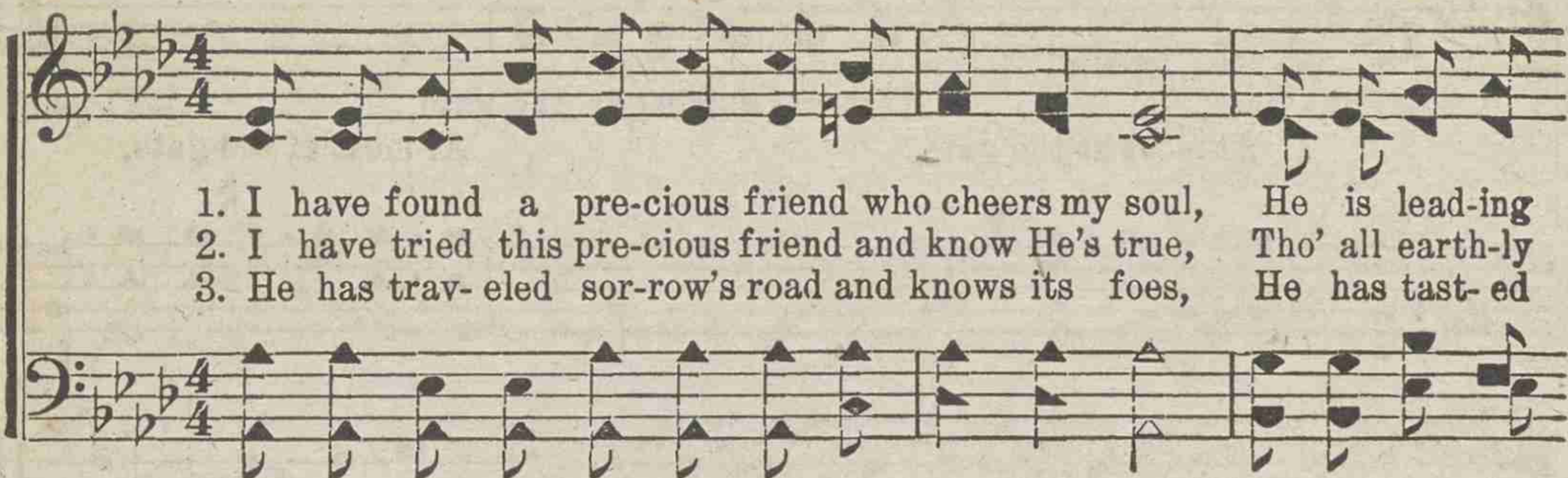


# No. 111.

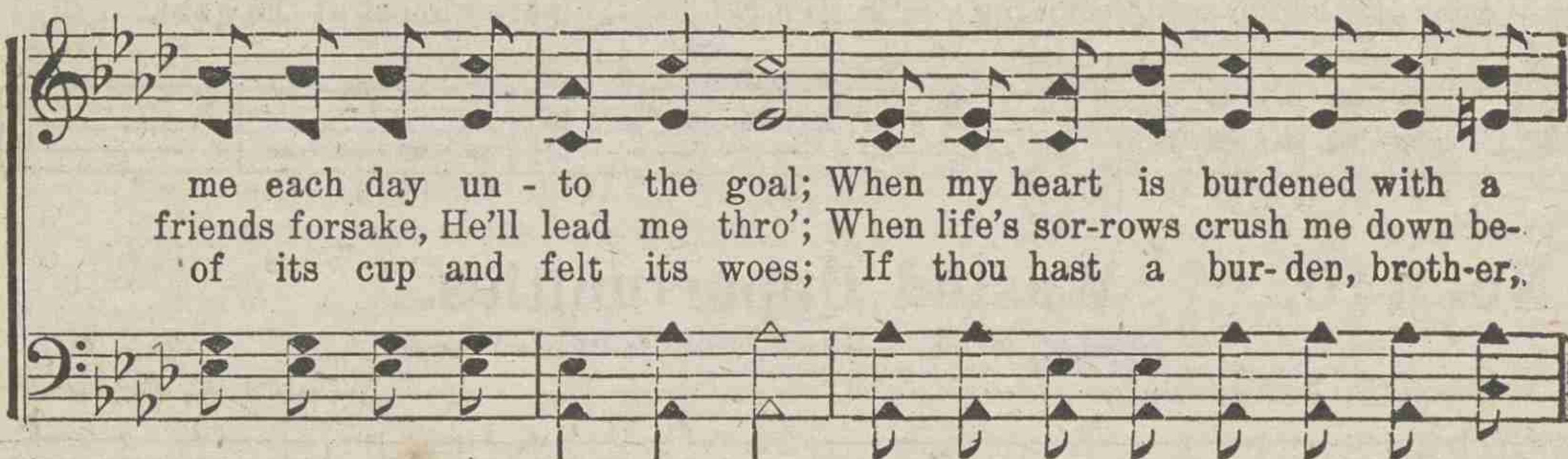
# Jesus Is My Friend.

W. W. S.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I have found a pre-cious friend who cheers my soul, He is lead-ing  
 2. I have tried this pre-cious friend and know He's true, Tho' all earth-ly  
 3. He has trav-eled sor-row's road and knows its foes, He has tast-ed



me each day un - to the goal; When my heart is burdened with a  
 friends forsake, He'll lead me thro'; When life's sor-rows crush me down be-  
 of its cup and felt its woes; If thou hast a bur-den, broth-er,



load of care, He is stand-ing read - y, all my griefs to share.  
 neath their sea, He will take me by the hand and pi - lot me.  
 to Him go, He will lift it from you and sweet peace be-stow.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is my friend, yes, Je - sus is my friend, I will ev - er



trust Him un - to the end; Je - sus is my friend, On



# Jesus Is My Friend. Concluded.

Him I can de-pend, He will ev - er lead me, for He's my friend.  
on,

## No. 112. He'll Never Let Me Fall.

H. E. OGDEN.

Owned by H. E. Ogden. 1912.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. In Christ a-lone all pow'r is giv'n, 'Tis sweet to hear the call;  
2. God waits to par-don and to bless, He'll save us one and all;  
3. I'll trust the Sav-iour day by day, And heark-en to His call;

I'll ev - er shout and sing His praise, He'll nev - er let me fall....  
Come, lean up - on the Saviour's breast, He'll nev - er let you fall....  
When by His side I nev - er fear, He'll nev - er let me fall....

CHORUS.

He'll nev - er let me fall,..... He'll nev - er let me fall;.....  
nev - er let me fall, nev - er let me fall;

Since Christ my soul from sin set free, He'll nev - er let me fall.....  
nev - er let me fall.



## No. 113.

## Be Ye Reconciled.


Copyright, 1910, by Frank C. Huston. Words and music.

F. C. H.


FRANK C. HUSTON.



1. We are here to tell of the love of God, And the Christ who can  
 2. We are here to tell of the precious blood That was shed up - on  
 3. There are souls that stray in the downward way; There are hearts pained with  
 4. You must go some day from this world a - way, In the way all of

save from sin;— Of His won-drous grace for a fall - en race, And the  
 Cal - va - ry; Where the Sav - iour died that a foun-tain wide Might be  
 sore dis-tress; Hear the Sav - iour speak,—first the kingdom seek, Of our  
 earth have trod; Now we plead with you, to your - self be true,—Be ye



## CHORUS.



pow'r of His love with - in.  
 o - pened for you and me. We are here that men may know our God,  
 God and His righteousness.  
 now rec - on ciled to God.




And be rec - on - ciled, and be rec - on - ciled; In the  
 Oh, be ye rec - on-ciled, Oh, be ye rec - on - ciled,




stead of Christ we plead to-day: "Be ye rec - on - ciled to God."






# No. 114. Follow the Banner of Jesus.


Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Has - ten - ing for - ward to bat - tle with sin, Fal - ter - ing  
 2. Keep - ing your place in the ar - my of right, Will - ing to  
 3. What tho' your serv - ice with hardship be rife, There will be




nev - er till vic - t'ry you win, Hav - ing the cour - age that  
 share in the march and the fight, Down in the val - ley or  
 peace aft - er wea - ri - some strife; Till you are giv - en a




faith gives with - in, Fol - low the ban - ner of Je - sus.  
 up on the height, Fol - low the ban - ner of Je - sus.  
 bright crown of life, Fol - low the ban - ner of Je - sus.



## CHORUS.



Fol - low the ban - ner of Je - sus, Fol - low the ban - ner of Je - sus;




Till you shall stand on the heavenly strand, Follow the banner of Je - sus.







## I Want to be a Worker.

L. B.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and  
 2. I want to be a worker ev'- day, I want to lead the  
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in  
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and





trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev'-ry day  
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,  
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a happy home  
 err-ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die




## Chorus.



In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will  
 In the king-dom of the Lord.  
 In the king-dom of the Lord.  
 In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will  
 work and pray of the Lord;




work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'-ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.





# No. 116 I'll Doubt His Love No More.

H. E. OGDEN.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. When I was lost my lov-ing Sav-iour came, I'll doubt His love no more,  
2. Tho' clouds may gath- er 'round me day by day, I'll doubt His love no more,  
3. I know my Sav-iour ev - er cares for me, I'll doubt His love no more,




I'll doubt His love no more; He saved my soul from ev - 'ry sin and shame,  
I'll doubt His love no more; With Him I'll glad - ly jour-ney on my way,  
I'll doubt His love no more; And faith-ful I to Him will ev - er be,

## CHORUS.



I'll doubt my Saviour's love no more. I'll doubt His love no more, I'll



doubt His love no more, His bless - ed name I will a - dore; He



keeps my soul with- in His safe con- trol, I'll doubt my Saviour's love no more.

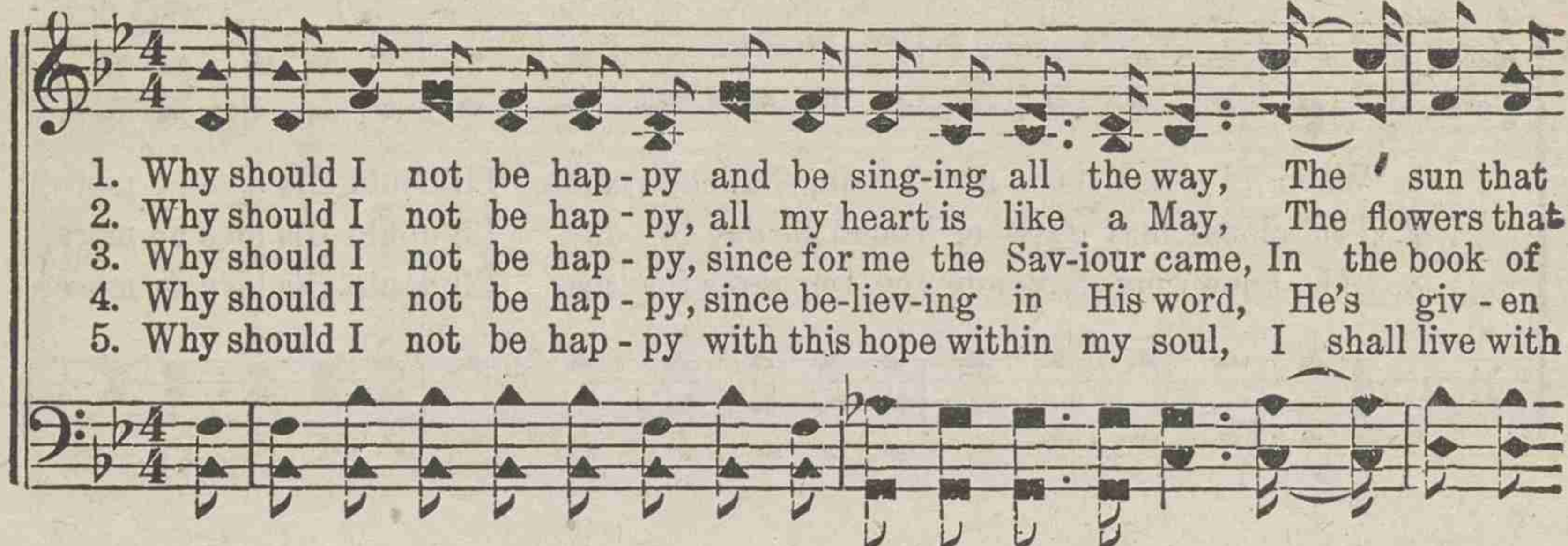


# No. 117 Why Should I Not Be Happy?

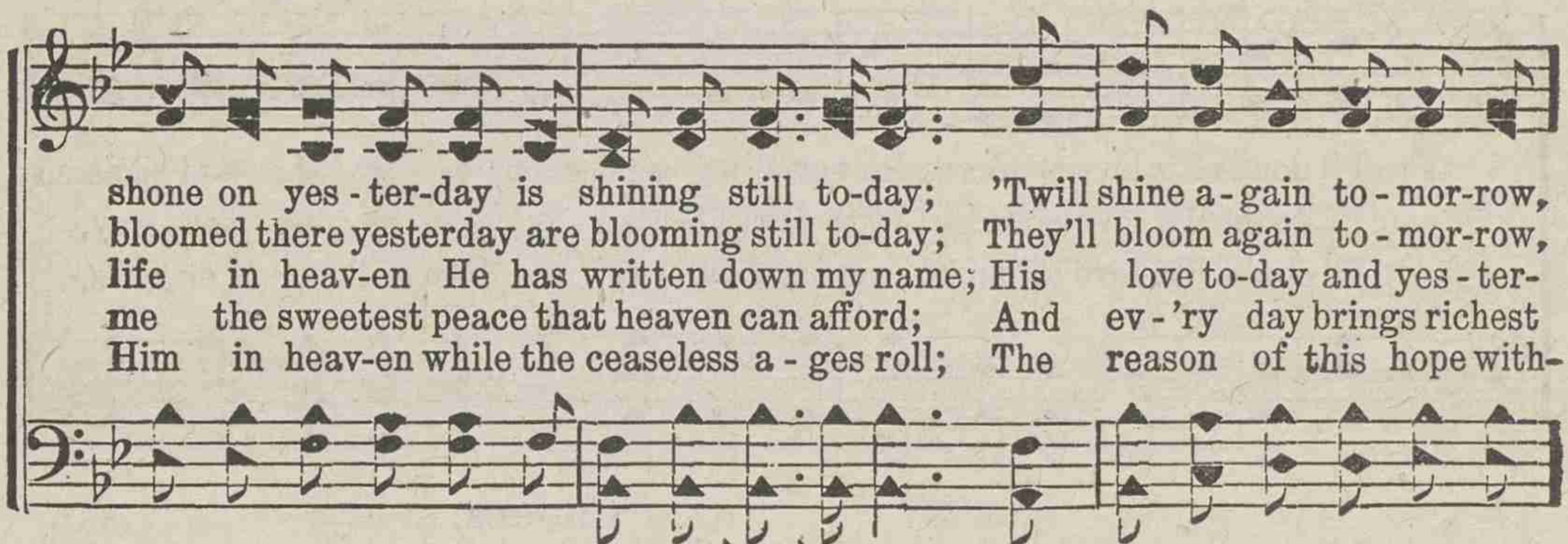
"Rejoice in the Lord always."—PHIL. 4: 4.

J. A. B.

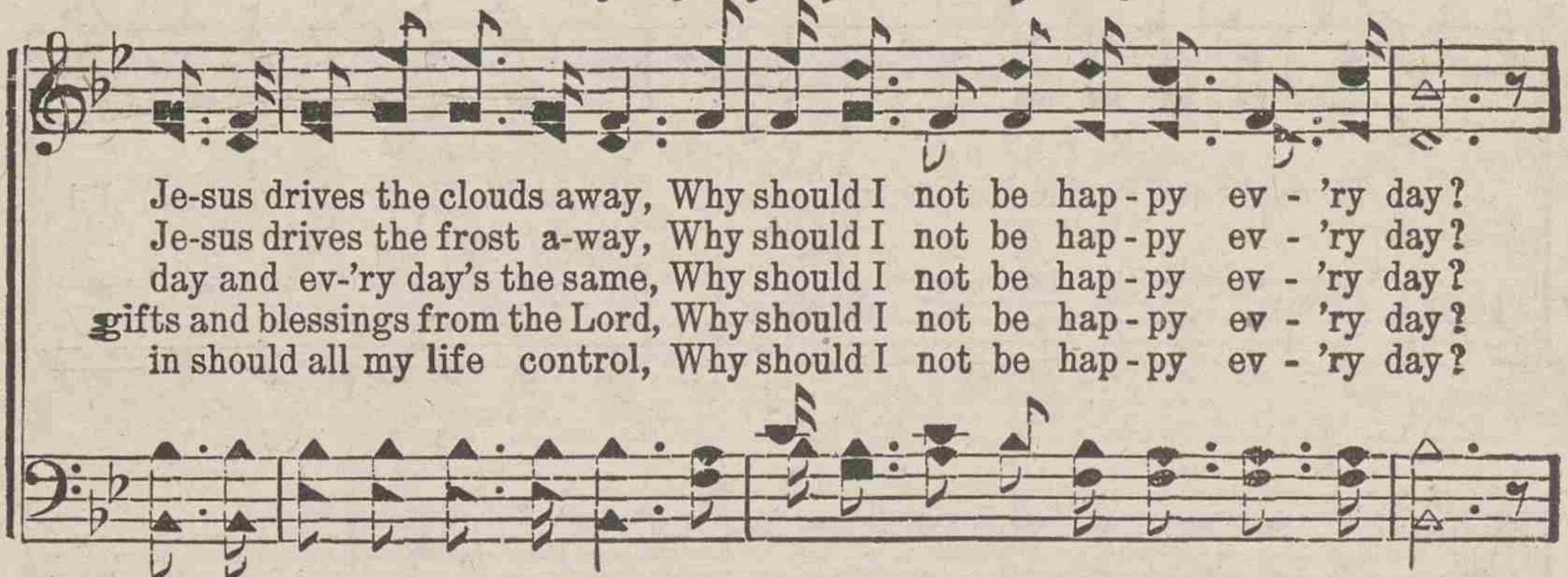
J. A. BROWN.



1. Why should I not be hap-py and be sing-ing all the way, The ' sun that  
 2. Why should I not be hap-py, all my heart is like a May, The flowers that  
 3. Why should I not be hap-py, since for me the Sav-iour came, In the book of  
 4. Why should I not be hap-py, since be-liev-ing in His word, He's giv-en  
 5. Why should I not be hap-py with this hope within my soul, I shall live with



shone on yes-ter-day is shining still to-day; 'Twill shine a-gain to-mor-row,  
 bloomed there yesterday are blooming still to-day; They'll bloom again to-mor-row,  
 life in heav-en He has written down my name; His love to-day and yes-ter-  
 me the sweetest peace that heaven can afford; And ev-'ry day brings richest  
 Him in heav-en while the ceaseless a-ges roll; The reason of this hope with-



Je-sus drives the clouds away, Why should I not be hap-py ev-'ry day?  
 Je-sus drives the frost a-way, Why should I not be hap-py ev-'ry day?  
 day and ev-'ry day's the same, Why should I not be hap-py ev-'ry day?  
 gifts and blessings from the Lord, Why should I not be hap-py ev-'ry day?  
 in should all my life control, Why should I not be hap-py ev-'ry day?

## REFRAIN.



Why should I not be hap-py since He took my sins a-way? I



try to count the blessings which He gives me day by day; I can-not count them



## Why Should I Not Be Happy? Concluded.

for they fall in showers on my way, Why should I not be hap-py ev-'ry day?

## No. 118. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the Ever-lasting Arms!  
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the Ever-lasting Arms!  
 I have peace complete with my Lord so near, Leaning on the Ever-lasting Arms!

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms;  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Ever-last-ing Arms.  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,



# No. 119.

# He Touched Me.

(This song was composed by a convert of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, and is sung there every night.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. To the feet of my Sav-iour in trem-bling and fear, A pen-i-tent  
 2. I knew not the ten-der com-pas-sion of love That Je-sus my  
 3. My grace is suf-fi-cient, I heard His sweet voice, O come and find  
 4. Oh! come, my dear broth-er, He's wait-ing for you, Your sin-burdened



sin-ner I came; He saw me and lov-ing-ly bade me draw near, All  
 Sav-iour had shown; Tho burdened with grief His dear hand brought relief, He  
 rest for your soul; From sin you to save, My life free-ly I gave, I  
 heart to con-sole. Your wea-ry head rest on His dear, lov-ing breast, He

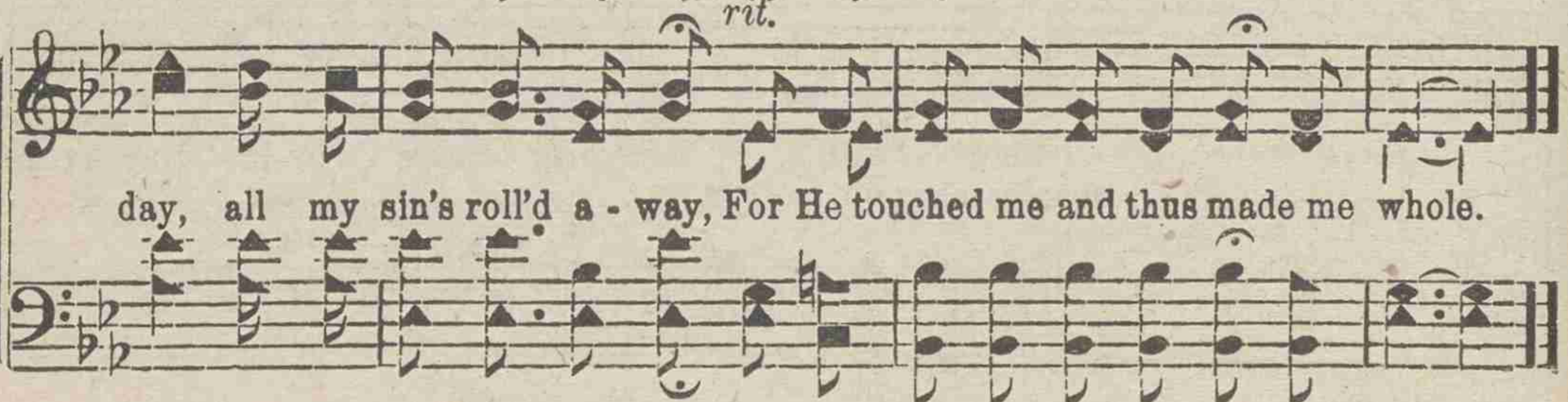


*rit.* CHORUS.  
 glo-ry and praise to His name.....  
 healed me and called me His own..... He touched me and thus made me  
 died, that you might be made whole.....  
 suffered and died for your soul.....

name, to His name.  
 own, me His own.  
 whole, be made whole.  
 soul, for your soul.



whole, Bringing com-fort and rest to my soul; Oh! glad, hap-py



*rit.*  
 day, all my sin's roll'd a-way, For He touched me and thus made me whole.



# No. 120.

# I'm Depending on Him.

"I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 TIM. 1:12.

J. A. B.

J. A. BROWN.



1. I've placed my life in Je - sus' care, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing  
 2. 'Tis not by works that I have done, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing  
 3. I know Him whom I have believed, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing  
 4. My serv-ice now's at His command, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing



on Him; I trust-ed Him and left it there, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.  
 on Him; 'Tis grace that saves thro' faith alone, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.  
 on Him; From whom this hope I have received, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.  
 on Him; No pow'r can pluck me from His hand, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.

## CHORUS.



{ On Christ my ad - vo - cate I lean, }  
 { I broke God's law, He came between, } He took my place, He bore my sin,

## Fine.



I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing

## D. S.



on Him, My hope is sure, my heav'n secure, I'm in His care, my trust is there.



# No. 121 Don't Let Your Light Burn Low.

Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas.

M. D. USSERY.

J. E. WILLIAMS.



1. O would you be a bless-ing true, As on through life you go?
2. The world is groping in despair, God's love they do not know,
3. The lov-ing Saviour needs your aid, In let-ting sin-ners know,



Be con-stant in God's serv-ice here, Don't let your light burn low.  
So live to guide them to the right, Don't let your light burn low.  
Salvation's free, who will may come, Don't let your light burn low.



## REFRAIN.



Don't let your light burn low, Don't let your light burn low;  
burn low, burn low;



Be con-stant in God's serv-ice here, Don't let your light burn low.



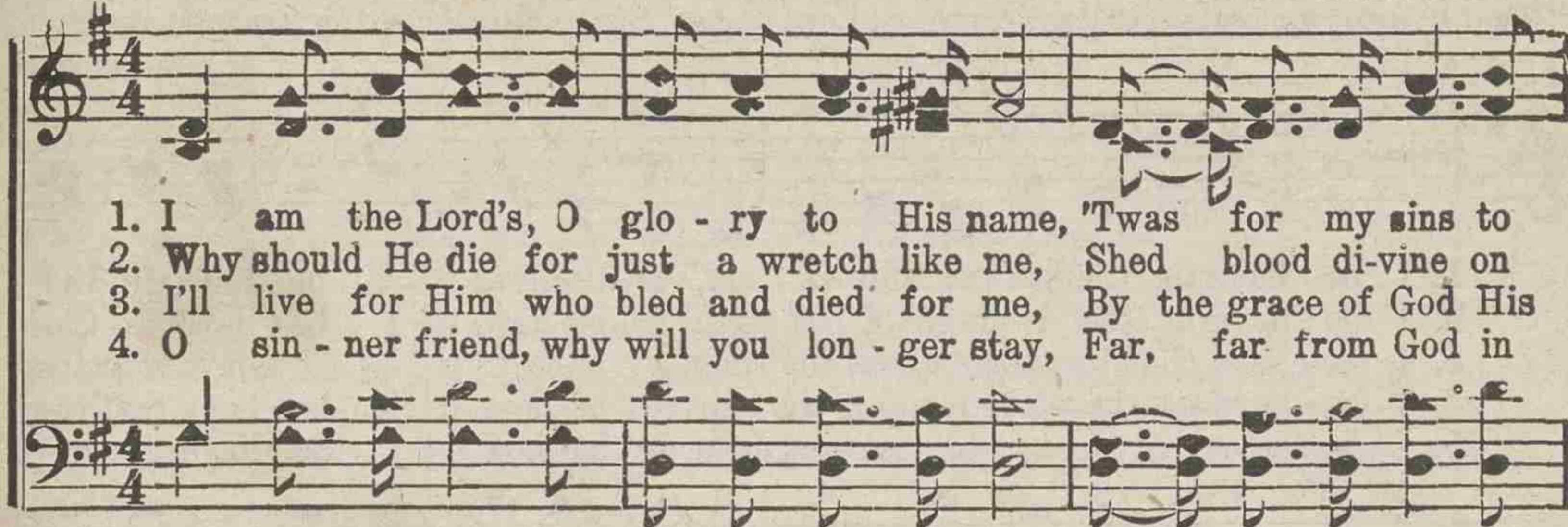


# No. 122. I Am So Precious To Him.

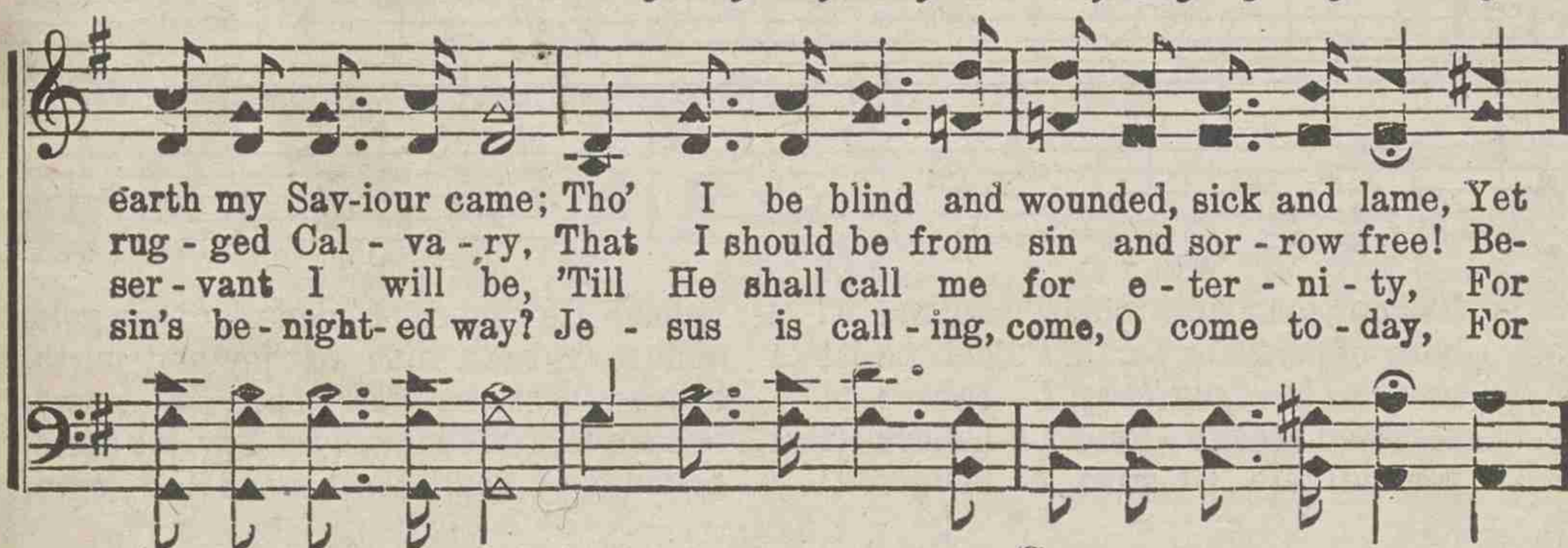
Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

W. W. S.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I am the Lord's, O glo - ry to His name, 'Twas for my sins to  
 2. Why should He die for just a wretch like me, Shed blood di-vine on  
 3. I'll live for Him who bled and died for me, By the grace of God His  
 4. O sin - ner friend, why will you lon - ger stay, Far, far from God in

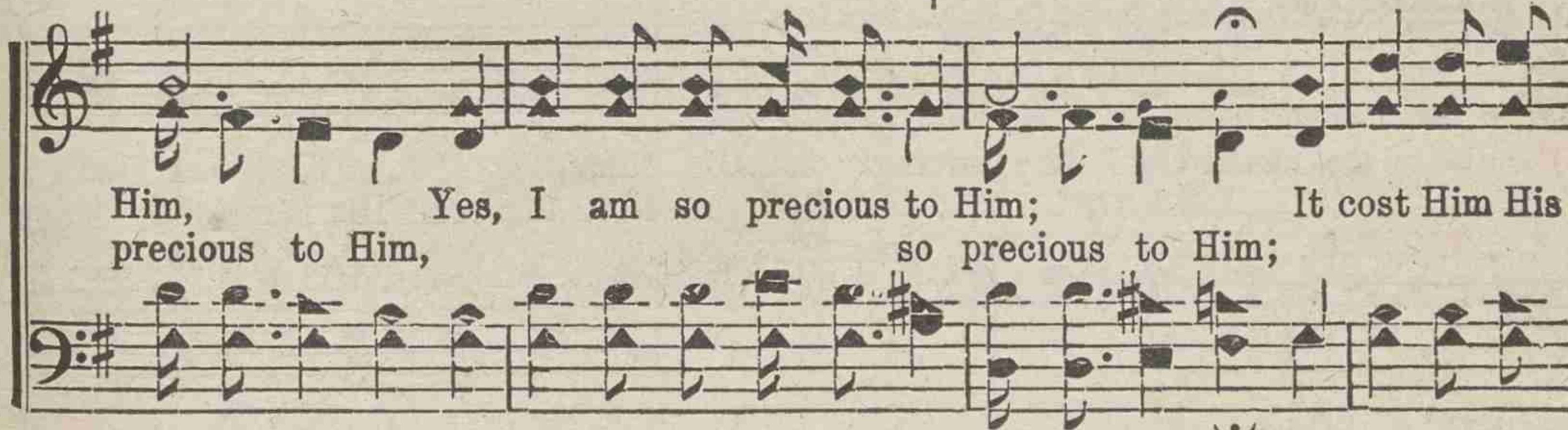


earth my Sav-iour came; Tho' I be blind and wounded, sick and lame, Yet  
 rug - ged Cal - va - ry, That I should be from sin and sor - row free! Be-  
 ser - vant I will be, 'Till He shall call me for e - ter - ni - ty, For  
 sin's be - night - ed way? Je - sus is call - ing, come, O come to - day, For

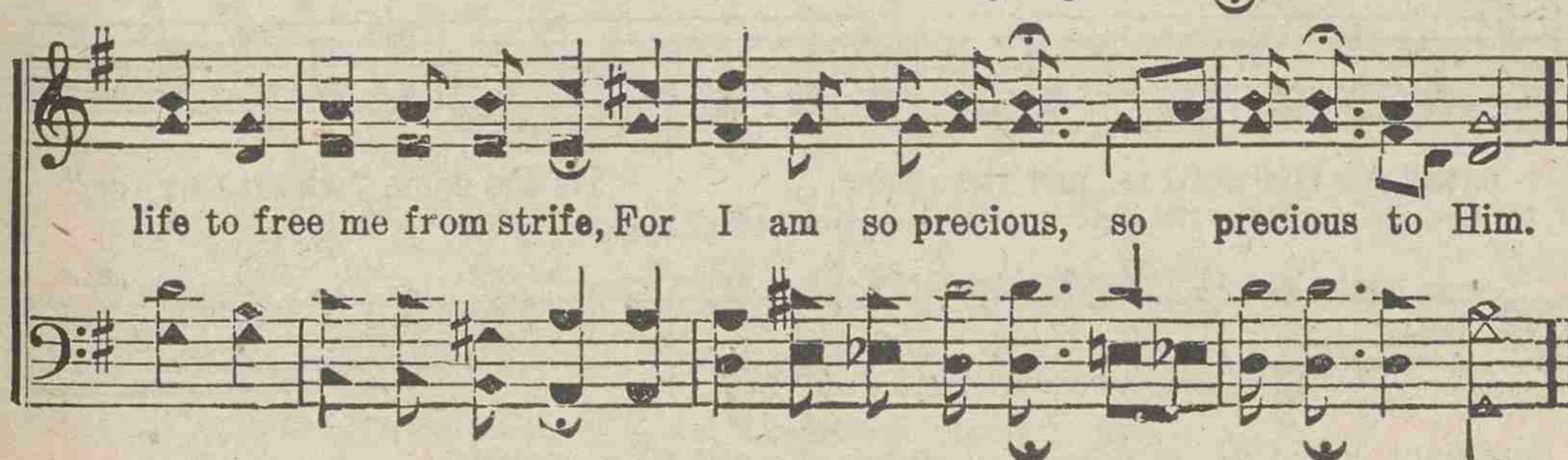
## CHORUS.



I am so precious, so precious to Him. For I am so - precious to  
 cause I'm so precious, so precious to Him.  
 I am so precious, so precious to Him.  
 you are so precious, so precious to Him. so



Him, Yes, I am so precious to Him; It cost Him His  
 precious to Him, so precious to Him;



life to free me from strife, For I am so precious, so precious to Him.



# No. 123.

# SAVED BY BELIEVING.


"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 17: 30, 31. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47. "That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 96.

J. A. B.



J. A. BROWN.



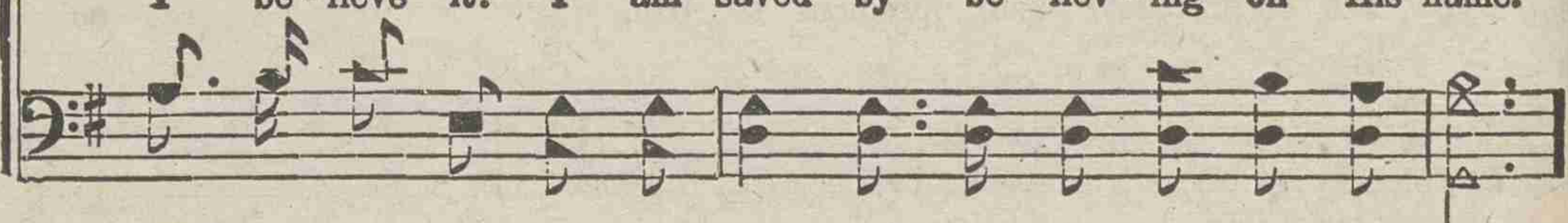
1. I be-lieve in the sto-ry nev-er old, I be-lieve it! I be-lieve in the  
 2. I be-lieve in the ti-dings of His birth, I be-lieve it! I be-lieve in the  
 3. I be-lieve that the shepherds heard the song, I be-lieve it! I be-lieve that they  
 4. I be-lieve that the wise men saw His star, I be-lieve it! I be-lieve that they  
 5. I be-lieve that He came to seek and save, I be-lieve it! I be-lieve that e-


Saviour long fore-told, I believe it! I believe He's more precious far than gold,  
 song of peace on earth, I believe it! I believe 'twas a time of joy and mirth,  
 saw the heav'nly throng, I believe it! I believe that the glo-ry shone a-round,  
 followed from a-far, I believe it! I believe that they found the Saviour there,  
 ter-nal life He gave, I believe it! I believe I shall live beyond the grave,



I be-lieve it! I am saved by be-liev-ing on His name.




**CHORUS.**



I am saved by be-liev-ing on His name, I am  
 by be-liev-ing on His name,

saved for His word is just the same, 'Tis the same "who-so-ev-er,"  
 just the same,





## Saved By Believing. Concluded.

For His love changeth nev - er, I am saved by be - liev - ing on His name.

6 I believe that He died on Calvary, etc.  
I believe He was crucified for me, etc,  
I believe that His blood has made me free, etc.

7 I believe He has triumphed o'er the grave, etc,  
I believe He is ris'n with pow'r to save, etc,  
I believe, let the palms of vict'ry wave, etc.

## No. 124. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }
2. For my par - don, this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
For my cleansing, this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
This is all my right - eous - ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



# No. 125 There is Power in the Gospel.

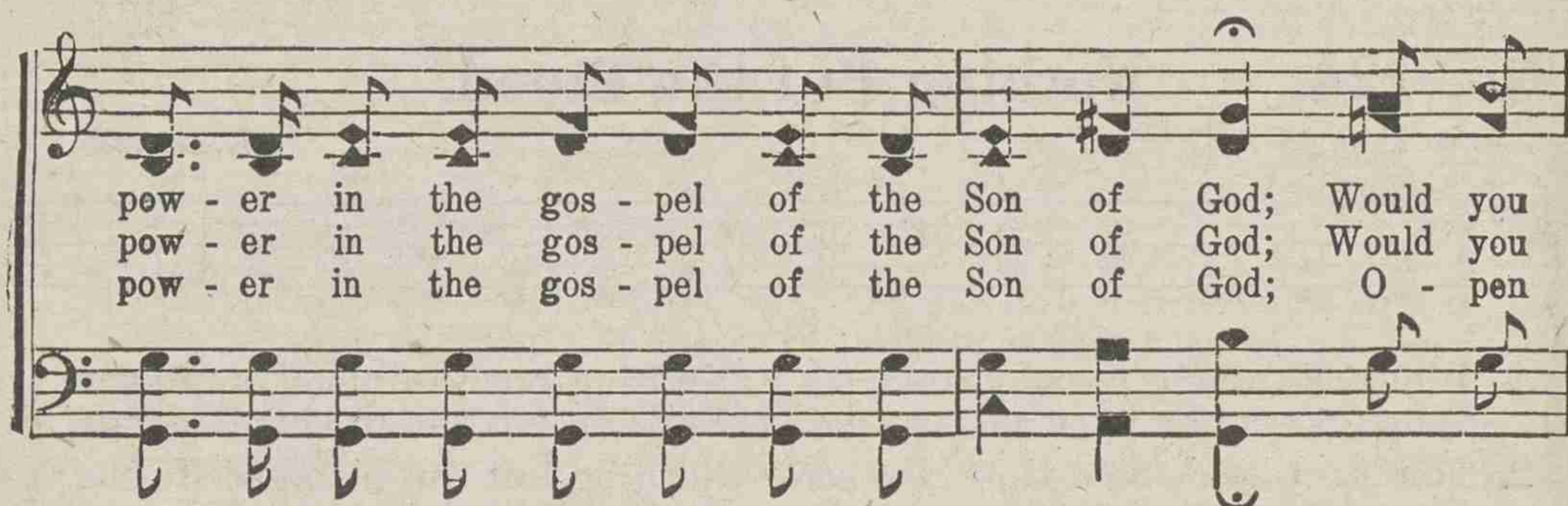
Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

W. W. S.

MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Would you have the bur - den rolled From your sin - sick soul? There is  
 2. Would you let the Sav-iour in, And be cleansed from sin? There is  
 3. For your sins, tho' crim - son red, Je - sus' blood was shed; There is



pew - er in the gos - pel of the Son of God; Would you  
 pow - er in the gos - pel of the Son of God; Would you  
 pow - er in the gos - pel of the Son of God; O - pen



be from bondage free, Free e - ter - nal - ly? There is pow - er in the  
 start for heav-en now, At His man-dates bow? There is pow - er in the  
 now to Him thy heart, Lest He soon de - part; There is pow - er in the


D. S.—There is pow - er in the

FINE.

CHORUS.



gos - pel of the Son of God. There is pow - er in the gos - pel of the  
 gos - pel of the Son of God.



Son of God, There is cleans - ing in the foun - tain of the



# There is Power in the Gospel. Concluded.

*D. S.*

crim - son flood; Je - sus said, "Be-lieve in me," Be from bond-age free;

## No. 126 I Am Kept By Him Alone.

E. R. LATTA.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. In this world of sin and trouble, Where so ma - ny ills are known,  
2. If, by faith in Him con - fid - ing, I will fol - low day by day,  
3. What if some should try to tempt me, And my name and home de - stroy;  
4. When my pil - grim - age is o - ver, I shall see Him on His throne;

If I shun the ways of e - vil, I am kept by Him a - lone.  
In pur - su - ance of His guid - ing, He'll go with me all the way.  
By His grace, 'tis mine to con - quer, What - so - ev - er may an - noy.  
And I'll sing thro' end - less a - ges, I am kept by Him a - lone.

### REFRAIN.

On the cross He died to save me, And He ev - er is my own....

From the sins that would en - slave me, I am kept by Him a - lone....



# No. 127

# Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

JOHN 15: 13.


REV. J. M. DRIVER.



1. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful story of  
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful story of  
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful story of



love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain! An-gels with rap-ture announce it,  
 love; Still He doth call to - day, Calling from Cal-va-ry's mountain,  
 love; For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-bove us



Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it; Sin-ner, C won't you be-lieve it?  
 Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,  
 With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapt - u - rous cho - rus,

## REFRAIN.



Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won-  
 Wonderful sto-ry of love; Won-der-ful



der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!  
 story of love; Wonderful story of love;



F. L. EILAND.

Used by per. Quartet Music Co.

S. A. MYERS.



1. Sow - ing and reap - ing for Je - sus our King, Beau - ti - ful  
 2. Sow - ing the words of His won - der - ful love, Beau - ti - ful  
 3. Sow - ing for Je - sus, yes, sow - ing to - day, Beau - ti - ful  
 4. Sow - ing, still sow - ing for Je - sus we send, Beau - ti - ful



sto - ry to tell! Spread - ing His Gos - pel in  
 sto - ry to tell! Point - ing the err - ing to  
 sto - ry to tell! Sow - ing for Je - sus, for  
 sto - ry to tell! Seed that we'll har - vest when

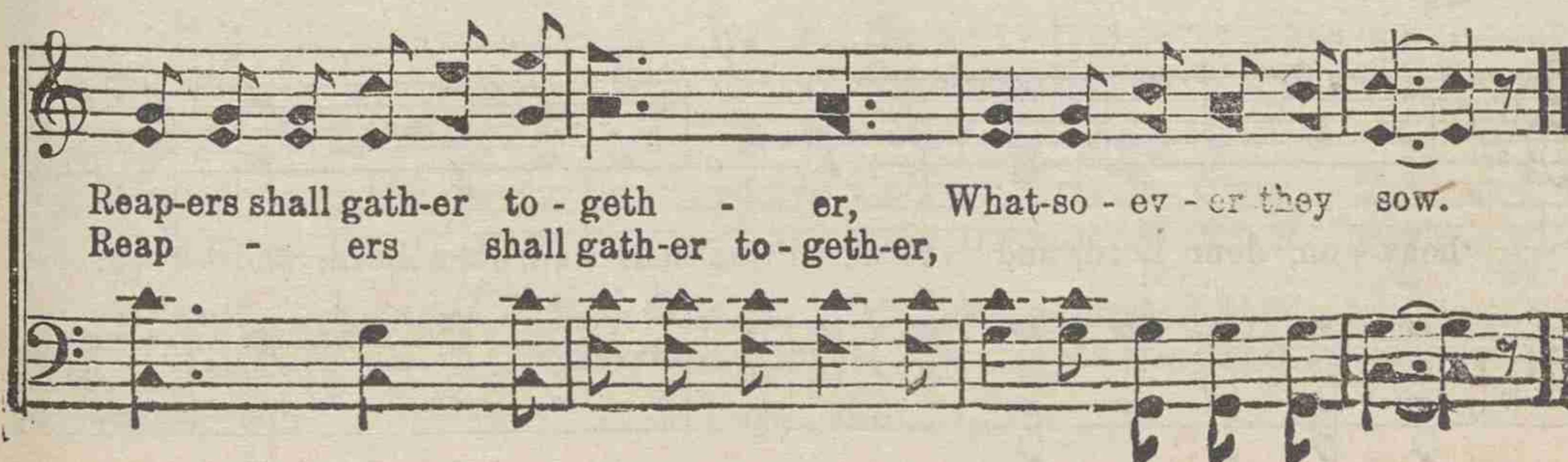


truth as we sing, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.  
 heav - en a - bove, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.  
 He is the way, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.  
 com - eth the end, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.

## CHORUS.



Sowing the seed of the king - dom, Sing it wher - ev - er you go, .....  
 Sow - ing the seed of the kingdom, Sing it wher - ev - er you go,



Reap - ers shall gath - er to - geth - er, What - so - ev - er they sow.  
 Reap - ers shall gath - er to - geth - er,



# No. 129. Forsaken By All But Jesus.

EDEN REEDER LATTA.

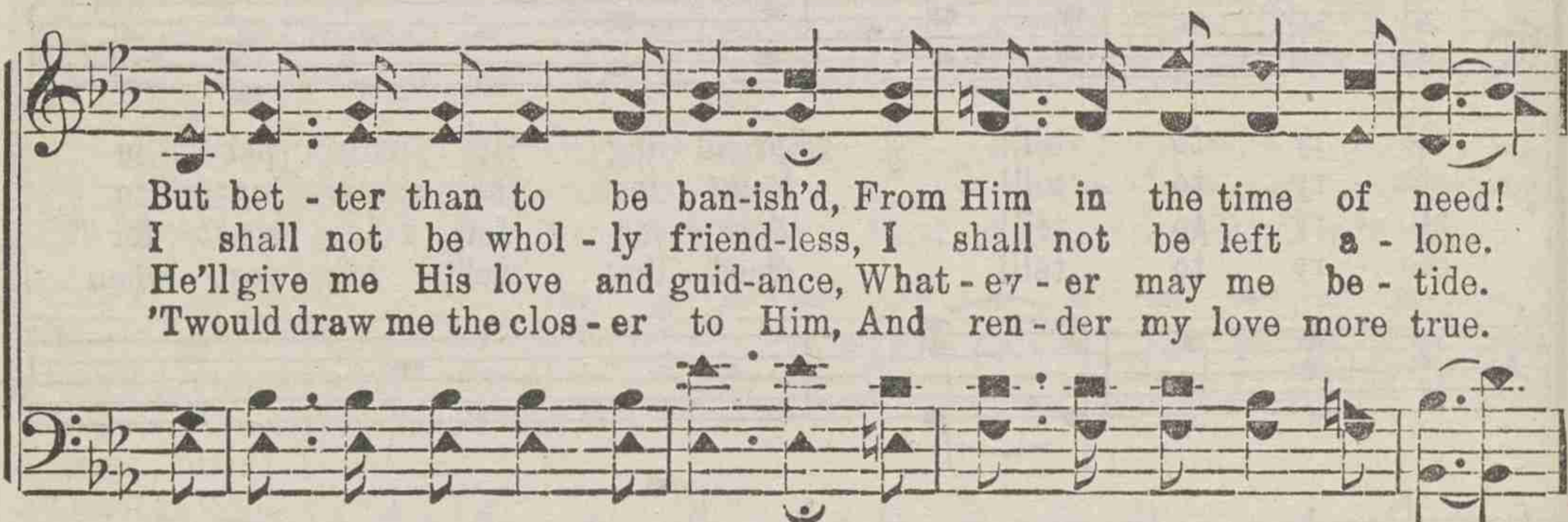
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WOODIE W. SMITH.

*Slow, with expression.*



1. For-sak - en by all but Je - sus, Oh, that would be sad, in - deed!  
2. For-sak - en by all but Je - sus, But, if He is yet my own;  
3. For-sak - en by all but Je - sus, But, if He is by my side;  
4. For-sak - en by all but Je - sus, 'Twould kindle my hope a - new;



But bet - ter than to be ban-ish'd, From Him in the time of need!  
I shall not be whol - ly friend-less, I shall not be left a - lone.  
He'll give me His love and guid-ance, What - ev - er may me be - tide.  
'Twould draw me the clos - er to Him, And ren - der my love more true.

## REFRAIN.



Oh, nev - er let me be ban - ish'd, What - ev - er my



lot may be; Oh, nev - er let me be ban - ish'd, From



heav - en, dear Lord, and Thee; From heav - en, dear Lord, and Thee.



D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. O tell me of Je-sus who came from above, Tell the sweet story again (again);  
 2. O tell me of Je-sus the Saviour from sin, Tell the sweet story again (again);  
 3. O tell me that Je-sus a par-don will give, Tell the sweet story again (again);  
 4. O tell me how trusting will make it all right, Tell the sweet story again (again);  
 5. I've heard it, I've trusted, I know it is true, Tell-ing the story again (again);  
 6. O brother, redeemed by His blood will you go, Tell-ing the story again (again);




The pledge of the Father's un-know-a-ble love, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).  
 Who blesses without, and who cleanses within, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).  
 And say I may plunge in the fountain and live, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).  
 O tell of the crimson made perfectly white, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).  
 I'm saved and I'm hap-py, I'm tell-ing it, too, Tell-ing the story a-gain (a-gain).  
 Till ev'-ry lost soul of the Saviour shall know, Tell-ing the story a-gain (a-gain).




**CHORUS.**




1-4. Tell..... the sweet sto - ry, Tell..... the sweet sto - ry,  
 5-6. Tell - - ing the sto - - ry, Tell - - ing the sto - - ry,



1-4. Tell me the sto-ry that ev-er is new, Tell me the sto-ry so precious and true;  
 5-6. Tell-ing the sto-ry that ev-er is new, Telling the sto-ry so precious and true;



Tell..... the sweet sto - ry, The sto-ry that never grows old.....  
 Tell - - ing the sto - - ry, The sto-ry that never grows old.....



Tell me the sto-ry, the sweetest e'er told, Tell me the story that never grows old.  
 Tell-ing the sto-ry, the sweetest e'er told, Telling the sto-y that never grows old.

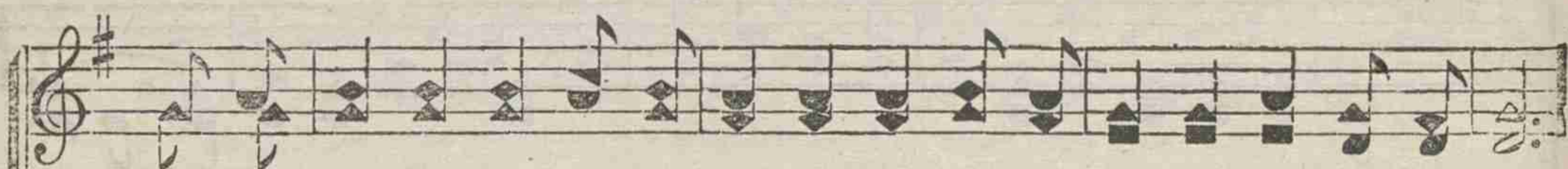


MR. J. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



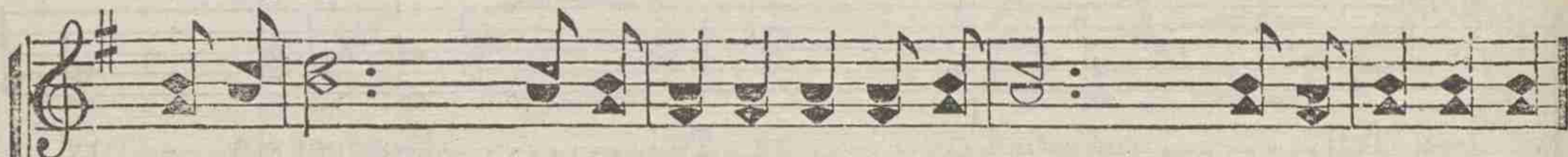
1. There's a foun-tain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink;
2. There's a liv-ing stream, with a crys-tal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv - ing well and its wa - ters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give;
4. There's a Rock that's cleft and no soul is left That may not its pure wa-ters share;



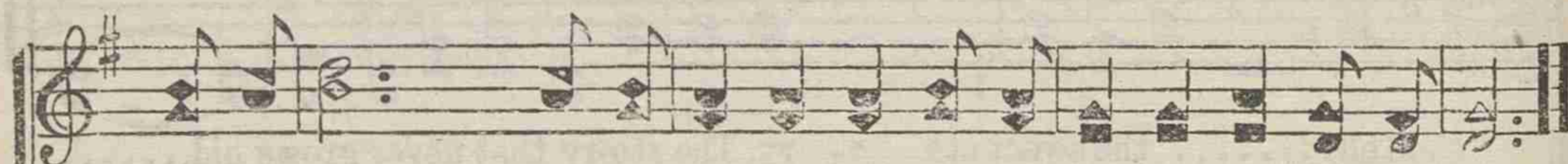
'Tis the fount of love from the Source a-bove, And He bids us all free - ly drink.  
While the wa-ters roll let the wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.  
And we joy - ful sing, ev - er spring, oh, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.  
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see, Let us has-ten joy - ful - ly there.



## CHORUS.



Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;  
Will you come Will you come?



Thirst-y soul, hear the welcome call, 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.  
Thirsty soul,





## No. 132.

## Christ is My Leader.

S. W. JONES.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.




1. Christ is my lead-er, with Him I a-bide, Him I will fol-low what-  
 2. When I am lone-ly, in sor-row or pain, Je-sus is with me, in  
 3. Christ is my lead-er, with Him I will stay, Ev-er thro' life I'm com-  
 4. When I must leave this vain world here be-low, Thro' death's cold valley I





ev-er be-tide; Rug-ged my path-way at times may ap-pear,  
 sun-shine and rain; Bur-dens, tho' heav-y, yet I'll not dis-pair,  
 mand-ed to pray; Tho' I am tempt-ed to wan-der in sin,  
 sure-ly must go; Ev-er I'll trust in His in-fi-nite love,




CHORUS.



Je-sus, my Sav-iour, says "Be of good cheer."  
 Christ is my lead-er, I'm un-der His care. Christ is my lead-er  
 Christ is my lead-er, He'll keep me with-in.  
 Christ is my lead-er to man-sions a-bove.




all of the way, Christ is my lead-er, lead-er each day; O-ver the




moun-tain, thro' the dark vale, Christ is my lead-er, He will not fail.





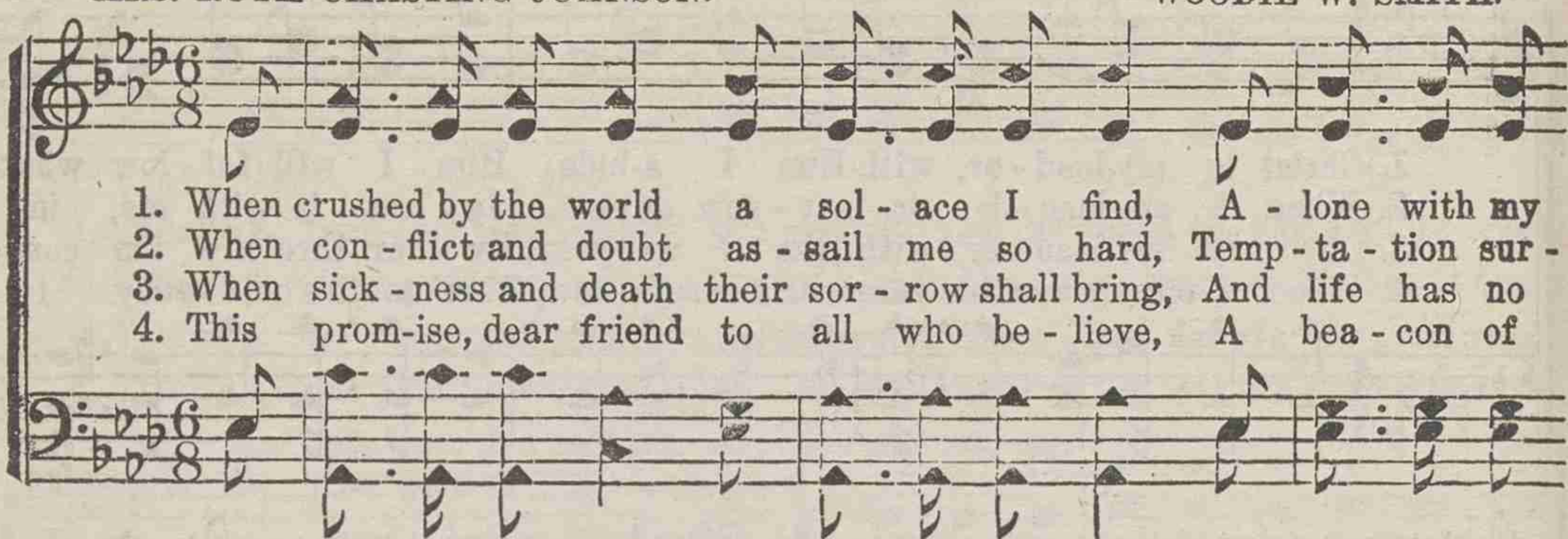
## No. 133

## My Grace Is Sufficient.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

MRS. RUTH CHASTING JOHNSON.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. When crushed by the world a sol - ace I find, A - lone with my  
 2. When con - flict and doubt as - sail me so hard, Temp - ta - tion sur -  
 3. When sick - ness and death their sor - row shall bring, And life has no  
 4. This prom - ise, dear friend to all who be - lieve, A bea - con of



God in com - mun - ion to be; He speaks to my soul in  
 round, to Je - sus I flee; A prom - ise is mine, the  
 hope nor com - fort for me; O then to this prom - ise  
 light in dark - ness shall be; To all who by faith this



ac - cents so kind; "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."  
 prom - ise of God: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."  
 still let me cling: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."  
 prom - ise re - ceive; His grace all suf - fi - cient shall be.

## CHORUS,



Won - der - ful grace from Cal - va - ry, Mar - vel - ous grace so full and free;



*rit.*  
 Boun - ti - ful grace for you and me, His grace all suf - fi - cient shall be.



# No. 134. I Am Thinking of a City.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith.

MRS. WOODIE SMITH.

*Slow. m*



1. I am think - ing of a cit - y, With its streets all paved with gold,
2. Just in - side that won - der - cit - y, Ma - ny man - sions shall un - fold,
3. Oh, to see my lov - ing Sav - iour, And to be in His con - trol,



*Inst.*



And its walls of pearl and jas - per, In the king - dom of the soul.  
Wait - ing for the blood - washed pilgrims, In the king - dom of the soul.  
Through all a - ges will be glo - ry, In the king - dom of the soul.



CHORUS. *Faster.*

*ff*



Oh, to view that blissful cit - y, Oh, what joy I shall be - hold;  
Oh, to view that bliss - ful cit - y, Oh, what joy I shall behold;



*Slower. mp*



When I reach the shin - ing por - tals, In the king - dom of the soul.



*Inst.*

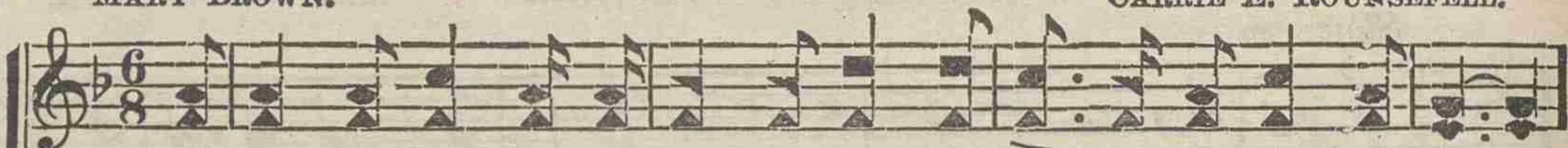





# No. 135. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
4. I may not sail with a tongue of flame, To lost ones beyond the sea;




It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;  
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;  
 To preach or sing thro' my native land, May nev-er my glo - ry be;




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




I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.  
 My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what You want me to be.  
 I'll faith-ful-ly use it to bear the news, I'll pay what You want me to pay.




4th verse by J. A. Brown.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. Used by per.




# I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



1-3. I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;  
4. I'll pay what you want me to pay, dear Lord, I remember Cal-va - ry;



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.  
Thy sil-ver, Thy gold, I will not withhold, I'll pay what you want me to pay.




## No. 136. He'll Give Me More.



"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down and shaken together and running over."—LUKE 6: 28.

ANON.

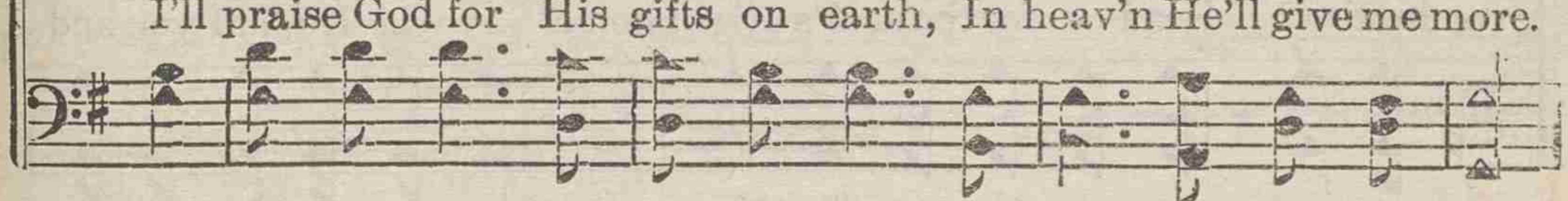
S. P. CREASINGER.



1. I free - ly give of what I have, Out of my earth - ly store,  
2. If dis - ap-point-ment e'er should come, And take my earth - ly store,  
3. And when up - on my couch I lie, And life is al - most o'er,



I know that I shall nev - er want, For God will give me more.  
I'll trust in God who owns the world, And He will give me more.  
I'll praise God for His gifts on earth, In heav'n He'll give me more.



He'll give me more, He'll give me more, He'll give me from His bounteous store;





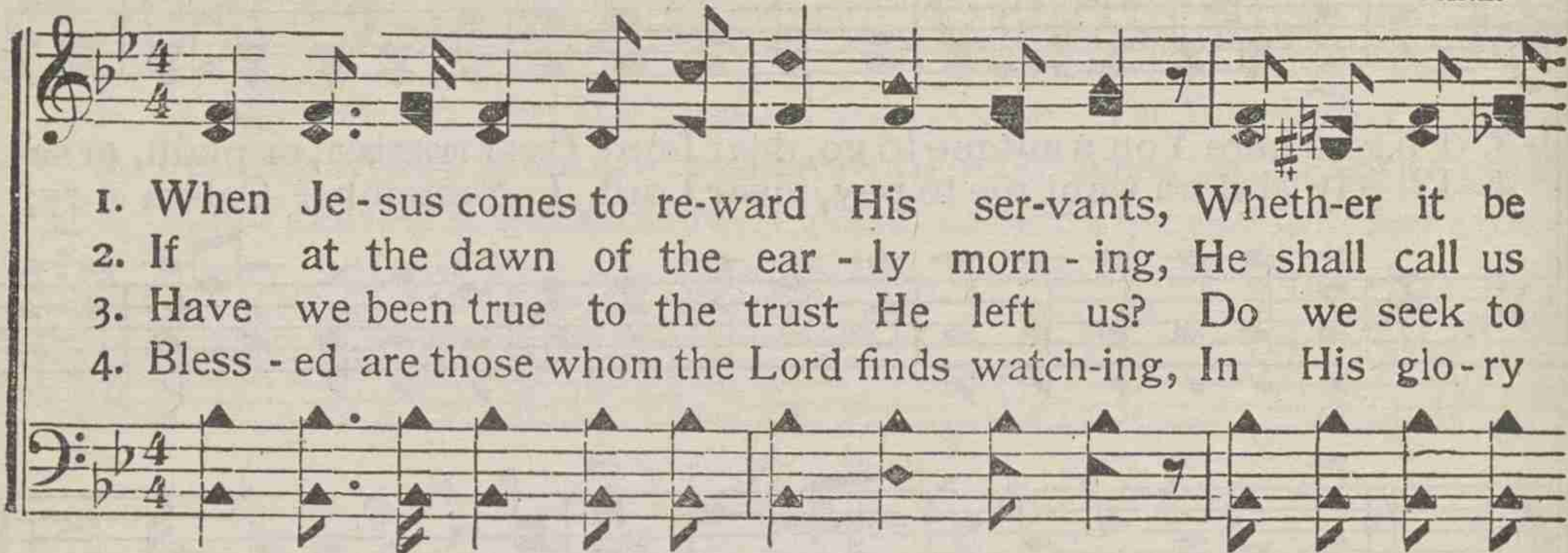
# No. 137. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5:6.

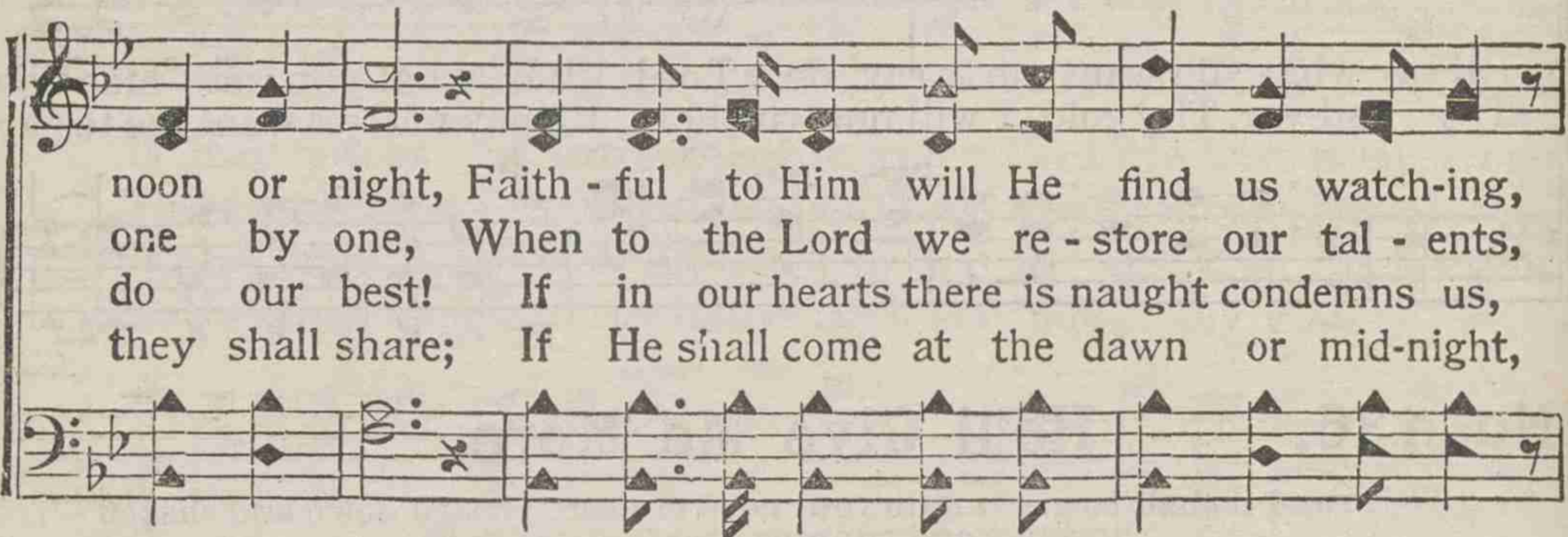
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.

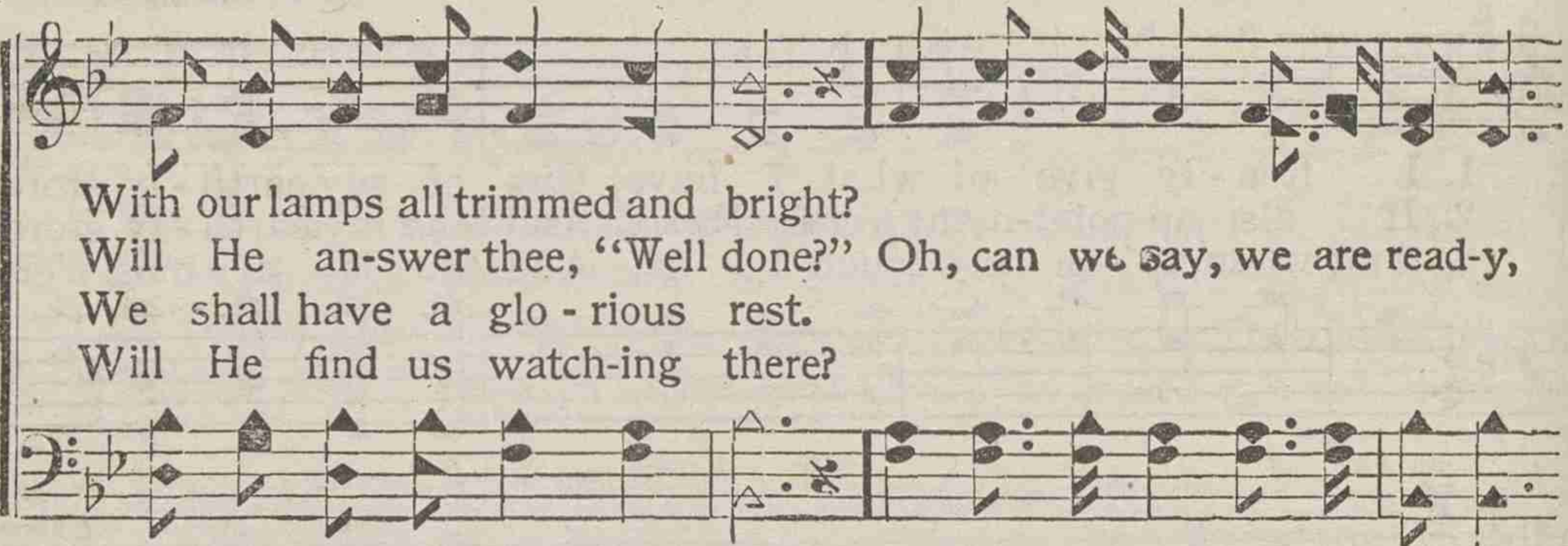


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Wheth - er it be  
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

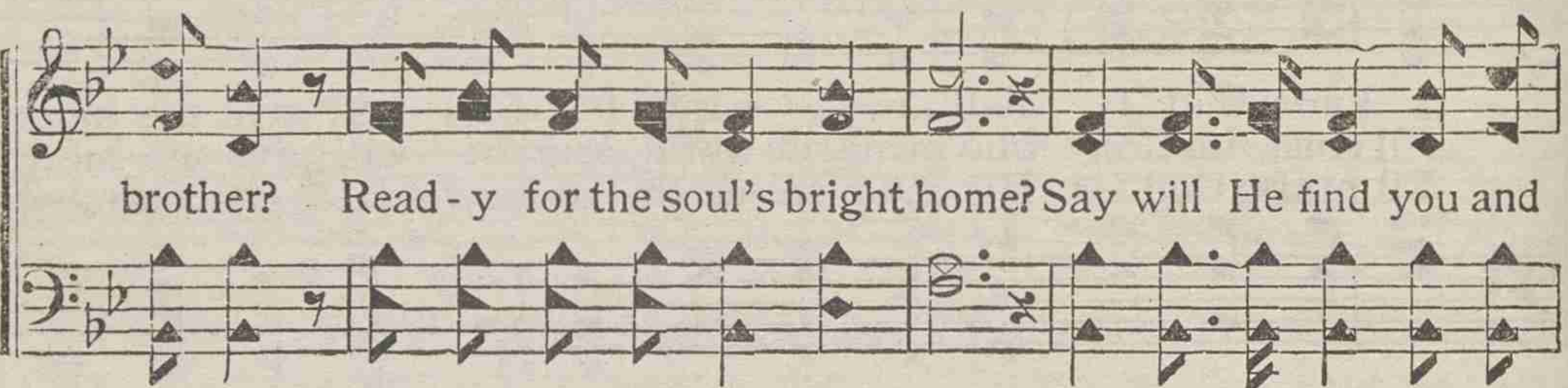


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,


## CHORUS.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are read - y,  
We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
Will He find us watch - ing there?



brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and



me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?



# CHORUS SELECTIONS.

No. 138.

Diadem.


"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—1 TIM. 6: 15.

E. PERRONET.

Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
 Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,  
 We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown..... Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of  
 And crown..... Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....  
 crown Him, crown Him,



all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 crown..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all



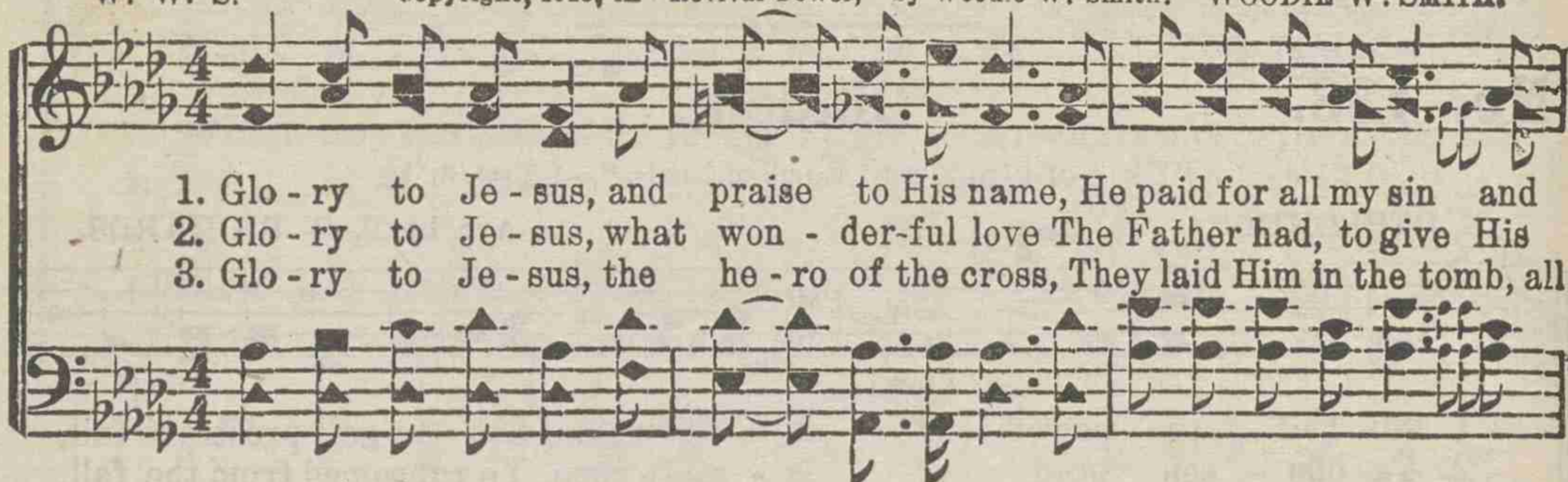
# No. 139.

# He's Coming Soon.

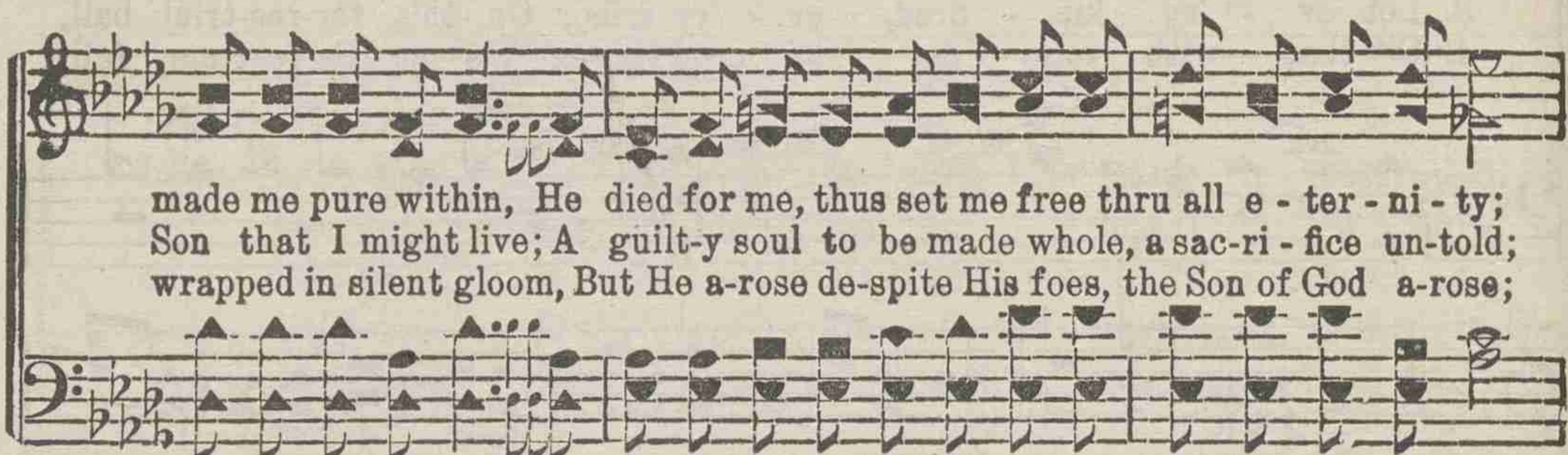
"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—MATT. 25: 44.

W. W. S.

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1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise to His name, He paid for all my sin and  
 2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, what won - der-ful love The Father had, to give His  
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the he - ro of the cross, They laid Him in the tomb, all



made me pure within, He died for me, thus set me free thru all e - ter - ni - ty;  
 Son that I might live; A guilt-y soul to be made whole, a sac-ri - fice un-told;  
 wrapped in silent gloom, But He a-rose de-spite His foes, the Son of God a-rose;



Won-der-ful Saviour, my Lord and my King, As-cend-ed to His throne, and in-ter-  
 Mar-vel-ous rapture burst forth from my soul, As I behold my Lord, and read His  
 Then He as-cend-ed to His home a - bove, The ho - ly Spir-it came to mag-ni -



cedes a - lone For those by grace, who seek His face, He died to free the race.  
 ho - ly word; He'll come a - gain, a King to reign, Blest Lamb for sinners slain.  
 fy His name, Till He shall come to claim His own; He's comming, coming soon.

## CHORUS.



Be read - y when the Lord of hosts shall come, To judge the  
 Be ready when the Lord shall come, the Lord of hosts shall come, To judge the world, to



## He's Coming Soon. Concluded.

world in peace and righteousness, He rules He reigns The  
judge the world, in peace and righteousness, He rules, He reigns both Lord and King,

*Emphatic.* *rit.*  
King upon His throne; Be ready when the Lord shall come; He's coming, coming soon.

## No. 140. Over On the Other Side.

P. E.

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PINK ENGLISH.

1. We are sad while here be - low, And we're nev - er sat - is - fied;  
2. Friends are call - ing in that clime, Call - ing, call - ing you and me;  
3. There we'll rest our wea - ry feet, And we'll be well sat - is - fied;  
4. Tears will all be wiped a - way, By our Fa - ther's bless - ed hand;

*FINE.*  
'Twill be bright - er there I know, O - ver on the oth - er side.  
Won't it be a hap - py time, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.  
Oh, the joy will be so sweet, O - ver on the oth - er side.  
No more night but al - ways day, O - ver in the prom - ised land.

*D.S.* Where sweet shades are spreading wide, o - ver on the oth - er side.

*REFRAIN.* *D. S.*  
O - ver on the oth - er side, By the roll - ing crys - tal tide;



# No. 141, Sing of His Love Evermore.

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JAMES ROWE.

J. ROY MCCOOK.

*Earnestly.*



1. Christians, sing to Je-sus the Saviour with joy to - day, Praise His love with  
2. Gathered near His beau-ti-ful al-tar re - peat the song, Let the hills and  
3. By and by where He is the light we shall praise His love, By and by with



car - ols of rap-ture a - long the way; Fill the sky with strains of rejoicing and  
val-leys and woodlands His praise prolong, Praise His name, till stars shall repeat it with  
an-gels and saints we shall sing a-bove; Songs of joy to Him we shall sing by the



pur - est praise, For the love of Jesus has brightened our earthly days.  
voic - es sweet, Praise to-day the mighty Redeemer with joy com - plete.  
crys-tal sea In the gold-en light of His love while the a-ges flee.

*m* CHORUS.



Sing of His love ev - er - more,.... Car-ol His glo-ri-ous name;.....  
Sing of His love evermore, Car - ol His glorious name;



Wing it o'er o-cean and shore,.... Love ev - er - last-ing pro - claim.  
Wing it o'er ocean and shore,



## Sing of His Love Evermore. Concluded.

*m*

He is our Saviour and King, . . . . . Worthy of praises is He; . . . . .  
 He is our Saviour and King, Wor - thy of praises is He;

Praise Him a - bove for His glo - ri - ous love For e - ter - ni - ty . . . . .

No. 142.

## Peace, Be Still.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

"And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, 'peace, be still.'"—MARK 4: 39.  
 REV. W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The night is dark and star-less, The sea is rough and wild! O  
 2. When broken hearts are bleeding With bit-ter, ach-ing grief, O  
 3. The ma - ny times the darkness Has settled round my soul, Some -

God in mer-cy, res-cue Thy tempest-driven child, From Thy lips just a  
 then in mer-cy, Fa-ther, Send wretched souls relief, For Thou canst calm their  
 times onrushing billows Would o'er my spirit roll, But God with just a

whis-per Will make the ocean mild; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."  
 sor - row With gentle word and brief; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."  
 whis-per Would hold them in con-trol; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."

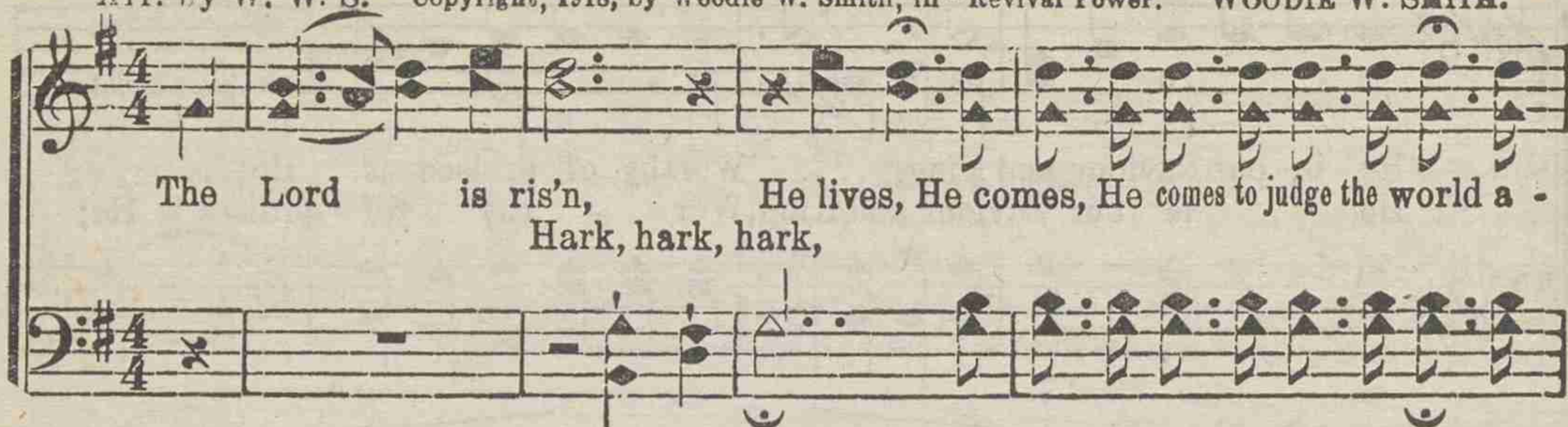


# No. 143.

# Messiah.

## ANTHEM.

Arr. by W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.



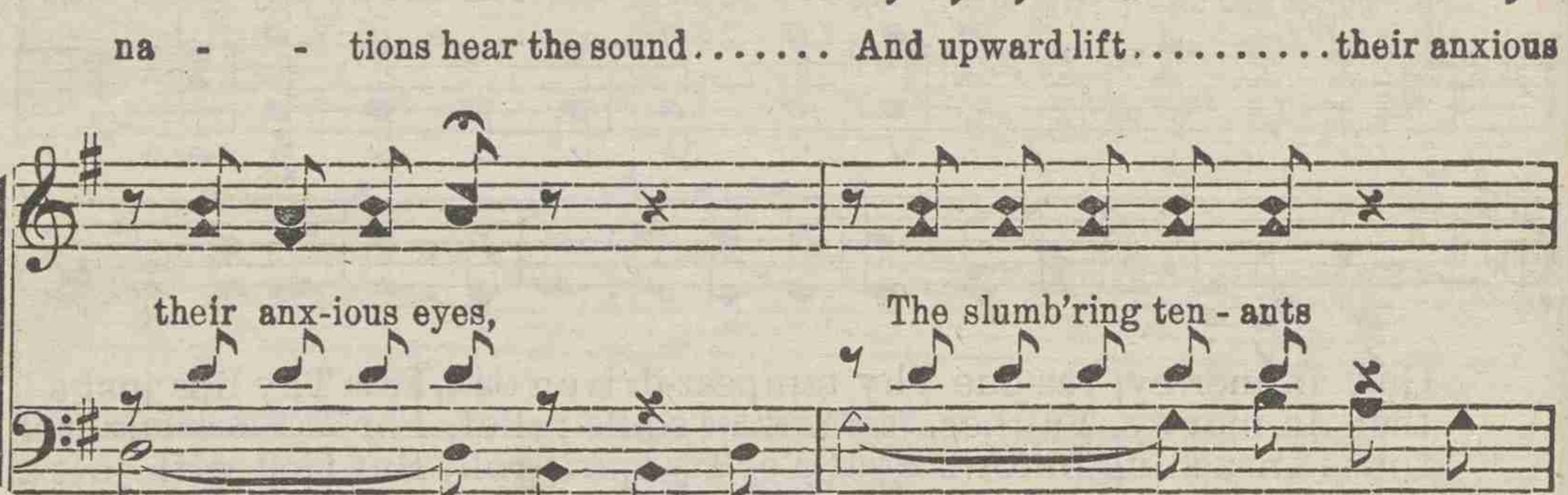
The Lord is ris'n, He lives, He comes, He comes to judge the world a -  
Hark, hark, hark,



loud archangels cry,—While thunders roll from pole to pole, and lightnings cleave the sky;



The affrighted nations hear the sound, And upward lift



na - - tions hear the sound..... And upward lift.....their anxious



their anx-ious eyes, The slumb'ring ten - ants



eyes,..... The slumb'ring ten - - - ants of the  
of the ground, In liv-ing ar-mies will a-rise.  
the dead shall rise.  
ground..... In liv - ing ar - - - mies will a - rise.



# Messiah. Concluded.

*Good as Alto Solo.*

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on the vocal line in the alto clef.

{ Hear the sweet voice of the Sav-iour, He is so ten-der-ly call-ing, Wak-en, my  
Judg-ment is com-ing, my broth-er, Soon we shall all be re-ward-ed, If we His

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on the vocal line in the alto clef.

brother, and list - en! Jesus has come to re - deem; }  
word have ac-cept-ed; [Omit . . . . .] Jesus will welcome us home,

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on the vocal line in the alto clef.

Where all is peace, peace, peace, sweet peace and joy for-ev-er, A-men, and a - men. *pp*



# No. 144

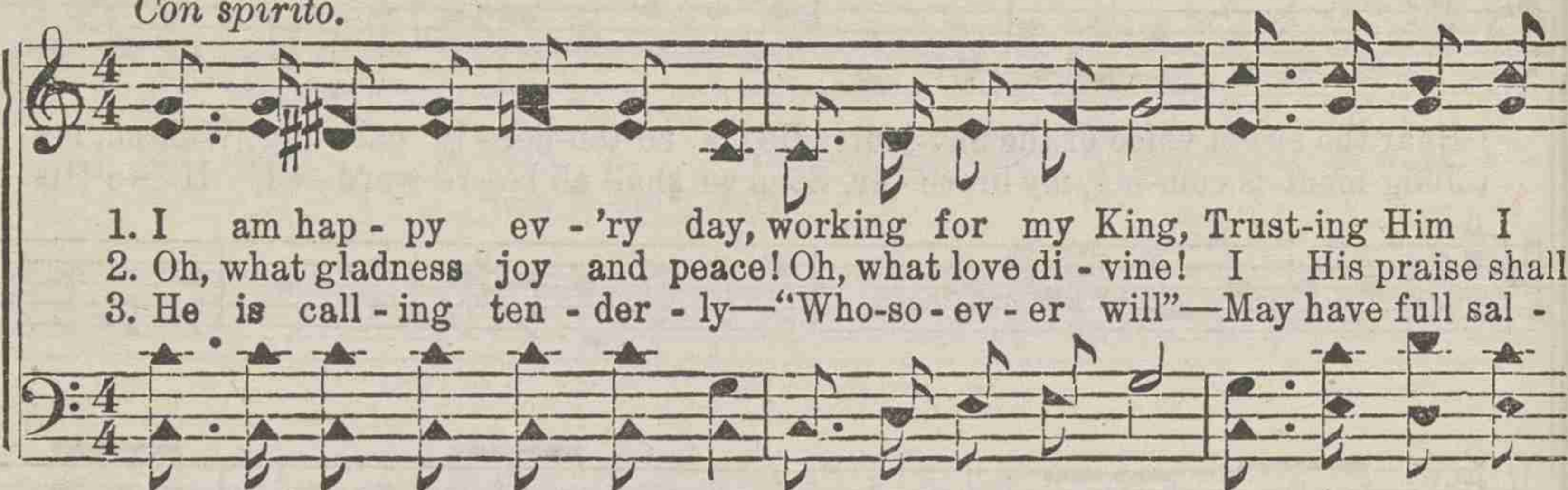
# Happy in His Service.

Copyright, 1918, in "Love Tidings," by Ussery and Jones, H. E. Ogden, owner.

H. E. O.

H. ELLIS OGDEN.

*Con spirito.*



1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day, working for my King, Trust-ing Him I  
 2. Oh, what gladness joy and peace! Oh, what love di - vine! I His praise shall  
 3. He is call - ing ten - der - ly—"Who-so-ev - er will"—May have full sal -



can-not stray, Glo - ry I will sing; On-ward at His blest command, with a  
 nev - er cease—Blessed Saviour mine! Joy - ful - ly, I on-ward go, With my  
 va - tion free—Mer-cy ling - ers still; In your heart He will a-bide, Cleanse and



will-ing heart and hand, To the promised Glo - ry Land, I will glad - ly go.  
 garments white as snow,—I want all the world to know Of His sav - ing grace.  
 keep you pur - i - fied, Till you reach the oth - er side, Safe for - ev - er-more.

REFRAIN.



Hap - py ev - 'ry day. All..... a - long the  
 I'm so hap-py, hap-py ev - 'ry day, Oh, so hap-py,

*cres.*



way, Of His love and mercy I will glad - ly sing;  
 all a-long the way, oh, glo - ry!



## Happy in His Service. Concluded.

Filled..... with joy and love, on..... my  
Filled with rapture, filled with joy and love, press-ing on-ward,

*cres.*  
way a-bove, Hap-py in the serv-ice of my Lord and King.  
to that home a-bove,

## No. 145 Why Live Without Jesus.

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M. G. BRADLEY.

H. E. OGDEN.

1. Why do you live with-out Je - sus? He is a friend that you need,—  
2. Why do you ling - er in dark - ness, Serv-ing the pow-ers of sin?  
3. Seek you that beau - ti - ful cit - y, Where all the righteous shall dwell;

**FINE.**  
Why do you long - er re - ject Him? He is a Sav-iour in - deed.  
Christ is the light you are need - ing, Come and His serv-ice be - gin.  
Go with a mes-sage of glad-ness, Sor-row and sad - ness dis - pell.

*D. S.*—Lov-ing - ly wait you to wel-come—Why do you long - er de - lay.

**REFRAIN.** *D. S.*  
O - ver the mys - ti - cal riv - er, An-gels in glo-rious ar - ray;



# No. 146.

# Press the Battle Hard.

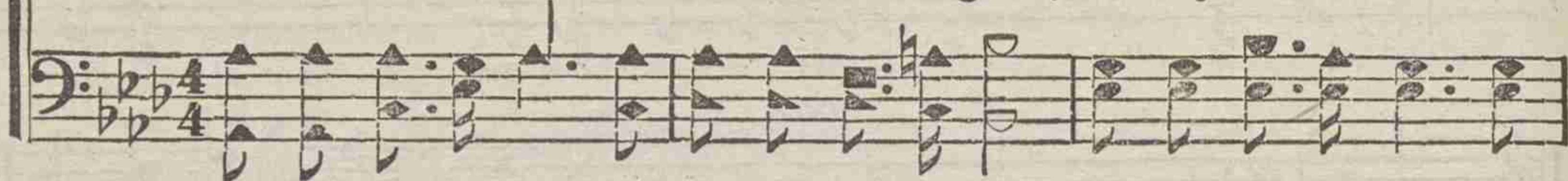
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W. W. S.

WOODIE W. SMITH,



1. Press the bat-tle hard, ye sol-diers of the cross, Strive to win the lost, re-
2. Press the bat-tle hard, the test-ing time is on, Fight for Je-sus Christ, the
3. Press the bat-tle hard, the con-flict is so great, Ma - ny sin - ful souls for



gard-less of the cost; Raise the ban-ner high, it must not suf-fer loss,  
day will soon be gone; If you would be true till vic-to-ry is won,  
com-fort now a-wait; Lest you let them go to meet the aw-ful fate,



## CHORUS.



Press the bat-tle hard to-day. Press the battle hard, Press the battle  
Press..... the bat-tle hard,.....



Press the bat - tle, press the



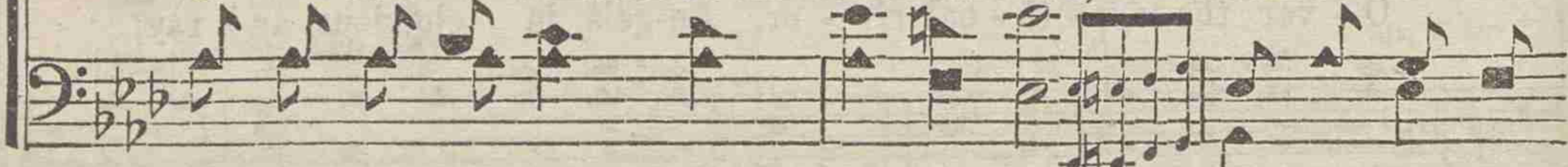
hard, Press the battle hard, Press the battle hard,  
..... Oh, soldiers, press..... the bat-tle hard,..... A-wake, and



bat - tle, Press the bat - tle, press the bat - tle,



Val-iant sol-diers, be for Christ our Lord; Press the bat-tle  
val - iant sol-diers be for Christ our Lord; Press.....



Val-iant sol-diers be for Christ our Lord; Press the



## Press the Battle Hard. Concluded.

hard, Press the battle hard, Press the battle hard,  
 ..... the bat-tle hard,..... Oh, soldiers, press..... the bat-tle  
 bat - tle, press the bat - tle, Press the bat - tle,  
 Press the bat-tle hard, Soldiers of the cross o - bey His will.  
 hard,..... Awake, ye sol - diers of the cross, o-bey His will.  
 press the bat - tle, Soldiers of the cross o - bey His will.

No. 147.

## A Hope In Jesus.

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H. ELLIS OGDEN.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. I have a hope in Je-sus, His grace has made me free, From sin and condem-  
 2. I have a hope in Je-sus, Oh, glo-ry to His name; While He my hand is  
 3. I have a hope in Je-sus, Just how I can-not tell, But this I know, He

### CHORUS.

na - tion, His love a-bides in me.  
 hold-ing, His love I will proclaim. I have a hope in Je-sus, I know I'm  
 saved me, And all with me is well.

in His care; By His own pow'r He lift-ed My soul from dark despair. (despair.)



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M. D. U.

MARK D. USSERY.



1. Press - ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, A vic - to - ry to
2. Press - ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, The vic - to - ry is
3. Press - ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, Till vic - to - ry is



win,.... Rais - ing the ban - ner of Truth and Love O'er fields of  
 sure, ... Je - sus our lead - er in this great fight Will to the  
 won, ... Show - ing the world that the Fa - ther's will Must here on



vice and sin;.... On - ward our sol - diers in bright ar - ray,  
 end en - dure;.... He will lead faith - ful - ly in the way  
 earth be done;.... Show - ing the wick - ed in vain is their fight



March - ing, yes, march - ing from day to day, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The  
 Where is sure vic - to - ry ev - 'ry day, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The  
 'Gainst the great lead - er of Truth and Right, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The





# The Victory to Win. Concluded.

## CHORUS.



vic - to - ry to win. (to win.) Tramp, tramp,  
vic - to - ry to win. (to win.)  
vic - to - ry to win. (to win.) Press-ing the bat - tle in



tramp, tramp, The vic - to - ry to win; ..... Tramp,  
Je - sus' name, to win; Rais - ing the



tramp, tramp, tramp, O'er fields of vice and sin; ....  
ban - ner of Truth and Love,



On - ward, our sol - diers, in bright ar - ray, Marching, yes, marching from



day to day; Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, the vic - to - ry to win. ....  
to win.



# No. 149. Praise Him! Praise Him!


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FANNY J. CROSBY.


CHESTER G. ALLEN.




1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals,

won-der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo-ry;  
 suffered, and bled and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev - er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a sheph-erd, Jesus will  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru-ci - fied. Sound His prais - es! Jesus who  
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing! o-ver the




guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; Praise Him! praise Him!  
 bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him!  
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be - long; Praise Him! praise Him!




tell of His excellent greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!





# No. 150, The Sinner and the Song.

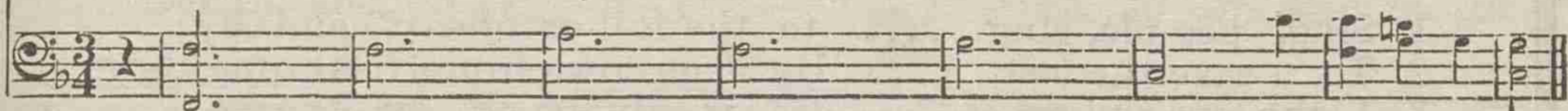
W. L. T.  
SOLO.

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. A sinner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stooped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,



In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;  
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church again swells the song;



QUARTET. *pp*

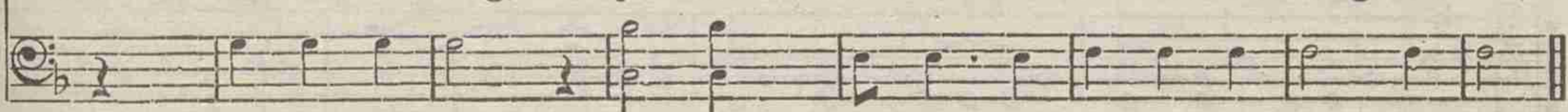
SOLO.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Oh, tempter, depart,
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,



I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,



can it be that a sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?



QUARTET. *pp*

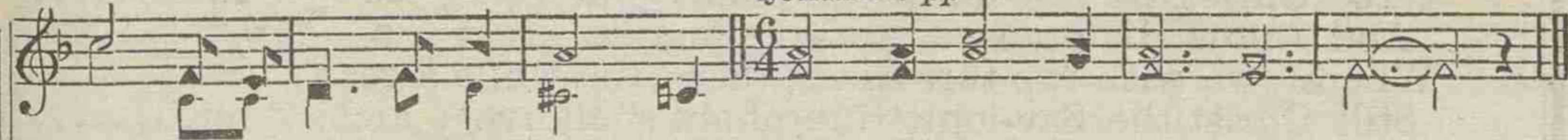
SOPRO.



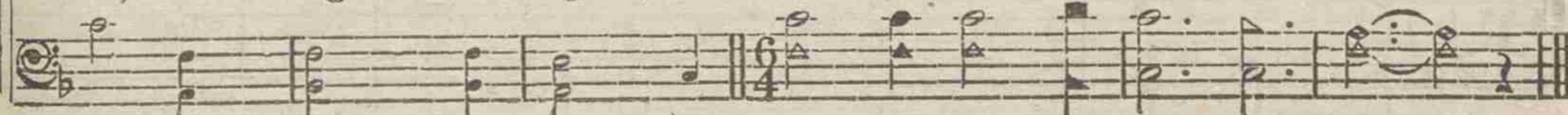
Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I



QUARTET. *pp*



come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.






# No. 151. The Saviour Triumphant.

Copyright, 1910, by Albert C. Fisher, Fort Worth, Texas.

JAMES ROWE.

ALBERT C. FISHER.

Unison.



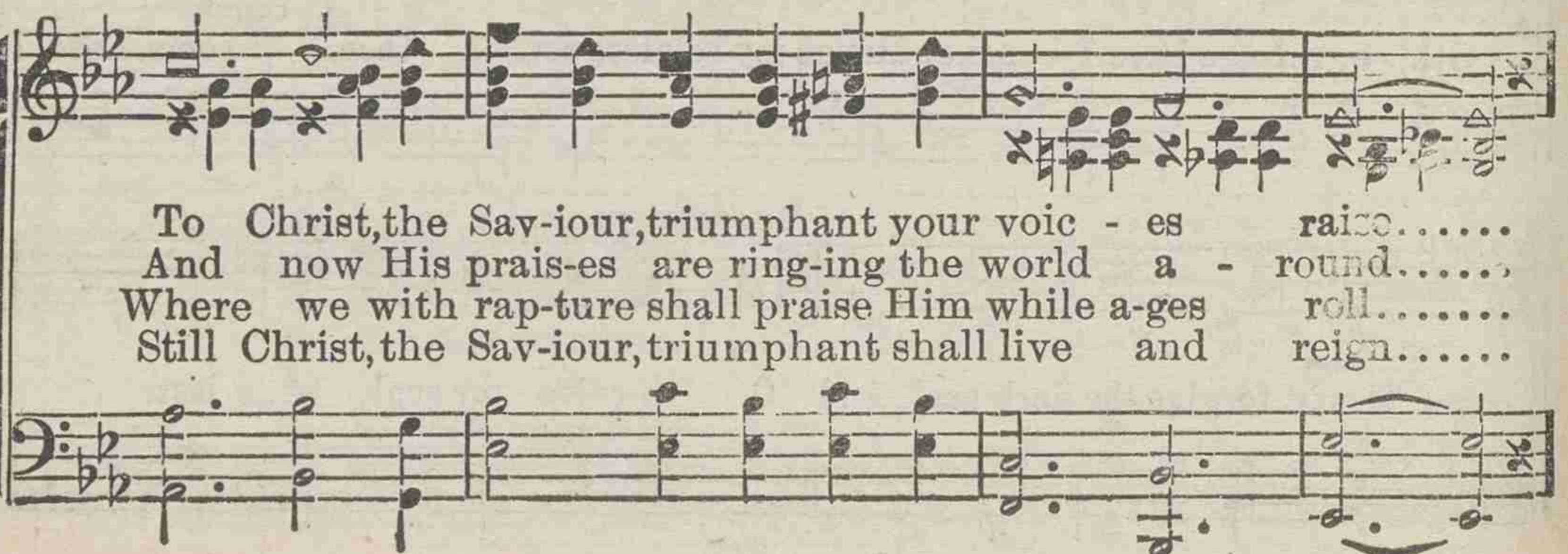
1. Sing, peo-ple, sing..... to the Rul-er of earth and sky;.....  
 2. To save the lost,..... He came down from His throne above..  
 3. Light, love and peace..... He is giv-ing to ev-'ry race,.....  
 4. O love di-vine!..... 'tis a fathomles, shore-less sea,.....



Sing, till the hills and val - leys re - ply,..... Till the  
 O - pened to them the arms of His love;..... On the  
 Sav - ing the world by mer - cy and grace;..... He is  
 Where all the storm-tossed peace - ful may be!..... When the



sun, moon and stars.... shall re-peat your song of praise,.....  
 cross He was slain,... but His love doth yet a-bound,.....  
 guid - ing our souls.... to the shining, heav'nly goal,.....  
 kings of the earth.... and their thrones no more remain,.....



To Christ, the Sav-iour, triumphant your voic - es raise.....  
 And now His prais-es are ring-ing the world a - round.....  
 Where we with rap-ture shall praise Him while a-ges roll.....  
 Still Christ, the Sav-iour, triumphant shall live and reign.....



# The Saviour Triumphant. Concluded,

## CHORUS.

Hon-or and glo-ry for-ev - er Be to His won-der-ful

name;..... Earth shall re-joice in His pow - er,

## Harmony. cres.

Nations His glo-ry pro-claim;..... An-gels in heav-en ex -

Na-tions His mar-vel-ous glo-ry pro-claim,

## cres.

alt..... Him, Mil-lions of mor-tals a-dore!.....

## cres.

## ff

## f

Praise ye the Sav-iour, triumphant For ev - er - more....



# No. 152.

# Shoulder to Shoulder.

"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon."—JUDGES 7: 20.

Copyright, 1908, by J. T. Franklin. The Brown-Franklin Co., owners.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, list! the bu - gles are call - ing, Fol - low where - ev - er our
2. This is a time when re - lig - ion means something, More than profession, or
3. Bul - warks of sin for our Lord must be ta - ken, Strongholds of e - vil be
4. Sol - diers of Christ, fol - low af - ter your Cap - tain, See! far a - head is His



ban - ner doth fly; Though all a - round us the darts may be fall - ing,  
 preach - ing, or song; This is a time to call men in - to act - ion,  
 forced to give way; For - ward, brave sol - diers, with cour - age un - shak - en,  
 ban - ner un - furled; Fear not to fol - low where - ev - er He leads you,



## CHORUS.



Shoul - der to shoul - der we'll fight till we die.  
 Shoul - der to shoul - der to fight a - gainst wrong. Shoul - der to shoul - der,  
 Shoul - der to shoul - der for Christ win the day.  
 Shoul - der to shoul - der for Christ take the world.



shoul - der to shoulder, Fac - ing the foe in the midst of the fight; What, al - tho'



dan - ger and death be be - fore us, Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight for the right.

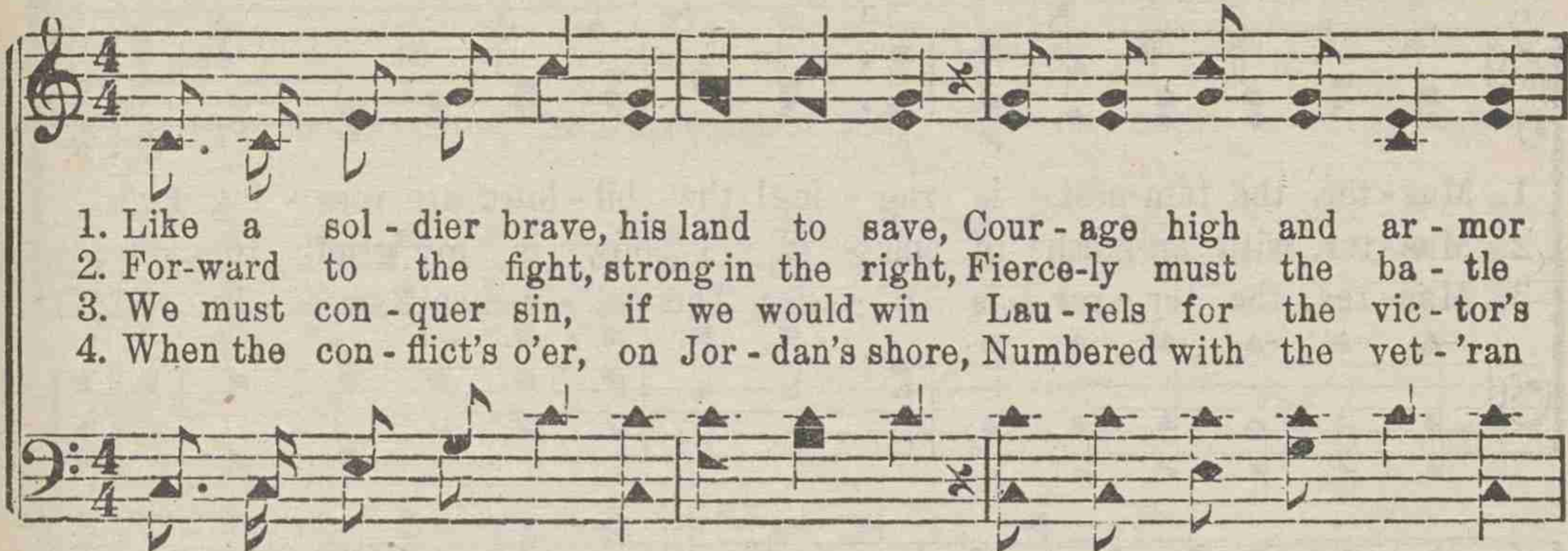




# No. 153. Rally for the Right, Boys.

J. A. B.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.



1. Like a sol - dier brave, his land to save, Cour - age high and ar - mor  
 2. For - ward to the fight, strong in the right, Fierce - ly must the ba - tle  
 3. We must con - quer sin, if we would win Lau - rels for the vic - tor's  
 4. When the con - flict's o'er, on Jor - dan's shore, Numbered with the vet - 'ran



bright; Push with vig - or on and with your might Now ral - ly for the  
 rage; Vic - t'ry will be ours, if we en - gage To ral - ly for the  
 brow; Then with Christ our Cap - tain, firm - ly now We'll ral - ly for the  
 band, In our Cap - tain's ranks we hope to stand, So ral - ly for the

## CHORUS.



right, boys, ral - ly! Vir - tue your watch - word, March firm - ly on - ward;



Stray not from wis - dom's way: But re - mem - ber that the An - gels from a -



bove will watch, will love; Then ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly.



## Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT,

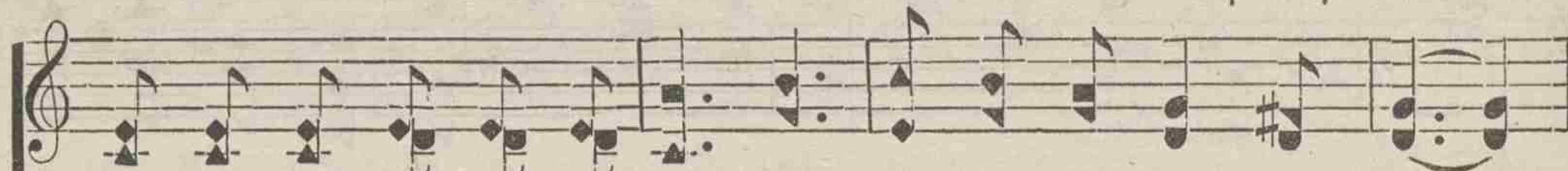
H. R. Palmer.



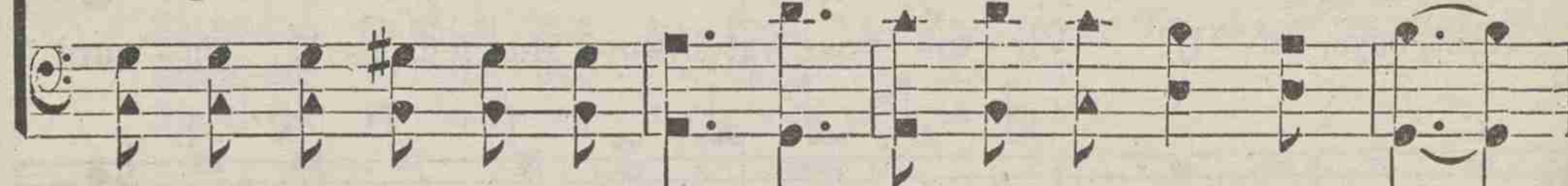
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! the bil-lows are toss-ing high!  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;  
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,  
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;  
 Lin-ger, O, bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con-trol.  
 And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



CHORUS.

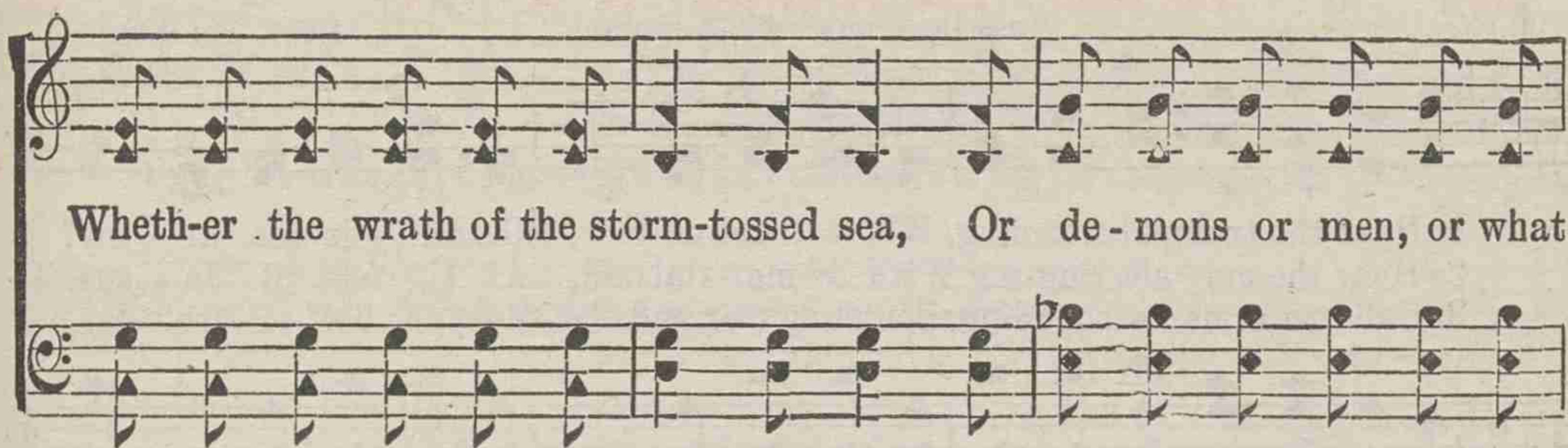
*p**pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....  
 Peace, be still peace, be still!



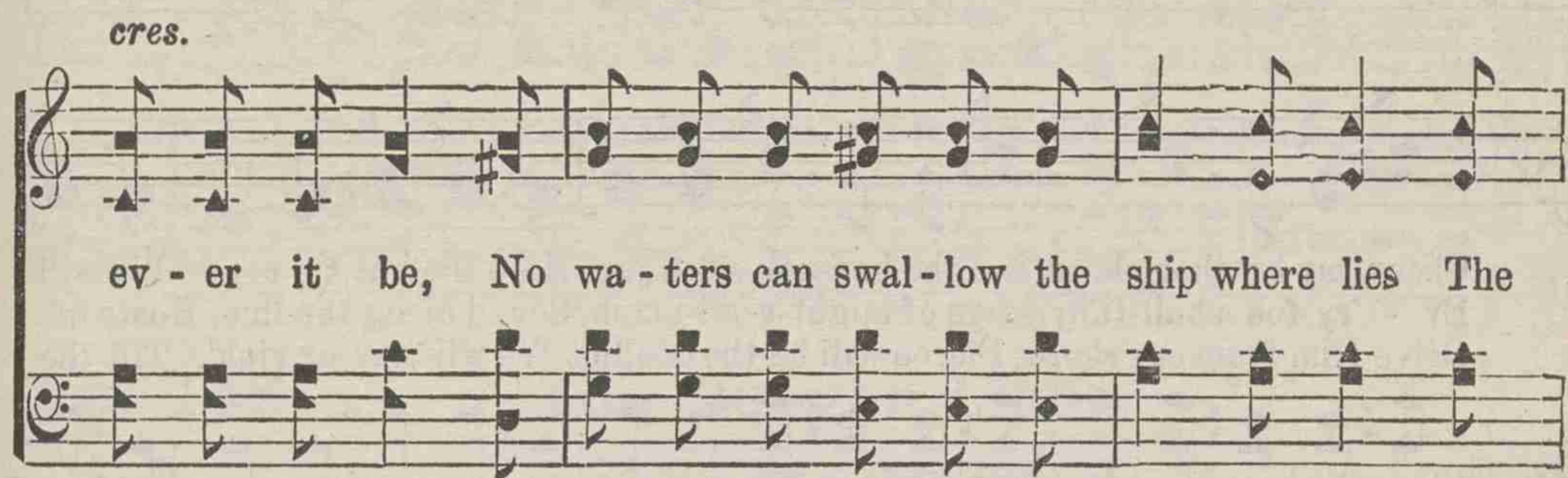


# Master, the Tempest is Raging.



Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

*cres.*



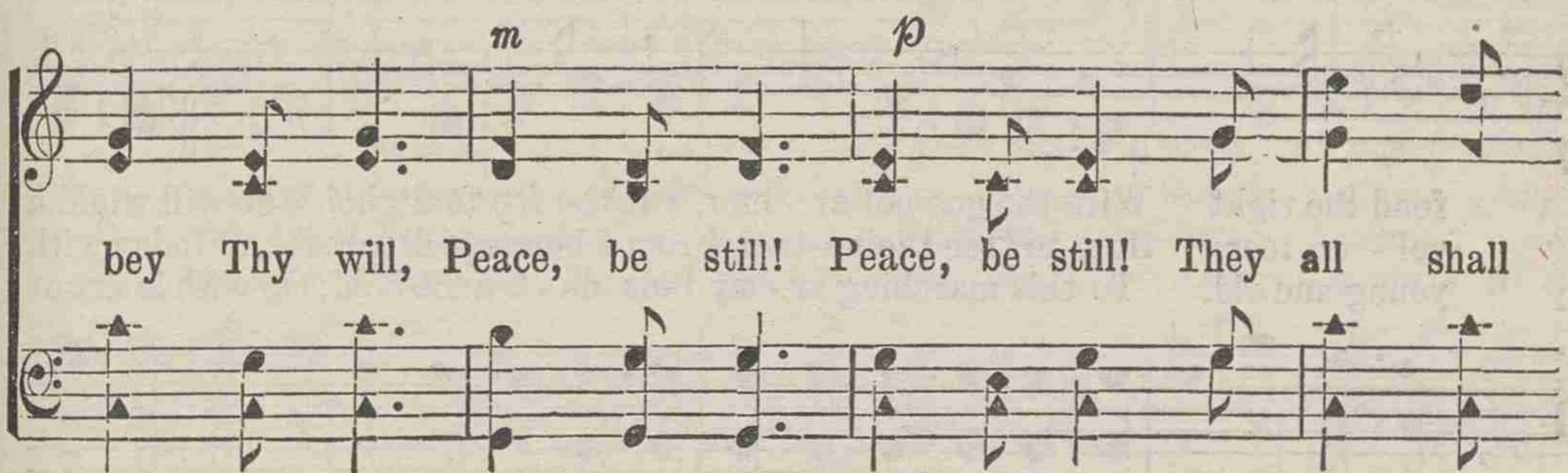
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

*ff* *m*



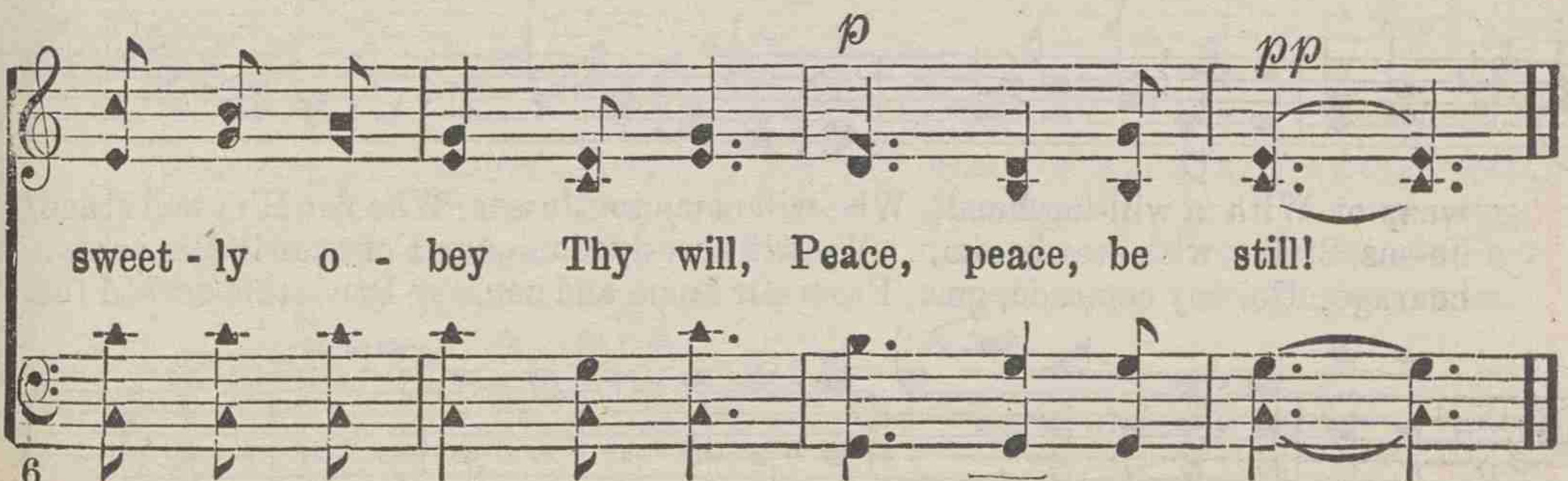
Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

*m* *p*



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

*p* *pp*



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!



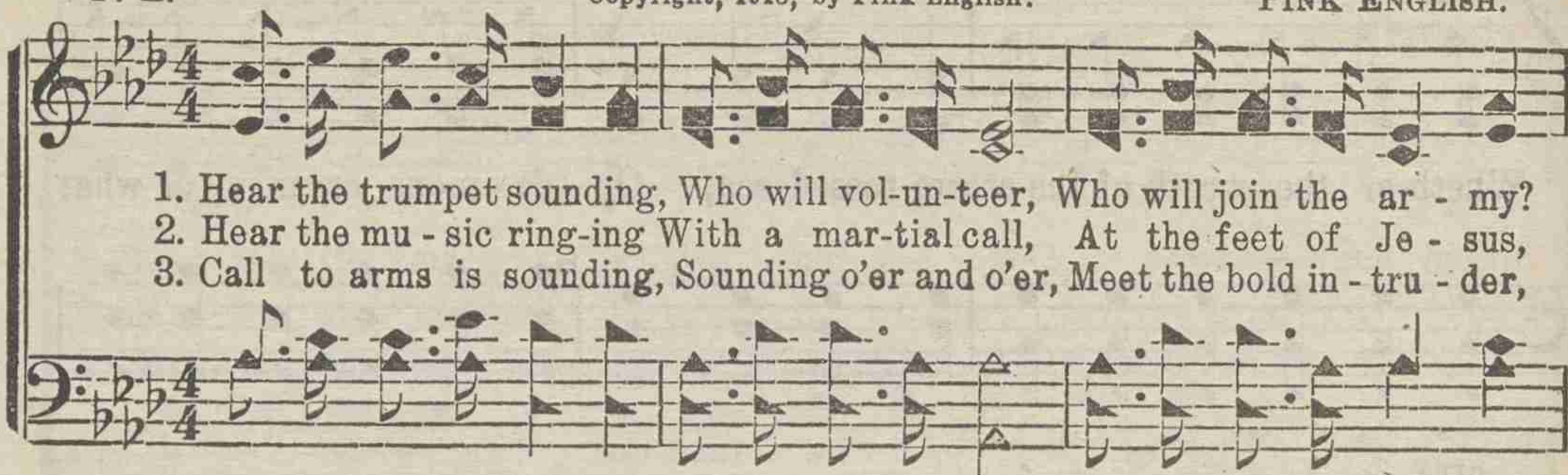
# No. 155.

# A Call for Volunteers.

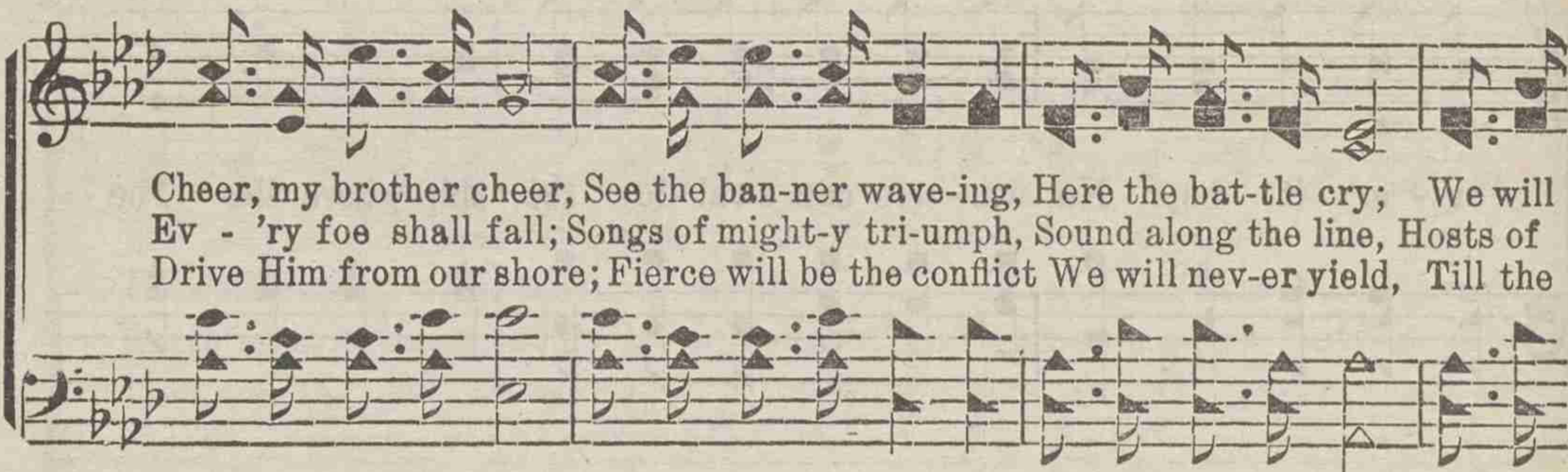
P. E.

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PINK ENGLISH.



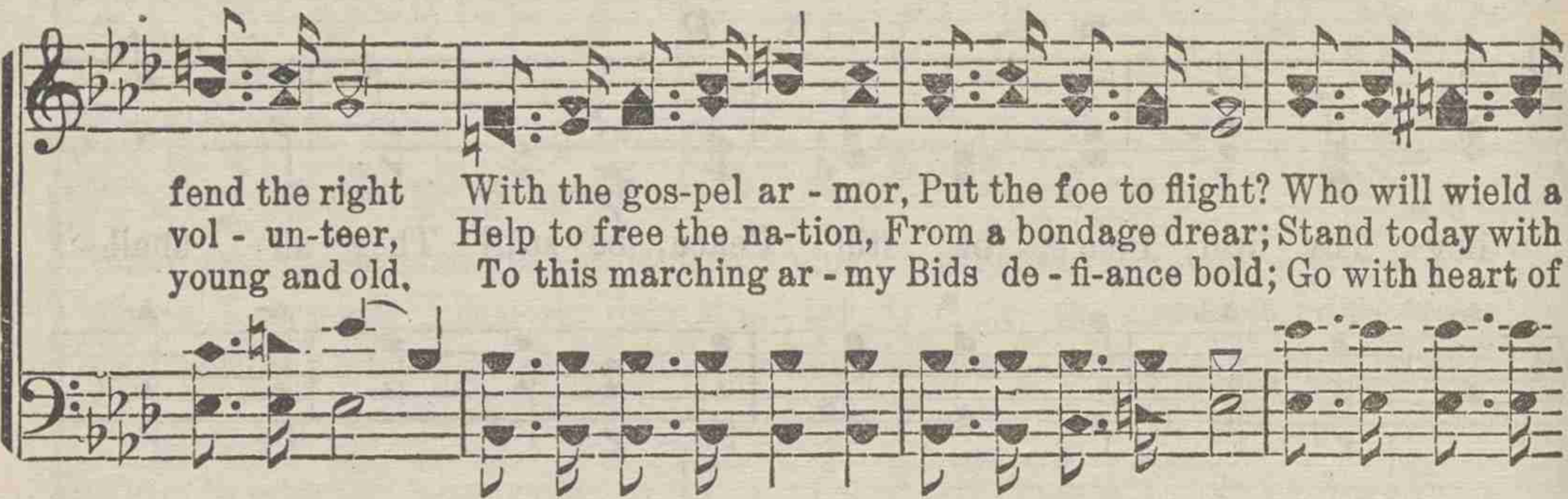
1. Hear the trumpet sounding, Who will vol-un-teer, Who will join the ar - my?  
 2. Hear the mu - sic ring-ing With a mar-tial call, At the feet of Je - sus,  
 3. Call to arms is sounding, Sounding o'er and o'er, Meet the bold in - tru - der,




Cheer, my brother cheer, See the ban-ner wave-ing, Here the bat-tle cry; We will  
 Ev - 'ry foe shall fall; Songs of might-y tri-umph, Sound along the line, Hosts of  
 Drive Him from our shore; Fierce will be the conflict We will nev-er yield, Till the



strive for glo - ry, Com-ing by and by. Who will be a sol - dier, To de -  
 right are march-ing, At commands di-vine: Still the Master's call - ing You to  
 foe is driv - en From the bat - tle field; Sin is ev - er blight-ing, Lives of



fend the right With the gos-pel ar - mor, Put the foe to flight? Who will wield a  
 vol - un-teer, Help to free the na-tion, From a bondage drear; Stand today with  
 young and old. To this marching ar - my Bids de - fi-ance bold; Go with heart of




weap-on With a will-ing hand? Who will come to Je-sus, Who for Him will stand?  
 Je-sus, Strive, with steady aim, We will sure-ly con-quer, Conquer in His name.  
 courage, Go, my comrade, go, From our home and country Drive this cursed foe.

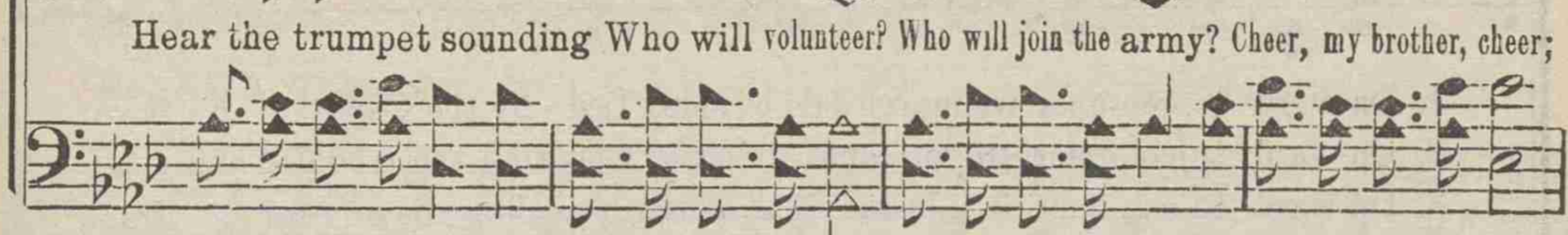



# A Call for Volunteers. Concluded.

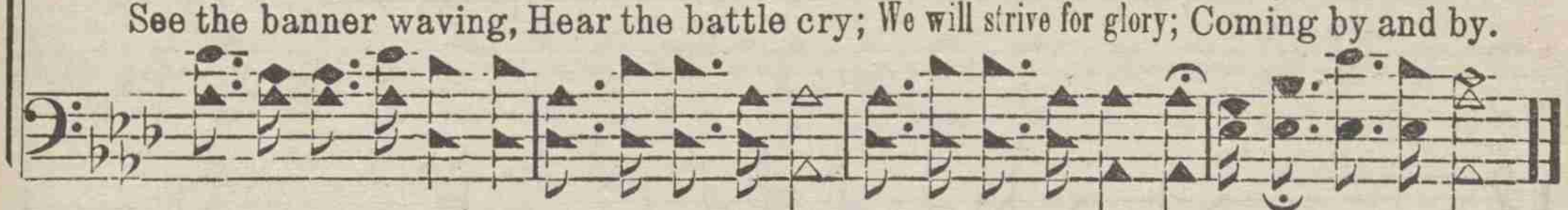
REFRAIN.



Hear the trumpet sounding Who will volunteer? Who will join the army? Cheer, my brother, cheer;

See the banner waving, Hear the battle cry; We will strive for glory; Coming by and by.



No. 156.

## The Danger Line.


P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Pink English.

PINK ENGLISH.

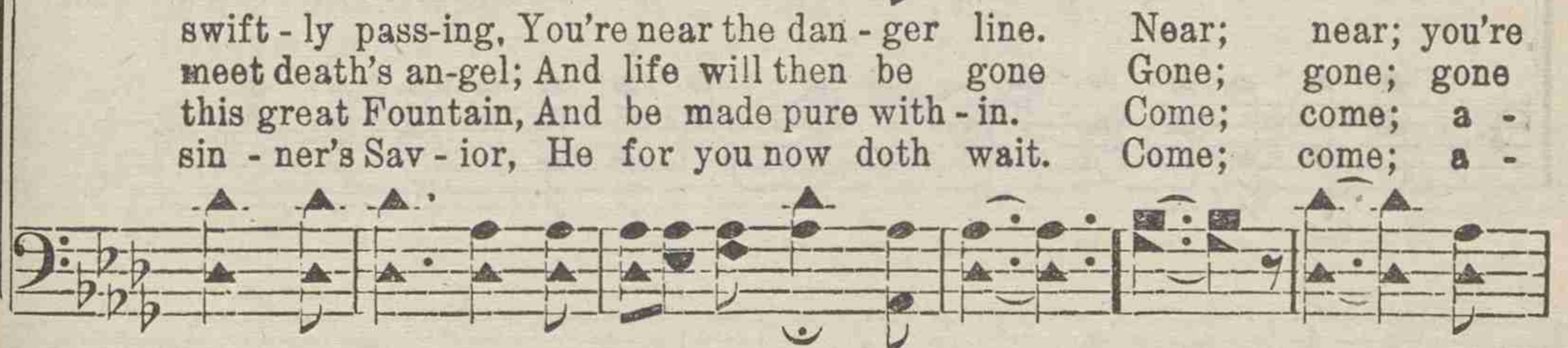


1. Oh, friend do not, I pray you, Re - fuse this love di - vine, Your life is  
2. How of - ten has He called you, And still you wan - der on; Some time you'll  
3. Oh! He died on mount Calv'ry To free your soul from sin; Oh, come to  
4. Now is the day of mer - cy, To - mor - row may be too late, Oh! come to the

CHORUS.

swift - ly pass - ing, You're near the dan - ger line. Near; near; you're  
meet death's an - gel; And life will then be gone Gone; gone; gone  
this great Fountain, And be made pure with - in. Come; come; a -  
sin - ner's Sav - ior, He for you now doth wait. Come; come; a -




near - ing the dan - ger line; Near; near; you're nearing the danger line.  
o - ver the dan - ger line; Gone; gone; gone o - ver the danger line.  
way from the dan - ger line; Come; come; a - way from the danger line.  
way from the dan - ger line; Come; come; a - way from the danger line.





# No. 157. Onward to Conquer.

JAMES ROWE.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



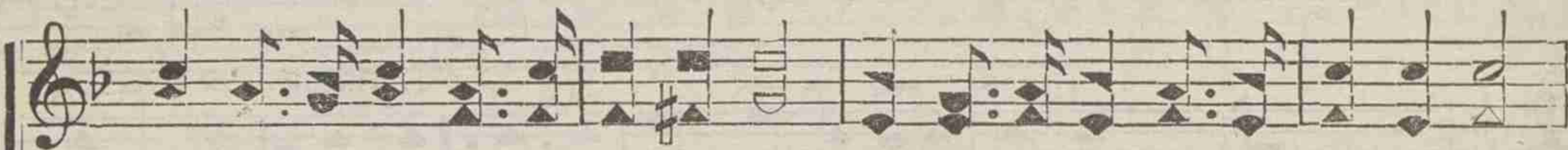
1. On-ward to con-quer we march side by side, Led by the Cap-tain a - bove;
2. On-ward to con-quer, to do and to dare, Cheering the troubled and lone;
3. On-ward to con-quer in Je-sus' dear name, Spreading His of - fer of grace;
4. On-ward to con-quer; no e - vil we fear, Je - sus will keep us, we know;



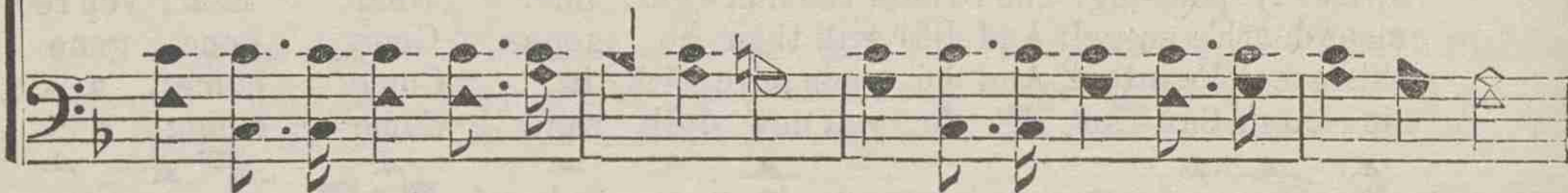
Sure that our Leader will faith-ful a - bide, Sweet-ly we trust in His love.  
Com-fort-ing ma - ny who bend in despair, Lead-ing the lost to His throne.  
O - ver and o - ver, with joy we proclaim Je - sus, who died for the race.  
Cheering us onward, He al - ways is near, Shielding our souls from the foe.



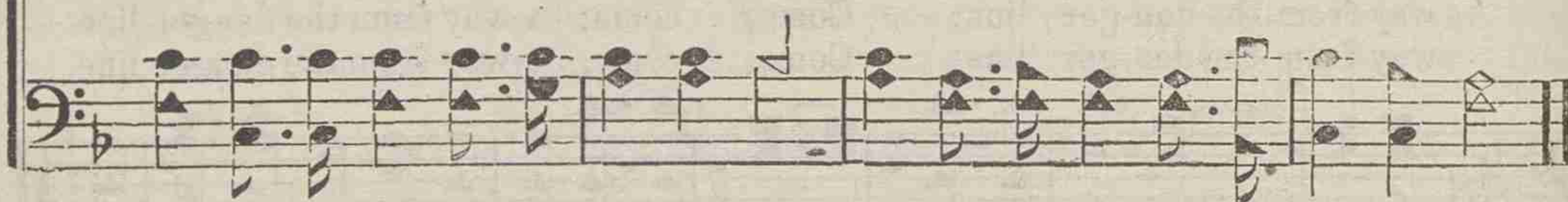
## CHORUS.



On-ward to conquer with God's dear Son, On-ward to bat-tle till life be done;



Facing with courage the world's dark frown, Onward with Jesus to win the crown.





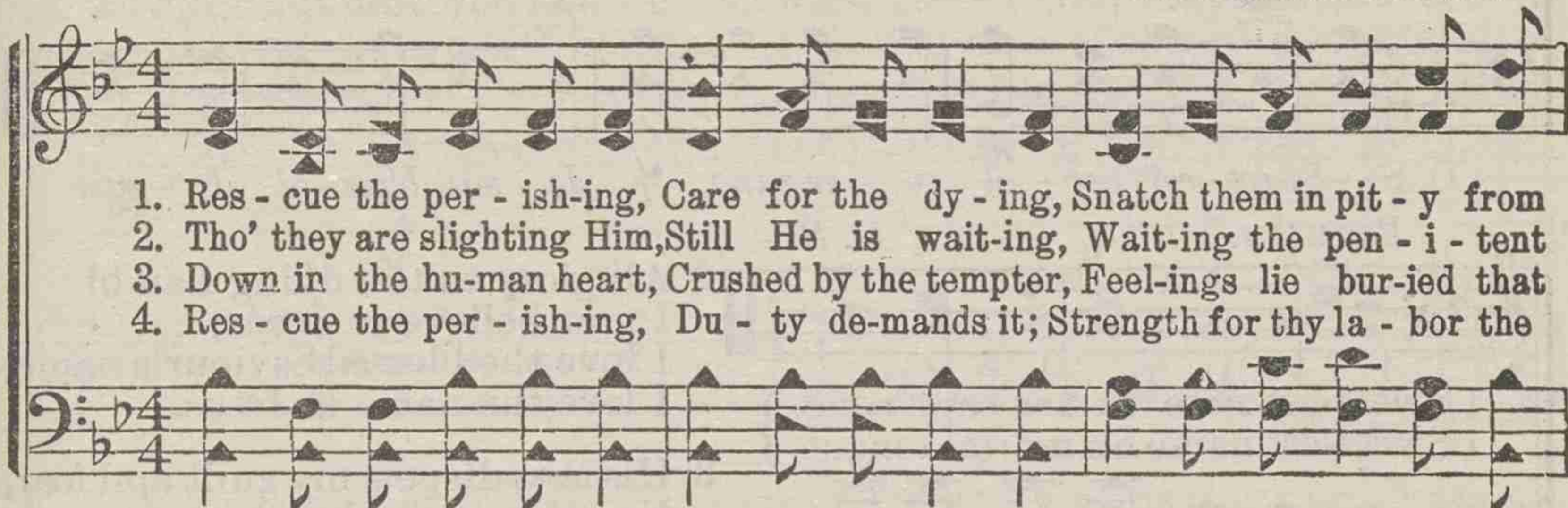
# OLD STANDARD HYMNS.

No. 158.

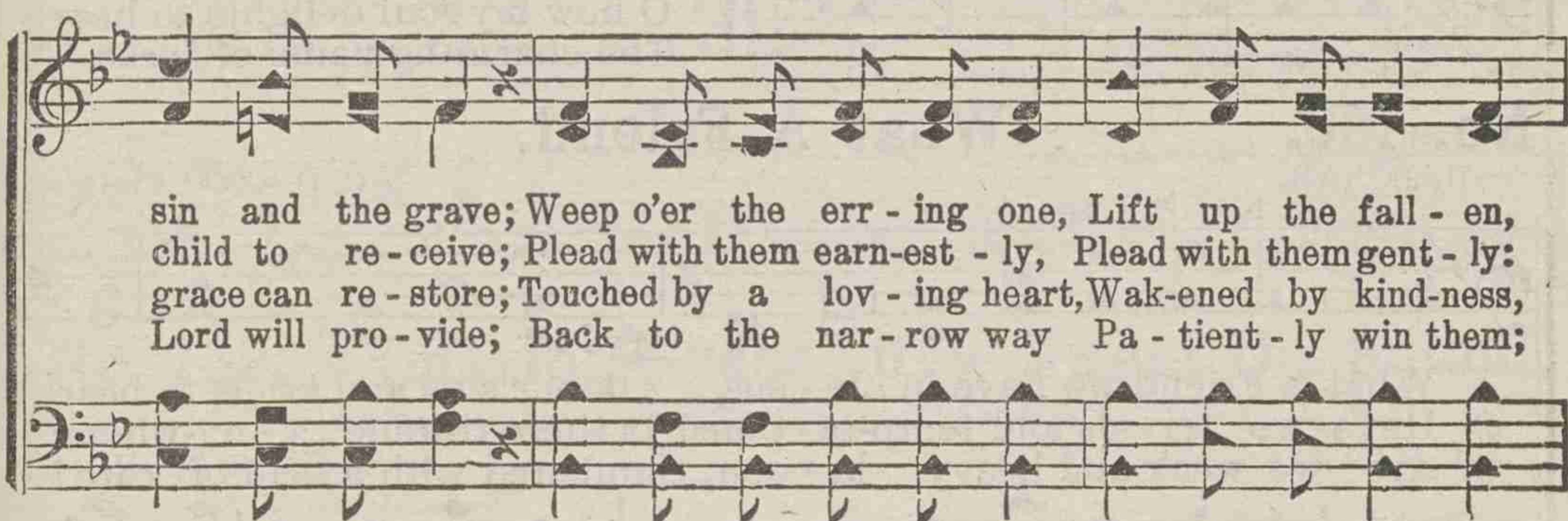
## Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

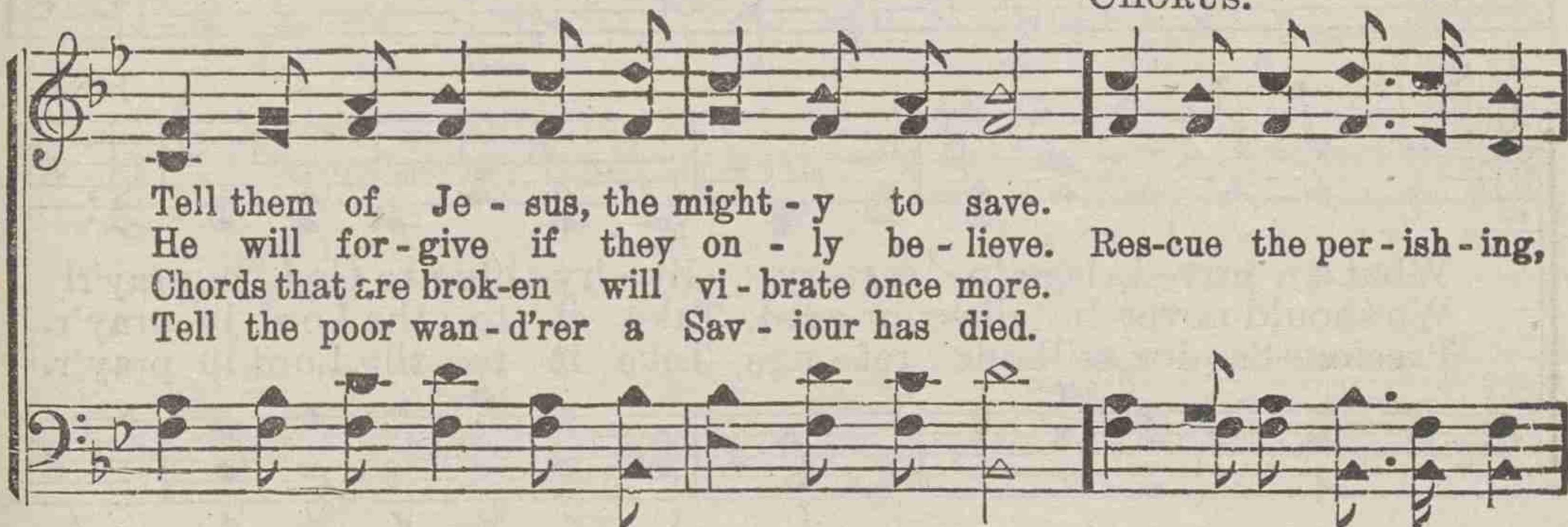


1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent  
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that  
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it;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



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly:  
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

### CHORUS.



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



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



# No. 159.

WM. HUNTER.

# The Great Physician.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, }  
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }

D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

{ Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, }  
 { Sweet-est name on mortal tongue, }

2 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe in Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 O how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

# No. 160.

H. BONAR.

# What A Friend.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!  
 We should never be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Precious Sav-ior, still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r.  
 Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

O what peace we of-ten for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith-ful Who will all our sor-rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



# No. 161.

# Olive's Brow. (Old.)

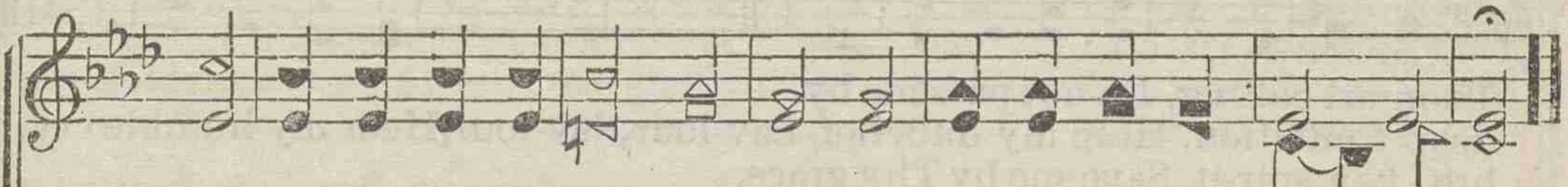
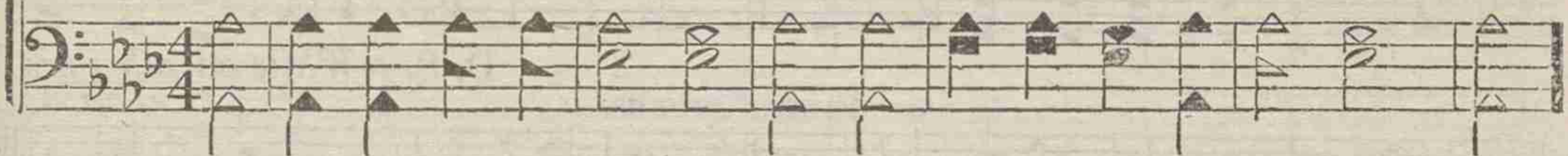
"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The man of sorrow weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;



'Tis midnight in the garden now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.  
E'en that disciple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.  
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.



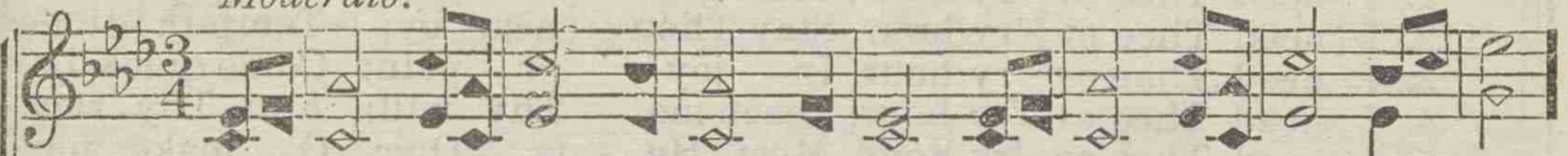
# No. 162. Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 5, (HARMONY GROVE. C. M.)

JOHN NEWTON.

WM. WALKER. Arr. by H. N. L.

*Moderato.*



1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
How precious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first believed.  
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.  
I shall pos-sess with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.





# No. 163.

# Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. Doane, owner of copyright. Used by per.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



D. S.— While on oth - ers

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.  
 deep contrition, Help my unbelief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;  
 bro - ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

# No. 164.

# I Need Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



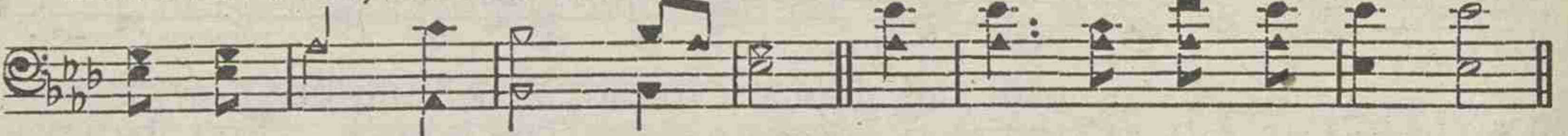
1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me



REFRAIN.



voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 and a - bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee;  
 prom - is - es In me ful - fill.  
 Thine in - deed, Thou bless-ed Son.



Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.






# No. 165.

# Holy, Holy, Holy.



REGINALD HEBER.

(NICÆA.)

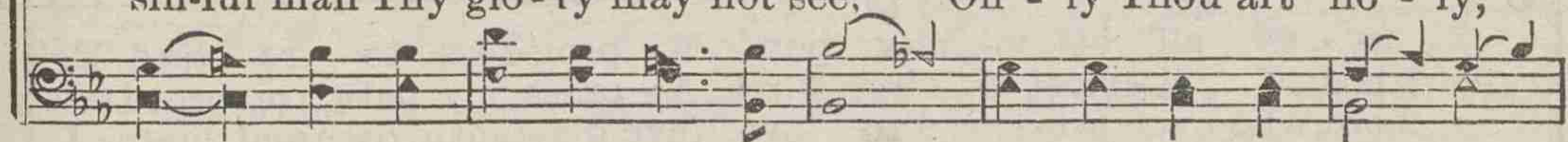

JOHN B. DYKES.




1. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the  
 2. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, All the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 golden crowns Around the glassy sea; Cher - u-bim and sera - phim  
 sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer-ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 Falling down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.  
 There is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu-ri - ty.




# No. 166.

# Gloria Patri. No. 1.


CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it

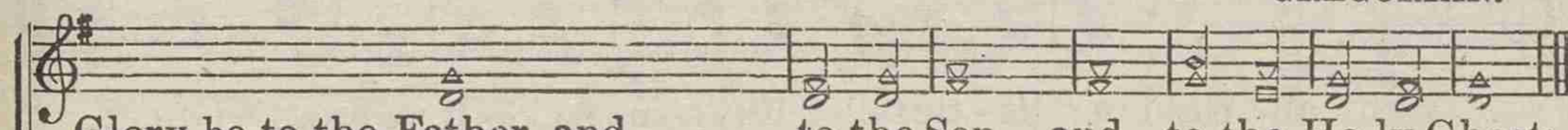
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.




# No. 167.

# Gloria Patri. No. 2.

GREGORIAN.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;  
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men.



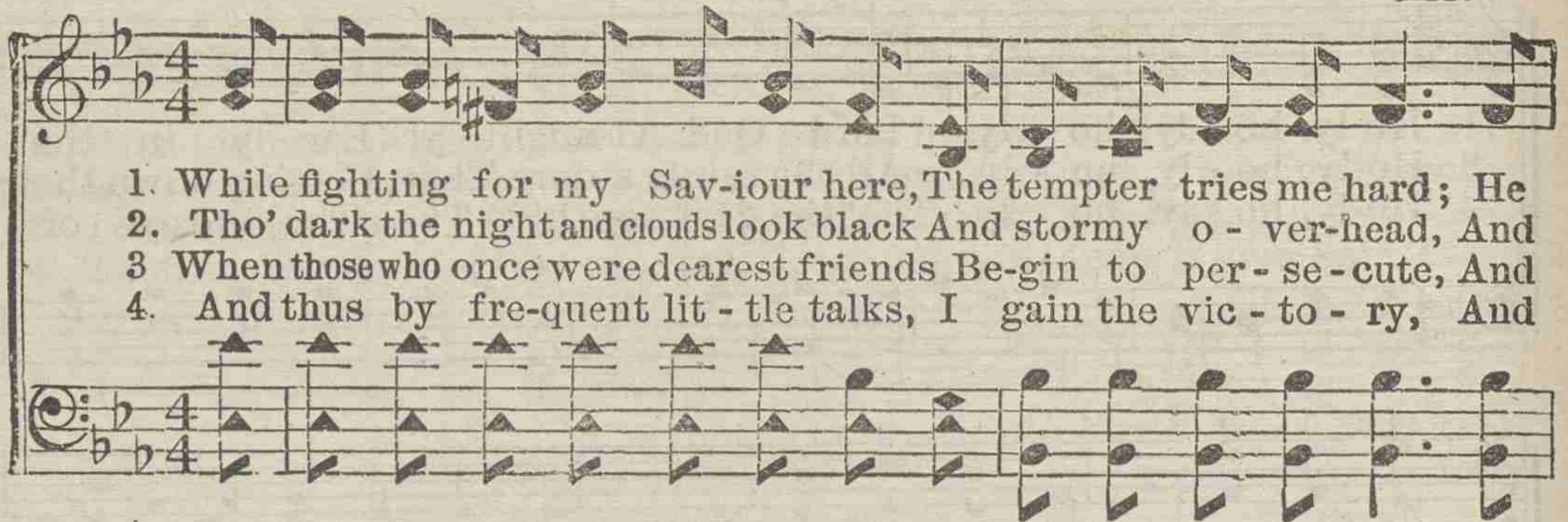


# 168. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

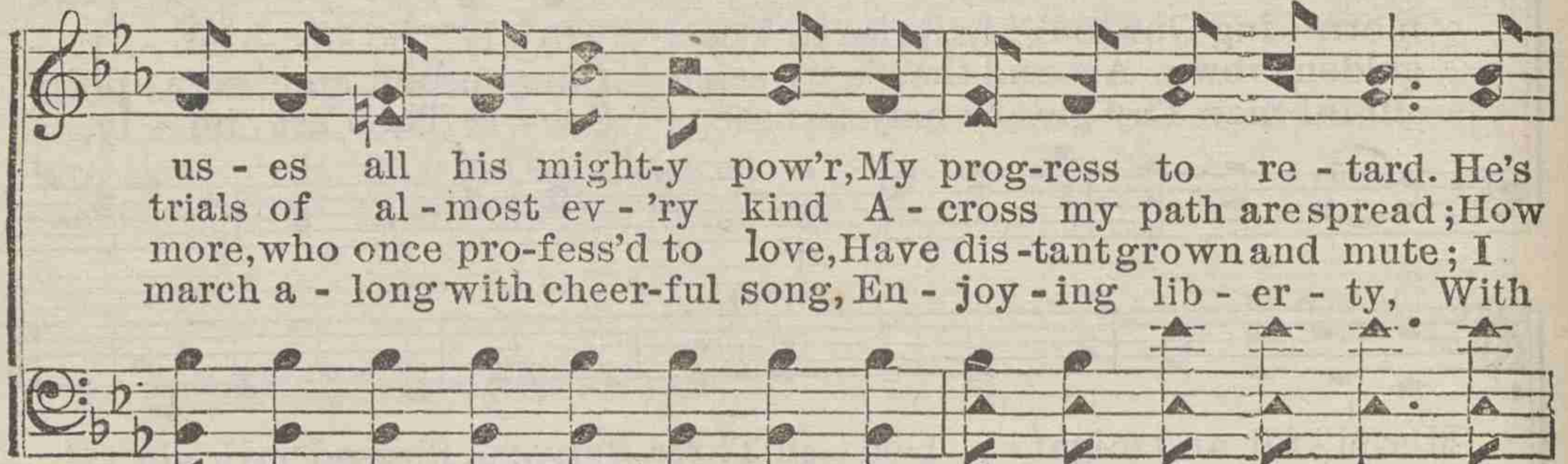
"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr.

Arr.



1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter tries me hard; He  
 2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And  
 3. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per-se-cute, And  
 4. And thus by fre-quent lit-tle talks, I gain the vic-to-ry, And



us - es all his might-y pow'r, My prog-ress to re - tard. He's  
 trials of al-most ev-'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How  
 more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have dis-tant grown and mute; I  
 march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty, With



up to ev-'ry move, But yet thro' all to prove A lit - tle talk with  
 soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call—A lit - tle talk with  
 tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief; A lit - tle talk with  
 Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God I al-ways find A lit - tle talk with

## CHORUS.



Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it  
 Je - sus makes it, right all right.



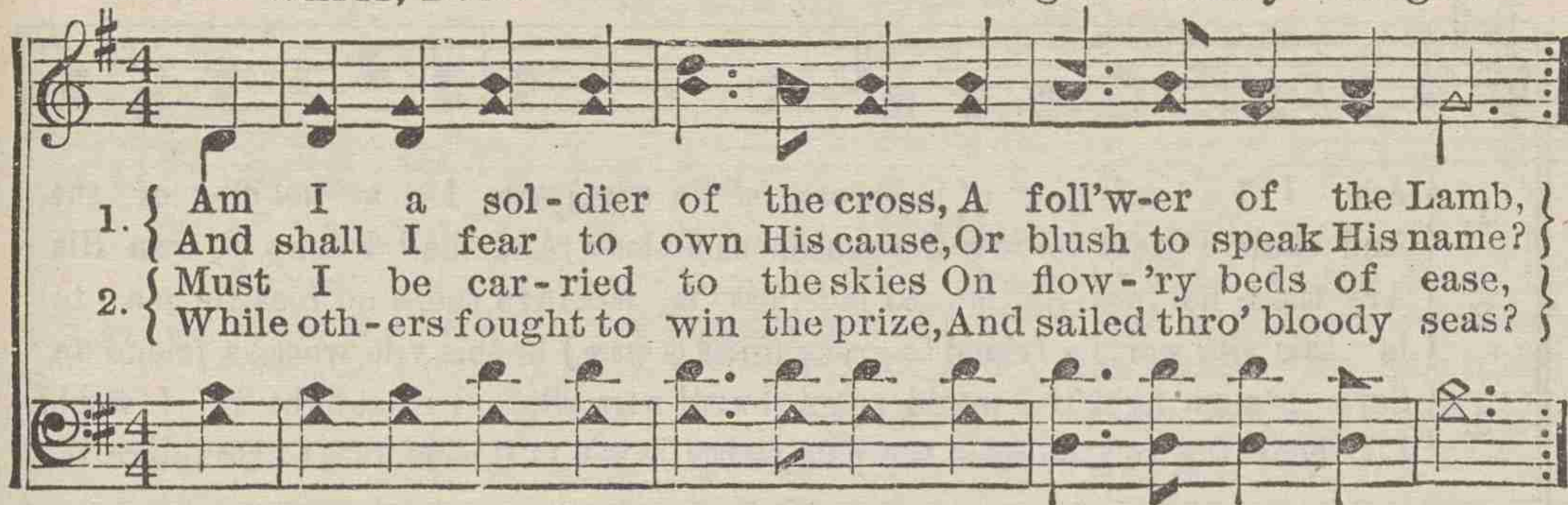
right, all right; A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

D.S.



Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

English melody arranged.



1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'w-er of the Lamb, }  
 And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
 2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, }  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }

## CHORUS.



And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,



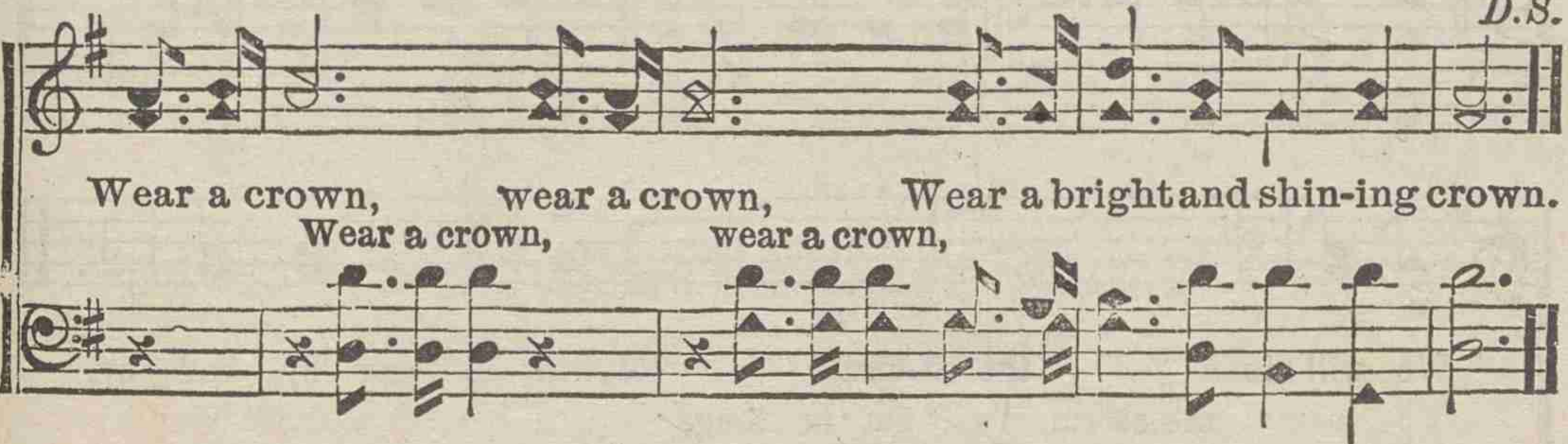
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's

FINE.



o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

D.S.



Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown.  
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

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? — CHO.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
 Increase my courage, Lord;  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word. — CHO.



# No. 170 We Will Stand the Storm.

ISAAC WATTS,

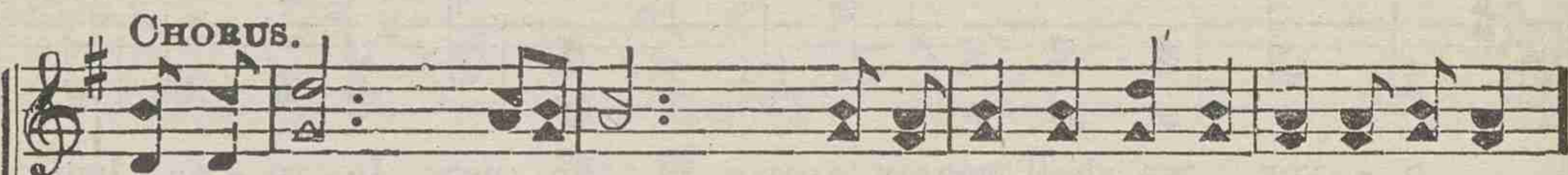
Anon.



1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the  
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would  
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the



cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb? }  
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood? }  
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? }  
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! }  
pain; (endure the pain;) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup- port - ed by Thy word. }



CHORUS.  
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,





## SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—JER. 17: 14

D. E. D.

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.



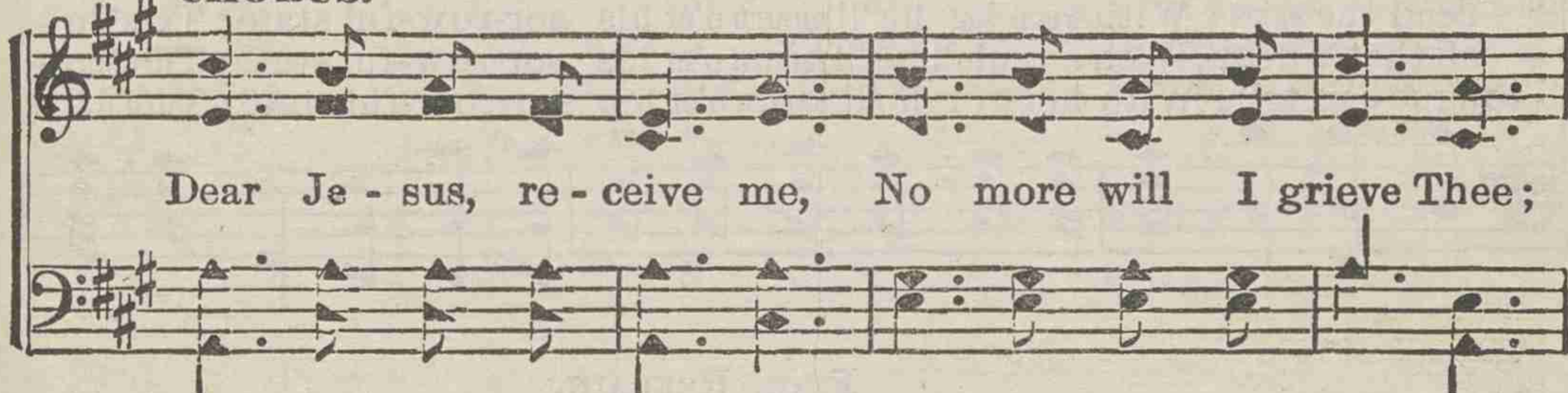
1. O bless-ed Je - sus, hear my plea, hear my plea, hear my plea;  
I hear Thee saying, "Come to Me, Come to Me, Come to me,"

2. I know I've sinned but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died;  
Within Thy shad-ow let me hide, let me hide, let me hide;

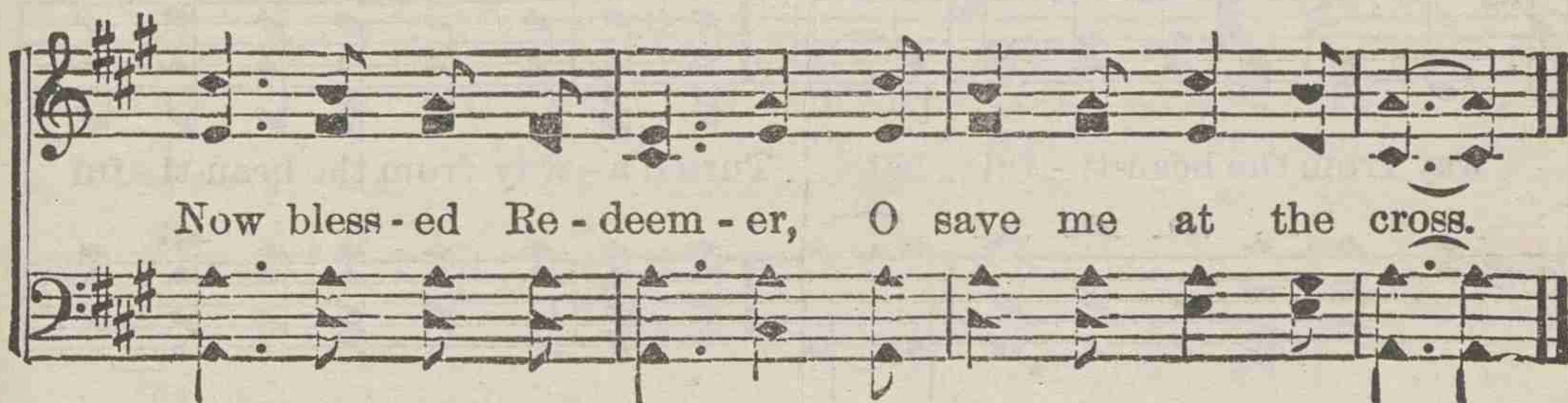


O bless-ed Je - sus, hear my plea, O save me at the cross;  
I hear Thee say-ing, "Come to me," O save me at the cross;  
I know I've sinned but Thou hast died, O save me at the cross;  
With-in Thy shad-ow let me hide, O save me at the cross.

## CHORUS.



Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more will I grieve Thee;



Now bless-ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

- 3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.  
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.
- 4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.  
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me, etc.
- 5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.  
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.
- 6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.  
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.



# 172. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"Lord, Lord, open to us. But He shall say, I know you not, depart from me."—Luke 13: 25, 27.

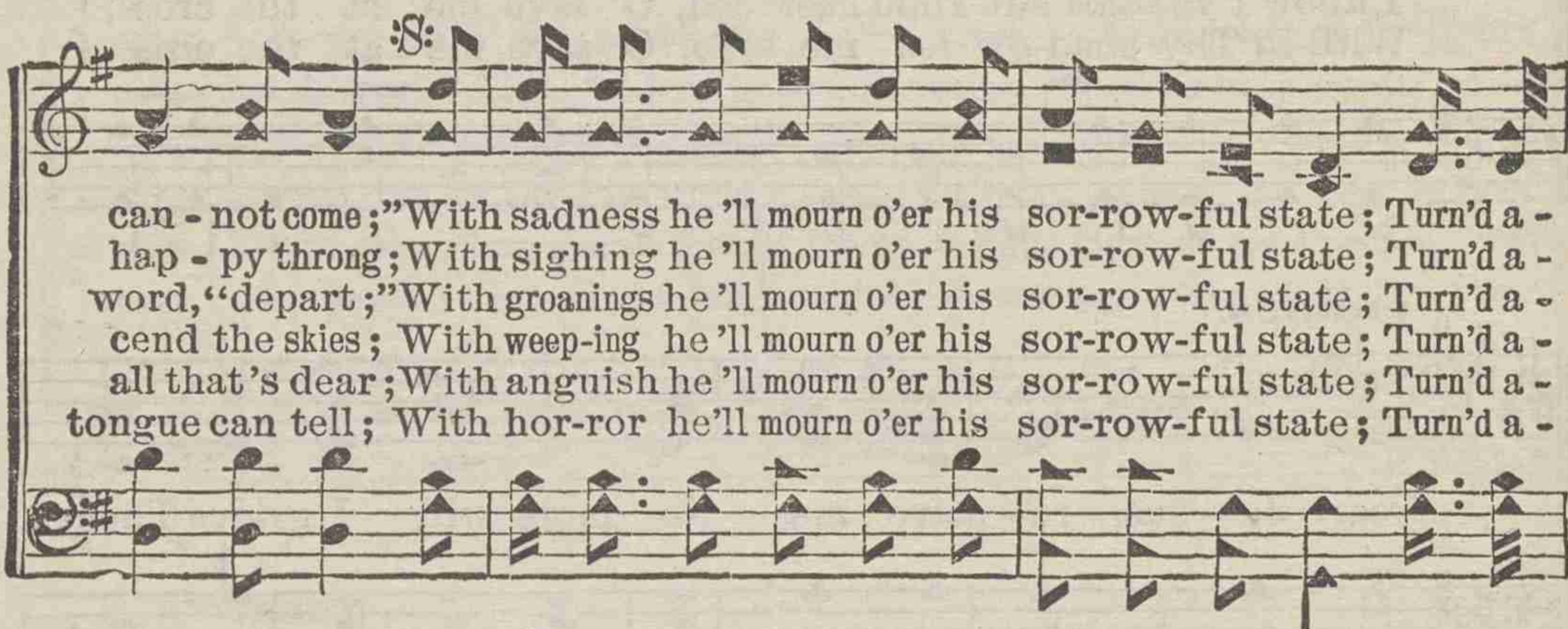
D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Not too fast.



1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You  
 2. Some one will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the  
 3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the  
 4. Some one will lin-ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His people as-  
 5. Some one will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and  
 6. Some one will en-ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no



can-not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-  
 hap-py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-  
 word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-  
 cend the skies; With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-  
 all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-  
 tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-

## FINE. REFRAIN.




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



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






1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the  
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp -  
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for - sake me here, While I

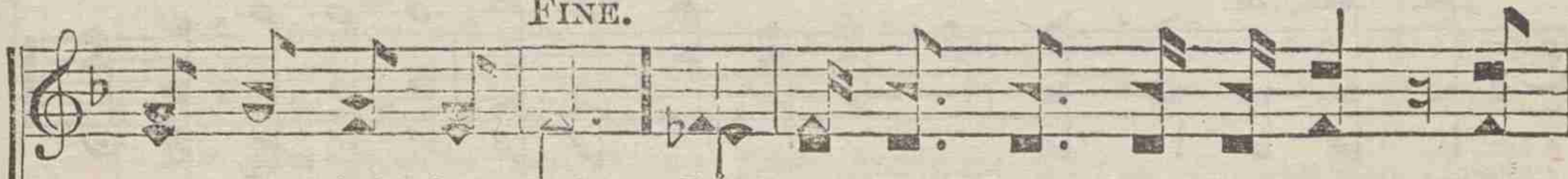


fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the  
 ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r I have all for Him for -  
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

D.S.—He's the "Lil-y of the



Val - ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and  
 sa - ken, And all my i - dolstorn From my heart and now He  
 bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

Val - ley, the Bright and Morn - ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten  
FINE.


make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com - fort, In  
 keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And  
 hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To

thousand to my soul.

D.S.



trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;  
 Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;  
 see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

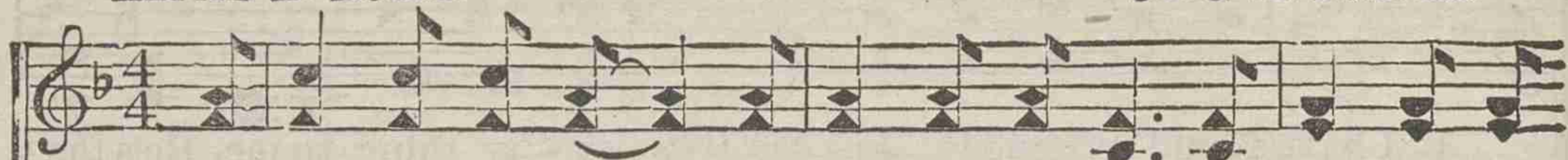





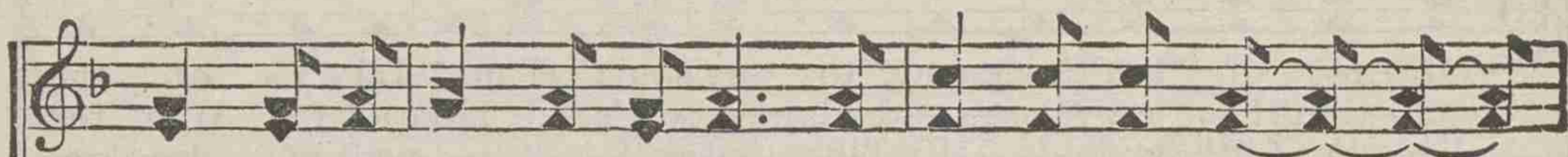
*"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.—James 2: 5.*

HATTIE E. BUELL.


JOHN A. SUMNER.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the  
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour so fair, Once wandered on  
 3. I once was an out - cast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by  
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of  
 earth hu - man sor - row to share; But now He is reign - ing for -  
 choice and a lov - er of mirth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my  
 pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet my




sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full; He has rich - es un - told.  
 ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.  
 name's writ - ten down: An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.  
 glad heart can sing, All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;




With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.





175.

## HOLY MANNA.

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

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 Slum-b'ring on the brink of woe; }  
 { Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go? }

D.C. Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be showered all a-round.

CHORUS.

D.C.

All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

3 Sister, will you join and help us,  
 While we struggle hard with sin?  
 Will you tell to trembling mourners  
 Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,  
 Let us love each other, too;  
 Let us love and pray for sinners  
 Till our God makes all things new.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

176.

## GREENFIELDS. 8s.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

No joy without Christ.

DE FLEURY.

1. { How te - dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see! }  
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweet-ness to me. }  
 2. { His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice; }  
 { His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice: }

D.C. But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

D.C. No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My summer would last all the year.

D.C.

The midsummer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding His face,  
 My all to His pleasure resigned,  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my  
 mind:

While blest with a sense of His love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me  
 there.



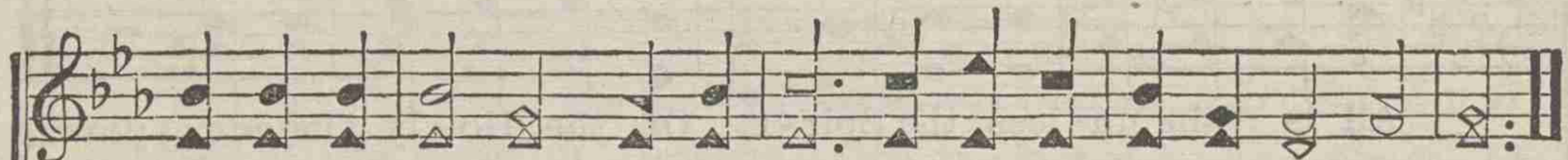
177.

## ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Mrs. MACAY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-premely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;



A calm and un - disturbed re-pose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.  
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!  
 No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.  
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.  
 But thine is still a bless-ed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep.

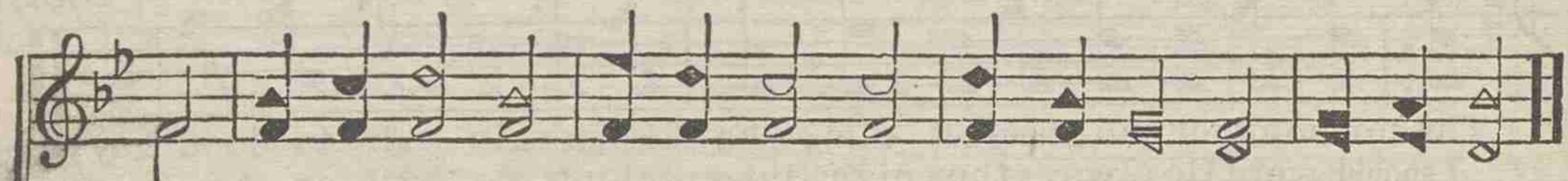


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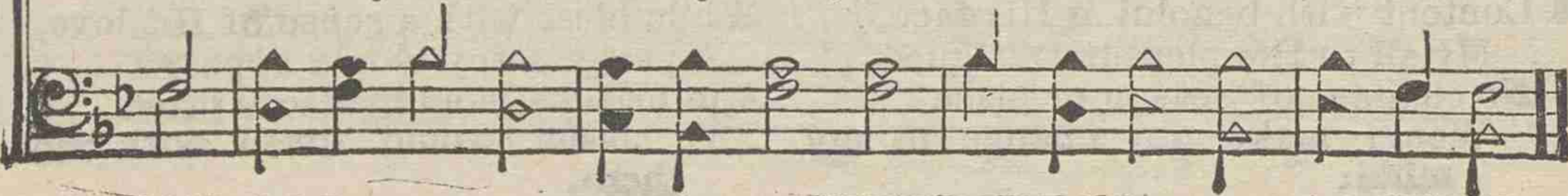
## HEBRON. L. M.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be - neath the ground;



And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of His grace.  
 But He forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.  
 While well-ap-pointed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.  
 And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal - va - tion in the sound.





# No. 179. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

W. H. DOANE.



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

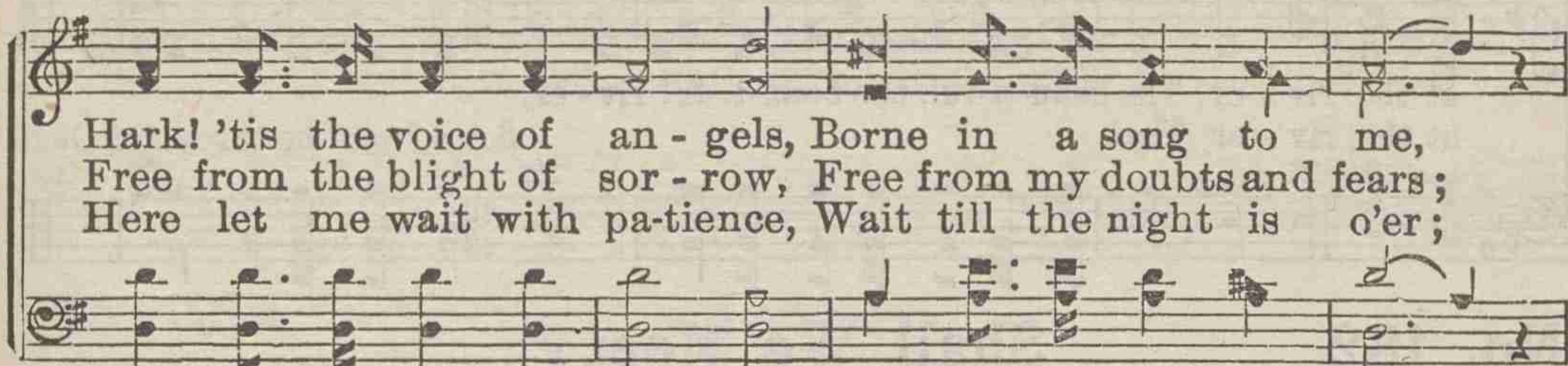
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

FINE.



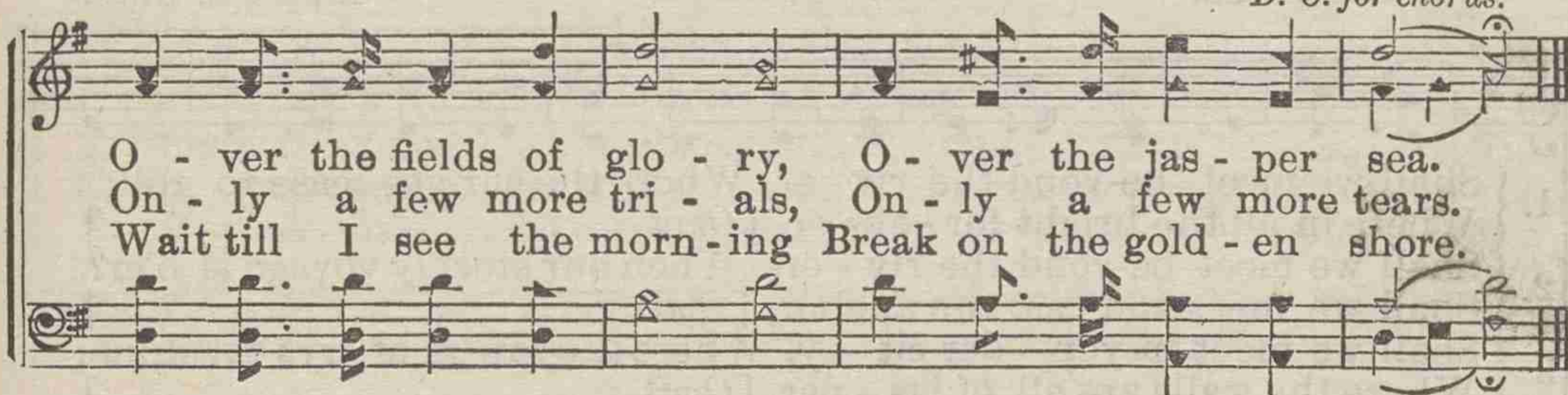
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.  
 Safe from the world's temp-tations, Sin can-not harm me there.  
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

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



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

D. C. for chorus.



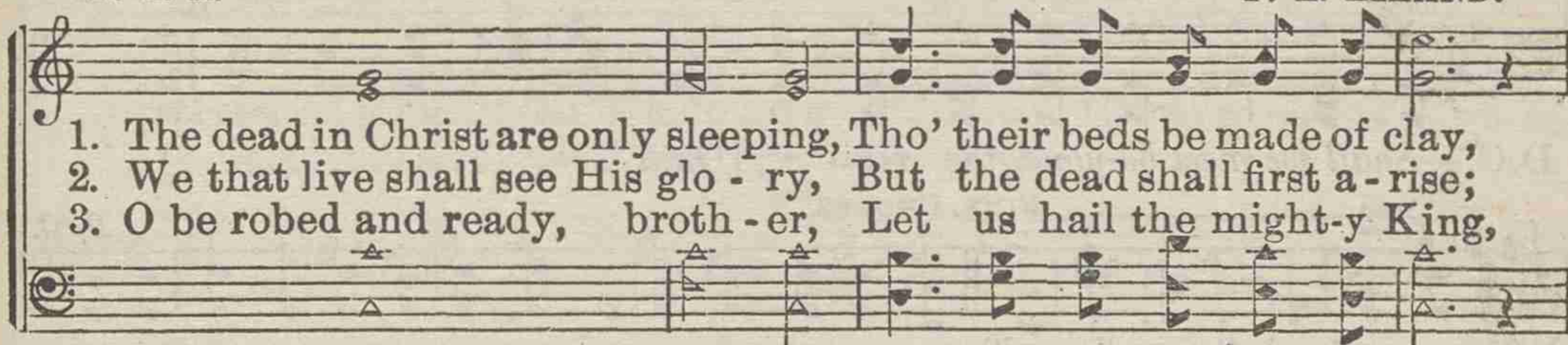
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.  
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

# No. 180.

# Only Sleeping.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.



1. The dead in Christ are only sleeping, Tho' their beds be made of clay,  
 2. We that live shall see His glo - ry, But the dead shall first a - rise;  
 3. O be robed and ready, broth - er, Let us hail the might-y King,



They shall rise and joyfully meet Him; When He comes in that great day.  
 Then together we will hail Him; King Im-man-uel in the skies.  
 Singing, "grave where is thy vic - t'ry," And O death where is thy sting,



# No. 181. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

Copyright, property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod; With its  
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray; We shall  
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - don down, Grace our  
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God?  
 walk and worship ev - er All the hap - py gold - en day. { Yes, we'll gath - er  
 spir - its will de - liv - er And pro - vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints  
 hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,  
 at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

# No. 182.

# Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS.

Used by permission.

ELIHU S. RICE.

1. { Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;  
 { Where in all the bright for - ev - er, [Omit.....]  
 2. { Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
 { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, [Omit.....]  
 3. { Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine;  
 { Where the walls are all of jas - per, [Omit.....]  
 4. { Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?  
 { Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, [Omit.....]

D.C.—Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, [Omit.....]

FINE. CHORUS.

Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
 By the bright celestial shore? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?  
 Built by workmanship divine?  
 And sit down upon His throne?

Where the surges cease to roll?



# No. 183.


# Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.


P. P. BLISS.



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

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




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




# No. 184.


# Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.




1. When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jew-els, All His  
 2. He will gather, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom, All the  
 3. Lit-tle children, lit-tle chil-dren Who love their Redeemer Are the




CHORUS.



jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.  
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morning,  
 jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.

His bright crown adorning, They shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.



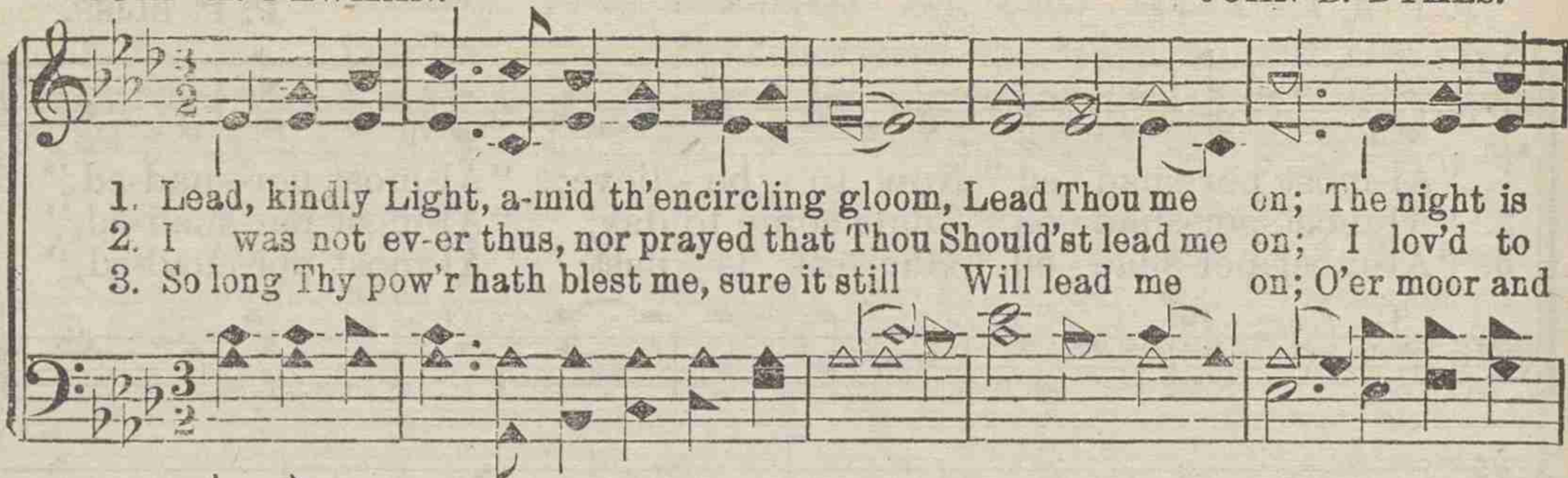


# No. 185.

# Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar- ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



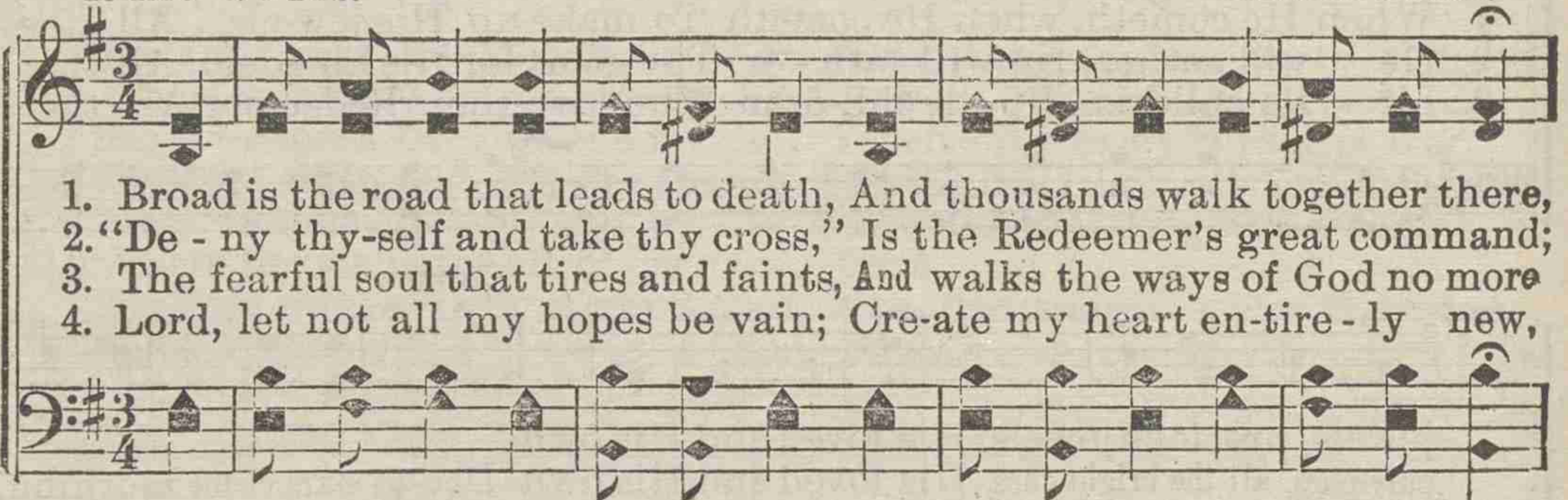
do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e-nough for me.  
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.  
 an- gel fac- es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while.

# No. 186.

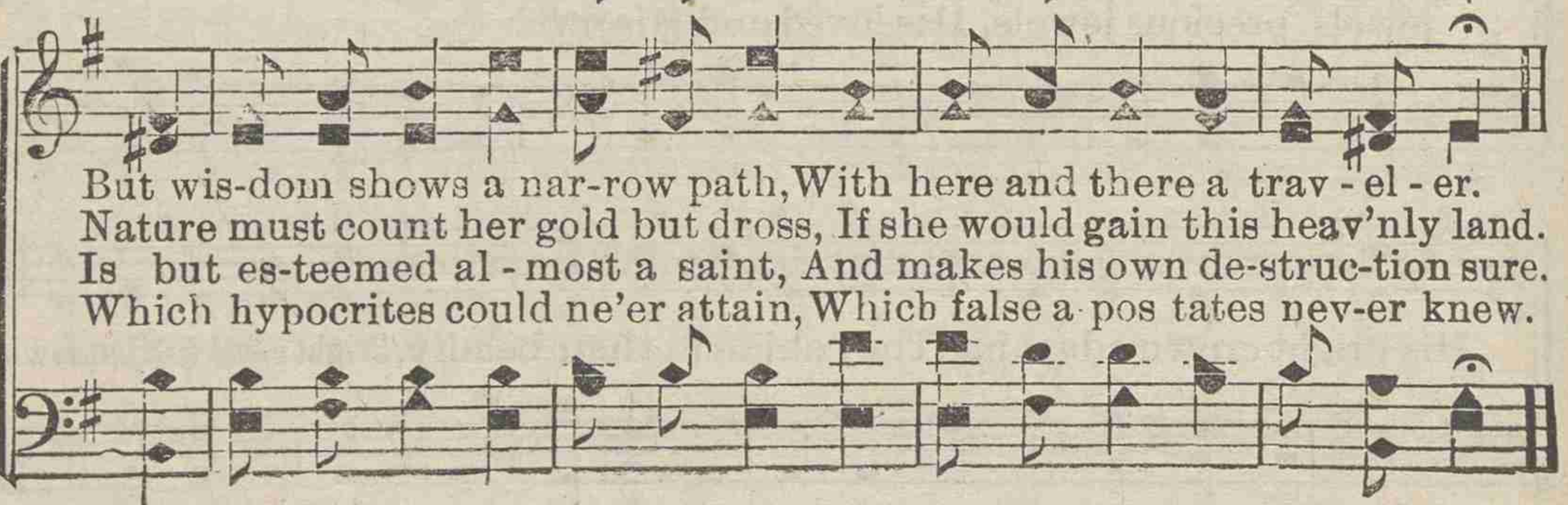
# Windham.

ISAAC WATTS.

DANIEL READ.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there,  
 2. "De- ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;  
 3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more  
 4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre-ate my heart en-tire- ly new,

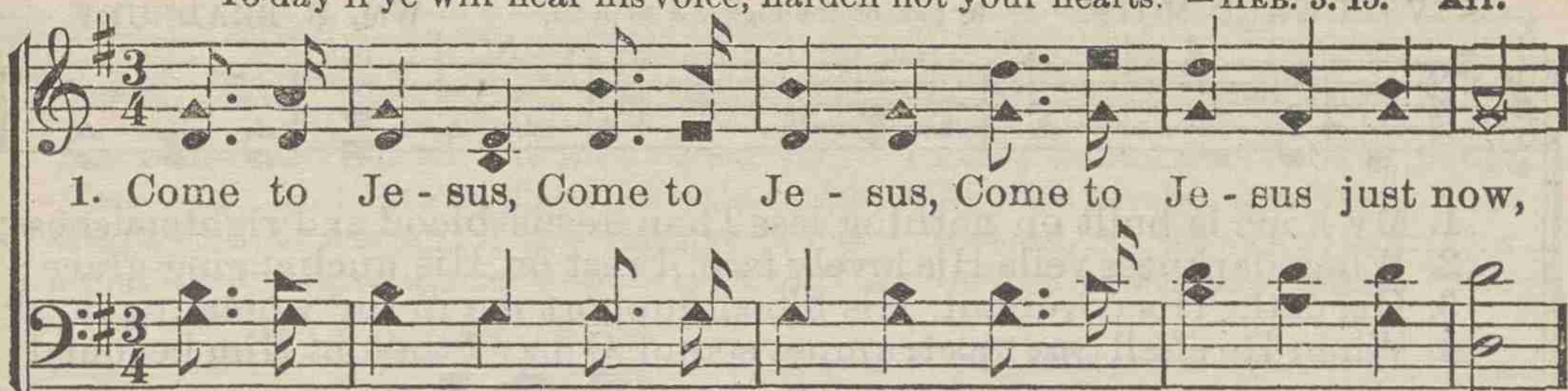


But wis- dom shows a nar- row path, With here and there a trav- el- er.  
 Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.  
 Is but es- teemed al- most a saint, And makes his own de- struc- tion sure.  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false a- pos- tates nev- er knew.



## No. 187. Come To Jesus Just Now.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3. 15. Arr.



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,



Just now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.

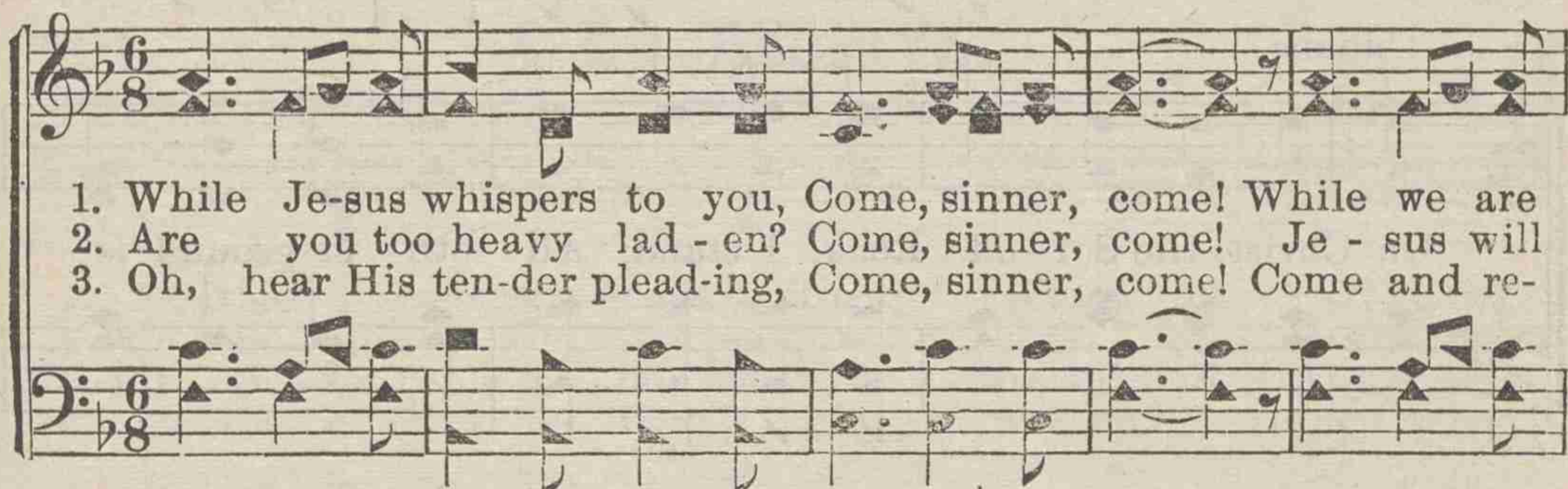
2. He will save you. 4. He is willing. 6. O believe Him. 8. Only trust Him.  
3. He is able. 5. He is waiting. 7. O receive Him. 9. Hallelujah. Amen

## No. 188. Come, Sinner, Come!

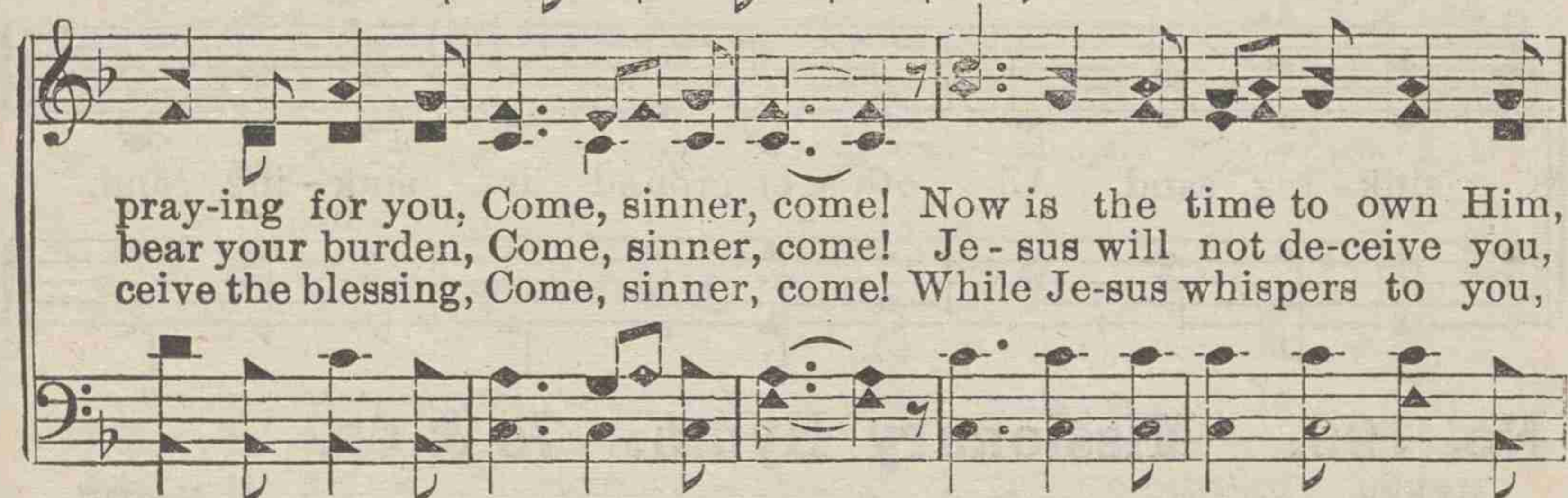
W. E. WITTER.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

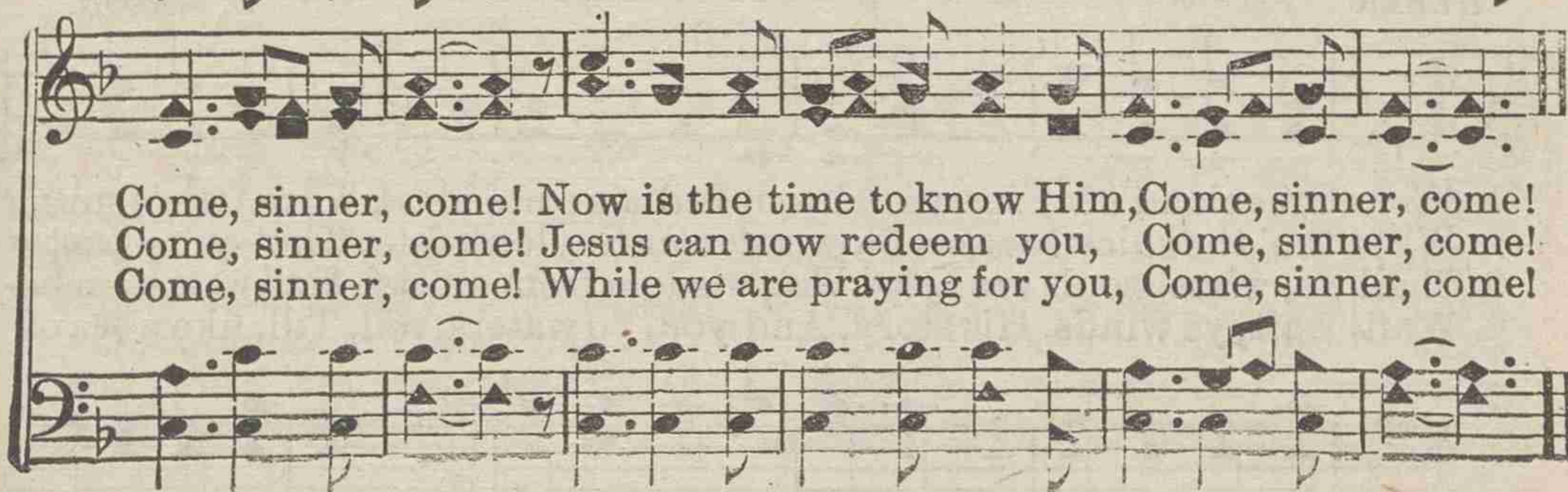
H. R. PALMER.



1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are  
2. Are you too heavy lad - en? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will  
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-



pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,  
ceive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Je-sus whispers to you,



Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!  
Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!  
Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!



# No. 189.

# The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood Support me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.  
In ev'ry high and storm-y gale My an-chor holds with-in the vail.  
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
Drest in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.



## CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



# No. 190.

# Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

HEBER.

L. MASON.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of

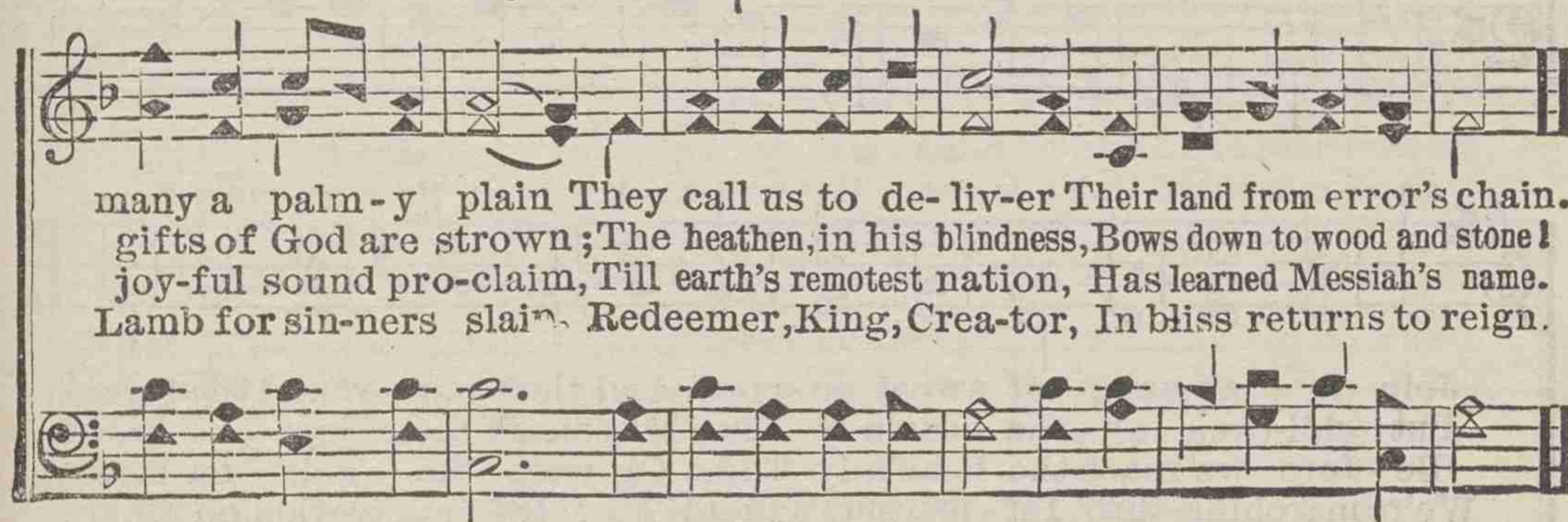




# MISSIONARY HYMN.



foun-tains Roll down the golden sand. From many an ancient riv - er, From  
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The  
night - ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The  
glo ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The



many a palm-y plain They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.  
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!  
joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learned Messiah's name.  
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Redeemer, King, Crea-tor, In bliss returns to reign.

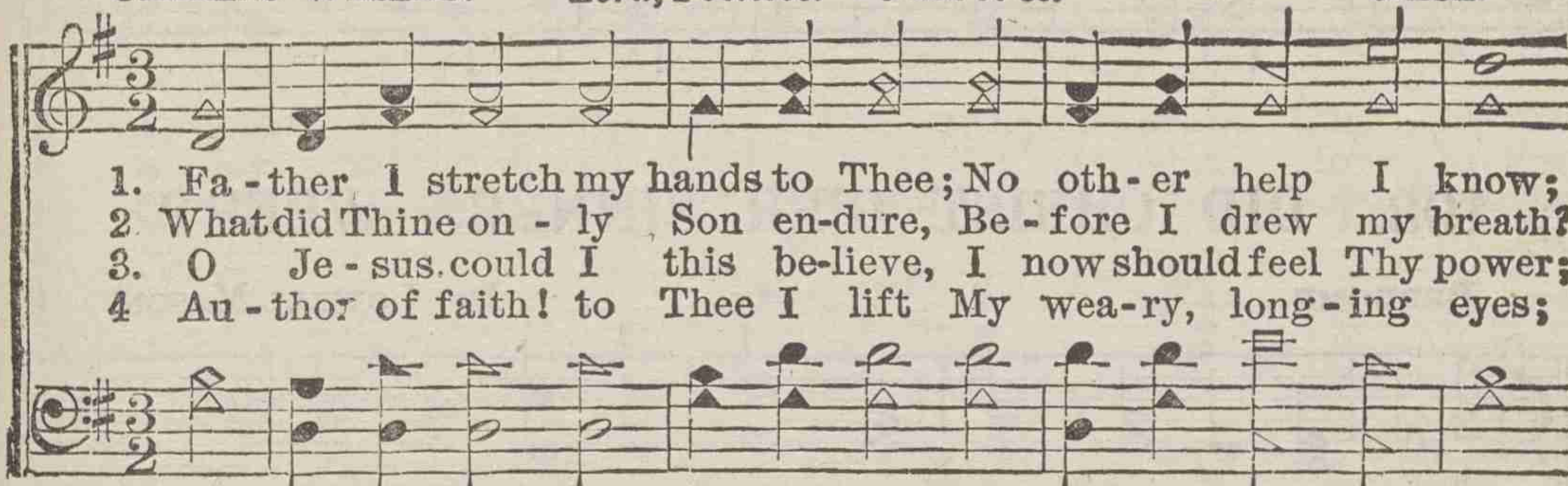
191.

## I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

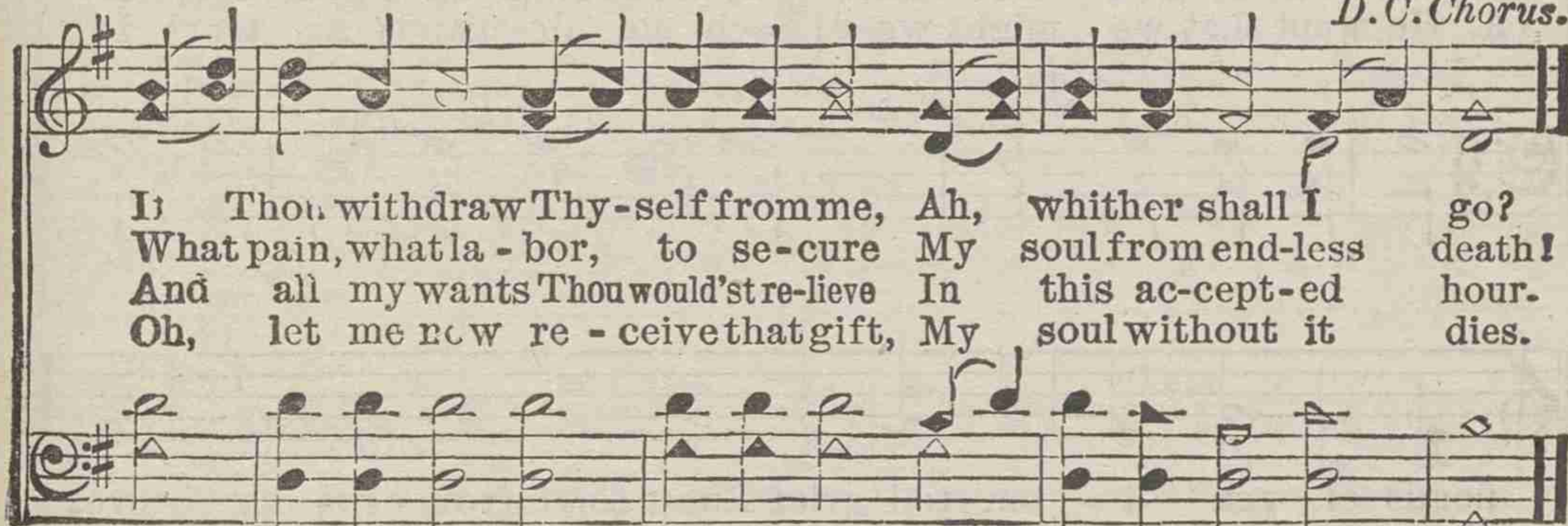
"Lord, I believe."—John 9: 38.

Anon.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. O Je - sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy power;
4. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;

CHO I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;  
D.C. Chorus.



Is Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?  
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end-less death!  
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve In this ac-cept-ed hour.  
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul without it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;<br>Oh, speak and I shall live,<br>And here I will unwearied lie,<br>Till Thou Thy Spirit give, | 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,<br>Could I but see Thy face; [voice,<br>Now let me hear Thy quickening<br>And taste Thy pardoning grace, |
|--|--|




## 192. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS.

HANDEL.



1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;  
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;  
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets  
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry;




Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King Mayspeak their joys a-broad.  
 Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.  
 We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.



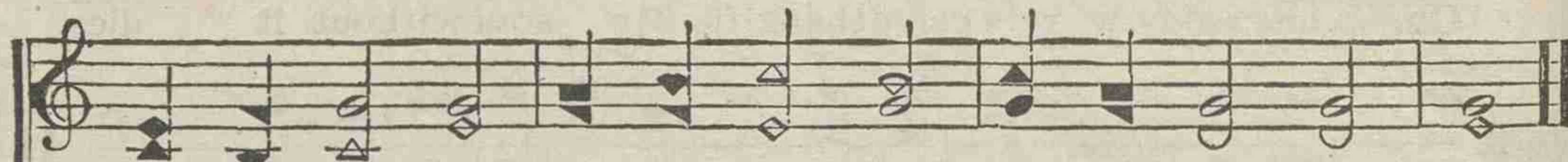
## 193. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME.


Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Did Christ o'ersin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let  
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be  
 3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear: In

floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev-'ry eye.  
 thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.  
 heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.





# 194. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.



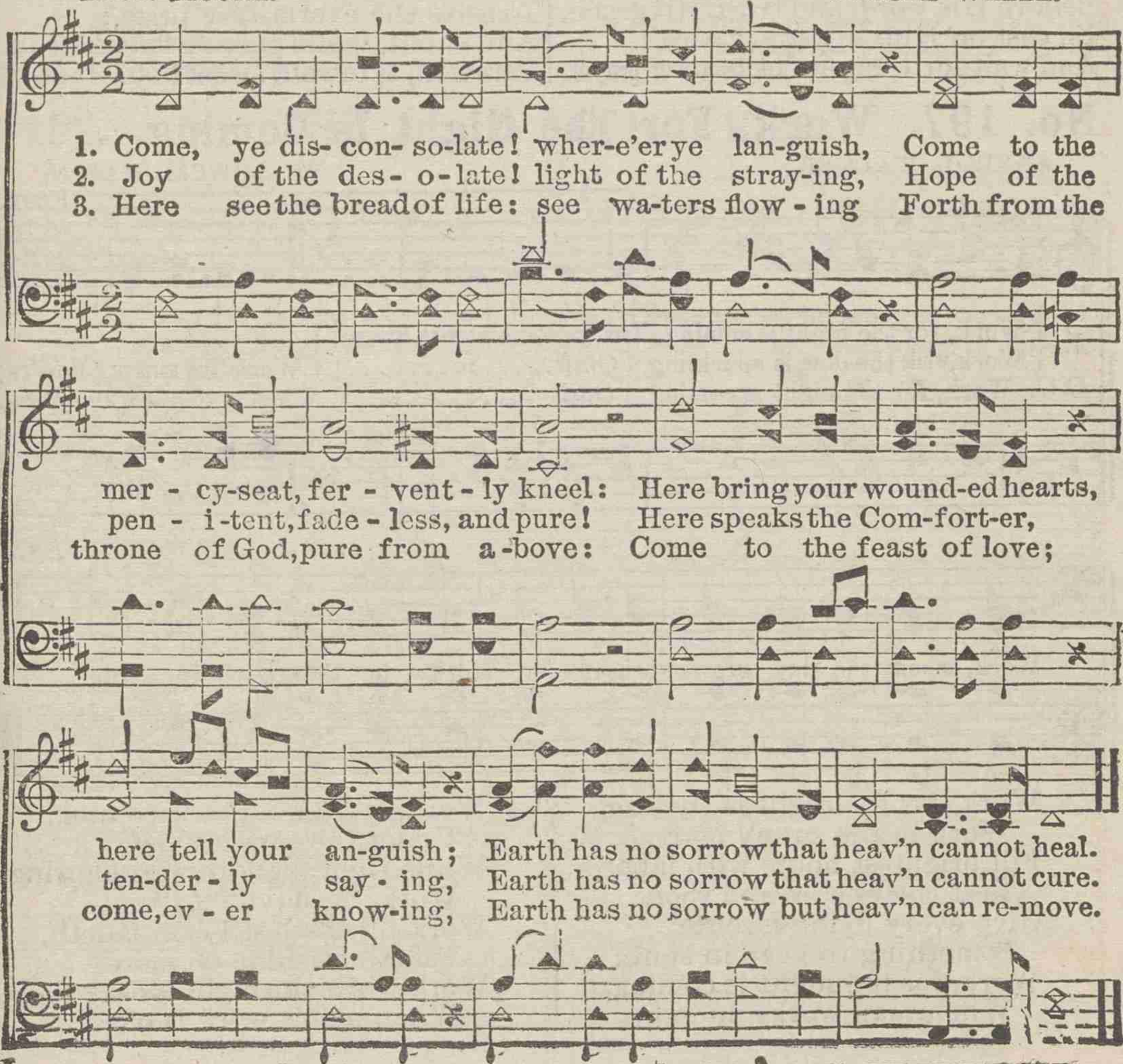
1 From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,  
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;  
 3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;  
 4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.  
 A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.  
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.  
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

# 195. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,  
 pen - i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.  
 ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.  
 come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.



# 196. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit*.....) wishes known. }  
D.C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (*Omit*.....) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
May I Thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

## No. 197. Work, For The Night Is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work, thro' the morning hours; }  
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, [*Omit*.....] } Work 'mid springing flow'rs;  
D.C.—Work, for the night is coming, [*Omit*.....] When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work in the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.



Unknown author.

(CHILDREN.)

Hindoo Melody.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;  
O how thy sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour, King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away,  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O we shall happy be  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land,  
Beams ev'ry eye,  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love can not die.

O then to glory run,  
Be a crown and kingdom won,  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye!

4 All heaven in holy ground,  
Our souls to bless;  
No sin can there be found  
Us to oppress.  
Jesus will keep us there,  
Ever blooming, ever fair;  
Come then and glory share  
Eternally.

## 199.

## THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Anon.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With Jesus' blood the rails were laid; }  
From earth to heav'n the line extends, To bliss im - mor - tal where it ends. }

**CHORUS.**

We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, We're going home to die no more; }  
To die no more, to die no more, We're go-ing home to die no more. }

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Repentance is the station, then,  
Where passengers are taken in,  
The fare for every one is paid  
By Jesus, who atonement made.

3 The Bible is the engineer,  
It points the way to heaven so clear;  
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,  
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's love the fire, His truth the steam,  
Which drives the engine, pulls the train;

All you who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

5 Come, sinner, enter while you may,  
Ere you should pass life's fleeting day;  
If you repent and turn from sin  
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go  
With all on board as white as snow;  
So ring the bell and start the train,  
And run it through in Jesus' name.



# No. 200. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -




fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing




Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."  
 crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

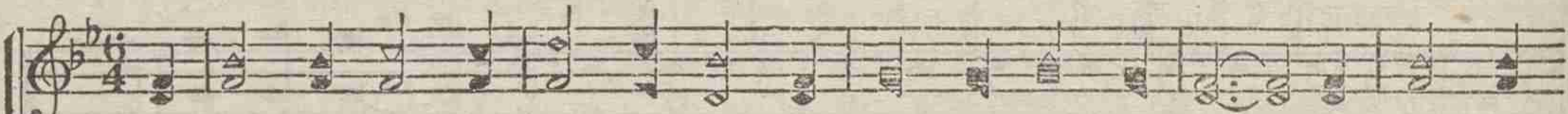


# No. 201. Oh, For a Closer Walk.


WM. COWPER.

"Walk in the Spirit."—GAL. 5: 16.


DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame! A light to  
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the  
 3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have  
 4. The dear-est i-dol I have known, What-ev-er that i-dol be, Help me to  
 5. So shall my walk be close to God, Calm and serene my frame, So pur - er




shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!  
 soul-refreshing view Of Je-sus and His Word? Of Je-sus and His Word?  
 left an ach-ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.  
 tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship on-ly Thee.  
 light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.





# No. 202.

ISAAC WATTS.

# O How I Love Jesus.

Arr. by J. A. BROWN.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my sovereign die?
2. Was it for crime that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;



D. S.—O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je-sus, D. S.



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de-gree!  
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin.  
Dis - solve my heart in thankful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee—'Tis all that I can do.



O how I love Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

# No. 203. I Am Bound For The Promised Land.

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

REV. 21: 2.

Arr. by E. M. PARNUM.



1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,
2. O'er all those wide ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be - for - ev - er bles!
4. Filled with de - light, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;



CHO.—I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;



T'ward Canaan'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 Father's face, And in His bos-om rest.  
Tho' Jor-dan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.



O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.



# No. 204. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. { Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide  
Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall [Omit.]

2. { Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shadows, Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor  
By and by the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall [Omit.]

3. { Go then, e - ven weeping, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustained our  
When our weeping's o - ver He will bid us wel - come, We shall [Omit.]

CHORUS.

and the dew - y eves: come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
winter's chilly breeze; come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,  
spir - it often grieves: come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.

# No. 205. The Old-Time Religion.

ANON.

Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our  
CHO.—'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re -

moth - ers, It's good enough for me.  
lig - ion, 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.



CHARLES WESLEY.

HENRY W. GREATBEX.

1. The pray - ing spir - it breathe, The watch - ing pow'r im - part;  
 2. My fee - ble mind sus - tain, By world - ly thoughts oppressed;  
 3. Swift to my res - cue come, Thine own this mo - ment seize;  
 4. Suf - fered no more to rove O'er all the earth a - broad,

From all en - tan - gle - ments be - neath Call off my anx - ious heart.  
 Ap - pear, and bid me turn a - gain To my e - ter - nal rest.  
 Gath - er my wand'ring spir - it home, And keep in per - fect peace.  
 Ar - rest the pris - ner of thy love, And shut me up in God.

## 207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day:  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place  
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
In sinful pleasures spent.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 208. How Gentle God's Commands!

- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

## SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

## No. 209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

- 1 Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon our sight away:  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, we would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon from us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

## No. 210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

- 1 Day by day the manna fell:  
O to learn this lesson well!  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:  
All my sanguine hopes have planned,  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 3 Thou my daily task shalt give:  
Day by day to thee I live;  
So shall added years fulfill,  
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDOR.



# VARINA. C. M. D.

Geo. F. Root.



## 211. How Happy.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven;  
A country far from mortal sight;—  
Yet, O! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here;  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear:  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But O! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair;  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
My heart and soul, are there:

There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful High Priest,  
And still extends his wounded hands,  
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

# ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



## 213. Joy to the World!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground,  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 214. Father of Mercies.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find,  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light!
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.



215.

## MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has call'd his own;  
 2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy serv - ants throng  
 3. Spir - it of grace! O deign to dwell With - in thy Church be - low;  
 4. Let peace with - in her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite,

With joy the summons we o - bey To wor - ship at his throne.  
 To breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent pray'r, And pour the grate - ful song.  
 Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.  
 To spread with ho - ly zeal a - round Her clear and shin - ing light.

## 216. There is No Sorrow.

- 1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
 To bring in prayer to thee:  
 There is no anxious care too slight  
 To wake thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
 Wilt share each small distress;  
 The love which bore the greater load  
 Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
 But meets thine ear divine;  
 And every cross grows light beneath  
 The shadow, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
 The heart would overflow,  
 But for that love which died for sin,  
 That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

## 217. Thou Art the Way.

- 1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone  
 From sin and death we flee;  
 And he who would the Father seek,  
 Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone  
 True wisdom can impart;  
 Thou only canst inform the mind,  
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
 Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
 And those who put their trust in thee  
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life.  
 Grant us that Way to know,  
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
 Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

## ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

## 218. There is An Eye.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps  
 Beneath the shades of night;  
 There is an ear that never shuts,  
 When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,  
 When human strength gives way;  
 There is a love that never fails,  
 When earthly loves decay.
- 3 But there's a power which man can wield,  
 When mortal aid is vain,  
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
 That list'ning ear to gain.
- 4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
 Through Jesus, to the throne,  
 And moves the hand which moves the  
 To bring salvation down. [world,

JOHN ALKMAN WALLACE.

## 219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee  
 With sweetness fills the breast;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see,  
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,  
 O Joy of all the meek,  
 To those who ask, how kind thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.  
TR. BY EDWARD CASWELL.



220.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False, and full of sin, I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity!

221.

## MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D.C.




222.

## EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy  
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,



fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!  
 all a - round I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.

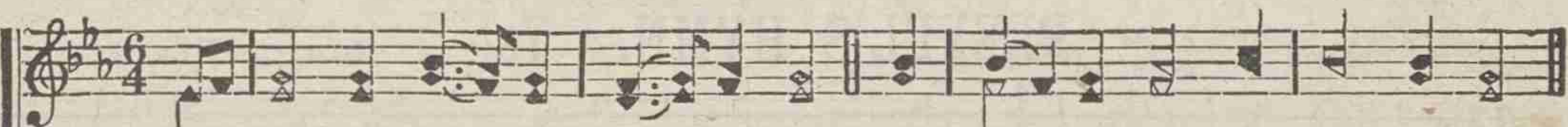
223.

## JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,



And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 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;  
 7 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
 Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



224.

HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;  
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, O-pened wide the gate to God:  
 3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one:

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
 Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one in thee.  
 Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now thy per - fect peace im-part.

225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O! do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a gracious God, and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relents are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his  
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou holy book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, JR.



229.

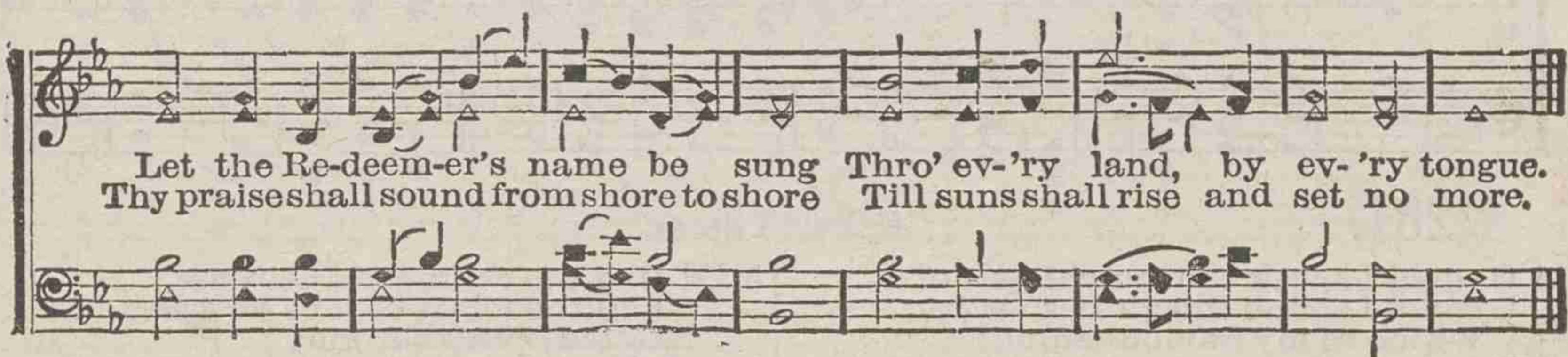
## DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;  
 2. E-ter-nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at-tends thy word;



Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.  
 Thy praises shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## 230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 2 From north to south the princes meet  
 To pay their homage at his feet;  
 While western empires own their Lord,  
 And savage tribes attend his word.  
 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown his head;  
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.  
 4 People and realms, of every tongue,  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 231. Glorifying in the Cross. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

## HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



## 232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,  
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
 With full consent thine would I be,  
 And own thy sovereign right in me.  
 2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
 Be thine through all eternity;  
 The vow is past, beyond repeal,  
 Now will I set the solemn seal.  
 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
 That bought my guilty soul for God,  
 Thee my new Master now I call,  
 And consecrate to thee my all.  
 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
 The great engagement to perform;  
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
 And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

## 233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star:  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.  
 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.  
 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
 No: when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



# ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



234.

O Could I Speak.

- 1 O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine:  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne:  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

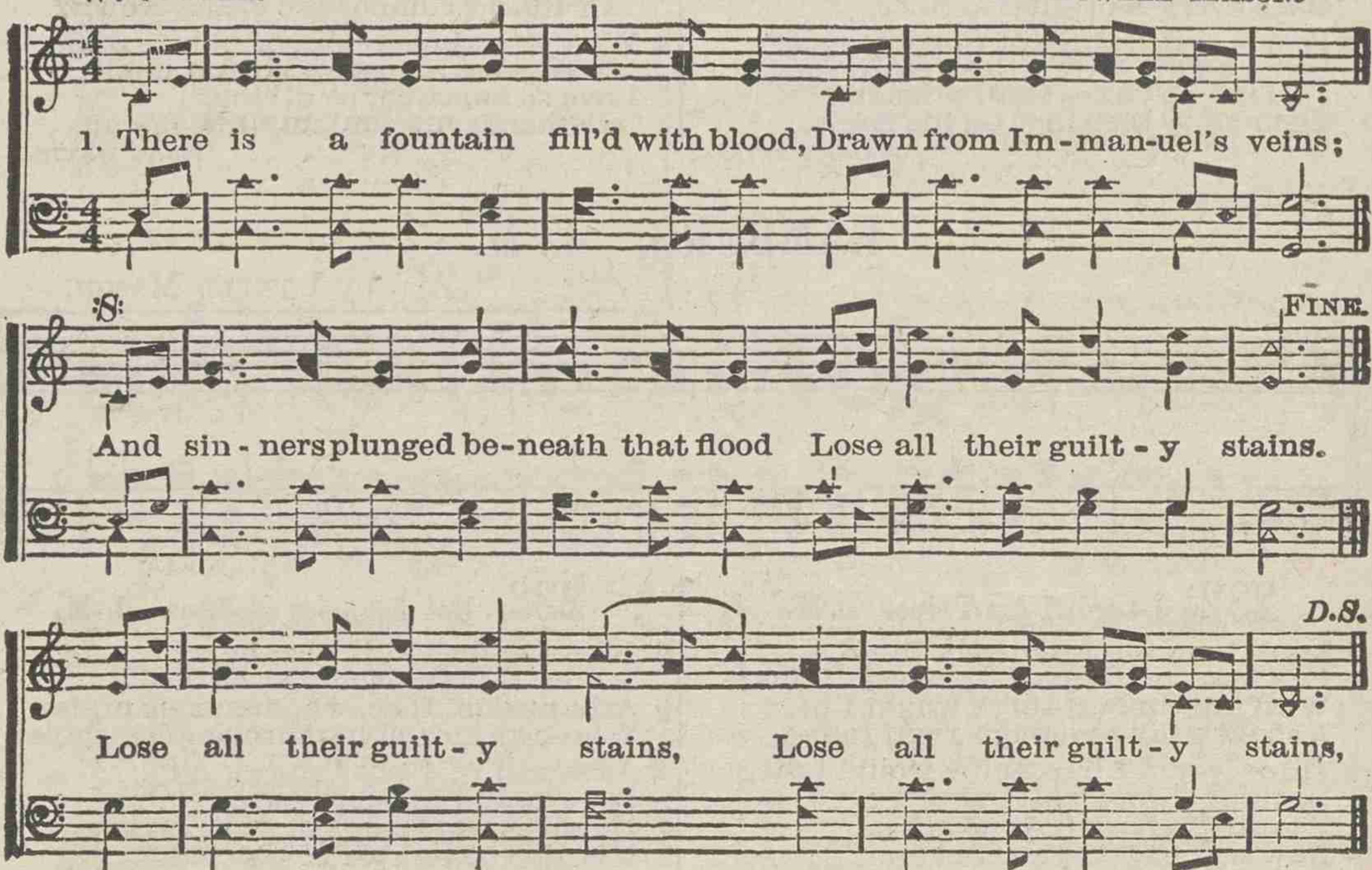
SAMUEL MEYER.

235.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER.

Fr. LOWELL MASON.



- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear 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, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.



# ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



## 236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

## 237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on:  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

## 238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 239. I'M GOING HOME.

WM. HUNTER, D.D.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;  
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
- CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more,  
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more. }

- 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 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow.

- Be mine a happier lot, to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.



240.

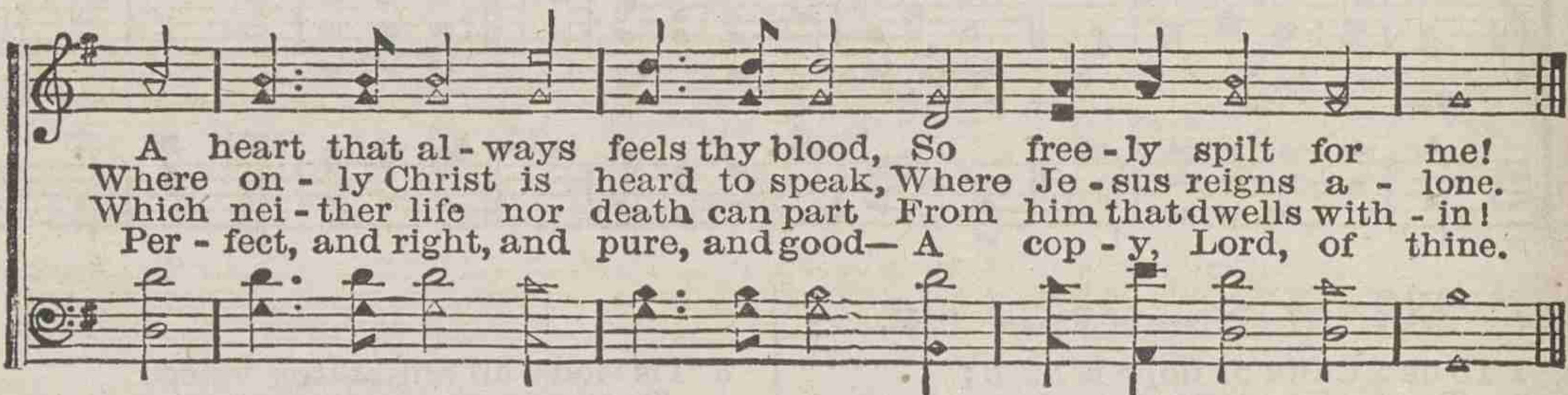
## ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,  
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,  
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,  
 4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine;



A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!  
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with-in!  
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good—A cop-y, Lord, of thine.

## 241. O for a Faith. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,  
 That will not tremble on the brink  
 Of any earthly woe!  
 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
 Will lean upon its God;  
 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
 When tempests rage without;  
 That when in danger knows no fear,  
 In darkness feels no doubt;  
 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;  
 And then, whate'er may come,  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
 Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

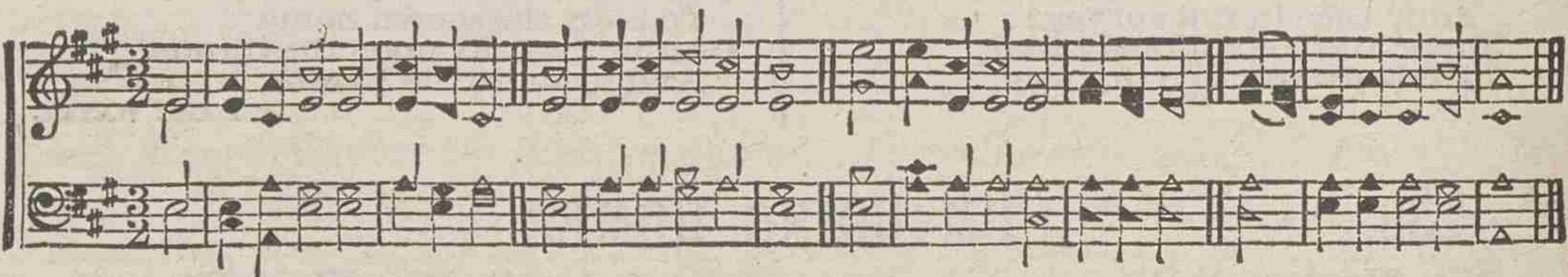
## 242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?  
 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flow'ry 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 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord:  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

## AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



## 243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,  
 Close to thy bleeding side;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 For me the Saviour died.  
 2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
 And cleanse and keep me clean.  
 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
 Wash me, and mine thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
 My hands, my head, my heart.  
 4 Th' atonement of thy blood app'ly,  
 Till faith to sight improve;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

- 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 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place;  
 My never-failing treasury, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace.  
 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.



245.


## CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET.


OLIVER HOLDEN.




1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;  
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



246.

## O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise!  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
 He sets the pris'ner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean;  
 His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

247.

## RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;




All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.





ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;  
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for thee;  
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.  
 And hung'ring for the Bread of Life, O may our spir - its be!  
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For thee and thine in-flame.

## 249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 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.

JOHN FAWCETT.

## 250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill,  
 O may it all my powers engage,  
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live;  
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

## BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

## 251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay  
 My little all to give?  
 To tear my soul from earth away  
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
 I can hold out no more:  
 I sink, by dying love compelled,  
 And own thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
 My friends, my all resign:  
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
 And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove:  
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
 With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

## 252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,  
 The youthful and the strong;  
 Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,  
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—  
 Eternal life and light  
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
 And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost; but call,  
 Call to the strong, the free;  
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
 And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,  
 Pray to our God above,  
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
 And show his saving love,

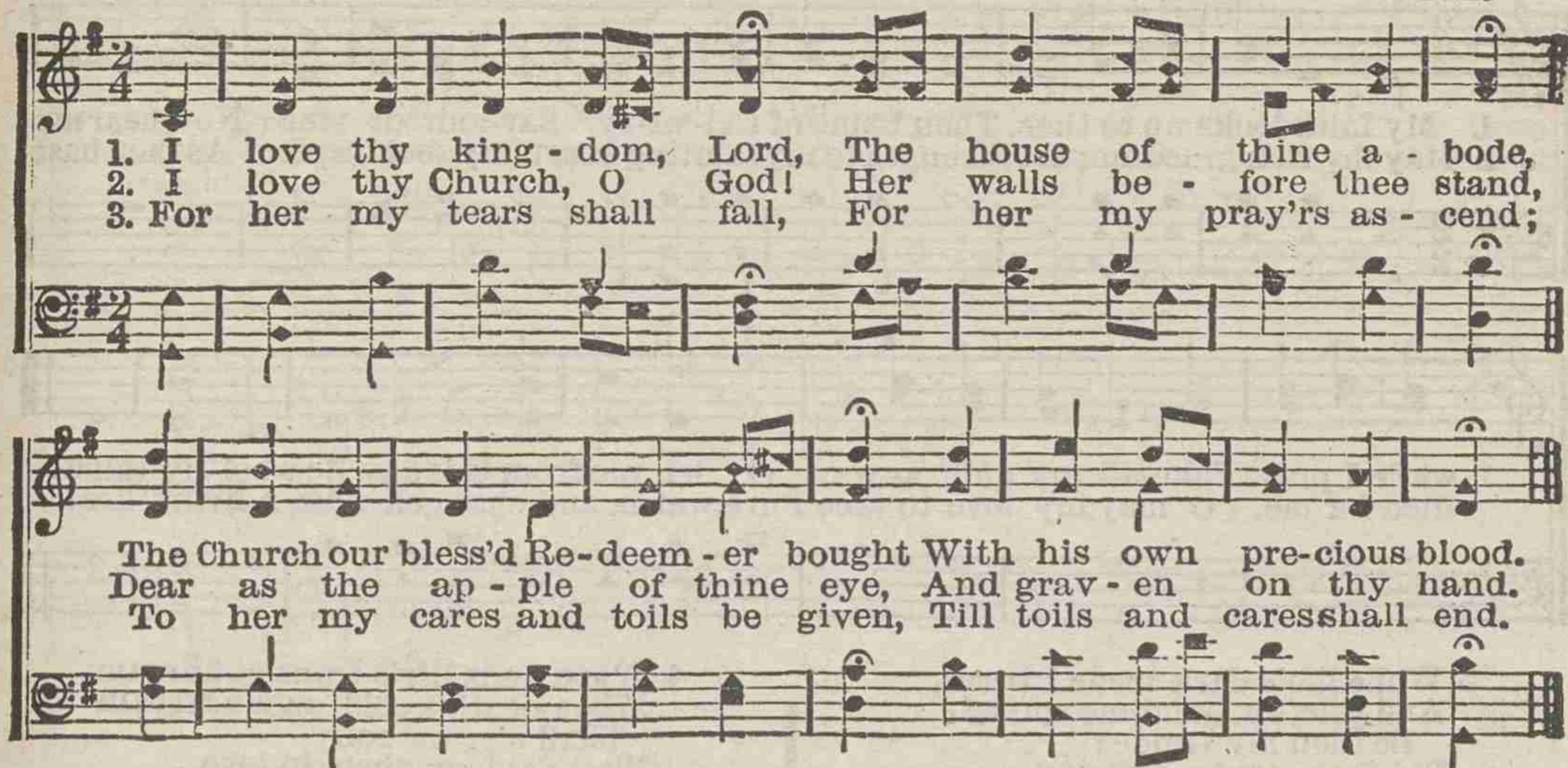


253.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,  
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our bless'd Re-deem - er bought With his own pre-cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and caress shall end.

## 254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!  
 In this accepted hour,  
 As on the day of Pentecost,  
 Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord  
 In our appointed place,  
 And wait the promise of our Lord,  
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind  
 Upon the waves beneath,  
 Move with one impulse every mind;  
 One soul, one feeling, breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire  
 With wisdom from above;  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
 To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## 255.

Grace!

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to my ear!  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

F. DODDRIDGE.

## LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



## 256. Spirit of Faith.

- 1 Spirit of faith, come down,  
 Reveal the things of God;  
 And make to us the Godhead known,  
 And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,  
 And give us eyes to see,  
 Who did for every sinner die  
 Hath surely died for me.
- 3 O that the world might know  
 The all-atoning Lamb!  
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show  
 The virtue of his name.
- 4 The grace which all may find,  
 The saving power, impart;  
 And testify to all mankind,  
 And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
 Ten thousand foes arise,  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 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 vict'ry 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 breath,  
 To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATE.

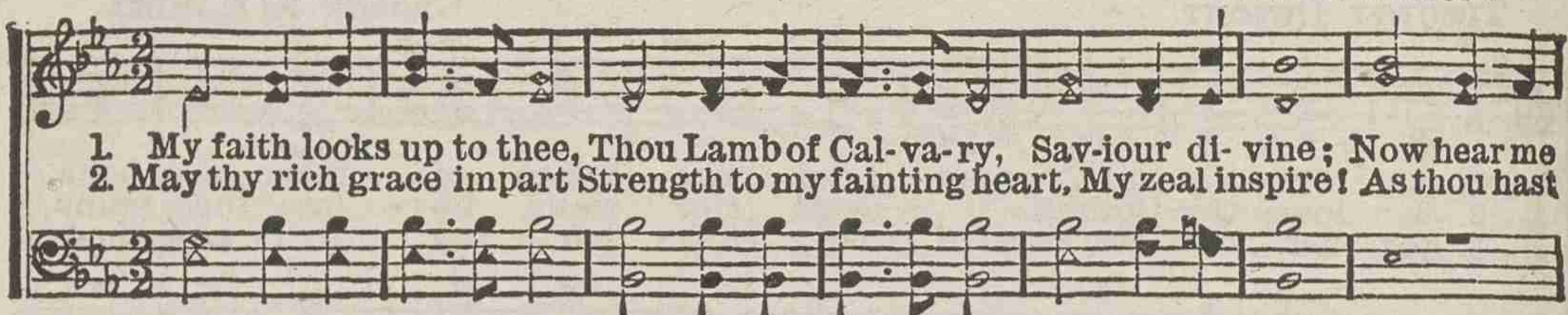


# 258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

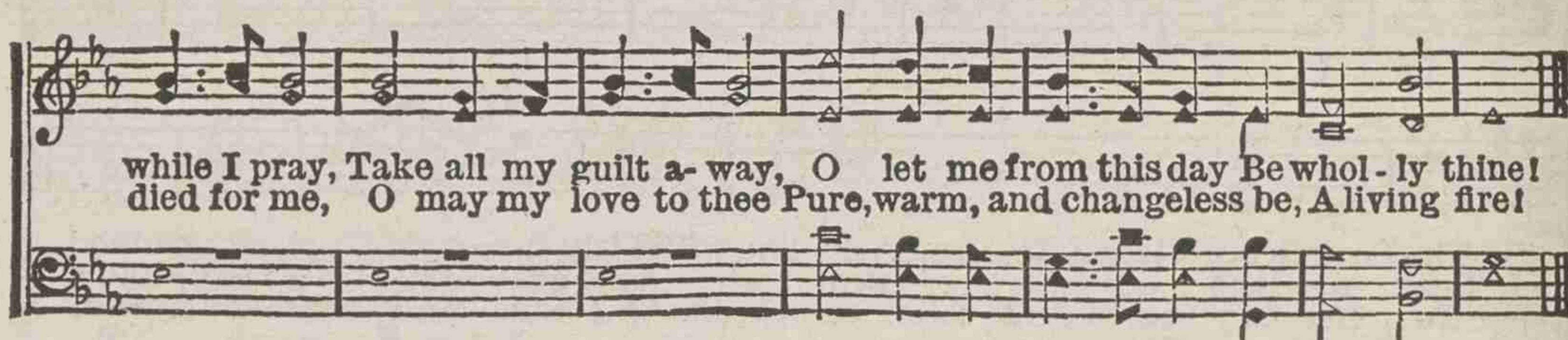
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASOR.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me  
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!  
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

# 259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

Ad. HENRY C. REY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

# 260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al-might- y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-  
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy  
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-  
4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign



## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days.  
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!  
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

261.

### HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap - py  
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

FINE. D.S.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }  
 { And live re - joicing ev - 'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

262.

### REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.



# NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



## 263. Come, Thou Fount.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every 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 mine Ebenezer,  
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God:  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

## 264.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything 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 Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

# GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



## 265. Come, Ye Sinners.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

## 266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.





267. Stand Up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
His army he shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

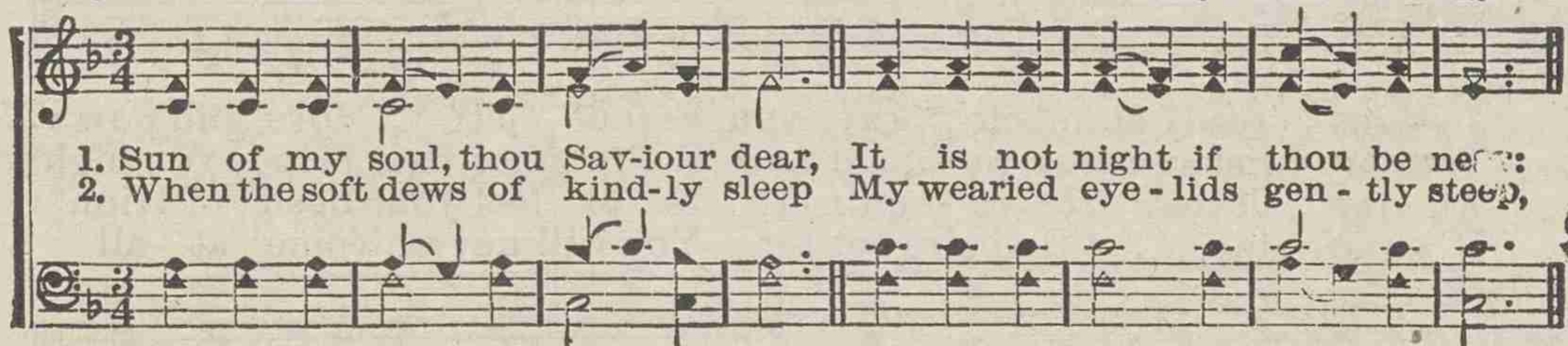
AMUEL N. SMITH.

269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

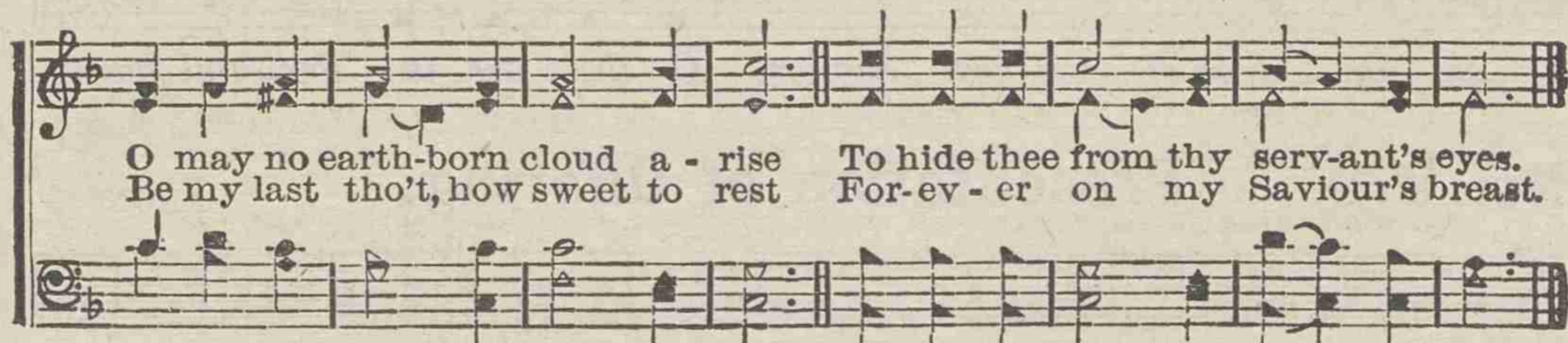
(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE.

FR. PETER RITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near:  
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,



O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.  
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

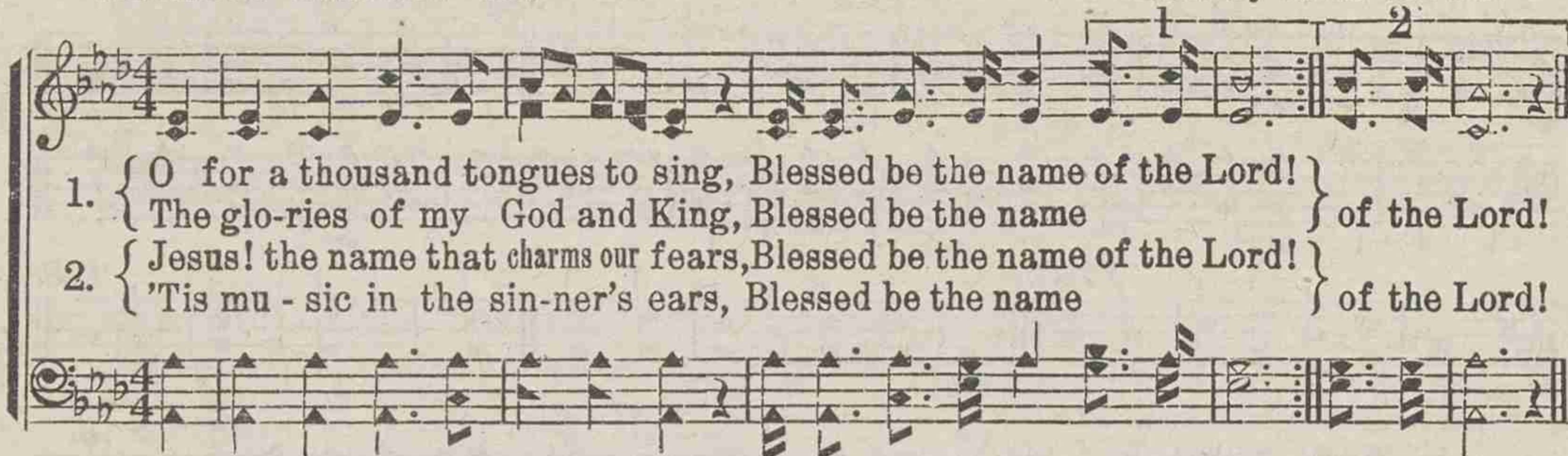
4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.



## No. 270. Blessed Be the Name.

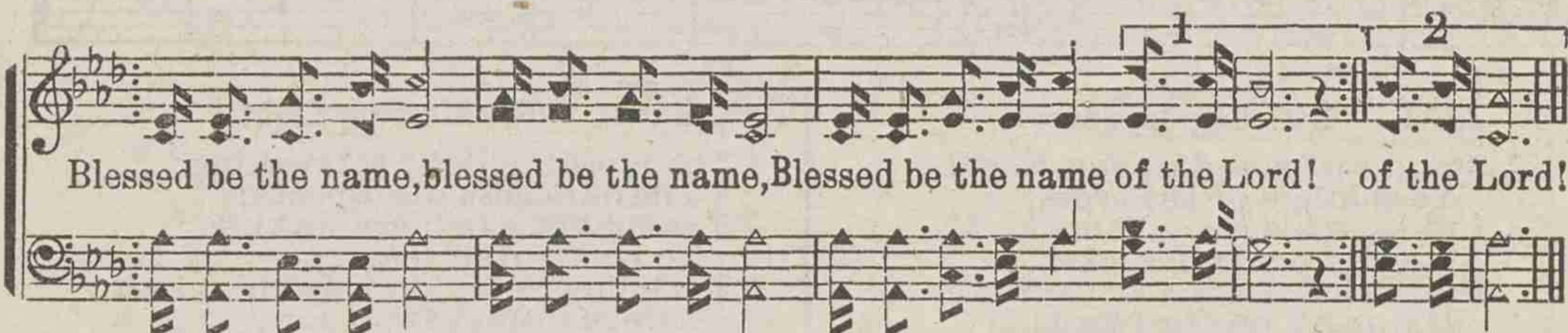
CHARLES WESLEY. Alt.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.



1. { O for a thousand tongues to sing, Blessed be the name of the Lord! }  
 { The glo-ries of my God and King, Blessed be the name } of the Lord!

2. { Jesus! the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord! }  
 { 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name } of the Lord!



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be, etc. 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be, etc.  
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be, etc. When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be, etc.

## No. 271. I Will Arise.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 2. Now, ye need-y, come there's welcome; God's free bounty glo-ri-fy;  
 3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;  
 4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y lad-en, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

CHO.—I will a-raise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

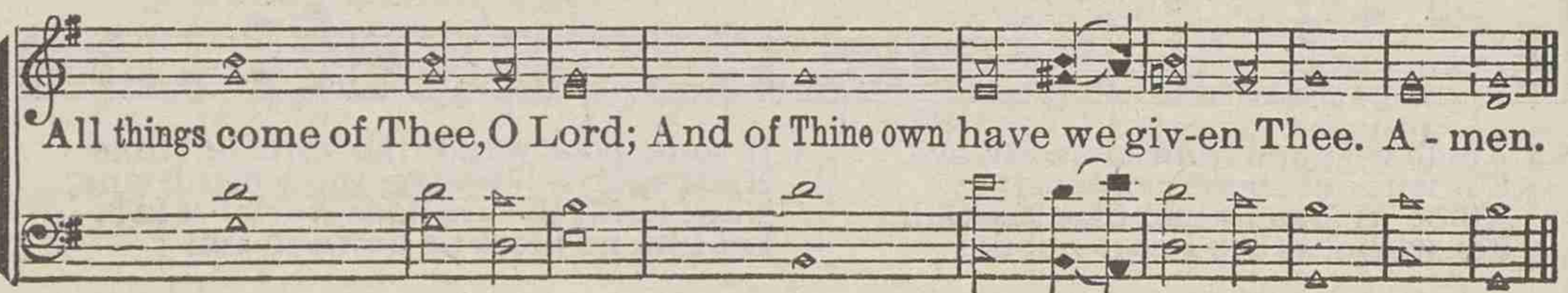


Je-sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r.  
 True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'-ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.  
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, O there are ten thousand charms.

## No. 272. Presentation of Offering.

ANON.



All things come of Thee, O Lord; And of Thine own have we giv-en Thee. A-men.



# No. 273.

# There Is Joy.

MARGARET MOODY.

Silver Burdette Co., owners. Used by per.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy,..... there is joy;.....  
 2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,  
 3. When the Word and Spir-it a-bide within, There is joy, there is joy;



When he turns to God in the gos-pel way, There is joy,..... there is joy.  
 When we walk by faith in the gos-pel light,  
 Then we o-ver-come in the fight with sin, There is joy, there is joy.

## CHORUS.



{ There is joy among the angels, And their harps with music ring. }  
 { When a sin-ner comes repenting, [ Omit . . . . . ] } Bending low before the King.

# No. 274.

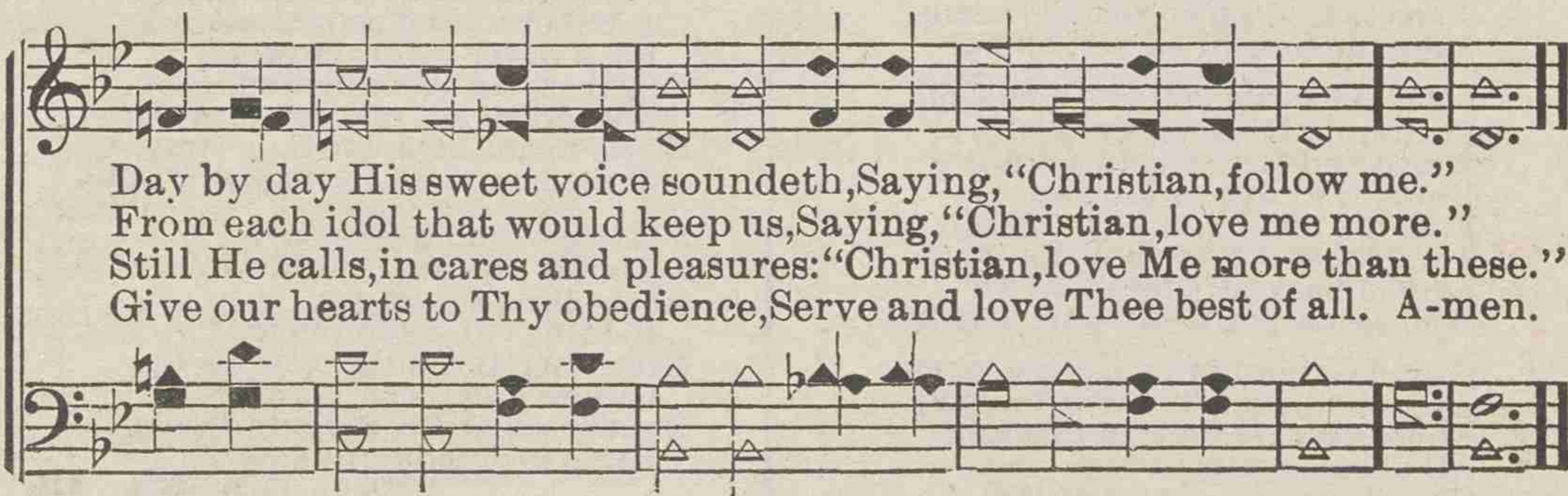
# Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

WILLIAM H. JUDE.



1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call,



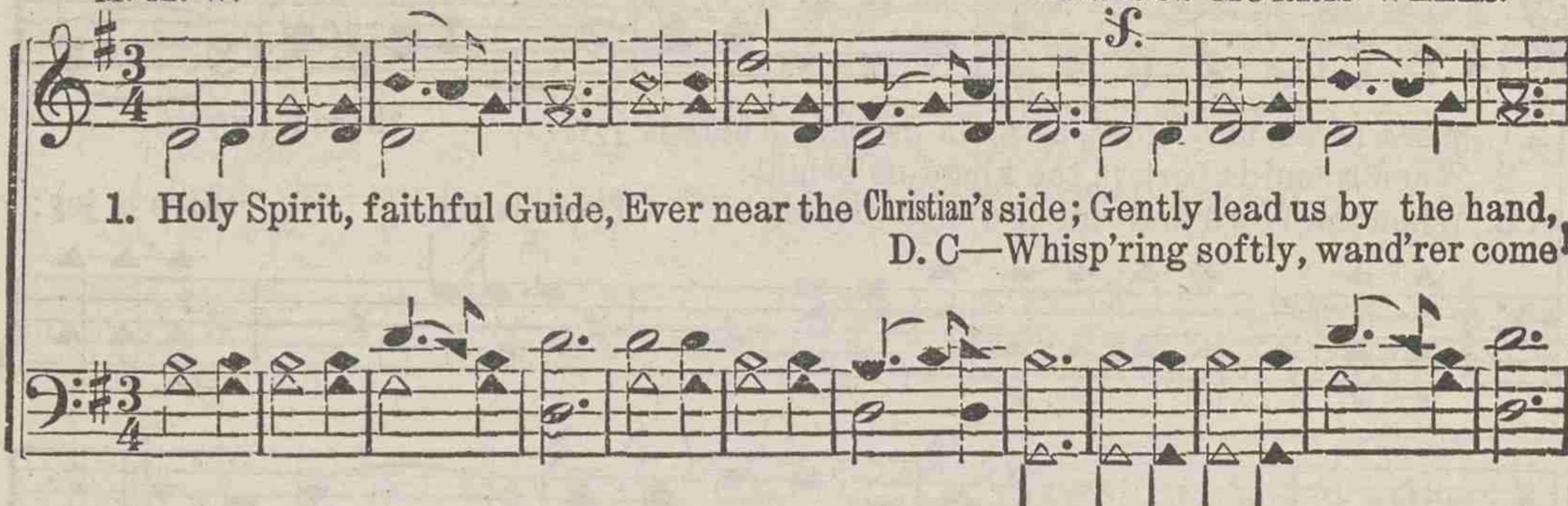
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me."  
 From each idol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures: "Christian, love Me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A-men.



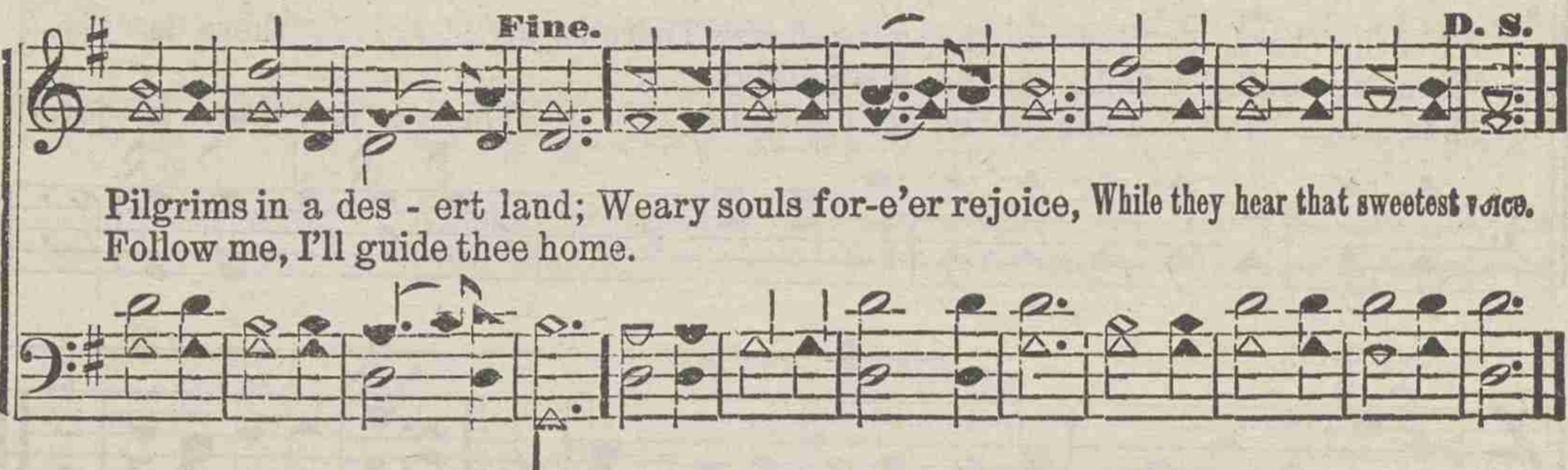
"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 38: 8.

M. M. W.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



1. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand,  
D. C—Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer come!



Pilgrims in a des - ert land; Weary souls for-e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice.  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

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

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

In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so! Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest home,  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There forever purified.  
In Thy presence to abide;  
Come, with all Thy angels, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home,  
HENRY ALFRED.

## 276. Harvest Home.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home,  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God our Maker doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God's own temple, come;  
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield,  
Wheat and tares together sown  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
First the blade and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offenses purge away  
Give His angels charge at last

## 277. Strive to Enter.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 Strive to enter at the gate,  
Follow those who've gone before;  
Pilgrims, poor and desolate,  
Now their work on earth is o'er.  
Now they rest, no more to stray,  
Never more to weep and wait:  
See their footprints on the way;  
Follow onward to the gate.

2 Strive to enter at the gate,  
Casting every burden down;  
'Tis but changing poor estate  
For a never-fading crown.  
Few there be upon the way,  
Not for friends or kindred wait;  
While upon the waste they stray,  
Christ may close the heavenly gate.

3 Strive to enter in to-day,  
Almost now we hear the voice  
At the limit of the way  
Bidding enter and rejoice.  
Every step the anthem swells—  
Can we falter, can we wait?  
Yonder where the Saviour dwells,  
Haste to enter at the gate.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. Alt.



278.

## HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 High in yonder realms of light  
Dwell the raptured saints above,  
Far beyond our feeble sight,  
Happy in Immanuel's love.  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Once they knew, like us below,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing tears,  
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,  
Passed this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more;  
Never, never weep again;

'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid the angelic lyres above,  
Hark! their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturbed repose;  
There no cloud can intervene,  
There no angry tempest blows;  
Every tear is wiped away,  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
Night is lost in endless day,  
Sorrow is eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

279.

## CROSBY. 6s, 4s &amp; 6s.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

D. E. DORTCH.

I. Lord, at Thy mer-cy-seat, Humbly I fall, }  
Pleading the promise sweet, Lord, hear my call. } Now let the work be - gin,

O make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus my all.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Tears of repentant grief  
Silently fall;  
Help Thou my unbelief,  
Hear Thou my call,  
O how I pine for Thee,  
'Tis all my hope and plea,  
Jesus hath died for me,  
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat  
Humbly I fall;  
Pleading Thy promise, sweet,  
Heard is my call;  
Faith wings my soul to Thee,  
'This all my hope shall be,  
Jesus hath died for me,  
Jesus, my all.

## 280. O Wondrous Love!

TUNE: Crosby, No. 279.

1 God gave His Son for me,  
O wondrous love!  
From sin to set me free,  
O wondrous love!  
A guilty rebel I,  
Bound and condemned to die

He did not pass me by,  
O wondrous love!

2 Jesus paid all the debt,  
O wondrous love!  
Widest extremes He met,  
O wondrous love!  
Justice is satisfied,  
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,  
God now is glorified,  
O wondrous love!

3 There, there at God's right hand,  
O wondrous love!  
I see my Surety stand.  
O wondrous love!  
He makes my nature pure,  
In Him I am secure  
Whatever I endure,  
O wondrous love!

4 He'll give me needful grace,  
O wondrous love!  
Soon I shall see His face,  
O wondrous love!  
Join those who've gone before,  
Sorrow and pain all o'er,  
Heaven, heaven for evermore,  
O wondrous love!

F. W. FAY.



## No. 281. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

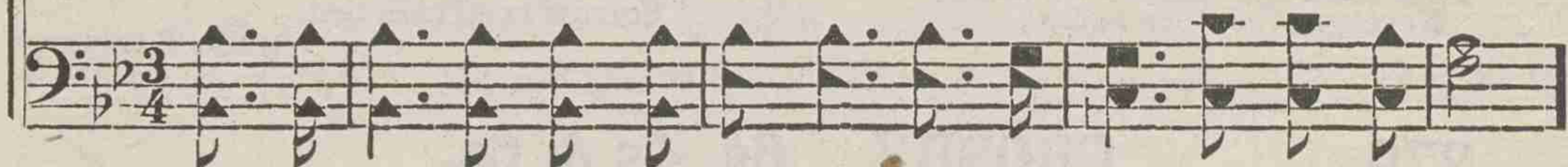
P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.



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



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



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



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



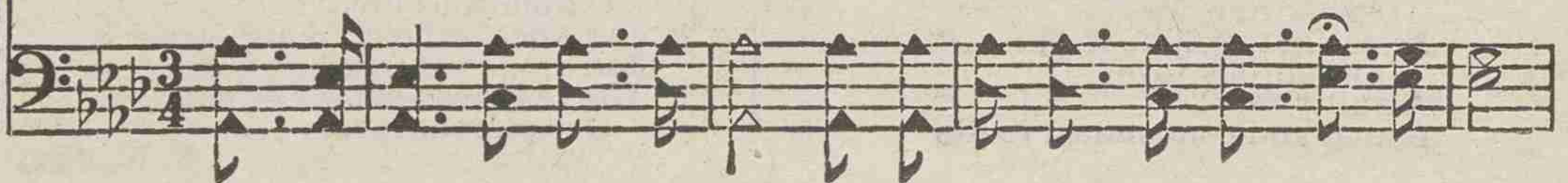
## No. 282. Savior, More Than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

W. H. DOANE.



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





# Savior, More Than Life. Concluded.



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



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



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



## No. 283.

## Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

By permission.

SILAS J. VAIL.



1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;  
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;  
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;



*D. S.*—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.  
*D. S.*—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.  
*D. S.*—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.



*REFRAIN.*  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;



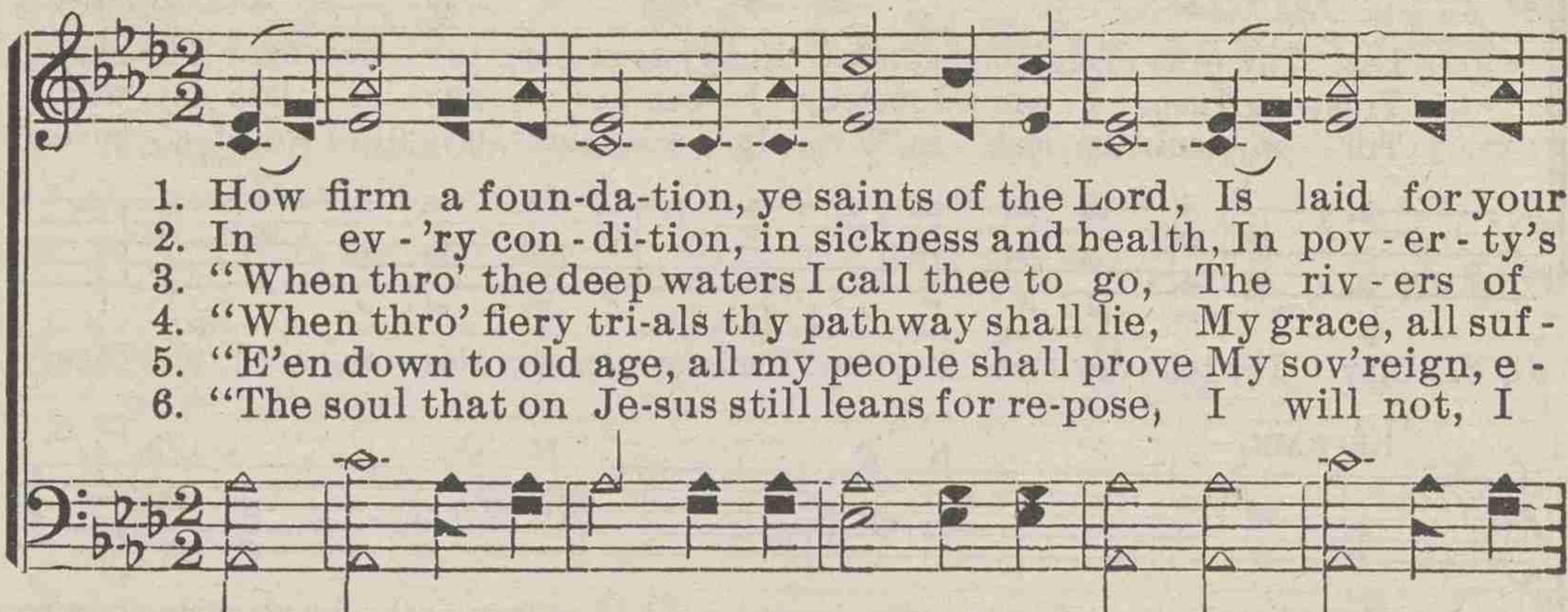


## No. 284. How Firm a Foundation.

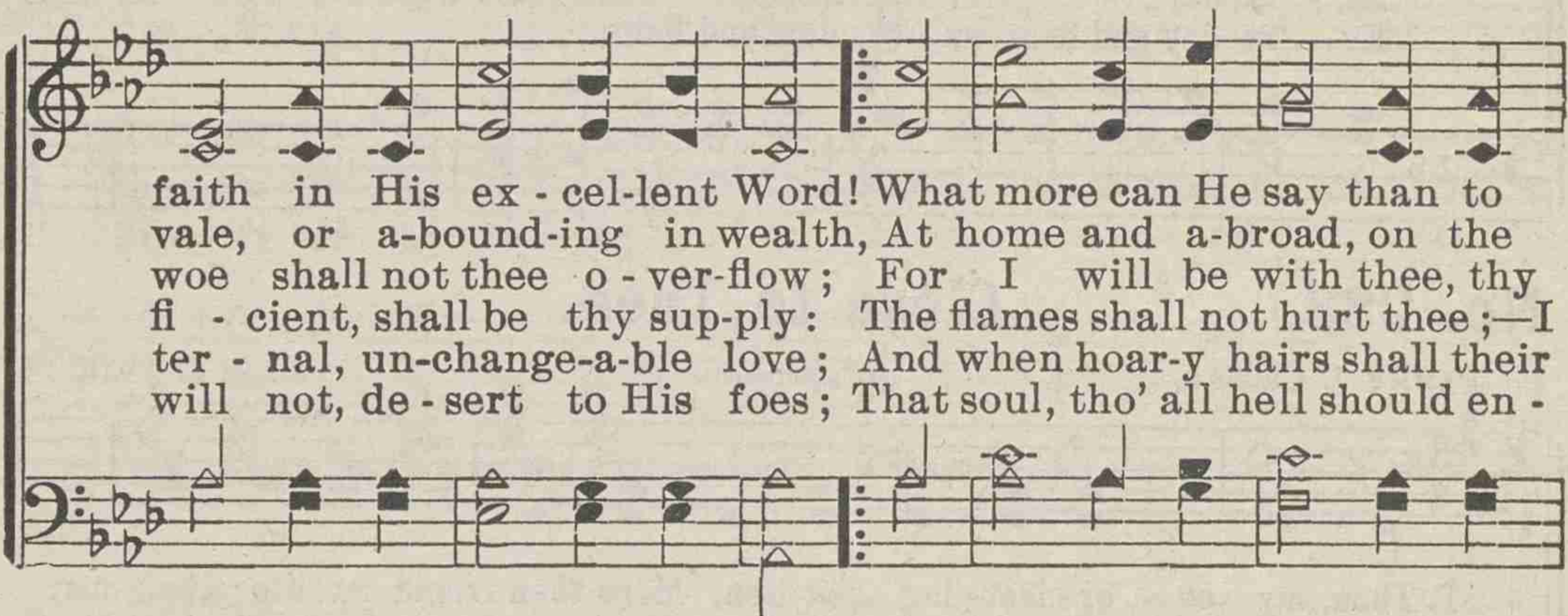
"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. And ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."—EPH. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH.

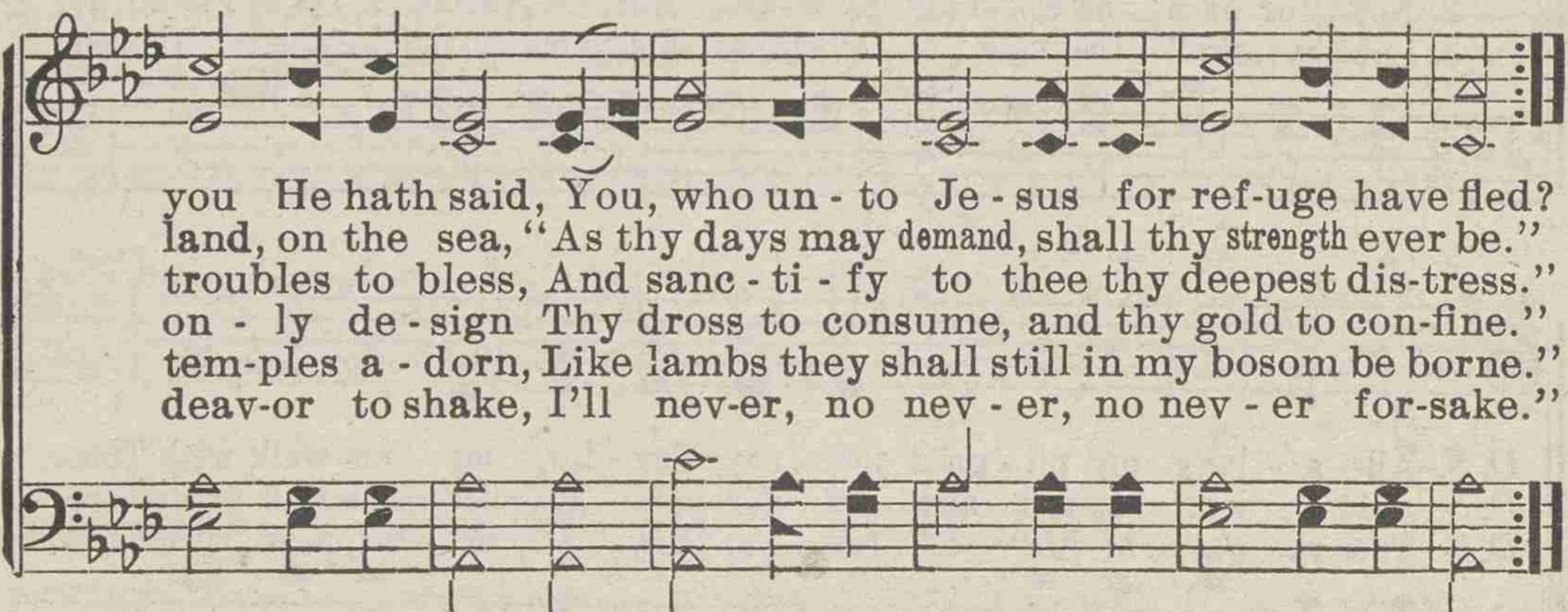
ANNIE STEELE.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di-tion, in sickness and health, In pov - er - ty's  
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of  
 4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all suf -  
 5. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove My sov'reign, e -  
 6. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to  
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the  
 woe shall not thee o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy  
 fi - cient, shall be thy sup-ply: The flames shall not hurt thee;—I  
 ter - nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their  
 will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -



you He hath said, You, who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?  
 land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."  
 troubles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress."  
 on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to con-fine."  
 tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."  
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake."

## No. 285. Palms of Victory.



Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory I shall wear.



"I am the Good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 11.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare; }

Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are,

Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.

Copyright, 1859, in "Oriolo," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 We are Thine do Thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray:  
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :||

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee. :||

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||

**287. Angels from the Realms.**

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Angels from the realms of Glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.  
||: Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :||

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er their flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light;  
||: Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :||

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of Nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star;  
||: Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :||

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear;  
Suddenly the Lord, descending  
In His temple shall appear;  
||: Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :||

5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;  
||: Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :||

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

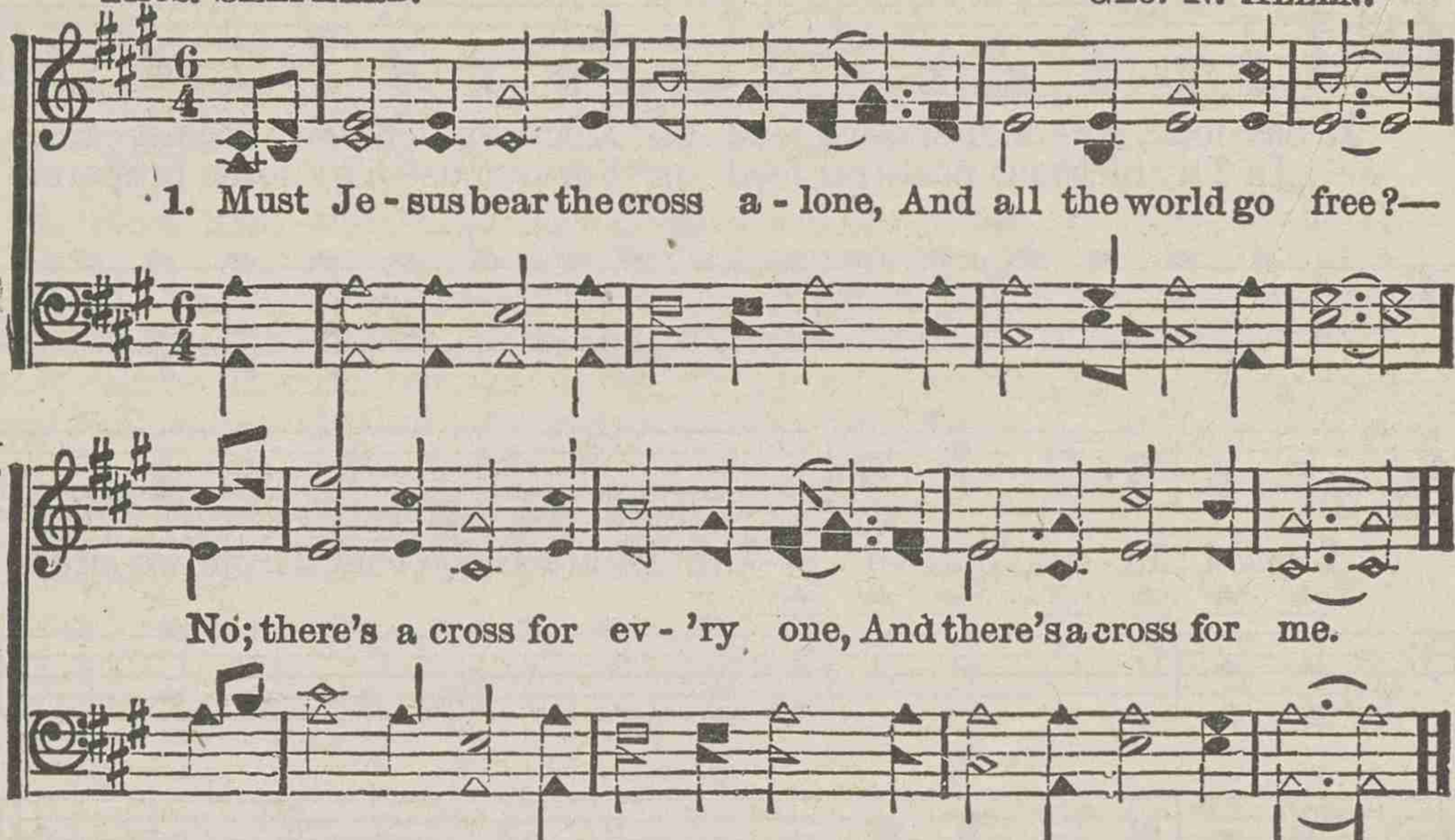


# 288 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

- 2 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.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' piercèd feet,  
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.
- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

## 289 *See music above.*

- 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 earthly toys;  
Our souls how heavily they 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.

## 290 *See music above,*

- 1 Jesus commands us to forgive  
If we would be forgiven;  
And Christians be while here on earth  
Or reign with Him in heaven.
- CHO.**—I must forgive, I do forgive  
My every enemy;

For Jesus shed His precious blood  
That He might pardon me.

- 2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,  
Our wrongs do not exceed  
The insults we have heaped on Him  
Who for our sins did bleed.
- 3 He for His foes did suffer death,  
And freely all forgave;  
And perished on the cruel cross  
That He their souls might save.
- 4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,  
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"  
His spirit we must all possess  
If we with Him would live.
- 5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,  
That I Thine own may be;  
That all my foes I may forgive  
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. Knapp. Used by per.

## 291 *See music above.*

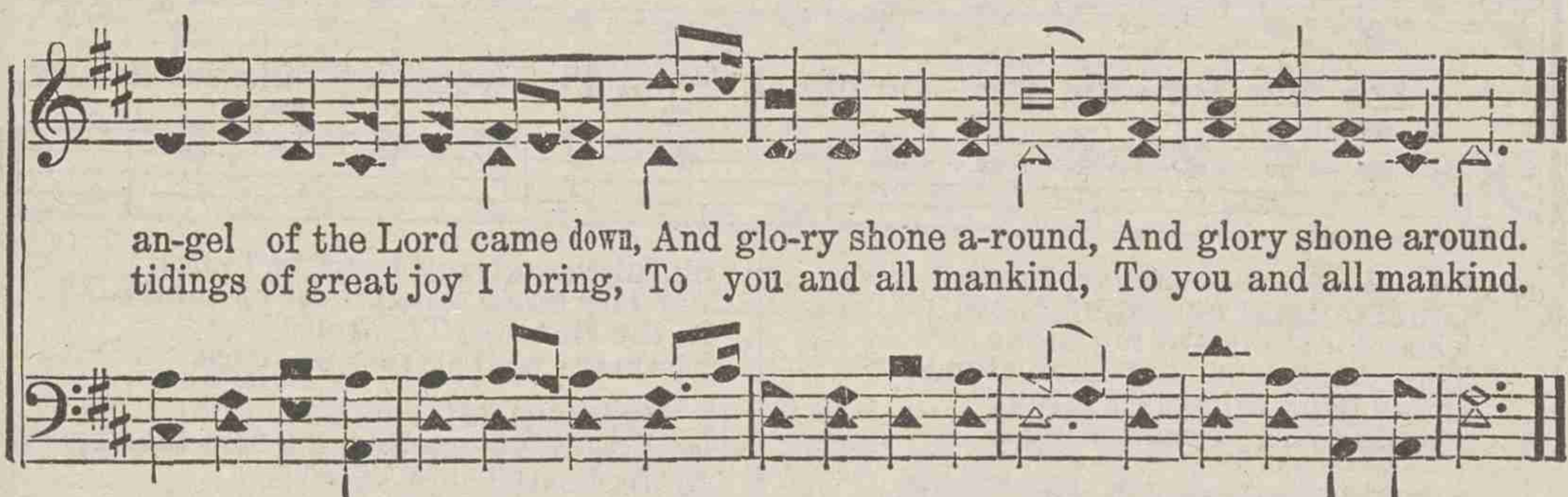
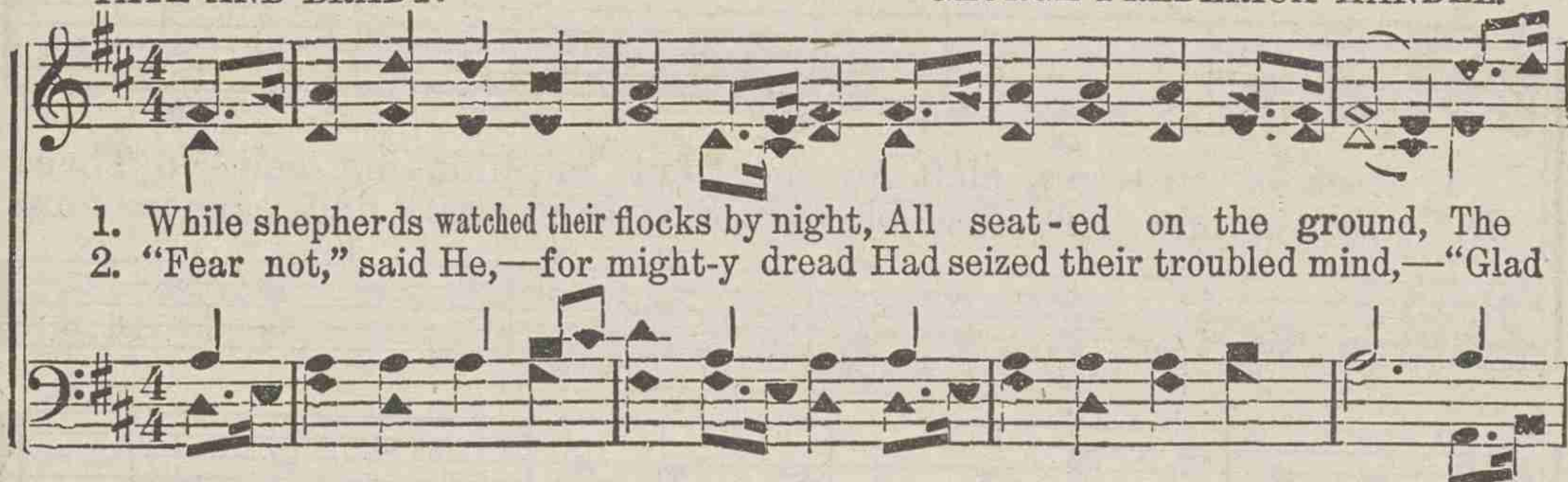
- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found  
Was blind but now I see.
- 2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 3 The Lord hath promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.



"Glad tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2: 10.

TATE AND BRADY.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;  
||: And this shall be the sign. :||

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall  
To human view displayed, [find  
All meanly wrapped in swathing-  
||: And in a manger laid.":|| [bands,

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-  
Appeared a shining throng [with  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
||: Who thus addressed their song :||

6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace:  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to  
||: Begin and never cease.":|| [men,

### 293. Eternal Spirit.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292. Psalms 21; 10.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,  
Our contrite hearts inspire;  
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,  
||: And feed the pure desire. :||

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,  
With guilt and fear oppressed:  
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,  
||: And give the weary rest. :||

3 Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be;  
That we with humble, holy heart,  
||: May worship only Thee :||

### 294. Mortals Awake.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292.

1 Mortals awake with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love and gratitude combine  
||: To hail the auspicious day. :||

2 In heaven the rapturous song began  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
||: And strung and tuned the lyre. :||

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew  
And loud the echo rolled;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
||: 'Twas more than heaven could hold. :||

4 Down through the portals of the sky,  
The impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
||: To bear the news to man. :||

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,  
"Glory to God on high!"  
Good will and peace are now complete,  
||: Jesus was born to die. :||

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
||: Thy praise shall never end. :||

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.



# 295. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defense, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.  
REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!  
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no respite 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.

Sinful though my heart be found,  
Let Thy grace much more abound;  
In the riches of Thy grace  
Finds my soul its resting-place.

2 Righteous advocate with God,  
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;  
In my heart I now believe,  
Thy atonement I receive;  
Freely with my mouth confess  
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,  
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;  
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—  
Not by works which I have done,—  
Heart and tongue confess again,  
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

HENRY L. MOREHOUSE. 1872.

# 296. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,  
God be merciful to me!

# 297. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.

1 2 Fine.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,  
The name be - fore His wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour (*Omit...*) giv - en.  
D.C. For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as (*Omit...*) Je - sus.

D. C.

**REFRAIN.**

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus.

2 And when He hung upon the tree,  
They wrote his name above Him  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love Him,—REF.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.



298.

## HOME, SWEET HOME! 11s.

"We have a building of God."—2 COR. 5: 1.

REV. DAVID DENHAM.

HENRY W. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to the soul is com-mun-ion (*Omit...*) with saints; To find at the

ban-quet of mer-cy there's room And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.

**REFRAIN.**

Home! home! sweet, sweet homel Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of  
peace!

And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can  
not cease,

Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I  
roam,

I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 Sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with  
Thee;

Though now my temptation like billows may  
foam,

All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at  
home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I  
stay.

O give me submission, and strength as my  
day;

In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy  
grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy  
face;

Endue me with patience to wait at Thy  
throne.

And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of  
home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to  
shine;

No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;

And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise Thee at  
home.

## 299. Bright Home.

TUNE: Home, Sweet Home, No. 298.

1 Bright home of my Saviour, what glories  
await

The spirits that pass through the bright,  
pearly gate;

What anthems of rapture unceasing and high  
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the  
sky.—REF.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the  
blest,

Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;  
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of  
green,

And drink the still waters of pleasures se-  
rene.—REF.

3 The home that my Saviour has gone to pre-  
pare

No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;  
Of raptures unending awaiting the just

When pure in His likeness they rise from the  
dust.—REF.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, Thou call'st us  
to share

The beautiful home Thou hast gone to pre-  
pare;

We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our  
sin,

Through yonder bright gates we may all en-  
ter in.—REF.

—UNKNOWN.



# No. 300. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;



CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for ev - er - more to be;

*D. C. for Chorus.*



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.



Lord, I give my Life to Thee, Thine for ev - er - more to be.

# No. 301. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. He lead - eth me, O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By wa - ters
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Content, what -
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold



CHORUS.



do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, He leadeth me, By  
ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan leadeth me.



His own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.





302.

## I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

Arr.

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

D. C.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."  
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

303.

## I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;  
 2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earthly store;  
 3. Je-sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect-ed in love I am;

D. C.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.  
 Soul and bod-y, Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for ev-er-more.  
 I am ey-'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Je-sus, saves me, saves me now.



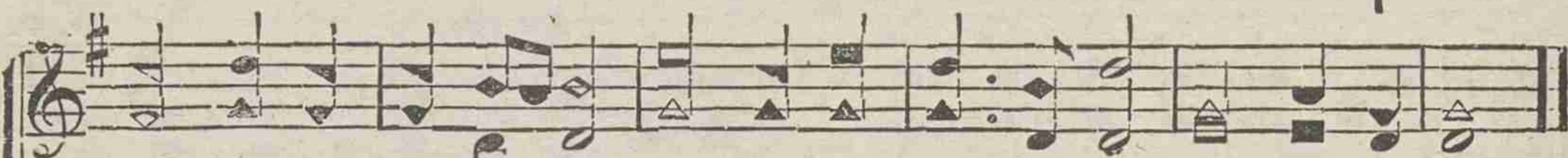
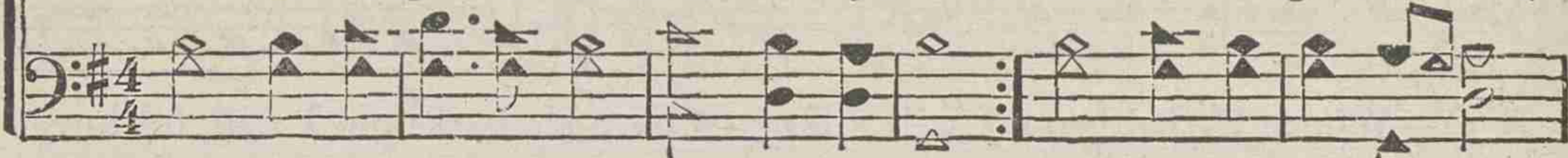
304.

## HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s &amp; 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }  
 Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Dan-ger and sor-row stand  
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; }  
 Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home. } Time's cold and wint'ry blas-  
 3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home; }  
 I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home. } There are the good and blest,



Round me on ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-therland, Heav'n is my home.  
 Shall soon be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.  
 Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.



305.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s &amp; 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

"Nearer to Thee."--JAS. 4: 8.

LOWELL MASON, 1856.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,  
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,  
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,



D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,



That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer-cy giv'n, An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,



Near-er to Thee!



# No. 306. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A REED.

GOTTSCALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign alone.

# No. 307. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest. Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



# No. 308.

# More About Jesus.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



FINE.

More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.  
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
More of His kingdom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.



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

CHORUS.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



# No. 309.

# Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISHER.

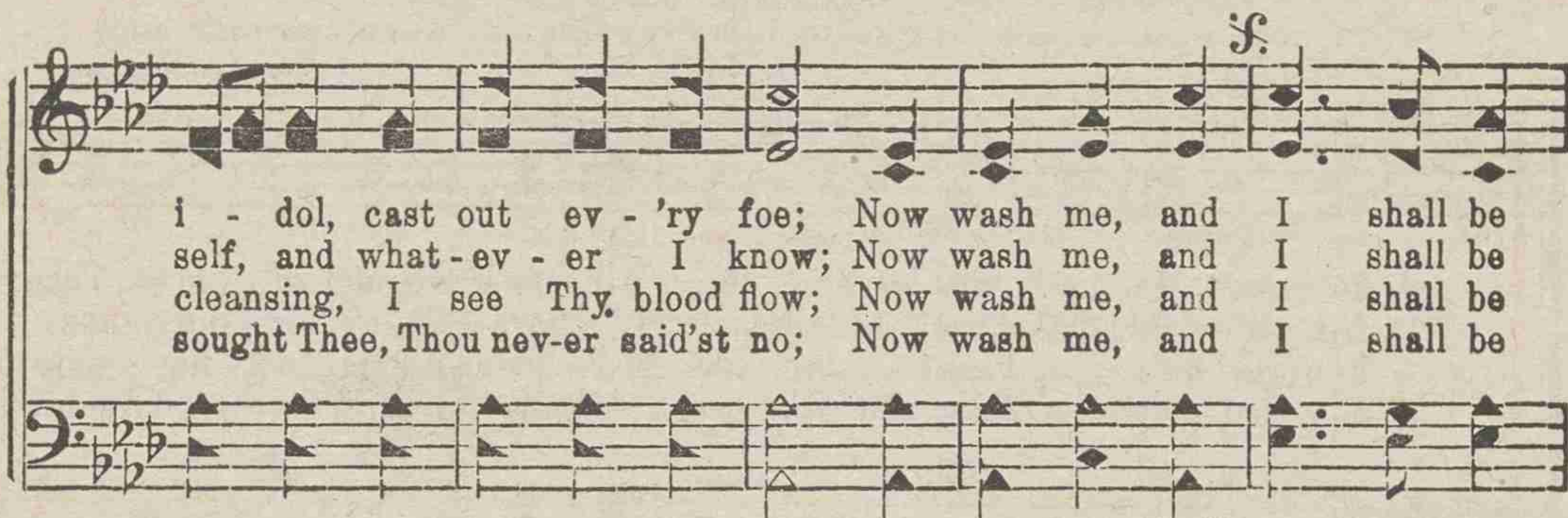


1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; }  
    { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down ev'ry
2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, }  
    { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; } I give up my
3. { Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, }  
    { I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, } By faith, for my
4. { Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa - tient - ly wait; }  
    { Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate; } To those who have





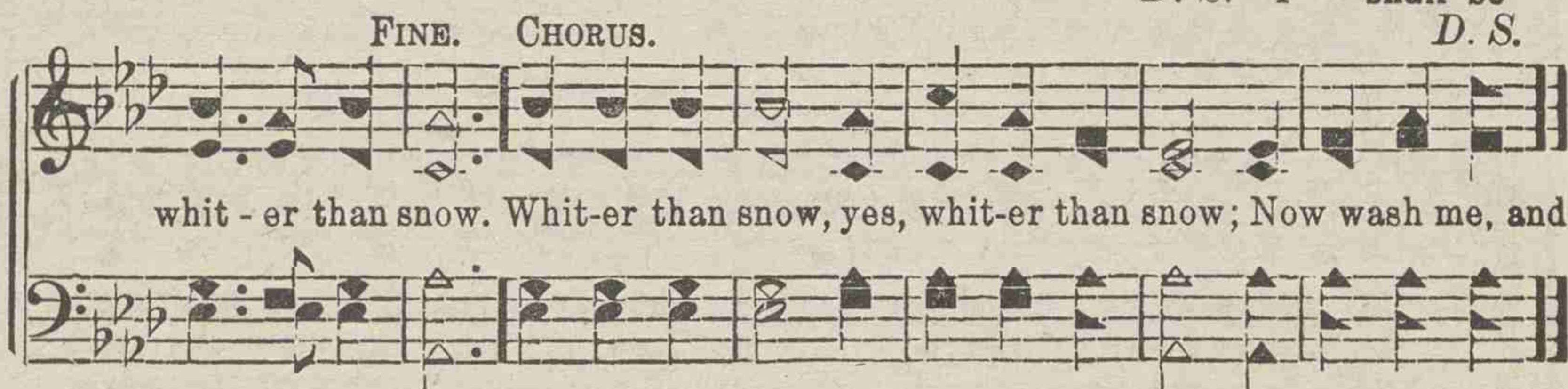
## Whiter Than Snow. Concluded.



i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be  
self, and what - ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be  
cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be  
sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st no; Now wash me, and I shall be

*D. S.*—I shall be  
*D. S.*

**FINE. CHORUS.**



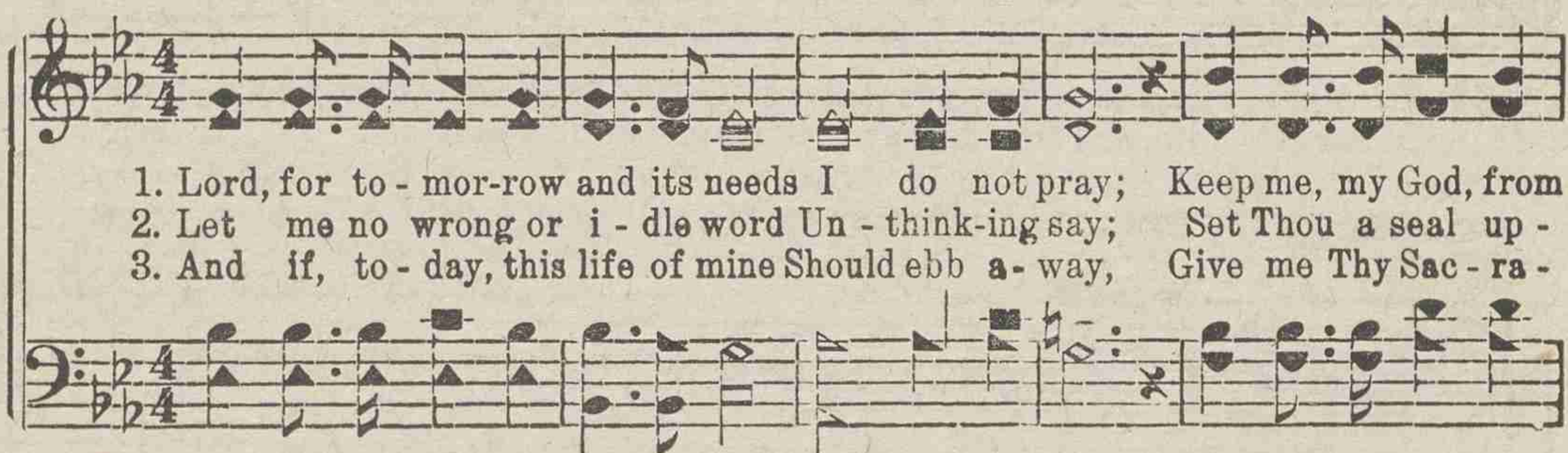
whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and  
whit - er than snow.

## No. 310.

## Just For Today.

E. B. WILBERFORCE.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from  
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un - think - ing say; Set Thou a seal up -  
3. And if, to - day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me Thy Sac - ra -



stain of sin Just for to - day. Help me to la - bor earn - est - ly,  
on my lips Thro' all to - day. Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,  
ment Di - vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So, for to - mor - row and its needs

*cres.* *ff* *rall.*



And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Father, to - day.  
In sea - son gay; Let me faithful be to Thy grace, Dear Lord to - day.  
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to - day. A - men.



## No. 311. Jesus. I My Cross Have Taken.

"If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up my cross and follow me."

HENRY F. LYTE.

J. C. W. G. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;  
 3. Tho' He lead me back to Jor - dan, And be - neath its yield - ing wave,  
 4. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure, Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;  
 Hu - man hearts and locks de - ceive me; Thou art not like man, un - true;  
 Glad - ly would I trace His foot - steps, Since He died my soul to save;  
 In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain;

D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!  
 D. S.—Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face and all is bright.  
 D. S.—For my spir - it, proud, is brok - en, And I now His word o - bey.  
 D. S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,  
 Where He leads me I will fol - low, While I walk my pil - grim way,  
 I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther," I have stayed my heart on Thee:

## No. 312. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

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



## Only Trust Him. Concluded.

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

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;  
He will save you, He will save you, He will save [Omit . . ] you now.

## No. 313.

## Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. A. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from  
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin; Je - sus so sweet - ly a -  
3. O pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry  
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry  
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry  
Sav - iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.




# No. 314.

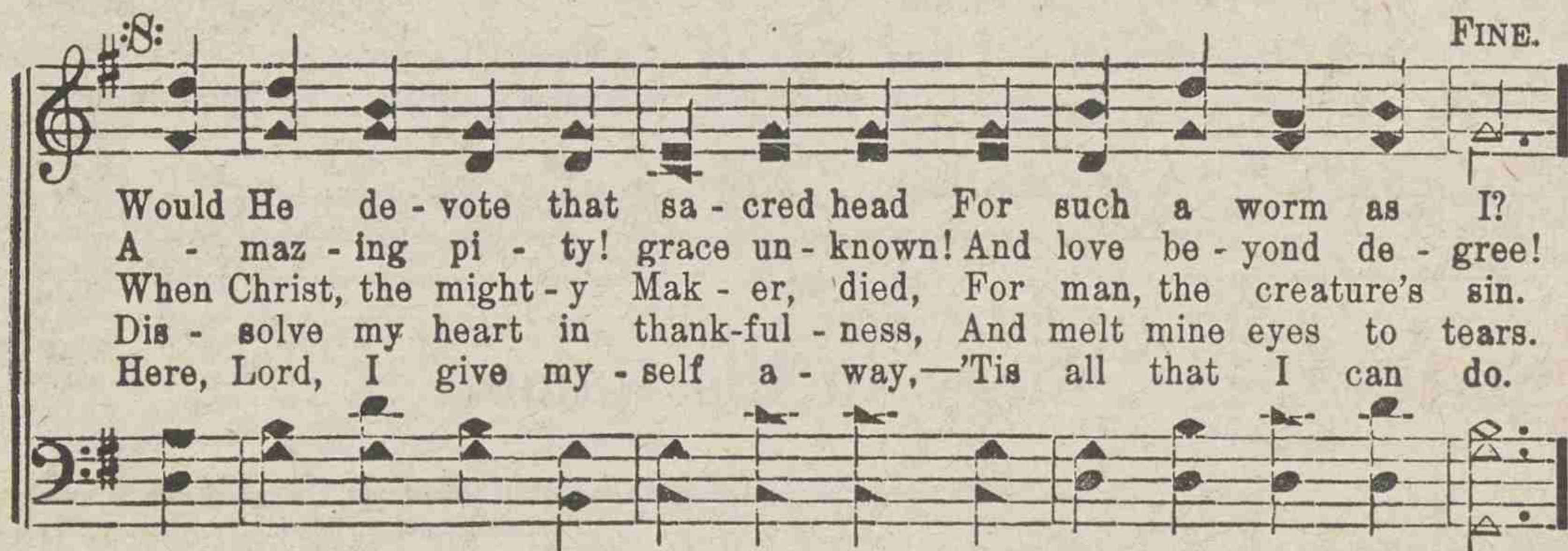
# He Loves Me.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Arr.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,  
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, - 'Tis all that I can do.

D. S. - He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.

REFRAIN.



He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

# No. 315. By the Grace of God I'll Meet You.

Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. O fa - thers will you meet me, O fa - thers will you meet me,  
 2. O mothers will you meet me, O mothers will you meet me,  
 3. O brothers will you meet me, O brothers will you meet me,  
 4. O sis - ters will you meet me, O sis - ters will you meet me,  
 5. O mourners will you meet me, O mourners will you meet me.

CHO. 1. - By the grace of God I'll meet you, By the grace of God I'll meet you,  
 CHO. 2. - There we'll shout and give Him glo - ry, There we'll shout and give Him glory,



## By the Grace of God etc. Concluded.



0 fa - thers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.  
 0 moth - ers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.  
 0 broth - ers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.  
 0 sis - ters will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.  
 0 mourn - ers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.

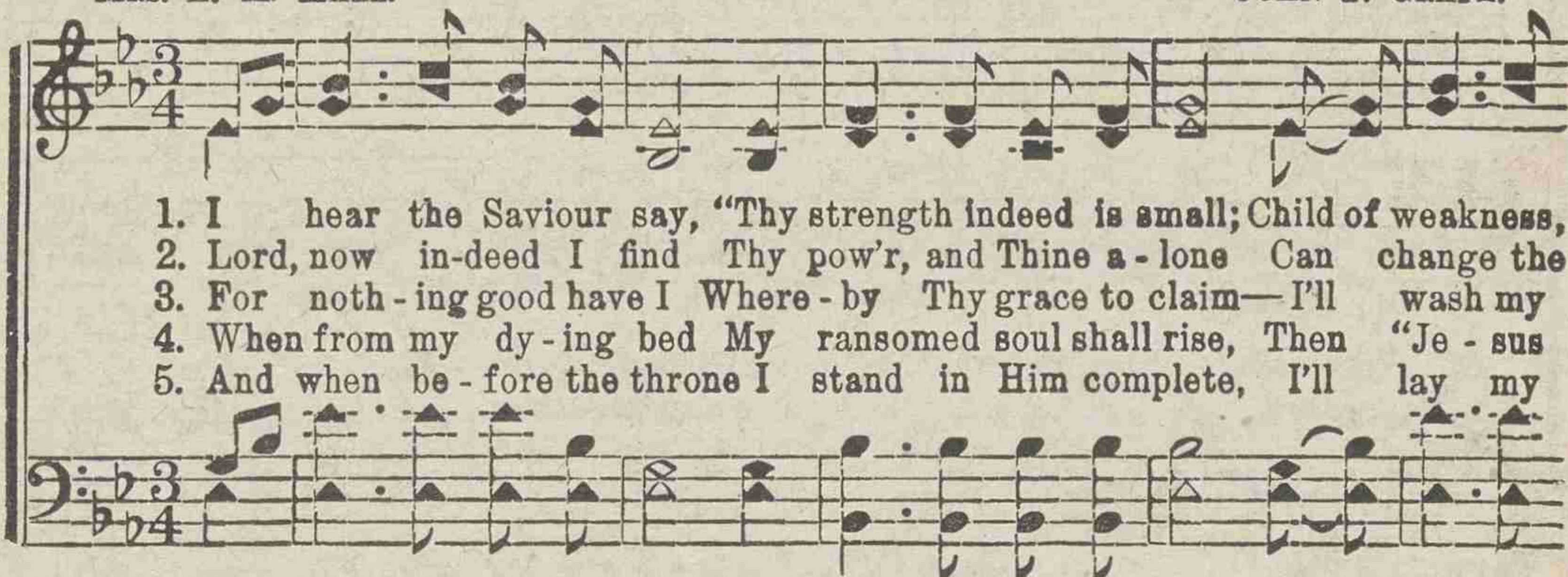
By the grace of God I'll meet you, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.  
 There we'll shout and give Him glo - ry, For glo - ry is His own.

## No. 316. Jesus Paid It All.

"Who gave himself a ransom for all."—1 TIM. 2: 6.

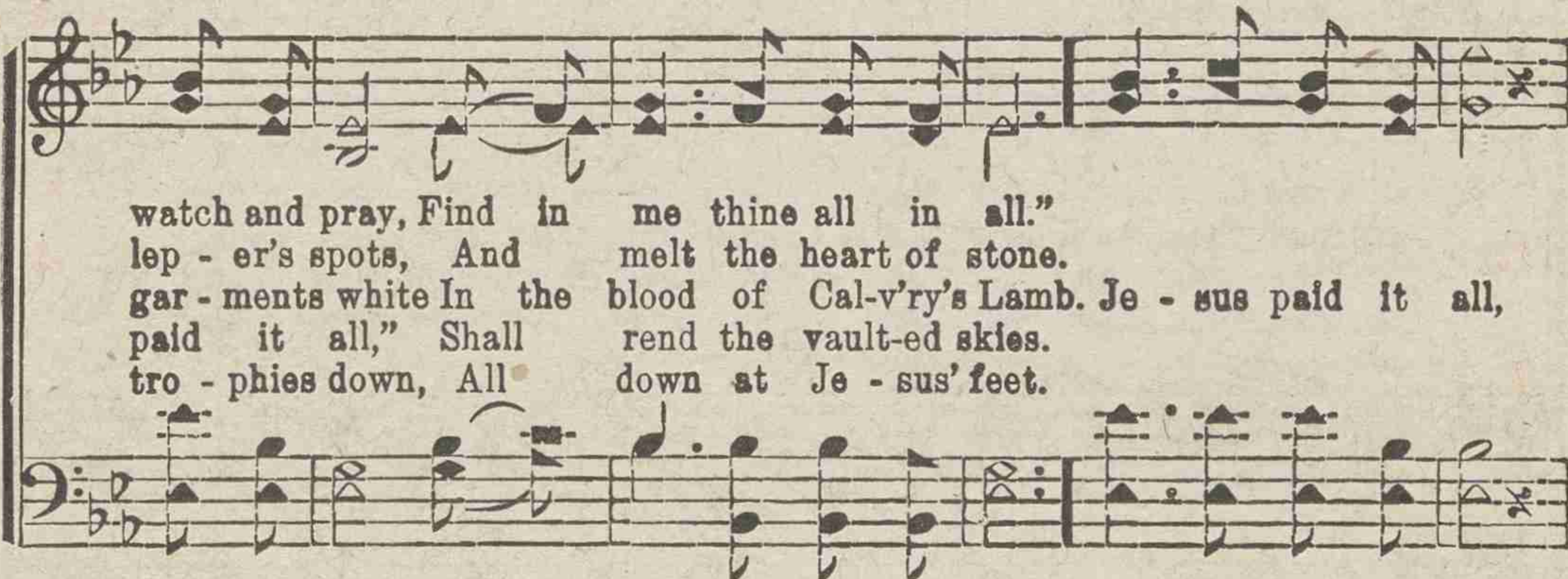
MRS. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.



1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,  
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my  
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus  
 5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.



watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."  
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb. Je - sus paid it all,  
 paid it all," Shall rend the vault - ed skies.  
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.



All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



# No. 317.

# Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

Copyright, 1878, by The John Church Co.

GEO. F. ROOT.



- |                                     |                                    |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?  | Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?     |
| 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, | To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?      |
| 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er,  | His spir-it now striv-ing with-in? |
| 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,  | The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;    |



Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your burden of sin?  
Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? Why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

# No. 318.

# Praise the Lord.

M. D. U.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

M. D. USSERY.

**Earnestly.**



- |                                |                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Take your stand for Je-sus, | Work with all your might;  |
| 2. Take your stand for Je-sus, | 'Gainst the foes of right; |
| 3. Take your stand for Je-sus, | Keep His ban-ner high;     |
| 4. Take your stand for Je-sus, | And His love pro-claim;    |



Praise Him for His mer-cy, Praise Him day and night. (day and night.)  
Press them in the con-flict, Put them all to flight. (to fight.)  
Yours shall be the vic-t'ry, In the by and by. (by and by.)  
Res-cue souls in dark-ness, Praise His ho-ly name. (ho-ly name.)





## Praise the Lord. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, His love pro-claim;  
Praise the Lord, His love pro-claim, His matchless love pro-claim; (pro-claim;)

Take your stand for Je - sus, Praise His name.  
Praise, O praise His pre - cious name.

## No. 319. Who at My Door is Standing?

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,  
2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;  
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y Knock - ing a - gain is He;  
4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide;

En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
While I am still de - lay - ing Will He not pass me by?  
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry Wait - ing so long for me?  
Tho' He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D. S.—If thou wilt heed My call - ing, I will a - bide with thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing, "O - pen the door for me!"



## No. 320

## God Be With You.

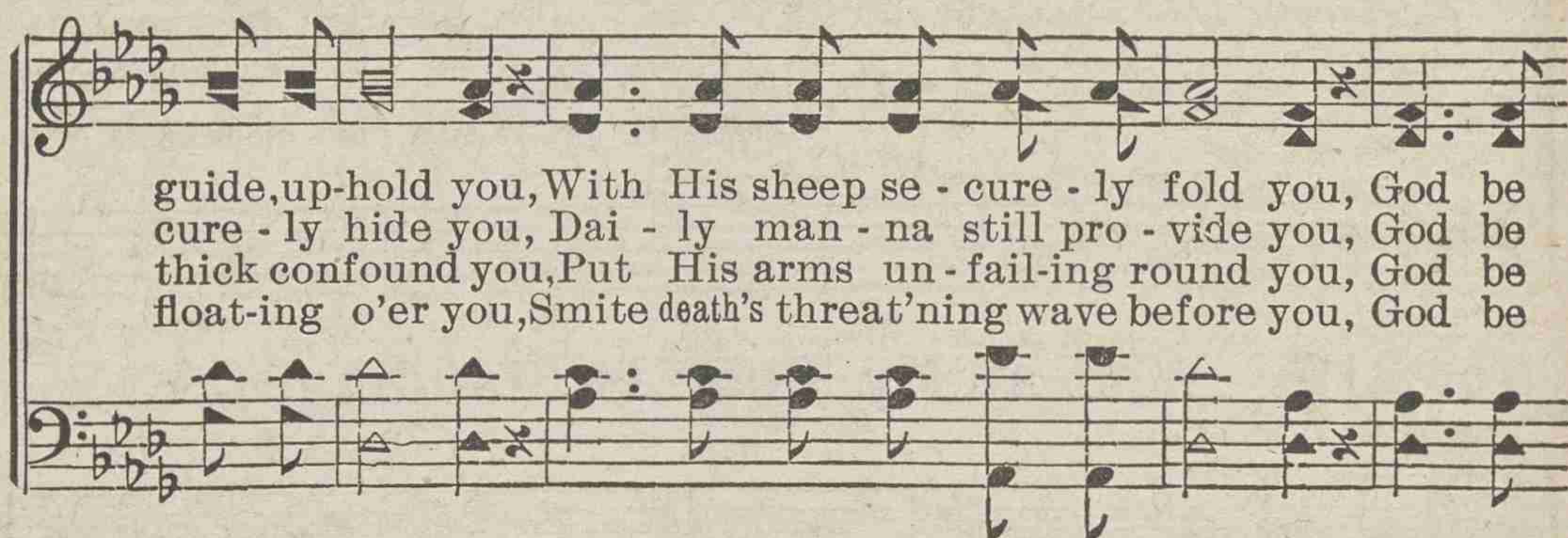
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

By permission.

W. G. TOMER.

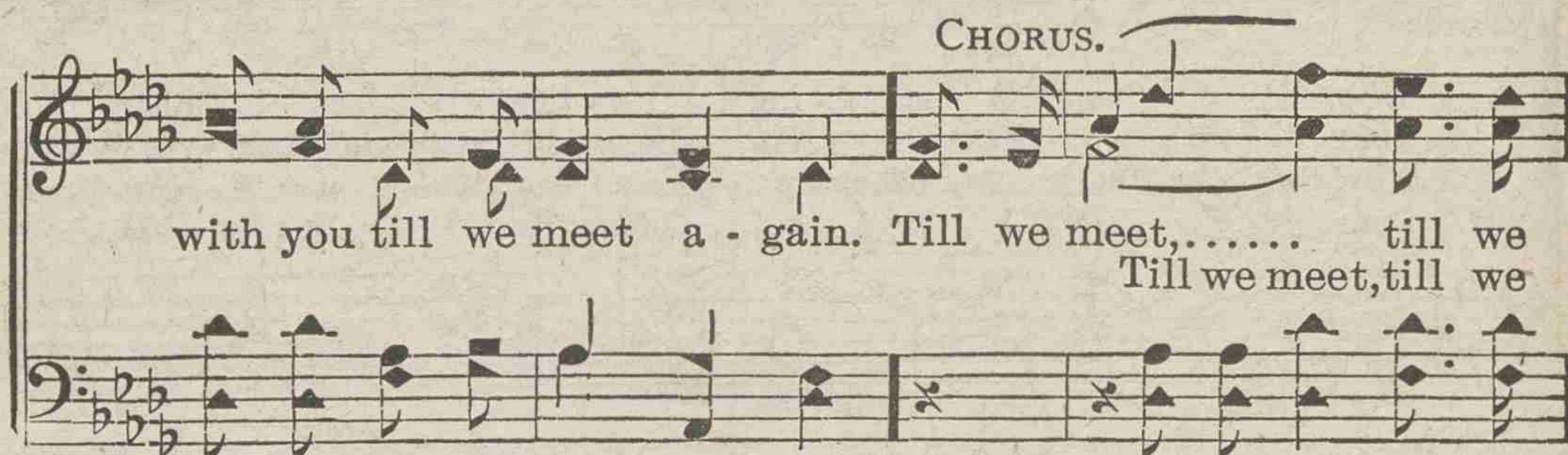


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se -  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner



guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be  
 cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be  
 thick confound you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be  
 float - ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be

CHORUS.



with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, ..... till we  
 Till we meet, till we



meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we  
 meet a - gain, Till we meet,



meet, ..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Till we meet, till we meet again,



# Junior Songs and Choruses.

No. 321.

## Two Little Hands.

W. A. O.

By permission of David C. Cook.

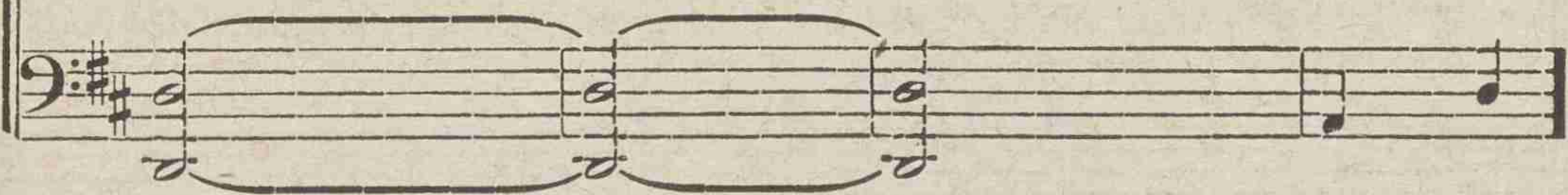
W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'nly courts a - bove;
3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for Him to save,



Two lit - tle ears to hear His counsel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.  
Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love.  
One lit - tle life for His dear serv - ice, One lit - tle self that He must have.



### CHORUS.



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our child-hood's earl - ly morn - ing;



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of Thee.





# No. 322.

# Scattering Sunshine.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

By per. of Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

**SOLO. Slow.**

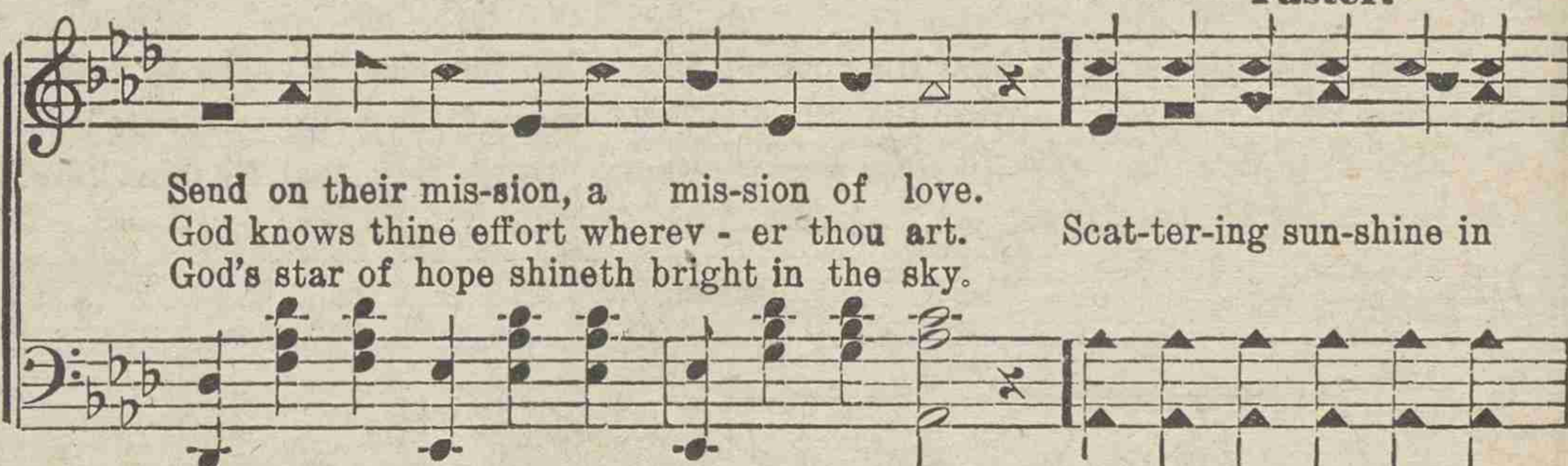


1. Strive to be scat-ter-ing sunshine each day, Send forth a lov-ing word  
 2. Strive to be fill-ing each sad heart with song, Ma-ny the struggling ones,  
 3. Speed a sweet message in day-light, in dark, Ma-ny are drift-ing a -



to those who stray, Cull the sweet flowers sent down from a - bove,  
 help them be strong; Bring them a message of cheer to the heart,  
 way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the faltering eye,

**CHORUS. Faster.**



Send on their mis-sion, a mis-sion of love.  
 God knows thine effort wherev - er thou art. Scat-ter-ing sun-shine in  
 God's star of hope shineth bright in the sky.



word and in deed, Scat - ter - ing sun - shine, this is the world's need;



Scattering sunshine, some fainting heart feed, Scattering sunshine each day.



# No. 323 Get In the Fight to Stay.

W. W. S.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Re - vi - val time is com - ing on, Get in the fight, get in the fight;
2. We're in the cause of truth and right, Get in the fight, get in the fight;
3. The bat - tle's rag - ing for the Lord, Get in the fight, get in the fight;
4. O sol - diers ral - ly for the right, Get in the fight, get in the fight;



O Chris-tians join this hap - py throng, Get in the fight to stay.  
We'll work and pray with all our might, Get in the fight to stay.  
We'er in the win - ing cause of God, Get in the fight to stay;  
And put old Sa - tan's cause to flight, Get in the fight to stay.



## CHORUS.



A great re - vi - val's com - ing down, Get in the fight, get in the fight;



God's glo - ry's shin - ing all a - round, Get in the fight to stay.





# No. 324. Kind Words Can Never Die.

"And be ye kind one to another."—EPH. 4: 32

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

A. II.

WOODIE W. SMITH, Arr.



1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher-ished and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Tho' like the flow'rs Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



Stored in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thou-sand times,  
In win - t'ry hours; But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,  
Wrapp'd in its gloom; What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,



GIRLS.



Aye in all years and climes, Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev - er die,  
With ma - ny add - ed hue They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die,  
Live thro' e - ter - nal day, With Christ a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,



BOYS.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.



Nev - er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
Nev - er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
Nev - er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.





# No. 325. I Want to be a Worker.

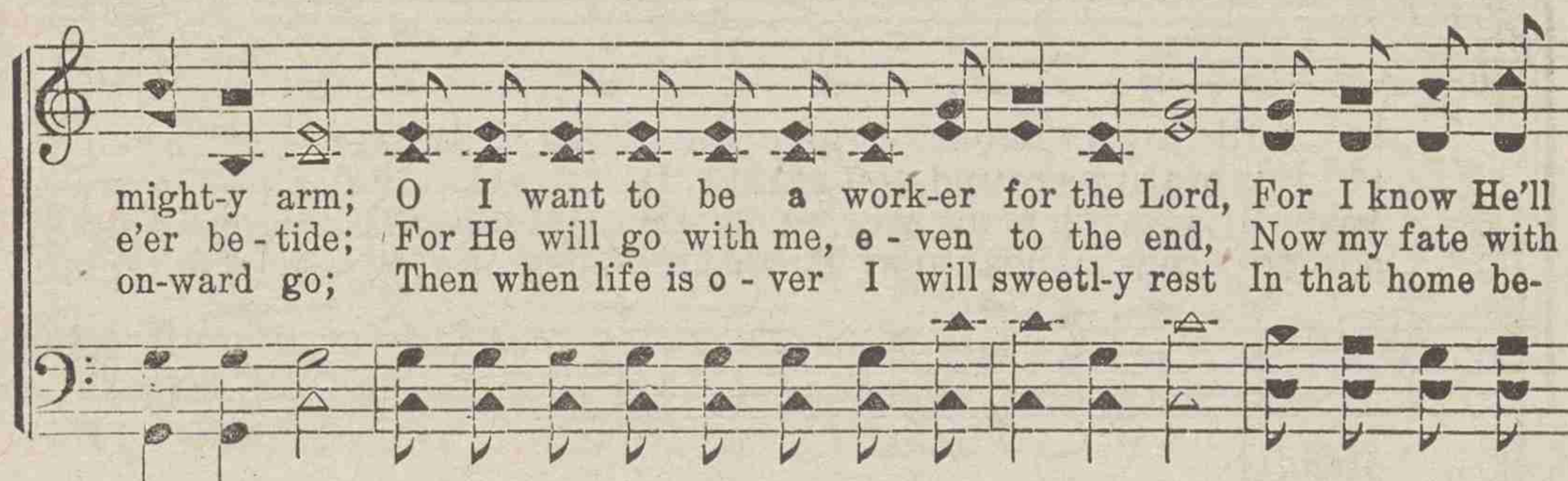
Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith in "Revival Power."

S. W. JONES.

GLADYS H. SMITH, aged 8 years. Har. by W. W. S.




1. Ev - er will I trust in Christ the Cru - ci - fied, Lean-ing on His strong and  
2. Je - sus is my Guide, my blessed Lord and Friend, I will work for Him what-  
3. I will work for Je - sus, on Him I'll de - pend For each blessing as I

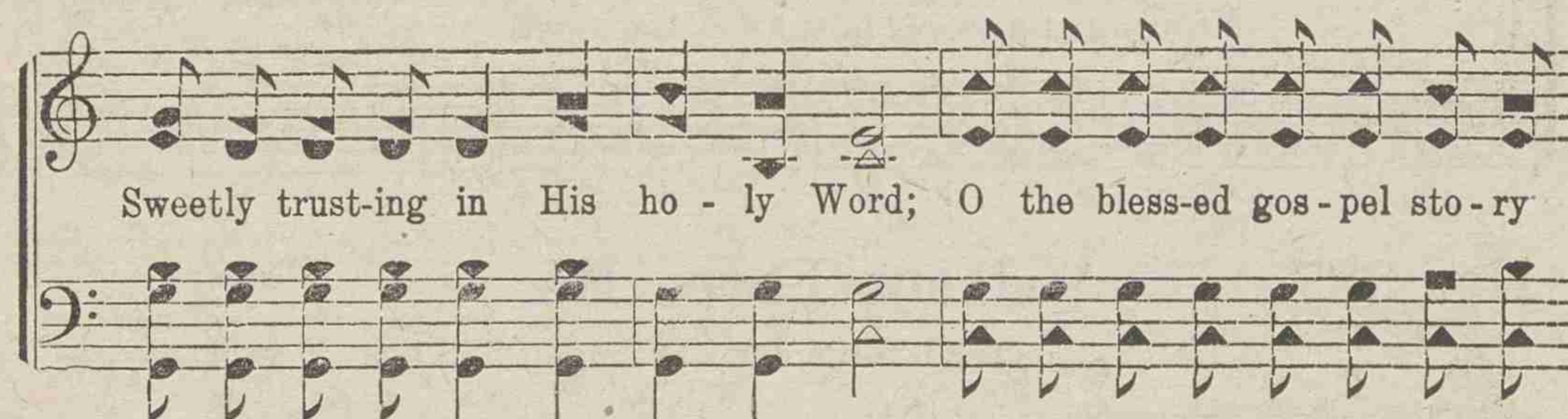


might-y arm; O I want to be a work-er for the Lord, For I know He'll  
e'er be-tide; For He will go with me, e - ven to the end, Now my fate with  
on-ward go; Then when life is o - ver I will sweetl-y rest In that home be-

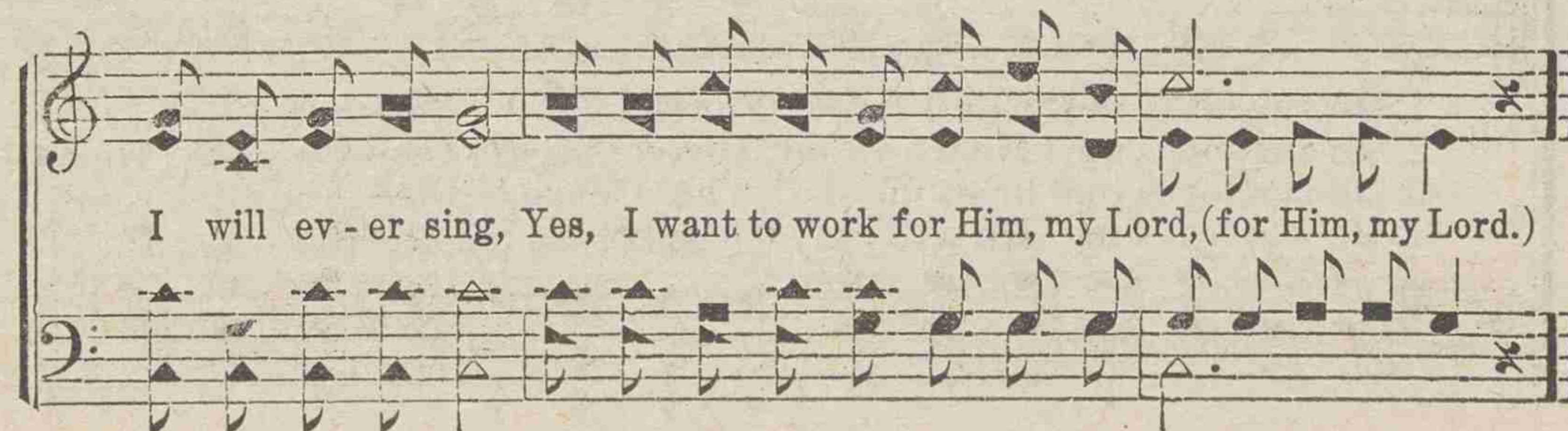
## CHORUS.



keep me from all harm.  
Him I will con-fide. O I want to be a work-er for my Lord and King,  
yond all pain and woe.



Sweetly trust-ing in His ho - ly Word; O the bless-ed gos - pel sto - ry



I will ev - er sing, Yes, I want to work for Him, my Lord, (for Him, my Lord.)

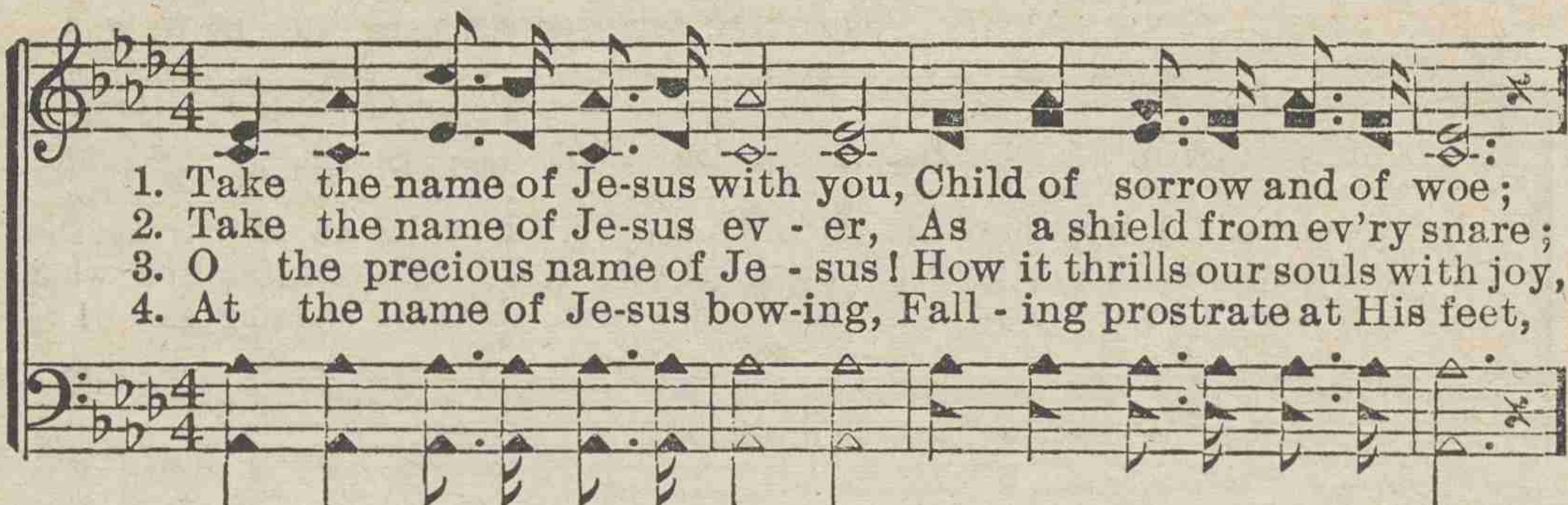


# No. 326. Take the Name of Jesus With You.


LYDIA BAXTER.

Copyright, 1892, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

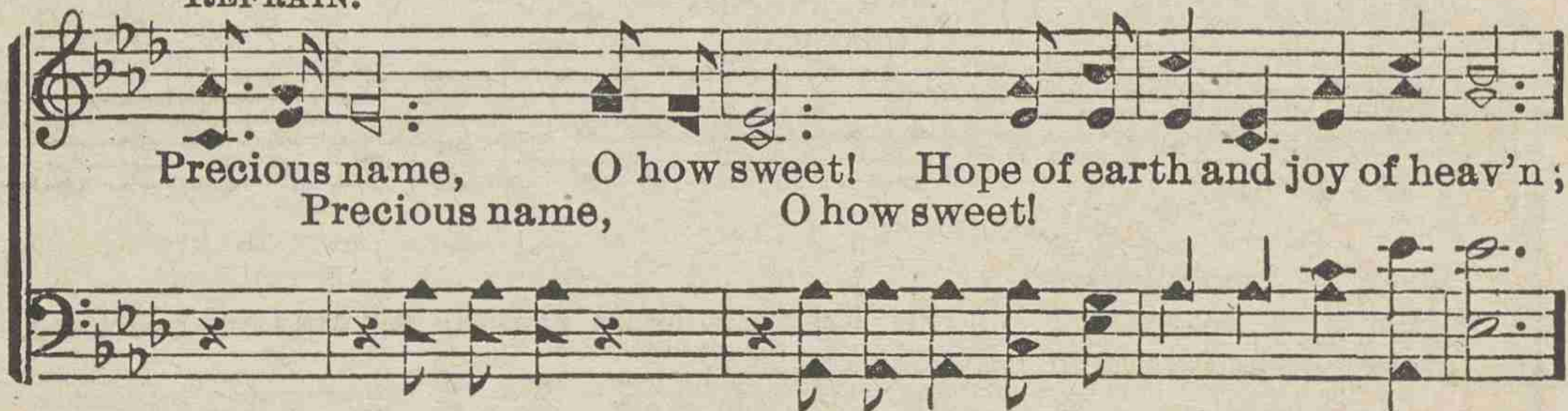


1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;  
 2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;  
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



It will joy and comfort give you; Take it, then, where'er you go.  
 If temptations round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.  
 When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ!  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

## REFRAIN.



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



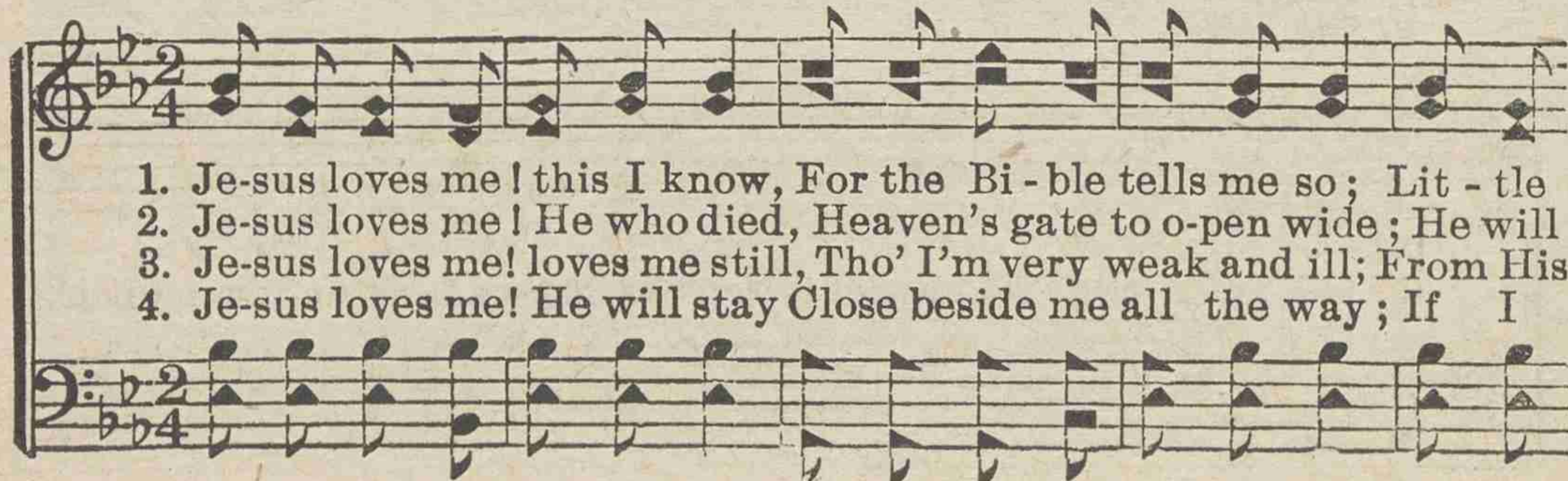
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

# No. 327.

# Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite hymn of China.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

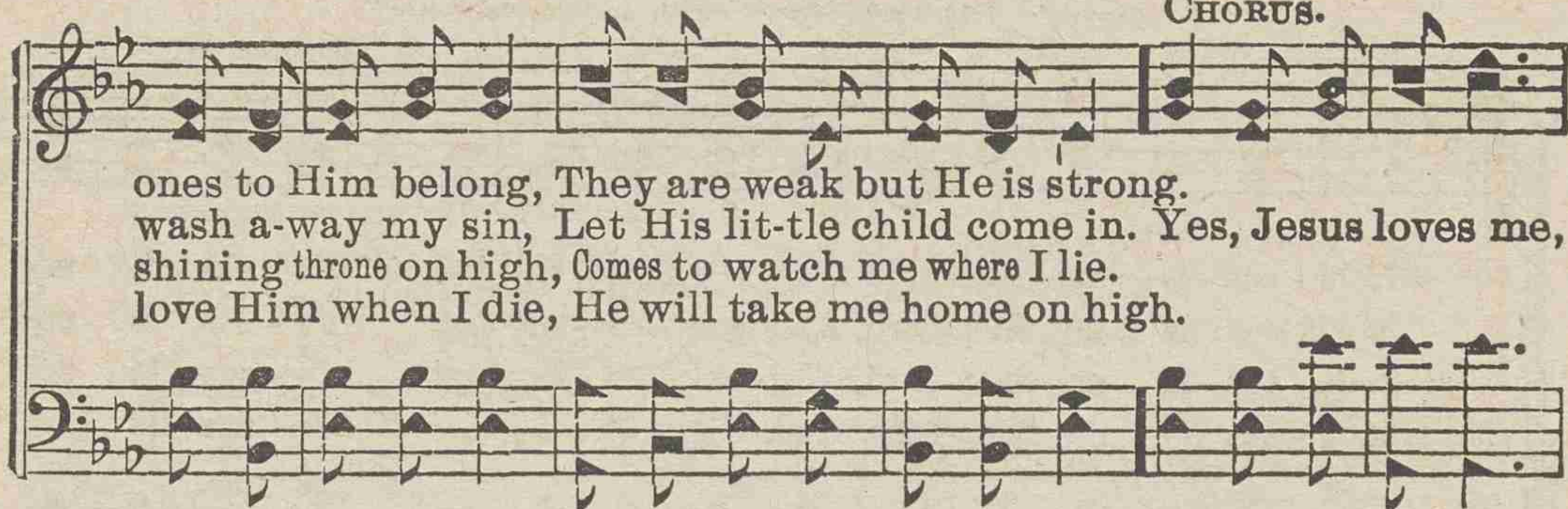


1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle  
 2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will  
 3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill; From His  
 4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way; If I



## Jesus Loves Me. Concluded.

CHORUS.



ones to Him belong, They are weak but He is strong.  
wash a-way my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in. Yes, Jesus loves me,  
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.  
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



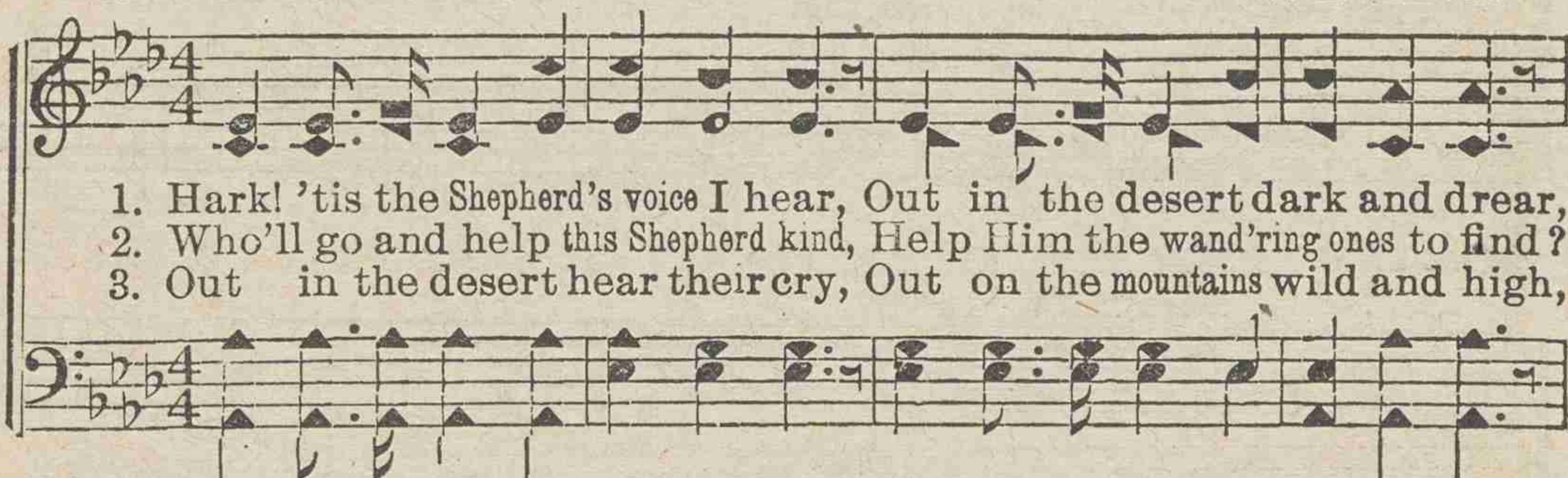
Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

No. 328.

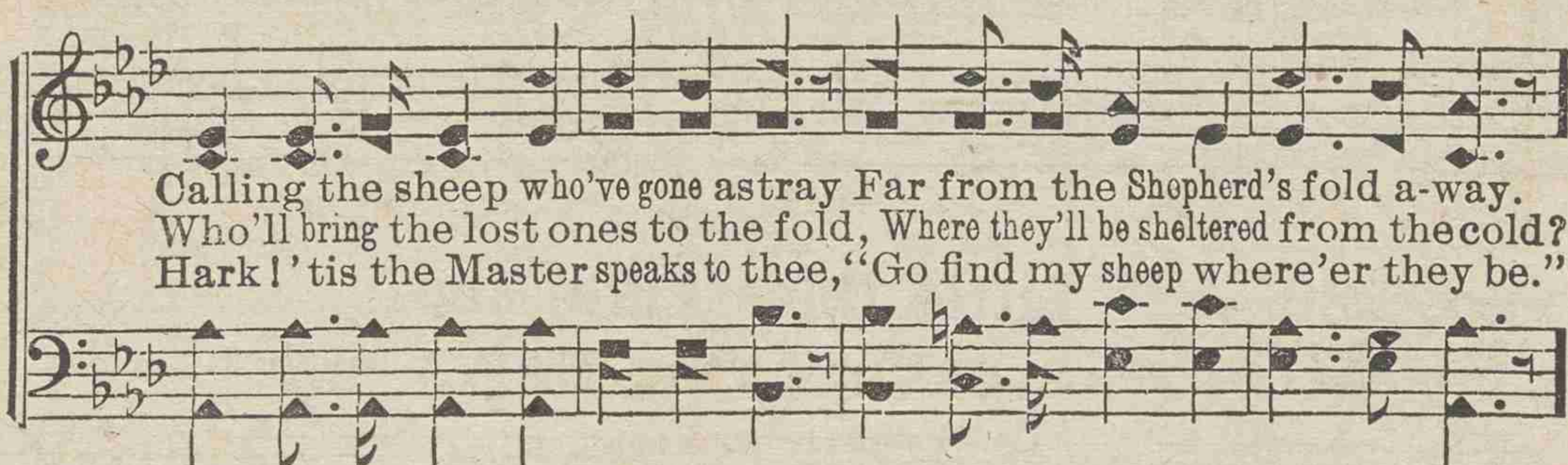
## Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

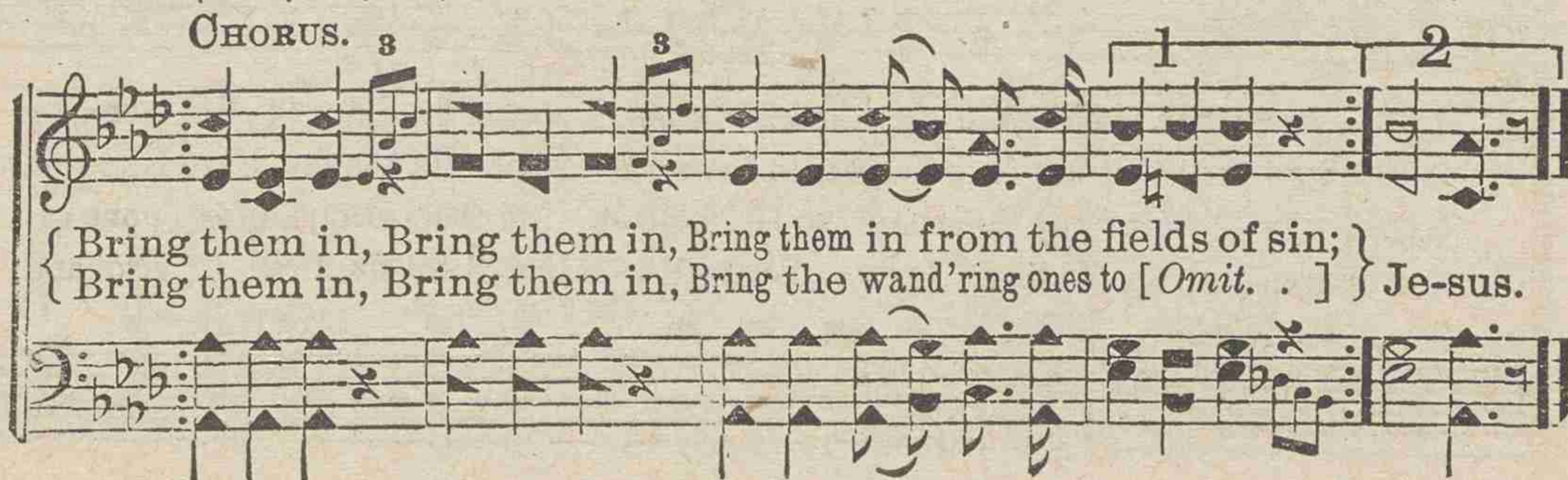


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,  
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?  
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,



Calling the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep where'er they be."

CHORUS. 3



{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; }  
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to [Omit. . ] } Je-sus.



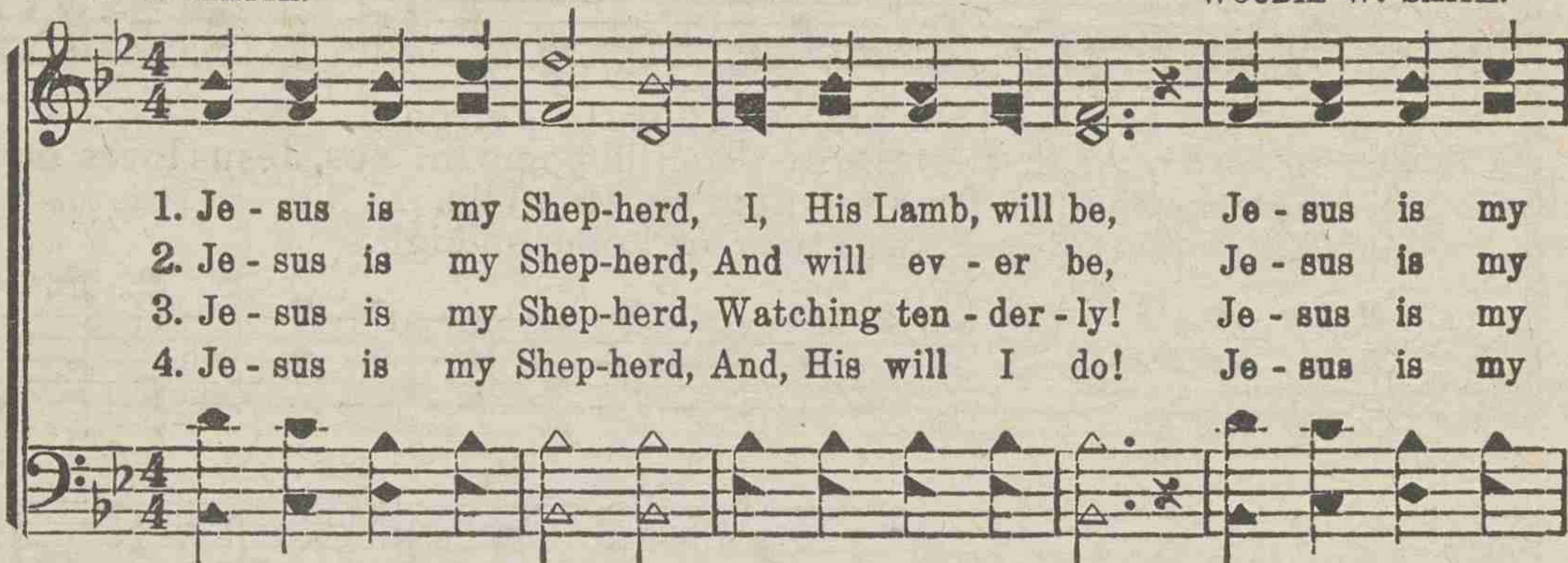
# No. 329.

# Jesus Is My Shepherd.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

E. R. LATTA.

WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, I, His Lamb, will be, Je - sus is my  
 2. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, And will ev - er be, Je - sus is my  
 3. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, Watching ten - der - ly! Je - sus is my  
 4. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, And, His will I do! Je - sus is my

## REFRAIN.



Shep-herd, And He lead - eth me!  
 Shep-herd, And He guid - eth me! Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Let me  
 Shep-herd, And He lov - eth me!  
 Shep-herd, And I love Him, too!



nev - er stray, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Lead me all the way.

# No. 330.

# Little Ones Like Me.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.



1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mer-cy  
 2. Mothers then the Sav-iour sought, In the places where He taught, Unto Him their  
 3. Did the Sav-iour say them nay? No He kind-ly bid them stay; Suffer'd none to  
 4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His ho-ly will to do, Pray to Him and



## Little Ones Like Me. Concluded.

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.  
 child-ren bro't, Lit-tle ones like me. Lit - tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;  
 turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.  
 praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

## No. 331. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Copyright, 1918, in 'Revival Power,' by Woodie W. Smith.

ANON.

ARR. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet - est  
 2. 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id  
 3. Af - ter death its joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last - ing  
 4. Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my

CHORUS.

pleas-ure while we live In the light of God.  
 com - fort when we die In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,  
 as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.  
 bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.

In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.



## No. 332. All the Way to Calvary.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr. W. W. S. Junior Chorus.

Arr. WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I had so ma - ny sins, but He took them all away, He took them all away, He took them all away;
2. I had so ma - ny doubts, but He took them all away, He took them all away, He took them all away;
3. I have a new song and He gave it unto me, He gave it unto me, He gave it unto me;
4. He purchased my redemption when He died upon the tree, He died upon the tree, He died upon the tree;



Cho.—All the way to Calv'ry, Je-sus went for me, He went for me, He went for me;



I had so ma - ny sins, but He took them all away, And now He sets me free.  
 I had so ma - ny doubts, but He took them all away, And now He sets me free.  
 I have a new song, and He gave it unto me, And now He sets me free.  
 He purchased my redemption when He died upon the tree, And now He sets me free.



All the way to Cal - v'ry Je-sus went for me, And now He sets me free.

## No. 333. Outshine the Sun.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr., W. W. S.  
Junior Chorus.

Arr., WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, you will out-shine the sun, You will
2. Pa - pa, if you'll quit "To - bac - co," you will out-shine the sun, You will
3. Ma - ma, if you'll quit your "dip - ping," you will out-shine the sun, You will
4. Brother, if you'll quit the "cigarette" you will out-shine the sun, You will
5. Sis - ter, if you'll quit your "danc - ing," you will out-shine the sun, You will



Cho.—If you'll on - ly live for Je - sus, you will out-shine the sun, You will



out-shine the sun, you will out-shine the sun; If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus,  
 out-shine the sun, you will out-shine the sun; Pa - pa, if you'll quit "To-bac-co,"  
 out-shine the sun, you will out-shine the sun; Ma - ma, if you'll quit your "dipping,"  
 out-shine the sun, you will out-shine the sun; Brother, if you'll quit the "Cigarette,"  
 out-shine the sun, you will out-shine the sun; Sis - ter, if you'll quit your "dancing,"



out-shine the sun, you will out-shine the sun; If you'll on - ly live for Je - sus,



you will out-shine the sun, And walk the gold - en streets on high.





# No. 334. I'm Praying For Papa.

Arr. W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." Arr. WOODIE W. SMITH.  
Junior Chorus.



1. { I'm pray-ing for Pa - pa to - night, I'm pray-ing for Pa - pa to - night;  
Oh, Pa - pa take Je - sus to - night, oh, Pa - pa take Je - sus to - night;
2. { I'm pray-ing for Ma - ma to - night, I'm pray-ing for Ma - ma to - night;  
Oh, Ma - ma take Je - sus to - night, oh, Ma - ma take Je - sus to - night;
3. { I'm pray-ing for broth-er to - night, I'm praying for broth-er to - night;  
Oh, broth-er take Je - sus to - night, oh, broth-er take Je - sus to - night;
4. { I'm pray-ing for sis - ter to - night, I'm praying for sis - ter to - night;  
Oh, sis-ter take Je - sus to - night, oh, sis - ter take Je - sus to - night;



I'm praying for Pa-pa to-night, to-night, I'm praying for Pa-pa to - night. }  
Oh, Pa-pa take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, Pa-pa take Je-sus to - night. }  
I'm praying for Ma-ma to-night, to-night, I'm praying for Ma-ma to - night. }  
Oh, Ma-ma take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, Ma-ma take Je-sus to - night. }  
I'm praying for brother to-night, to-night, I'm praying for brother to - night. }  
Oh, brother take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, brother take Je-sus to - night. }  
I'm praying for sis-ter to-night, to-night, I'm praying for sis-ter to - night. }  
Oh, sis-ter take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, sis-ter take Je-sus to - night. }



# No. 335. Tell It Today.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.  
Junior Chorus.



1. If the Lord saved you, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,
2. If you are hap-py, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,
3. If you are thankful, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,
4. If you trust Je-sus, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,



Cho.—If you love Je-sus, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,



If the Lord saved you, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.  
If you are hap - py, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.  
If you are thank - ful, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.  
If you trust Je - sus, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.



If you love Je - sus, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.



# No. 336. We Shall Win the Day.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr., W. W. S.

Arr., WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.

1. You ask me why I quit the picture show, 'Tis because I love the Saviour so:  
 2. Yes, some folks say I'm nothing but a crank, 'Tis because I quit the de-vil's rank;  
 3. And since my Lord the thorny way has trod, I am sure to win through Jesus blood,  
 4. Oh don't you want to leave the devil's road, And be washed in Jesus precious blood,

FINR. CHORUS.

Quit it, quit it why, of course I've quit it, I've quit the picture show.  
 Quit it, quit it why, of course I've quit it, I've quit the De-vil's rank. Then march on,  
 Win it, win it why, of course I'll win it, I'll win it through His blood.  
 Wash you, wash you, why, of course He'll wash you, He'll wash you in His blood.

D. S.—We shall win the day.

D. S.

we shall win the day, March on, we shall win the day; Win it, win it why, of course we'll win it,

# No. 337. Be On Time.

Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith.

Arr., W. W. S.

Arr., WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.

1. This shall ev - er be our aim, When we meet to - geth - er,  
 2. There's a time for work and play, There's a time for sing - ing,

Cho.—B - E, be, O - N, on T - I - M - E, time, on time,

To be here, and here on time, Rain or sun - ny weath - er.  
 We'll be prompt in all we do, This our mot - to ring - ing.

B - E, be, O - N, on, M - E, time.



# No. 338.

# Coming This Way.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.

## Junior Chorus.



Coming this way, yes, coming this way; A mighty re - vi - val is coming this way;



Keep on believing, watch, fight and pray; A mighty re - vi - val is coming this way.

# No. 339. Take the World For Christ.

W. W. S.

Copyright, 1909, by Woodie W. Smith.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

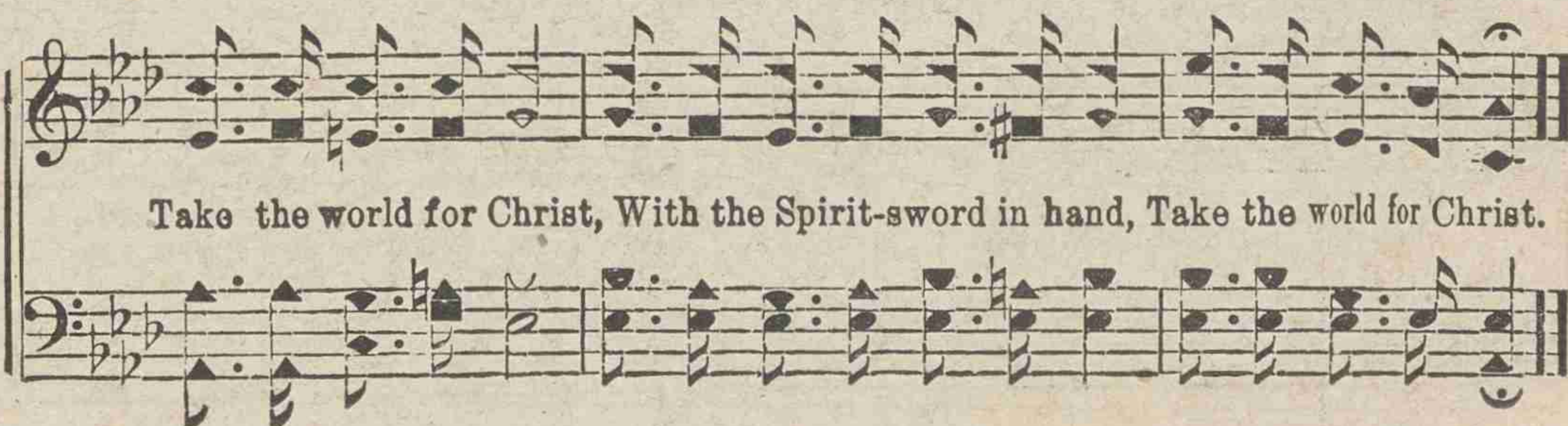
## Junior Chorus.



Take the world for Je - sus, Take the world for Christ; Preach it, sing it,



as you go; Take the world for Christ, Take the world for Je - sus;



Take the world for Christ, With the Spirit-sword in hand, Take the world for Christ.



# No. 340. Sing It From the Heart.

R. MORRIS.

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1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it from the heart; As the birds sing in their sport,  
 2. Ev'-ry gracious deed of His, Sing it from the heart; Nothing sounds so well as this,  
 3. To the wea-ry, and the sad, Sing it from the heart; Make some lonely trav'ler glad.



Sing it from the heart: Does the Ho-ly Spir - it move, For the children of His love;  
 Sing it from the heart: How the Lord walked on the wave, Rescued Lazarus from the grave;  
 Sing it from the heart: Angels now before His face, Sing of Christ's redeeming grace,



CHORUS.  
 Point-ing to the home a bove, Sing it from the heart.  
 Died our guil - ty souls to save, Sing it from the heart. Singing, sing-ing from the heart  
 Give the Sav - ior end-less praise, Sing it from the heart.



Oh, the joy our songs impart; Je-sus, bless the tuneful art, Singing from the heart.

# No. 341. Lord Send The Power.

Junior Chorus.



O Lord send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;



## Lord Send The Power. Concluded.

0 Lord, send the pow'r just now, And fill us with Thy love.

No. 342.

## Tell the Story.

JUNIOR CHORUS.

LITTLE WORKER. Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Lit - tle tongues tell forth the sto - ry, Rich with age, but ev - er new;  
2. Chi - na's tow-ring walls are fall-ing; Far o'er In - dia's sun - ny isles,  
3. Countless lit - tle hands are help-ing, Break-ing up the har - dened sod,

King - ly crowns have not the glo - ry Je - sus' love be-stowed on you.  
Bright - er, soft - er, than their sun-beams, Smiles re-pond to Je - sus' smiles.  
Count-less lit - tle feet are lead-ing Blind ones in the way of God.

Ring it out o'er this fair home land, Ring it o'er the rag-ing sea;  
E'en o'er A - fric's burn-ing de - sert Streams of life are pour-ing fast,  
Count-less lit - tle voic - es sing-ing, Count-less lit - tle hearts a - glow,

E'en the an - gry, lash-ing sur-ges Waft sweet ech-oes back to Thee.  
Rip'n-ing grain is stand-ing read-y For the har-vest home at last.  
Lead-ing thirs - ty souls by Na-tions Where the cool-ing wa - ters flow.



No. 343.

# Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—JOHN iv: 8.

P. P. BLISS.

Copyright, 1902, by John Church Company. Used by per.

P. P. BLISS.



1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the  
 2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-  
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I



Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;  
 ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,  
 see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

## CHORUS.



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



Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,



I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.



## Why Should I Worry?


W. W. S.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.


WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Why should I wor-ry when Je-sus is near? Why should I trem-ble or  
 2. Why should I murmur when trials shall come? Why should I long for dear  
 3. Why should I tar-ry when Je-sus shall call Me in - to serv-ice, for

fal - ter or fear? Why should I be dis - con - tent - ed and blue,  
 moth - er and home, When He has prom-ised my bur - den to bear,  
 He is my all? Why should I lin - ger and fail to o - bey,



## CHORUS.



When I have Je-sus to car-ry me thro'?  
 And to be with me in dark-est de-spair? Why should I wor-ry, oh,  
 When He has promised to go all the way?




why should I fear, when the dear Saviour will comfort and cheer? When the dark




shad-ows of death o'er me come; Je-sus my Sav-iour will welcome me home.

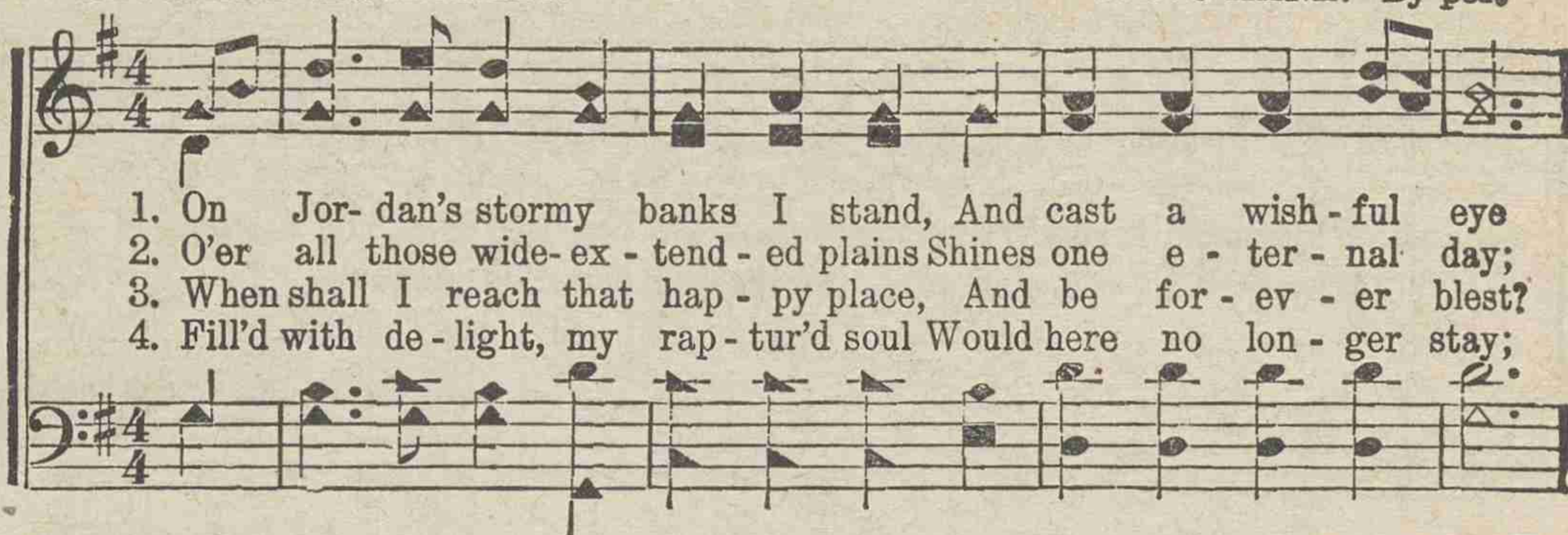




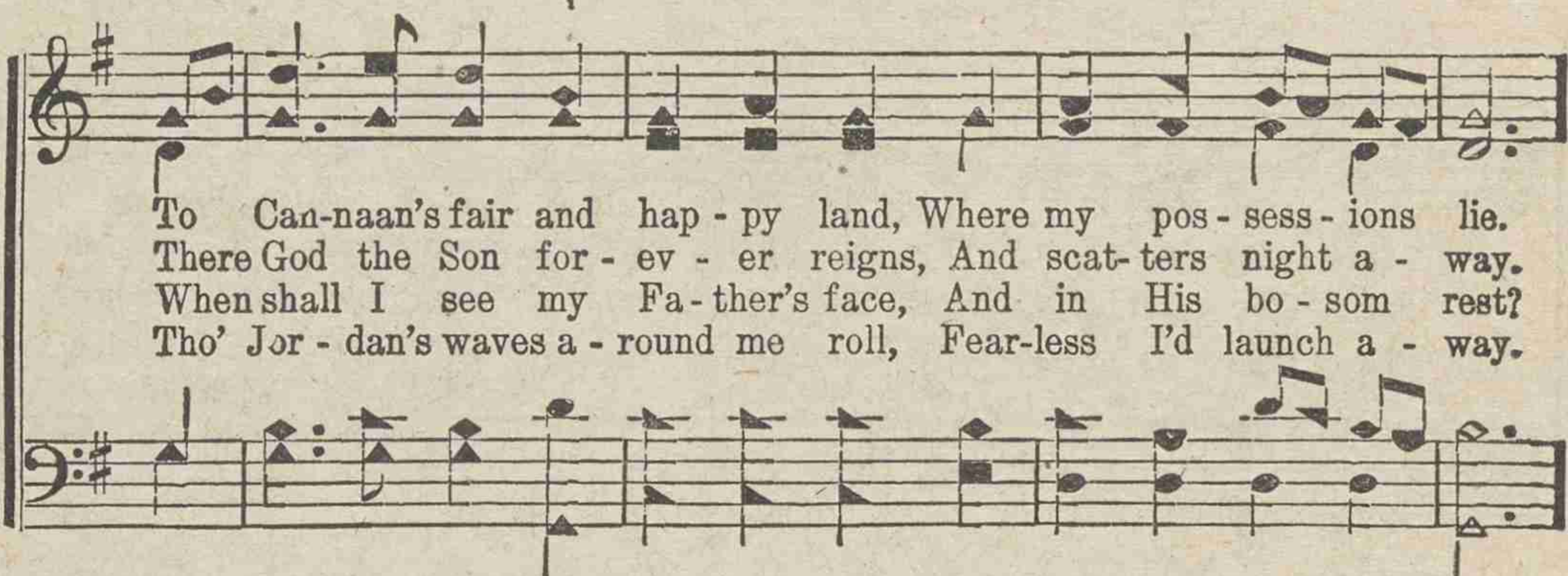
# No. 345. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

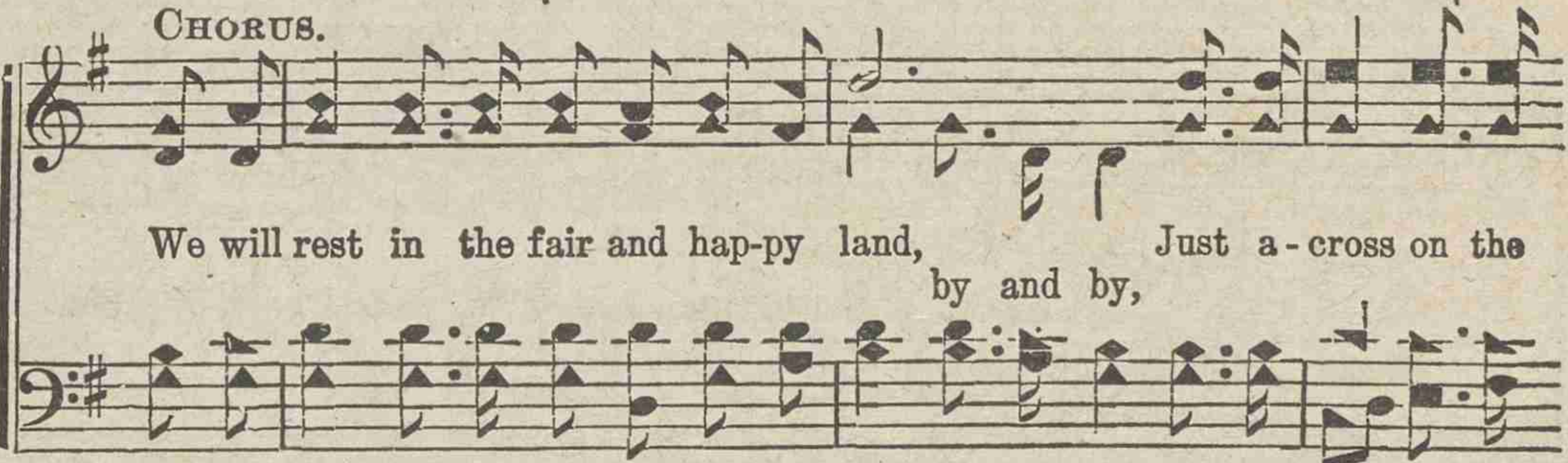


1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye  
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;  
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?  
 4. Fill'd with de-light, my rap-tur'd soul Would here no lon-ger stay;

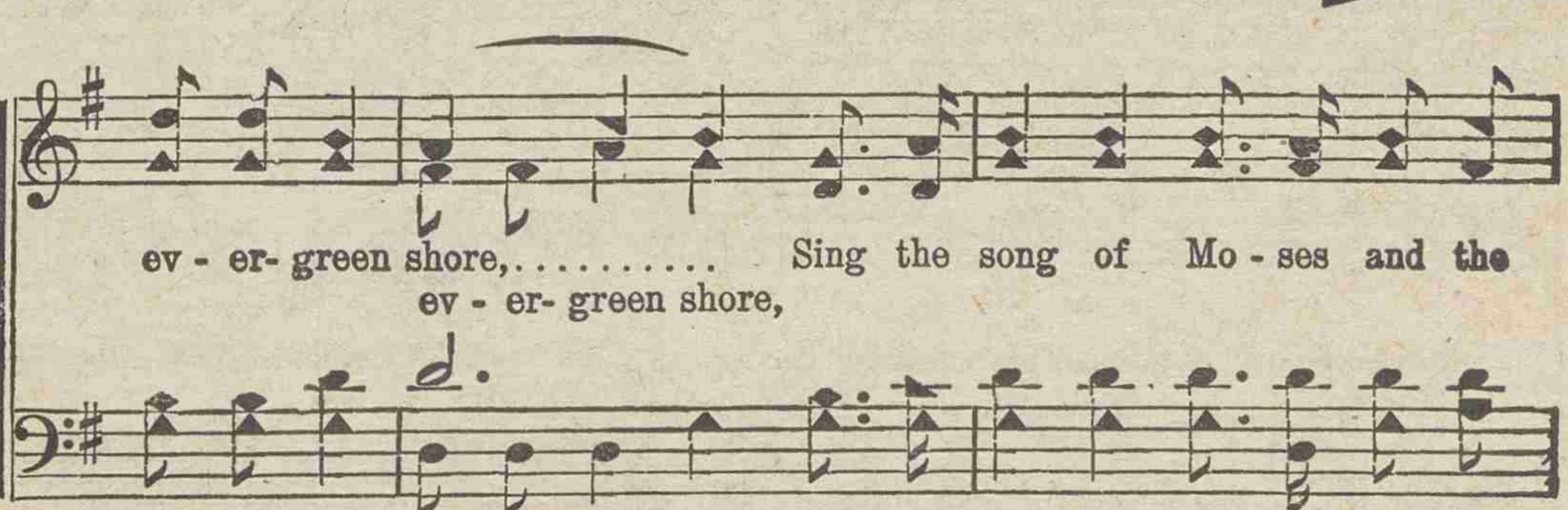


To Can-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-sess-ions lie.  
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?  
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the  
 by and by,



ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo-ses and the  
 ev-er-green shore,



Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.



# No. 346

# DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

D. E. DORTCH.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

# No. 347

# OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

G. FRANC, 1545.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be-low.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

# No. 348

# SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.



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