

Songs of

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE
GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON THAT
WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD
NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.

ST. JOHN. 3:16.

Redemption

COMPILED BY

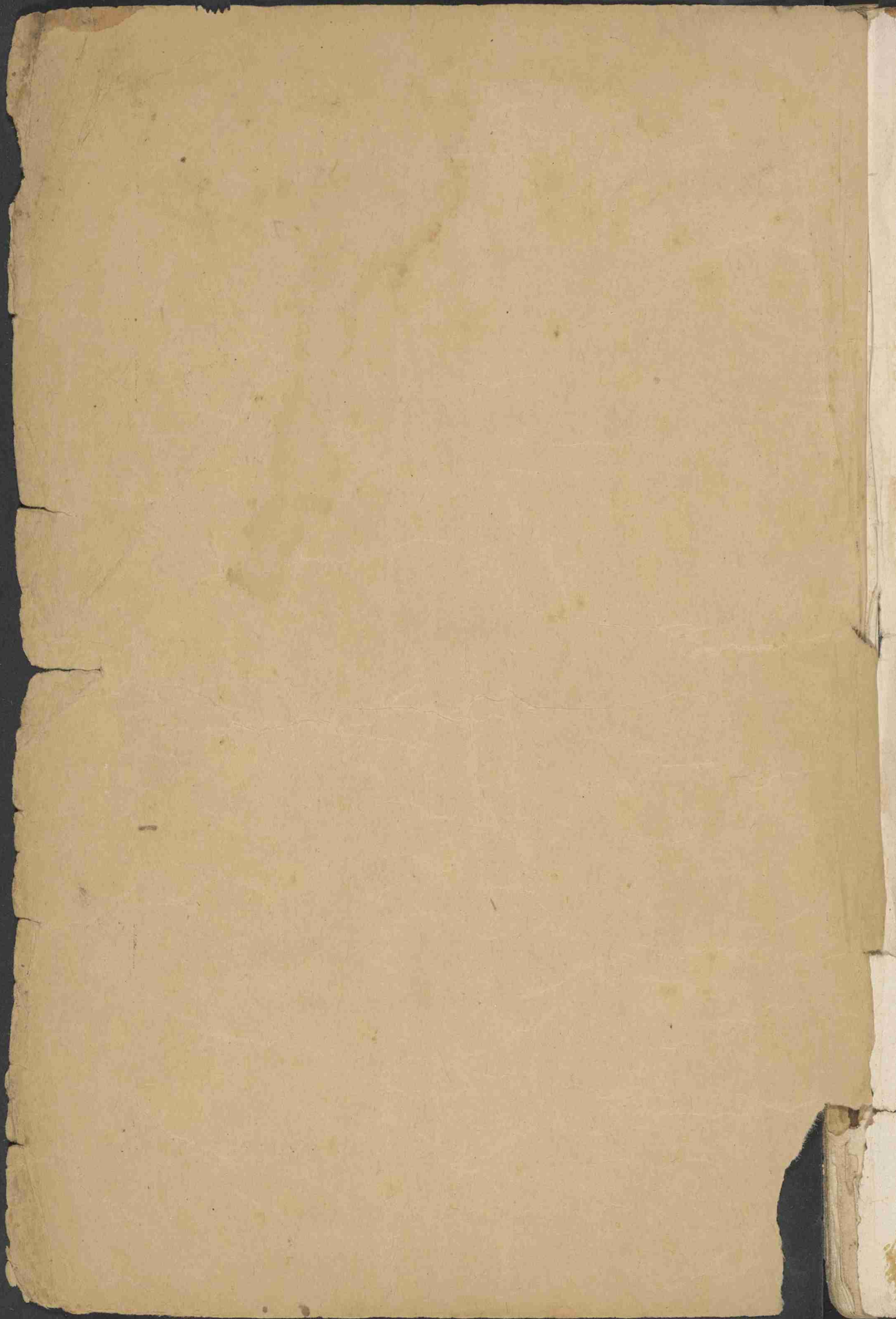
EMMETT S. DEAN

PUBLISHED BY
THE TRIO MUSIC COMPANY.

WACO TEXAS — MEMPHIS TENN.

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Songs of Redemption

FOR

REVIVALS, CAMPMEETINGS, ETC.

COMPILED BY

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WACO, TEXAS,—MEMPHIS, TENN.

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EMMETT S. DEAN

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.—*Jesus—Matt. xi: 28, 29, 30.*

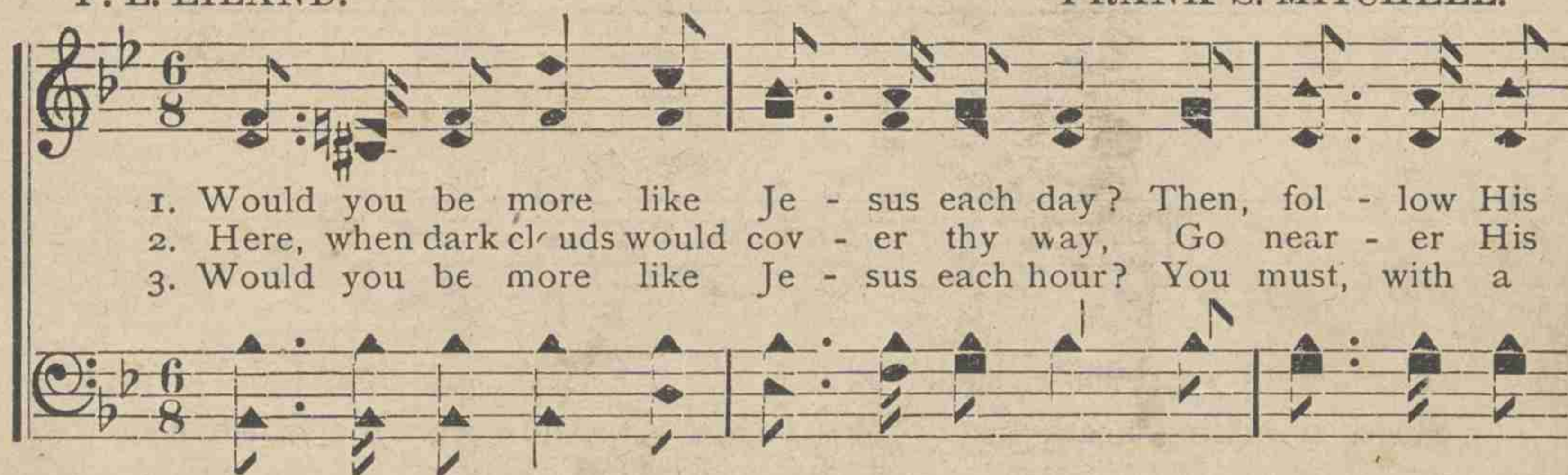
SONGS OF REDEMPTION.

No. 1

Praise Him in Song.

F. L. EILAND.

FRANK S. MITCHELL.



1. Would you be more like Je - sus each day? Then, fol - low His
2. Here, when dark cl - uds would cov - er thy way, Go near - er His
3. Would you be more like Je - sus each hour? You must, with a



foot-prints a - long; Give for His use, thy heart and thy voice, And
glo - ri - fied throng, — Tell it to Christ, He'll roll them a - side, Then
will that is strong, Cling to His hand, and yield Him a heart, To

FINE. REFRAIN.



praise Him in beau - ti - ful song! Then, praise Him in beau - ti - ful



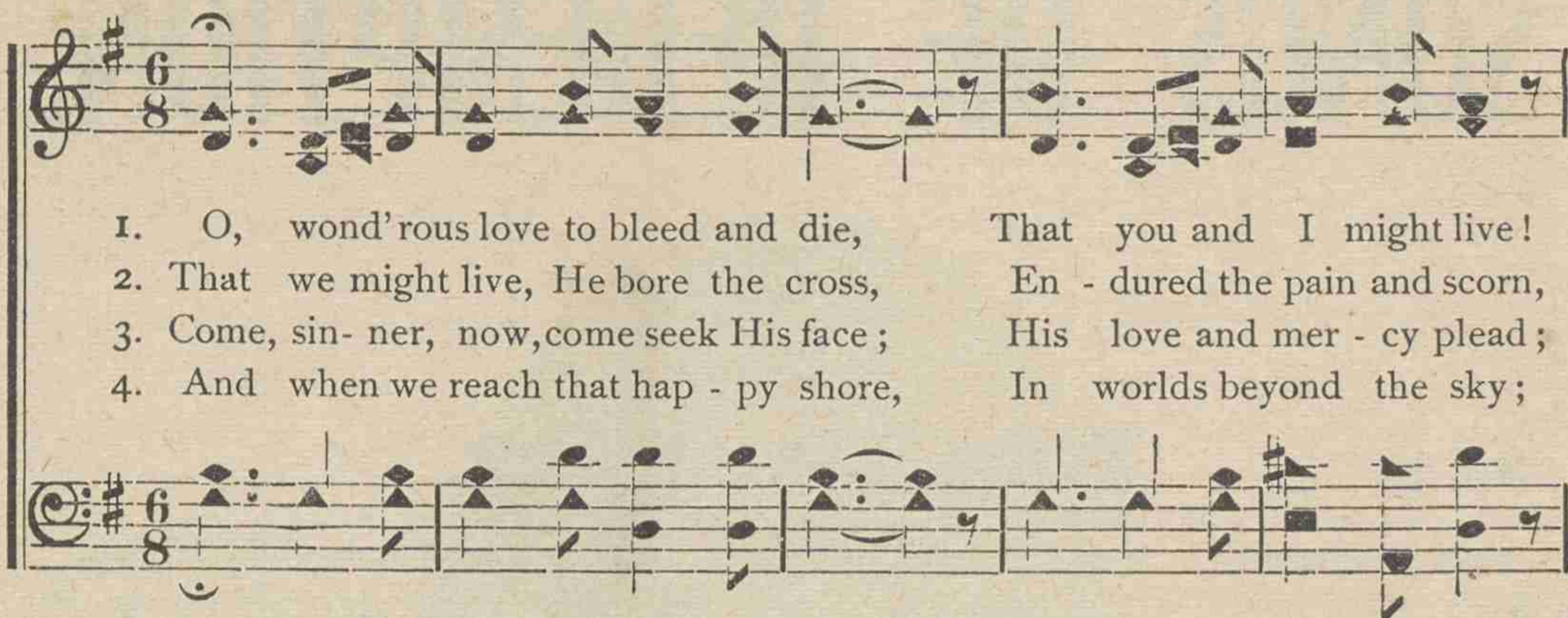
song..... With love that is faith - ful, and strong!
beau - ti - ful song,

NO. 2.

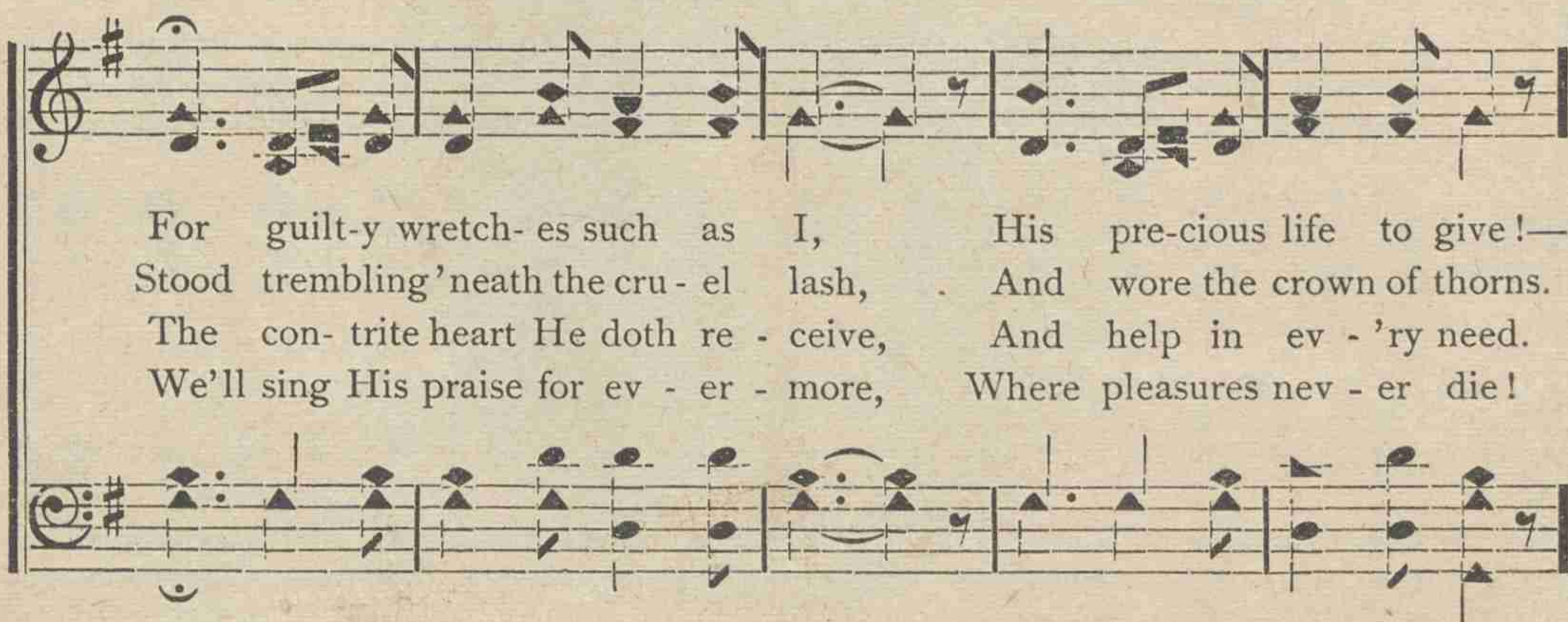
Redeeming Love.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD.

F. L. ELLAND.



1. O, wond'rous love to bleed and die, That you and I might live!
 2. That we might live, He bore the cross, En - dured the pain and scorn,
 3. Come, sin - ner, now, come seek His face; His love and mer - cy plead;
 4. And when we reach that hap - py shore, In worlds beyond the sky;



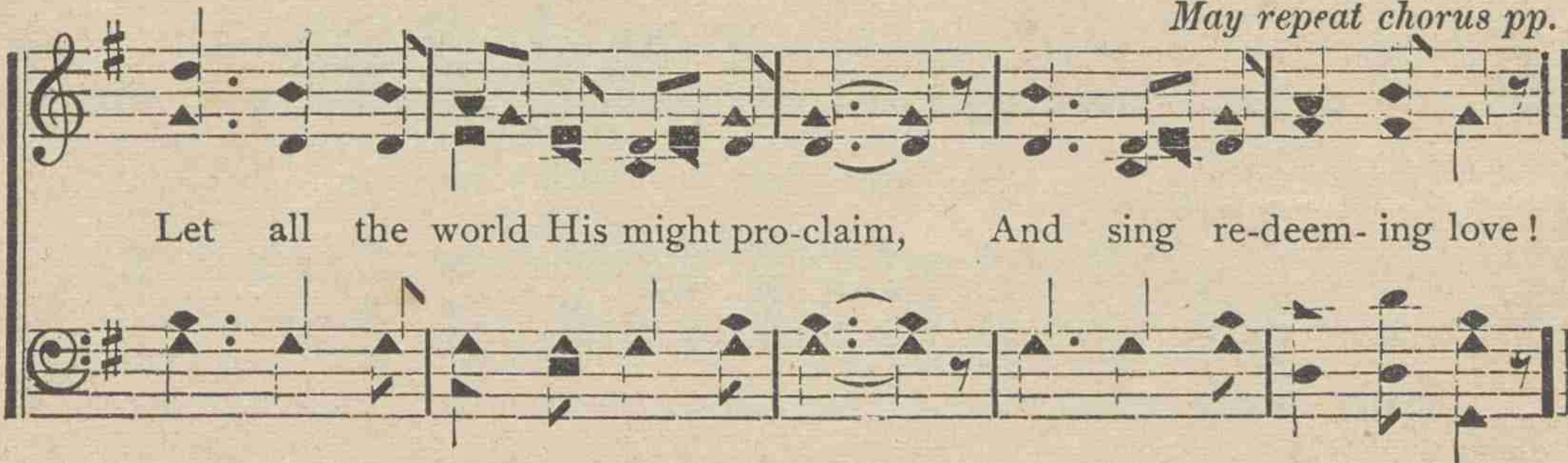
For guilt-y wretch-es such as I, His pre-cious life to give!—
 Stood trembling'neath the cru-el lash, And wore the crown of thorns.
 The con-trite heart He doth re-ceive, And help in ev-'ry need.
 We'll sing His praise for ev-er-more, Where pleasures nev-er die!

CHORUS.



All glo-ry, glo-ry, to His name, Who reigns in heav'n a-bove;

May repeat chorus pp.



Let all the world His might pro-claim, And sing re-deem-ing love!

NO. 3. Behold the Love of Jesus.

Instead of cold and lifeless forms of speech,
And images that break,
Show unto men the cross of Christ, that love,
Possession of them take.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.



1. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! What He did for you and me!
2. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! Oth - ers, none such friend can be!
3. Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! Sin - ner, look, oh, look and see!
4. Oh, be hold the love of Je - sus! Lift thine eyes and bend thy knee,



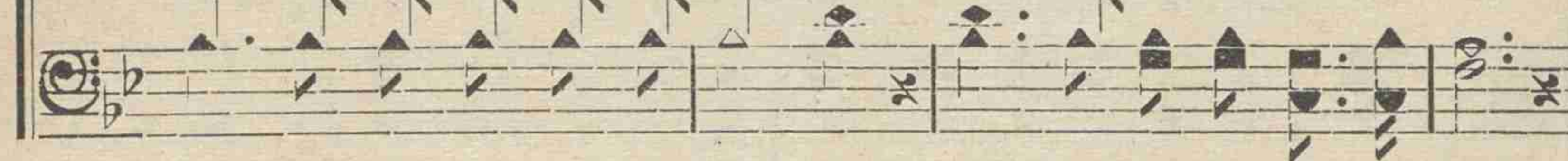

Suf - fered, bled, and died, on Cal - v'ry, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
None, such loss would dare to suf - fer, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
'Twas thy soul He died to ran - som, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
Let thy heart thro' deep e - mo - tion, Feel, what He has done for thee!



REFRAIN.



Oh, be-hold the love of Je - sus! There, up-on the cru - el tree!




Bleed - ing, dy-ing, there for sin - ners! Oh, it was for you and me!



NO. 4.

Jesus through Samaria.

J. B. H.

JOHN B. HICKS.

1. Our Sav-iour once wandered on earth as a man, Both foot-sore and
 2. Sore, wea-ry, and thirst-y, He came to a well, And there, to a
 3. Then broth-er, let's sing this sweet sto-ry, so true, Sal-va-tion thro'

wea-ry to Sa-ma-ri-a's land,— A sto-ry He told, most
 wom-an, this sto-ry did tell,— She heard it with joy, for her
 Je-sus, for me and for you! Let ev-'ry glad heart this great

won-drous-ly grand, Sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus for poor sin-ful man!
 soul could be free, And she this sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus did see!
 mes-sage now tell, The same and sweet sto-ry, there, told at the well!

CHORUS.

We'll sing this sweet song this glo - - -
 We'll sing this sweet song, O, this beau-ti-ful song! We'll sing this sweet song,

ri-ous song, Of Je-sus who died on the tree!
 O, this glo-ri-ous song,

Jesus through Samaria.—Concluded.

He died..... on the tree,..... for you..... and for
He died on the cru-el cross, died on the tree,—He died on mount Calv'ry, for

me!..... O, sing the sweet sto-ry, Sal-va-tion is free!
you and for me!

NO. 5.

Balerna.

JOHN NEWTON.

B. SIMPSON.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r;
2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh;
3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly pressed,
4. Be Thou my shield and hid-ing-place, That, shel-tered near Thy side,
5. Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there.
Thou call-est bur-den-ed souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with-out and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac-cu-ser face, And tell Him "Thou hast died."
That guil-ty sin-ners, such as I, Might plead Thy pre-cious name!

NO. 6.

On the Cross.

F. L. EILAND.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. View the Sav - - - iour on the cross!.....
 2. Dy - ing there..... in mis - er - y!.....
 3. There He died,..... but lives a - gain—.....

1. View the Sav-iour on the cross! View the Sav-iour on the cross!
 2. Dy-ing there in mis-er-y! Dy-ing there in mis-er-y!
 3. There He died, but lives a-gain— There He died, but lives a-gain—

Dy - ing there..... for sin - ners lost!.....
 On the cross..... of cal - va - ry—.....
 Plead-ing with..... the sons of men!.....

Dy - ing there for sin - ners lost! Dy - ing there for sin - ners lost!
 On the cross of cal - va - ry— On the cross of cal - va - ry—
 Plead-ing with the sons of men! Plead-ing with the sons of men!

Ag - o - niz - - - ing, hear His cry!.....
 See His pre - - - cious bleed-ing side!.....
 Say - ing, "'twas..... on cal - va - ry,.....

Ag - o - niz - ing, hear His cry! Ag - o - niz - ing, hear His cry!
 See His pre-cious bleed-ing side! See His pre-cious bleeding side!
 Say - ing, "'twas on cal - va - ry, Say - ing, "'twas on cal - va - ry,

How, oh, how..... then pass Him by!.....
 'Twas for you..... and me He died!.....
 That I suf - - - fered much for thee!.....

How, oh, how then pass Him by! How, oh, how then pass Him by!
 'Twas for you and me He died! 'Twas for you and me He died!
 That I suf-fered much for thee! That I suf-fered much for thee!"

On the Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



In the cold, dark tomb, my Sav - iour lay! Wrapt in

In the cold, dark tomb He lay! Wrapt in



si - lence there, there, 'neath the clay! Our re -

si - - - lence, 'neath the clay! Our re -



demp - tion, to proclaim, Our re - demp - tion, to pro - claim, Thro' His

demp - - - tion, to pro - claim Thro' His



ev - er - bless - ed name! Thro' His ev - er - bless - ed name!

ev - - - er - bless - ed name!

NO. 7.

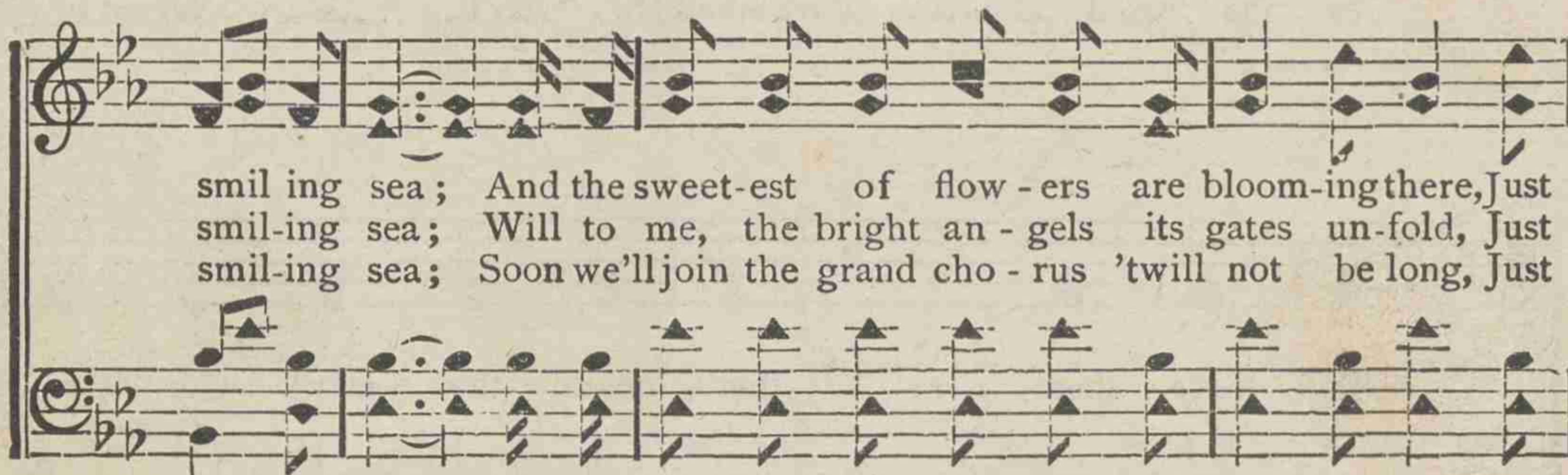
Smiling Sea.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILANL.

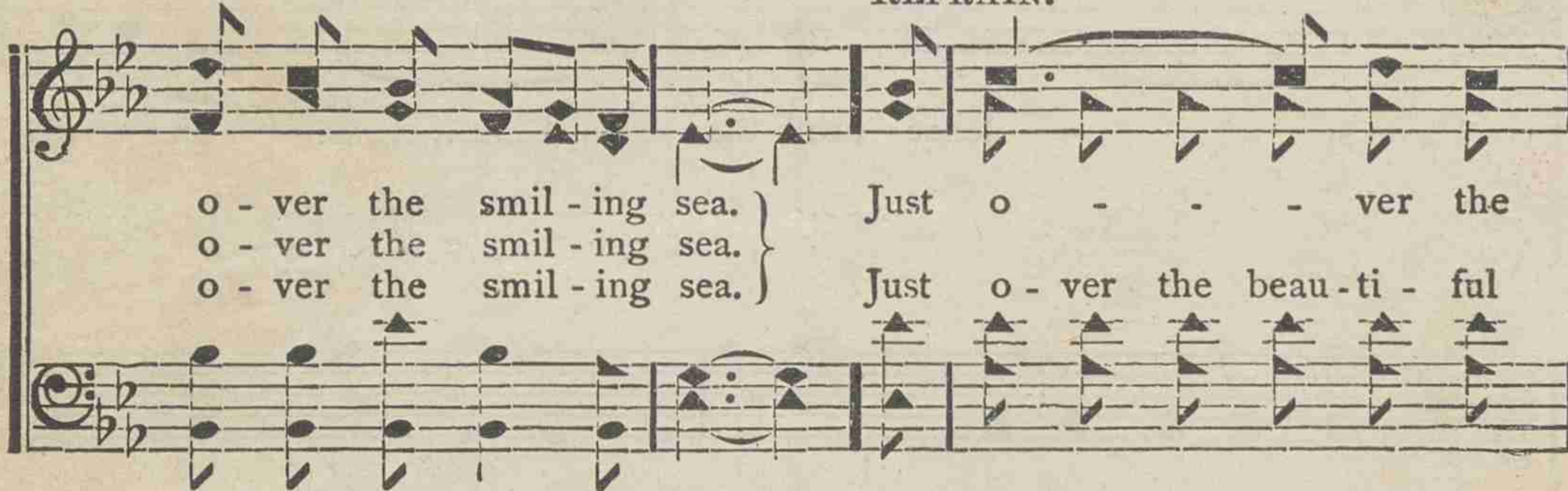


1. There's a beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land so fair, Just o - ver the
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y with streets of gold, Just o - ver the
 3. There the ransomed are sing - ing a song, —sweet song, Just o - ver the



smil - ing sea; And the sweet - est of flow - ers are bloom - ing there, Just
 smil - ing sea; Will to me, the bright an - gels its gates un - fold, Just
 smil - ing sea; Soon we'll join the grand cho - rus 'twill not be long, Just

REFRAIN.



o - ver the smil - ing sea. Just o - - - ver the
 o - ver the smil - ing sea.
 o - ver the smil - ing sea. Just o - ver the beau - ti - ful



sea, . . . Just o - - ver the sea, . . .
 smil - ing sea, Just o - ver the beau - ti - ful smil - ing sea,



Just o - - ver the sea, . . . Just o - ver the smiling sea
 Just o - ver the beau - ti - ful smil - ing a, smiling sea.

NO. 8. Over There are Many Mansions.

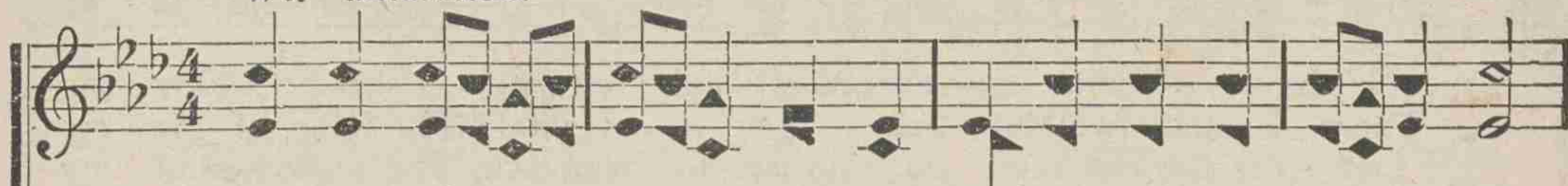
Dedicated to my friends, W. H. and ELLA WOODLAND, Reagan, Tex.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JESUS, JOHN 14: 2.

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by F. L. EILAND.

With animation.



1. O - ver there are ma - ny mansions, By the smil - ing sil - v'ry sea;
2. O - ver there He's gone, our Sav - iour, To that hap - py peaceful strand,
3. O - ver there He will re - ceive us, When these toil - ing days are past;



By our King's own hands they're builded, And there's one for you and me.
To pre - pare them for our com - ing, With His own dear lov - ing hand.
He will call us home to heav - en; We shall go to Him at last.



CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful mansions, homes of glo - ry; By the smil - ing sil - v'ry sea;



In the heav - en's bright e - ter - nal, They shall stand for you and me.



O to be Watching.

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others: but let us watch and be sober."—THES. 5: 6.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. I have a home in a beau-ti-ful cit-y; I have a lov-ing
 2. There I shall dwell thro' the a-ges e-ter-nal; The King of glo-ry
 3. Out o'er the fair land of prom-ise to wan-der; The ransomed of my




Sav-iour, there; I have a man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty; For
 to a-dore; Sing-ing the song of re-demp-tion, sweet sto-ry; A
 joy to tell; And when I'm lost for a word to ex-press it, I'll



CHORUS.



me He has gone to pre-pare.
 pil-grim to be nev-er-more. } O, to be watching, O, to be waiting,
 snout the re-frain, "all is well."




and to be read-y, When for me, He calls; Then will I shout pass-ing




thro' the o-pen por-tals, Safe, safe at home ev-er-more!



NO. 10. Just Beyond the Rolling River.

H. W. E.

H. W. ELLIOTT.



1. Just be-yond the roll-ing riv-er, Lies a bright and sun-ny land,
2. Soon we'll cross the roll-ing riv-er, Soon we'll join the hap-py band,
3. When we've crossed the rolling riv-er, To that land be-yond the tide,



Where the saved with Christ are dwell-ing, A u-nit-ed, hap-py band.
There to dwell with Christ for-ev-er In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
Pearl-y gates on gold-en hing-es, Will be stand-ing o-pen wide.



CHORUS.



Just be-yond the roll-ing riv-er, In that land so bright and fair,



We will dwell with Christ for-ev-er; O-ver there, yes, o-ver there.



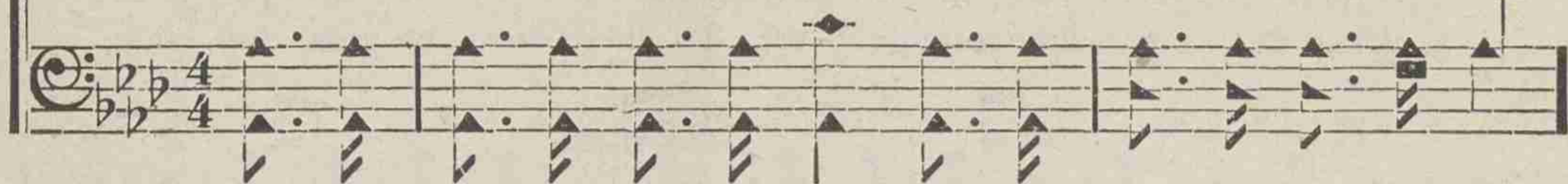
NO. 11. Over In That Land of Song.

F. L. EILAND.

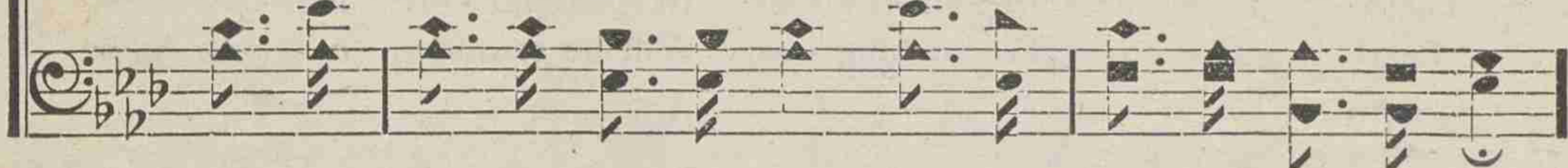
EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. By and by we there shall meet them, The saints and an - gel throng;
 2. No dis - cord - ant tones are ut - ter'd, There with that ho - ly throng,
 3. May we tune our hearts and voic - es, As here we go a - long,



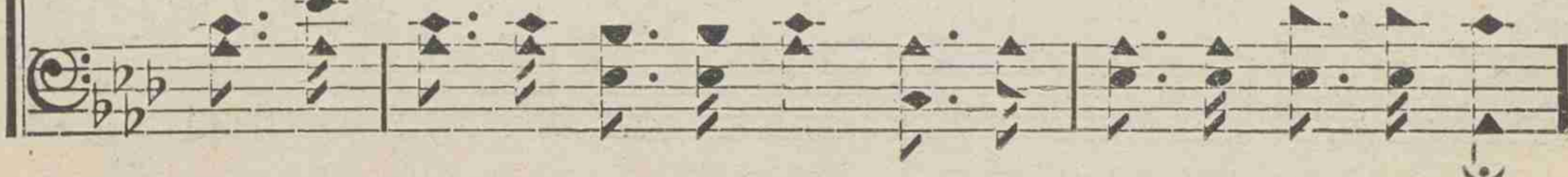

And the ran-som'd host will greet us, There, in that land of song!
 All in Je - sus praise u - nit - ed, There, in that land of song,—
 For the great tri-umph-ant sing - ing, There, in that land of song,—




To that hap - py sin - less num - ber, We there, will then be - long,
 Oh, that joy t'will be e - ter - nal! And it will not be long,
 That, when we shall cross the riv - er, To meet that shin - ing throng,




Nev - er more to know a sor - row, There, in that land of song!
 Till our souls shall know it ev - er, There, in that land of song!
 We shall feel its might of glo - ry, There, in that land of song!

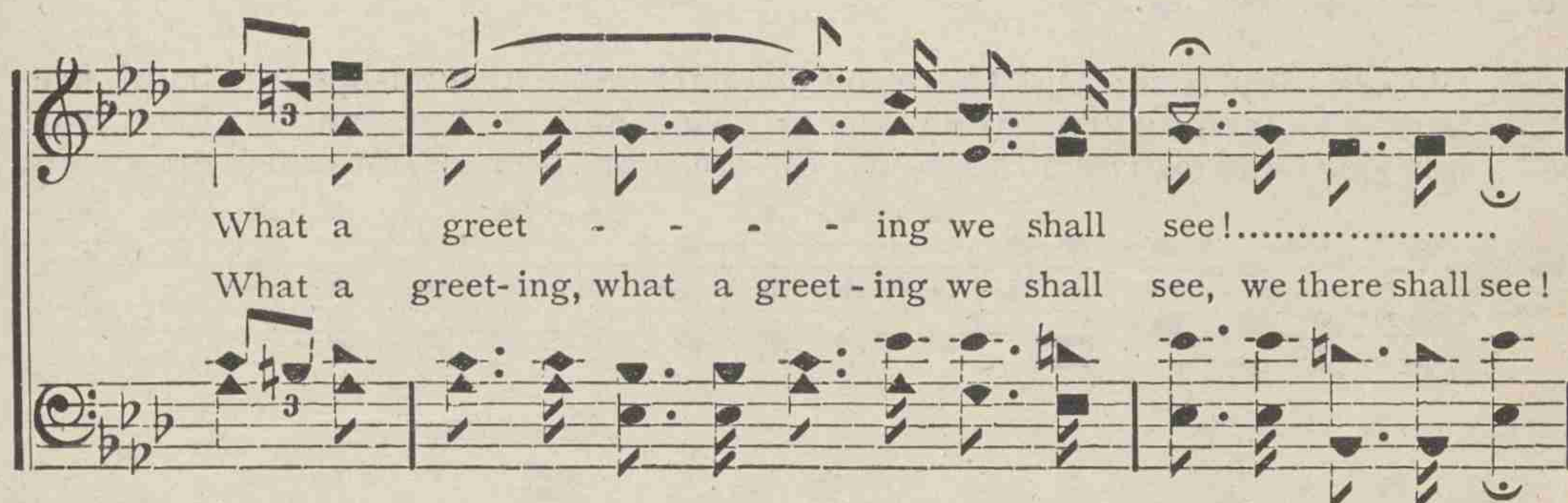


Over In That Land of Song.—Concluded.

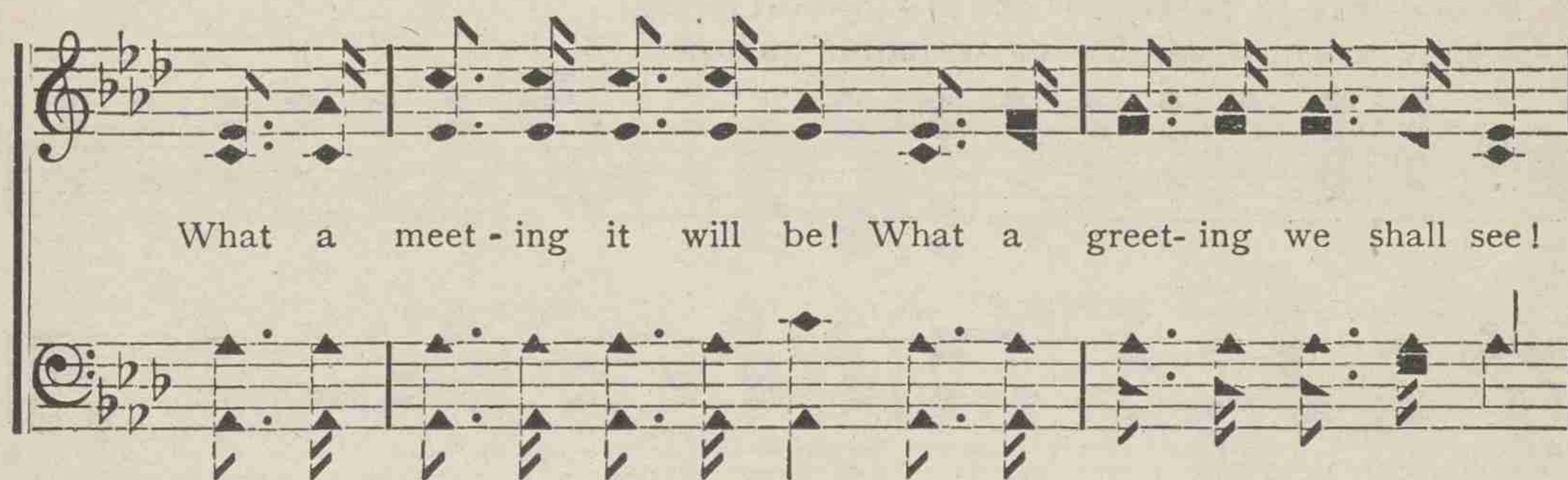
CHORUS.



What a meet - - - ing it will be!.....
What a meet-ing, what a meet-ing it will be, there, it will be!



What a greet - - - ing we shall see!.....
What a greet-ing, what a greet-ing we shall see, we there shall see!



What a meet-ing it will be! What a greet-ing we shall see!

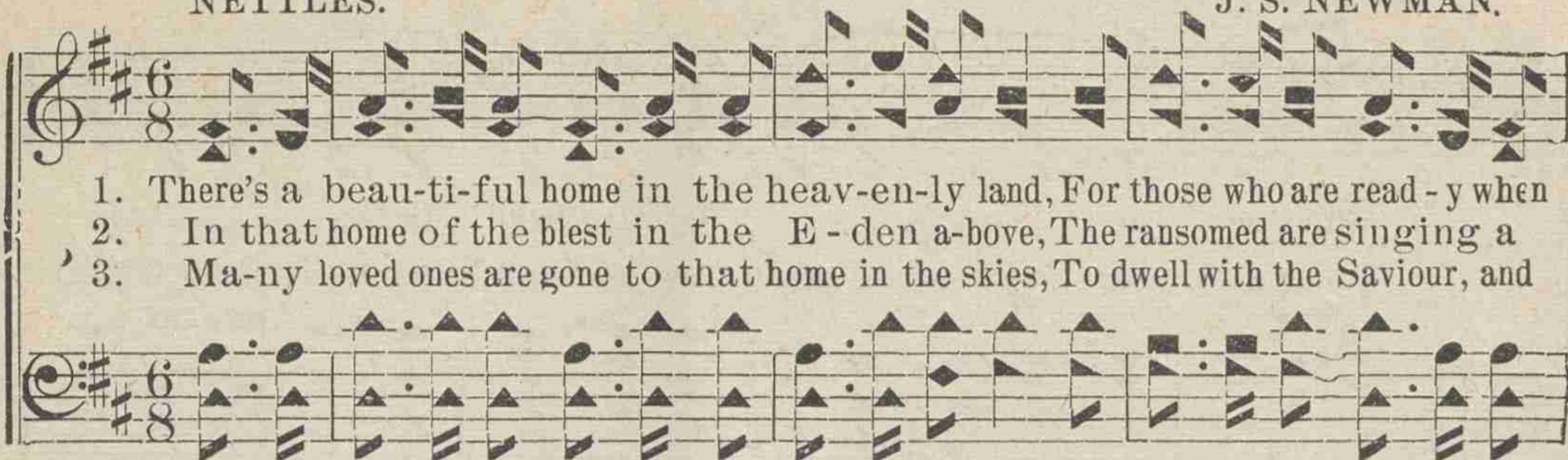


And 'twill not be ver - y long, O - ver in that land of song!

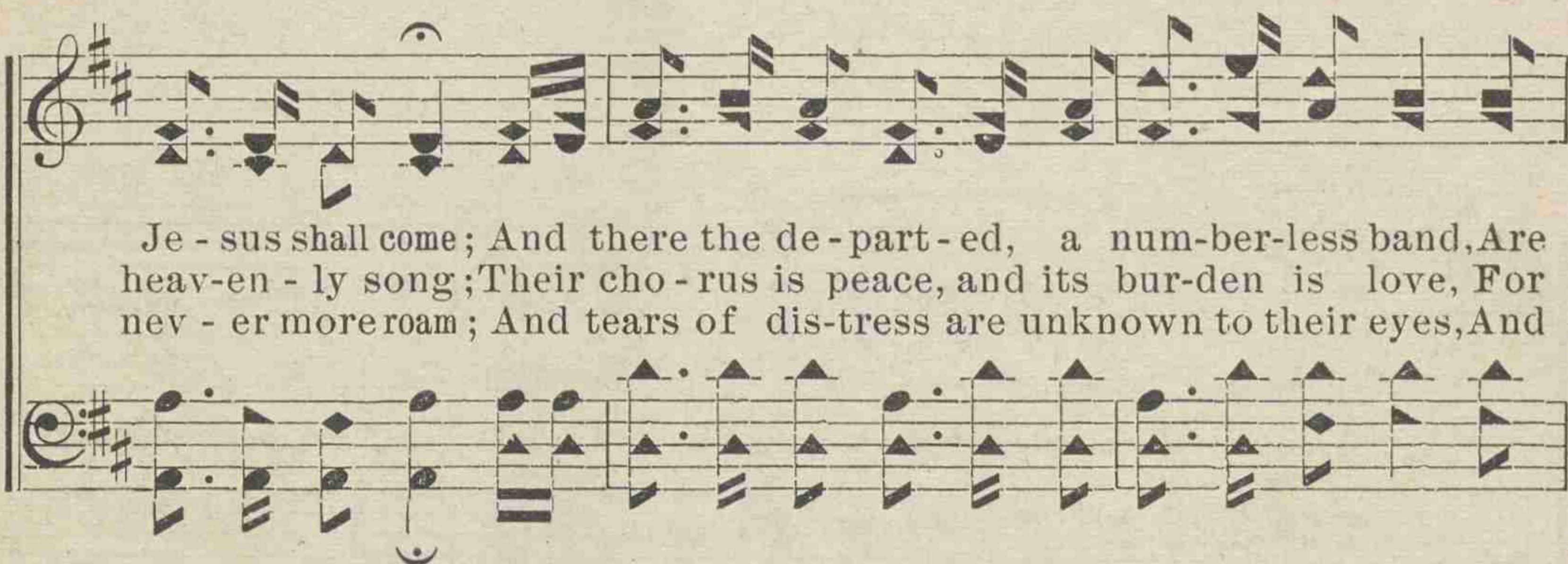
NO. 12. They're Waiting and Watching.

NETTLES.

J. S. NEWMAN.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful home in the heav-en-ly land, For those who are read - y when
 2. In that home of the blest in the E - den a-bove, The ransomed are singing a
 3. Ma-ny loved ones are gone to that home in the skies, To dwell with the Saviour, and



Je - sus shall come; And there the de-part-ed, a num-ber-less band, Are
 heav-en - ly song; Their cho-rus is peace, and its bur-den is love, For
 nev - er more roam; And tears of dis-tress are unknown to their eyes, And

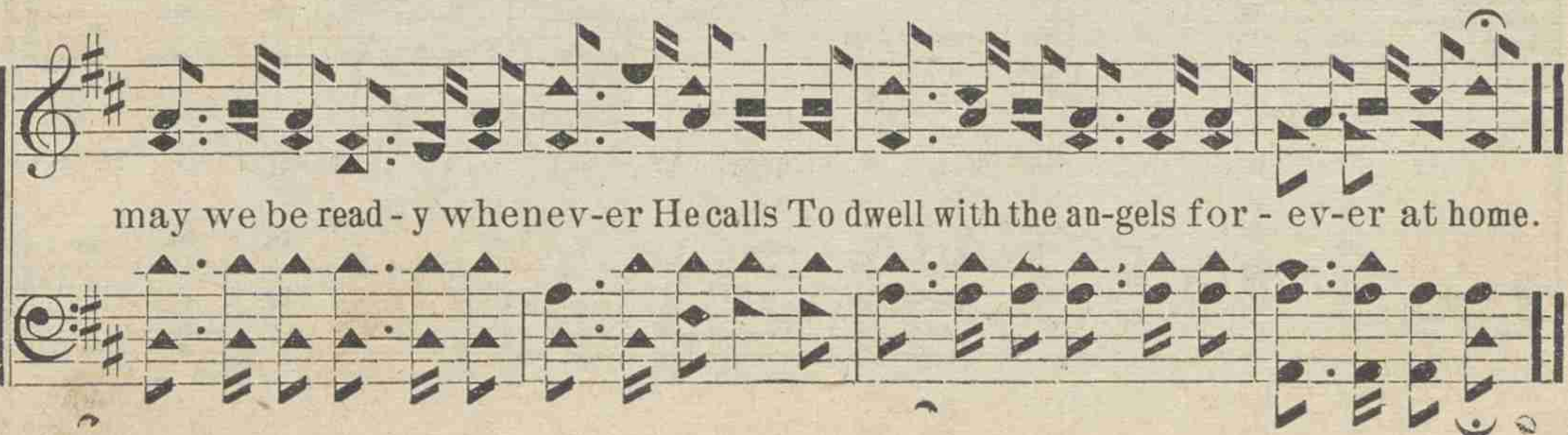
CHORUS.



wait-ing and watch-ing to welcome us home. They're wait-ing and watch-ing for
 Je - sus is therein that ju - bi-lant throng!
 they are now wait-ing to welcome us home.



you and for me, Till Je - sus shall bid us to come; O



may we be read - y when-ev-er He calls To dwell with the an-gels for - ev-er at home.

NO. 13.

Jesus Calls us Home.

J. W. ACUFF.

W. D. EVERIDGE.



1. When Je - sus calls us home, To dwell with Him a - bove;
2. O sin - ner, heed the call! And turn from sin and strife;
3. Then let us work and pray, While here on earth be - low;
4. This home, He of - fers you! If you, its joys would know,

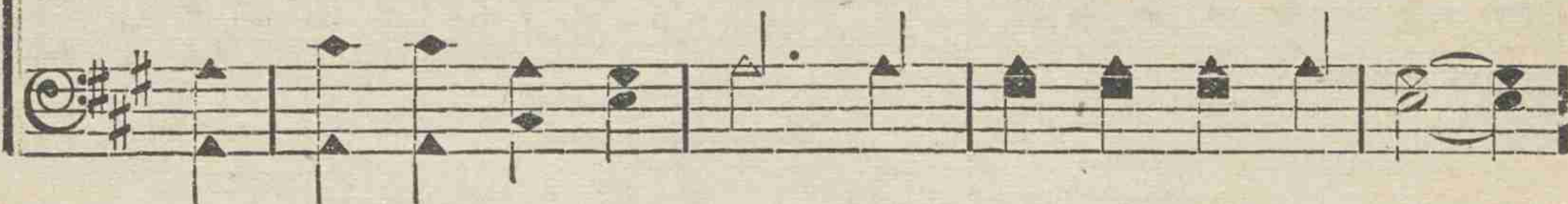


We'll ev - er sing a - round the throne, Of His re - deem - ing love!
 O - bey the ho - ly will of God - Ac - cept e - ter - nal life!
 That He may in the judgment day, A crown of life be - stow!
 Then have this pre - cious blood ap - plied, And to it with us go!

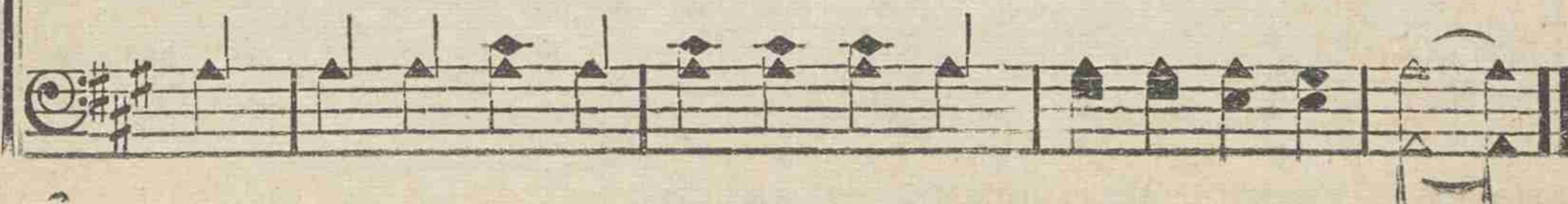


CHORUS.

Then, O how sweet 'twill be, To meet on Can - aan's shore!



'Tis there, His glo - ry we shall share, And dwell for - ev - er more!



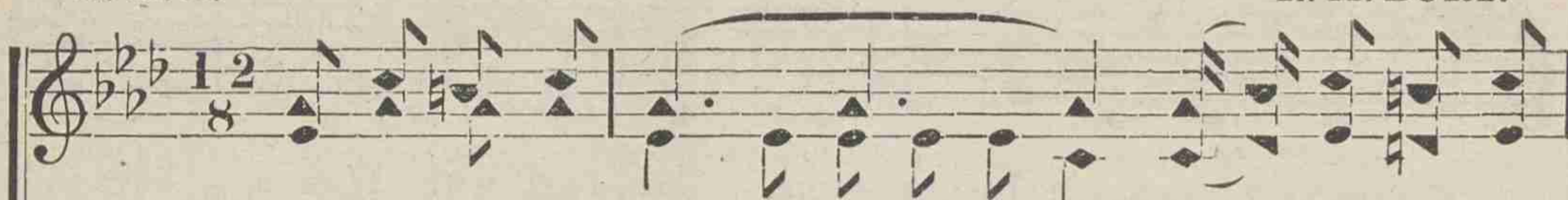
NO. 14.

I'm Seeking a Home. *

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

R. M. B.

R. M. BURT.



1. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) in the man-sions a -
2. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) through tri - als se -
3. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) in the man-sions a -
4. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) where loved ones have



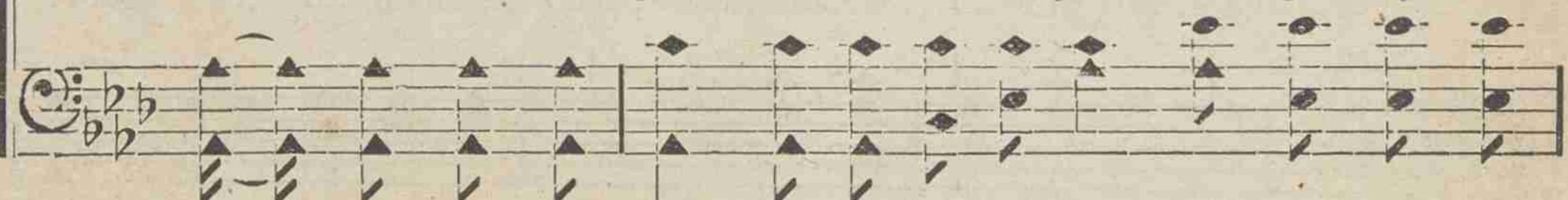
bove, (the mansions a-bove,) Where I can a - bide, (where I can a - bide,)
vere, (thro' tri - als se-vere,) But grace will sus-tain, (but grace will sus-tain,)
bove; (the mansions a-bove;) Con-duct-ed a - long, (con-duct-ed a - long,)
gone, (where loved ones have gone,) Who fought the good fight, (who fought the good fight,)



with the Saviour I love, (the Saviour I love,) And sing the sweet song, (and sing the sweet song,)
when these shall appear, (when these shall appear,) I'll labor and pray, (I'll labor and pray,)
by the Heavenly Dove, — (the Heavenly Dove,) What rapture is mine, (what rapture is mine,)
and the victory won; (the victory won;) And when I'm releas'd, (and when I'm releas'd,)



all the glo - ri - fied sing, (the glo - ri - fied sing,) While cast - ing their
and dai - ly press on, (and dai - ly press on,) E'er trust - ing the
when I think of that bliss, — (I think of that bliss,) What com-fort I
from sor - row and pain, (from sor-row and pain,) All glo - ry to



* Harmony parts may sing in fugue style, with good effect.

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I'm Seeking a Home.—Concluded.



crowns, (while casting their crowns,) at the feet of their King! (the feet of their King!)
 Lord, (e'er trusting the Lord,) He'll not leave me a-lone! (not leave me a-lone!)
 find, (what comfort I find,) in a pi-lot like this! (a pi-lot like this!)
 God, (all glo-ry to God,) I shall see them a-gain! (shall see them a-gain!)

CHORUS.



By faith I can see, my Saviour's sweet smile,
 By faith I can see,..... my Saviour's sweet smile,..... And hear His sweet



And hear His sweet voice, come high-er my child!
 voice,..... come higher my child!..... So faithful and



So faithful and true, 'mid care and distress,
 true,..... 'mid care and dis-tress,..... En-ter in-to my



En-ter in-to my joy,—par-take of my rest! (par-take of my rest!)
 joy,—..... par-take of my rest!.....

NO. 15.

That Beautiful Home.

"I go to prepare a place for you.....that where I am,
there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2-3.

Words by H. W. ELLIOTT.

Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far o - ver the sea, There are mansions of
2. In that beau - ti - ful home, a crown I shall wear. With the glo - ri - fied
3. In that beau - ti - ful home, dear friends I shall meet, Who are waiting for



bliss for you and for me; Oh, that beau - ti - ful home so wond'rously fair,
throng, their glo - ry to share; But the joys of that home can nev - er be known,
me, my com - ing to greet; Re - u - nit - ed we'll be with Je sus our King,



That the Sav - iour, for me, has gone to pre - pare.
Till the Sav - iour we see, up - on His white throne.
While the a - ges roll on, His prais - es we'll sing.



CHORUS.



There's a beau - ti - ful home..... far o - ver the
a beau - ti - ful home



That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

sea, There's a beau- ti - ful home,
 far o - ver the sea, a beau-ti - ful home

for you and for me;..... And its glit - ter - ing
for you and for me;

[illegible]

home,..... some day, shall be mine.....
that beau-ti - ful home, Some day, shall be mine.

NO. 16.

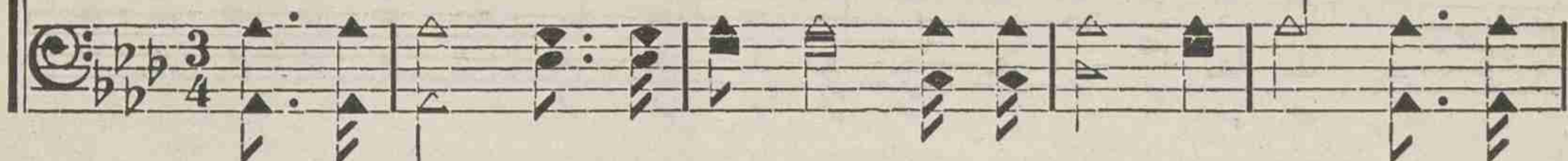
The Home of the Soul.

Words by WILLIAM I. FEAZELL.
Arr. by F. L. E.

Music by J. J. DAY.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND.



1. I was once but an out-cast With-out friend or home, Here a -
2. There's no ref - uge of safe - ty Save the home on high, Where the
3. And by faith in the prom-ise Of my Sav - iour, now I can
4. There I'll be with my Sav - iour, And the an - gels bright, While the



lone and with-out hope in my God, But I've found all in Je - sus
spir - it ev - er more can be free, There the grief and af - flic - tions,
see the bright man-sions so fair, And I have the as - sur - ance
a - ges con - tin - ue to roll, And tho' here, I be friend-less,



Who died on the tree, He has bought me with His own pre-cious blood.
The sin and the pain, When I've anchored nev-er more shall I see.
That my way is clear, To that coun-try and home o - ver there.
There, my spir - it shall have A sweet ref - uge in the home of the soul.



CHORUS.



Home sweet home, my heav - en - ly home, Where trials and troubles ne'er come,



O grant dear Saviour, that oth-ers may have A place in the home of the soul!



Onward and Upward.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. Its onward and up-ward to glo - ry, When Je-sus is lead-ing the way;
2. No mor tal can ev - er grow wea - ry, When Je-sus is lead-ing the way;
3. The sun-light of heav-en is gleaming, When Je-sus is lead-ing the way;
4. We're nearing that bright land su-per-nal, When Je sus is lead-ing the way;



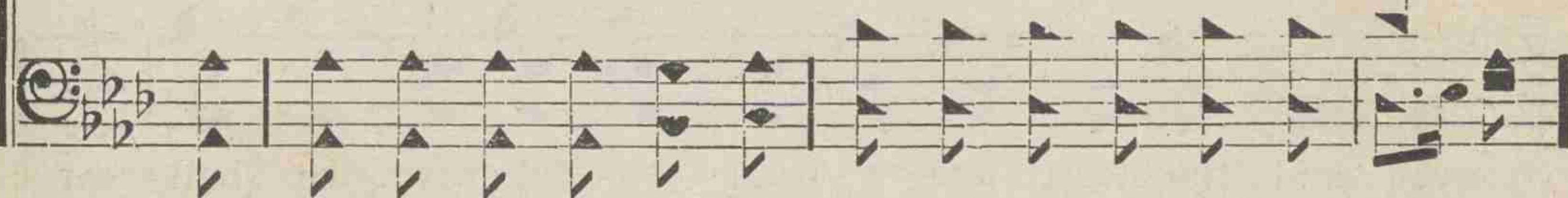
And O what a won-der-ful sto - ry! When Je-sus is leading the way.
 No path-way will ev - er be drea - ry, When Je-sus is leading the way.
 Of bliss be-yond death we are dreaming, When Je sus is leading the way.
 To dwell in a home that's e - ter - nal, When Je-sus is leading the way.



CHORUS.



Its on - ward and up - ward to glo - ry,
 Its on ward and up-ward its on-ward and upward to glo - ry,



When Je - sus is lead-ing the way, And O what a
 And O what a won der-ful



won - der-ful sto - ry! When Je-sus is leading the way.
 won-der-ful, wonder-ful sto - ry!



NO. 18.

That Beautiful Home.

F. L. E.

Harmony by J. E. T.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND,



1. When the Mas - ter shall call us from la - bor to rest, From this
2. With the saints and the an - gels our hearts will re-joice, In the
3. In ho-san - na to Je - sus, our voi - ces we'll blend, In that
4. By the riv - er of life, ev - er flow - ing so calm, We shall




earth with its sor - row and care, To a home with the an - gels, the
pres - ence of Je - sus, the King; We will praise Him for - ev - er, with
beau - ti - ful man - sion a - bove; All the praise and the glo - ry to
rest and be hap - py and free; Of that wa - ter we'll drink, as a




saved and the blest, Then a beau - ti - ful crown we shall wear.
heart and with voice, All tri - umph - ant in glo - ry we'll sing.
Je - sus shall tend, As the au - thor of bliss and of love.
life - giv - ing balm, Ev - er flow - ing for you and for me.



CHORUS.



O that home! . . . that beau - ti - ful home!
O that home! that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!



That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.



With the saints and the angels to share; O that home! that beau-ti-ful
O that home! that



home! There's a beau-ti-ful crown we shall wear.
beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! shall wear.

NO. 19.

Benediction Hymn.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.



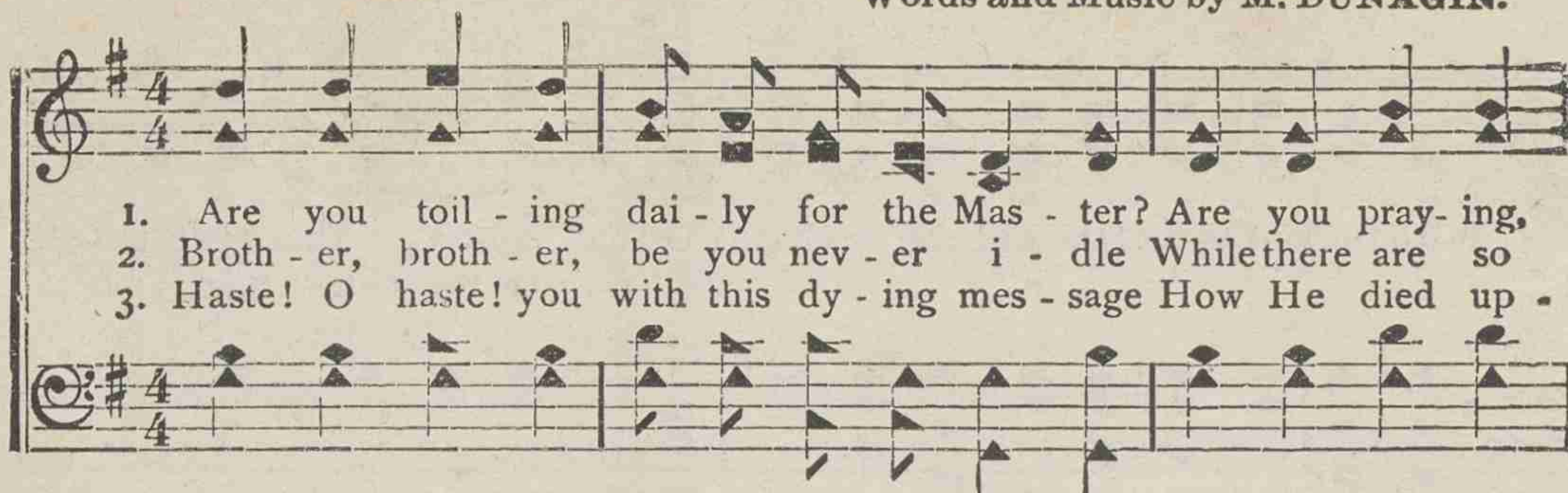
1. In Thy love, dear Lord, dismiss us, And Thy wings our shelter be;
2. When temptations round us gath-er, And we feel in-clined to stray,



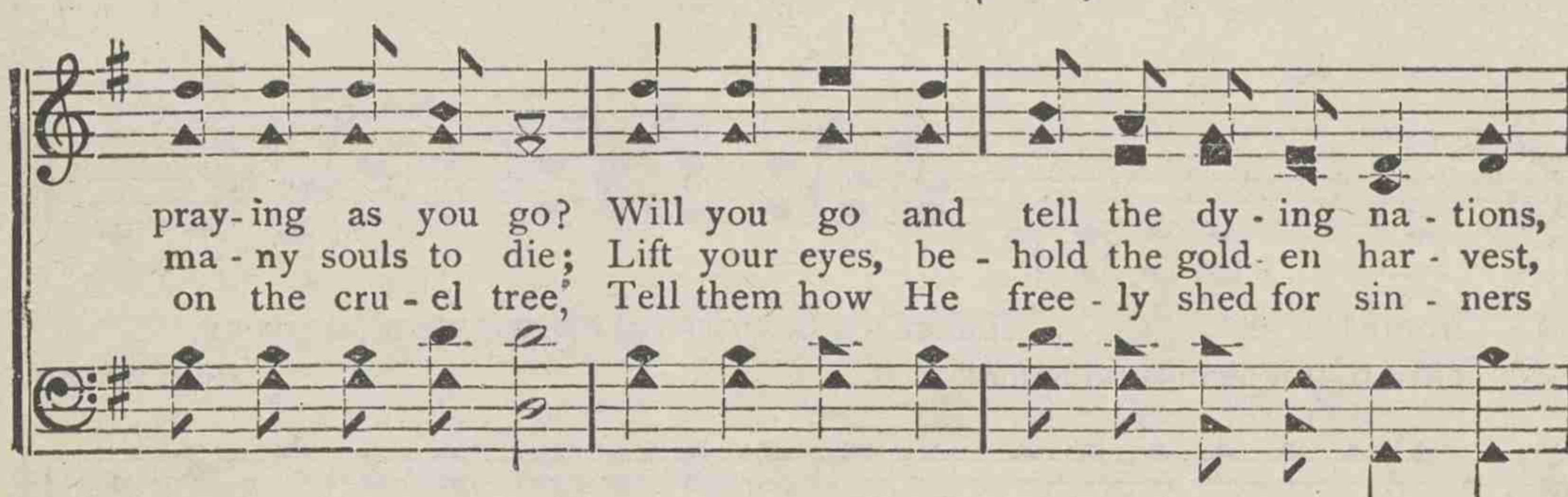
Let Thy spir-it dwell with-in us, Bind and keep us close to Thee.
To Thy lov-ing arms re-ceive us, Safe-ly hide us then a-way.

Toiling for the Master.

Words and Music by M. DUNAGIN.

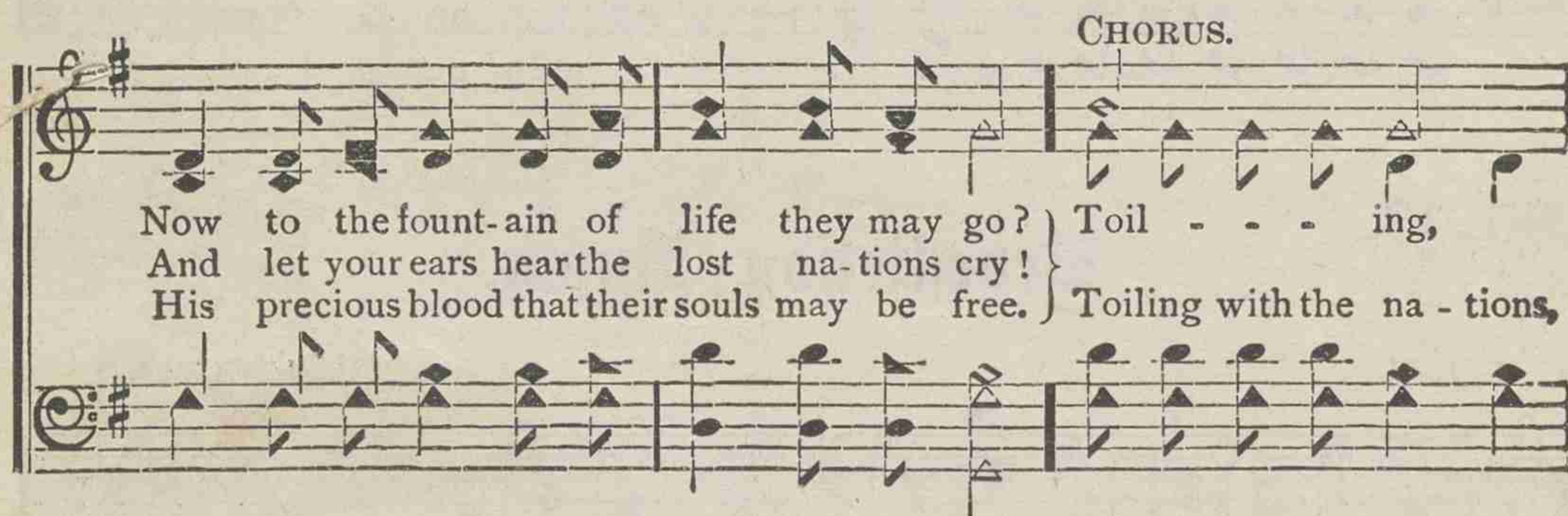


1. Are you toil - ing dai - ly for the Mas - ter? Are you pray - ing,
 2. Broth - er, broth - er, be you nev - er i - dle While there are so
 3. Haste! O haste! you with this dy - ing mes - sage How He died up -

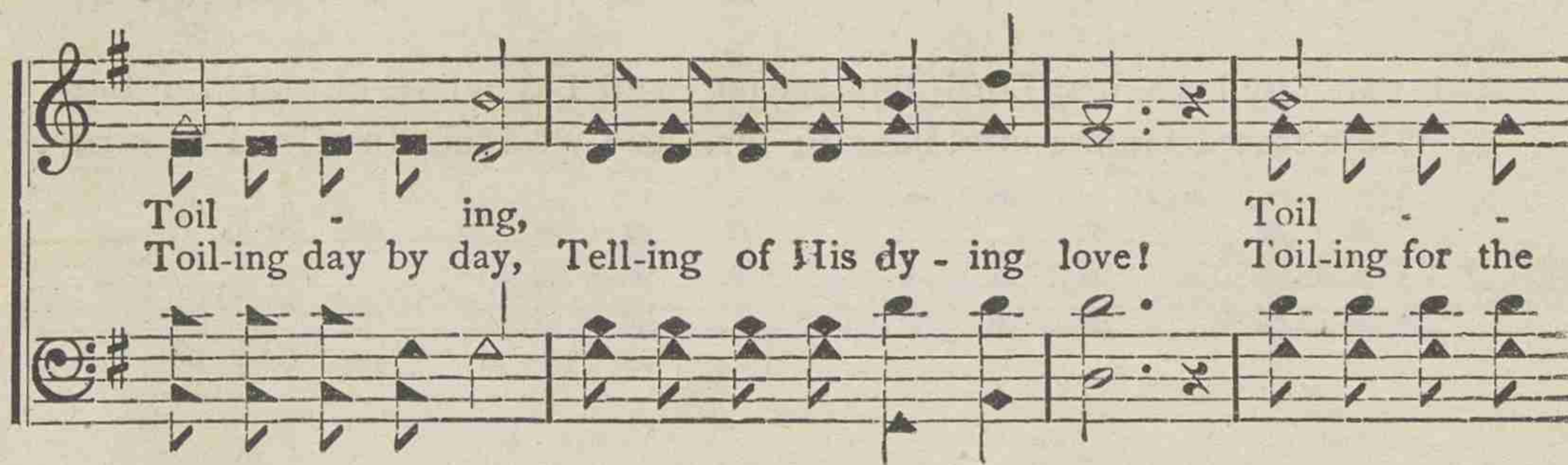


pray - ing as you go? Will you go and tell the dy - ing na - tions,
 ma - ny souls to die; Lift your eyes, be - hold the gold - en har - vest,
 on the cru - el tree, Tell them how He free - ly shed for sin - ners

CHORUS.



Now to the fount - ain of life they may go? } Toil - - - ing,
 And let your ears hear the lost na - tions cry! }
 His precious blood that their souls may be free. } Toiling with the na - tions,



Toil - ing,
 Toil - ing day by day, Tell - ing of His dy - ing love! Toil - ing for the



ing, Toil - ing,
 Mas - ter, Toil - ing with the na - tion, Pointing them to heav'n a - bove.

NO. 21.

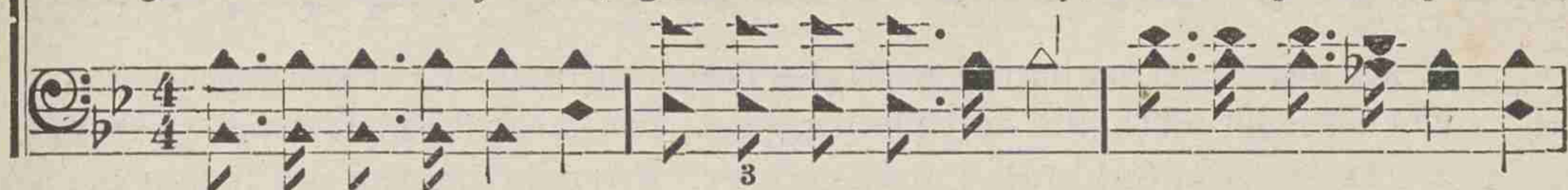
Beautiful Gleanings Bring.

F. L. EILAND.

J. W. ACUFF.



1. Go, in ear - ly morning, in - to the har-vest white, Sing a song of gladness,
2. For the faint and weary, car - ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and dreary,
3. In the name of Je - sus, gath-er the sheaves to-day, Read the precious promise,



la - bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus, o - ver the na - tion ring,
weep-ing an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching, un-der a load of care,
wag - es, He you will pay; Go with great rejoic - ing, glean-ing from fields of sin,



CHORUS.



With the com-ing evening, beauti- ful gleanings bring. } See.....the beau-ti - ful
Lend a hand of com-fort, cov-er its ailings there. }
Thrust thy glowing sick-le, bringing the har-vest in. } See you there, the beautiful



har - vest white! Go,..... and la - bor with all your might; Let..... your
har - vest white! Go, ye there, and la - bor with all your might; Let them there your



Repeat Chorus Softly.



an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go, and beau-ti - ful glean-ings bring!
an them's of glad-ness ring, Go, ye now, and beau-ti - ful glean-ings bring!



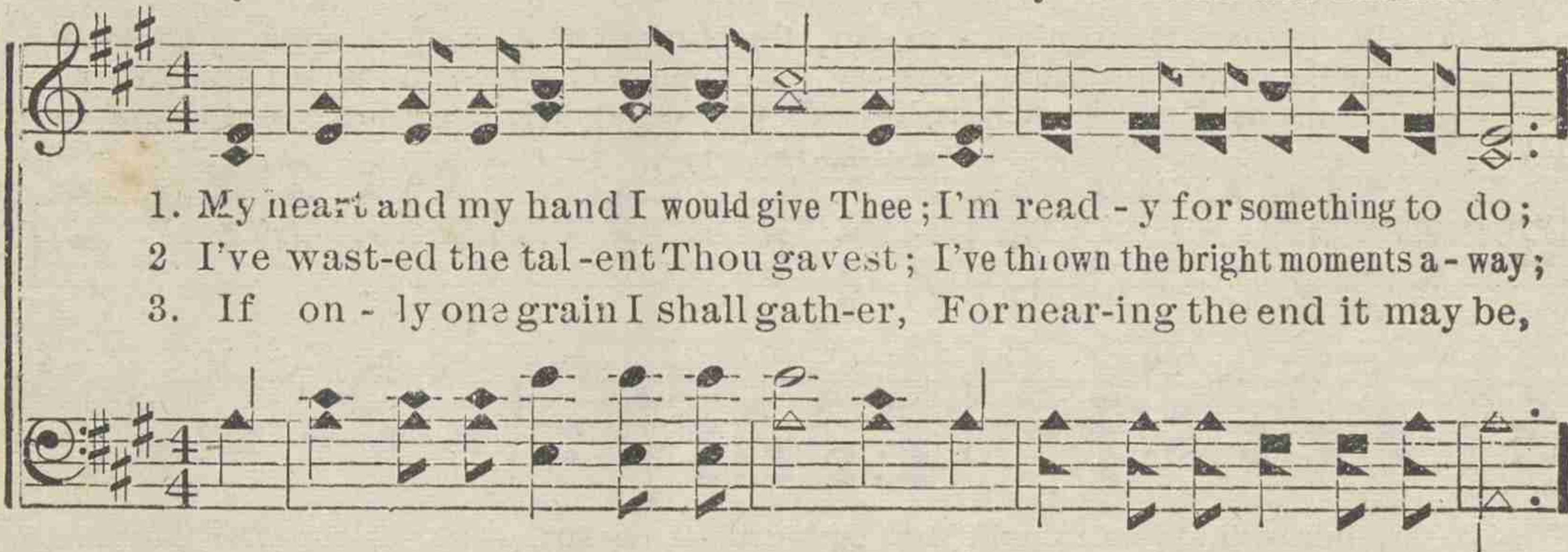
NO. 22.

Willing and Ready.

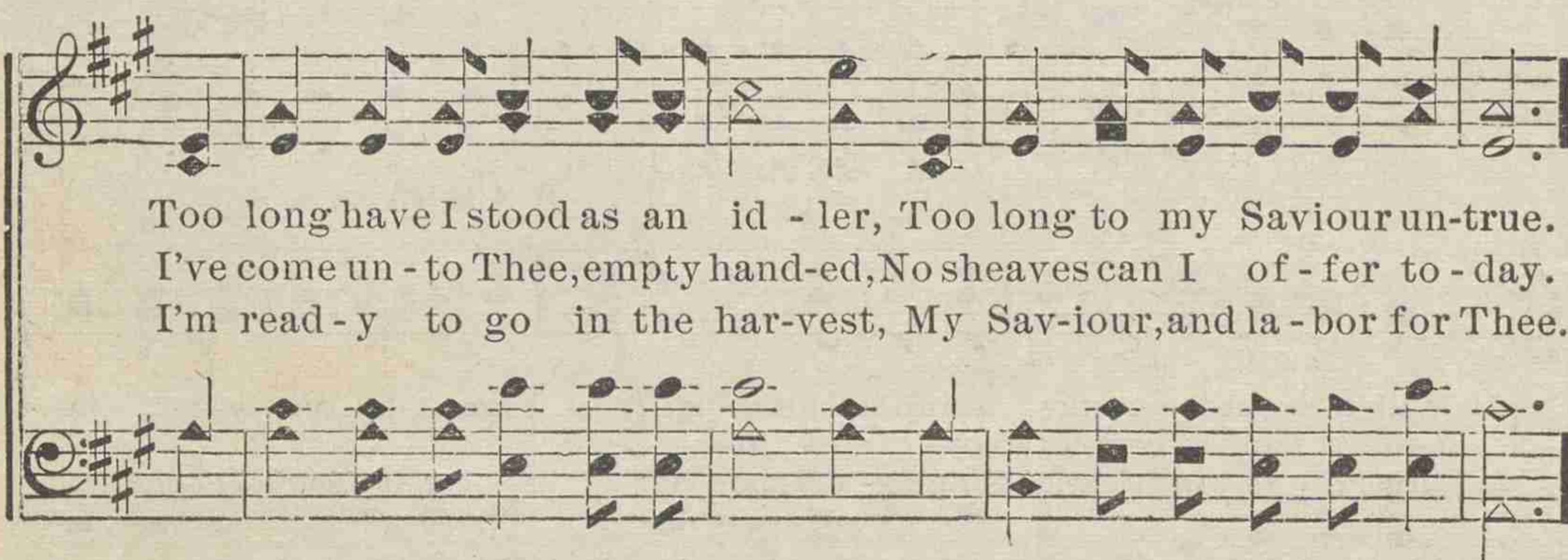
Read the eighth and ninth verses of fourth division of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians.

Words by F. L. EILAND

Music by ELLIOTT and EILAND.

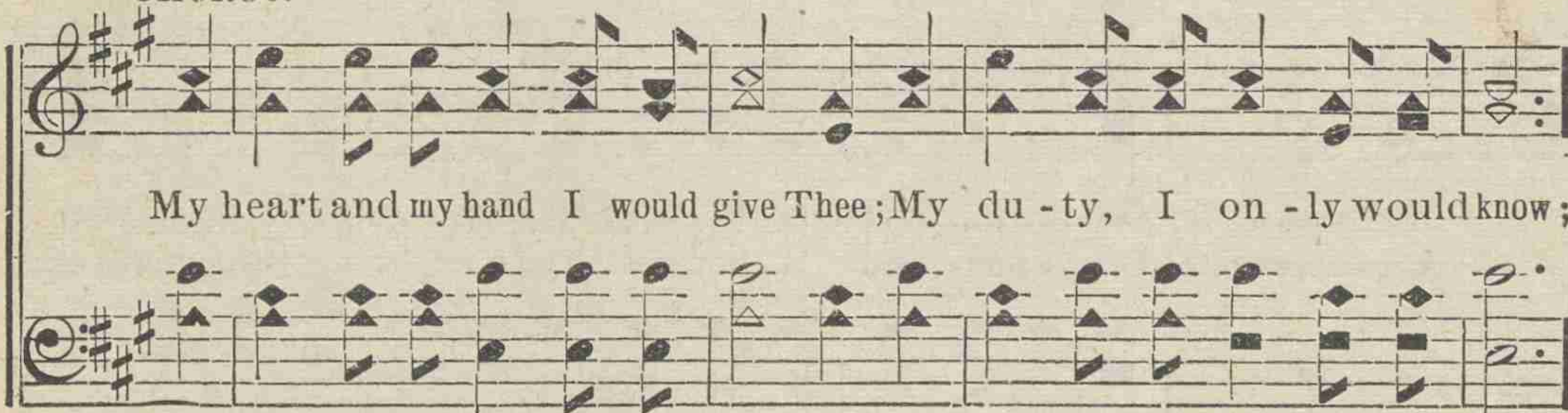


1. My heart and my hand I would give Thee; I'm read - y for something to do;
 2. I've wast-ed the tal-ent Thou gavest; I've thrown the bright moments a - way;
 3. If on - ly one grain I shall gath-er, For near-ing the end it may be,



Too long have I stood as an id - ler, Too long to my Saviour un-true.
 I've come un - to Thee, empty hand-ed, No sheaves can I of - fer to - day.
 I'm read - y to go in the har-vest, My Sav-iour, and la - bor for Thee.

CHORUS.



My heart and my hand I would give Thee; My du - ty, I on - ly would know;



Wher-ev - er Thou mayest as-sign me, I'm will - ing and ready to go.

NO. 23.

Go Into the Harvest.

Dedicated to my friend and brother, J. C. White, Glencove, Texas. Joe S. W.

Melody and words by JOE S. WARLICK.

Har. T. J. KELLAM.



1. Go - ing a - far o'er val - ley and moun - tian, Seek - ing the
2. Go ye in - to the high-ways and hedg - es, Bid - ding the
3. When we at last have fin - ish'd the har - vest, When we bring
4. Oh, the re - joic - ing when in the ev'n - ing, — When, the re -



wan-d'rer go-ing a - stray. Turning them back to Christ the Redeem-er,
 sin-ner come at the call. Je-sussays, "Come" — all things are now ready, —
 in our sheaves from the field; They shall shine in our crown of re-joic-ing, —
 deem'd shall stand with the King, There, in that land, all bright with His glory,



CHORUS.



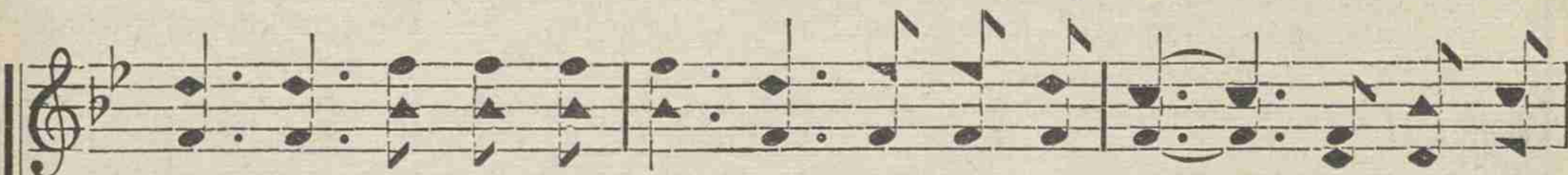
Bringing them home to Je - sus the way.

Ma - ny, may come, there's room for them all.

Oh, may we have a boun - ti - ful yield.

They, His e - ter - nal prais-es shall sing.

Lift then your eyes, and look, on the



har - vest, — Fields are now white and la-b'ers are few; Pray ye the



Lord that others may en - ter, — There is a work my brother for you.

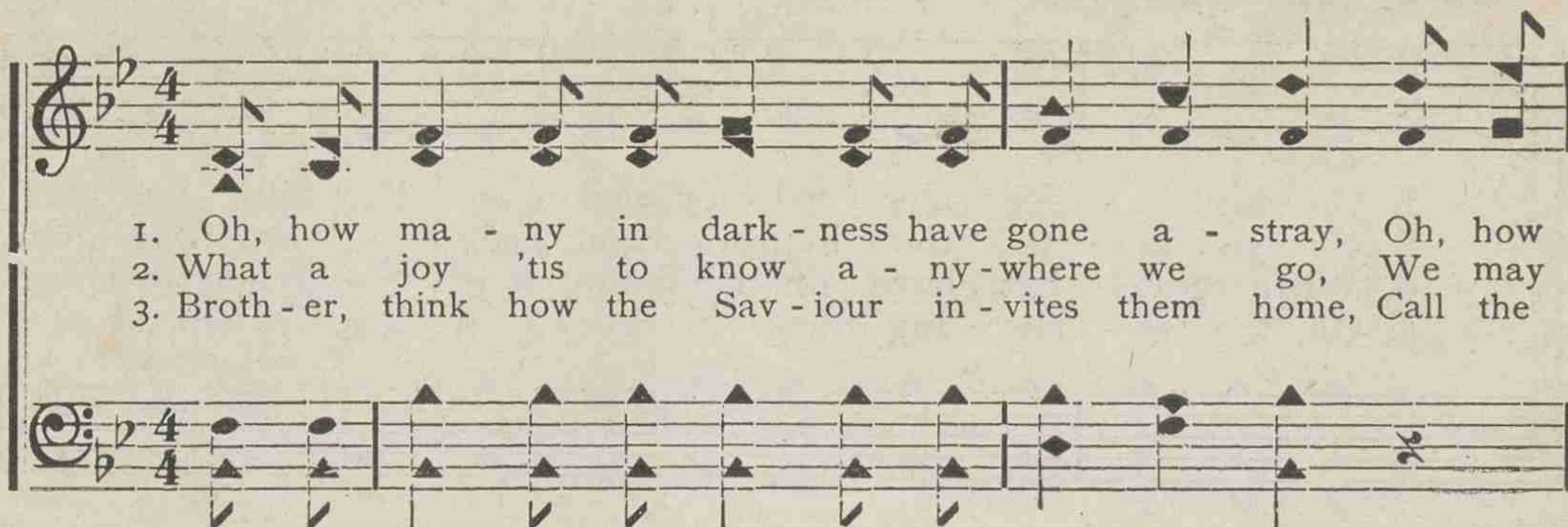


NO. 24.

Call Back the Wanderer.

L. A. MORRIS.

WALTER C. MITCHELL.

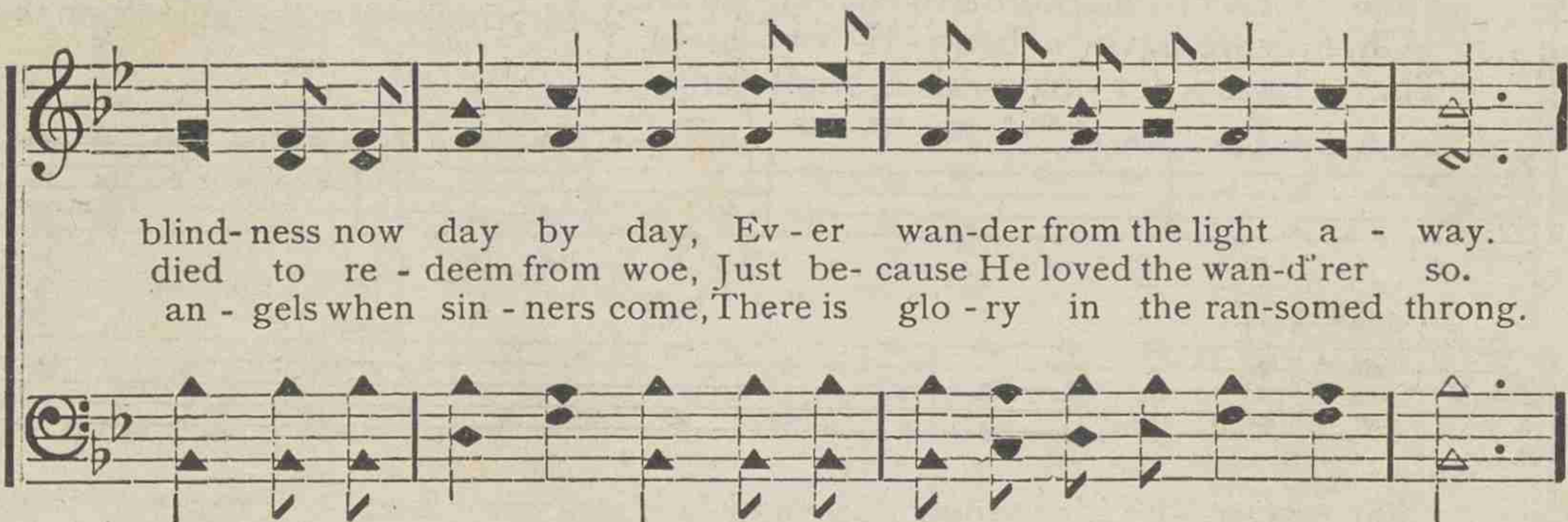


1. Oh, how ma - ny in dark - ness have gone a - stray, Oh, how
 2. What a joy 'tis to know a - ny - where we go, We may
 3. Broth - er, think how the Sav - iour in - vites them home, Call the



ma - ny..... dai - ly wan - der, Oh, how ma - ny in
 lead them and re - claim them..... To the Sav - iour who
 wan - d' rer, call the wan - d' rer, 'Tis a joy to the

Oh, how ma - ny wan - der from the way,
 We may lead them, yes, re - claim them now,
 Call the wand' rer, call the wand' rer home,



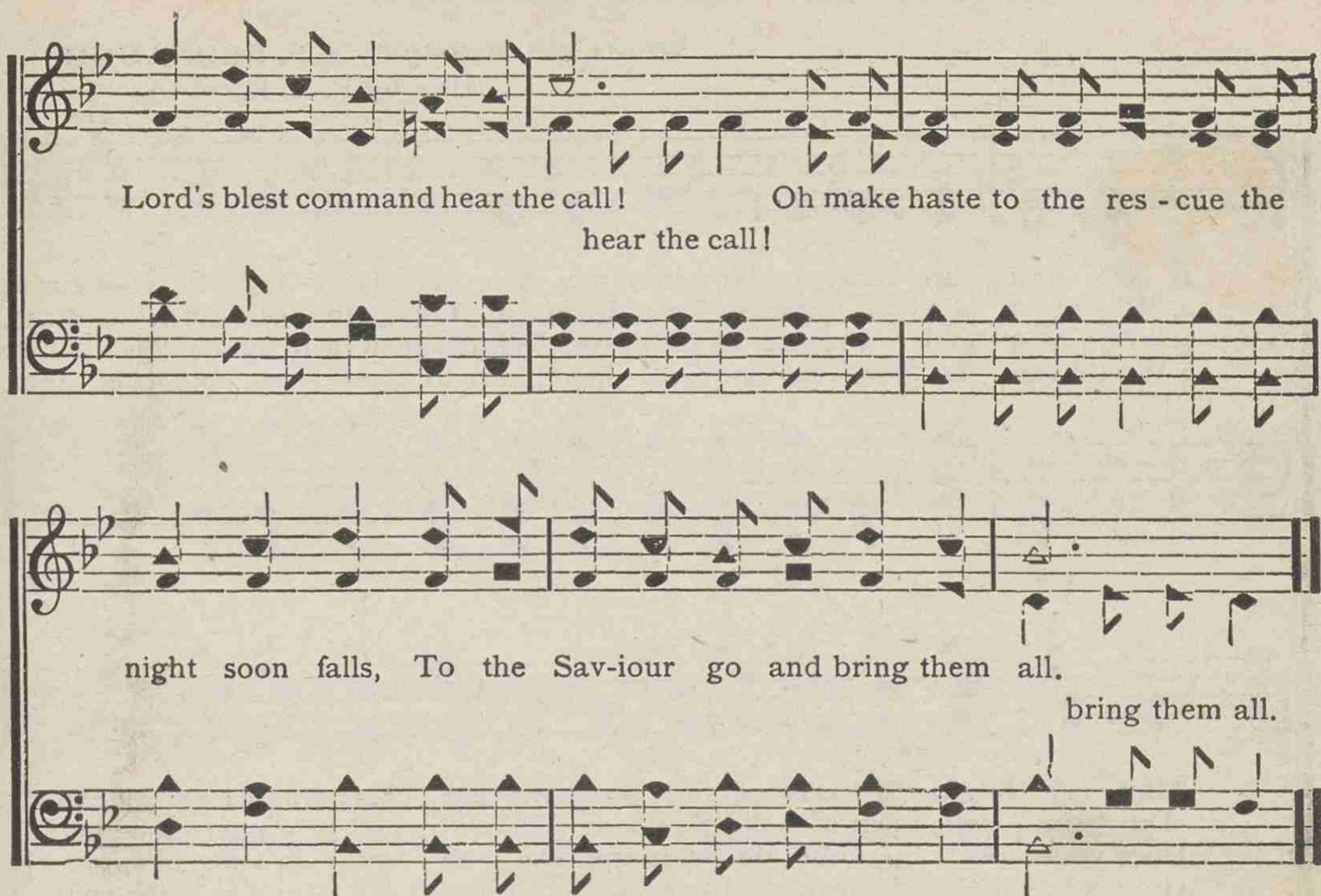
blind - ness now day by day, Ev - er wan - der from the light a - way.
 died to re - deem from woe, Just be - cause He loved the wan - d' rer so.
 an - gels when sin - ners come, There is glo - ry in the ran - somed throng.

CHORUS.



Oh, re - claim them, yes, re - claim them, 'Tis the
 Oh, re - claim the wand' rer now, yes, re - claim the wand' rer now,

Call Back the Wanderer.—Concluded.



Lord's blest command hear the call! Oh make haste to the res - cue the
hear the call!

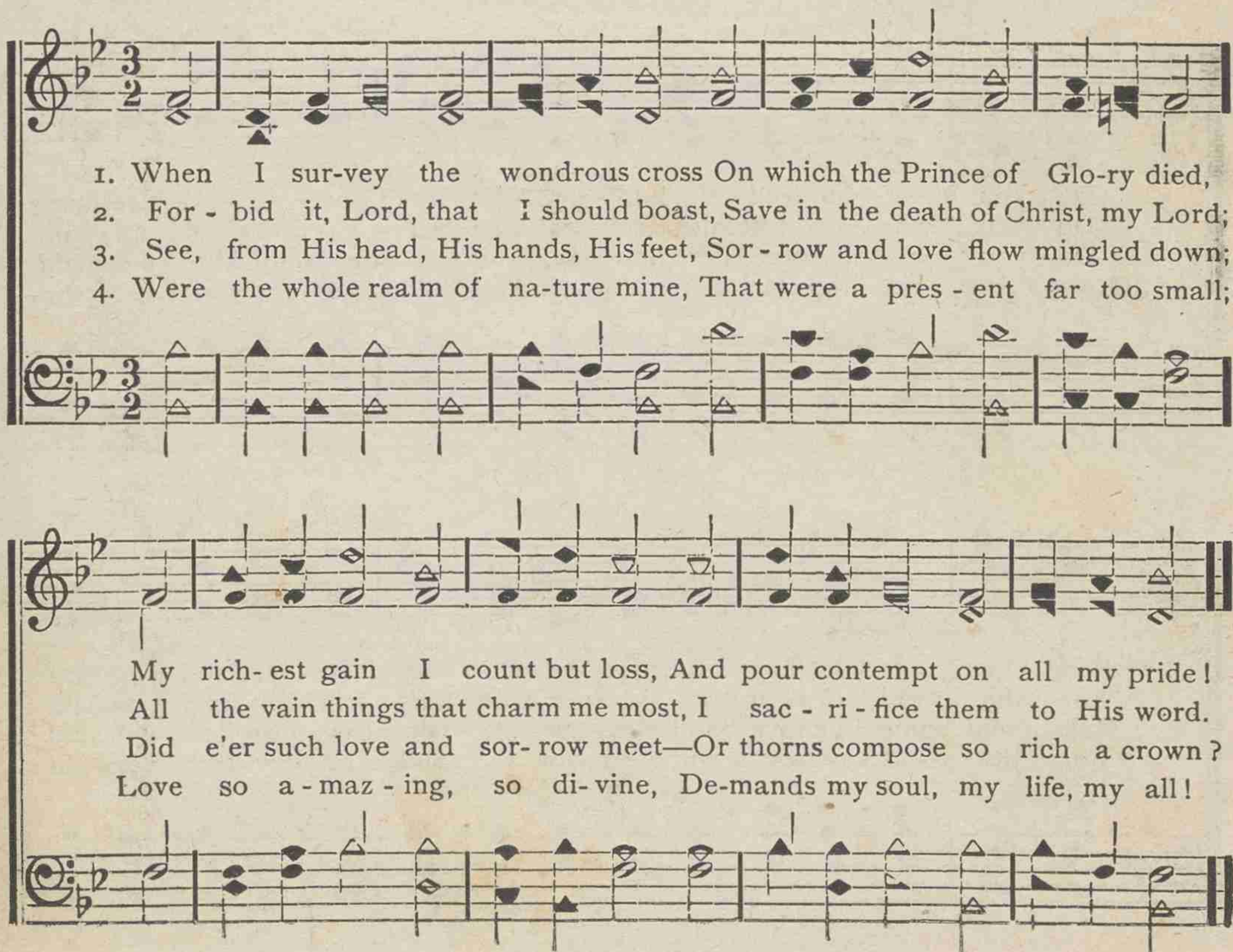
night soon falls, To the Sav-iour go and bring them all.
bring them all.

NO. 25

Hebron.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride!
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His word.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet—Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!

Lend Your Aid.

Words and Melody by E. S. BRONAUGH.

Har. by F. L. E.



1. Oh you chris-tians on life's jour-ney, Are you help - ing with your hand,
2. When you see so ma - ny 'round you, In the paths of sin and strife,
3. As you look a-round at broth - ers, Who have wan-dered far a - stray;
4. Would you be a val - iant sol-dier? Turn to ev - 'ry one your light,



Mak - ing bright the paths of oth - ers, Giv - ing cheer where e'er you can?
 Do you tell them of the Sav-iour, Who will give e - ter - nal life,
 Does your heart go out in yearn-ing, Do you ev - er for them pray?
 Help, oh, help the worn and wea - ry, Who have fall - en in the fight,



Do you ev - er feed the hun - gry, Who by pov - er - ty are made
 Do you, who are blest with rich - es, See Sal - va-tion's cause un - paid,
 Do you vis - it homes here, low - ly, And by deeds of kind - ness paid,
 Raise them up, and start them on-ward, And full wag - es you'll be paid,



Poor in spir - it, low and wretched, Do you ev - er lend your aid?
 For the want of your as - sist-ance, Christians, will you lend your aid?
 Make them homes of love and pleas-ure, Do you ev - er lend your aid?
 For the God of heav'n will bless you, If you'll on - ly lend your aid?



Lend Your Aid.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



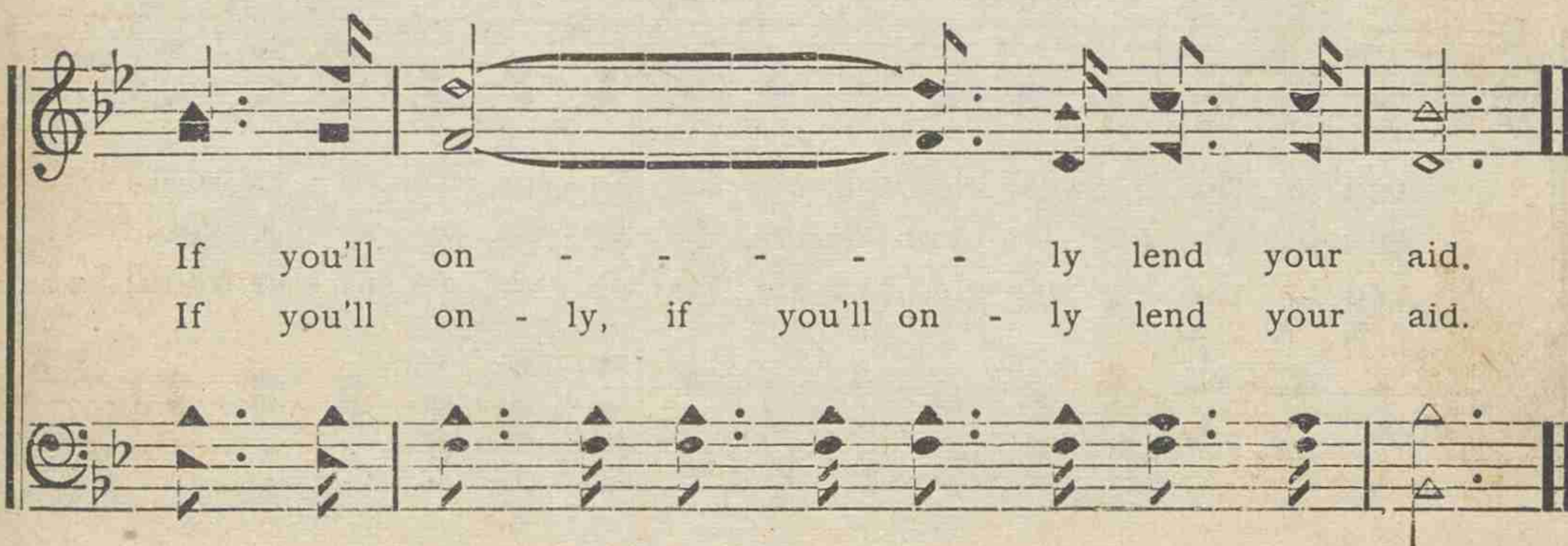
Lend your aid,..... Oh, lend your aid;
Lend your aid, lend your aid,



Help them up..... whose feet have strayed;.....
Lend, Oh, lend your aid my broth - er, lend it now,



You may turn..... some wand'rer home - - ward,
You may turn some wea - ry wand'-rer homeward, if you'll lend your aid,



If you'll on - - - - ly lend your aid.
If you'll on - ly, if you'll on - ly lend your aid.

The Waving Harvest.

We have the sweet, and precious promise,
That, wages He will pay,
For service, here, within His vineyard,
In that great, final day.—F. L. E.

Words written for, and adapted
to music, by F. L. EILAND.

R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and wav-ing fields, Now we go with beau-ti-ful song;
2. Proud-ly we this mes sage tell, To the soul now burdened with sin;
3. Will-ing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beau-ti-ful songs;

That, the bless-ed gos-pel light, lost sin-ners may see, That, its
That, in Je-sus, there is peace, and won-drous-ly free,—That, if
That, the white and wav-ing fields, here gath-ered may be;— That, the

glo-rious truth may shine, With its grace, and pow-er di-vine,
on Him they be-lieve, He their ach-ing hearts will re-lieve,
gos-pel's joy-ful sound, We may send to na-tions a-round,

And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je-sus, we ev-er would be!
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je-sus, we ev-er would be!
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je-sus, we ev-er would be!

The Waving Harvest.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gos - pel in song, un - to you we

bring, un - to you we bring. Of the great love, of And of the great love,

Je - sus we sing, of Je - sus we sing, Beau - ti - ful

grain..... is wast-ing we see, The beau-ti - ful grain, is wast-ing we see,

Repeat Chorus softly.

And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je - sus, we ev - er would be !

NO. 28.

Tell the Glad Tidings.

F. L. EILAND.

W. D. EVRIDGE.



1. Go tell the glad ti-dings to sin-ners a-stray, Go quick-ly, my
2. Go tell the glad ti-dings, go tell them to-day, Some soul may be
3. Go tell the glad ti-dings and count not the cost, Be-hold the con-



broth-er, O do not de-lay; You've tast-ed the glo-ry which
read-y our Lord to o-bey; Go point to the fount-ain that
di-tion of souls that are lost; Go speak of God's mer-cy, con-



now is thine own, This joy of thy bo-som to others make known.
cleans-es from sin, And urge you the need-y to bold-ly step in.
strain them to see, The way of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus must be.



CHORUS.



Go tell..... the glad ti - - - dings, go
Go tell the glad ti-dings, go tell them a-gain,



Tell the Glad Tidings.—Concluded.



tell..... them a - gain,..... Souls..... that are
Tell the glad ti-dings, go tell them a - gain, Souls that are dy-ing may



dy - - ing may hear..... the re - frain;.....
dy-ing, are dy-ing
hear the re-frain, Souls that are dy-ing may hear the re-frain;



Go speak..... to them gen - - tly and
Go speak to them gen - tly and bid them come in, Go



bid..... them come in,..... In..... from the
speak to them gen - tly and bid them come in, In from the highways and



high - - ways and hedg - - es of sin.....
highways, the highways the hedg-es of sin.
hedg-es of sin, In from the hedges of sin.....

NO. 29.

Even So Do.

Words by F. L. EILAND.

Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. Be you for the Mas - ter, toil - ing all the day; Bring - ing in the
 2. Ma - ny souls are faint - ing, haste you to their side; Lead them to the
 3. O - ver bit - ter tri - als, help the soul a - long, Point to Je - sus



wan - d'r'er, found a - long your way; Sing - ing songs of glad - ness
 Sav - iour who will safe - ly hide; Them from ev - 'ry dan - ger,
 ev - er, with your pray'r and song; You will be re - ward - ed,



speak - ing words of cheer; In the read - y har - vest, la - bor for Him here.
 in His hand He'll hold; Toil ye on, my broth - er, bring them to His fold.
 for your la - bor here; In the gold - en har - vest, o - ver, o - ver there.

CHORUS.

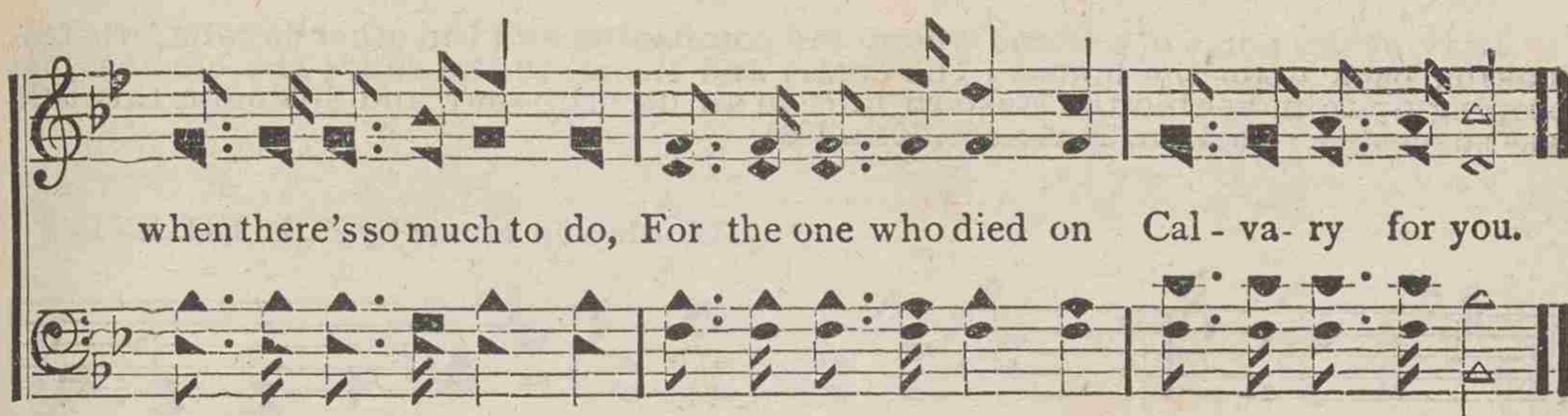


Be you for the Mas - ter, toil - ing on with glad ness; Bring ing in His



jew - els, scat tered ev - 'ry where. Be you nev - er i - dle,

Even So Do.—Concluded.



when there's so much to do, For the one who died on Cal - va - ry for you.

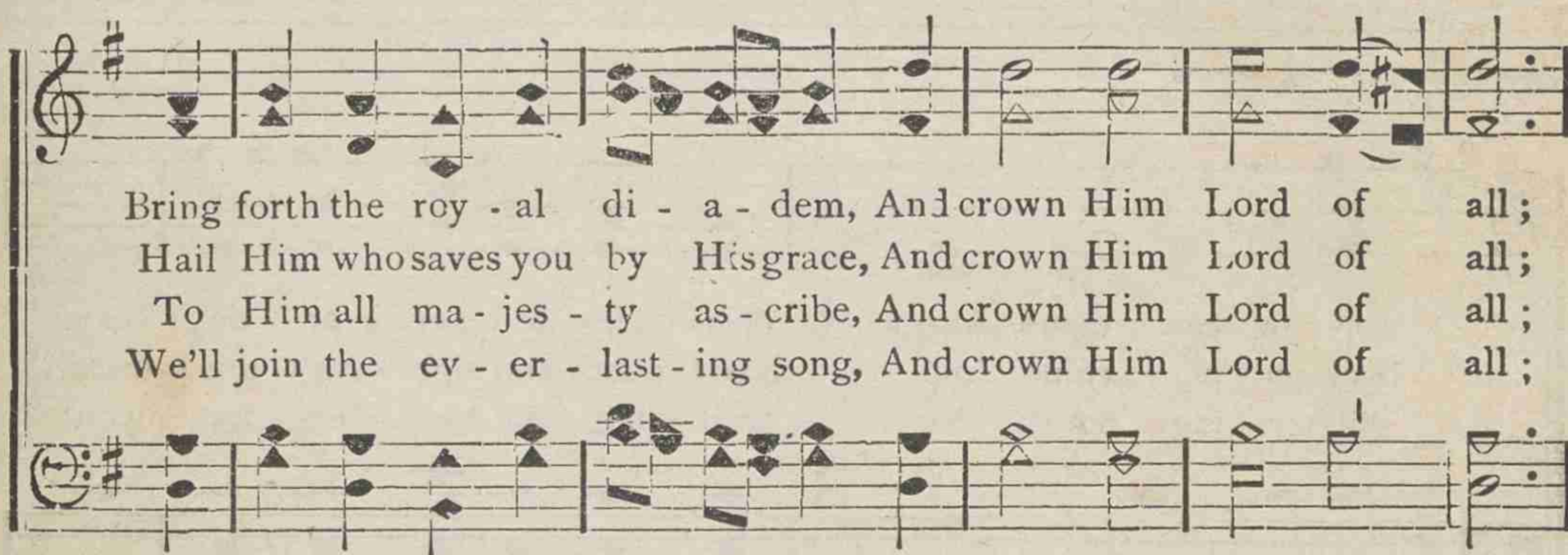
NO. 30.

Coronation. L. M.

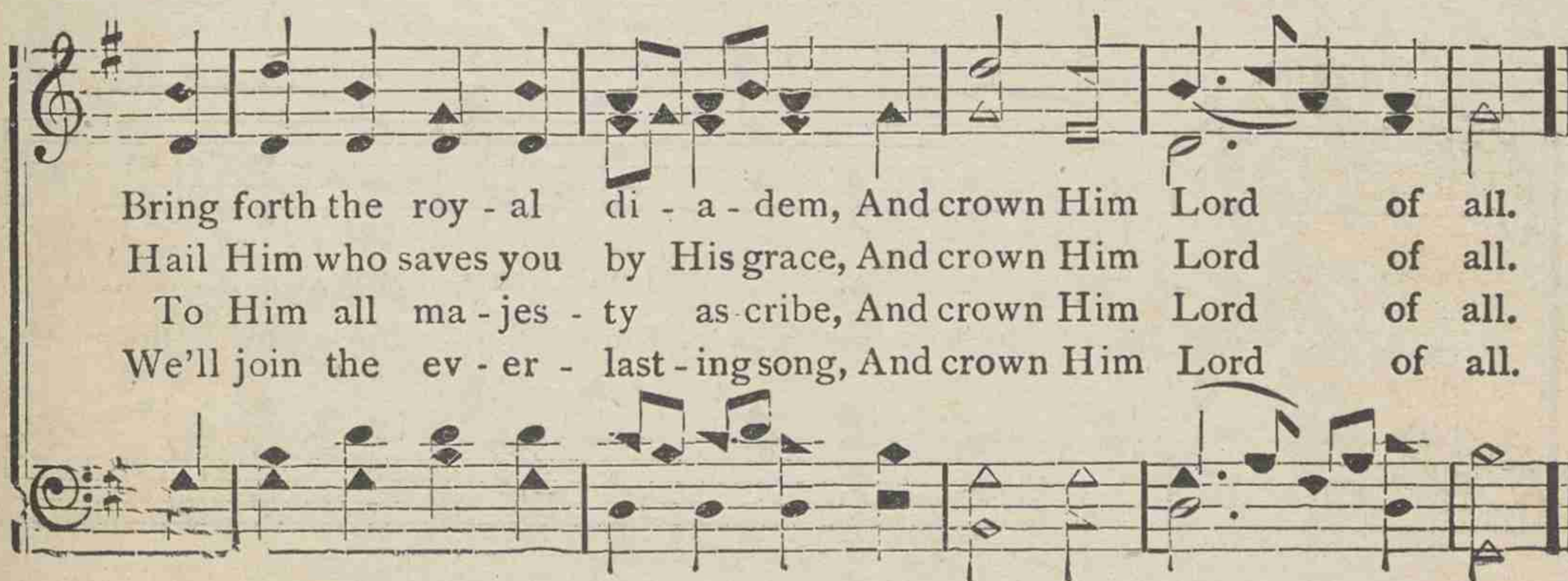
OLIVER HOLDEN



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



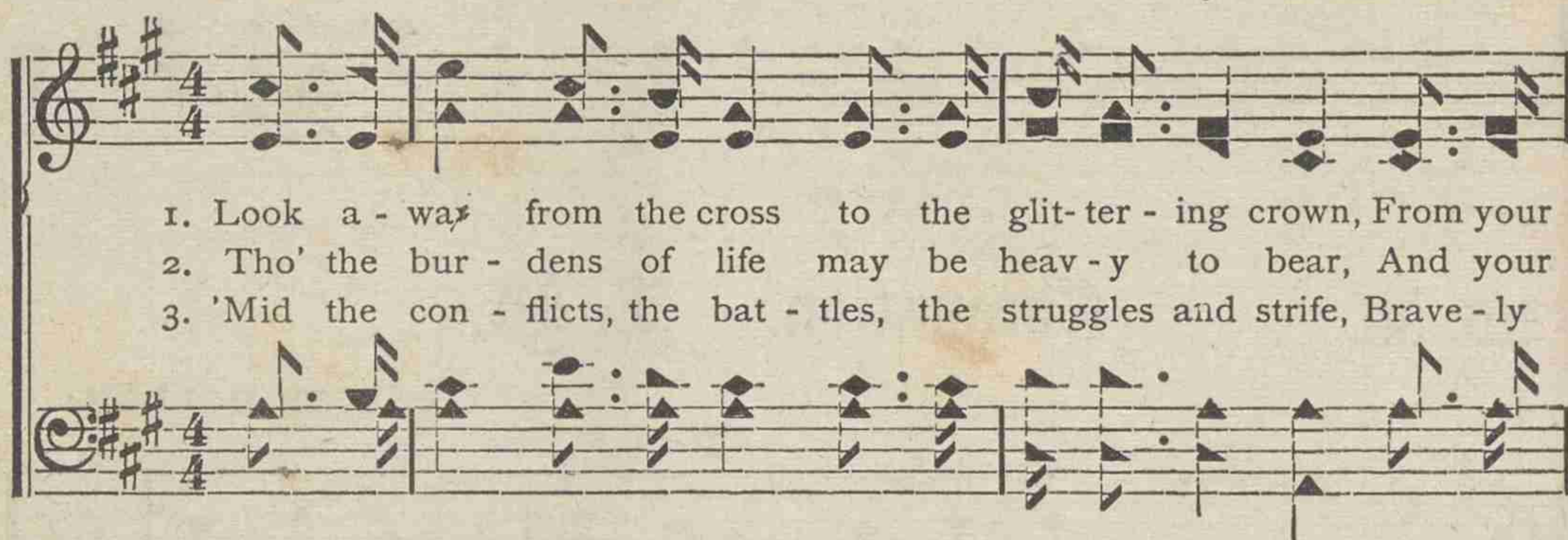
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

NO. 31.

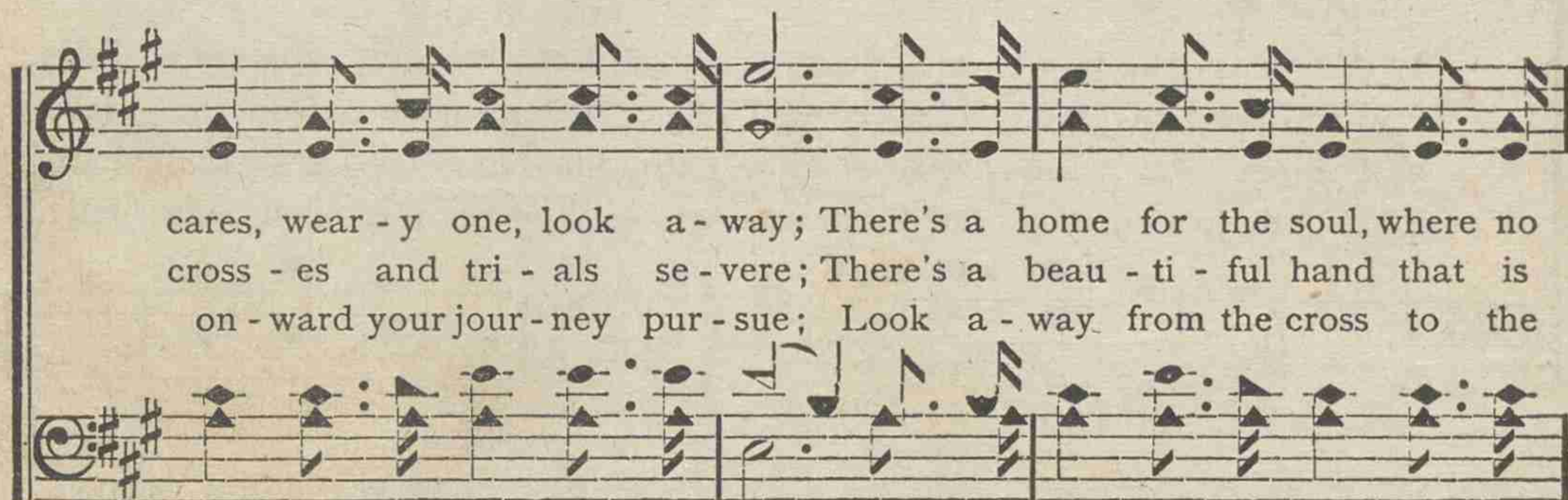
From the Cross to the Crown.

Leaving the home of a friend whom, my companion and I in other days had visited, looking back upon the house, (The cross) and thence to the sun, (The crown) just peeping up from behind the Eastern hills in all its brilliancy and splendor, this title was suggested. Carlton, Tex. Sept. 10th. 1895.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. Look a - way from the cross to the glit - ter - ing crown, From your
 2. Tho' the bur - dens of life may be heav - y to bear, And your
 3. 'Mid the con - flicts, the bat - tles, the struggles and strife, Brave - ly



cares, wear - y one, look a - way; There's a home for the soul, where no
 cross - es and tri - als se - vere; There's a beau - ti - ful hand that is
 on - ward your jour - ney pur - sue; Look a - way from the cross to the



sor - row can come, And where pleas - ures will nev - er de - cay.
 beck - on - ing come, And no heart - aches and sigh - ings are there.
 glit - ter - ing crown, That's a - wait - ing in heav - en for you.

CHORUS.



Look a - way, Look a - way,
 Wear - y one, look a - way from the cross to the crown,

From the Cross to the Crown.—Concluded.

1. From the cross to the glittering crown,
glittering crown,
2. From the cross to the glittering crown.

NO. 32. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon.

Anon.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet - est
'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id
2. Aft - er death its joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last - ing
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.
as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.
bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.

Let us walk in the light,

In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

NO. 33.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLS SHAW.

F. L. EILAND.



1. Sow-ing in the morning sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, e-v'n weep ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Thro' the loss sustained our
4. We in tears may sow them, but with joy we'll greet them, When the precious fruit we



and the dew - y eve, Wait-ing for the har - vest and the time of reap ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la- bor end- ed,
spir- it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o- ver, He will bid us welcome,
find a-mong the leaves, Gatn'ring in the har - vest, to the Master's Kingdom,



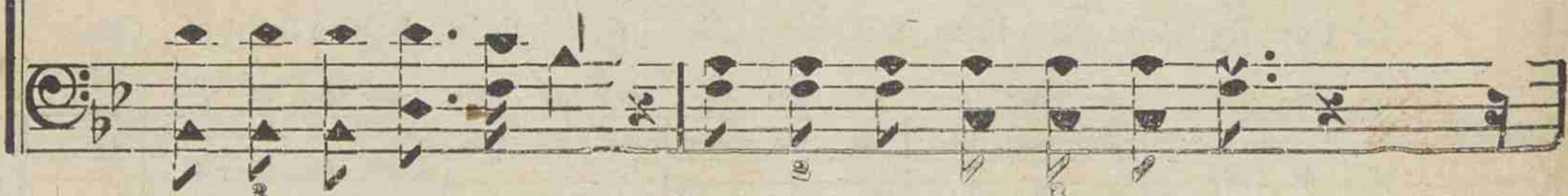
CHORUS.



We shall come rejoic- ing, bringing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the
Bringing the golden sheaves, the



sheaves, Bring - ing in the
beau- ti - ful gold- en sheaves, Bringing the beau - ti - ful sheaves,



Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

sheaves, Com - - - ing from the
Sowers and reapers and gleaners are all, Coming and bringing them in,

har - - - vest, Bringing the beautiful sheaves.
In from the har-vest the toil-ers are com-ing and bringing the beautiful sheaves.

NO. 34.

I Believe. C. M.

J. R. WREFORD.

Anon.

1. Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own; Thy word I would o - bey;
2. Lord, I be-lieve; but gloom-y fears Some-times be-dim my sight;
3. Lord, I be-lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak:

REF.—I do be-lieve; I do be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

I wan-der com-fort - less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
My weakness strengthen, and be-stow The con-fi-dence I seek.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

The Great Reunion.

Words adapted to music by F. L. EILAND.

EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. Would you in that meet-ing, Of the great soul greet-ing, Have a
 2. Do you seek com-mun-ion, In that saved re-un-ion, Where the
 3. With this hope still swell-ing, Go the sto-ry tell-ing, To the
 4. Of your ex-pec-ta-tions, Sing to droop-ing na-tions, Of the




shar-ing in that prom-ised day? Let your heart's deep yearning, Keep your
 saints of all the a-ges stay? To the cross go cling-ing, Your sal-
 sin-ner who is yet a-stray,—That he may be-lieve it, And his
 meet-ing that will be that day,—And re-peat the sto-ry, Of this



CHORUS.



lamps all burning, And keep walking in the narrow way! There we'll be with
 va-tion sing-ing, And keep walking in the narrow way!
 soul re-ceive it, And keep walking in the narrow way!
 matchless glo-ry, And keep walking in the narrow way! we'll be,




Je-sus on that peaceful shore, And with friends, we've
 peaceful shore, dear friends,




loved who've long gone on before! There we'll sing for-ev-er, and His
 we'll sing,



The Great Reunion.—Concluded.



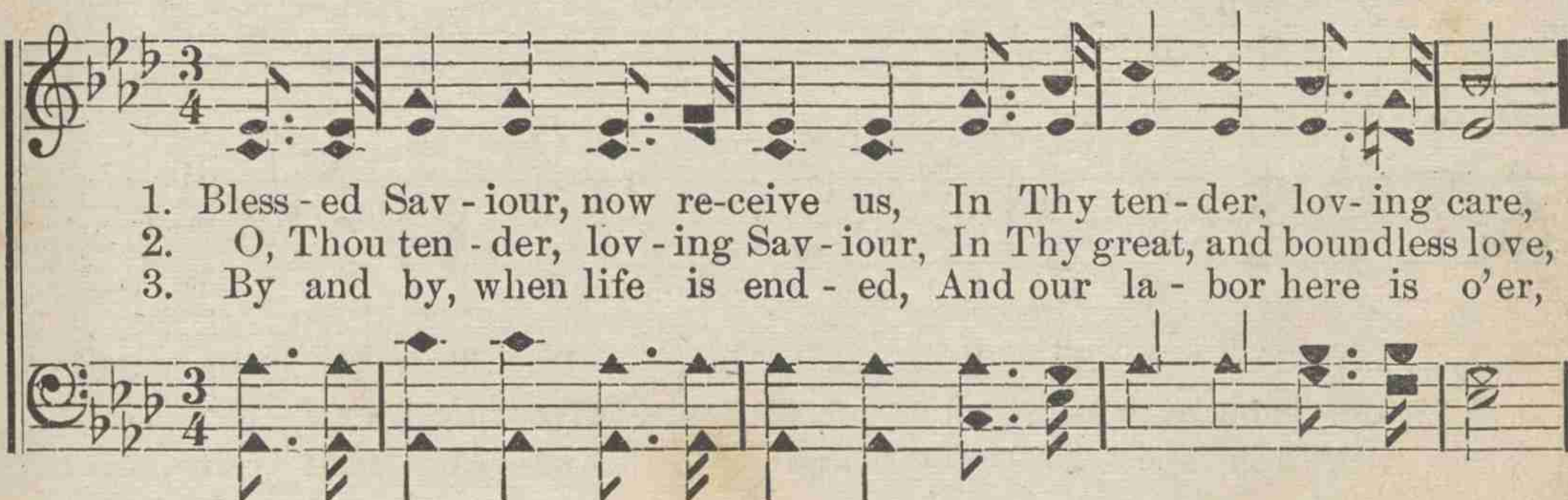
name a - dore, That we've met, to part a - gain, no, nev - er - more !
name a - dore, we've met,

NO. 36.

Angels Guard Us.

J. B. F.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.



1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, now re - ceive us, In Thy ten - der, lov - ing care,
2. O, Thou ten - der, lov - ing Sav - iour, In Thy great, and boundless love,
3. By and by, when life is end - ed, And our la - bor here is o'er,



Grant to lead us gen - tly on - ward, Till we've landed o - ver there.
By Thy Spir - it guide us on - ward, To Thy shin - ing courts a - bove.
Lord, re - ceive us in Thy king - dom, Then we'll praise Thee ever - more !

CHORUS.



Shin - ing an - gels watching o'er us, From the por - tals in the sky,



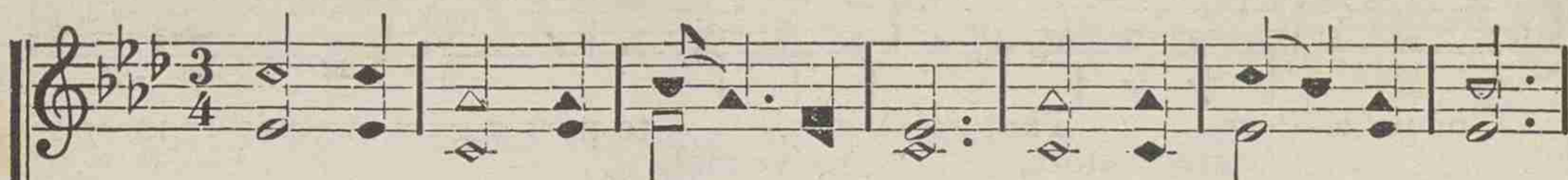
Safe - ly guard us from all e - vil, And re - ceive us by and by.

NO. 37.

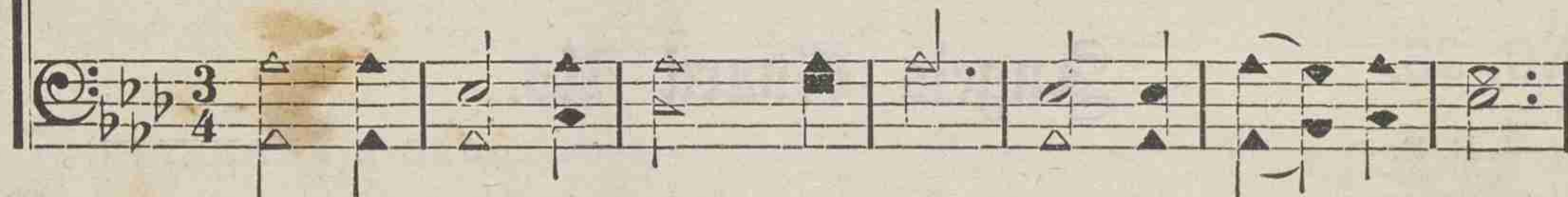
Keep Me Ev'ry Day.

F. L. EILAND.

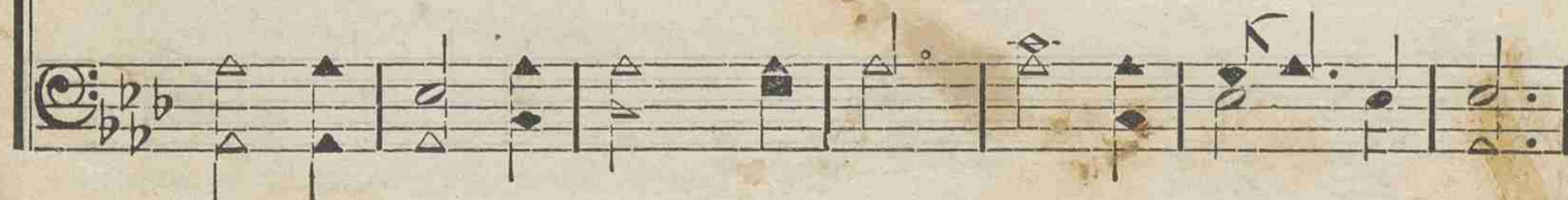
EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. Lord, I want to live for Thee, Ev - 'ry day and hour;
2. In my weak-ness, be my strength,—In my tri - als all
3. Leave me not, to walk a - lone, Lest I droop and die, —



Let Thy spir - it be with me, In its sav - ing pow'r!
Be Thôu, near me all the day,—Hear my ev - 'ry call!
Let Thy spir - it go with me, And at - tend my cry!



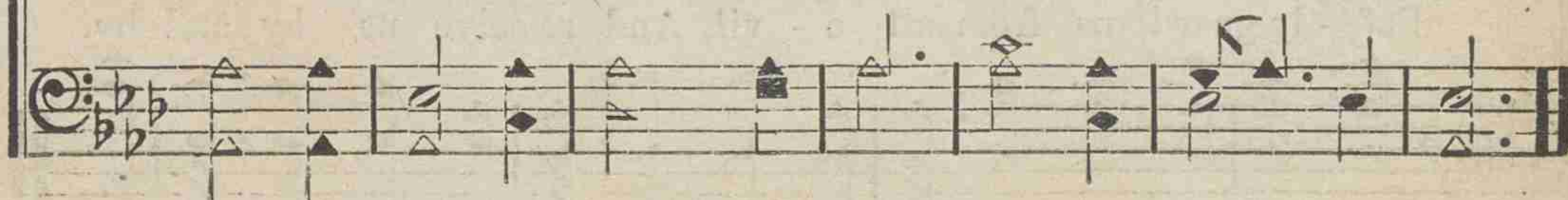
CHORUS.



Keep my heart, and keep my hand,—Keep my soul, I pray!



Keep my tongue to speak Thy praise,—Keep me all the way!



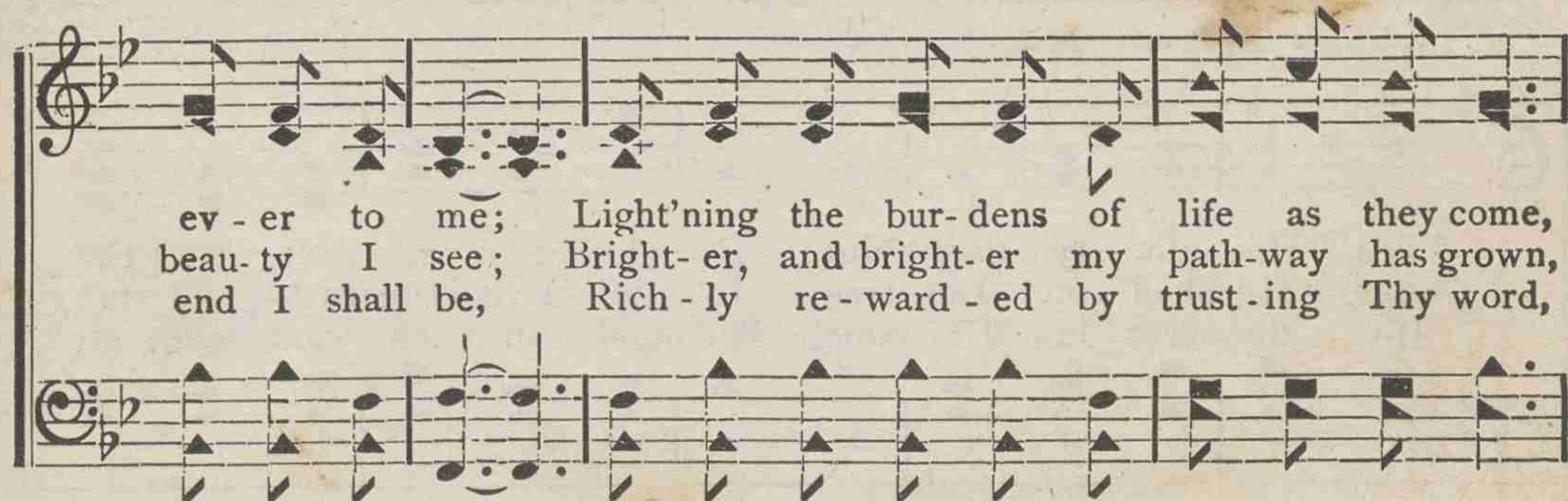
NO. 38.

Leaning on Thee.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. Sweet are the prom - is - es found in Thy word; Pre - cious for -
 2. Sweet - er Thy prom - is - es as they un - fold, More of their
 3. Sweet - er and sweet - er Thy prom - is - es now, And at the



ev - er to me; Light'ning the bur - dens of life as they come,
 beau - ty I see; Bright - er, and bright - er my path - way has grown,
 end I shall be, Rich - ly re - ward - ed by trust - ing Thy word,

CHORUS.

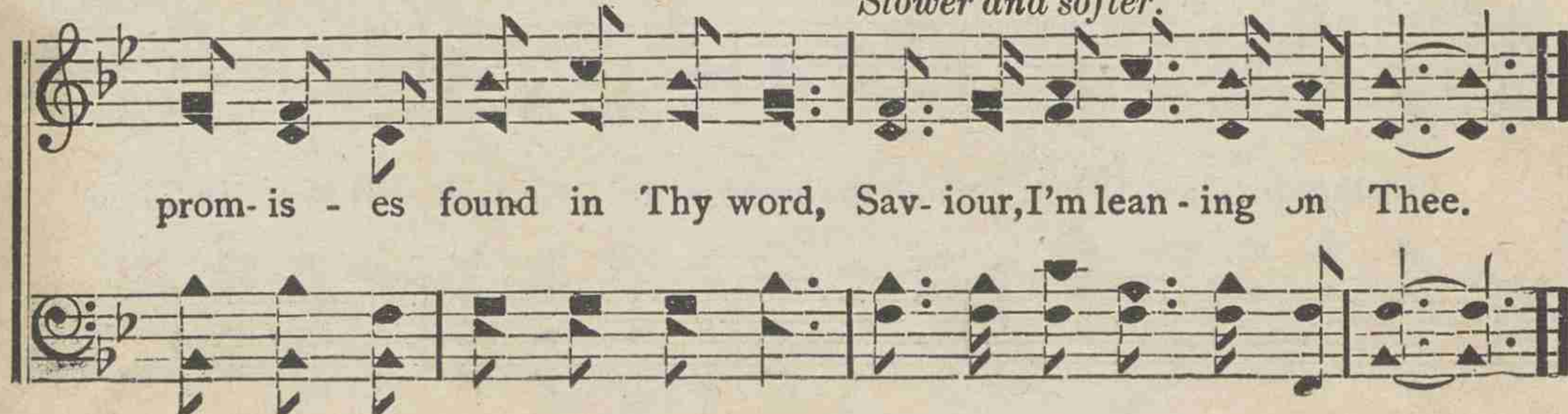


Sav - iour, I'm lean - ing on Thee. } Lean - ing dear Sav - iour, on Thee, . . .
 Sav - iour, while lean - ing on Thee. }
 Sav - iour, and lean - ing on Thee. } I'm leaning on Thee,



I'm lean - ing dear Sav - iour, on Thee, . . . I'm trust - ing the
 I'm lean - ing on Thee,

Slower and softer.



prom - is - es found in Thy word, Sav - iour, I'm lean - ing on Thee.

NO. 39.

Hiding In Thee.

"For thou art my rock and my fortress;—Ps. 31: 3.

Words and Melody by J. A. LINCOLN.

Arr. by F. L. EILAND.



1. In Je - sus my Sav - iour all glo - rious di - vine, The Fa - ther in
2. Oh bless - ed be Je - sus, my soul He's set free! The rich crim - son
3. No an - gel nor ser - aph can chant that lov'd name, So sweet - ly as



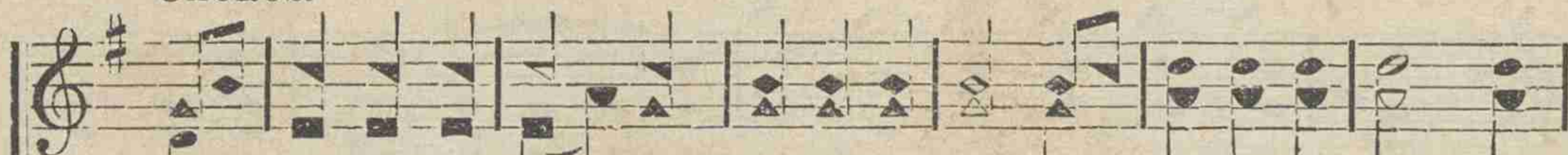

Thee, His glo - ry doth shine; His glo - ry re - flect - ed, the
fount He shed on the tree; In it, I've been wash'd and my
He de - serves in His fame; The chief in ten thou - sand, oh




na - tions shall see; In meek ad - o - ra - tion must bend the proud knee.
spir - it is clean; Oh glo - ry to Je - sus on Cal - va - ry slain!
love - ly is He! I'm hid - ing in Je - sus, the Rock cleft for me.



CHORUS.



Oh Rock that was cleft, I'm hid - ing in Thee; I'm hid - ing in Thee, I'm




hid - ing in Thee; When I reach the bright portals, I will still hide in Thee!



NO. 40.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

H. W. E.

H. W. ELLIOTT.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He leadeth me night and day,
2. When to the dark valley of death I come, No e - vil then will I fear;
3. The table is spread, and my soul shall feast; And never know want or care,
4. For - ev - er to dwell in the house of God, The shadows all past and gone,



In pastures of green, by waters so sweet, He guide's me in wis - dom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff, will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
A - noint-ed with oil, my head, it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Je - sus my king, His prais-es to sing, While a - ges roll on, and on.



CHORUS.



O, Shepherd, di-vine, sweet Shepherd of mine; Lead me in the right way;



To heav-en a-bove, where Thee, I can love, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.



Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. When I am by His side, Who knows my ev-'ry care (my wants) my
2. I feel no dread of foes, For when they would come nigh (His arm) His
3. The storms tho' fierce and wild, Can give me no un - rest, (He calls) He



wants are all sup - plied, (sup - plied) And I'm con - tent - ed there.
arm a - round me goes, (it goes) And they must pass me by.
calls come near my child, (my child) Still near - er to my breast.



CHORUS.
Safe - ly



Safe - ly hid - ing, hid - ing from all dan - ger, By my lov - ing Saviour's side,



Rest - ing.



sweet - ly rest - ing on His lov - ing bo - som, And my wants are all supplied.



NO. 42.

Whiter Than Snow.

H. E. M.

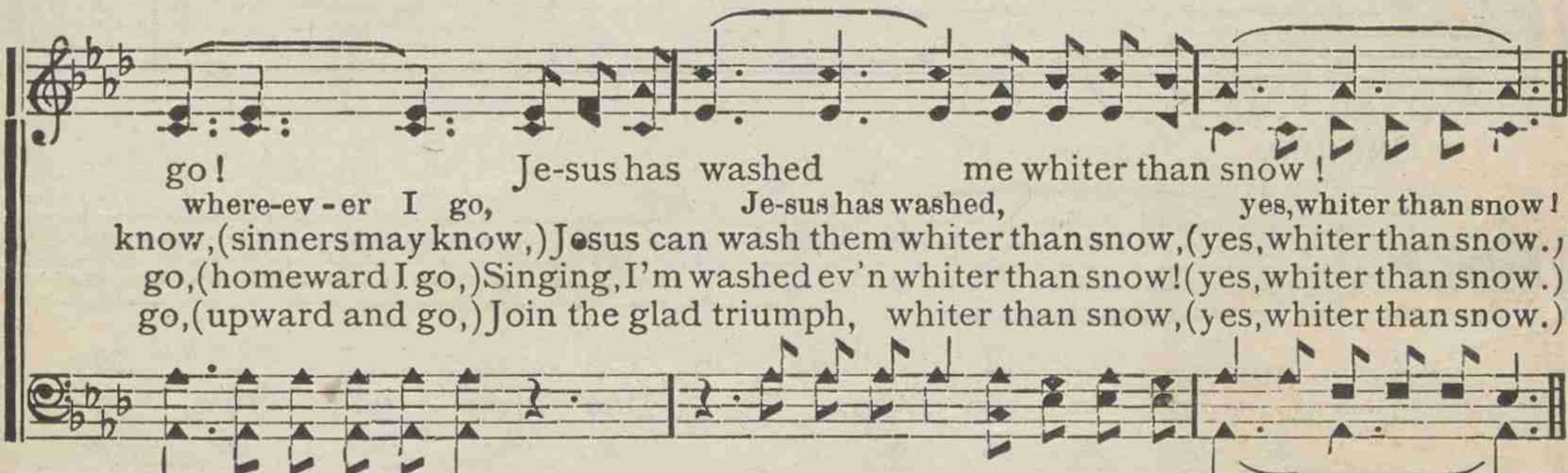
H. E. McAFEE.



1. Still I am sing - ing Jesus of Thee! Blessed Redeem - er,
 Still I am sing Je-sus, of Thee! Bless-ed Redeem-er,
 2. Je-sus, ac- cept the tribute I bring, (tribute I bring,) Not of myself, or
 3. Still I am sing - ing, Jesus of Thee! (Jesus of Thee!) Simple, my tones of
 4. When as my work is ending be-low, (ending below,) Bidding farewell to



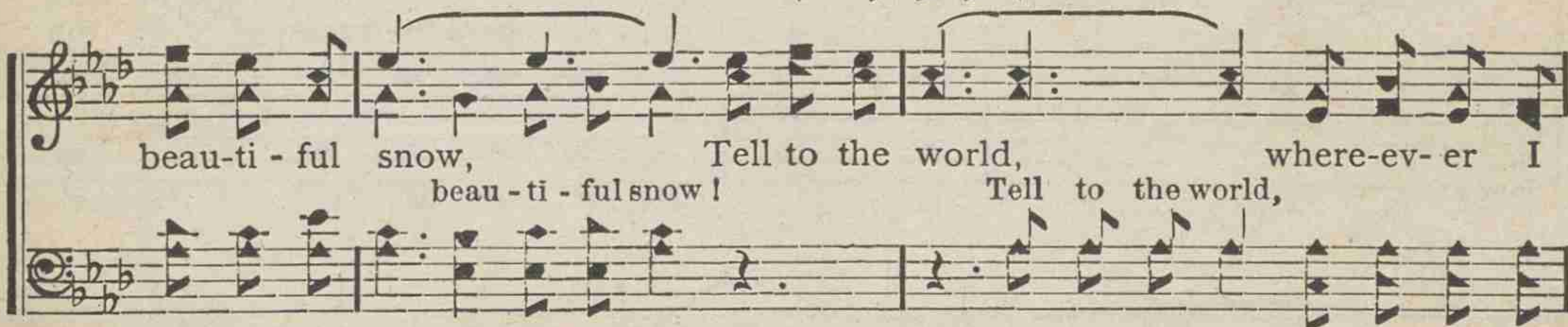
precious to me Tell the good news where-ev-er I
 pre- cious to me! tell the good news!
 creed will I sing, (here will I sing,) On - ly Thy blood that sinners may
 mu- sic may be, (simple may be,) Fill me with love as homeward I
 loved ones below; (loved ones below;) Then will my soul mount upward and



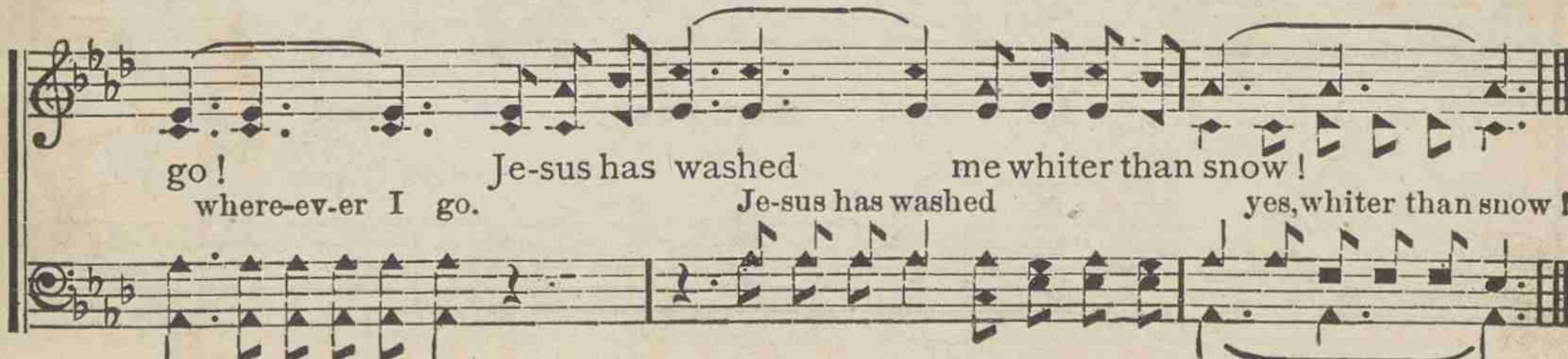
go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
 where-ev-er I go, Je-sus has washed, yes, whiter than snow!
 know, (sinners may know,) Jesus can wash them whiter than snow, (yes, whiter than snow.)
 go, (homeward I go,) Singing, I'm washed ev'n whiter than snow! (yes, whiter than snow.)
 go, (upward and go,) Join the glad triumph, whiter than snow, (yes, whiter than snow.)



Whiter than snow! The beautiful snow! Whiter than snow! The
 whiter than snow, beau- ti- ful snow, whiter than snow,
 beau- ti - ful snow, Tell to the world, where-ev- er I
 beau - ti - ful snow! Tell to the world,



go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
 where-ev-er I go. Je-sus has washed yes, whiter than snow!



go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
 where-ev-er I go. Je-sus has washed yes, whiter than snow!

NO. 43.

I Glory in the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. L. EILAND.

C. O. HARTSFIELD

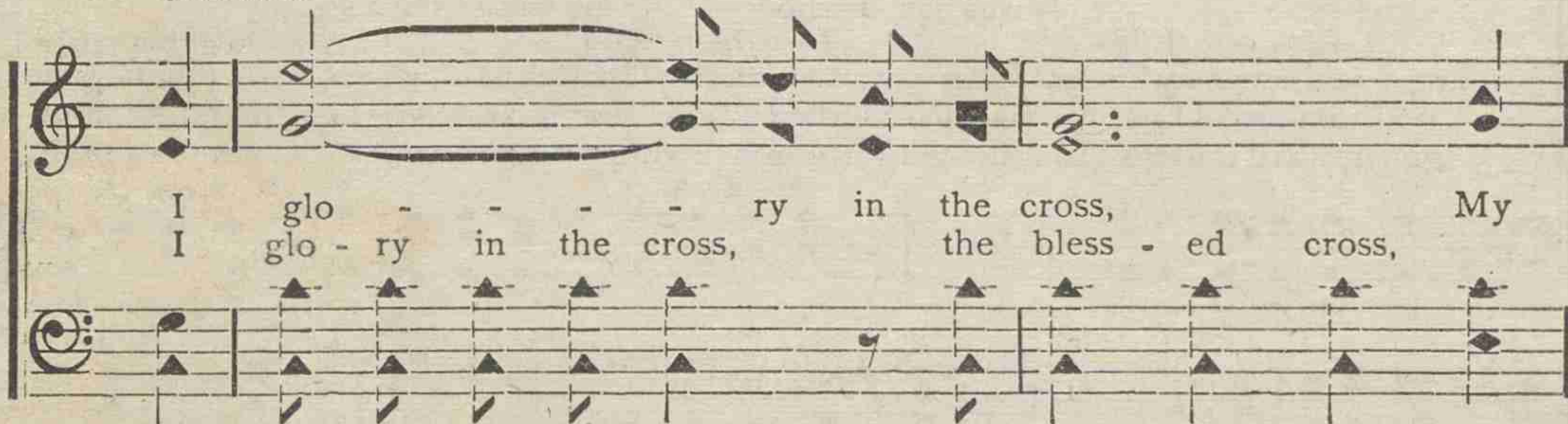


1. My load of sin He has re-moved, And showed the cross to me;
 2. To Him my life, my all I owe, And here the world shall see,
 3. My wa' my talk, my pray'r, my song, His love for me will show;



I'll take it up and fol-low Him, My glo-ry it shall be.
 This bless-ed cross this wondrous cross, Up-held for Him by me.
 While I my cross in meekness bear, Thro' this vain world be-low.

CHORUS.



I glo-ry in the cross, My
 I glo-ry in the cross, the bless-ed cross,



soul, it doth set free! I glo-ry in the
 I glo-ry in the cross, the

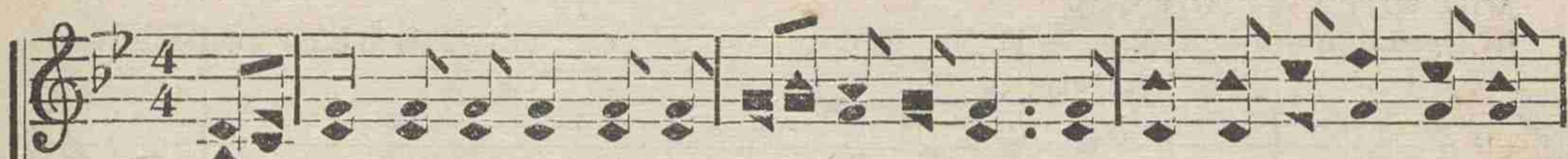


cross,..... I'm glad there's one for me!
 bless-ed cross, for me!

The Gospel of Jesus.

T. D. L.

THOS. D. LEMMOND.



1. For all, who be-liev-eth on God's on-ly son, There's mercy and blessing when
2. Re - member, dear sinner, that Christ for you died, And if to your heart, then, His
3. From all paths of darkness, He asks you to come, And live with Him there in that
4. The gos-pel of Je - sus, is precious to all Who hears this sweet message, and



toil here is done; The gos - pel of Je - sus, oh! why not be-lieve? In
blood is ap-plied, From sin and from sor - row; 'twill make your soul free; Oh
beau - ti - ful home, Of love and of joy, where He's gone to pre-pare, A
an - swers His call; Be - lieve it, re - ceive it, and hap - py you'll be He's



CHORUS.



heav - en then you, a bright crown shall receive! How sweet is the
list - en, dear sin - ner, He's call - ing for thee!
home for the souls, of His lov'd ones to share!
call - ing lost sin - ners, He ev - en calls me. How sweet is the gos - pel, how



gos - pel, How pre - cious the word! How love -
precious the word! How sweet is the gospel, how precious the word! How lovely the mes -



ly the mes - sage Of Je - sus we've heard!
sage of Jesus we've heard! Of Je - sus, of Je - sus we've heard! we have heard!



NO. 45.

He Leads Me.

Miss EULA FLORENCE,
in the Glenwood, Texas, S. D. N., 1900.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. The Saviour gen-tly leads me by the hand, And shields me
2. The lov-ing Saviour guides my wayward feet, A - long the
3. Removes temptations hard to o-ver-come, And burdens

1. The Sav - iour gen - tly leads me by the hand, And shields me
2. The lov - ing Sav - iour guides my wayward feet, A - long the
3. Re-moves temp - ta - tions hard to o-ver-come, And burdens

from the tempter's snare;
rug-ged paths of life;
heav-y, takes a-way;

Thro' shadows dark, He ev - er lights the
Up mountains steep, whose sides I could not
He gen-tly leads me from the haunts of

from the tempter's snare, the tempter's snare; Thro' shad-ows dark, He
rug-ged paths, the rugged paths of life; Up mount - ains steep, whose
heav-y, burdens heav-y takes a-way, He gen - tly leads me

way,
climb,
sin,

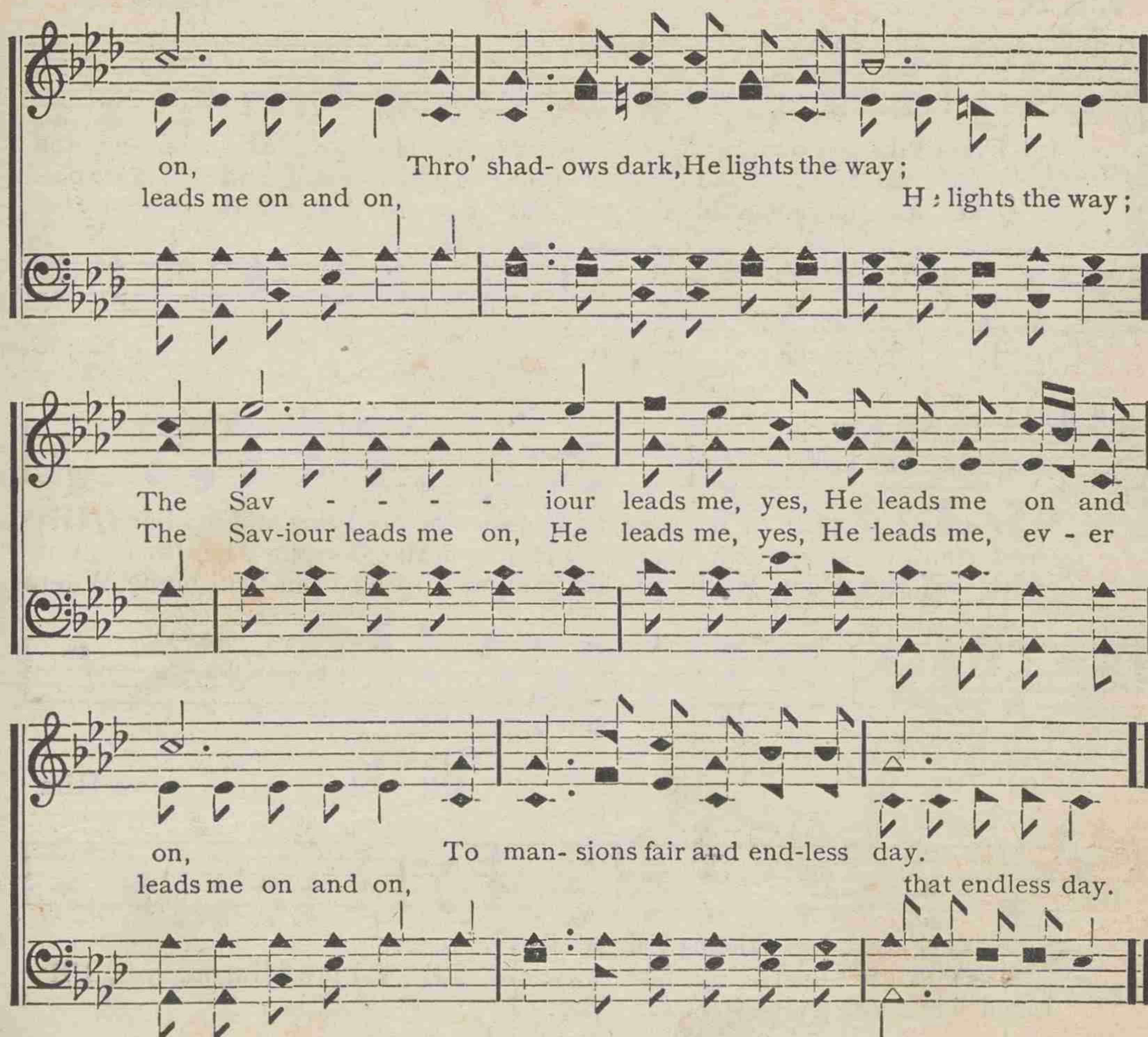
And safe-ly keeps me in His care.
Should He for-sake me in the strife.
When oft - en from Him I would stray.

ev - er lights the way, And safe - ly keeps me, safe - ly keeps me in His care.
sides I could not climb, Should He forsake, should He for-sake me in the strife.
from the haunts of sin, When oft - en from Him, oft - en from Him I would stray.

REFRAIN.

The Sav - iour leads me, yes, He leads me on and
The Sav-iour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev - er

He Leads Me.—Concluded.



on, Thro' shad-ows dark, He lights the way;
leads me on and on, H: lights the way;

The Sav - - - iour leads me, yes, He leads me on and
The Sav-iour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev - er

on, To man-sions fair and end-less day.
leads me on and on, that endless day.

NO. 46.

Gratitude.

WATTS.

Rev. AMI BOST.



1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry even-ing new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

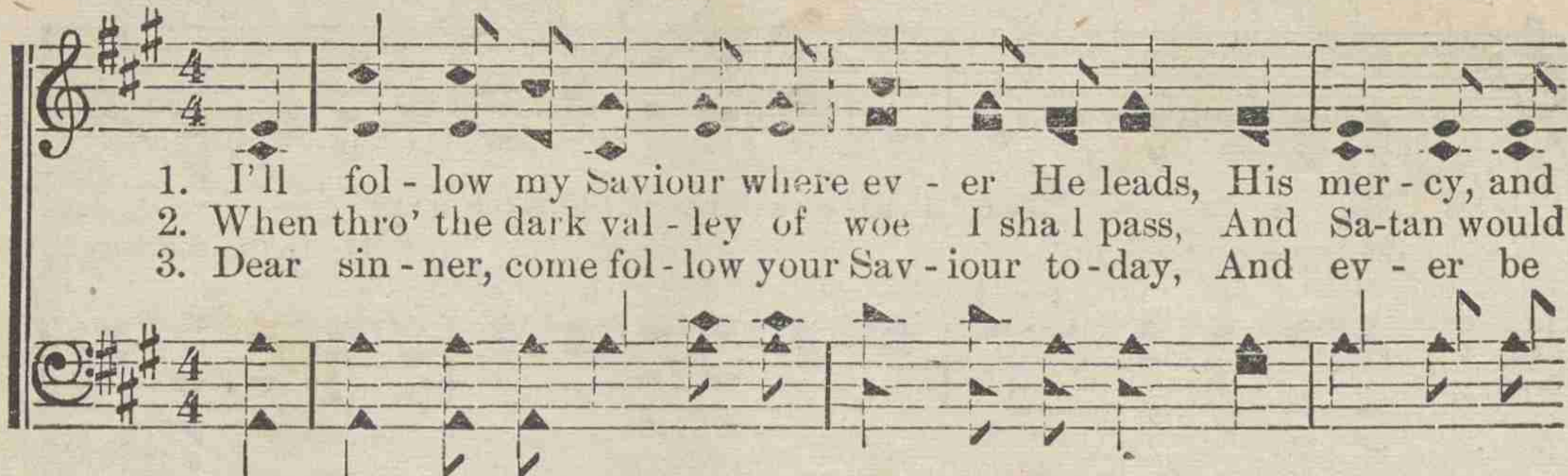
And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove, Gently dis - till like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
Per - pet - ual bless-ings from Thy hand Demand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

NO. 47.

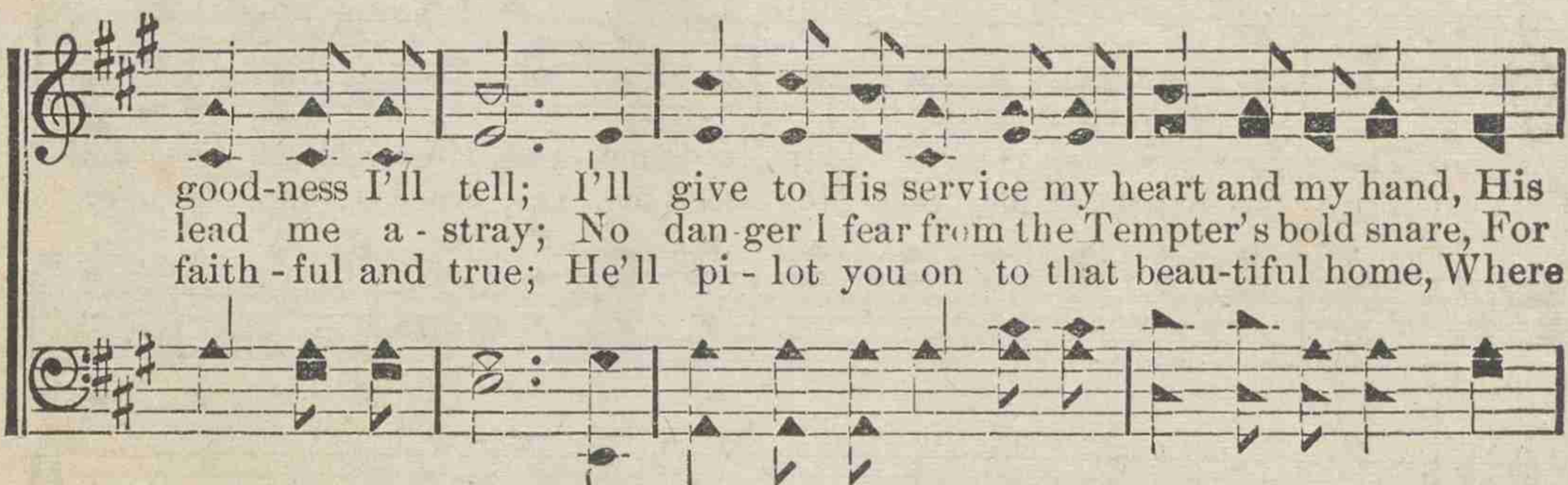
I'll Follow My Saviour.

J. S. D.

J. S. DUNCAN.



1. I'll fol - low my Saviour where ev - er He leads, His mer - cy, and
 2. When thro' the dark val - ley of woe I sha l pass, And Sa-tan would
 3. Dear sin - ner, come fol - low your Sav - iour to-day, And ev - er be



good-ness I'll tell; I'll give to His service my heart and my hand, His
 lead me a - stray; No dan - ger I fear from the Tempter's bold snare, For
 faith - ful and true; He'll pi - lot you on to that beau-tiful home, Where

CHORUS.

I'll fol - - low Him



glo - ri - ous an - thems I'll swell.
 Jo - sus is lead - ing the way. } I'll fol-low Him on, yes, I'll
 loved ones are wait - ing for you.



on thro' the shad - - ows of night,
 fol-low Him on thro' the shadows, the shadows dark, shadows of night, He'll



He's lead - ing me on thro' this
 guide me thro' sorrow and care, He's leading me on, yes, He's leading me on, Thro' this

I'll Follow My Saviour.—Concluded.

vale here be-low,



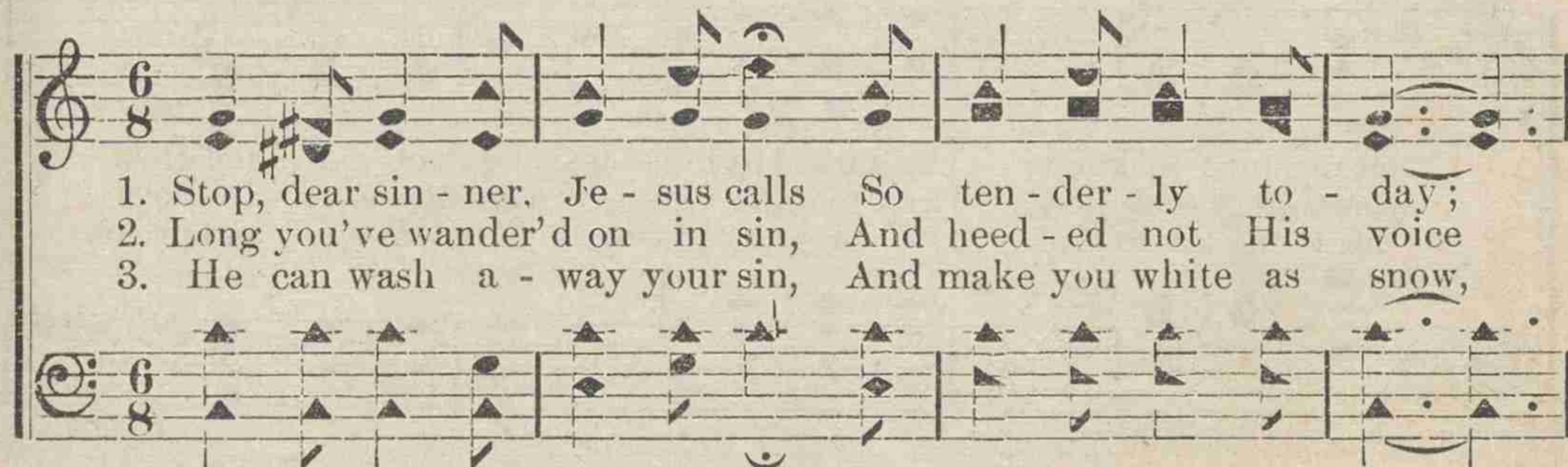
vale, shadow'd vale here below, here below, To that beauti-ful home o-ver there.

NO. 48

Choose To-day.

Miss EDNA DEAN.

R. E. CAMPBELL



1. Stop, dear sin - ner, Je - sus calls So ten - der - ly to - day;
2. Long you've wander'd on in sin, And heed - ed not His voice
3. He can wash a - way your sin, And make you white as snow,



Turn from all your sin - ful ways, And make Him now your stay.
Call - ing for your wea - ry soul, O, make Him now your choice.
Have His pre - cious blood ap - plied, To glo - ry with us go.

CHORUS.



Ten - der - ly He's call - ing you, Ac - cept Him while you may;

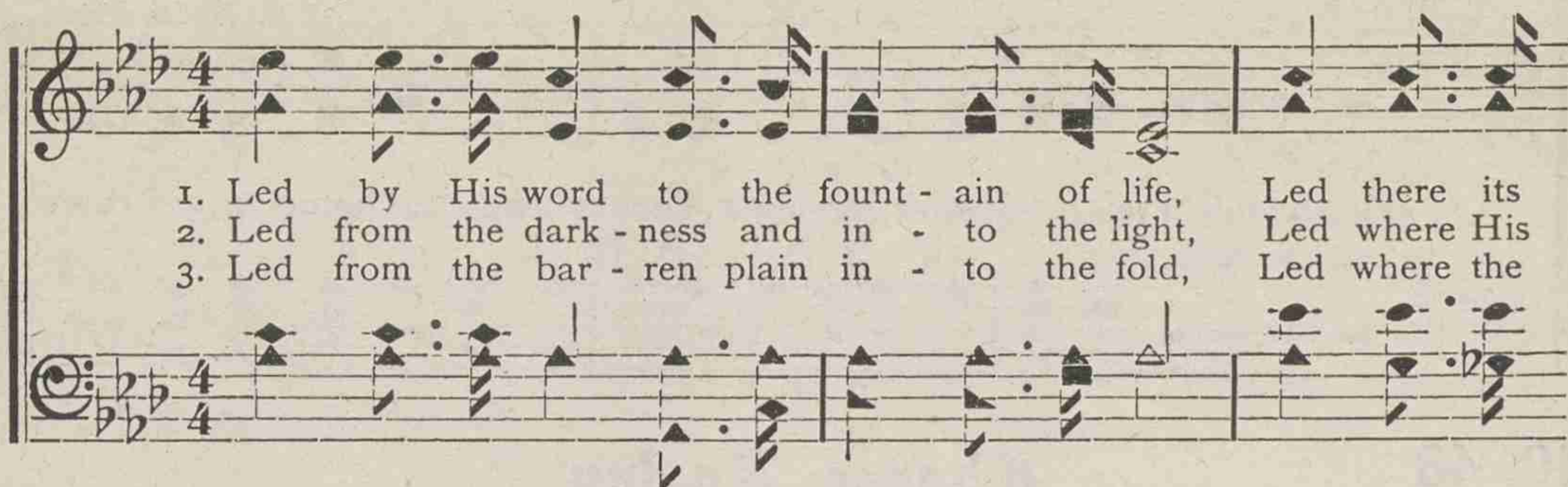


Hear Him plead - ing for your soul, Make Him your choice to - day.

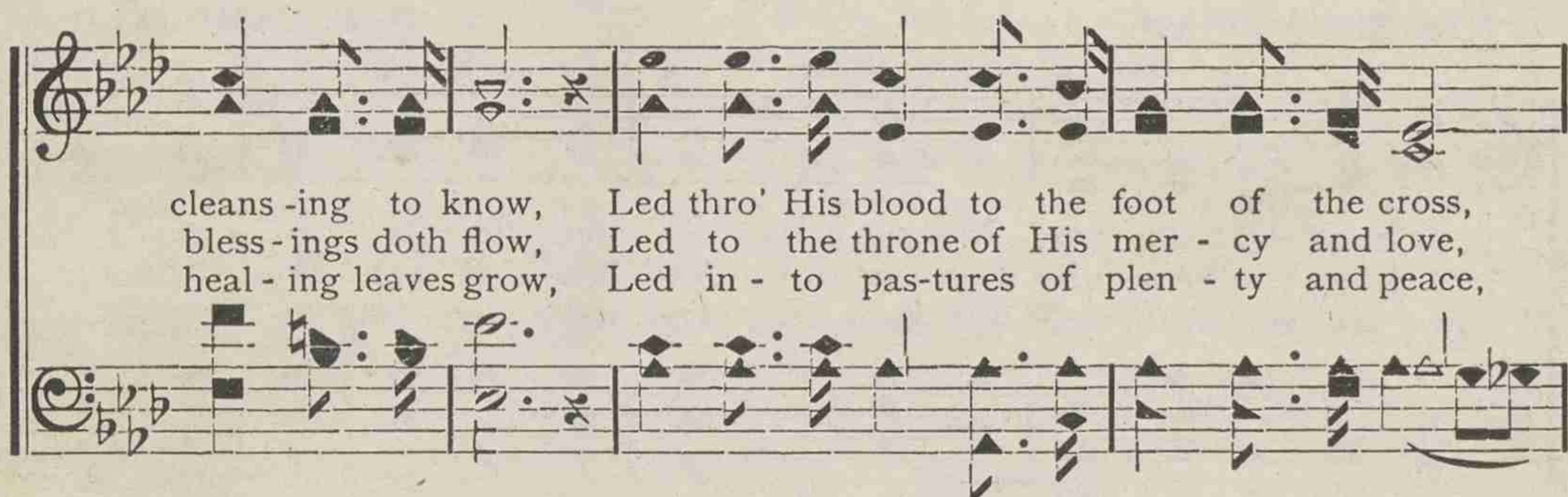
His Word.

F. L. EILAND.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

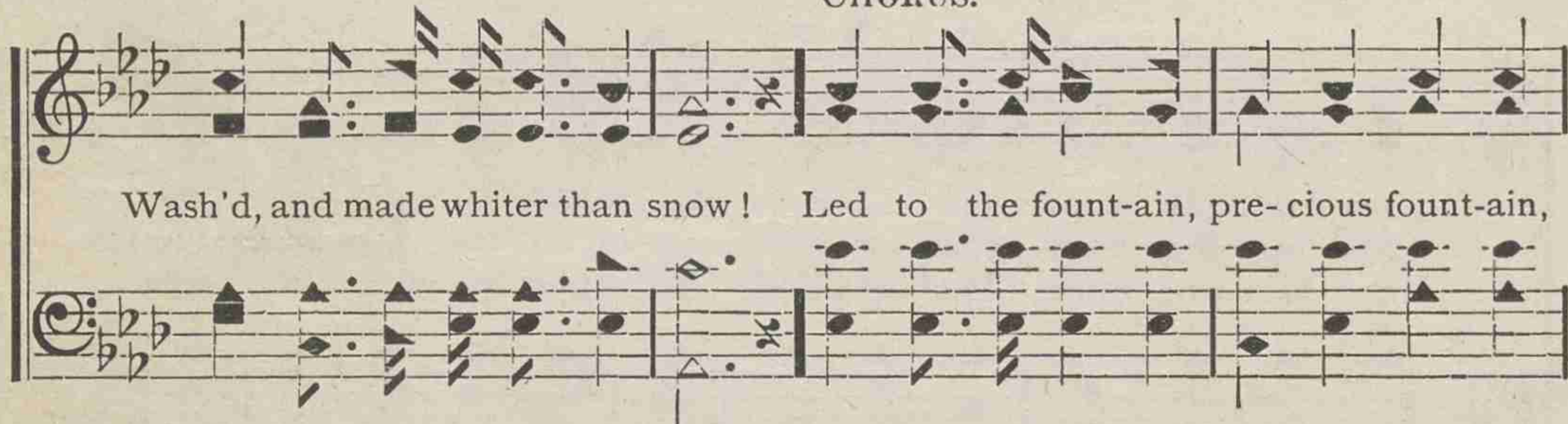


1. Led by His word to the fount-ain of life, Led there its
 2. Led from the dark-ness and in-to the light, Led where His
 3. Led from the bar-ren plain in-to the fold, Led where the

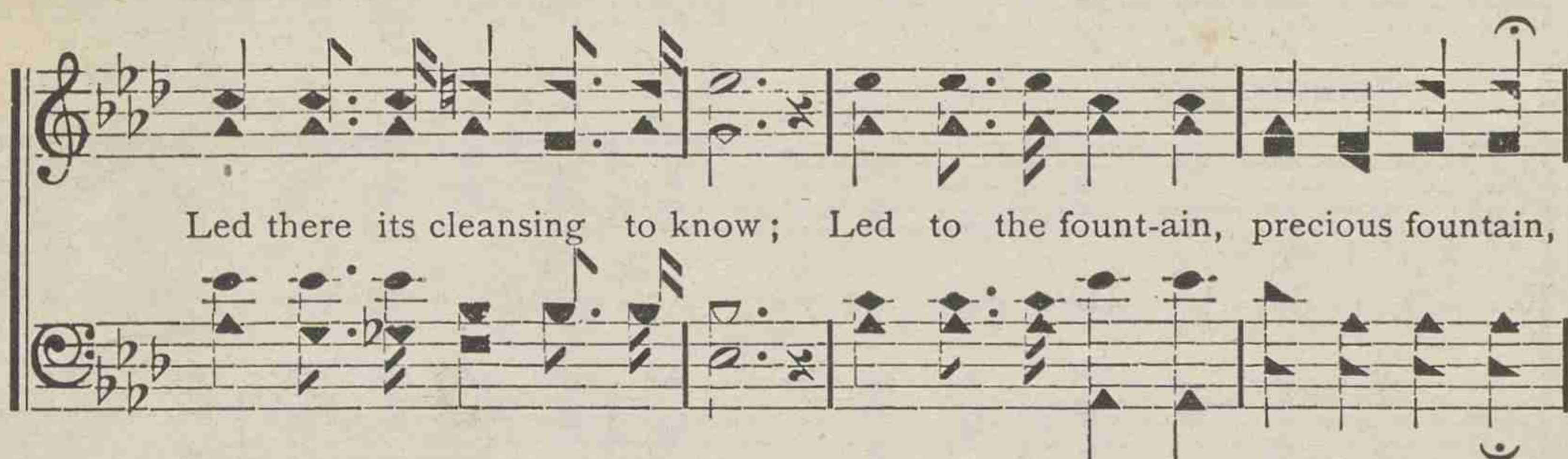


cleans-ing to know, Led thro' His blood to the foot of the cross,
 bless-ings doth flow, Led to the throne of His mer-cy and love,
 heal-ing leaves grow, Led in-to pas-tures of plen-ty and peace,

CHORUS.

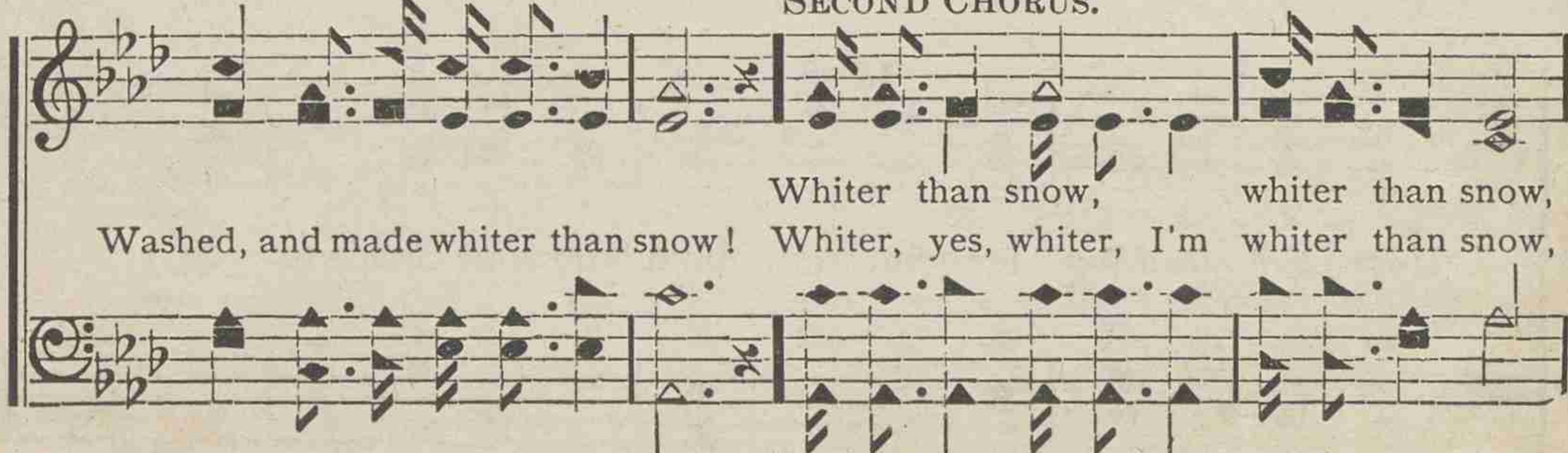


Wash'd, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, pre-cious fount-ain,



Led there its cleansing to know; Led to the fount-ain, precious fountain,

SECOND CHORUS.



Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,
 Washed, and made whiter than snow! Whiter, yes, whiter, I'm whiter than snow,

His Word.—Concluded.

Washed, and made whiter than snow; Whit-er than snow,
 Washed, and made whiter, yes, whit-er than snow; Whit-er, yes, whit-er, I'm

whit-er than snow, Washed, and made whit-er than snow!
 whit-er than snow, Washed, and made whit-er, yes, whit-er than snow!

NO. 50.

Near the Cross.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Near the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be, Where the precious
 2. Neath the might-y shad - ow, From the noon-tide heat, I would ev - er
 3. Sweet and peace-ful shel - ter, On it I re - ly, Thro' the storms near

D. S.—Near the cross of

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

fountain Flows and cleanseth me.
 lin - ger In that refuge sweet. } Near the cross, near the cross, Cross of Calva-ry;
 Je - sus Ev - er let me be. }

Je - sus ev - er let me be.

NO. 51.

The Shining Way.

F. L. EILAND.

C. R. CURLEE. Arr. by F. L. E.

1. I have found the shin - ing road to the Ca - naan land,
 2. On this way I've found the peace which I long have sought,
 3. I can nev - er tell you, friend, all the joys I know,—
 4. Earth, no pleas - ure can af - ford that will here, com - pare,—

'Tis lead - ing to e - ter - nal day,— He who now is go - ing
 The feast with which my soul would stay,— 'Tis the her - it - age His
 The bless - ings that are mine to - day; But, the peace of which I
 No prom - ised gifts, so rich, can pay,— Sin - ner, you can find this

with me will hold my hand,—Yes, Je - sus will go all the way!
 blood, pre - cious blood, has bought, And Je - sus will go all the way!
 sing, you may find 'tis so, And Je - sus will go all the way!
 road, and its glo - ries share, And Je - sus will go all the way!

CHORUS.

Shin - ing way,..... bright beauti - ful way;.....
 Shining and beauti - ful way, Growing still brighter each day,

Sin - ner, come..... and walk in this way!
 Sinner, come walk in this way! In this bright beautiful way,

The Shining Way.—Concluded.



Shin-ing way,..... bright beauti-ful way,
Shining and beauti-ful way, sin-ner walk in it to-day,



And Je-sus will go with you all the way!
go with you all of the way!

NO. 52.

Guide.

M. M. W.

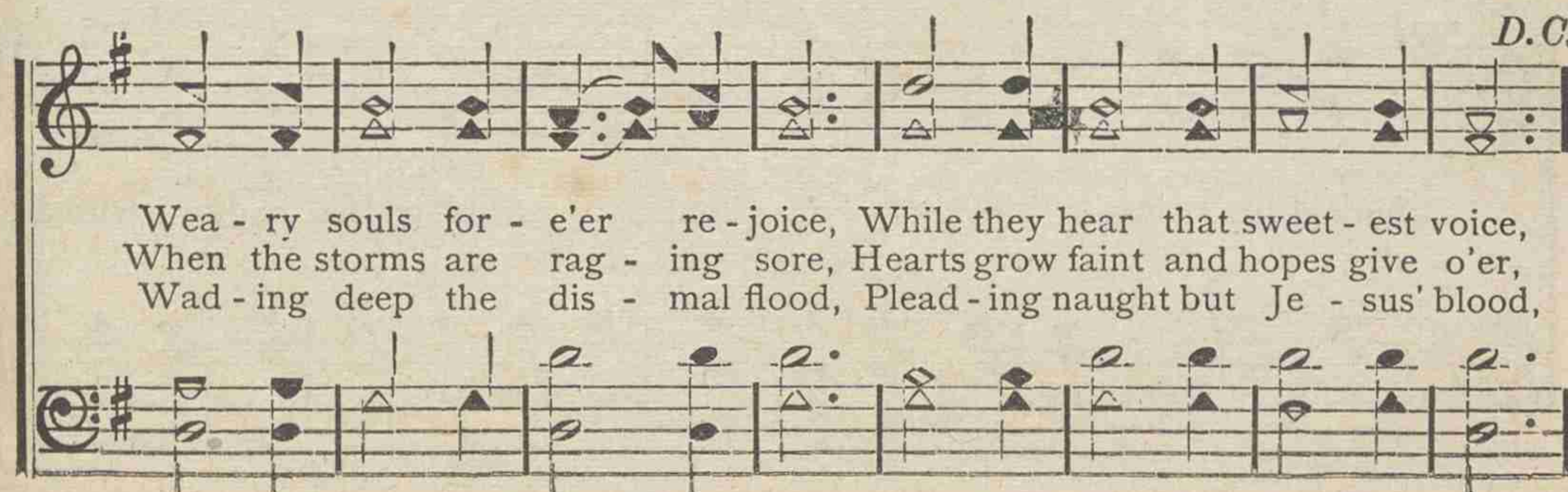
M. M. WELLS.



FINE.

1. { Bless-ed Je-sus, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side, }
Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land, }
2. { Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near, Thine aid to lend, }
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; }
1. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease, }
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

D.S.—Whis-per soft-ly, Wand'rer come; Fol-low me: I'll guide thee home.



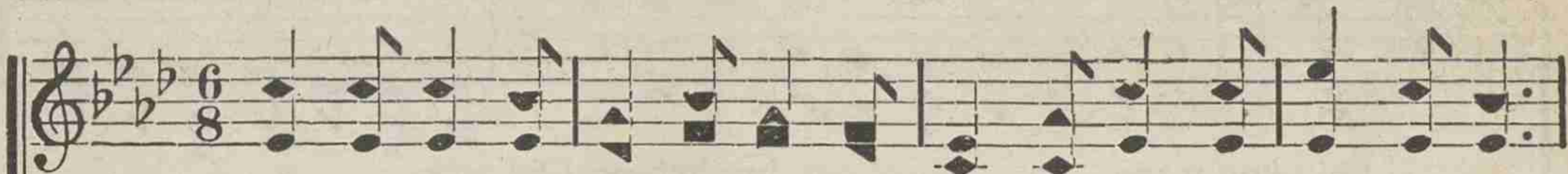
D.C.

Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je-sus' blood,

Full Salvation

F. L. EILAND. Words of chorus unknown.

J. L. MOORE.



1. I have found a full sal - va - tion, Trust-ing in my Saviour's blood,
2. My redemp-tion He has purchased, With-out mon-ey, oh, how free!
3. I will sing it to the na-tions, Bless-ed sto - ry, oh, how sweet!



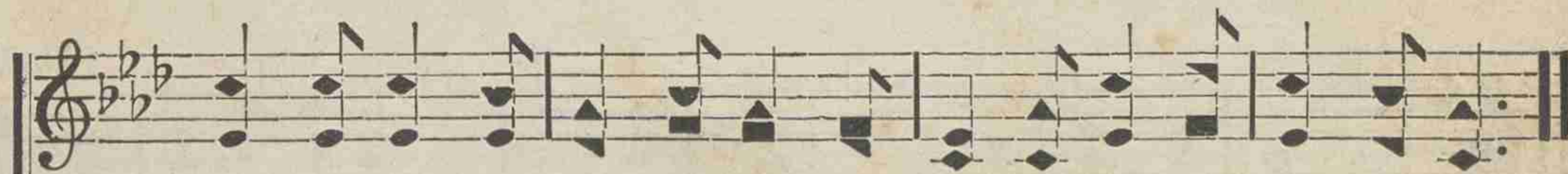
And my joy's be - yond express - ing, Walk-ing with the Lamb of God.
 Yes, he paid it all on Cal - v'ry, And the gift be-stowed on me.
 And the joy of full sal - va - tion, Let my tongue this song re - peat.



CHORUS.



Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! How it thrills my in - most soul!



Spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Je - sus' blood has made me whole.

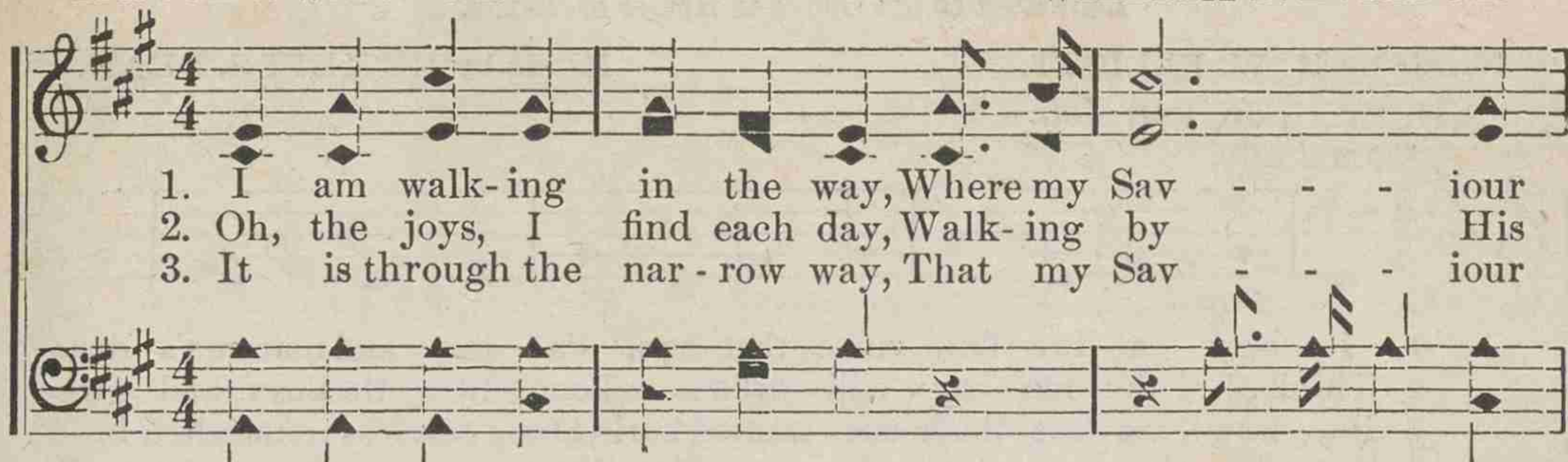


NO. 54.

Walking In The Way.

Eld. JOE S. WARLICK.

WILLIAM D. EVRIDGE.



1. I am walk-ing in the way, Where my Sav - - - iour
2. Oh, the joys, I find each day, Walk-ing by His
3. It is through the nar-row way, That my Sav - - - iour



goes, — (where He goes, —) I will fol-low Him each day Tho' the
side, (by His side,) For, I know, it was for me, That He
trod, (my Saviour trod; —) Lead-ing on to end-less day, To our

CHORUS.



world op - pose: (me oppose:) He'll up-hold me all the way;
bled and died! (He bled and died!) Then I nev-er shall complain,
home with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet,



By His pow'r - - - ful hand; (His pow'rful hand;) And will lead me
But my soul's de-light, (my soul's delight,) Is my journ'ying
In that cit-y fair, — (that city fair, —) In that bless-ed



safe-ly on, To that Heav'n - - - ly land! (that Heav'nly land!)
thro' this world, To that cit-y bright. (that cit-y bright.)
land we all, Shall, His glo-ry share. (His glo-ry share.)

NO. 55. Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)

Dedicated to the Orphans Homes of Texas.

Words by H. W. ELLIOTT.

Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.

DUET. Sop. and Ten.

Pathetically.



1. I hear a low faint voice that says, "Pa - pa and mamma's dead,"
2. Think of the ma - ny chil - dren now, Poor lit - tle boys and girls;
3. But now we see those once trained curls, Hang careless round their brow;
4. O! Sav - iour, ev - 'ry or - phan bless, Where-ev - er they may roam;



And it comes from the poor or - phan child, That must be clothed and fed.
Who once had moth - ers lov - ing hands, To smooth their gold - en curls.
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no moth - er now."
Bless ev - 'ry hand that lends them aid, And bless the Or - phans Home.



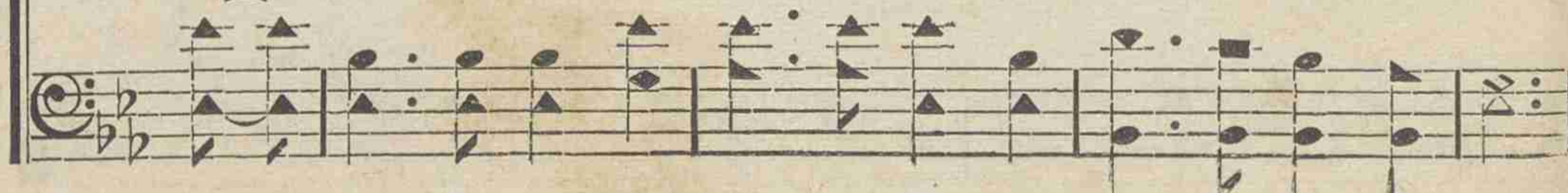
QUARTETT.



And it comes from the poor or - phan child, That must be clothed and fed;
Who once had moth - ers lov - ing hands, To smooth their gold en curls;
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no moth - er now;"
Bless ev - 'ry hand that lends them aid, And bless the Or - phans Home;



And it comes from the poor or - phan child, That must be clothed and fed.
Who once had moth - ers lov - ing hands, To smooth their gold - en curls.
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no moth - er now."
Bless ev - 'ry hand that lends them aid, And bless the Or - phans Home.



Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)—Concluded.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Sav - iour, lead them by the hand,
Sav - iour, lead them by the hand, yes, gent - ly lead them by the hand,

Sav - iour, lead them by the hand,
Sav - iour, lead them by the hand, yes, gent - ly lead them by the hand,

Sav - iour, lead them by the hand,
Sav - iour, lead them by the hand, yes, gent - ly lead them by the hand,

dim.

Till they all reach the glit - ter - ing strand.
glit - ter - ing strand.

NO. 56.

Almost at the Gate.

L. A. MORRIS.

WALTER C. MITCHELL.



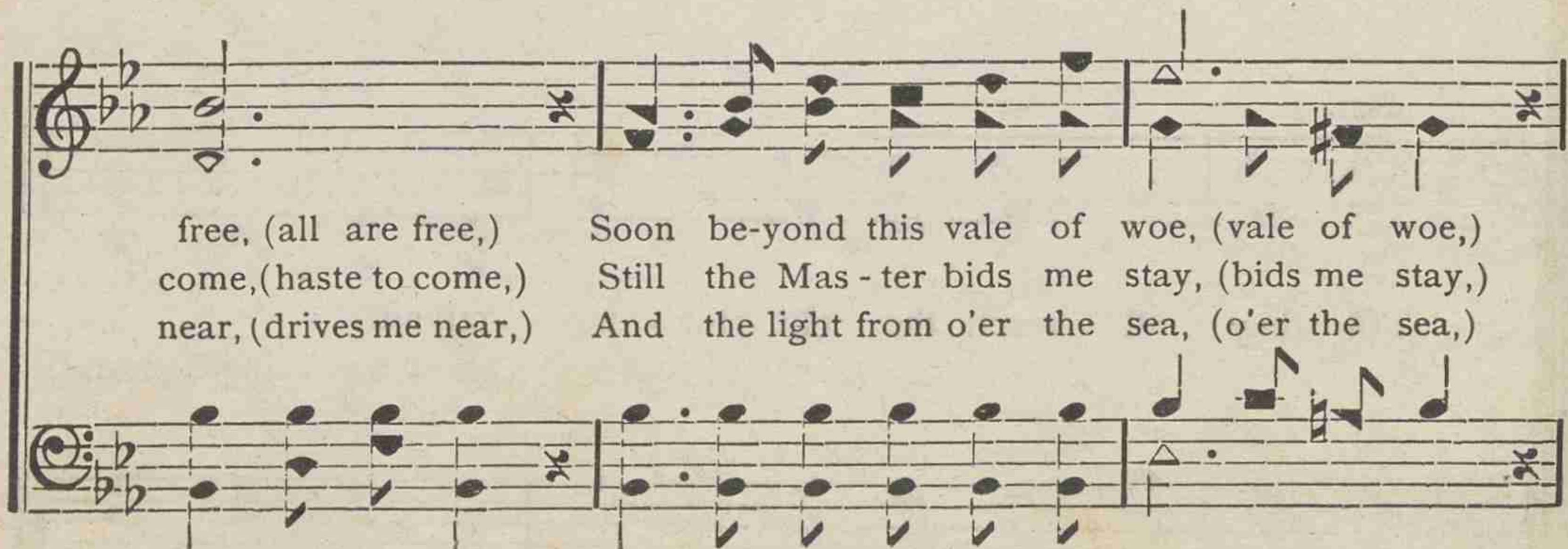
1. O - ver in the land of joy, (land of joy,
 2. Ev - 'ry pass - ing mo - ment here, (mo - ment here,)
 3. Earth - ly friend - ships all may fail, (all may fail,)



There are loved ones call - ing me, (call - ing me,) There no part -
 Brings me near - er to my home, (to my home,) And I hear
 Storms of life be dark and drear, (dark and drear,) Un - der Christ

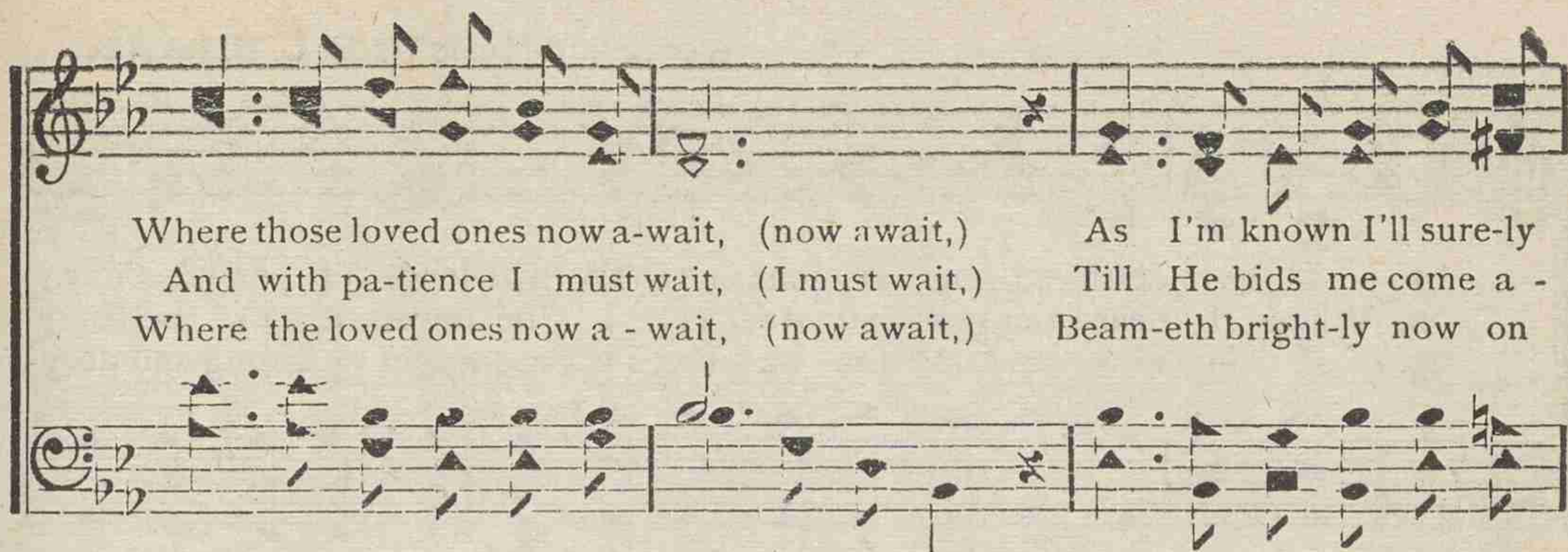


ing scenes an - noy; (scenes an - noy;) From each sor - row all are
 the loved ones near; (loved ones near;) Call - ing broth - ers haste to
 I've spread the sail; (spread the sail;) And each storm but drives me



free, (all are free,) Soon be - yond this vale of woe, (vale of woe,)
 come, (haste to come,) Still the Mas - ter bids me stay, (bids me stay,)
 near, (drives me near,) And the light from o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,)

Almost at the Gate.—Concluded.



Where those loved ones now a-wait, (now await,) As I'm known I'll sure-ly
 And with pa-tience I must wait, (I must wait,) Till He bids me come a -
 Where the loved ones now a - wait, (now await,) Beam-eth bright-ly now on



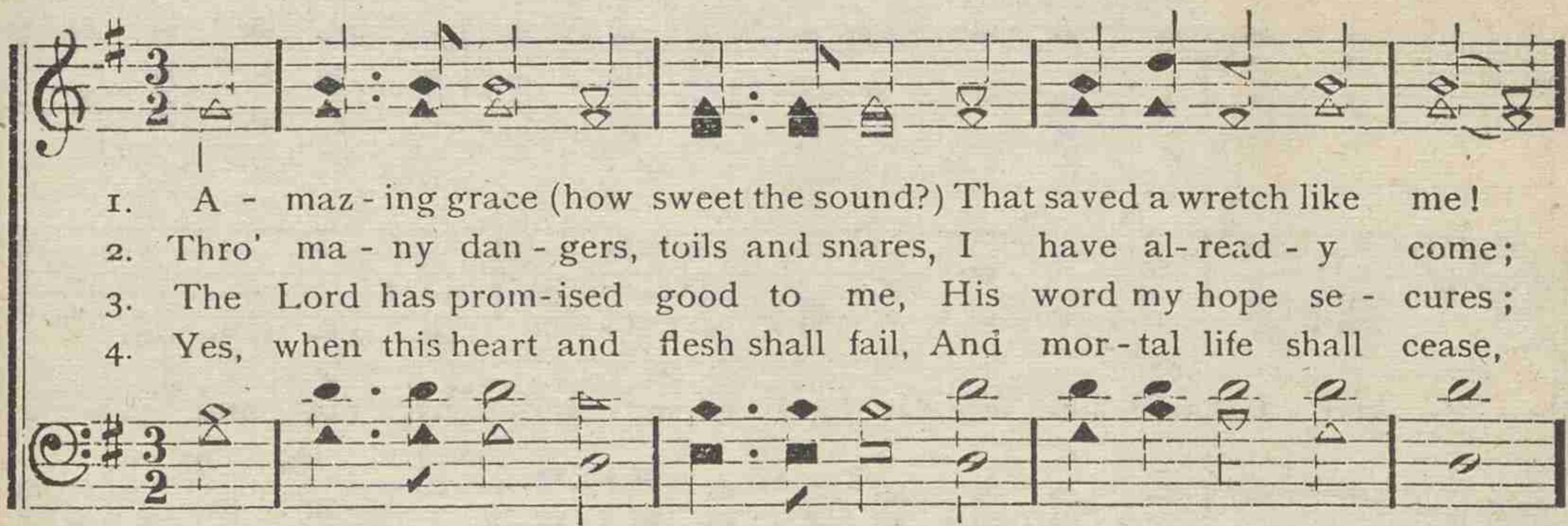
know, (sure-ly know,) For I'm al-most at the gate, (at the gate.)
 way, (come a - way,) But I'm al-most at the gate, (at the gate.)
 me, (now on me,) For I'm al-most at the gate, (at the gate.)

NO. 57.

Arlington.

JOHN NEWTON.

Dr. ARNE.



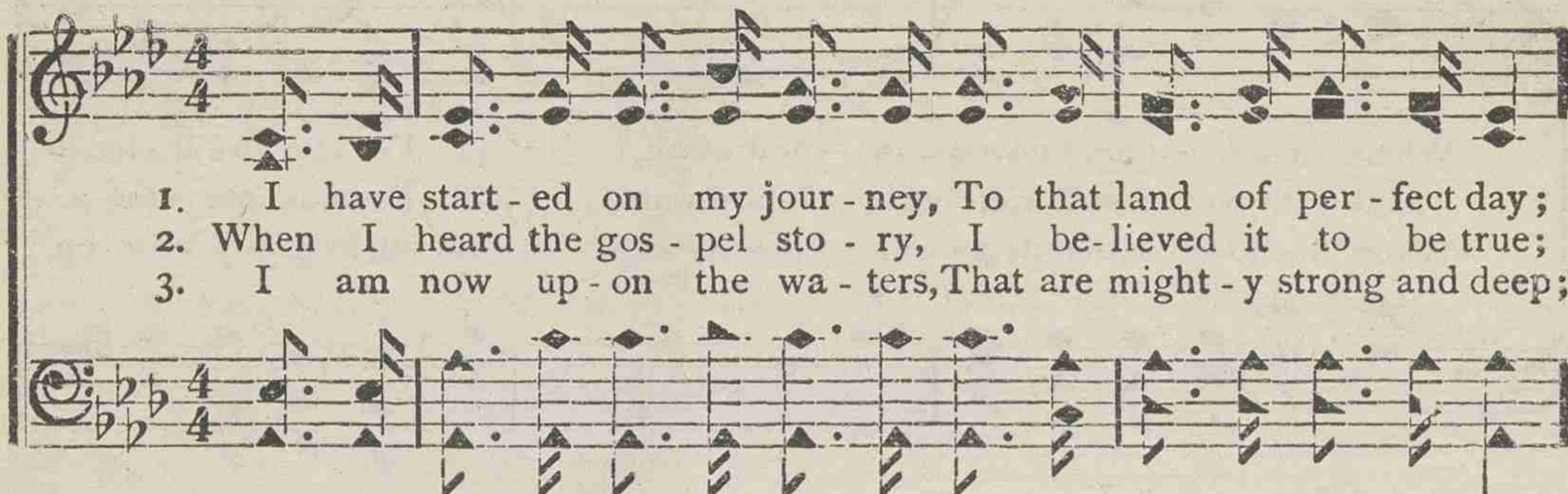
1. A - maz - ing grace (how sweet the sound?) That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al-read - y come;
 3. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
 4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,



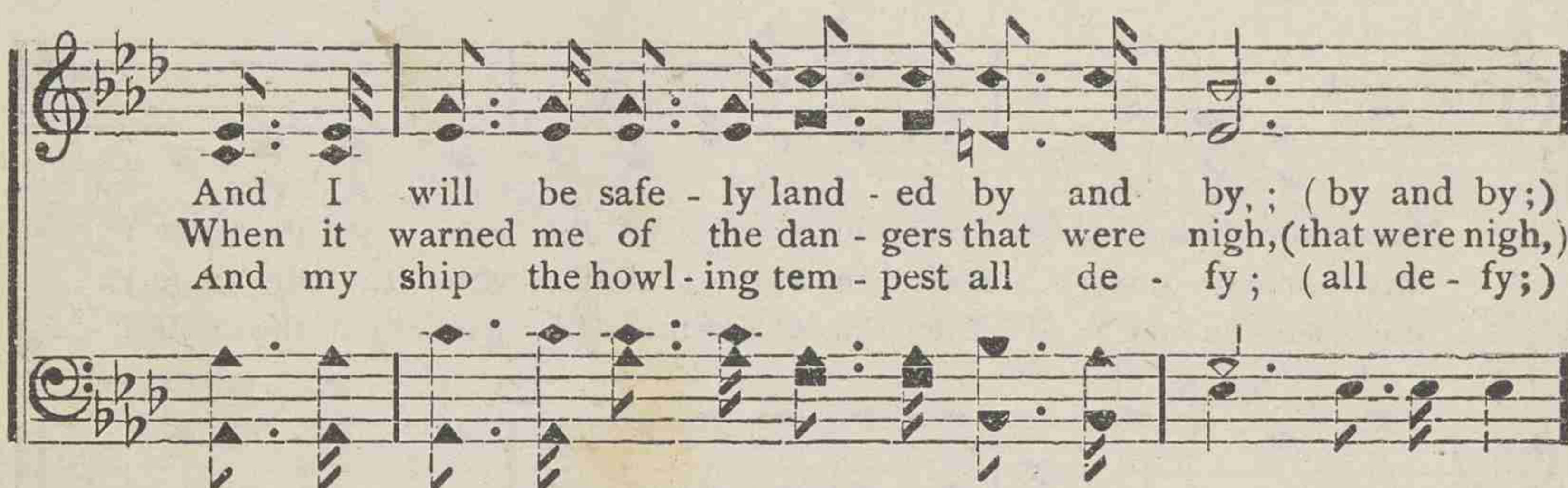
I once was lost, but now am found! Was blind but now I see.
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess with - in the vail A life of joy and peace.

By and By.

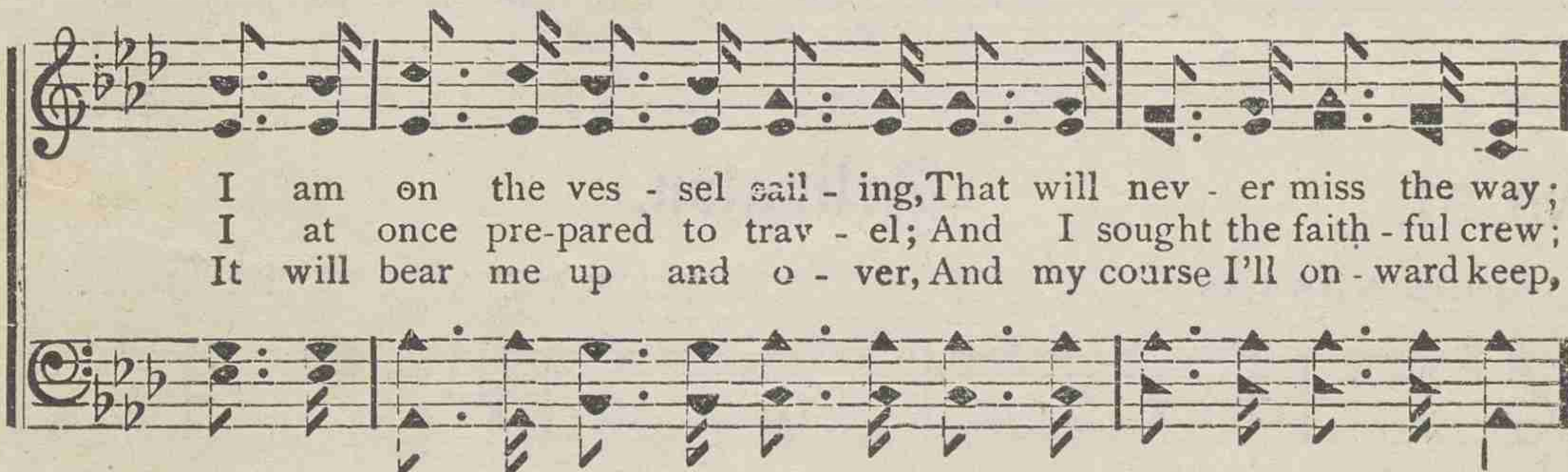
Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. I have start - ed on my jour - ney, To that land of per - fect day;
 2. When I heard the gos - pel sto - ry, I be - lieved it to be true;
 3. I am now up - on the wa - ters, That are might - y strong and deep;



And I will be safe - ly land - ed by and by, ; (by and by;)
 When it warned me of the dan - gers that were nigh, (that were nigh,)
 And my ship the howl - ing tem - pest all de - fy; (all de - fy;)



I am on the ves - sel sail - ing, That will nev - er miss the way;
 I at once pre - pared to trav - el; And I sought the faith - ful crew;
 It will bear me up and o - ver, And my course I'll on - ward keep,



And I will be safe - ly land - ed by and by. (by and by.)

CHORUS.



By and by,
 By and by, by, my jour - ney will be end - ed; By and

By and By.—Concluded.

By and by,



by, I will be safe at home! By and by, by, I will be o-ver




yon - der, By and by, I will be safe at home!



NO. 59. Must Jesus Bear the Cross? C. M.

F. L. ELLAND.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor rowing here!
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;



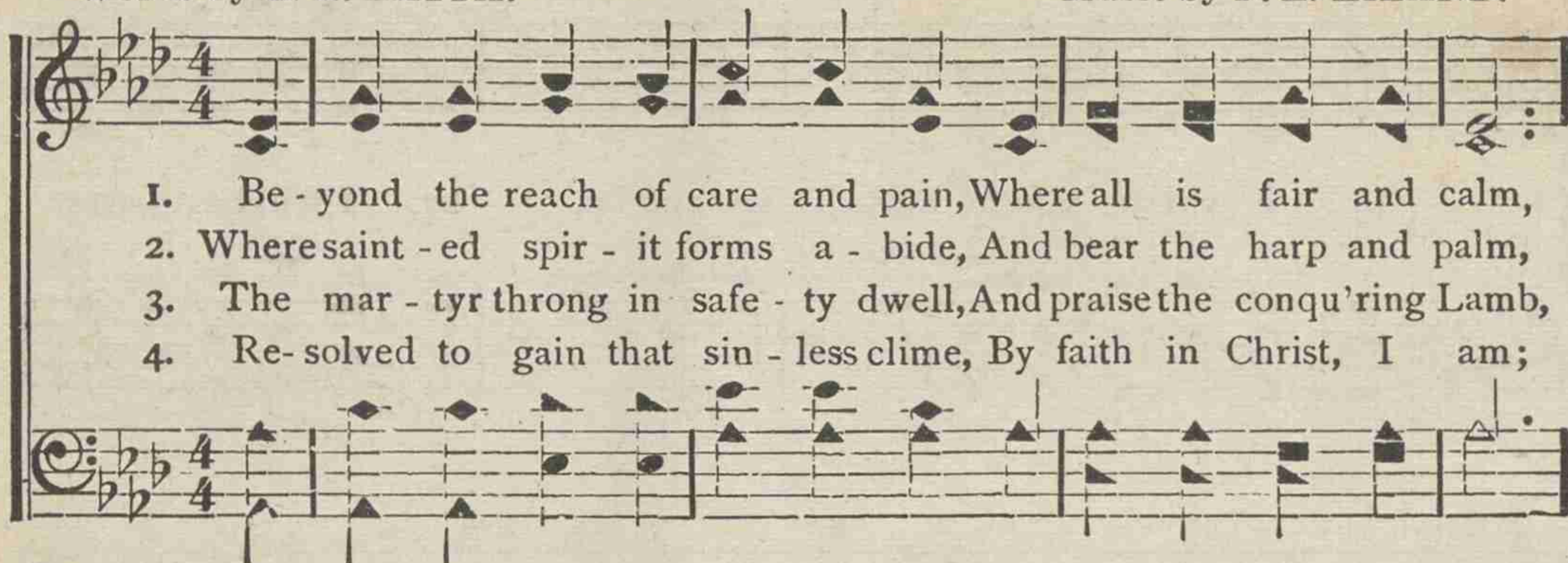

No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a fear.
 And then go home, my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



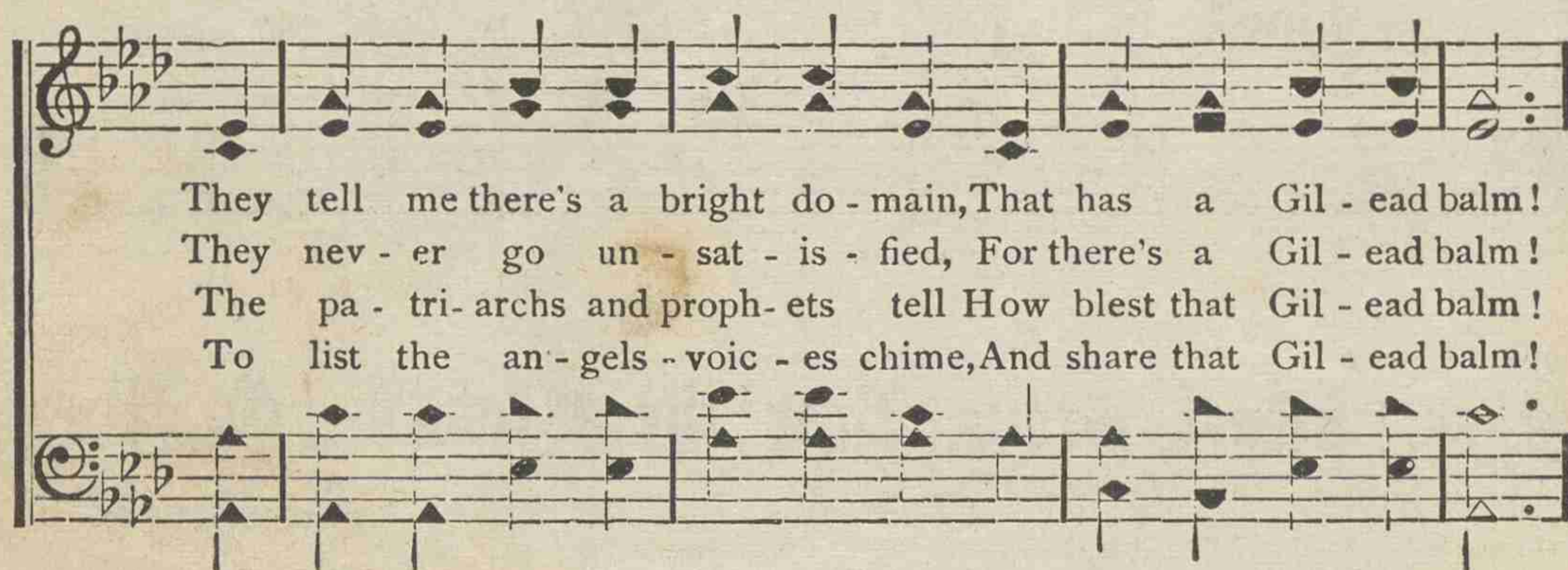
NO. 60. We'll Join Them in the Morning.

Words by E. R. LATTA.

Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, Where all is fair and calm,
2. Where saint - ed spir - it forms a - bide, And bear the harp and palm,
3. The mar - tyr throng in safe - ty dwell, And praise the conqu'ring Lamb,
4. Re - solved to gain that sin - less clime, By faith in Christ, I am;



They tell me there's a bright do - main, That has a Gil - ead balm!
They nev - er go un - sat - is - fied, For there's a Gil - ead balm!
The pa - tri - archs and proph - ets tell How blest that Gil - ead balm!
To list the an - gels - voic - es chime, And share that Gil - ead balm!

CHORUS.



The brows that, here, no chap - lets wore, Are gold - en crowns a - dorn - ing!

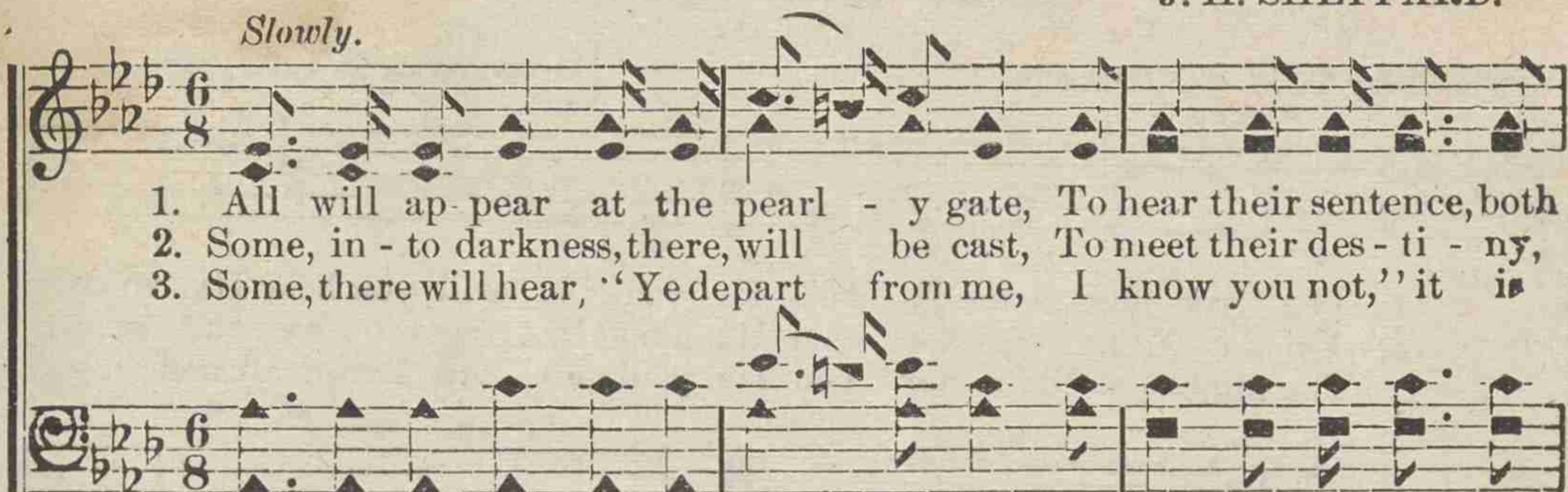


We're go - ing to that bless - ed shore! We'll join them in the morn - ing!

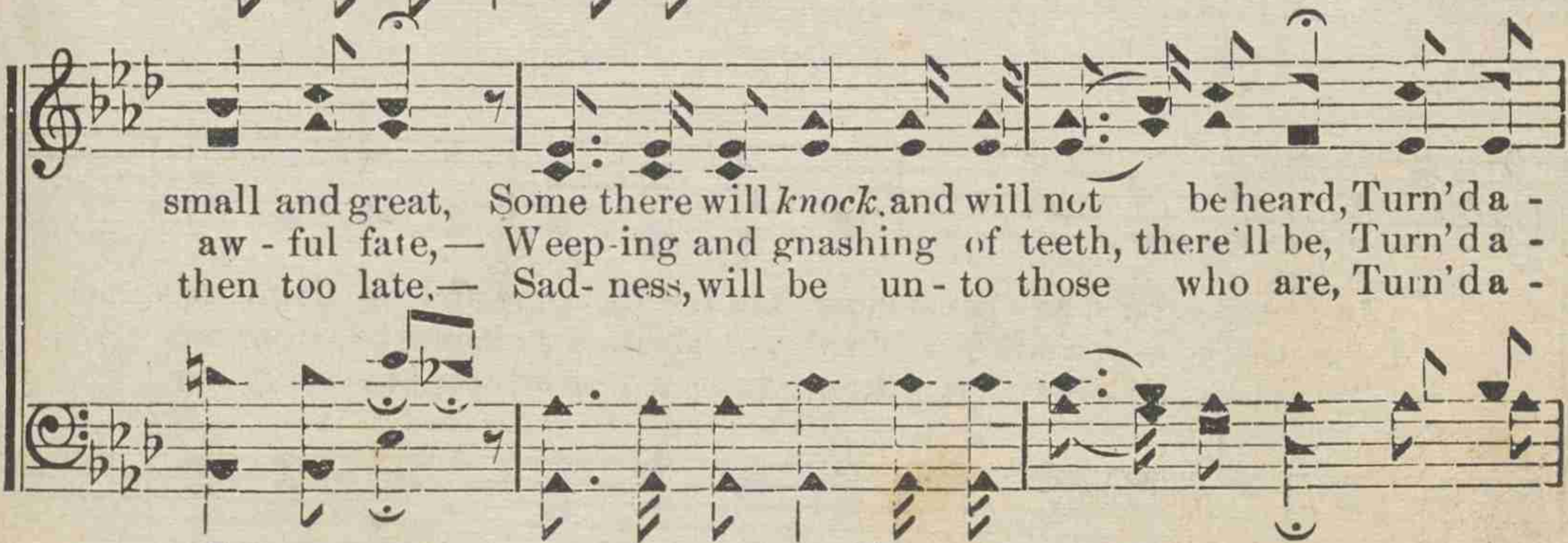
NO. 61. Turned Away at the Pearly Gate.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

Slowly.

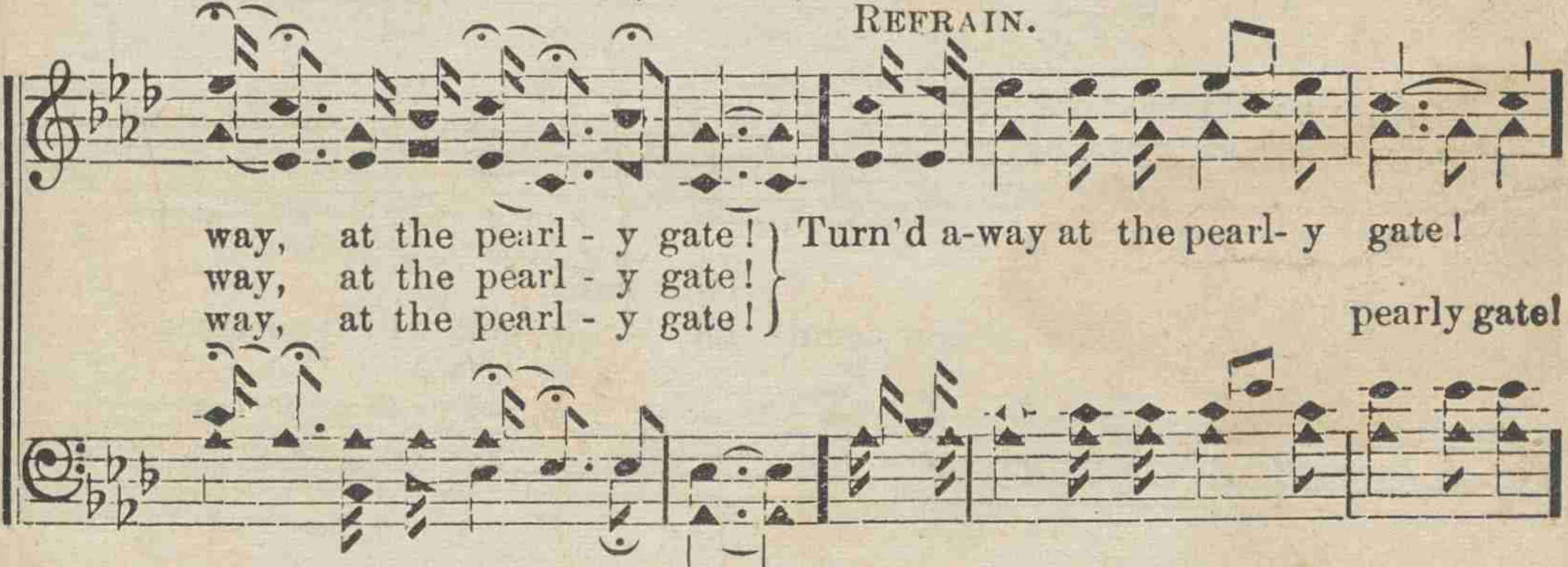


1. All will ap-pear at the pearl - y gate, To hear their sentence, both
 2. Some, in - to darkness, there, will be cast, To meet their des - ti - ny,
 3. Some, there will hear, "Ye depart from me, I know you not," it is



small and great, Some there will *knock*, and will not be heard, Turn'd a -
 aw - ful fate, — Weep - ing and gnashing of teeth, there'll be, Turn'd a -
 then too late, — Sad - ness, will be un - to those who are, Turn'd a -

REFRAIN.



way, at the pearl - y gate! } Turn'd a-way at the pearl - y gate!
 way, at the pearl - y gate! }
 way, at the pearl - y gate! } pearly gate!



Turn'd a - way at the pearl - y gate! Sad - ness will be un - to
 pearly gate!



those who are, Turn'd a - way at the pearl - y gate.

NO. 62.

Hear His Voice.

Words by D. M. GOODMAN.

Music by J. D. PROVENCE.



1. The Sav- iour gent - ly calls for you, Oh will you hear His voice?
 2. Up - on the cross for you He died! In ag - o - ny and pain;
 3. The might - y debt for you He paid; To save from death and woe;




In ten - der ac - cents now He pleads, Come, and in Him re - joice,
 'Twas there for you His blood was shed, To cleanse you from all stain.
 Oh come, His bless - ing now re - ceive; And on re - joic - ing go.



CHORUS.



He calls, He calls, He
 He calls you, will you come? He calls you, will you come?




calls for you!
 hear His lov - ing voice! in His love re - joice, Oh hear His lov - ing




voice! He bids you come, why long - er roam? Oh make Him now your choice.



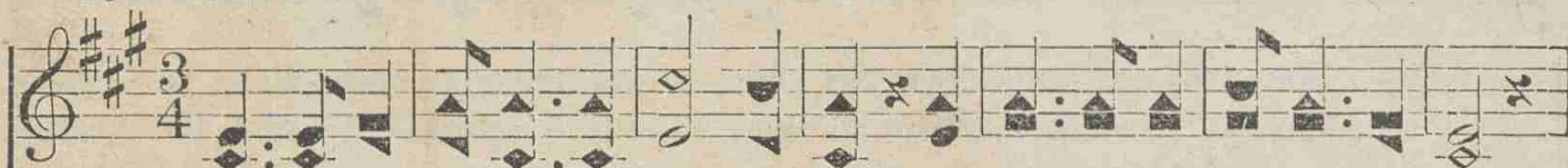
I Am Not Ready.

"To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."—Bible.

A more convenient season, friend,
Your soul may never bless,—
This is the day, thou shouldst secure
God's offered righteousness.

F. L. EILAND.

Jas. W. ACUFF.



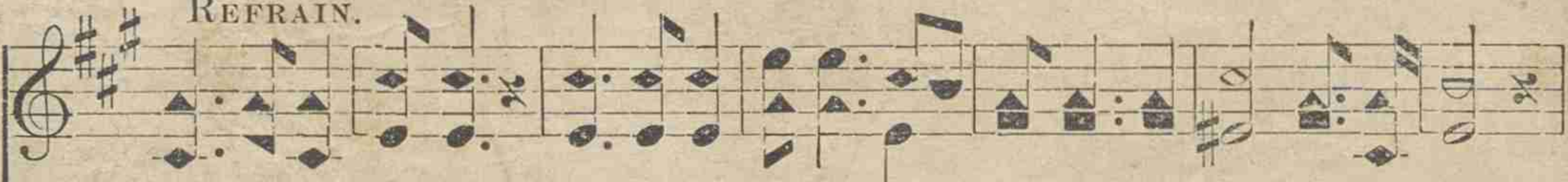
1. I am not ready to choose to-night, The way of a pil-grim to live,—
2. I am not ready this step to try—This glo - ry to bar-ter a - way!
3. I am not ready, just yet, to part With pleasure so sweet to me here,—
4. I will get ready, there's time for me,—The day of my youth is not past;
5. O, I have wait-ed too long, too long! The last call of mer-cy's with-drawn!



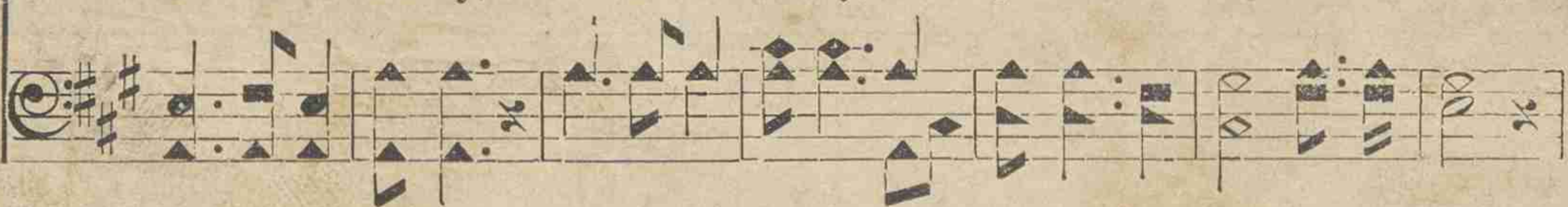
I am not will-ing, this hope to blight, The world, here has promised to give.
I can-not trust it, I'll pass it by, I'll wait till an-oth-er good day.
I will stay with them, and let my heart Feast on, with-out sad-ness, or fear.
Af-ter earth's glo-ries, e-nough I see, This course I will take at the last.
I am not rea-dy is my sad song! The day of sal-va-tion is gone.



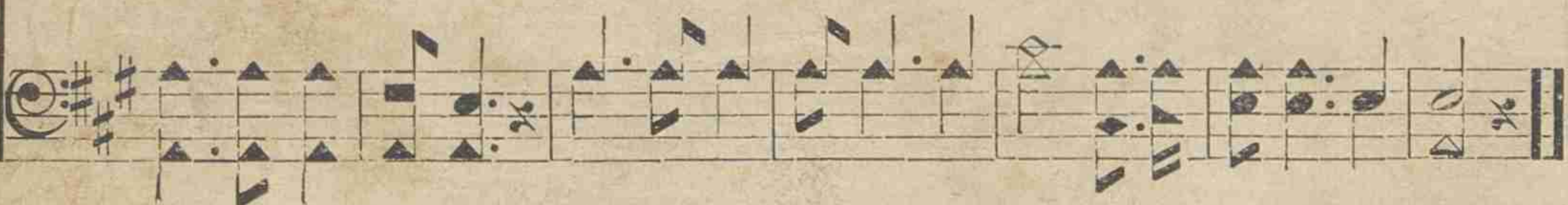
REFRAIN.



I am not rea-dy, I am not rea-dy, 'These pleasures I can - not for - sake ;



I am not rea-dy, I am not rea-dy, The cross of my Sav-iour to take.

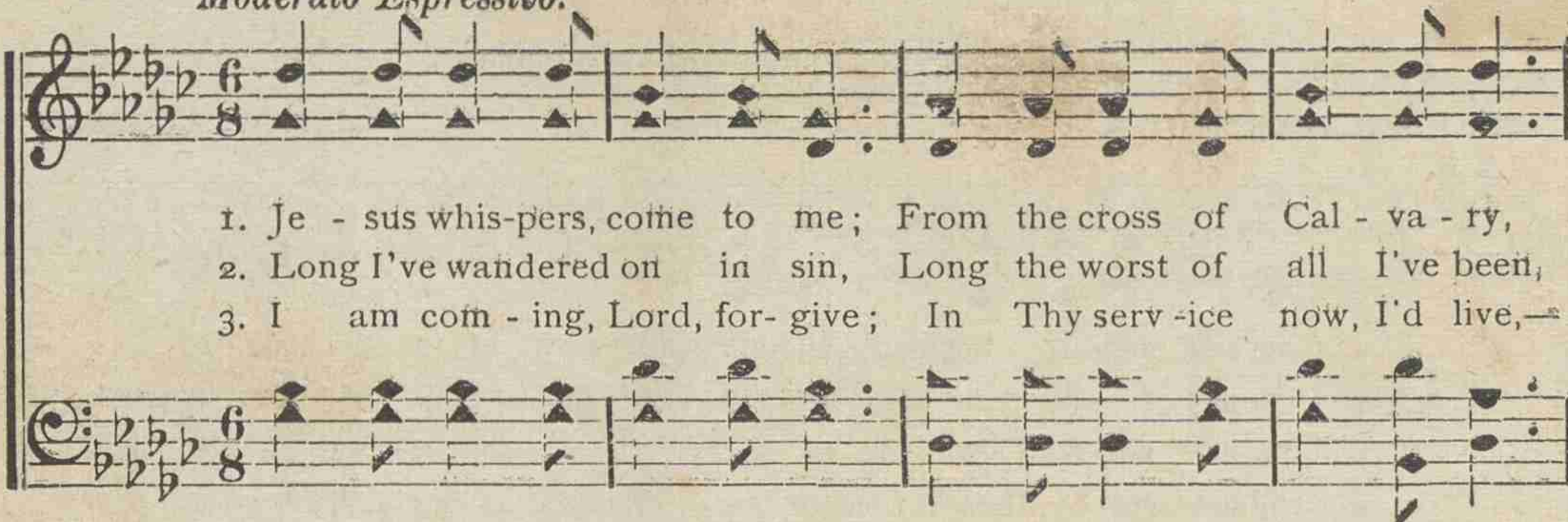


NO. 54. Jesus Whispers, Come to Me.

F. L. E.

C. E. WHITTINGTON.

Moderato Espressivo.



1. Je - sus whis-pers, come to me; From the cross of Cal - va - ry,
 2. Long I've wandered on in sin, Long the worst of all I've been,
 3. I am com - ing, Lord, for-give; In Thy serv - ice now, I'd live,—



Tho' a sin - ner blind un-done; Life and peace may yet be won!
 Still in Him there's hope for me, Oh, blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
 O, to spend my fleet - ing days, Joy - ful in Thy walks and ways!

CHORUS.



Then O whis - per oft to me; Let me think of Cal - va - ry,



Since a sin - ner blind un-done; May he saved and heav - en won!

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

Slowly.

1. Too late, 'twill be for you to cry, When mer-cies day has passed you by!
2. Too late, when death has barred the door, Your wail-ings can be heard no more!
3. Will you not heed the voice to-day, In-vit-ing you Christ to o-bey?
4. No long-er, there in sin a-bide! This all im-por-tant step de-cide!



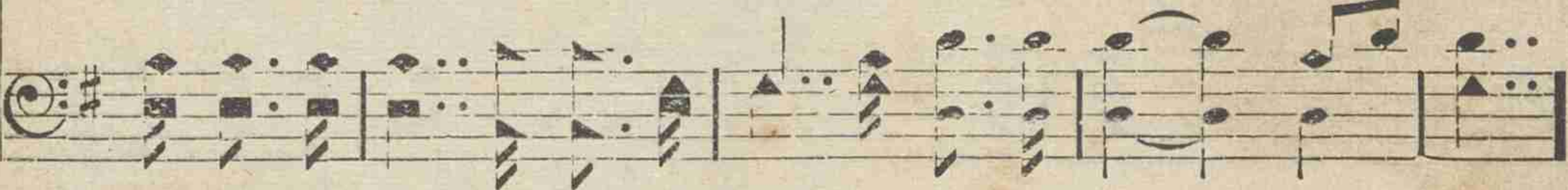
When sol-emn night, of dark de-spair, Shall come up-on you halt-ing there!
 Re-ject-ed, there, thy soul will be—Shut out, thro' all e-ter-ni-ty!
 And be prepared to en-ter there, A pure and spot-less robe to wear?
 Come out, where Christ can touch thy soul, And at this mo-ment be made whole!



REFRAIN.



Too late, too late, poor trembling soul! O will this be..... your fate?



Too late, too late to be made whole! Too late, too late, too late!



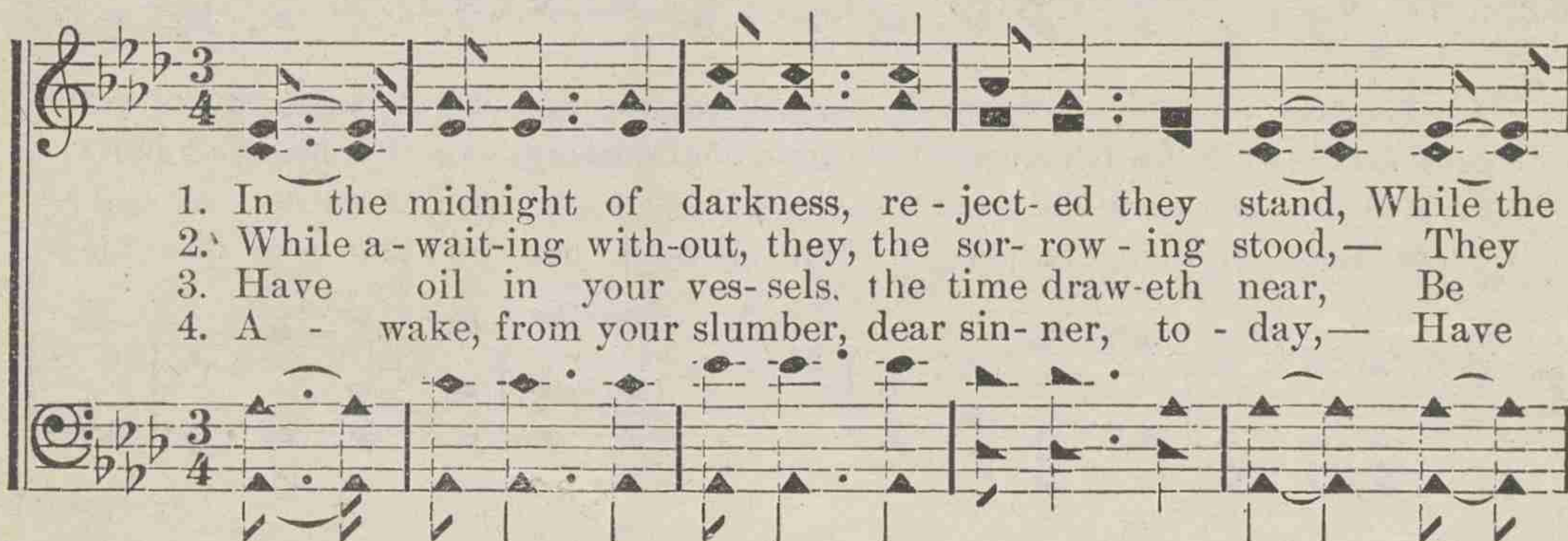
NO. 66.

Too Long Had They Slept.

Sleep not, away thy day of grace,—
With zeal arise,
God's truth and light, at once embrace,—
Thou soul, be wise!—EILAND.

M. R. D.

MAGGIE R. DUNAGIN.
Refrain by F. L. EILAND.



1. In the midnight of darkness, re-ject-ed they stand, While the
2. While a-wait-ing with-out, they, the sor-row-ing stood,— They
3. Have oil in your ves-sels, the time draw-eth near, Be
4. A - wake, from your slumber, dear sin-ner, to - day,— Have



wis - dom of oth - ers, for His com-ing had planned; Too
thought of His prom-ise, of com-ing He would; O,
read - y, and wait-ing, when He shall ap - pear; O,
oil in your ves-sel,— pre - pare while you may,— Be



long had they tar-ried, too long had they slept, Their
why, did I ling-er, till the door, there was closed, And
slum - ber not, sin-ner, to an-swer His call,— He
not there re - ject - ed,— by Je - sus, de - nied, With the

REFRAIN.



cries could not reach Him,—no watch had they kept.
all my en - treat-ies He now doth re - fuse!
of - fers sal - va-tion, 'tis free for us all!
door closed a-against you, for - ev - er out - side!

} Why so, have I

Too Long Had They Slept.—Concluded.

act - ed? Why so, have I slept? No oil in my ves - sel,—No

watch have I kept! The feast is now read - y; But I am

de - nied,— The door is closed, ev - er, And I am out - side!

NO. 67.

The Lord Has Led Me.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has gone to waste, And I per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And ev-'ry eve-ning shall make known, Some fresh memorial of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep, Their watchful sta-tions 'round my bed.

F. L. EILAND.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Soul, why be con - tent - ed, Out of Christ to stay? With no
 2. Why ne - glect this inter - est? Let it pass you by? Seek ing
 3. Why then be con - tent - ed, With thy soul ex - posed, Till the



hope of heav - en, And so much to pay? Jes - us is for -
 aft - er for - tune, Which must short - ly die? Mon - ey will not
 gate of mer - cy, Shall to thee be closed? Has - ten then my



bear - ing, That you yet may heed:—Warn - ings oft' re - peat - ed,
 pur - chase You a ti - tle, friend, To that world of glo - ry,
 broth - er, Do not long - er wait, Soon you'll hear with sad - ness,



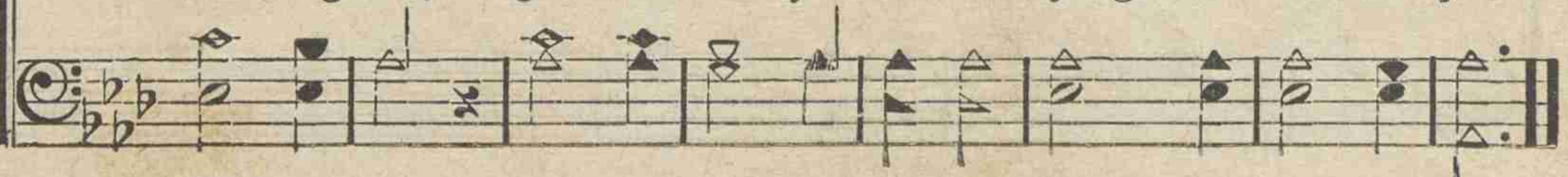
CHORUS.



And se - cure thy need. }
 Nor a sol - ace lend. } 'Tis a debt, my broth er! And 'tis
 Oh, poor soul too late. }



com - ing due; Ques - tion, can you meet it? Judg - ment waits for you!



NO. 69. Let the Gospel Light Shine In.

Be thy words, and deeds, a light,
The Soul, of man to win,—
Speak, and act, then for the Christ,
Who seeks, to save from sin.

G. H. R.

G. H. RAMSEY.



1. Weary way-worn sin-ner, on the broad highway, Let the gospel light shine
2. Brother, if you're doubting, why then longer stand, Let the gospel light shine
3. Faint not by the way-side— is the blest command, Let the gospel light shine
4. While the pearly gates stand o-pen wide to you, Let the gospel light shine



in! shine in! Do not be dis-cour-aged, there's a brighter day,—
in! shine in! Do not fal-ter lon-ger, build not on the sand,
in! shine in! Je-sus on, will lead you, take you by the hand;
in! shine in! Do not let them close and, seal your fa-tal doom,



REFRAIN.



Let the gos-pel light shine in. shine in. Let the gospel light shine in, shine in,



Let the gos-pel light shine in! shine in! Tell to all the na-tions,



Je-sus is their friend, Let the gos-pel light shine in! shine in!



NO. 70.

Don't You Want to be Ready?

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

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



1. Oh, there is a time when the mes-sage will come! Don't you want to be
 2. To - day is the day of sal - va - tion for all,—Can you say you are
 3. Oh, yes, there's a time when the mes-sage will come! Are you will - ing and
 4. De - lay you no lon - ger, dear sin - ner, but come; Be prepared and be
 5. Oh, turn you to-day and the Sav - iour o - bey, Come, oh, come and be




read-y to go? Oh, sin - ner the Sav - iour in - vites you to-day! Will you
 read-y to go? A home and a crown is a - wait - ing for thee! Will you
 read-y to go? This moment, the Sav - iour, is plead - ing for thee! Sin - ner,
 read-y to go! Oh, hear you His voice, quickly make Him your choice, And you
 read-y to go! Be watch - ing and waiting when death you must meet, And be



CHORUS.



hear and make ready to go? } Read - y to go,
 come and be ready to go? }
 say, are you ready to go? }
 then will be ready to go! }
 willing and ready to go! } Watching and waiting and ready to go, Don't you




Read - y to go, Don't you want to be ready to
 want to be wait - ing and read - y to go? yes,



Don't You Want to be Ready?—Concluded.

go? Read - - y to go,
read - y to go? Watch-ing and wait-ing and read - y to go, Don't you

Read - - y to go?.....Don't you want to be read-y to go?
want to be wait-ing and read-y to go?

NO. 71. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend; To
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her

church our blest Re - deem - er saved, With His own pre - cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

NO. 72.

Why Not To-Night?

Dr. H. BONAR.

F. L. EILAND.



1. Oh, 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 - frs - eth none, Who would to Him their souls u -




light: Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 quite? Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.



CHORUS.

Oh, why not to - night? Oh, why not to -



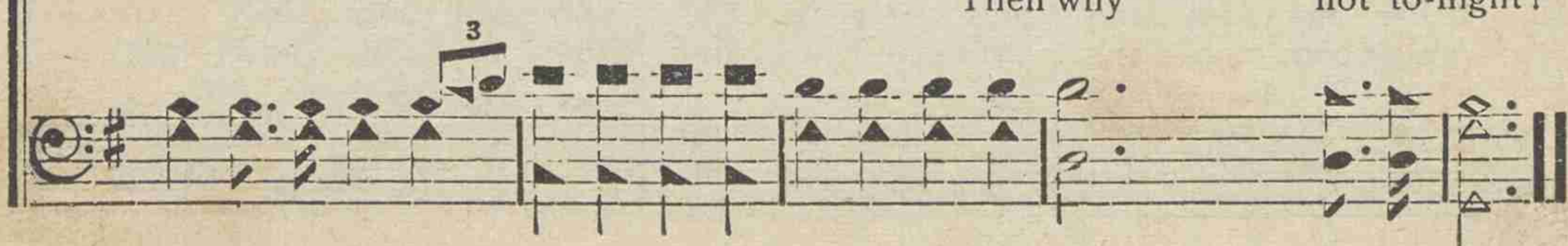
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



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



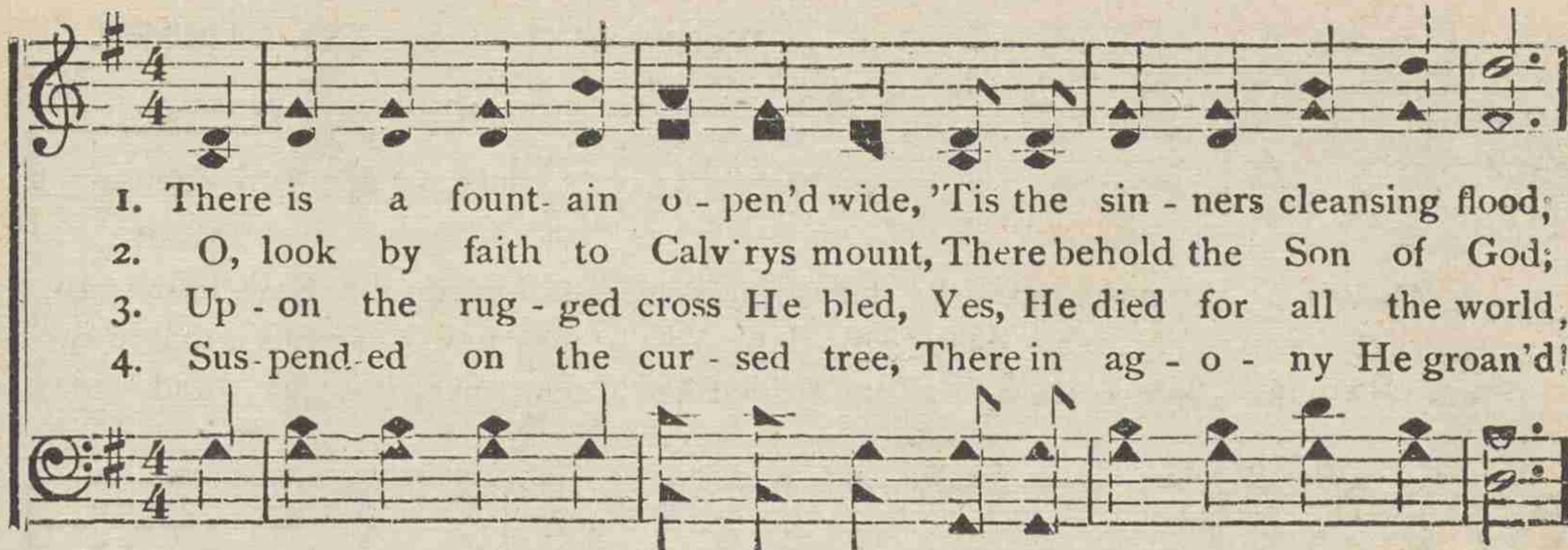
why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd? wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, Oh, why not to-night?
 Then why not to-night?



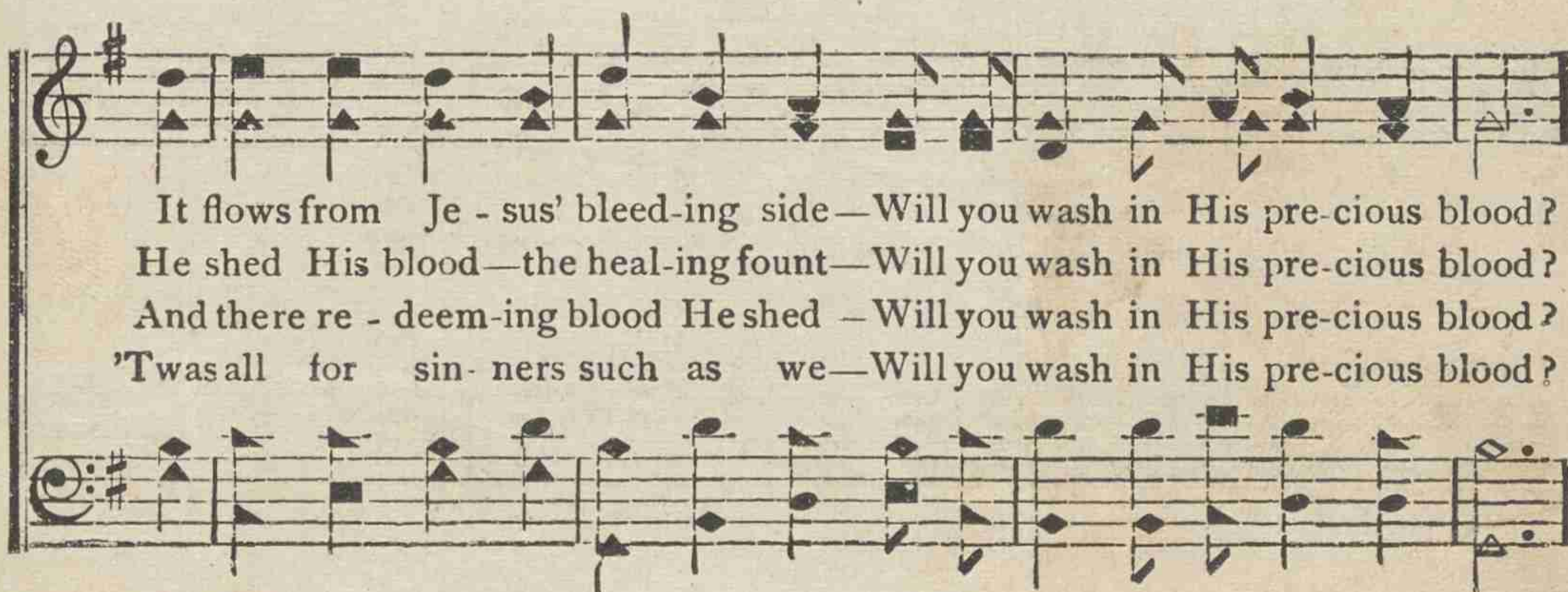
NO. 73. Will You Wash in His Precious Blood?

S. J. O.

S. J. OSLIN, by per.



1. There is a fount-ain o-pen'd wide, 'Tis the sin-ners cleansing flood;
 2. O, look by faith to Calv'rys mount, There behold the Son of God;
 3. Up-on the rug-ged cross He bled, Yes, He died for all the world,
 4. Sus-pend-ed on the cur-sed tree, There in ag-o-ny He groan'd!



It flows from Je-sus' bleed-ing side—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
 He shed His blood—the heal-ing fount—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
 And there re-deem-ing blood He shed—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
 'Twas all for sin-ners such as we—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?



Will you wash in the crim-son tide,—In the stream of Calv'rys flood?
 Will you wash, blessed crimson tide,—



Flowing from Im-manuels side, Will you wash in His precious blood?
 Flowing from,

NO. 74.

Will You Come?

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

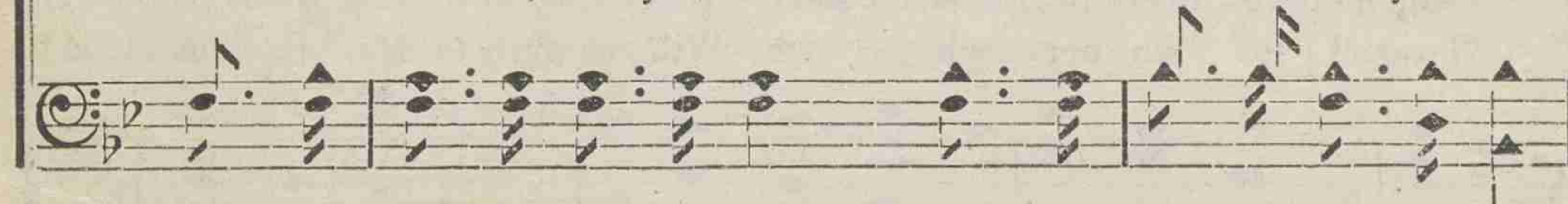
Words and Music by G. H. RAMSEY.



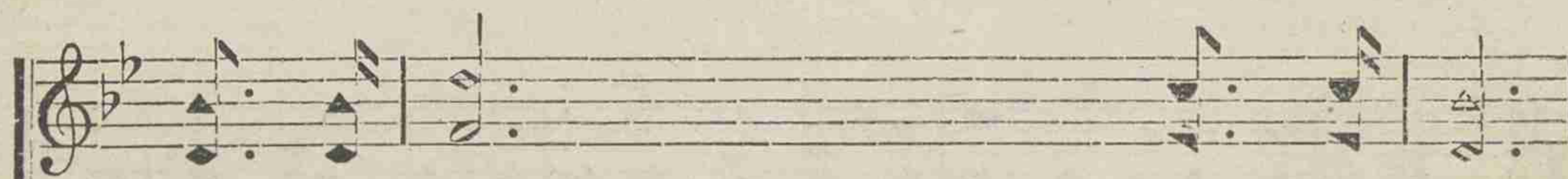
1. There's a home prepared for all, Who will heed the Sav - iour's call,
2. If you stay a - way to - day, You may nev - er seek the way;
3. O, the Spir - it and the Bride! Are en - treat - ing far and wide;



Will you come?..... O, will you come?
O, will you come? O, will you come?



And go march - ing with the band, To the Prince Em-man - uel's land?
When 'tis shut, the gold - en Gate, You will then be found too late;
Who - so - ev - er will, may come! And shall share a bliss - ful home;



Will you come? Will you come?
O, will you come?



Will You Come?—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Will you come? 'Tis the Sav-iour's plead-ing tone,
O, will you come?



Will you come? Then why long - er will you roam?
O, will you come?



Will you come? 'Tis the Spir - it calls thee home!
O, will you come?



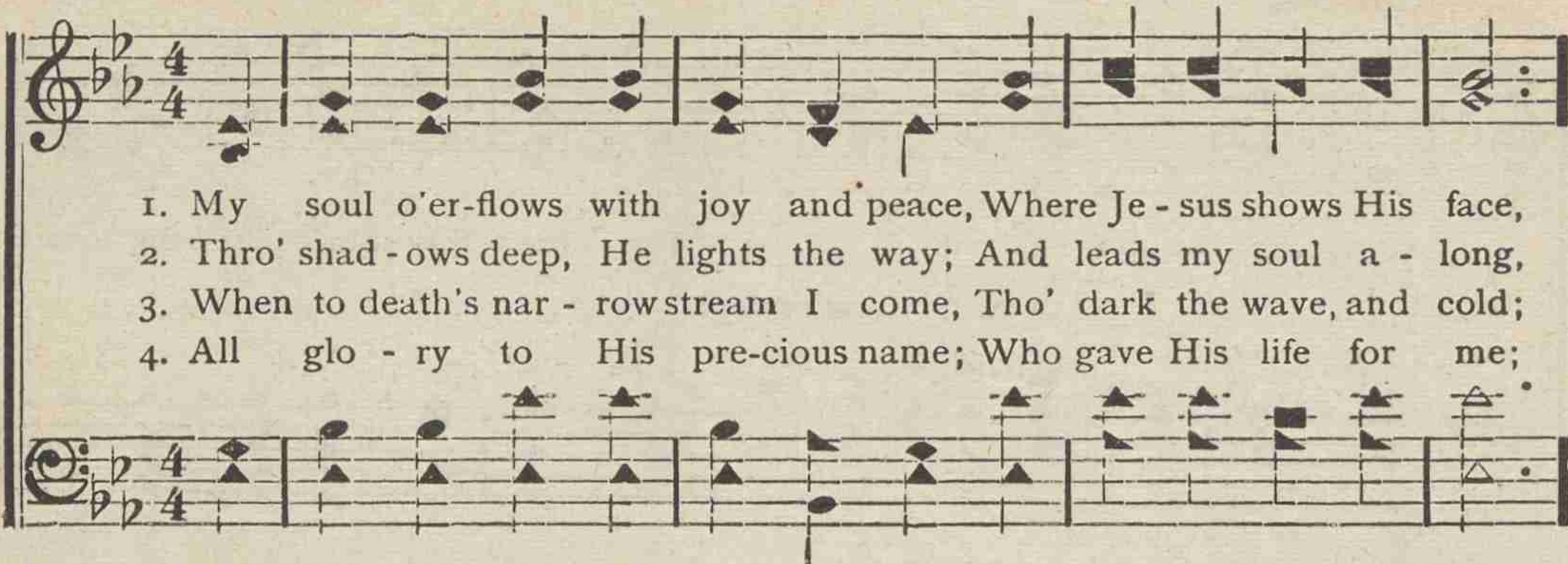
Will you come? Will you come?
O, will you come? Will you come?

NO. 75.

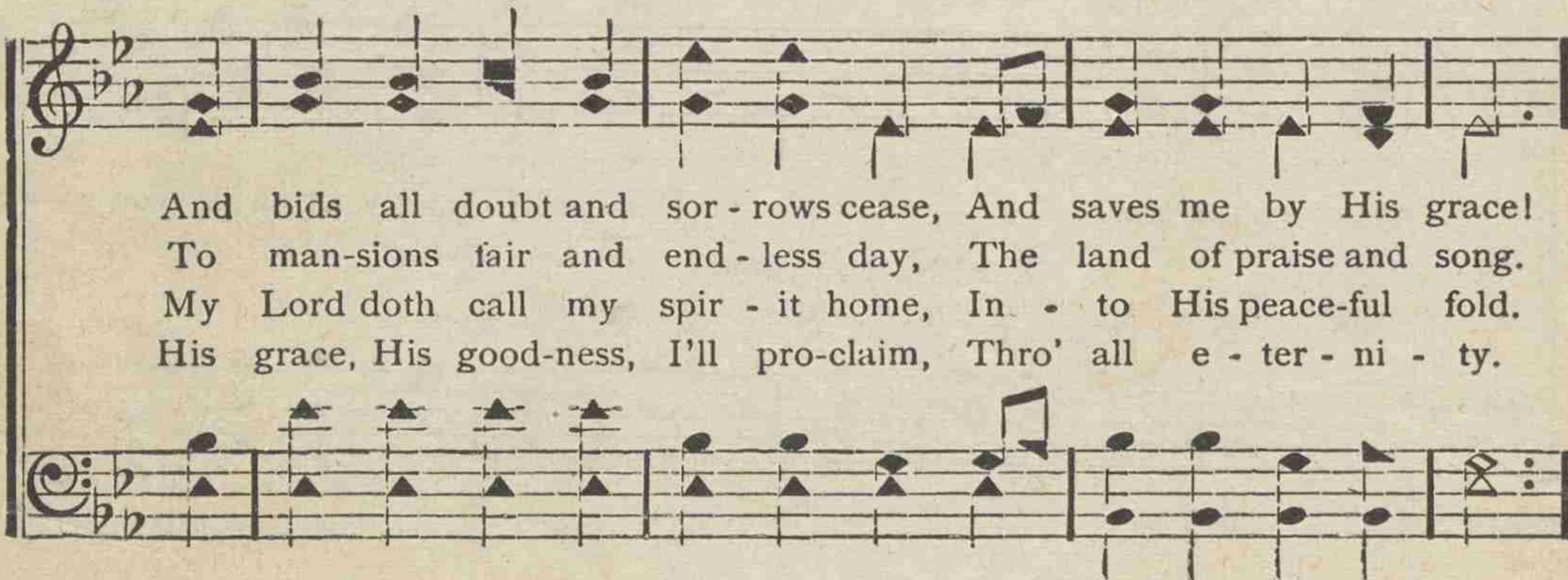
Follow On.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD. Adapted by F. L. E.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.



1. My soul o'er-flows with joy and peace, Where Je - sus shows His face,
 2. Thro' shad - ows deep, He lights the way; And leads my soul a - long,
 3. When to death's nar - row stream I come, Tho' dark the wave, and cold;
 4. All glo - ry to His pre-cious name; Who gave His life for me;



And bids all doubt and sor - rows cease, And saves me by His grace!
 To man-sions fair and end - less day, The land of praise and song.
 My Lord doth call my spir - it home, In - to His peace-ful fold.
 His grace, His good-ness, I'll pro-claim, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



O, will you fol - low on? O, will you fol - low on?
 O, will you fol - low, fol-low on? O, will you fol - low, fol-low on?



O, will you fol - low where He leads? O, will you fol - low on?

NO. 76. Hide You in the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. L. McHAN.

JNO. P. BALLEW.



1. Come to this shel-ter, safe re - treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
 2. Come from the loathsome ways of sin, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Come, for the dangers hov - er near, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
 4. Come, for your sins the Lord has bled, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;



Come, for the storms around you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Come, for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Come. He'll protect you from all fear, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Come, tho' they be like crim-son, red, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Hide..... you in the blood,..... For the
 Hide you in the blood, Hide you in the blood,



storms..... are rag - ing high; Hide.....
 Storms are raging high, Storms are rag-ing high; Hide you in the



..... you in the blood,..... Till the dan - gers pass you by.
 blood, Hide you in the blood,

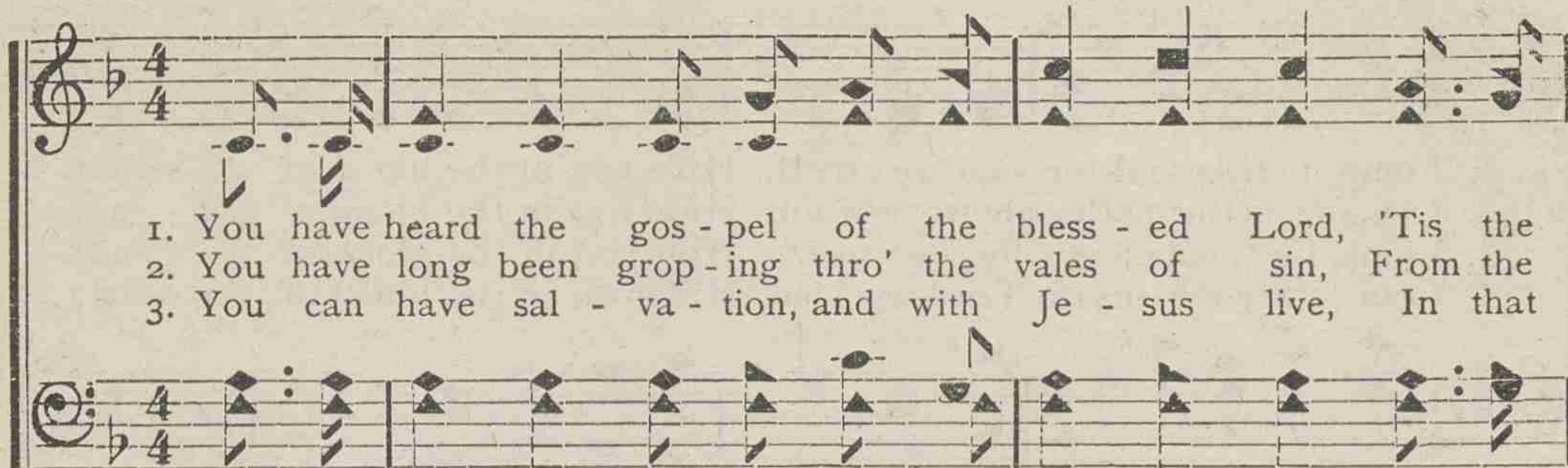
NO. 77.

Are You Ready to be Saved?

Suggested by a sermon preached by Elder T. R. Burnett, July, 4th, 1898.

S. D. S.

S. D. SIMONS.

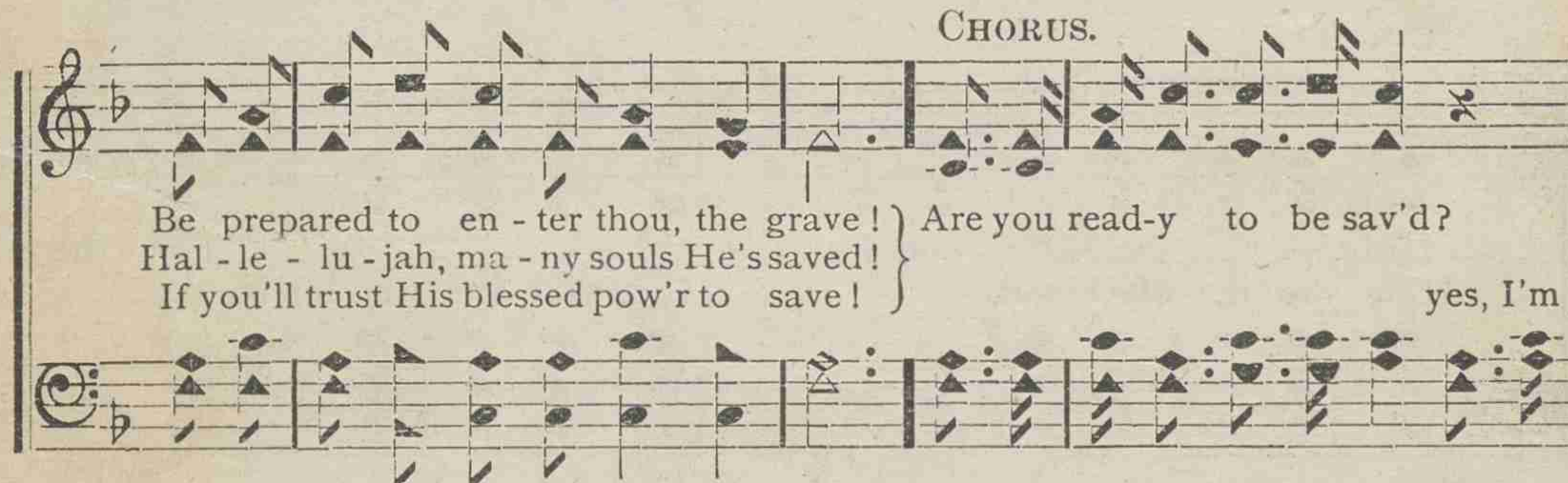


1. You have heard the gos - pel of the bless - ed Lord, 'Tis the
 2. You have long been grop - ing thro' the vales of sin, From the
 3. You can have sal - va - tion, and with Je - sus live, In that



pow'r of God to save; Will you come, o - bey, ac - cord - ing to His word?
 way of life have strayed; Will you come to Je - sus? He will let you in,
 land, be - yond the grave, Where the joys of heav - en un - to you He'll give,

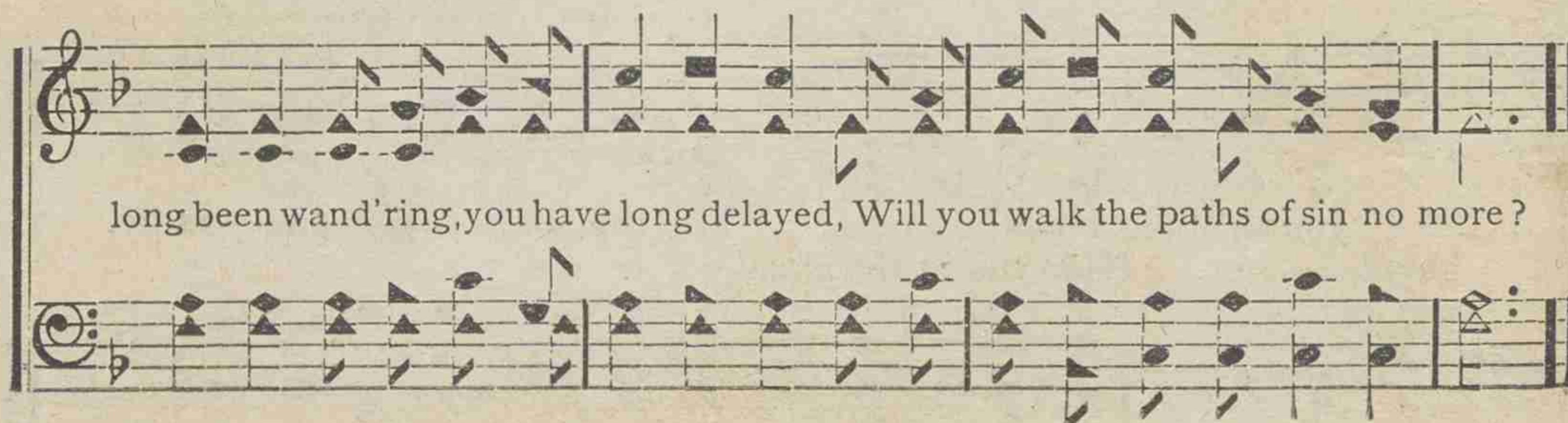
CHORUS.



Be prepared to en - ter thou, the grave! } Are you read - y to be sav'd?
 Hal - le - lu - jah, ma - ny souls He's saved! }
 If you'll trust His blessed pow'r to save! } yes, I'm



Ready to be saved? Read - y for the call to go? You have
 I am



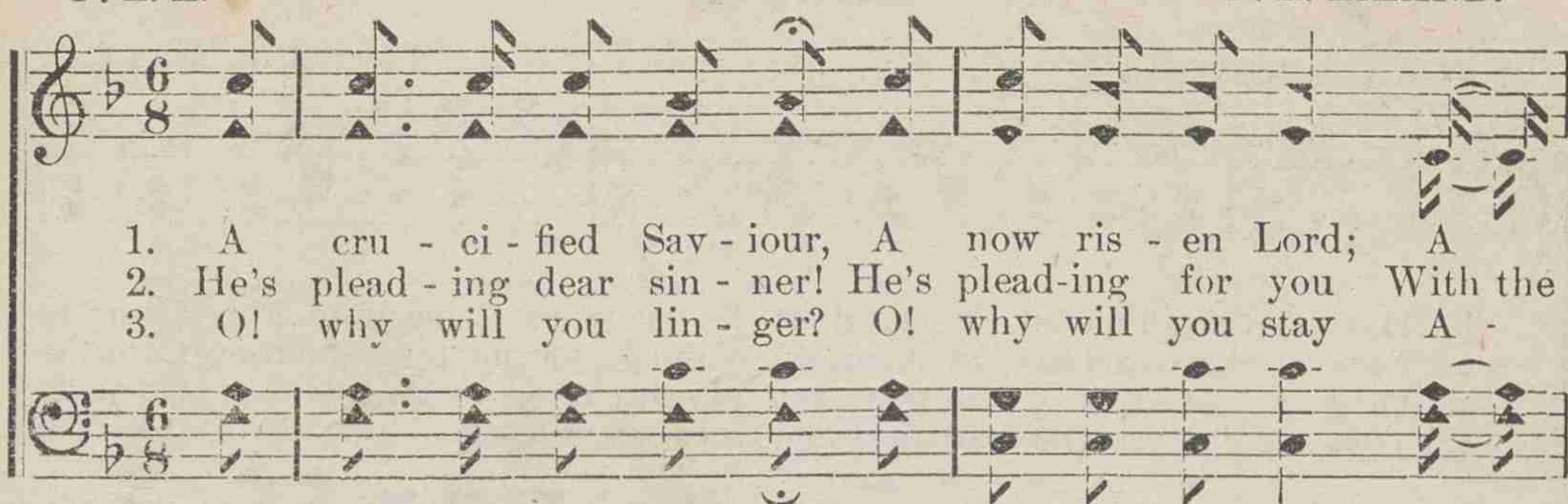
long been wand'ring, you have long delayed, Will you walk the paths of sin no more?

NO. 78.

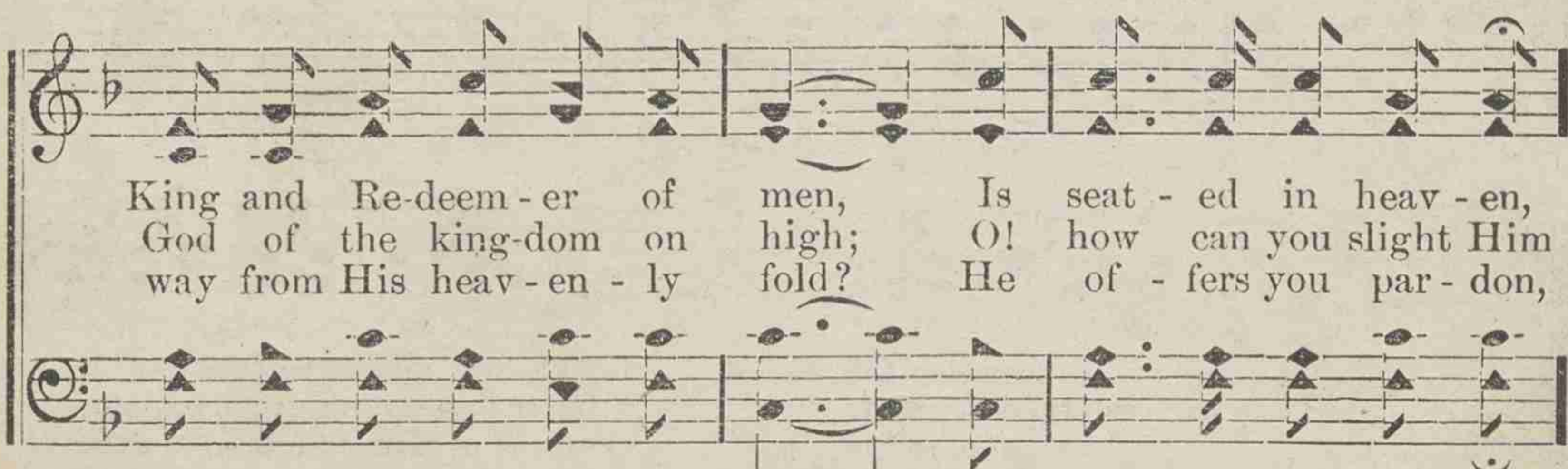
A Crucified Saviour.

F. L. E.

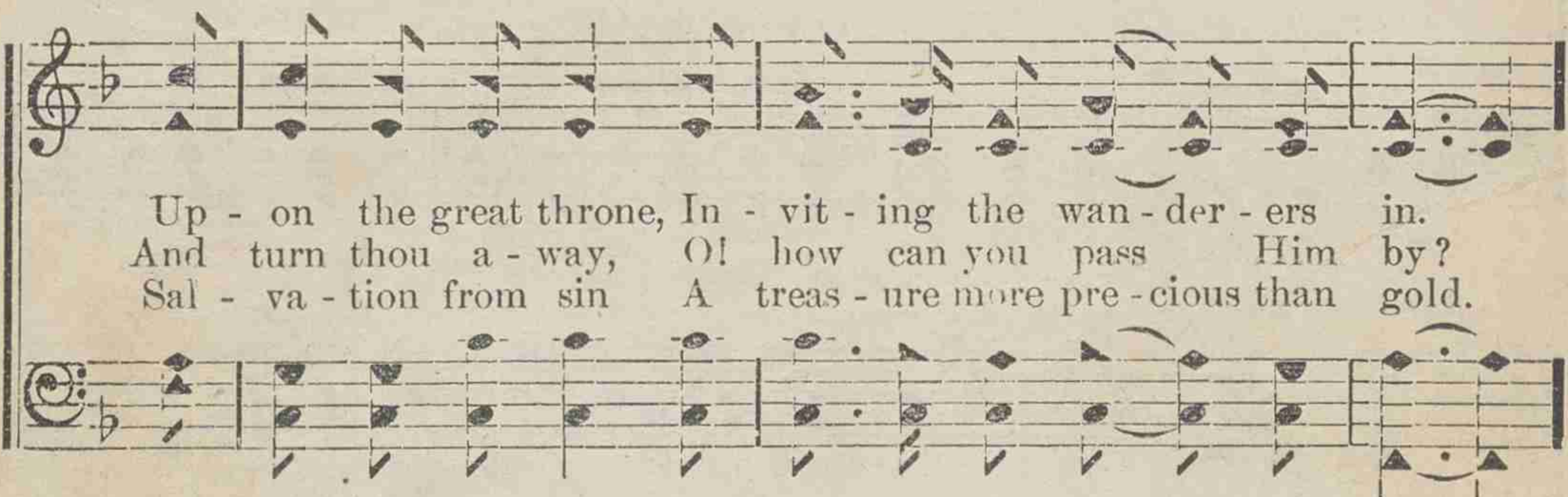
F. L. EILAND.



1. A cru - ci - fied Sav - iour, A now ris - en Lord; A
 2. He's plead - ing dear sin - ner! He's plead - ing for you With the
 3. O! why will you lin - ger? O! why will you stay A -

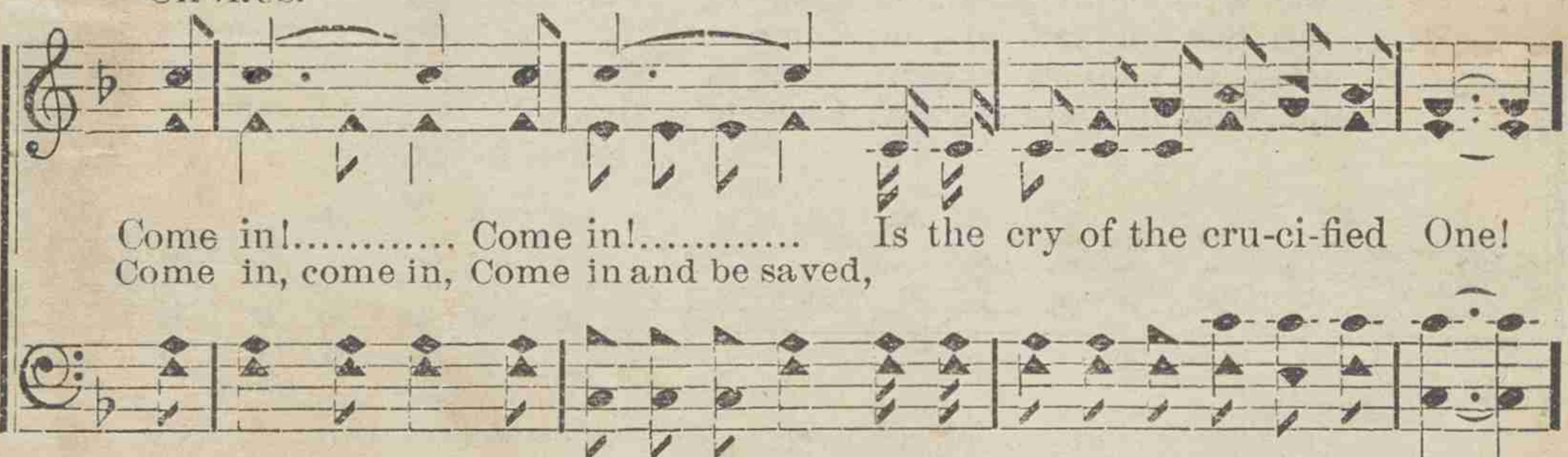


King and Re - deem - er of men, Is seat - ed in heav - en,
 God of the king - dom on high; O! how can you slight Him
 way from His heav - en - ly fold? He of - fers you par - don,



Up - on the great throne, In - vit - ing the wan - der - ers in.
 And turn thou a - way, O! how can you pass Him by?
 Sal - va - tion from sin A treas - ure more pre - cious than gold.

CHORUS.



Come in!..... Come in!..... Is the cry of the cru-ci-fied One!
 Come in, come in, Come in and be saved,



Rit. *Repeat Cho. pp.*
 Come in!..... Come in!..... Is the cry of the cru-ci-fied One.
 Come in, come in, Come in and be saved,

NO. 79.

The Gospel Invitation.

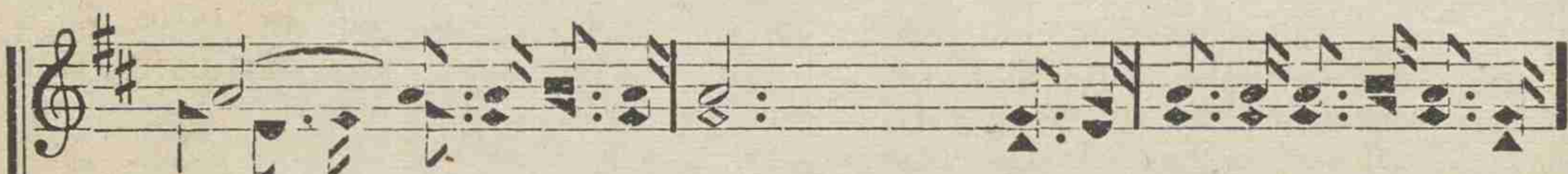
MATT. 11: 28.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. H. HALL.



1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion? Je - sus says, Come un-to Me, Come to
2. There are bless - ed ma - ny mansions Waiting for the pure and true; Come to
3. Heav - y la - den, or a - wea - ry, Je - sus says, In Me find rest, Come to
4. Time is short, and days are fleet-ing, Heed the mes-sage, Come to Me, Come to



Me,..... O, come to Me.
 Me,..... O, come to Me.
 Me,..... O, come to Me.
 Me,..... O, come to Me.

'Tis the message of sal - va - tion,
 There in heaven's green expansions
 Does your path in life seem dreary?
 O, the joy of yonder greeting,

Come to Me,

O, come to Me.



That the Mas-ter brings to thee: Come to
 Hear the Sav-iour call to you, Come to
 By His love you may be blest, Come to
 In the home be-yond the sea; Come to

Me,..... O, come to Me.
 Me,..... O, come to Me.
 Me,..... O, come to Me.
 Me,..... O, come to Me.

Come to Me,



CHORUS.



Come to Me,..... O, come to Me; Je - sus
 Come to Me, O, come to Me;



The Gospel Invitation.—Concluded.



says,..... Come un - to Me. Wea - ry heart..... for ref-uge
 Jesus says, Come un - to Me, come unto me. Weary heart,

flee, Un - to Christ,..... who call - eth thee.
 for ref-uge flee Un-to Christ who call - eth thee, who calleth thee.

NO. 30. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH.

Dr. L. MASON.



1. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Ye wan - d'ers, come!
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls! For ref - uge fly;
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Oh, hear Him now!
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day! Yield to His pow'r!

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 The storm of ven-geance falls, And death is nigh.
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way! 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

NO. 81.

Calling for Me.

NEVA E. PARKHILL.

F. L. EILAND.

1. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Soft - ly a sweet voice is
 2. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Soft - ly the ac - cents are
 3. O - ver the tide of that Jas - per sea, Com - eth a vis - ion of

call - ing to me! Lov - ing and ten - der, be - seech - ing tone!
 plead - ing with me; Plead - ing so gent - ly, in - vit - ing tone!
 beau - ty to me! An - gels are look - ing, down from the dome!

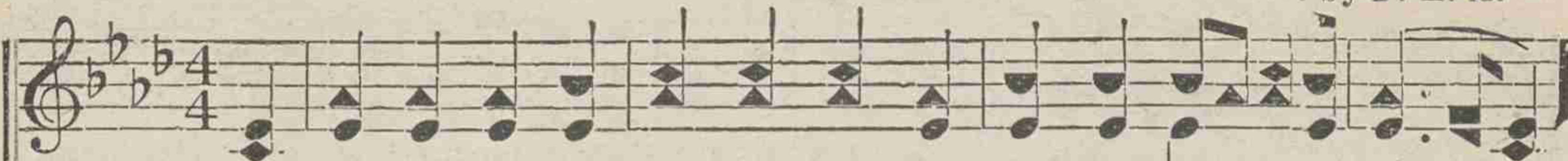
CHORUS.

Dear - ly be - loved, O why long - er roam? Call - ing for
 Call - ing for me!

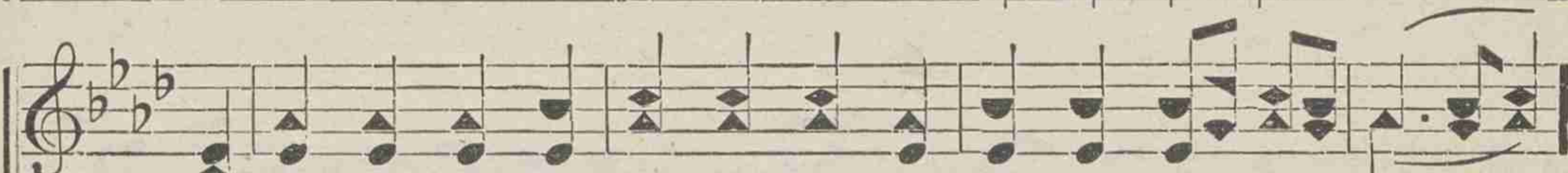
me! call - ing for me! o - ver the sea!
 call - ing for me! o - ver the sea!

Call - ing for me! O - ver the Jas - per sea!
 Call - ing for me! call - ing for me! Jas - per sea!

Let Me Wash.

W. D. EVRIDGE.
arr. by F. L. E.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
4. When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,



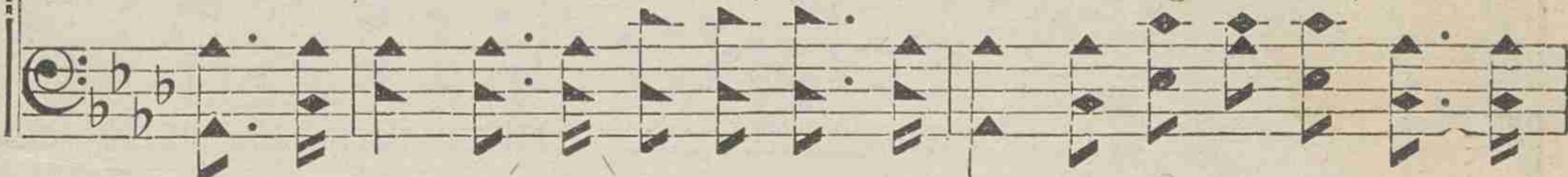
And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no-bler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save.



CHORUS.



Let me wash . . . in the foun - tain, Let me
in the foun-tain, in the soul-cleansing foun-tain,



drink of its cleansing flow, . . . Let me wash . . . in the
cleansing flow, in the fountain, in the



foun - tain, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
free - flow-ing foun-tain, the snow.



NO. 83.

Lean On His Arm.

F. L. EILAND, by per.

W. M. RAMSEY.



1. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, Hide in the hol-low of His hand;
 2. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, Wait you not for the morn-ing dawn;
 3. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, For 'tis the on - ly ref - uge sure;
 4. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, And of His boundless mer-cy share;



'Neath His pro-ect-ing wings, a - bide you, Firm on the Rock of A - ges stand.
 Ev-'ning of life may come and find you, And with your strength and courage gone.
 Let not an-oth-er's in - vi - ta - tion, Now from this hope, your soul al-lure,
 Drink of the ev - er liv - ing fount-ain, Down by the Rock of A - ges there,

CHORUS.



Lean on His arm, Hide in the hol-low of His hand!
 Lean on His arm, His everlasting arm,



Lean on His arm, Firm on the Rock of Ages stand.
 Lean on His arm, His everlasting arm,

NO. 84. Keep Praying As You Go.

E. ARNOLD.

F. L. EILAND.



1. Young sol-diers gird your ar - mour on, And hold - ly meet the foe,
 2. Come burdened souls with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe;
 3. Oh! cast your sins at Je - sus feet, While here on earth be - low,
 4. And when you've filled the mis sion giv'n, The Sav iour will be - stow,
 5. The Sav - iour with the Fa - ther pleads, And this I sure - ly know,



There're blessings at the mer - cy seat, Keep pray - ing as you go.
 Let faith di - rect and hope in - spire, Keep pray - ing as you go.
 Re - ceive the prom - ise He has giv'n, Keep pray - ing as you go.
 The bless - ings He has prom - ised you, While pray - ing as you go.
 These blessings will be giv - en you, If pray - ing as you go.

CHORUS.



Keep pray - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all your way be - low;
 Praying as you go, pray ing friends,



Keep pray - ing, ev er pray ing, Keep pray - ing as you go.
 Pray - ing to the end, pray ing friends,

No. 85.
JESUS PAID IT ALL.

—
Key on E flat.

I hear the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me Thine all in all."

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed, I find
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spot,
And melt the heart of stone.

For nothing good have I
Where-by Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Clav'ry's Lamb.

And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

—
No. 86.
BLEST BE THE TIE.

—
Key on F.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows,
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

—John Fawcet.

No. 87.
THOU ART THE WAY.

—
Key on C.

Thou art the Way,—to Thee a-lone
From sin and death we flee:

And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conq'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us Thy way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

—Geo. W. Doane.

—
No. 88.
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

—
Key on G.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my songs shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Tho' like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Then with my waking tho'ts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my songs shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

—Sarah F. Adams.

No. 89.
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Key on E Flat.
My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou has died for me,
Oh, may my love for Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be
A living fire.

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.

When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distress remove,
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

—Ray Palmer.

No. 90.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Key on F.
Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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.

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.

—Charles Wesley.

No. 91.
I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.

Chorus.

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

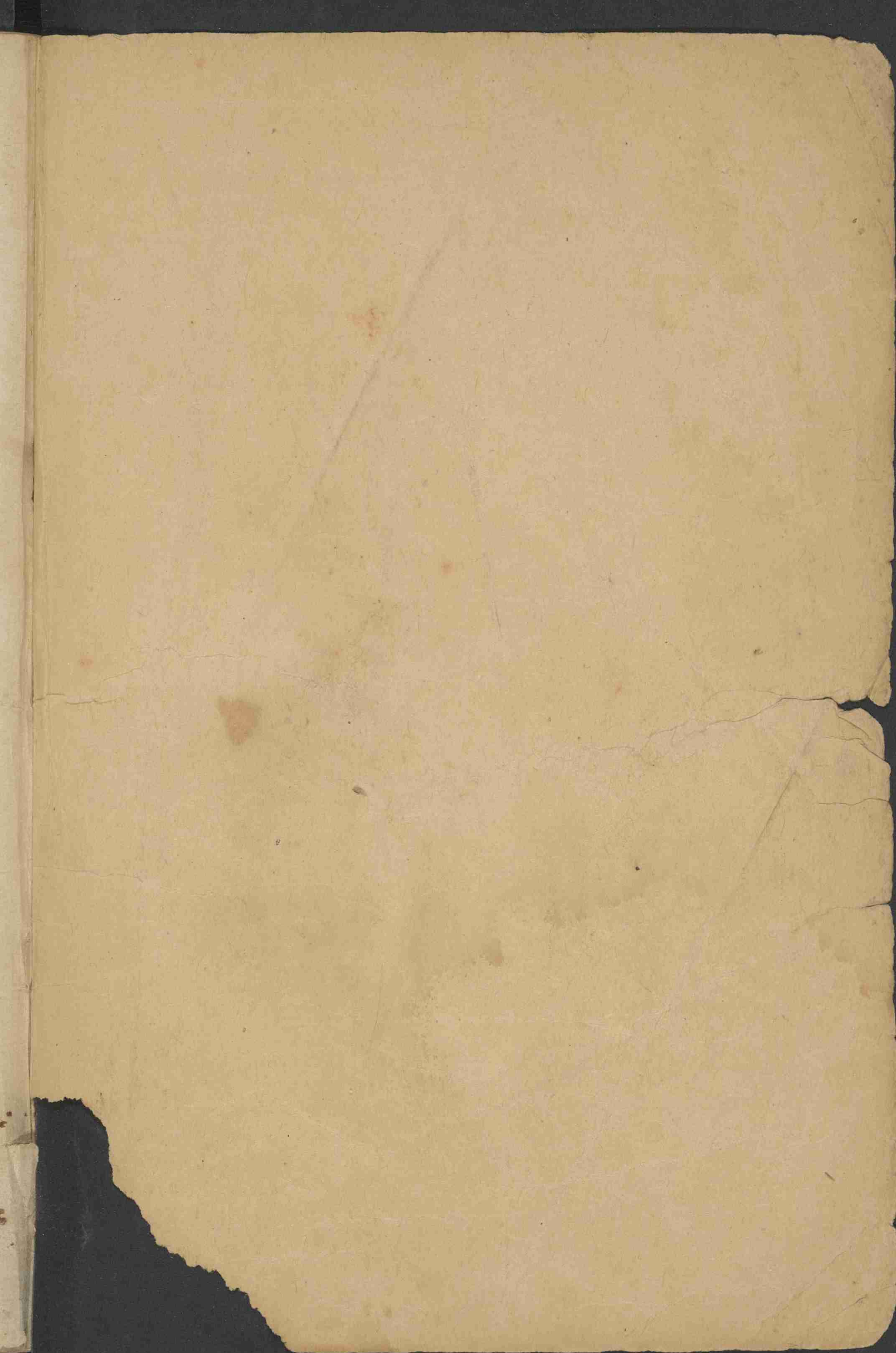
Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

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