SONGS OF

MOUNTING UP

NUMBER TWO

C. 1915

75

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Songs of Mounting Up

NO. 2

BY

J. M. HARRIS, R. E. McNEILL, M. G. STANDLEY

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." --Isa. 40: 31.

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1

O Send the Fire.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. O may the heav - en - ly fire Now burn all al-loy from each soul;
2. O may the heav - en - ly flame Trans-form us to be like our Lord;
3. Hear us, O Fa - ther to - day, While weakness and sin we con - fess,

This is our ear-nest de-sire, To be ev-er-more per-fect-ly whole.
Fit us to car - ry His name To those hav-ing no hope and no God.
Cleanse us with fire we now pray, With pow'r Thy waiting servants now bless.

Chorus.

O send the fire to - day, The pur - i - fy-ing, sin-con-sum-ing fire,
to - day

This ver - y hour, Fill with Thy pow'r, And send the heav'nly fire we pray.

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My Pilot

FLORA B. TUPPER. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Tho' the storm-clouds dark may low'r and threat-en, And no friend-ly light I see;
2. So I'll sail my barque o'er life's broad o-cean, And will trust my Pi - lot true;
3. His eye is true, tho' light-ning's flash-ing, And a faith-ful watch he'll keep;
4. When I reach that calm and glo-rious hav-en, With life' storm-y voy-age o'er;

Be - hind the clouds the sun is shin-ing, And will soon break thro' on me.
For in my heart is fixed the no-tion, That He has the port in view.
His ear's not deaf from thund-ers crash-ing, And He'll slum-ber not nor sleep.
I'll sing a - round His throne in heav-en, And will praise Him ev - er more.

CHORUS.

The storms of life may beat a-round me, And the break-ers dash and foam;

But my Pi-lot's at the wheel be - side me, I shall safe-ly reach my home.

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Everything Is Changed.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. II Cor. 5;17. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Ev -'ry-thing is changed since my sins were for-giv - en, Ev-'ry-thing is changed since I knew the Lord; Now my feet are walk-ing the path-way to heav-en; All the guilt-y past now is un - der the blood.
2. Ev -'ry-thing is changed to God's name be the glo - ry, Light in-stead of dark - ness fills my soul, Ev - 'ry-thing is changed 'tis the bless-ed old sto - ry; Trusting Christ I'm now ev - 'ry whit made whole. Ev - 'ry thing is changed,
3. Ev -'ry-thing is changed since the spir - it pos-sessed me, Since He filled my heart with the Sav-iour's love, Since He took a-way all the fears that dis-tressed me, Helped me set my heart on the things a - bove.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord! Now I am redeemed thro' the blood, Free from con-dem-na - tion, God is my sal-va - tion, Ev - 'ry thing is changed, praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, thro' the blood,

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Just What I Needed Most.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS

1. My Sav - ior in mer-cy came down from on high, That was just what I
2. His kind in - vi - ta - tion is "Come un - to me," That was just what I
3. I came to the Sav-ior, His prom-ise be-lieved, That was just what I
4. He prom-ised the Spir-it to com-fort and guide, That was just what I

need - ed most; His mis - sion on earth was for sin-ners to die,
need - ed most; He touched my blind eyes; I was a - ble to see,
need - ed most; He par-doned my sins and my sor-rows re - lieved,
need - ed most; And in His pa - vil - ion I ev - er may hide,

CHORUS.

That was just what I need - ed most. That was just what I need - ed

most,.... That was just what I need-ed most;.... For He res-cued my
need-ed most. need-ed most;

soul, Thro' His blood made me whole, That was just what I need - ed most.

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5 Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up- on bend - ed knee, Je-sus whispered to me, Sweet-er voice I had
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in
3. Days may come, they go, as a tor-rent they flow, Rush-ing on to e-

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
peace I dwell; But I'm long-ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near-er the prize That a-

CHORUS.

lin - ger up- on His word.
One whom I love so well. For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
waits when my King I'll see. as the years roll by,

To be worthy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,
I will try;

rit.

As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweeter as the years roll by.
roll by.

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The Pilot of Galilee

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*

1. Out on life's o - cean with per - ils ev - er nigh, I have a Pi - lot on whom I can re - ly, With Him to guide me life's storms I can de-
2. Wondrous His pow - er and matchless is His skill, Bil - lows and tempests o-bey His sov'reign will, Hushed in-to si - lence at His blest "peace be
3. Fierce was the tem - pest once rag - ing in my soul, When of my bark He my Pi-lot took con-trol, With voice commanding a - bove the thunder's
4. Hear it ye storm-tossed up - on the sea of sin, Why will ye not take the heav'nly Pi-lot in? Safe - ly He'll guide you the ha-ven blest to

CHORUS.

fy, 'Tis Christ of Gal - i - lee.
still," This Man of Gal - i - lee. He is my Pi - lot on life's stormy sea,
roll, This Man of Gal - i - lee.
win, This Man of Gal - i - lee.

This wondrous Man of Gal - i - lee; I'm safe in His keep-ing, tho' storms are round me sweep-ing, This Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.

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7 Vict'ry all the Time.

MRS. B. F. H — MRS. BESSIE F. HATCHER.

1. Since I start-ed on the up-ward way, I have bless-ed vic-t'ry
2. When in trou-ble on the Lord I call, Claiming bless-ed vic-t'ry
3. Foes may scorn and dear-est friends for-sake, Still I have the vic-t'ry
4. When the way is dark, what I must do To keep per-fect vic-t'ry

all the time, Je-sus keeps me by His grace each day, Giv-ing
all the time, For He prom-ised not to let me fall, And would
all the time, Count-ing all but lost for Je-sus' sake, I can
all the time, Is to walk by faith and go right thro' Prais-ing

CHORUS.

per-fect vic-t'ry all the time. Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry all the time,
give me vic-t'ry all the time.
shout the vic-t'ry all the time.
God for vic-t'ry all the time. Vic-t'ry all the time,

Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry all the time; Look-ing un-to Je-sus
Vic-t'ry all the time;

as I up-ward climb, I have per-fect vic-t'ry all the time.

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The Meeting in the Air.

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

1. There's soon to be a meet-ing in the air, When Christ the
2. As light - ning flash - es forth from east to west, So sud - den-
3. The ransomed dead in Christ shall first a-rise; Then we who
4. Oh, bless - ed, glo - rious meet-ing in the air; Ye watching,

Bridegroom shall re - turn, To gath-er all who wedding garments wear,
ly . . . He shall ap - pear; Be robed and read-y for your Roy-al Guest;
live . . and still re - main, Shall meet the Lord descending from the skies,
wait - ing saints re - joice, And for the com - ing of your Lord prepare,

Chorus.

And for His com - ing watch and yearn. Will you be there?
His crowning day is al - most here.
For ev - er - more with Him to reign. Will you be there, be there?
Per-haps to - day we'll hear His voice.

Will I be there? With lamps all trimmed and burning,
Will I, will I, be there, be there?

To greet our Lord's returning, Will you be there? Will
Will you be there, be there!

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The Meeting the Air.—Concluded.

I be there? At that great meet-ing in the air. (in the air.)

9 Always Enough.

WM. L. DALE. S. L. MERRITT.

1. Al-ways e-nough of grace is giv'n to me from day to day,
2. Al-ways e-nough of com-fort to con-sole me when I'm sad,
3. Al-ways e-nough of Je-sus' love to fill me with de-light,
4. Al-ways e-nough of joy to make my heart re-joice and sing,

Al-ways e-nough of strength to help me on the up-ward way.
Al-ways e-nough of peace in time of storm to make me glad.
Al-ways e-nough of hope to keep faith's al-tar burn-ing bright.
Al-ways e-nough of pleas-ure in the serv-ice of my King.

CHORUS.

Al-ways e-nough for me, (for me,) Al-ways e-nough for me, (for me,)

This is my song, the whole day long, There's al-ways e-nough for me.

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"Looking to Jesus."

Mrs. C H. M

Mrs. C. H. Morris,

1. The Sa - vior of sin - ner's is pass-ing this way; Fast - en your
2. Just press your way to Him a - mid the great throng, Fast - en your
3. Cry, "Thou Son of Dav - id, have mer - cy on me!" Fast - en your
4. Let noth - ing dis-suade you, to trust Him now dare, Fast - en your

eyes up - on Je - sus; And just as of yore He is gra-cious to - day,
eyes up - on Je - sus; The pen - i-tent's cry in His ear is a song,
eyes up - on Je - sus, There's life for a look, O be - lieve it and see,
eyes up - on Je - sus; He's cer - tain to hear and to an - swer your pray'r,

Chorus.

Fast-en your eyes up - on Je - sus. Look - ing to oth - ers can
nev-er a - vail, Look-ing to self you are cer-tain to fail, Look - ing to
Him you will sure - ly pre - vail; Fast - en your eyes up - on Je - sus.

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Not Far To Heaven.

DUET. *Alto and tenor.* WILBUR A. CHRISTY

1. It isn't ver - y far to heav-en, We almost hear the an-gel choir,
2. It isn't ver - y far to heav-en, For just be - yond the grave's damp mold,
3. 'Tis just be-yond the shadowed ways, 'Tis just be - yond life's ceaseless whirl,
4. O, 'tisn't ver - y far to heav-en, It's just be yond the shores of time,

And sometimes thro' earth's cloud-drifts riven, We see the crown and gold-en lyre.
There lies the path to spir-its giv - en, There wind the streets of burnished gold.
They o-pen to our wond'ring gaze Those glorious gates of shining pearl
We al-most see our loved and lost Smile from that spir - it land sub-lime.

CHORUS.

It is-n't far..... to that blest clime,..... It is - n't far,
Oh, no, not far to that blest clime, Oh, no, not far,
not far to God;..... For just be - yond..... the stream of
not far to God; yes, just beyond
time, ... there lies the land .... by an-gels trod.....
the stream of time, the blessed land by an-gels trod.

rit.

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Old Things are Passed Away.

Mrs. C. H. M. 2 Cor. 5: 17. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I'm out on God's promise, and un - der the blood, Where shall I His prais-es be - gin; My heart is made pure in the sin-cleans-ing flood,
2. The things which once charmed me no more do I love, Earth's pleasures no long-er en - thrall; My fond-est af - fec-tions are cen-tered a - bove,
3. The win - ter of dark-ness and doubt-ing is past, The sum-mer of trusting is here; My hope as an an - chor on Je - sus is cast,
4. And who - ev - er will may the pro - mis - es claim, And this the as- sur-ance may have— That Je - sus who came a lost world to re - deem

CHORUS.

He gives me the wit-ness with - in.
And Christ is my all and in all. Old things are passed a-
And now I have noth-ing to fear.
For - ev - er is might-y to save. Old things are

way, old things are passed a - way, All
passed a - way, old things are passed a - way,

things in Christ have new be - come Since Je - sus came to stay;

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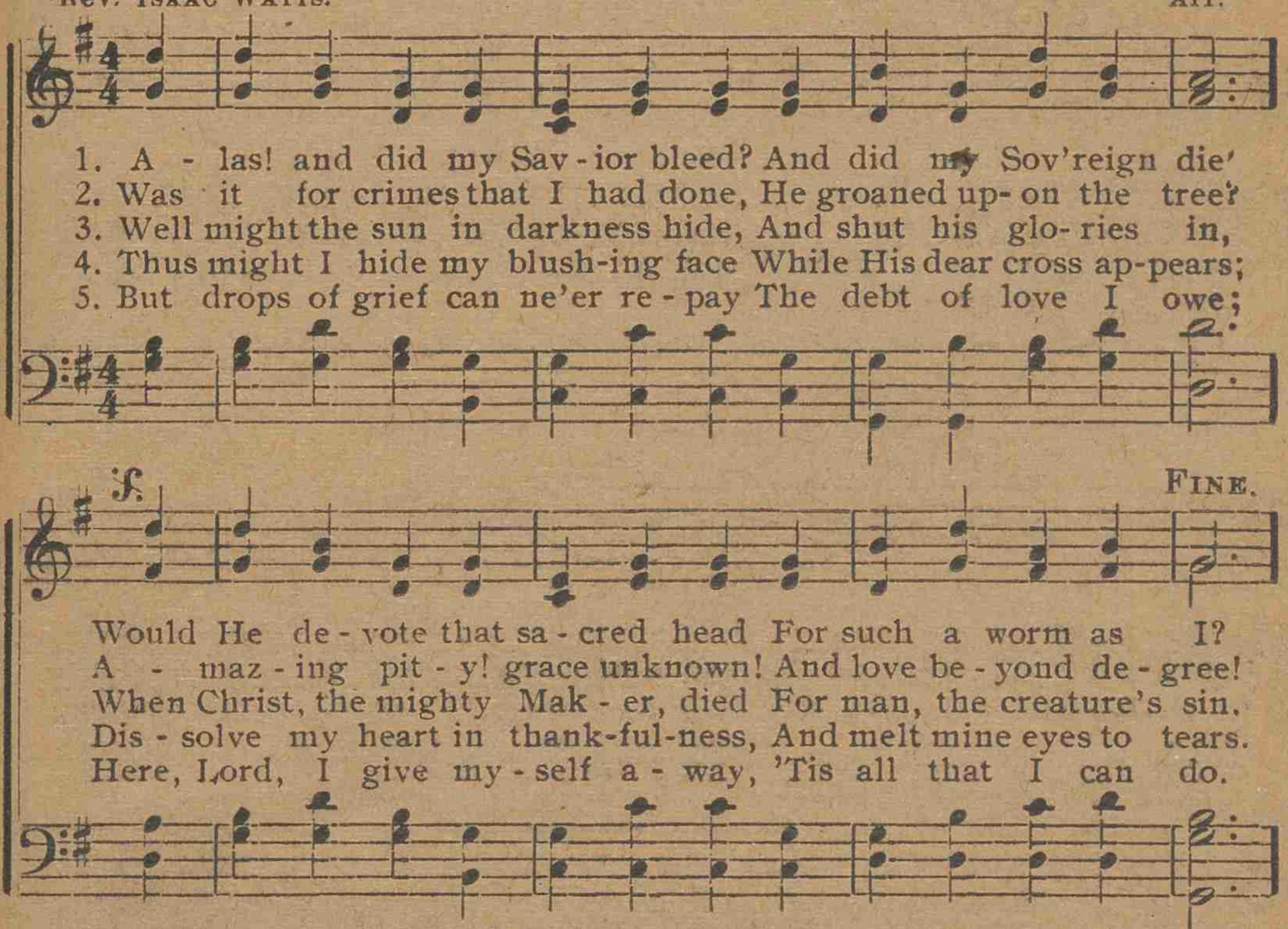
Old Things are Passed Away.

13

He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.



Refrain. D. S.

14

Keep on the Firing Line.

B. F. H.

Mrs. Bessie F. Hatcher.

1. If you're in the bat - tle for the Lord and right, Keep on the fir - ing line; If you'd sure- ly win, my brother, you must fight, And keep on the fir - ing line; If you'd wear a crown, then bear a cross you must, And keep on the fir - ing line; There are ma - ny dan-gers ev - 'ry one must face, If you die a - fight - ing that is no dis-grace, With the Lord for cow - ards you can find no place, So keep on the fir - ing line.

2. God will on - ly use the soldiers He can trust, To keep on the fir - ing line; How you'll praise the Master for the call you had, To get on the fir - ing line; Life is ours to la - bor for the Mas - ter here, Help to ban - ish e - vil and to spread good cheer, Great re - ward He gives you for the serv - ice here, So keep on the fir - ing line.

3. When you get to glo - ry, brother, you'll be glad God had the fir - ing line; How you'll praise the Master for the call you had, To get on the fir - ing line; When you see the precious souls you helped to win, Lead- ing them to Je - sus from the paths of sin, Hear the shout of wel - come when we all march in, Who served on the fir - ing line.

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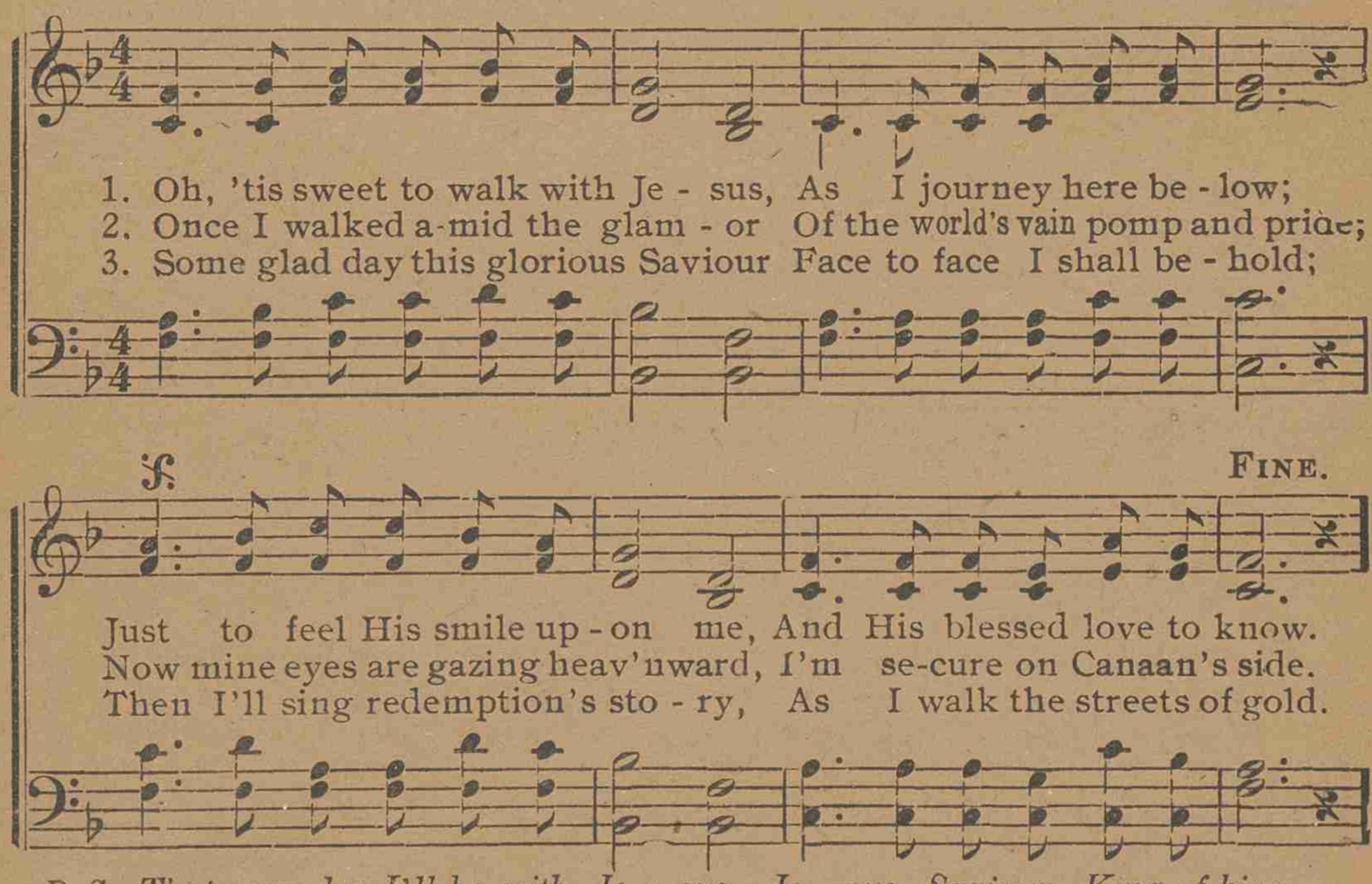
Keep on the Firing Line.

CHORUS.

15 O 'Tis Sweet to Walk With Jesus.

A. M. ANNA MORRIS



FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

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The Old-Time Religion.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin
2. I be - lieve in a heart-felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul
3. I be - lieve in a ho - ly re - lig - ion, For the saints of all a-
4. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right

here be - low, Gives me peace pass-ing all un - der-stand-ing, While the
ev - 'ry day; The as - sur - ance of sins all for-giv - en, Thro' the
ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond-age, When they
with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk-ing, In the

CHORUS.

riv - ers of pleasure doth flow.
blood they are all washed away. Oh give me the old-time re-lig - ion,
heard the sweet story of old. the old-time religion.
paths which our fathers have trod.

Oh give me the joy I can know; I be - lieve in the old-time re-
I can know; the

lig - ion, As our fa - thers re-ceived long a - go.
old - time re - lig - ion,

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17

Let Your Faith Hold Fast

Mrs. C H M

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Do the threat'ning shadows 'cross your path-way fall? Does the mid-night dark-ness oft your soul ap-pall? Soon the clouds will scatter, and the storm be past; Nev-er be dis - cour-aged, let your faith hold fast.
2. Are the bur - dens heav - y, you are called to bear? Do your foes op- press you, is there none to care? On your Bur-den-bearer, all your sor - rows cast, Lean a lit-tle hard - er, let your faith hold fast.
3. Are your pray'rs un-ans-wered thro' the wea-ry years, And by all un- heed-ed, fall your scald-ing tears? From the furnace test-ing, you will come at last, As the gold most prec-ious; let your faith hold fast.
4. On life's storm-y voy-age, pull a stead-y oar, Tho' the lightn-ing flash-es and the thun-ders roar; To the Rock of A - ges be your an - chor cast, 'Till you reach yon hav- en, let your faith hold fast.

CHORUS.

Bring to Jesus all your doubts and fears, Mak-ing rainbows of your falling tears;
Quickly bring to Jesus all your doubts and fears Mak-ing shining rain-bows of your falling tears:
Till the storm of life be over - past, Christain let your faith hold fast
hold fast.

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18 The Blood Will Never Lose its Power.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. The blood that Je - sus once shed for me, As my Re-deem-er, up-on the tree; The blood that setteth the pris'ner free, Will nev-er lose its pow'r.
2. It gives us ac-cess to God on high, From "far off places" it brings us nigh; To pre-cious blessings that nev-er die, It will nev-er lose its pow'r.
3. It is a shel-ter for rich and poor, It is to heav-en the o - pen door; The sin-ner's mer-it for - ev - er more, It will nev-er lose its pow'r.
4. And when with all of the blood-washed throng, We sing in glo-ry, re-demp-tion's song; We'll pass the glo - rious truth a - long, It nev-er lost it's pow'r.

CHORUS.

It will nev-er lose its pow'r,... It will nev-er lose its pow'r;.....
ho - ly pow'r, ho - ly pow'r;

The blood that clean-ses from all sin, Will nev-er lose its pow'r.

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Unto the Uttermost.

E. E. HEWITT. J M. HARRIS.

1. Un - to the ut - ter-most,-Oh, what a song! This is my Joy as I'm pres - sing a- long; High in the sun - shine, His ban - ner shall wave,
2. Un - to the ut - ter-most; has He not died? Pre-cious the cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; Has He not ris - en, our glor - i - fied Lord?
3. Un - to the ut - ter-most– this is His way; This is love's meas-ure, come take it to - day; On - ly be - lieve Him, and us - ing His grace,
4. Un - to the ut - ter-most. reach-ing all bounds Loud-ly the glad proc - la- ma - tion re-sounds; No night too star - less for Him to il - lume,

rit.

tempo.

CHORUS.

A - ble to keep me, and might - y to save. Un - to the ut - ter - most—
Won-drous-ly, free-ly, His Spir - it out-poured.
Find it "suf - fi-cient" in run - ning life's race.
No place so drear - y but He brings sweet bloom.

is it not won - der-ful? Je - sus is a - ble to save; Sav-iour so glo - ri - ous, grand and vic-to-ri-ous! Je - sus is a - ble to save.

to save;

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Think of Heaven!

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

Andante.

rit.

Duet, ad lib con espress.

1. Fainting pil - grim, worn and weary, Does the way seem hard and long?
2. Is thy earth - ly sta-tion low - ly? Art thou poor and lit - tle known?
3. In the midst of toil and conflict, When the days are dark with dread,
4. Dost thou drink the cup of sor-row? Dost thou bear a cross of pain?
5. Think of Heav-en! Blessed prospect! How it fills the heart with cheer!

rit.

Soon thy jour - ney will be o-ver—Then the rapture and the song!
Think of Heaven's God-built mansions And the glory of a crown!
Lift thine eyes, see home and Heaven Just a lit-tle way a - head!
There will be no tears in Heav-en None will there be sick a - gain.
In those joys will be for - got - ten All we lose and suf - fer here.

CHORUS.

rit.

Think of Heav - en and its glo - ries Which no mor - tal eye hath seen;
Think of Heaven and its wondrous glories Which no eye hath seen, no mortal eye hath seen;

Rich re-wards and sweet re - un - ions, And earth's "lit-tle while" be-tween!
Rich re-wards and sweet and blest re-un-ions,

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I Am Over.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. In E-gypt's drear - y bond-age I lived from day to day,
2. God sent a great de - liv - 'rer, His on - ly Son He gave,
3. This land of milk and hon - ey, This place of pure de - light,
4. I'm find - ing ma - ny gi - ants, Walled cit-ies ev - ry - where,

I longed for free-dom, and I tried To find the ho - ly way.
He had the grace to set me free, The pow'r to ful - ly save.
Is in the fel - low-ship di-vine, While walking in the light.
My Josh - u - a is con-quer-or, His vic - to-ries I share.

CHORUS.

I am o - ver, clean o - ver, I'm o - ver Jordan's tide;
I am over, clean over, I'm over, clean over, rolling tide;

I'm o - ver, clean o - ver, O - ver on Canaan's side,
I'm over, clean over, I'm o-ver, clean over,

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Victory!

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Vic - to - ry in the name of Je - sus, O - ver all the pow'r of sin,
2. Fighting the fight of faith each mo-ment, We shall o - ver-come the world,
3. Cleansed thro' the blood from all pol- lu - tion, Ev - 'ry whit made whole are we;
4. Clash-ing of arms is heard a - round us, Ma-ny hearts are bowed with fear;

Vic - to - ry when the fight is fierc - est, By His grace we're sure to win.
Al-ways de - liv - ered from the temp- ter, Tho' at us his darts are hurled.
Tem-ples of God, the Ho - ly Spir - it, Standing in His lib - er - ty.
Darkness of mid-night set - tles o'er us, But the morn-ing hour is near.

CHORUS.

So watch - ing, fight-ing, pray - ing Each day we pass a - long,
So watching, Each day

Children of God, un - der the blood, Vic-to- ry is our joy - ful song.

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23 Nothing But the Love of Jesus.

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

1. What can make this sin- ful world to blos-som as the rose? Nothing but the
2. What can turn the Christless millions from their sins a- way? Nothing but the
3. What will sat - is - fy the heart when earthly comforts fail? Nothing but the
4. What are an-gels sing-ing now a-round the heav'n - ly throne? Nothing but the

love of Je - sus; Where can balm be found to heal its sor-rows and its woes?
love of Je - sus; What can change their heathen darkness into bright noon-day?
love of Je - sus; What will light the way when passing thro' death's gloomy vale?
love of Je - sus; What the theme of saints redeemed when in the song we join?

Chorus.

Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus. Love that wipes the tears from sor-rows

weep - ing eyes; Love that lights the gloom and points us to the skies; All in

earth or heav'n tha[illegible]-ly sat - is- fies, Nothing but the love of Je - sus.

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Keep On Praying.

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

1. Do the clouds of doubt hang low? Keep on pray - ing; To the throne of
2. Is your heart by sin oppressed? Keep on pray - ing; Lean your head up-
3. When the load is hard to bear, Keep on pray - ing; When you can not

mer - cy go, Keep on pray - ing; When by tri - als sore be - set,
on His breast, Keep on pray - ing; 'Twas to save your soul He died,
feel Him near, Keep on pray - ing, Tho' un - seen, He's by your side,

When your face with tears is wet, God His child will not forget, Keep on
With a spear wound in His side; You will nev - er be de-nied, Keep on
And your wan-d'ring steps will guide; Un - to Him your all confide, Keep on

Chorus.

pray - ing. God will an - swer, nev - er fear; He the cry of

faith will hear; You are to His heart most dear, Keep on pray - ing.

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Honey From the Rock.

"With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Psalm 81:16.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Far sweet-er than the hon - ey-comb God's word is to His flock;
2. When read-ing thro' God's pre-cious Word, I with my Sav - ior talk,
3. As day by day I read His Word, And with my Sav - ior walk,
4. God's word is like the treas-ure hid, Or fin - est wheat in shock,

His pre-cious Word makes fat the soul, 'Tis hon - ey from the rock.
He feeds me with the bread of life, And hon - ey from the rock.
He spreads for me a feast of things With hon - ey from the rock.
'Tis man - na from the skies a - bove, And hon - ey from the rock.

CHORUS.

It is hon-ey from the rock, It is hon-ey from the rock, My Sav-ior

now is feeding me with honey from the rock; me with honey from the rock.

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What Will You Do?

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

1. We are hast - en - ing on to the great judg-ment day, When the
2. Men are fall - ing a - round us like leaves from the trees, And the
3. But there's One who has con-quered death, sin and the grave, It is

rocks and the mount-ains shall all pass a-way, When the books shall be
death-knell is borne up - on ev - er - y breeze; Soon the mes - sen-ger
Christ the Re- deem-er, the Might - y to save; With His blood on our

o - pened to judge me and you, Then soul with-out Je - sus, what
grim will be call - ing for you, Then soul with-out Je - sus, what
souls we can safe - ly pass thro' Life, death and the judg-ment; what

Chorus.

will you do? O what..... will you do..... O
will you do?
will you do? What will you do? what will you do?

what..... will you do? ..... With death and e - ter - ni - ty
what will you do? what will you do?

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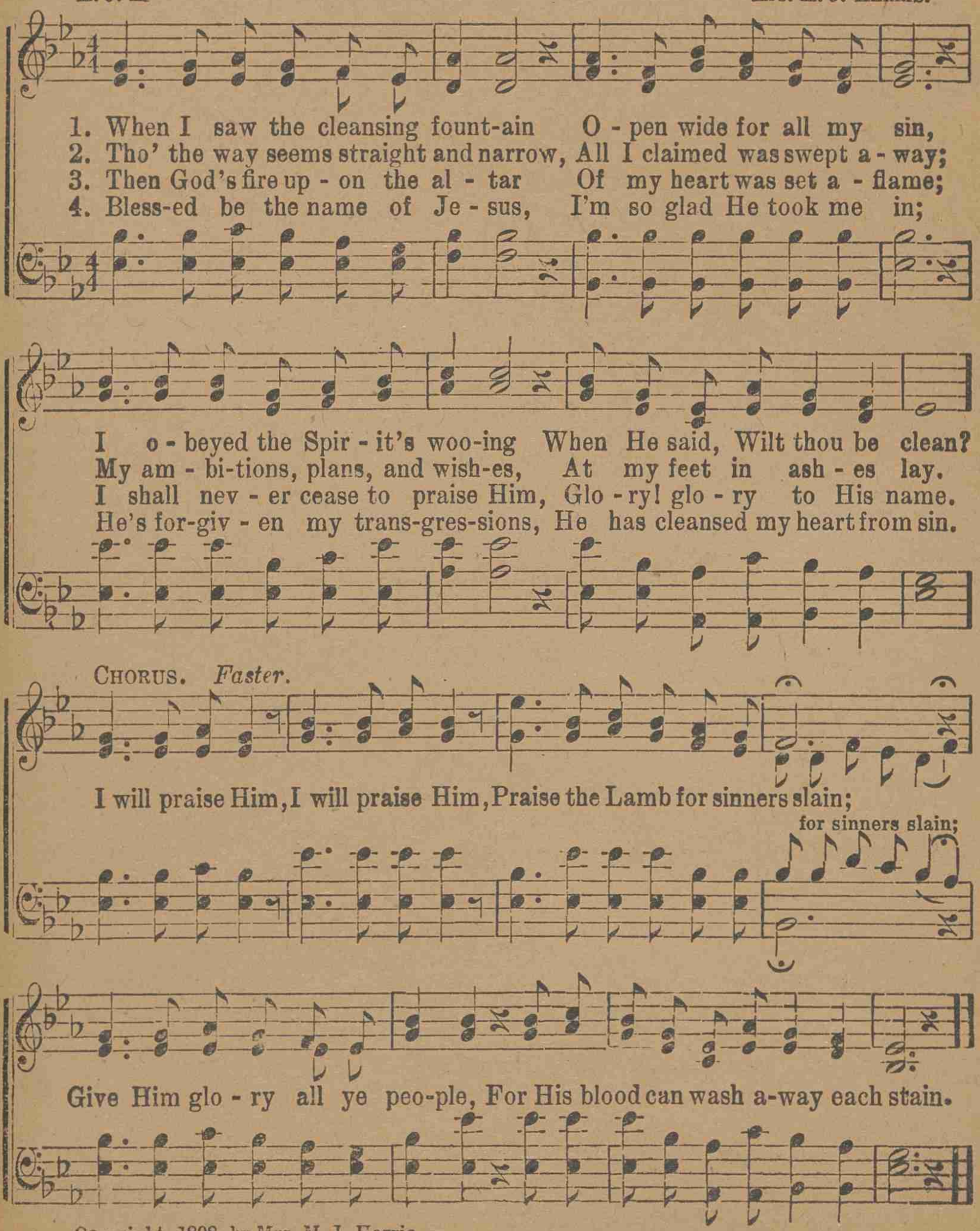
What Will You Do?—Concluded.

27

I Will Praise Him.

Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



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Overcomers.

Mrs. C. H. M. Rev, 12: 11, Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Oh the tri-umph day is com-ing by and by, (by and by,) When the
2. O - ver-com-ers thro' the Sav-ior's precious blood, (precious blood,) "God him-
3. Out of "tribulations great" they're gath'ring there, (gath'ring there,) Bat-tle
4. "Glo-ry, blessing and thanksgiving, praise and pow'r (praise and pow'r) Be un-
5. Will we be a-mong the num-ber, you and I, (you and I,) Who shall

ran-somed ones shall gath-er in the sky; (in the sky;) When the trump of
self shall dwell with them and be their God," (be their God,) Ev-'ry tear be
scarred but glory-crowned, with gar-ments fair, (garments fair,) Just one moment
to His ho-ly name for-ev-er-more." (ev-er-more.") This the ev-er-
gath-er in the bless-ed by and by? (by and by?) Lay our trophies

God shall sound, And from earth's remotest bound All the o-ver-com-ers
wiped a-way In that land of end-less day, When the o-ver-com-ers
will re-pay For the toil-ing of the way, When the o-ver-com-ers
last-ing song Of the ransomed, blood-washed throng When the o-ver-com-ers
at his feet, In His like-ness stand complete, When the o-ver-com-ers

Chorus.

shall come march-ing home. When the o - - ver-com-ers
march-ing home. When the o - ver - com-ers

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Overcomers.

shall come march - ing home, March-ing home, march-ing

2. All come march-ing marching home. Marching, marching home.

home, Wav-ing palms..... of vic - to-

2. March-ing, march-ing home, Palms of vic - to - ry,

ry,..... ..... When the o - ver-com-ers shall come marching home.

2. palms of vic - to - ry.

29 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

C. D. T. OLD MELODY.

CHO.—*Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry*

1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the

fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.

al - tar, I am all on th.. al - tar Which was made for me.

2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him, :‖
And that's even me.

3 ‖: I will never more doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

5 ‖: I will shout hallelujah! :‖
For He sets me free.

Zion's Watchman.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, From the heights what see - est thou?
2. Hear the warn-ing of the an-gels, As in clouds Christ went a - way;
3. If the cry, "Be-hold, He com-eth," On our ears to - day should fall,
4. Tho' the day and hour we know not, We be - lieve the time is soon;

Note the ra-diant gleam of morn- ing, Up - on yon- der mountain's brow;
"In like man-ner, as ye've seen Him Go, He will re - turn some day."
Would it bring you con - ster - na-tion? Would the sound your soul ap - pall?
It, perchance, may be at mid-night, Or at morn- ing, or at noon;

Read the times with keen dis - cern-ing, Proph-e - cies ful-filled de - clare,
Heed the scripture's ad - mo - ni- tion, "Wait and watch" with anxious eye,
Are you like wise vir - gins, watching, With your lamps all trimmed and bright,
Sud - den - ly, and with - out warning, Sweeping down from heav'n's high dome,

That the time of Christ's re - turn-ing, Rap - id - ly is draw - ing near.
Lest, He com- ing, find you sleeping, And in sor - row pass you by.
Hav - ing on the wed - ding garment, Should the bridegroom come to-night?
And our hearts cry "Hal - le - lu-jah," "E - ven so, Lord, quick- ly come."

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! An- gels chant the glad re - frain;

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Zion's Watchman.

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Chrlst re-turns to earth a-gain.
Sing hal-le-lu-jah! Sing hal-le-lu-jah!

31 Tell Everything to Jesus.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.

1. If now in sor-row weep-ing, Your eyes with tears are dim;
2. He'll com-fort you in sor-row, He'll dry your fall-ing tears,
3. And if you're heav-y la-den Up-on time's wea-ry road,
4. And when your feet are stand-ing Up-on old Jor-dan's shore,

Go bear your grief to Je-sus And tell it all to Him.
If you will go to Je-sus And tell your griefs and fears.
Go tell the lov-ing Sav-iour, He'll help you bear the load.
Tell Je-sus that you need Him, He'll bear you safe-ly o'er.

CHORUS.

Go tell it all to Je-sus, Tell ev-'ry-thing to Him;
You'll find that it will help you To tell it all to Him.

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32 When the Tithes are Gathered In.

Mrs. C. H. M. Malachi 3: 8-10. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There'll be show'rs of bless-ing from our Fa-ther's hand, On His word of
2. There'll be shouts of tri-umph from the conq'ring host, There'll be per-fect
3. Then will come the dawn-ing of the reign of peace, When the wars and
4. We will rob no long-er, then, our Lord and King, What to Him be-

promise we may firmly stand; There'll be rains re-fresh-ing on the thirst-y land
freedom in the Ho-ly Ghost; Ev-'ry one em-pow-ered as at Pen-te-cost,
conflicts shall for-ev-er cease, And for struggling saints shall come a sweet release,
longeth we will glad-ly bring, And we'll shout ho-san-na, while the glad harps sing

Chorus.

When the tithes are gathered in. Tithes of love and will-ing
When the tithes are gath-ered in,
serv-ice, Tithes of sil-ver and of gold; When the tithes are gathered
When the tithes
in, When the tithes are gathered in, There'll be blessings
gathered in, When the tithes gathered in,

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When the Tithes are Gathered In. Concluded.

more than we can con-tain, When the tithes are gathered in.
When the tithes are gathered in.

33 Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat-is-fy,
4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,

That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
Long'd my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On-ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
Un-told wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has crav'd!

Je-sus sat-is-fies my longings; Thro' His blood I now am sav'd.

FROM "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONGS," by per.

34 Fighting and Shining.

Affectionately dedicated to Charles and Elizabeth Rodway missionaries at the Mt Frere Bible School South Africa.

J. F. K. J. F. KNAPP.

1. We are in the world-wide ar - my of the might- y God, We've en - list ed for the con - flict un - til Christ shall come, We are stationed out in Af - ri- ca, the great dark land, We will fight and shine for Je - sus till we reach our home.
2. Ma - ny said we'd be dis-couraged on the for- eign field, And of Af - ri ca they said it was the hard - est place, But we've found the Sav-iour pre-ciou in the dark - est hour, And we've seen Him light with glory e'en the dark- est face.
3. Yes, we've had what some call hardships, but then this is war, Af - ri - ca need ho - ly fight-ers who will give up all, Ease and lux - u - ry for-got - ten but to fight and shine, Whom the dev - il can-not frighten, nor can pain ap - pall
4. We are here to take en - listments for the time of war, If to Af - ri ca God or - ders do not dis - o - bey, Heav-en is as close and clos- er out in Af - ri - ca, O, how near we get to Je - sus as we trust and pray
5. Fel - low sold-iers, we may nev - er on this earth a - gain, See your sweet and kind- ly fac - es, clasp your hands of love, But the Grand Re-view is com-ing on the oth - er shore, If we fight and shine for Je - sus we shall meet a - bove

rit.

CHORUS.

We are sol - diers in the van-guard, We will pray and fight and shine, At the front and in the bat - tle We are on the fir - ing line.

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35

My All In Jesus.

L. R. T. L. R. TAGG.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto, or Tenor.*

1. I have a friend, His name is Je - sus, He sought me when I went a - stray,
2. Now ev - 'ry day I live for Je - sus, He keeps me by His pow'r di- vine,
3. When I am sad I go to Je - sus, He knows the tri- als I must meet,

He paid the ransom, O how free - ly And saved me in His own sweet way.
In all my conflicts He is with me, And best of all, I know He's mine.
When all my la - bor here is end - ed, I'll lay my trophies at His feet.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

I love Him for He is my Sav - iour, He hung up- on the cross for me,(for me,)

There's all I need a-lone in Je - sus, With Him I'll reign e - ter - nal - ly.

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"Back to the Bible."

Dedicated to God's Bible School and Missionary Training Home, Cincinnati, Ohio

C. B. W. REV. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. "Back to the Bi - ble," 'tis the mot - to we'll o - bey, "Back to the
2. "Back to the Bi - ble," let us weep and watch and pray, "Back to the
3. "Back to the Bi - ble," let us preach with one ac - cord, Back to the
4. "Back to the Bi - ble," lift the Word a lit - tle higher, "Back to the

Bi-ble," hear the call of God to - day: Go preach the Gos - pel to a
Bi-ble," till we find the "nar - row way;" Walk in the foot-steps of the
teachings of our bless-ed ris - en Lord; Back to the days when men had
Bi-ble," to the God who sends the fire; Con - quer thro' Je - sus' blood, then

lost and ruined race, Tell them of Je - sus, who will save them by His grace.
meek and lowly One, Till we shall reach our home, where there's no setting sun.
Pen - te-cos-tal pow'r, Trust-ing the prom - is - es, we'll tri-umph ev-'ry hour.
trust His sov'reign grace, Watching till He re-turns and shows His smiling face.

CHORUS.

"Back to the Bi - ble," o - bey it one and all, Preach "full sal-

va - tion," that saves from sin's dark pall; "Back to the Bi - ble," we'll

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"Back to the Bible."

rit.

sing this sweet re-frain, Je - sus is com-ing, He's com - ing back a - gain.

37 How I Love Thee.

L. R. T. L. R. Tagg.

Solo and Quartet.

1. When I hum - bly came to Je - sus, Free - ly He for - gave my sin,
2. Ma - ny things my Lord has taught me, He a - lone can know my heart;
3. Tho' sometimes the way is storm - y, By His grace I shall pre- vail,

Then I sought the bless- ed cleans- ing; Now the Spir - it dwells with-in.
Though all earth-ly friends for-sake me, Ne'er from Him shall I de - part.
So I cling a - lone to Je - sus, For in Him I can not fail.

Refrain.

How I love Thee, bless- ed Sav - iour, Thou hast turned my night to day,
In Thy bless-ings so a- bun - dant, I shall walk the nar-row way.

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The King is Coming.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Moderato.

1. Like oil up - on the troub-led wa-ters cast, Like sun - shine aft - er
2. What tho' the watch-ing days be long and drear? What tho' the test - ing
3. God's word of prom - ise still re - main-eth sure And those who to the

rain when storm is past, So to the heart op-pressed by sin and pain,
oft - en times se - vere? Sweet rec - om-pense for ev -'ry pain 'twill be
end of life en - dure, Who o - ver sin shall gain the vic - to - ry,

Chorus. *Duet.*

The Sav-iour's prom-ise "I will come a - gain."
When in the clouds our com-ing King we see. The King is com - ing, oh,
Shall live and reign with Him e - ter - nal - ly.

hal - le - lu - jah! The King is com - ing back a - gain to claim His own,

His char-iot wheels are rumb-ling and Sa - tan's king-dom crumb-ling,

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The King is Coming.

Coda. *ad lib.*

The King is coming back a-gain to claim His own. To claim His own.

39 Always Just the Same.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Unison.

1. At the cross I found a Friend, Je - sus is His name;
2. He is still my Friend, praise God! Je - sus is His name;
3. Earth-ly friends must pass a - way, Je - sus is His name;
4. Make Him yours, O sin - ful one, Je - sus is His name;

His is love that can - not end,— Al - ways just the same.
Glo - ri - fied and ris - en Lord,— Al - ways just the same.
He re - mains for aye and aye— Al - ways just the same.
Trust in God's be - lov - ed Son Al - ways just the same.

CHORUS.

Al-ways just the same, Glo - ry to His name!
the same, pre - cious name!

Yes - ter - day and ev - er - more, Al - ways just the same.

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40 The Coming King.

A. B. H. A. B. HAINES.

1. Our King is soon to reign, On this hap - py earth a - gain, He is
2. He has bid us watch and pray, And be wait- ing for that day, For we
3. Your garments must be clean From the stain of ev - 'ry sin, In the
4. Lo! He comes with trumpet sound, Blood-washed saints are gathered round, All re-

com- ing, He is com-ing with a host of an - gels fair; Are you look-ing
know not, for we know not when the morning fair will break; He is com-ing
foun-tain, in the fountain filled with blood for you and me; Ho - li - ness your
joic - ing, all re - joic-ing, in the Lamb for sin-ners slain; Swell the an-them

for that day, Are you walk-ing in the way? Are you read-y, are you read-y
in the air, And will catch His Bride up there, Are you read-y, are you read-y
watch-word be, Heart from in-bred sin set free, To be read-y, to be read-y
of His praise, Tell the won-ders of His grace, Oh! be read-y, oh, be read-y

D. S.—*read-y, are you read-y*

FINE. CHORUS.

For the com - ing of the King. Are you read-y for the com-ing of the

For the com-ing of the King?

King? Will your hap-py soul rejoice with praise and sing?
of the King? with praise and sing?

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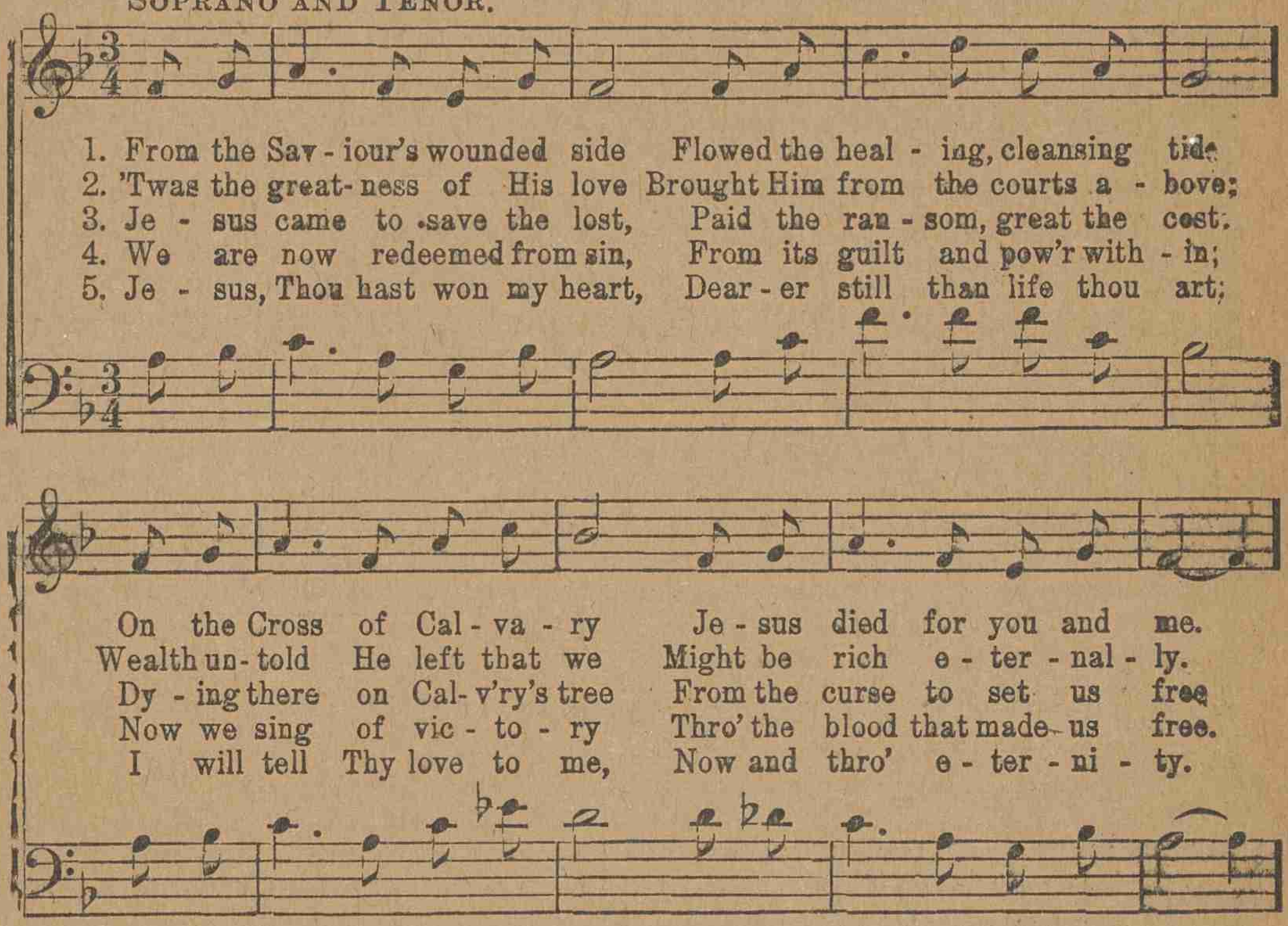
The Coming King.

D. S.

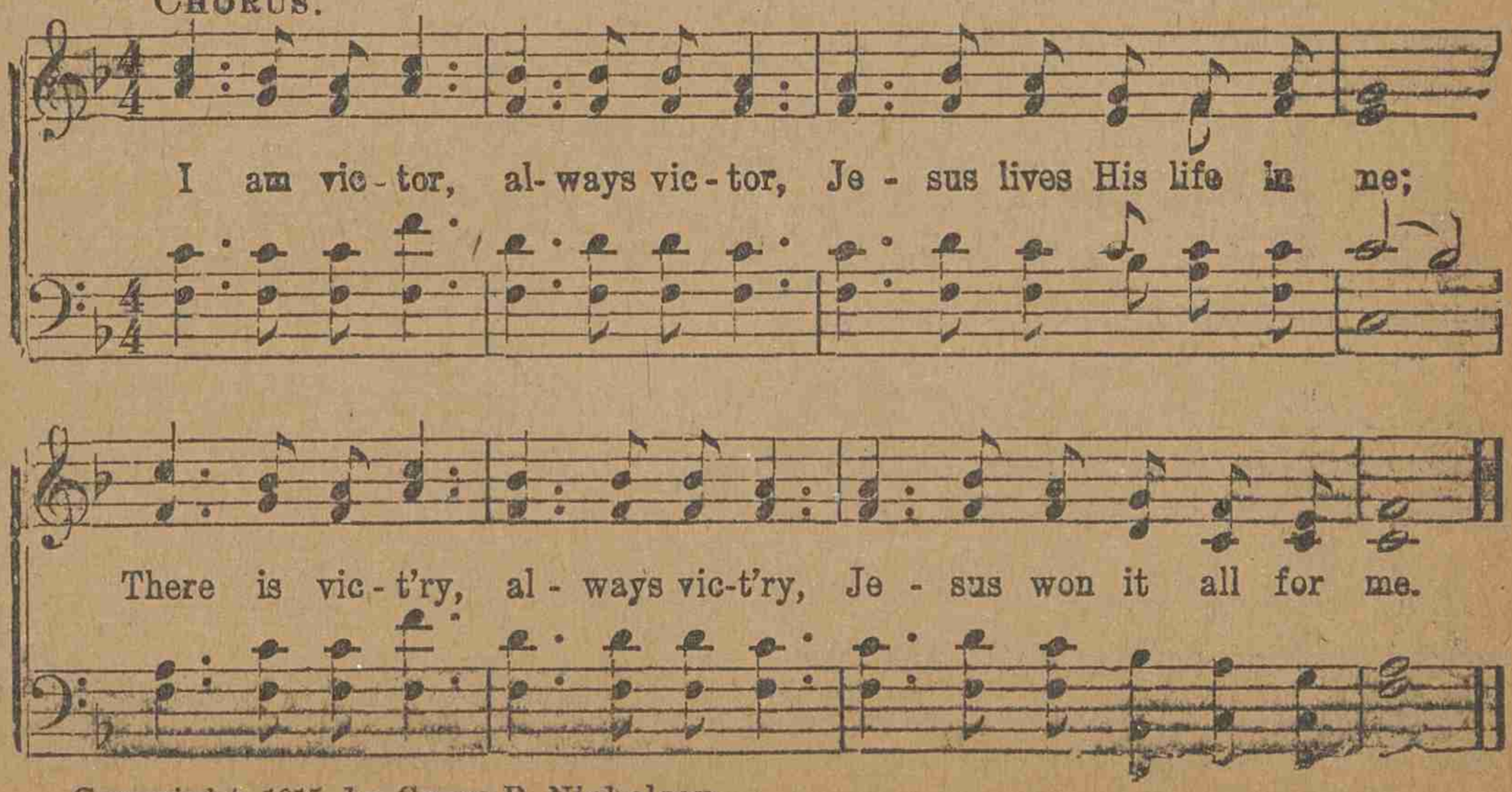
41 Always Victor.

G. P. N. Alt. by B. S. GRACE P. NICHELSON.

SOPRANO AND TENOR.



CHORUS.



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The Work Must Go On.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. A glad mes-sage rings thro' the world to-day, It ech-oes thro' the coun-tries a-far, That the ris-ing Sun, with ce-les-tial ray, Scatters
2. There are ma-ny souls that were dark as night, All shadowed by the black-ness of sin, That are glow-ing now with im-mor-tal light, Since the
3. There are hungry hearts that were starved for bread, But Je-sus has sup-plied ev-'ry need, For on Him the bread of life they have fed Till their
4. And the deaf shall hear, and the blind eyes see; The word of God shall quick-en and glow; Christ the King of earth and heav'n still shall be Till His

*CHORUS. Sop. and Tenor.

Bass and Alto.

healing, wher-e're men are. The good work must go on and on,
glo-ry of God shone in.
spir-its are glad in-deed.
glo-ry each heart shall know.

Till the world for our Lord is won; Great-er triumphs must be gained,

rit.

Greater heights in love attained, Till the glorious day of God shall dawn.

*Melody in lower voice.

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I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my
2. I fol-lowed close be-side Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or
3. I start-ed for the high-lands where the fruits a-bound, I pitched my tent near
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new

Sav - ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vict'ry through the
trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful - ly trust-ed and He
He-bron, there grapes of eshcol found, With milk and hon - ey flowing, and new
blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev - er marching on-ward to that

great red sea, I sang a song of triumph, and shout-ed I am free.
led me in, I shout-ed hal - le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
wine so free, I have no love for E - gypt, it has no charms for me.
land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's build-ed in the sky.

CHORUS.

You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my

tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land.

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44 Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's fair - er than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my
2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's fair - er than the lil - y, bright-er than the morn- ing star; He fills and
3. My heart is sometimes heav - y, but He comes with sweet re - lief; He folds me to His bos-om when I drop with blighting grief; I love the

fan - cy pic- tures in its fair-est dreams and more; Each day He grows still
sat - is - fies my long- ing spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still
Christ who all my bur-dens in His bod - y bore, Each day He grows still

CHORUS.

sweet - er than He was the day be-fore. The half..... can - not be fan - cied this side..... the golden shore; O
sweet - er than He was the day be-fore. The half cannot be fan- cied on this side the golden shore, The half cannot be fan-cied on this side the golden shore; O

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Still Sweeter Every Day.

there . . . . . He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.
there He'll be far sweeter than He ever was before, than He ev - er was be - fore.

45 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. ROBERT MCNEILL.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Let the heal-ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storms of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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The Everlasting Arms.

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

1. I have found sweet rest for my wea-ry soul, Found a har-bor safe tho' the bil-lows roll; Found a Might-y One who can storms con-trol,
2. When my way grows dark and no light I see, When my friends for-sake and life's com-forts flee; Then I know His grace will suf-fi-cient be,
3. When my faith is weak He is near my side, When my heart grows faint He will strength provide; When the dan-gers press then will seas di-vide,
4. There is naught too hard for my Lord to do, I can safe-ly trust all life's jour-ney thro'; He will bear me up and my bur-dens too,

Chorus.

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Oh, the ev-er-last-ing arms how they hold me, Ev-er hold me and en-fold me; I am safe in life or death for a-round and un-der-neath Are the mighty, ev-er-last-ing arms.

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47

Family Prayer.

ABBIE MILLS. J. M. Harris.

1. Chos - en spot, where families bending, Low be - fore "Our Father's" throne,
2. Are temp - ta - tion's ar-rows glancing? Are there sor - rows, doubts and fears,
3. Are there joys like sunlight beaming, Turn-ing prayer to praise and song?

Wait for bless - ings He is send - ing Thro' the mer - its of His Son;
Like fell co - horts swift ad-vanc-ing, Shut - ting out the hopes of years?
Is the bliss of heav-en stream-ing On thy path-way all day long?

Peace, sweet peace, de-scend-ing, hov'r-ing, Calms the tu - mult wrought by care,
Still by o - pen Bi - ble kneel - ing, Oh, re - peat each promise there,
'Tis His depth of love un - fold - ing, Bound-less grace be-yond com-pare,

Faith, oft, rifts in clouds, dis-cov'r-ing, To those bowed in family prayer.
Je - sus comes, Him-self re - veal - ing, At the hour of family prayer.
Praise Him fa - thers, moth-ers, chil-dren, At the hour of family prayer!

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No. 48. I'm Pressing On.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. HAMP SEWELL.

1. Re-joic-ing on my way to the home a-bove, I'm press-ing,.....
2. Re-ject-ing ev-'rything that would bid me stay, I'm press-ing,.....
3. Up tow'rd that blessed land where the angels sing, I'm press-ing,.....
4. Up where my Sav-iour's face I shall then be-hold, I'm press-ing,.....
5. The King re-quireth haste, so a-long life's way, I'm press-ing,.....

I am press-ing on,

I'm press-ing..... An-tic-i-pa-ting joys in that land of love,
I'm press-ing..... De-pend-ing on God's help ev-'ry hour and day,
I'm press-ing..... As hap-py ev-'ry day as a bird on wing,
I'm press-ing..... While faith e'er points the way to those streets of gold,
I'm pressing..... As-sured of find-ing rest at the close of day,

I am pressing on;

CHORUS.

I'm press-ing tow'rd the Glo-ry Land. I'm press-ing,..... I'm

I am pressing on,

pressing..... Tow'rd the cit-y grand, led by Jesus' hand, I'm pressing,.....

I am pressing on, I am pressing on,

I am press-ing,..... I am press-ing tow'rd the Glo-ry Land.

I am pressing on,

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49 For the Whole, Wide World.

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

1. "Of one blood God hath made all the na-tions of the earth," O - ver all His ban - ner wide un-furled; And He bids us to go and His sav - ing grace pro-claim To the whole wide world,
2. To the lanes and the high-ways and by-ways we must go, Till the pow'rs of sin are back-ward hurled; And the streams of His grace shall for cleansing flow To the whole wide world.
3. We must car - ry the gos - pel to earth's re - mot-est bound, Men are dy - ing for the pre - cious word; Un - til ev - 'ry na - tion has heard the joy - ful sound In the whole wide world.

Un - to the whole wide world.

CHORUS.

For the whole, wide world, For the whole, wide world;

Yes, for the whole, wide world, Yes, for the whole, wide world;

Je-sus' dy-ing bought a full sal-va-tion For the whole, wide world.

yes, for the whole, wide world.

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50 If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know, if
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur- dens be - yond the bil- lows foam; I'll prove my faith in him, con-
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead- ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess his judgments fair, And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con-tent an - y - where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i-lege here His
His cross, His

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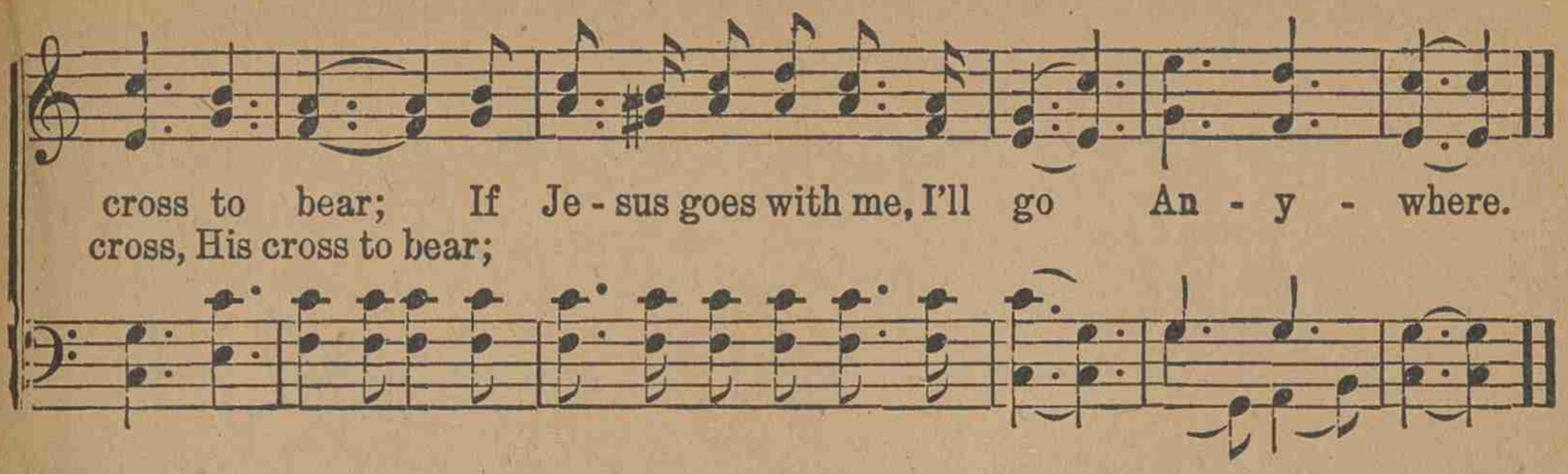
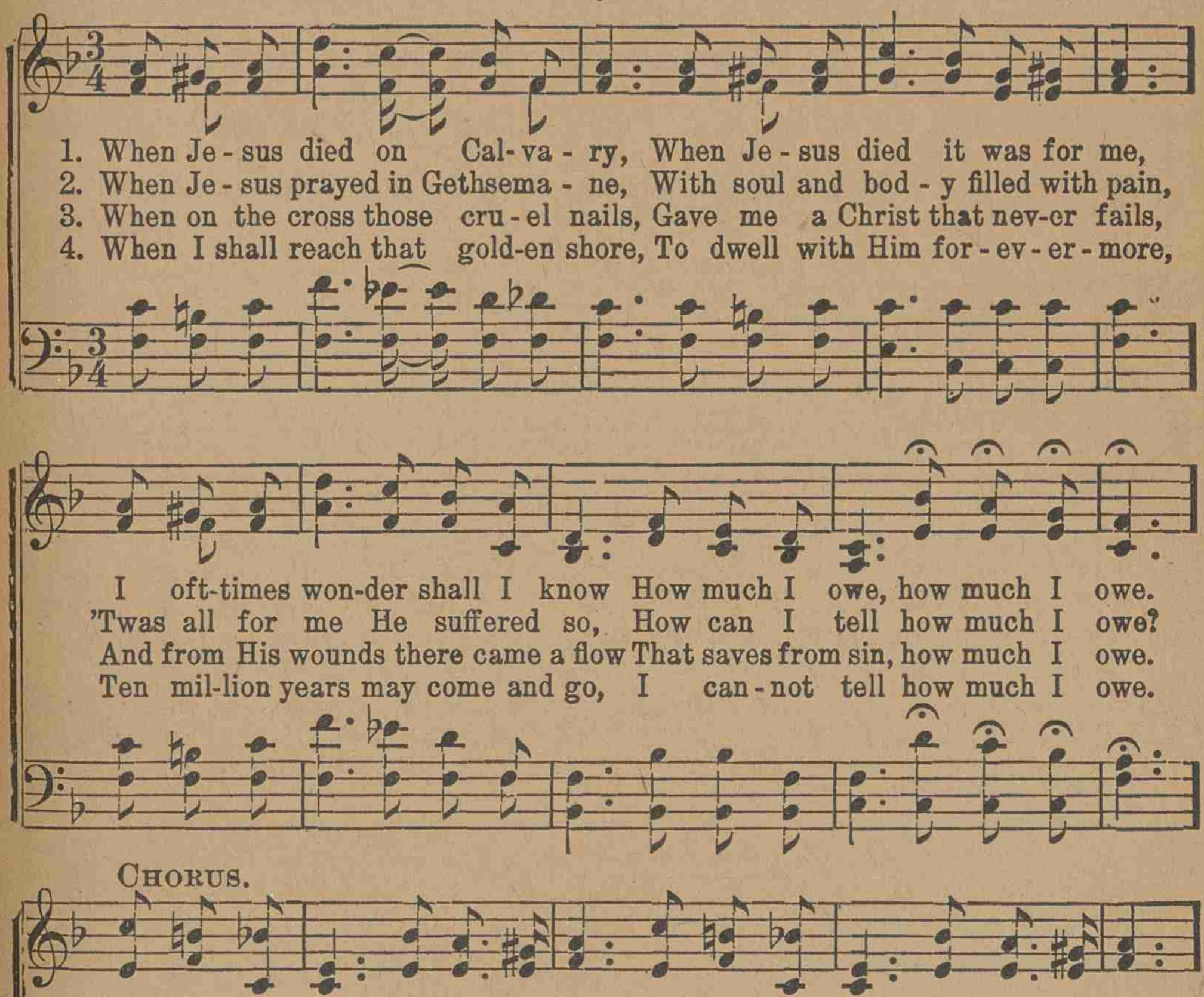
If Jesus Goes With Me.



51 How Much I Owe.

C. S. and T. P. H. Duet or Quartet. C. S. and T. P. Hamilton.



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52 I Want Everybody to Know Him.

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

Solo or Unison. *Moderato.*

1. I've found a great Sav - ior who came long a - go To lift from this
2. I've found a great Shep-herd who lov - eth His sheep, And sought them o'er
3. I've found a great Ref - uge from life's win-try blast In storm and in
4. I've found a great Pi - lot who hold-eth the helm Of our lit - tle

lost world its bur - den of woe; He came to save sin - ners like
val - leys and mount-ain-ways steep; He laid down His life for the
tem-pest He hold-eth me fast; A Rock in the des - ert for-
barks so no storms can o'er-whelm; And nev - er a ship has gone

you and like me, He's wait - ing this mo-ment your Sav - ior to be.
lost such as we, He's wait - ing, be - lov - ed, your Shep-herd to be.
ev - er is He, He's wait - ing your Ref - uge and Shel - ter to be.
down in life's sea; He's wait - ing, my broth-er, your Pi - lot to be.

Chorus.

I want all the world to know Je - - sus, Whose
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Whose

mer-cy is boundless and free;..... I want ev - 'ry-bod - y to
mer - - - cy is bound-less and free;

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I Want Everybody to Know Him.

know Him and love Him, This Sav - ior so pre-cious to me.....

This Sav - - ior so pre-cious to me.

53 The Gentle Call.

Rev. C. E. MANCHESTER, D. D. T. P. HAMILTON.

1. My gracious Lord, I hear Thy voice, It gen-tly bids me fol-low Thee;
2. My lov-ing Lord, oh, melt my will, Sub-due, I pray, my stubborn heart,
3. I would o - bey Thee, Savior, Lord, And plant my feet in wisdom's ways,

Why should I own one earth-ward choice, Since there-in can no sol - ace be?
Then help me yield to Thee, un - til I have the peace Thou dost impart.
Would live with Thee in sweet ac-cord, And be Thy child thro' all my days.

CHORUS.

Henceforth my one de-light shall be To ev - er heed Thy lov-ing call;
In life or death to fol-low Thee, My lov - ing Lord, my All in All.

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He's Everything to Me.

HAMP SEWELL.

1. In sin I once had wan-dered all wea - ry, sad and lone, Till Je - sus
2. In sin no more I'll wan - der, He's Pi - lot, Friend and Guide, He brings me
3. No lon - ger will I stray from His ten - der, lov - ing care, Like Him to

thro' His mer - cy a - dopt - ed me His own; E'er since I learned to
joy and sing - ing, His Spir - it doth a - bide; A bless - ed, lov - ing
be my pur - pose, my aim, my con - stant pray'r; And when He bids me

trust Him, His grace doth make me free, And now I feel His par - don
Sav - iour, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; He pur-chased my re - demp - tion
wel - come thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise His name for-ev - er,

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing to me..... From sin He
He's all to me,
sets me free..... His peace and love my por - tion thro' all e - ter - ni -
He sets me free; e -

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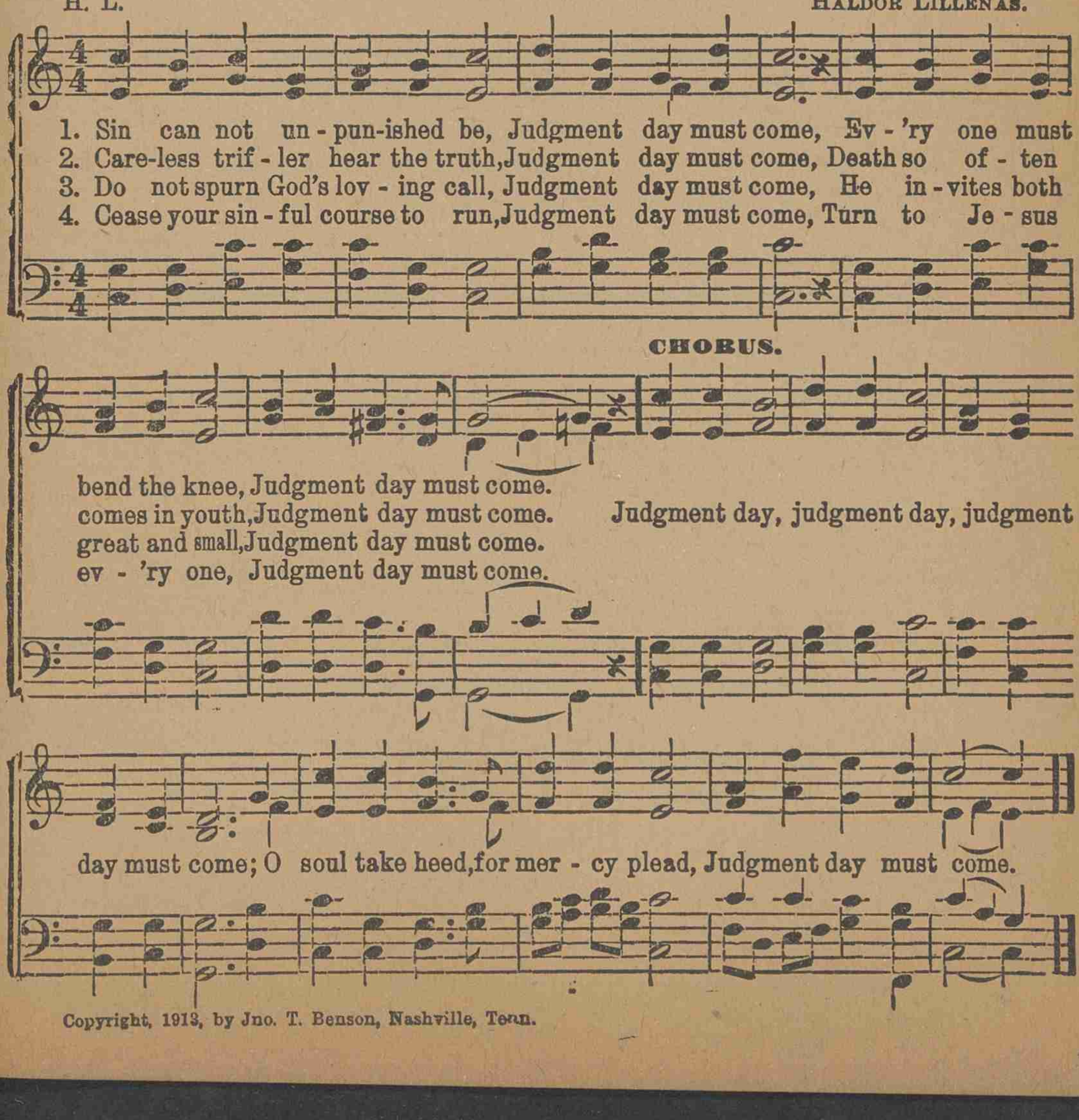
He's Everything To Me. Concluded.

No. 55. Judgment Day Must Come.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.



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No. 56 BEULAH LAND.

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

1. Oh, ye dwell-ers in the low-lands drear-y, Why, why will ye in the
2. 'T is a glo-rious land, a rich pos-ses-sion, Fer-tile fields and loft-y
3. Spies may tell you of the gi-ants wait-ing, Jer-i-cho's with mighty
4. Has-ten, saith the Lord, ye are well a-ble; Go ye up, the good-ly

val-leys stay? Leave the wil-der-ness with march es wear-y, Claim your
mountain heights; To a-bide in this blest hab-i-ta-tion God your
tow'r-ing walls; Fear ye not, be-fore Je-ho-vah's pow er Gi-ants
land pos-sess; Scale its moun-tain heights, explore its val-leys, Feast with-

Chorus.

her-it-age in Christ to-day.
weary, long-ing soul invites.
flee and crumbling cities fall.
in its land of plenteousness.

O-ver in Beu-lah, o-ver in Beu-lah,
Beu-lah land, Beu-lah land,

Land with milk and hon-ey flow-ing, Grapes in lus-cious clus-ters growing;

O-ver in Beu-lah, o-ver in Beu-lah, Come o-ver in-to Beu-lah land.
Beu-lah land, Beu-lah land,

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57

Why Not You?

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLAY.

1. Oth-ers are hap-py in Je-sus to-night, Trusting His word ev - er true;
2. Oth-ers are learning the secrets of pray'r, Dai-ly their strength they re-new;
3. Oth-ers are led by His wis-dom and love, While earthly paths they pur-sue;
4. Oth-ers are seeking the Land of Delight, Mansions be-yond the bright blue;

Leav-ing the darkness, they walk in the light, Others are saved; why not you?
Rest - ing by faith on the Lord's loving care, Others are kept; why not you?
Lay - ing up mar-vel-ous treas-ure a-bove, Others are blest, why not you?
Crowns of re-joic-ing and robes snowy-white, Others will wear; why not you?

CHORUS.

Oth-ers are hap - py in Je - sus to-night, Why not you? why not you?

Oth-ers are saved by His won - der - ful might, Why not you?

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No. 58. My Soul Is On the Wing.

C. S. and T. P. H. T. P. HAMILTON.

1. My soul is on the wing, My heart is all a-glow, Be-cause I've been with Je - sus, And now I'm white as snow; The gold - en chimes a - bove With
2. My soul is on the wing, I'm filled with love di-vine, This won-der - ful sal- va - tion, O glo - ry, it is mine! The fruits of heav - en fall, And
3. My soul is on the wing, For heaven's gold-en shore, And soon I'll be with Je - sus, To dwell for ev - er- more; There naught can stop my flight, For
4. My soul is on the wing, Perhaps it wont be long Un - til I see my Sav-iour, And sing with heaven's throng; When Je - sus bids me come, And

sweet-est mu - sic ring, And an-gels now the glad ho - san - nas sing.
fill my hun - gry soul, And sanc- ti - fy - ing bil-lows o'er me roll.
Je - sus points the way To glo - ry-land, where all is end - less day.
o - pens wide the door, I'll shout His praise in glo - ry ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! for my soul is on the wing, Hal - le- lu - jah! how I love to shout and sing, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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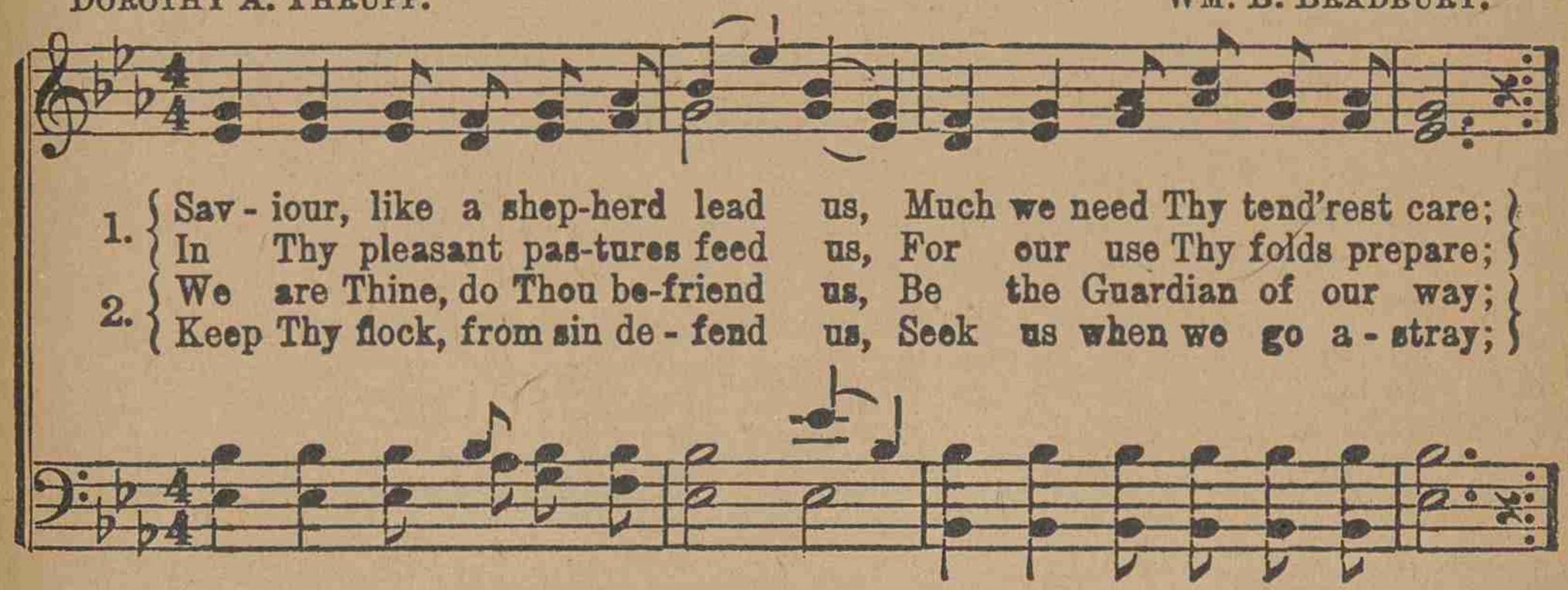
My Soul Is On the Wing. Concluded.

No. 59 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
‖:Blessed Je-sus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.:‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
‖:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.:‖

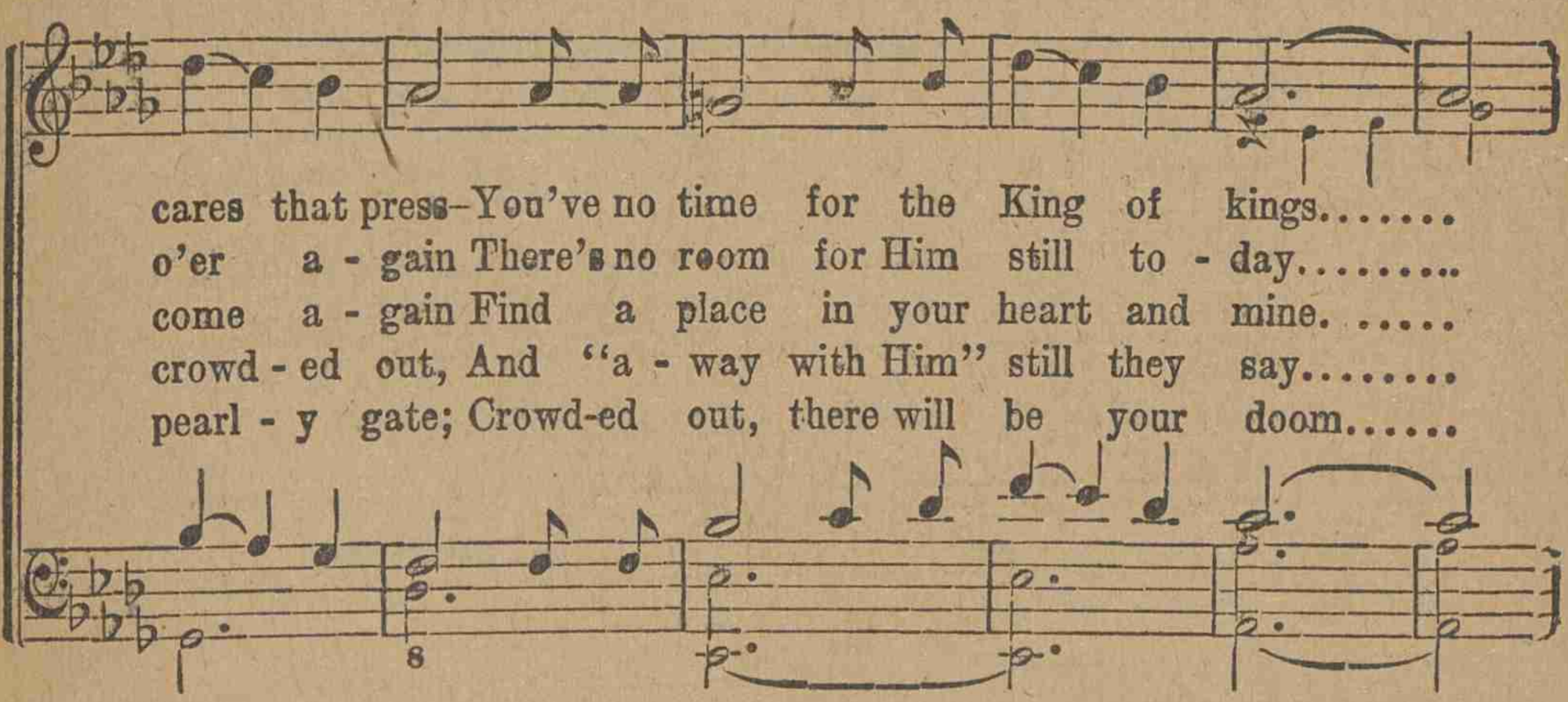
Crowded Out.

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

Duet. *With expression.*

1. Is Christ crowded out of your bus - y life With the toil-ing that
2. "No room in the inn" for the Christ-child blest "In a man-ger so
3. "The fox - es have holes and the birds have nests, But no-where for His
4. The hearts of the ones whom He died to save Is the home which He
5. There's com-ing a day in the great some-time If for Christ you have

each day brings?..... With the strain and stress of the
low He lay;"..... In the hearts of men o'er and
head di - vine..... Had the Son of man," should He
seeks to - day;..... By His life bought, yet He is
nev - er room,..... You will knock and wait at the



cares that press–You've no time for the King of kings.....
o'er a - gain There's no room for Him still to - day.....
come a - gain Find a place in your heart and mine. .....
crowd - ed out, And "a - way with Him" still they say.....
pearl - y gate; Crowd-ed out, there will be your doom.....

Chorus.

Crowd-ed out!..... crowd-ed out!..... You've no
Is Christ crowd - ed out? Is Christ crowd-ed out.

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Crowded Out.

time for His serv - ice you say; ..... While for pleas-ure and

you say;

rit.

business you al - ways have time, Is Christ crowded out to - day?

61 Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. USED BY PER. J. R. SWENEY.

1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ, Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ, Who would not gladly en - dure

FINE.

Rich-es ex-haustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
Jew-els whose lus-tre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap - py wher-ev - er they go.
Tri - als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich - es like these to se - cure.

D.S.—*O the un-search-a - ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Pre-cious, more pre-cious, Wealth that can nev - er be told;

62 There's Music Way Down in My Heart.

J. F. K. J. F. KNAPP.

1. In the depths of my soul is a foun-tain of praise, There the glo- ry - songs
2. He's stopped all my doubt-ing and dried all my tears, And re-membered no
3. He car - ries my bur-dens, no se-crets I hide, To Him ev - 'ry
4. The sun-shine is grow- ing each moment more bright,The Lord is my

ring thro' the sweet hap - py days; While the tunes of the an - gels their
more are the sins of the years; With me - lo - di - ous sing - ing each
part of my soul is thrown wide; For while I am walk - ing so
peace, my con - tent-ment, my light; Oh, there's noth-ing to long for, since

CHORUS.

joy - ful notes raise, There's mu-sic way down in my heart.
mo-ment He cheers, There's mu-sic way down In my heart. There's mu-sic way
close to His side, There's mu-sic way down in my heart.
each day and night There's mu-sic way down in my heart.

down in my heart: O, I can't tell you, I shout hal - le - lu - jah!

There's mu- sic way down in my heart. There's music way down in my heart, And

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There's Music Way Down in My Heart.

63

Why Not Come Away.

J. F. K. J. F. KNAPP.

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A Little While.

To Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Bright.

Words and Music, Wilbur A. Christy.

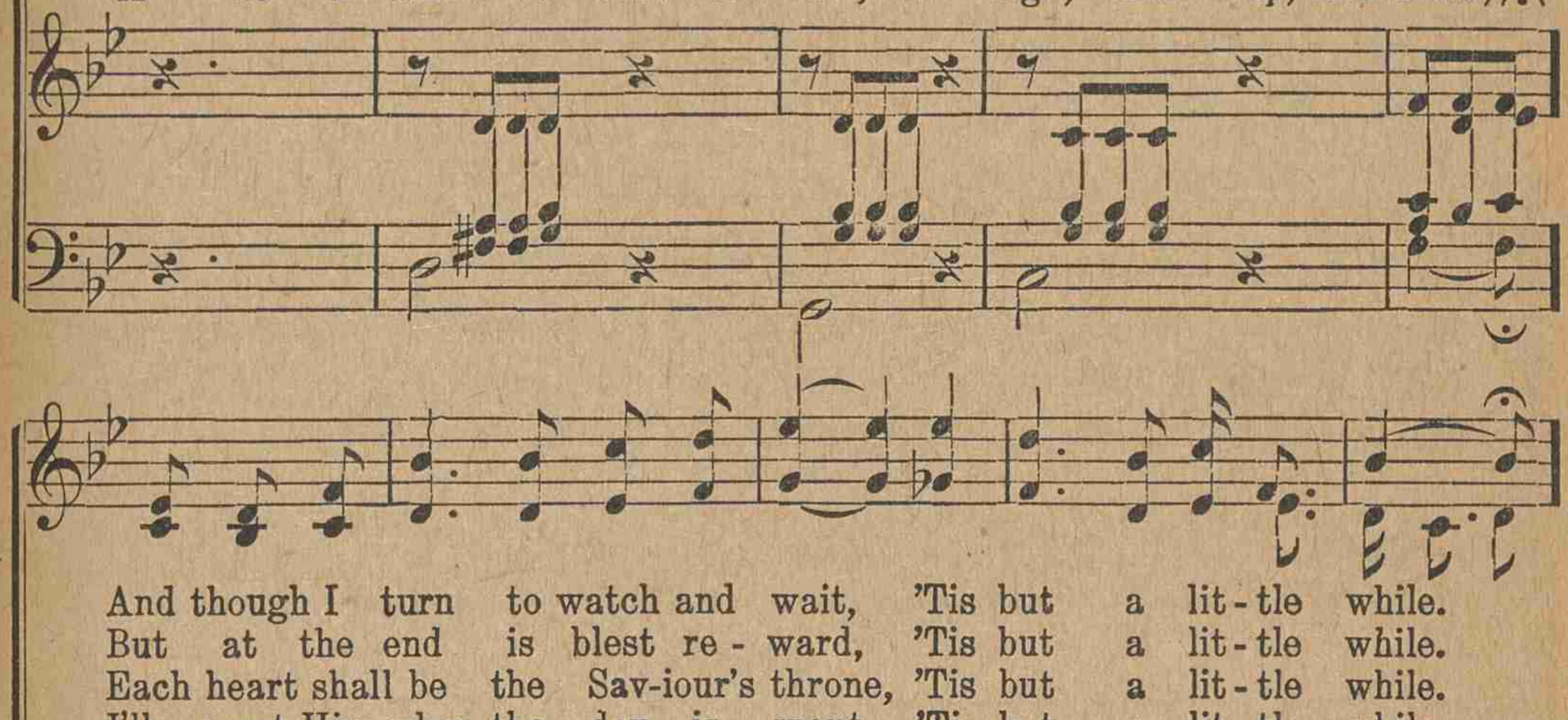
1. In - to my heart shone love di - vine, As low - ly there I knelt,
2. The clouds may heav - y hang, and low, And dark may be the way,
3. Ere long the bless - ed morn-ing watch Will close this night of care,
4. So in that glo - ry-light of God I take my on-ward way,
5. The way is rough, and hard, and steep, That here is giv - en me,
6. This life is mine to live for Him, To la - bor till its close,

And, oh, the rap - ture that was mine, The bless - ed - ness I felt.
But thro' the gloom my heart doth know There comes the morn's glad ray.
We al - most see the dawn-ing now Of that bright mor - row fair.
And in the path my Mas - ter trod I set my feet to - day,
The fight will call for stern - er stuff Than I am like to be.
No task too hard, no cloud can dim The mer - cy that He shows.

Copyright, 1915, by W. A. Christy

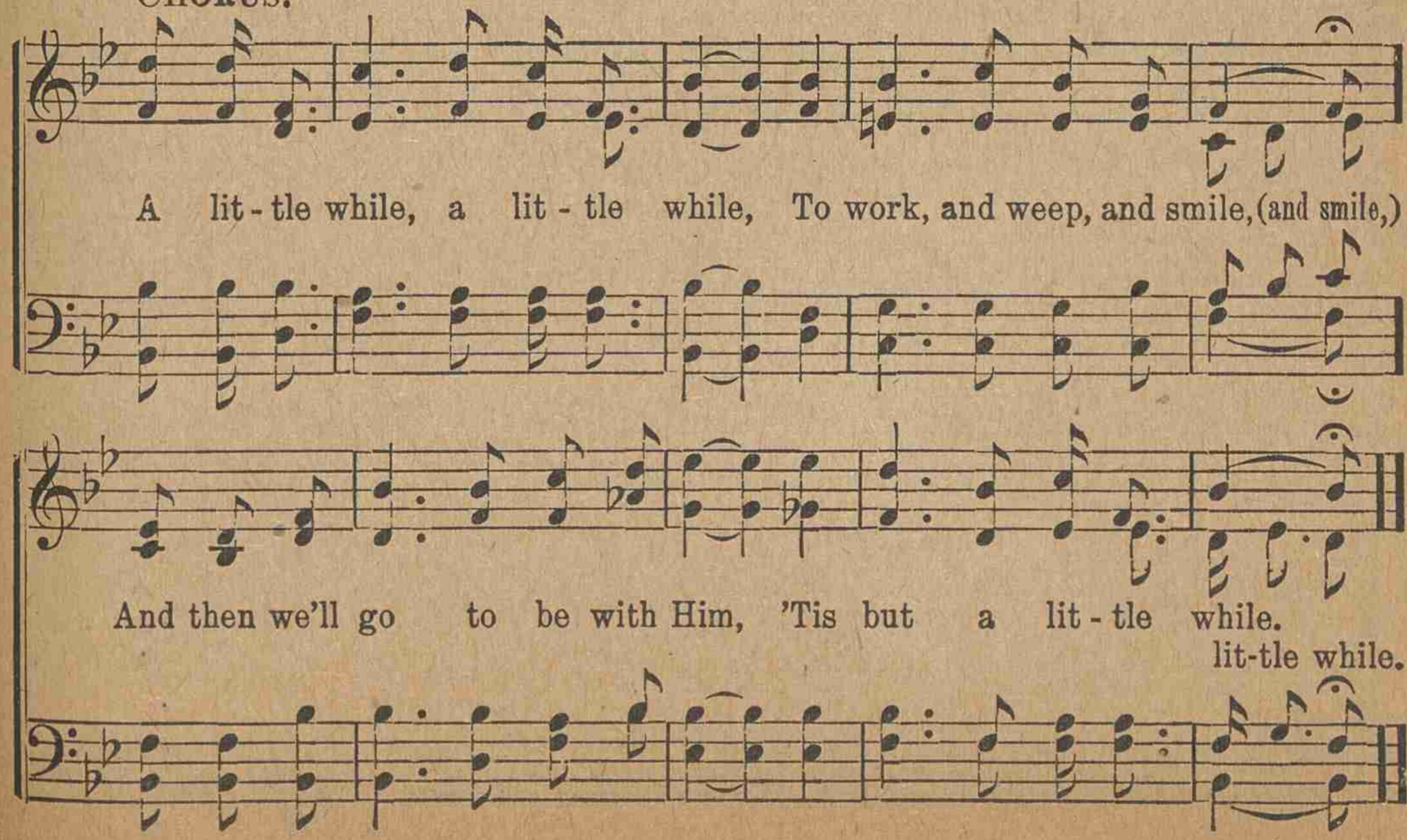
A Little While.

I longed to go and be with Him, To dwell be - neath His smile,
The way of life seems long and hard, There's many a wea - ry mile,
When all shall love the com - ing One, And sin no more be - guile,
Con - tent to fol - low where He went, By rock, or sea, or stile,
Then guide me, oh, Thou bless - ed One, Thro' ev - 'ry woe or wile,
A lit - tle while to bear the load, To sigh, and weep, and smile,



And though I turn to watch and wait, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
But at the end is blest re - ward, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
Each heart shall be the Sav-iour's throne, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
I'll meet Him when the day is spent, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
Be with me till the jour-ney's done, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
To strug-gle o'er the wea - ry road, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
lit-tle while.

CHORUS.



A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, To work, and weep, and smile, (and smile,)

And then we'll go to be with Him, 'Tis but a lit - tle while.
lit-tle while.

56 By the Tree of Life Eternal, Over There.

JOHN M. BAKER. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. There's a bright and happy land, O - ver on that gold-en strand, No more bur - den for the wea - ry ones to bear; Loved ones who have gone be-fore,
2. To that hap - py land on high, We are go - ing by and by, When the toil - ing time is o - ver, and the care; Tell the sto - ry of his love—
3. When we lay our ar-mor down, We'll ob-tain a robe and crown, And a man-sion in that cit - y, bright and fair; Ev - 'ry con-flict will be o'er,

Wait our com - ing on that shore, By the Tree of Life E - ter - nal,
In our Fa-ther's house a - bove, By the Tree of Life E - ter - nal,
Safe at home for - ev - er-more, By the Tree of Life E - ter - nal,

D. S.—*Tree of Life E - ter - nal,*

FINE CHORUS.

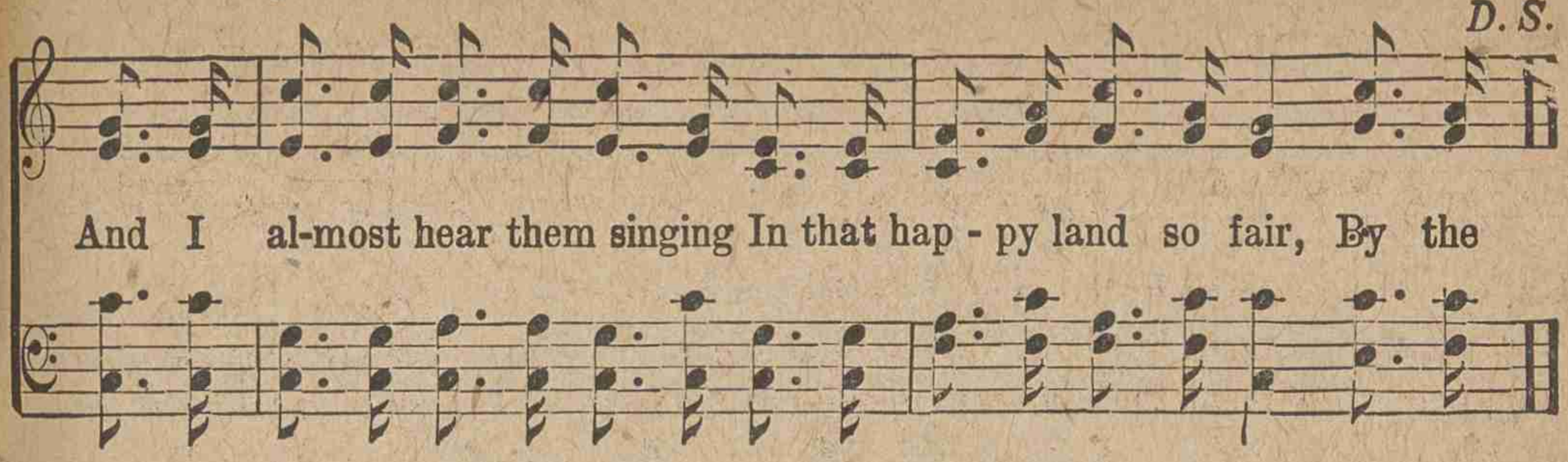
o - ver there. They are wait-ing by the riv - er, They are watch - ing

o - ver there.

on the shore; Our loved ones who have left us Are not lost, but gone be-fore;

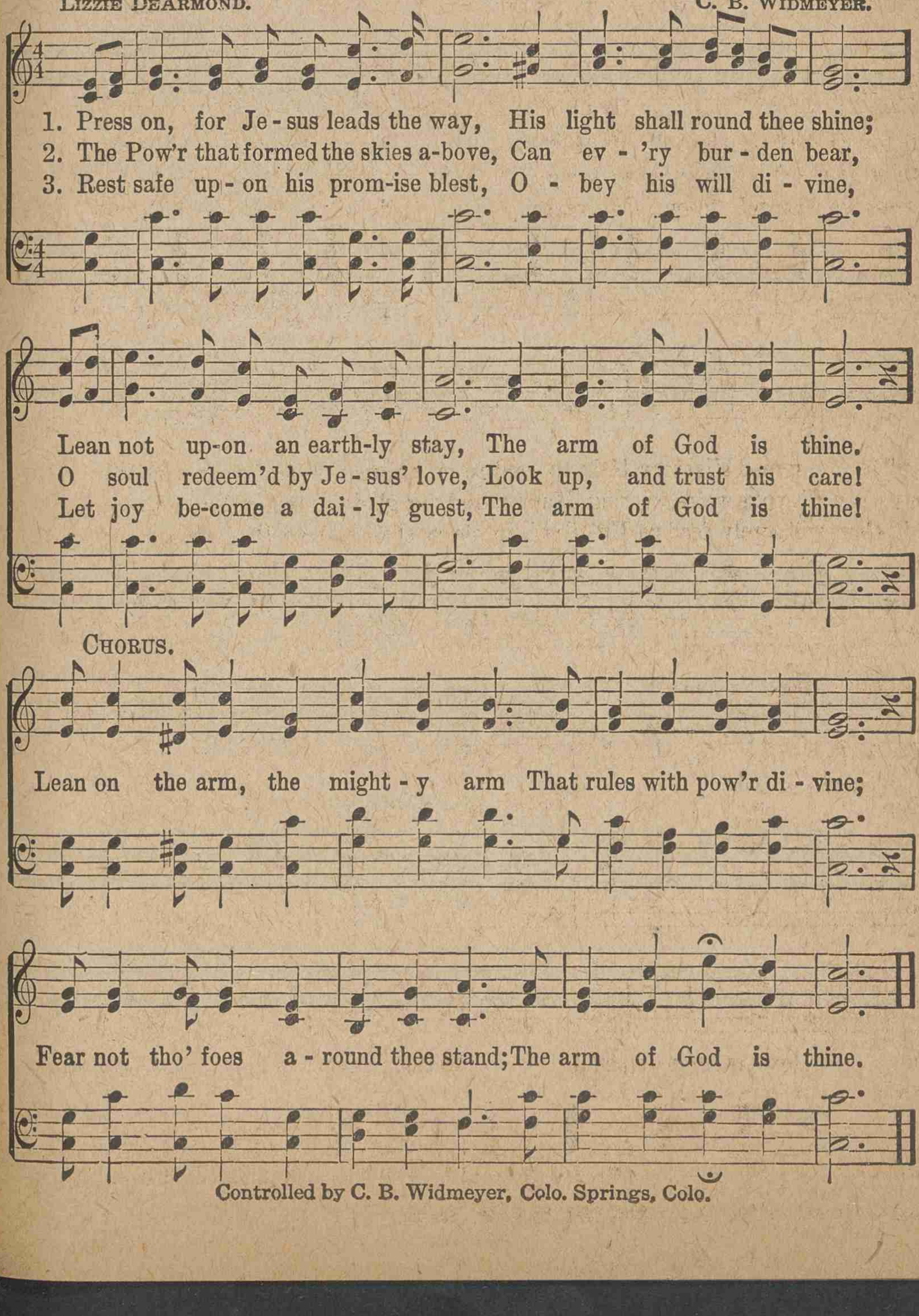
Controlled by C. B. Widmeyer, Colo. Springs, Colo.

By the Tree of Life Eternal, Over There.



67 The Arm of God is Thine.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. C. B. WIDMEYER.



Controlled by C. B. Widmeyer, Colo. Springs, Colo.

Happy Every Moment.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. Happy ev'ry moment in the love of Christ our Lord, And the law of
2. Happy ev'ry moment in the service of our King, Happy when to
3. Happy ev'ry moment tho' the way we can-not trace, Simp-ly trusting

life for us shall be the will of God; We will live for Jesus, glo-ry
oth-er lives some happiness we bring; Happy when the cross we're bearing
Je-sus we de-pend up-on His grace; He will lead us, safely lead us

We will help to spread His story, Help to send to ev'ry creature God's pure word.
Happy when His yoke we're wearing, Happy, and our gladness we to-day must sing.
And His love will surely feed us Un-til we in glo-ry shall be-hold His face.

*CHORUS. Sop. and Tenor.

Bass and Alto.

Hap - - py, Je - sus is our friend, On

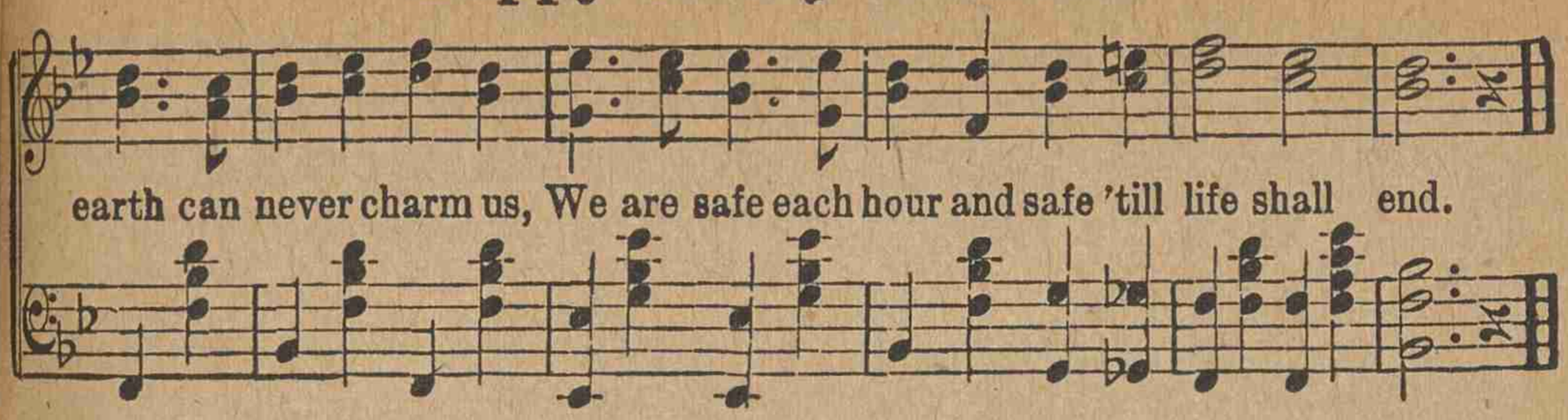
Hap-py ev-'ry mom - ent, Je - sus is our friend, And the weakest

His love we may de-pend, And no ill can ever harm us, Sins of

soul may on His love de - pend

*Melody in lower voice. Copyright, 1911, by J. M. Harris.

Happy Every Moment.



69 Cross Jordan To-day,

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

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A New Touch of Fire.

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

1. For a fresh a-noint-ing, Lord, for serv - ice Come we now in Je - sus'
2. Make us free to tell the gos - pel sto - ry, Lib - er - ty in serv - ice
3. Bring-ing all we have in con - se - cra - tion As a liv - ing sac - ri-
4. Let the great Re-fin-er through-ly purge us, Pu - ri - fy our hearts like

precious name; For the bless-ed Pen - te-cost - al ful - ness, Ev-'ry heart with
may we have; Showing forth the Sav-ior's grace and glo - ry, Tell-ing of His
fice for Thee; Trust-ing for an ut - ter-most sal - va - tion, Je - sus' precious
as by fire; While for all the sanc - ti-fy - ing ful - ness Here our waiting

Chorus.

heav'n-ly love a - flame.
wondrous pow'r to save. Send a new touch of fire on our souls,
blood our on - ly plea.
long - ing hearts as-pire.

Lord, Send it now, Lord, send it now, Lord; Touch our
Lord, Send it now, O Lord, send it now, O bless-ed Lord;
lips to-day with the living coals, Send a new touch of fire on our souls.

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71 Behold the Bridegroom!

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! Be-
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh, He
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; He surely cometh! He
4. We will chant al-le-lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; We will chant al-le-lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo! now He cometh! Lo!

hold! He com-eth! Be rob'd and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick-ly com-eth, O, soul! be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure-ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes.
now He com-eth! Sing al-le-lu-ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes!
for He comes! for He comes,
Behold! He cometh! behold! He cometh! Be rob'd and ready, for the Bridegroom comes!

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONGS."

All in All.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Of Je - sus' love I'm sing - ing, I praise Him ev - 'ry day, He is my
2. He's pa - tient and so ten - der, so lov - ing and so kind, He is my
3. In time of need no oth - er to me can prove so dear, He is my

all in all, all in all; He frees my soul from bond-age, he takes my
all in all, all in all, An - oth - er Friend so faith - ful my soul will
all in all, all in all, He hears me tho' I whis - per, to help me

CHORUS.

guilt a - way, Je - sus is my all in all.
nev - er find, Je - sus is my all in all. All in all,
He is near, Je - sus is my all in all. Je - sus is my all in all,

all in all, A strength in time of wea-ri-ness, a light where shadows fall
Je - sus is my all in all,

All in all, all in all, Je - sus is my all in all.
Je - sus is my all in all, Jesus is my all in all, all in all.

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73

Have Thy Way, Lord.

(Effective as Soprano and Alto Duet.)

G. B. Rev. GEORGE BENNARD.

1. Je - sus, see me at thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice com-plete;
2. O how pa - tient thou hast been With my pride and in - bred sin!
3. Lord, I loathe my - self and sin, En - ter now and make me clean;
4. Lord, thy love has won my all, Let thy Spir - it on me fall;
5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vic - t'ry's won!

I am bring - ing all to thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
O what mer - cy thou hast shown, Grace and love un - known!
Make my heart just like thine own; Come, Lord, take thy throne.
Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with - in.
Now the blood is cleans - ing me, From all sin I'm free.

CHORUS.

Have thy way, Lord, have thy way, This with all my heart I say;

I'll o - bey thee, come what may; Dear Lord, have thy way.

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A World-Wide Revival.

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

1. For a world-wide re - viv - al, Bless-ed Mas - ter we pray,
2. Send the "show-ers of bless - ing," As de - clared in Thy word,
3. There's a "sound of a go - iug, In the mul - ber - ry trees,"

Let the pow'r of the high - est, Be up - on us to - day;
Let the "Spir - it of prom - ise, On all flesh be out - poured;"
News of na - tions a - wak - ing, Borne up - on ev - 'ry breeze;

For this world dear-ly pur-chased, By the blood of God's Son Back from
Send the "lat-ter rain" on us, Till the land o - ver - flows, Till the
For the pray'r's of His chil-dren, God in mer - cy doth own, The re-

Sa - tan's do-mim-ion, And from sin must be won.
des - ert re - joic - ing, Blos-soms forth as the rose. Send the pow'r oh Lord,
viv-al's be - gin - ing, And the power's coming down.

Chorus.

send the pow'r oh Lord, Send the Ho - ly Ghost pow - er let it

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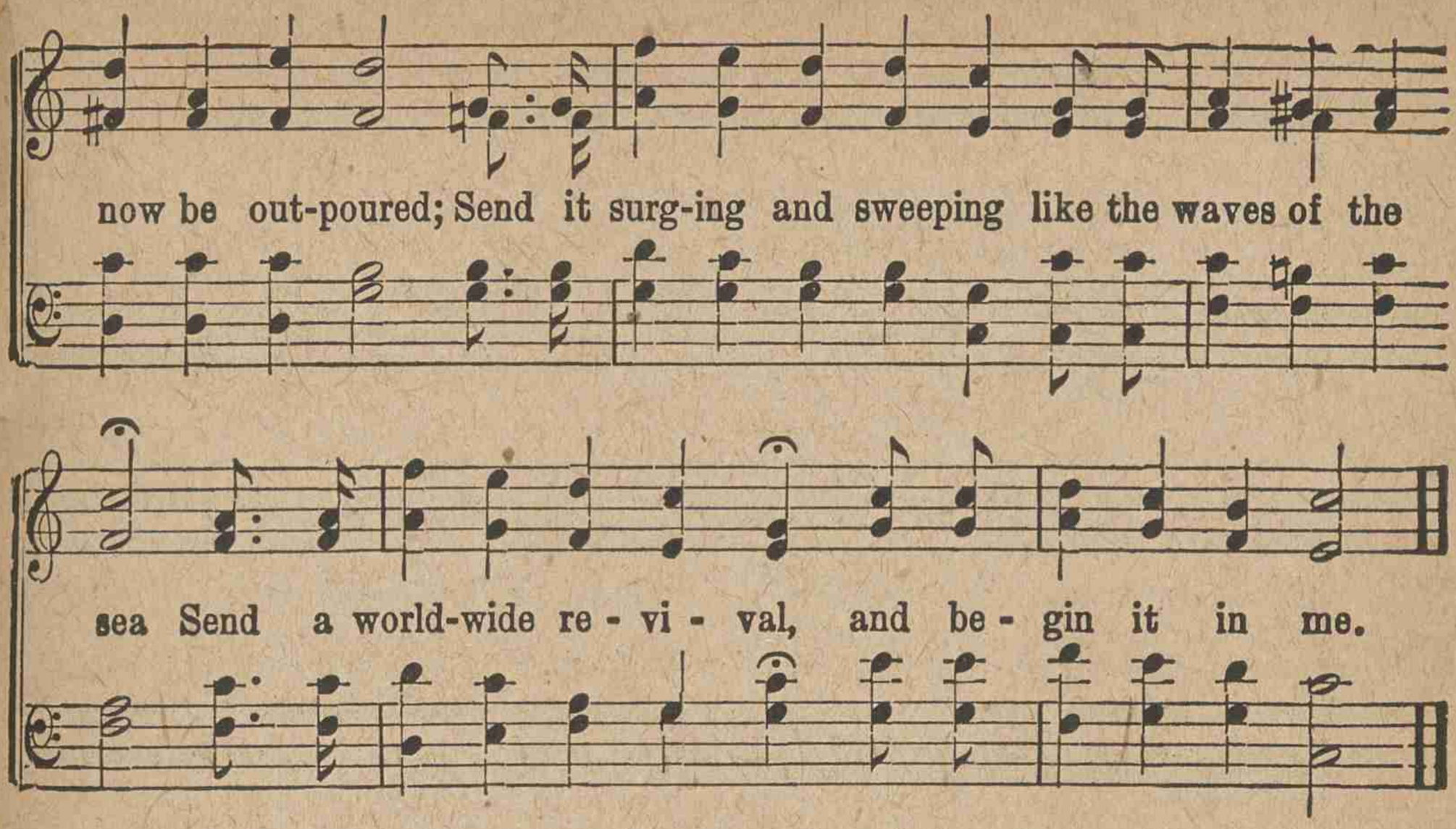
A World-Wide Revival.



75

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adopted by J. G. WALTON.

God's "Whosoever" Plan.

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

1. God's great in - vi - ta - tion, His blest "who - so - ev - er" Takes
2. Ho ye that are thirst - y, with - out price or mon - ey, Come
3. Come just as you are now if sin is your bur - den, Here's

in you and me and the whole world be-side; His mer - cy is free
ye to the wa - ters, and drink ye and live; Come feast ye to - day
rest from your foes both with-out and with-in; Re-turn, for the Lord

and it flows like a riv - er From Cal - va - ry's mount-ain, a
on the wine, milk and hon-ey, And life ev - er - last - ing ye
will a - bun - dant - ly par-don, The blood of His Son cleans-eth

Chorus.

sin-cleans-ing tide.
sure-ly shall have. It in-cludes you and me, It in-
now from all sin. It in-cludes you and me,

cludes you and me; God's gra - cious "who-so-
It in-cludes you and me;

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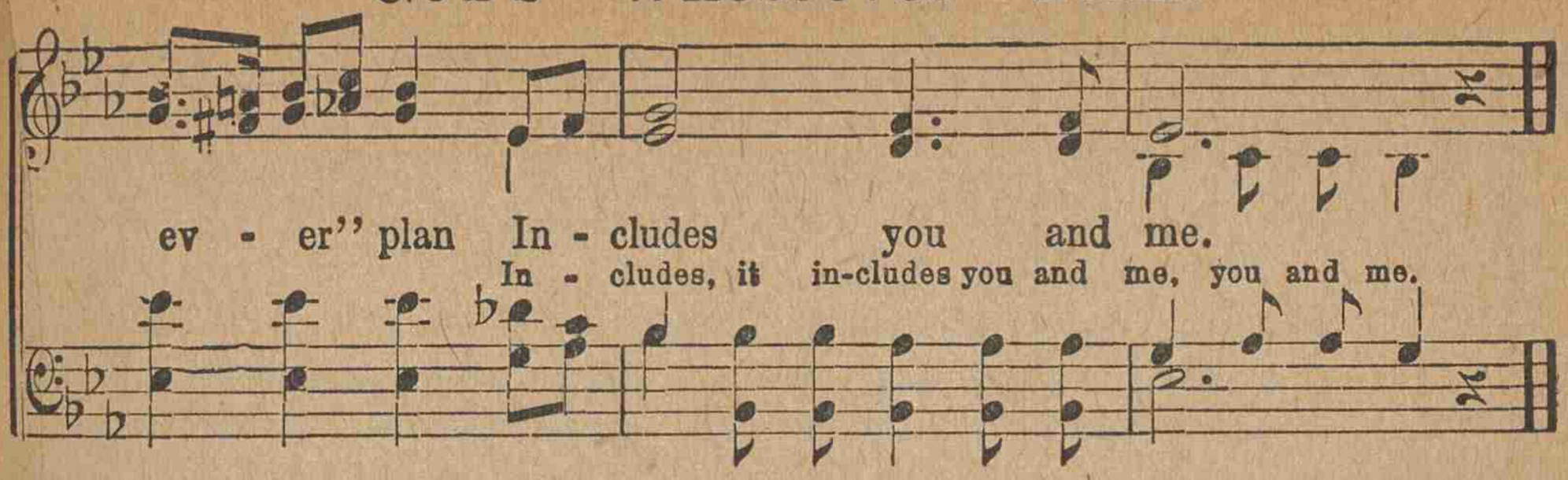
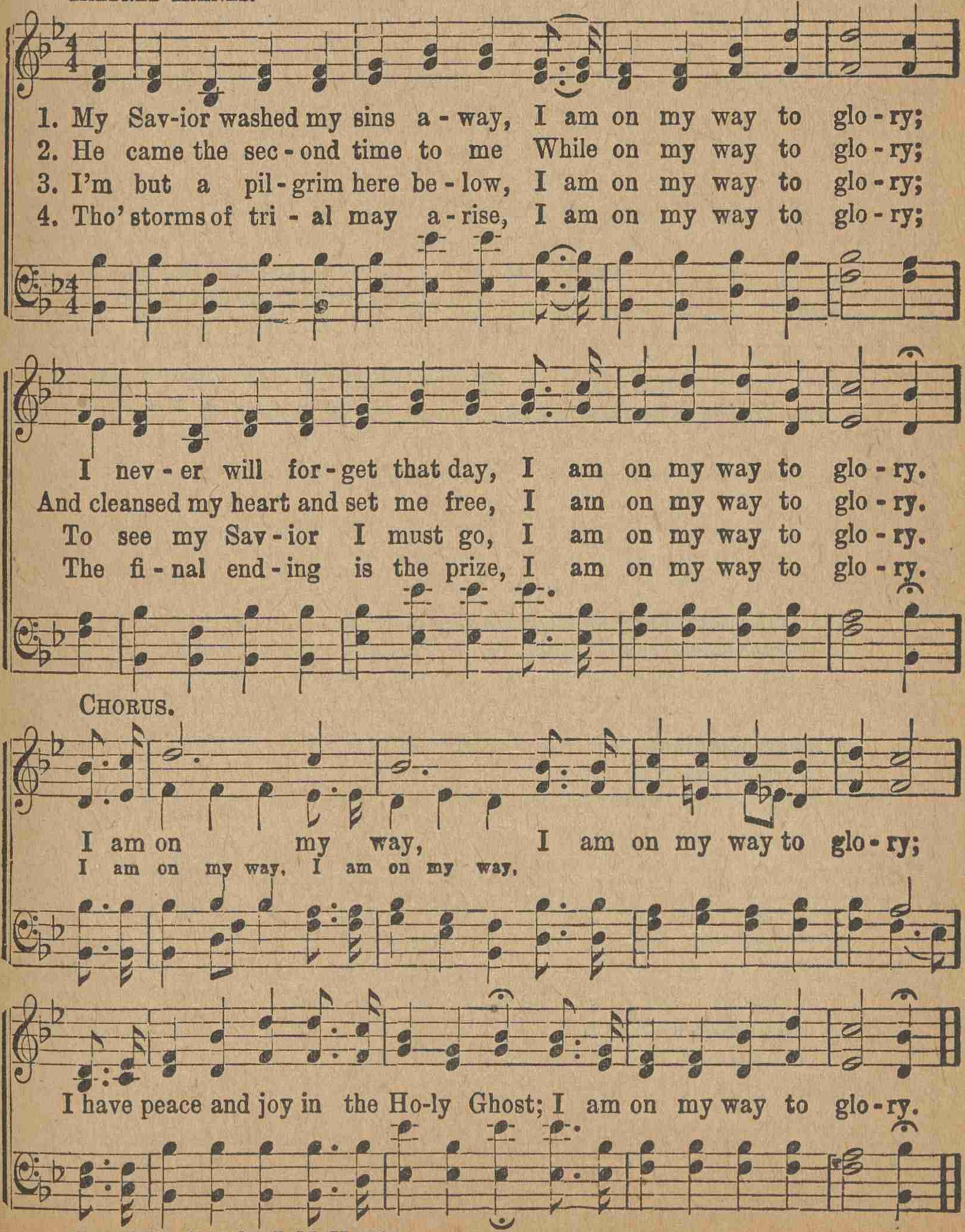
God's "Whosoever" Plan.



77 On My Way to Glory.

MILDRED HAINES. J. M. HARRIS.



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78 "Whosoever Will."

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

Joyfully.

1. "Who-so-ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti -dings
2. Who - so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom-ise se - cure, "Who-so - ev - er will," for

all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly liv - ing way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who-so-ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev - er will, may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"

Send the proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther

calls the wan - d'rer home; "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

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79 Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
2. Ev - 'ry heav- y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing
4. Wea- ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you
rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

:S: FINE.

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un- der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
O yes, O hear,
calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

D.S.

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No. 80. SANCTIFYING POWER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There is sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, like a sweet re - fresh - ing show'r,
2. I'm so glad it reach - es me, all un - wor - thy tho' I be,
3. This God's will for you and me, that we sanc - ti - fied should be,
4. Songs of prais - es let us sing to our bless - ed Lord and King,

Wait-ing for each con - se - crat - ed heart; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
O - ver - com-ing grace made freely mine; Since the Com- fort- er a-bides,
Dwelling in this land of plen-teous-ness; Fling your doubts and fears a-side,
For this great sal - va - tion, rich and free; Ev - 'ry need - ed grace supplied,

pow'r to keep us pure with-in, Pow'r for serv - ice which He will im - part.
and with - in my heart re-sides, I am walk - ing in the light di - vine.
bold - ly cross the Jor-dan's tide, And your her - it - age in Christ pos - sess.
ev - 'ry long- ing sat - is - fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad,..... I'm so glad,..... For this
I'm so glad, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm so glad,

sav - ing, sanc-ti - fy - ing pow'r; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a-

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SANCTIFYING POWER. Concluded.

No. 81 HOW CAN MORTAL TELL?

"Rivers of water in a dry place." ISA. 32: 2.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

Copyright, 1908, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 82. ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.
Chorus Arr.

1. I was full of sin, Now I'm pure with - in; It is al - most too
2. Now the car - nal mind has been left be - hind; It is al - most too
3. I am poor on earth, but of roy - al birth; It is al - most too
4. I have lib - er - ty and such vic - to - ry; It is al - most too
5. This is not my sphere, heav'n is draw - ing near; It is al - most too

good to be true; Je - sus heard my cry, did not pass me by;
good to be true; The "Old man" is gone,—let him trav - el on;
good to be true; I have wealth un - told, more than earth can hold;
good to be true; And in ev - 'ry test I am al - ways blest;
good to be true; Soon I'll say "good - by," mounting thro' the sky;

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

It is al - most too good to be true. I some-times think it's

al - most too good to be true, It's al - most too good to be true, It's

al - most too good to be true; That I am saved and on my way to glo - ry.

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83

The Job Song.

N. B. Herrell. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY N. B. HERRELL. N. B. Herrell.

Slow, with expression.

1. There was a man of an-cient day, Lived in the land of Uz;
2. This man had lost his earth-ly wealth, His chil-dren, stock and gold;
3. His friends made light as they past by, The preach-er shook his head;
4. We may be called, like Job of old, To suf-fer pain and loss;

He trust-ed God and loved to pray, No mat-ter where he was.
The man him-self had lost his health, But thro' it all we're told:—
His wife said, "Job, curse God and die," But this is what he did:—
But we like him can be made bold To bear the rug-ged cross.

CHORUS.

He trust-ed God,..... Thro' loss or gain,..... He trust-ed God,..... Thro' health or pain;..... O hal-le-lu - - jah, hal-le-lu - jah,

He trust-ed God, Thro' loss or gain. He trusted God, Thro' health or pain; O hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,

rit.

He trust-ed God,..... He trust-ed God,..... He trust-ed God.....

He trust-ed God, He trust-ed God.

84 Victory Ahead.

W. G. REV. WILLIAM GRUM.

1. When the hosts of Is - ra- el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
2. Dav - id, with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field
3. Dan - iel pray'd un - to the Lord thrice each day, Then un-to the li - on's den
4. Of - ten with the carnal mind I was tried, Ask-ing for de-liv- er - ance
5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's river cold and dark

firm- ly trod; Trusting in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
all a - lone; Trusting in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
led the way; Trusting in the Lord, he did not fear nor dread, By faith he
oft I cried; Trusting in the Lord, I reck-oned I was dead, By faith I
I may stand; Trusting in the Lord, I will not fear nor dread, By faith I

CHORUS.

saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic - to-ry a-head! Vic - to-ry a - head!
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
see the vic - to - ry a - head.

Thro' the blood of Je - sus, Vic - to - ry a - head; Trust-ing in the Lord, I

feel the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head!

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85 Sweeping Through the Gates.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in af - fliction's woes, Ev - er have found in
3. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er - shin-ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
4. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly Thine, Dai - ly, from sin be

of the si - lent grave, Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
sor - row are all o'er, Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Washed in the
kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the

CHORUS.

blood of the Lamb?
blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
blood of the Lamb.
blood of the Lamb.

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"..... "Sweep - ing thro' the

gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The End is Not Yet.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have tried to count his bless-ings, and I fail to un-der-stand
2. Like an ar-my I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re-view,
3. Sure-ly good-ness, love and mer-cy have been mine a-long life's way,

Why the Lord should so rich-ly re-ward; Could I count the stars of heaven,
O what joy doth the sight now af-ford! Tho' they may be long in pass-ing,
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness

add to them earth's grains of sand, Still his blessings are more, praise the Lord!
still they come, battall-ions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
keeps o'er-flowing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
praise the Lord,
praise the Lord; Blessings new he's still be-stow-ing, And my
O praise the Lord;

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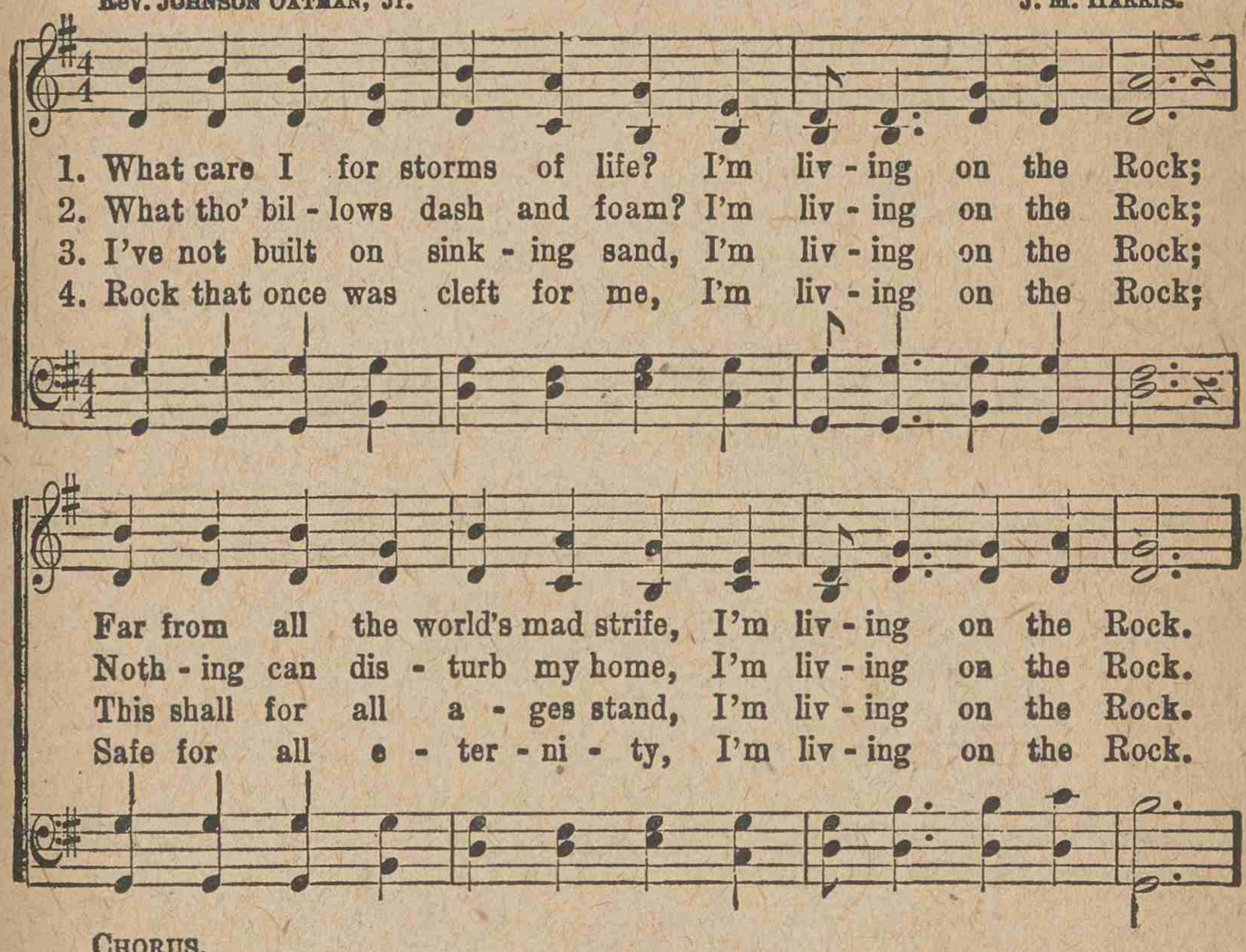
The End is Not Yet. Concluded.

87 I'm Living On the Rock.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.



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By the Cross of Calvary.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

With vigor.

Introduction.

1. By the cross of our bless - ed Lord Je - sus, And the sto - ry of in - fi - nite love, We will take this lost world for our
2. See its arms reach - ing out to the wea - ry, To the North and the South, East and West; That the whole hu - man race in its
3. Let the cross ev - 'ry - where be up - lift - ed, And the won - der - ful sto - ry be told, Till the ush - er - ing in of His

Sav - iour and Lord, Winning souls for His king - dom a - bove.
lov - ing em - brace With His gra - cious, sal - va - tion be blest.
king-dom be - gin, And His tri - umph our eyes shall be - hold.

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By the Cross of Calvary.

CHORUS.

f *p*

By the cross,..... by the cross.....
By the won - der - ful cross, by the hal - low - ed cross,

By the cross of Cal - va - ry, We shall win in the
fight for the truth and the right By the cross of Cal - va - ry;

Be - fore He drank that bit - ter cup in dark Geth-sem - a - ne

cres. *ff*

He cried "if I be lift - ed up I'll draw all men to me."

No. 90 IT WAS THE LOVE OF GOD.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. If you should ask me why the Sav - iour died for me,
2. Why should He man - i - fest for me such ten - der love,
3. I mar - vel much that He would, from His throne di - vine,

Why He shed His blood up - on the cru - el tree, Why such an - guish
Seek to draw my mind to things un - seen a - bove? I can on - ly
Stoop to res - cue such a sin - ful soul as mine, Prom - ise me a

D. S.—*o-pened heav'n to*

Fine.

great, such bit - ter ag - o - ny? It was the love of God for me.
say He did this all to prove The wondrous love of God for me.
place a - mong the blest to shine; Oh, wondrous love of God for me!

me, from all my guilt set free, It was the love of God for me.

CHORUS.

It was the love of God, It was the love of God,
the love of God, the love of God,

D. S.

Sur - pass - ing all that hu - man tongue can tell; It
that tongue can tell;

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91 Shining Through the Promise.

"He knoweth the way that I take, when He hath tried me, searched me out I shall come forth as gold, (shining).—Job. 23: 10.

J. F. K. J. F. KNAPP.

1. When the fur-nace trial is o - ver, and the test- ing time is done,
2. Thro' the days of toil and sor-row, when no light a - head I see;
3. He is searching, can I bear it; not a test He sends in vain;
4. Yes, the clouds will lift, and sunshine will break o'er the sky at last;

He has promised me that I will shine; He will give the grace to bear it,
He has promised me that I will shine; He that molds my life is Je - sus,
He has promised me that I will shine; When the dross has all been melted
Then He's promised me that I will shine; We will join in gladdest prais-es

till the vic-t'ry shall be won; He has prom-ised me that I will shine.
in the fire - y trial with me; He has prom-ised me that I will shine.
thro' the hidden fire of pain; He has prom-ised me that I will shine.
when the testing time is past; He has prom-ised me that I will shine.

CHORUS.

"Though He slay me," grace is giv - en, Just to whis - per "I am Thine,"
And some day in earth or Heav-en He has promised I will sure - ly shine.

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92 When the Angel's Trump Shall Sound.

Rev. J. OATMAN. JR. J. M. HARRIS.

1. We are told that up in Heav-en in the birth-place of the soul, Is a home our Sav - ior promised to pre-pare; So when we shall pass be-fore Him
2. There we'll lay a - side our burd-ens, there we'll lay a-side our fears, There we'll nev - er know a sor-row nor a care; But the joy-bells will be ring - ing
3. At the Lamb's great marriage supper o - ver in that gold - en land, All the blood-wash'd saints of earth will have a share; So when we shall hear the summons

at the call-ing of the Roll, When the saints shall all as-sem-ble I'll be there.
thro' the never - end-ing years, Praise the Lord, my Savior tells me I'll be there.
to sit down at His right hand, When the great procession en-ters I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the angel's trump shall sound and the roll is called in Glo - ry, I'll be there, I'll be there; I'll be there, I'll be there; When the an-gel's trump shall sound and the

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When the Angel's Trump Shall Sound. Concluded.

roll is called in Glo - ry, I'll be there, hal - le - lu- jah, I'll be there.

93 Shout the Victory.

J. M. HARRIS.

1. Who - so- ev - er will, says Je - sus, Call up- on the Sav-iour's name, and trust Him,
2. Have you let the lives of oth - ers, Fill your heart with doubt and fear? of men,
3. Do you feel the Spir-it's pow - er, Is your heart a -glow with love; made perfect,
4. When you give your all to Je - sus, He will come and sanc-ti - fy; you wholly;

Thro' His cleansing blood finds vic - t'ry, O - ver sin and all its shame.
If you look a - way to Je - sus, All but Him will dis - ap - pear.
Go then, see your way-ward broth - er, Tell him of the peace of God.
Lead you step by step to glo - ry, Where you'll reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Then shout the victory, shout the victory, Praise the name of Him who saves,
Then shout, shout the victory, shout, shout the victory, saves and keeps,

Then shout the vic- to- ry, shout the vic - to- ry, Tell the world that Jesus saves.
Then shout, shout the victory, shout, shout the victory,

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Tell Someone of Jesus.

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

1. There are so ma-ny hearts that are broken and sad, There are so ma-ny
2. Tell the one who feels "no-bod-y cares for my soul," That the Saviour has
3. Tell the world how His grace far exceed-eth our sin, Tell the one who has
4. There is so much of work yet re-mains to be done, There are so ma-ny

lives we can help to make glad, There are so ma-ny out on the
died and His blood will make whole, That there's hope at the cross and then
long-est im-pen-i-tent been, Tell the chief-est of sin-ners there's
souls which for Christ must be won, And the time of sal-va-tion swift

Chorus.

mountains astray, Tell some-one of Je-sus to-day.....
point him the way, Tell some-one of Je-sus to-day,..... Tell some-one of
wel-come al-way, Tell some-one of Je-sus to-day..... Tell some-
pass-es a-way, Tell some-one of Je-sus to-day...to-day.

Je-sus to-day,..... Tell some-one of Je-sus to-day;..... The
one of Je-sus to-day, Tell some-one of Je-sus to-day;

way of life show Him, They're dying to know Him, Tell someone of Jesus today.....
to-day.

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95

Over in the Land.

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

1. So ma-ny years I longed to find De-liv-'rance from the car-nal mind;
2. By "growth in grace" I vainly strove To reach the land of per-fect love;
3. Now sweetly saved and sat-is-fied, My heav'nly Josh-ua still doth guide;
4. Leave now the des-ert wil-der-ness, Your rightful her-i-tage pos-sess;

To know the rest from in-bred sin, The Ca-naan land to en-ter in.
And dis-re-gard-ed God's command To "go at once, pos-sess the land."
With Him the land I now ex-plore, And sing its prais-es o'er and o'er.
Fear not the gi-ants in the way, Come o-ver in the land to-day.

Chorus.

O-ver in the promised land of Ca-naan, O-ver in the
O-ver in the land, O-ver in the land, O-ver in the
promised land of Ca-naan; Feed-ing on the hon-ey,
land. O-ver in the promised land; We're
and the corn, and milk, and wine, O-ver in the promised land of Ca-naan.

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The Secret of the Lord.

Anon. MAUD ANITA HART.

1. There's a se-cret God has whis-pered To His hid-den ones a - lone;
2. Changeless se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all chang-es life can bring;
3. Ho - ly se-cret, how it cleans - es All the heart from self and sin;
4. Might - y se-cret, how it brings us Heav'n-ly help for hearts for-lorn;
5. Pre-cious se-cret, I have found it, Pre - cious Je - sus, Thou art mine;

'Tis a se - cret, sweet-er, strang-er, Than thy heart has tho't or known.
Joy may cheer, or tri - al press us, Still the rest-ful heart can sing.
Crowd-ing out the pow'r of e - vil By the life of Christ with - in.
Turns our bat-tle - tide to tri - umph, Chang-es mid-night in - to morn.
Prove in me Thy bound-less full - ness, Live in me Thy life di - vine.

CHORUS.

There's a se - cret, pre-cious se - - - - cret, God has whis-pered to my soul, ... 'Tis that He will ev - er keep me, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll. . . .

{ho - ly change - less se - cret,
sweet - ly whis - pered to my soul;
keep me, ev - er keep me, roll, for - ev - er roll.

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What Then?

E. E. HEWITT. J. M. HARRIS.

Solo.

1. You're seeking for rich-es of sil-ver and gold, What then? What then?
2. You're seeking for honors, dis-tinc-tion, and fame, What then? What then?
3. If nev-er on Jesus your trust hath been placed, What then? What then?
4. When at the great judgment at last you ap-pear, What then? What then?

Tho' plen - ti - ful harvests your garners should hold, What then? What then?
Tho' time's fading laur-els en - cir - cle your name, What then? What then?
If mer-cy's sweet of-fers you've nev-er embraced, What then? What then?
De - part in - to darkness, your lost soul will hear, What then? What then?

CHORUS.

When this life, so change-ful is o - ver at last, The sum-mer's soft breezes, the win - ter's cold blast; When to the great fu - ture your soul shall have passed, What then?..... What then?.....

What then? What then?

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98

Peace And Plenty.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. While in the wil - der-ness, I wan-dered ma-ny years, And wondered if my
2. Soon in our forward march, we came to Jordan's side, My Sav-ior gen - tly
3. Now I am feast-ing on the rich - es of the land, My heart is sat - is-

Sav - ior could save me from my fears; Hear-ing His voice so clear, "Come follow
whispered, "In me your all con - fide." Down thro' the swelling flood He led me
fied with the boun-ties from His hand; Still He is tell - ing of new heights of

me to - day!" I quick-ly ceased my wand'rings, and followed in the way.
by the hand, I fol-lowed, simply trust - ing, and found the Promised Land.
per-fect love, In grace and knowledge growing, I'm pressing on a - bove.

CHORUS.

Peace and plen-ty are in the land which I pos-sess; Thro' faith in Je - sus'
name I left the wil - der - ness, Fol - lowed close-ly be - side Him and

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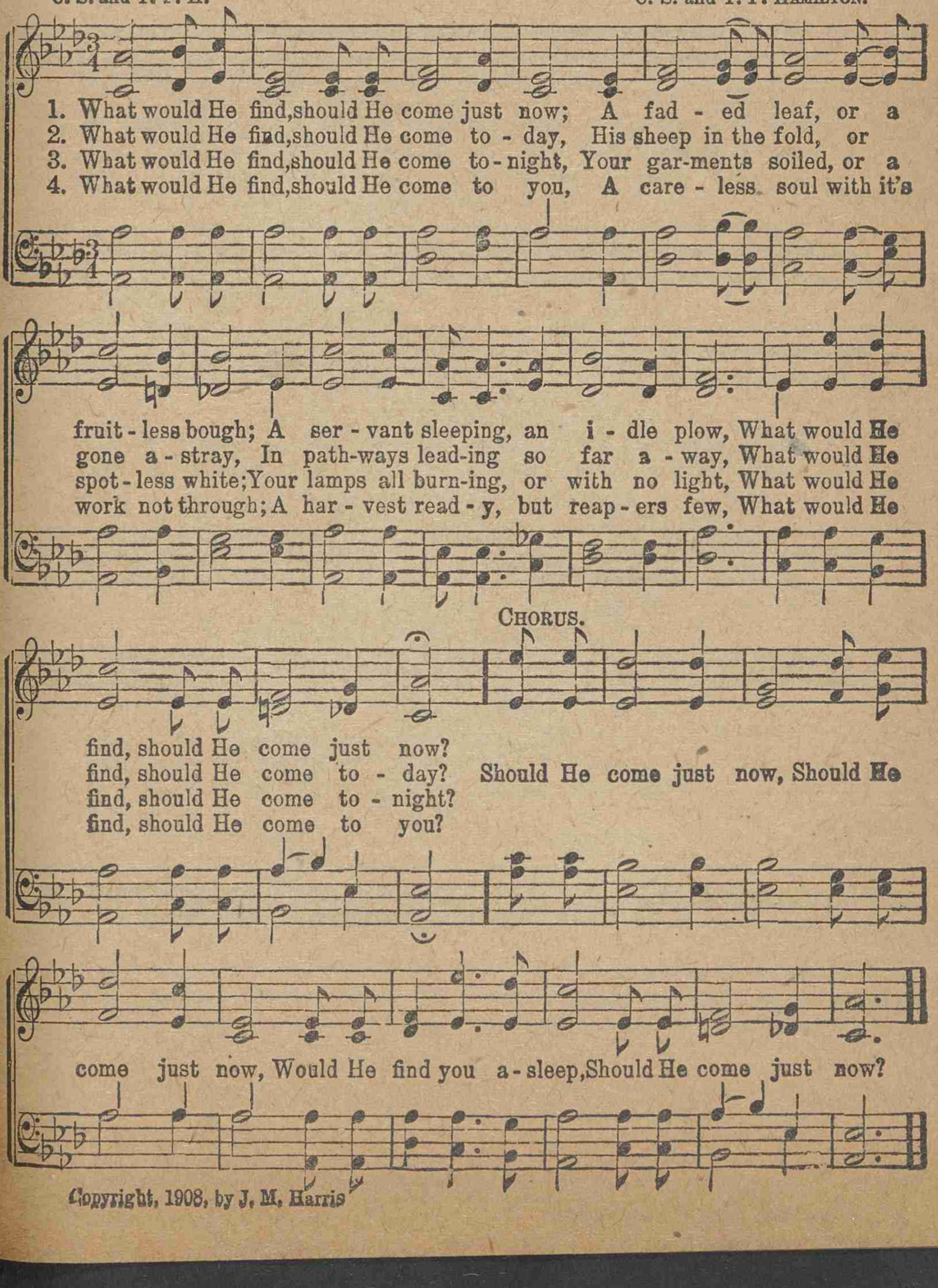
Peace and Plenty.

99

Should He Come Just Now.

C. S. and T. P. H.

C. S. and T. P. HAMILTON.



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No. 100 I Am Determined to Hold Out.

C. S. and T. P. H. C. S. and T. P. HAMILTON.

1. When I first found Je - sus some-thing o'er me stole, Like lightning it went through me, and glo - ry filled my soul; Sal - va-tion made me hap - py and
2. Sa - tan, He was an - gry, said he'd soon be back, Just let the path get nar - row, and He will lose the track; But I'm so full of glo - ry, my gos - sip nor an - y time to pout; They say that I'm too nois - y, but
3. This old - time re - li - gion makes me sometimes shout, I don't have time to trem - bling, to heav - en I will fly; For Je - sus will be call-ing, there's took my fears a - way, And when I meet old Sa - tan to Him I al-ways say:
4. When I hear the trum-pet sound-ing in the sky, And see the mountains Lord I al-ways find, And I just say to Sa - tan, "Old man, get thee be-hind." when these blessings flow, I shout, O hal - le - lu - jah, I want the world to know. be no time to mend, With joy I'll go up sing - ing, "I've held out to the end."

CHORUS.

"I am de - ter-mined to hold out to the end, Je-sus is with me, on

"Him I can de - pend, And I know I have sal - va - tion, for I

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I Am Determined to Hold Out. Concluded.

No. 101. What About Jesus?

C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES.

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No. 102 I'VE RECEIVED AN INVITATION.

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

1. I've re - ceived an in - vi - ta - tion from the glo - rious King of kings,
2. When the saved ones of all a - ges gath - er 'round the great white throne,
3. Where the cit - y walls are jas - per, and the streets are pur - est gold,
4. Where the harps are nev - er si - lent, and the chor - al songs as - cend,
5. Where no sick - ness ev - er en - ters, nei - ther sor - row, death nor pain,
6. Will you meet me o - ver yon - der in that cit - y of de - light,

I am go - ing to be there;
I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there;

To be pres - ent at the ban-quet when the Lord His ransomed brings, I am
Where in all the bright for - ev - er we shall know as we are known, I am
Where the King in all His beau - ty eye to eye we shall be - hold, I am
Where thro'-out the countless a - ges joy and bliss shall nev - er end, I am
And where our de - part - ed loved ones we shall meet and know a - gain, I am
Where a man-sion is a - wait-ing, and a robe of spotless white? I am

Fine. Chorus.

go - ing to be there. I've re-ceived an in - vi-
I am go-ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there.

ta-tion,—glo-ry, glo - ry to His name!—To the great marriage sup-per of the

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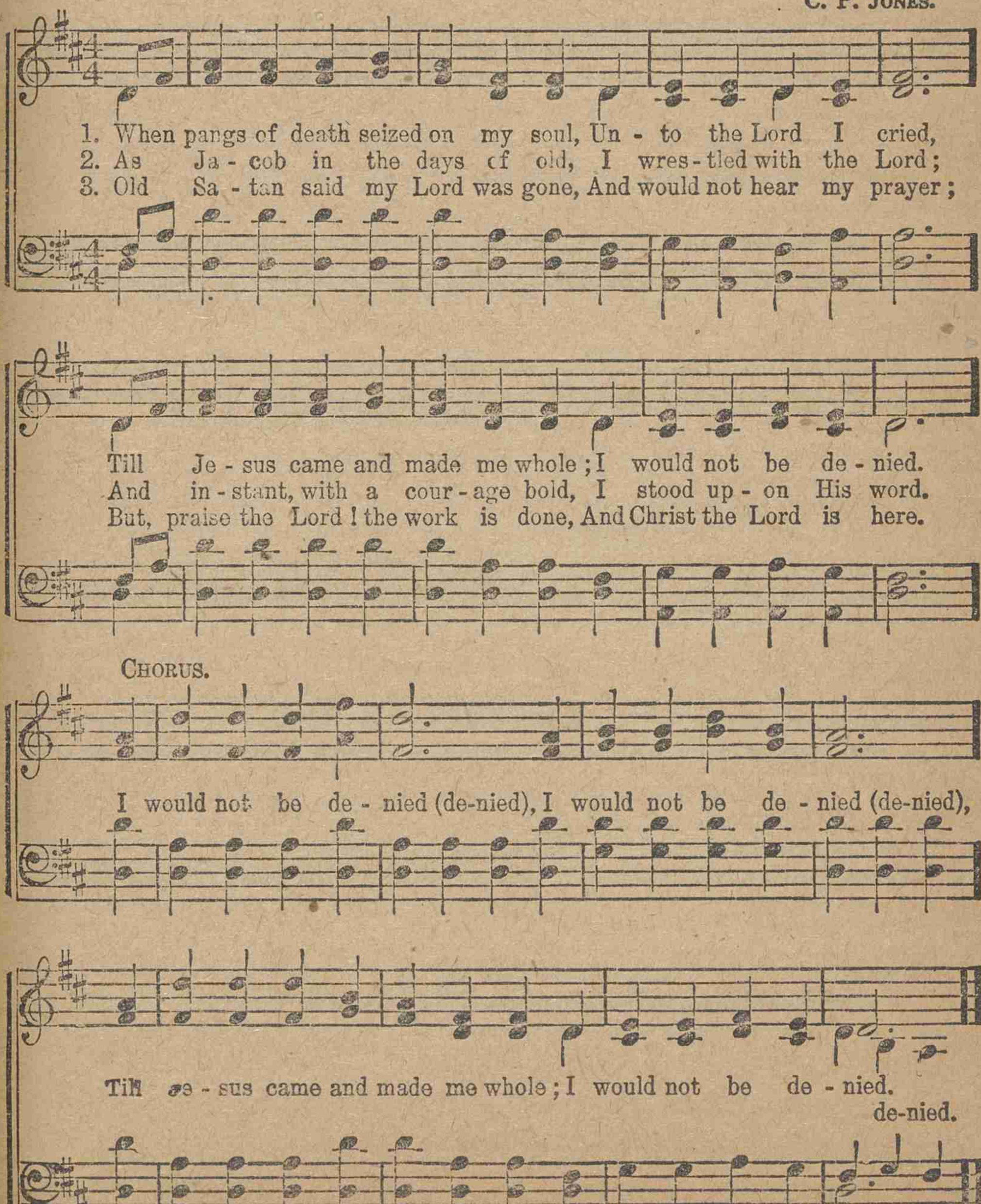
I'VE RECEIVED AN INVITATION. Concluded.

No. 103 I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C. P. JONES.



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104 Constantly Abiding.

Mrs. W. L. M. Mrs. Will L. Murphy.

1. There's a peace in my heart, that the world nev-er gave, A peace it can
2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav-ior and King, When peace sweetly
3. This treas-ure I have in a tem-ple of clay, While here on His

not take a - way; Tho' the tri-als of life may surround like a cloud, I've a
came to my heart; Troubles all fled a-way and my night turned to day, Blessed
foot-stool I roam; But He's coming to take me some glo-ri-ous day, O - ver

Chorus.

peace that has come there to stay!
Je - sus, how glorious Thou art! Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing,
there to my heav-en-ly home! Con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a-bid-ing,
Je - sus is mine; Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing,
Je - sus is mine, yes, Je-sus is mine; Con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a - bid-ing,
rapt - ure di-vine; He never leaves me lone - ly,
rapt-ure di-vine, O rapt-ure di-vine; He nev - er leaves me, nev-er leaves me lonely,

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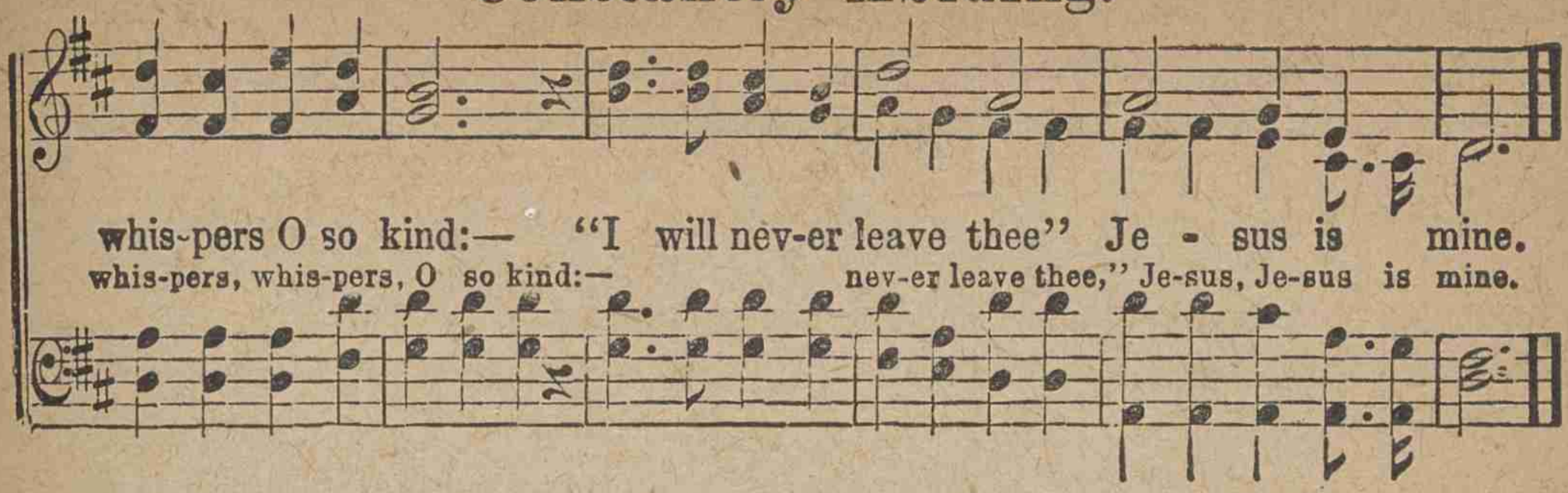
Constantly Abiding.



105 Glory In My Soul.

JOHNSON OATMAN. JR. J. M. HARRIS.

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No. 106. ANCHORED FAST.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. In the shel - ter of the Rock of A - ges I am hid - den
2. Oft - en - times the clouds of sor - row gath - er; O'er my life their
3. Well I know that I must cross the riv - er Of death's dark

from the blast; Tho' the tem-pest 'round a - bout me ra - ges,
shad - ows cast; But I know I can the storms out - weath - er; } Hal - le-
stream at last; But I'm joined to Christ my Lord for - ev - er;

CHORUS.

lu - jah! I'm anchored fast. In the shel-ter of the Rock of A - ges,

I have anchored my bark at last; And tho' tem - pest all a-

bout me fierce-ly ra - ges, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm an-chored fast.

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No. 107 HE SET ME FREE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My soul is filled with joy and glad-ness, Since Je - sus came to me;
2. The Com - fort - er a - bides so sweet-ly With - in my soul to - day;
3. The grace of Je - sus hath a - bound-ed, For all my sin I see;

His love has ban-ished all my sad-ness, From sin He set me free.
And peace is flow - ing like a riv - er Since Je - sus came to stay.
Sal - va - tion walls hath me sur-round-ed, From sin I am set free.

CHORUS.

He set me free, ... He set me free, ... I was
He set me free, He set me free,
blind, but hal - le - lu - jah, now I see; . . . I shall ne'er for-get the day
yes, now I see;
When He washed my sins a-way, And He set, He set me free. . . . .
He set me free.

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No. 108 In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. When the toils of life are o-ver And we lay our armor down, And we bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the test-ings and the tri-als I must go; But I'll trust and glad-ly fol-low, For sometime I'll understand, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
3. When the last good-by is spoken And the tear stains wiped away, And our eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo-ry fair, Then with bound-ing hearts we'll meet Him Who hath washed our sins away, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
4. When we join the ransomed army In the summerland above, And the face of our dear Sav-iour we be-hold, We will sing and shout for-ev-er And we'll grow in per-fect love, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

CHORUS.

There'll be singing, there'll be shouting When the saints come marching home,
In Je-ru-sa-lem, In Je-ru-sa-lem;
In the new Je-ru-sa-lem, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem;

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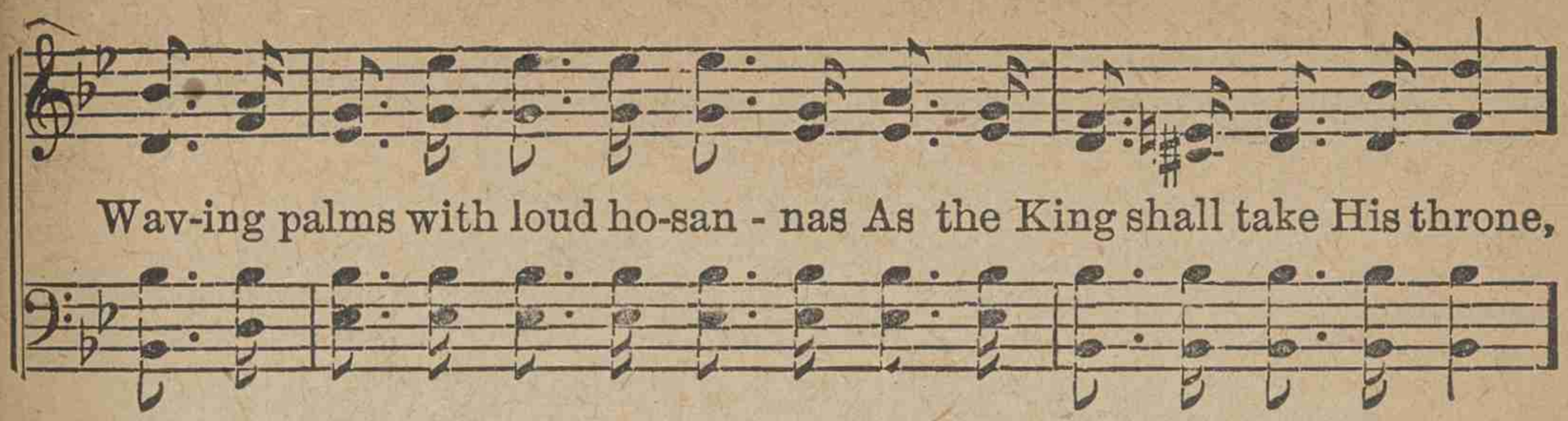
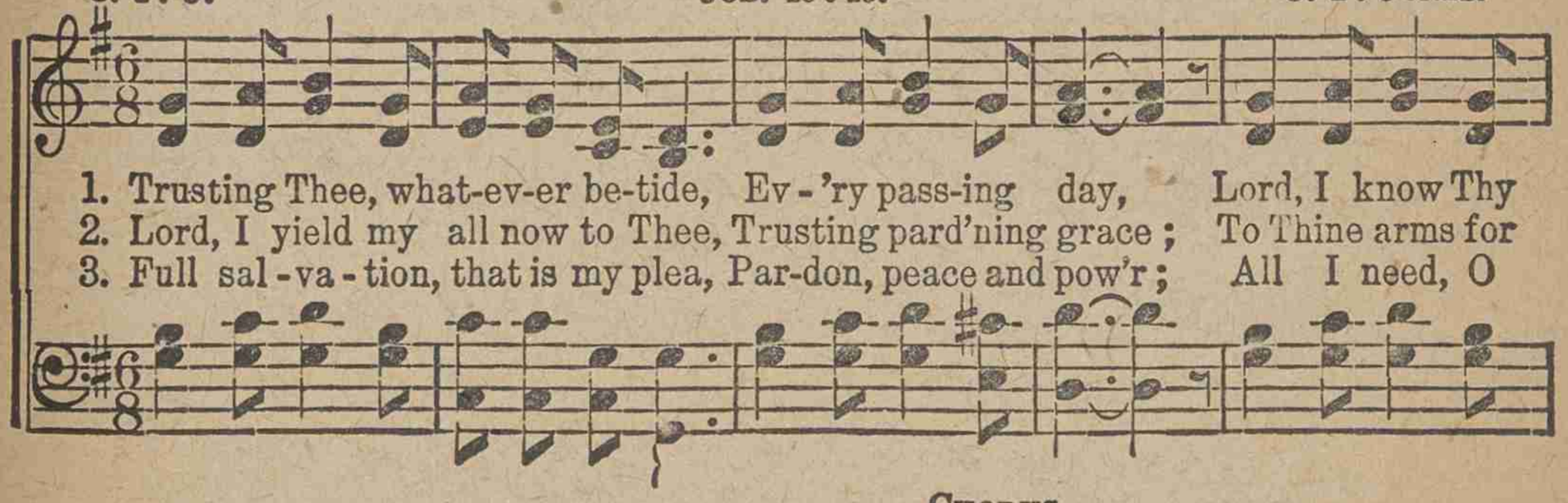
In the New Jerusalem. Concluded.

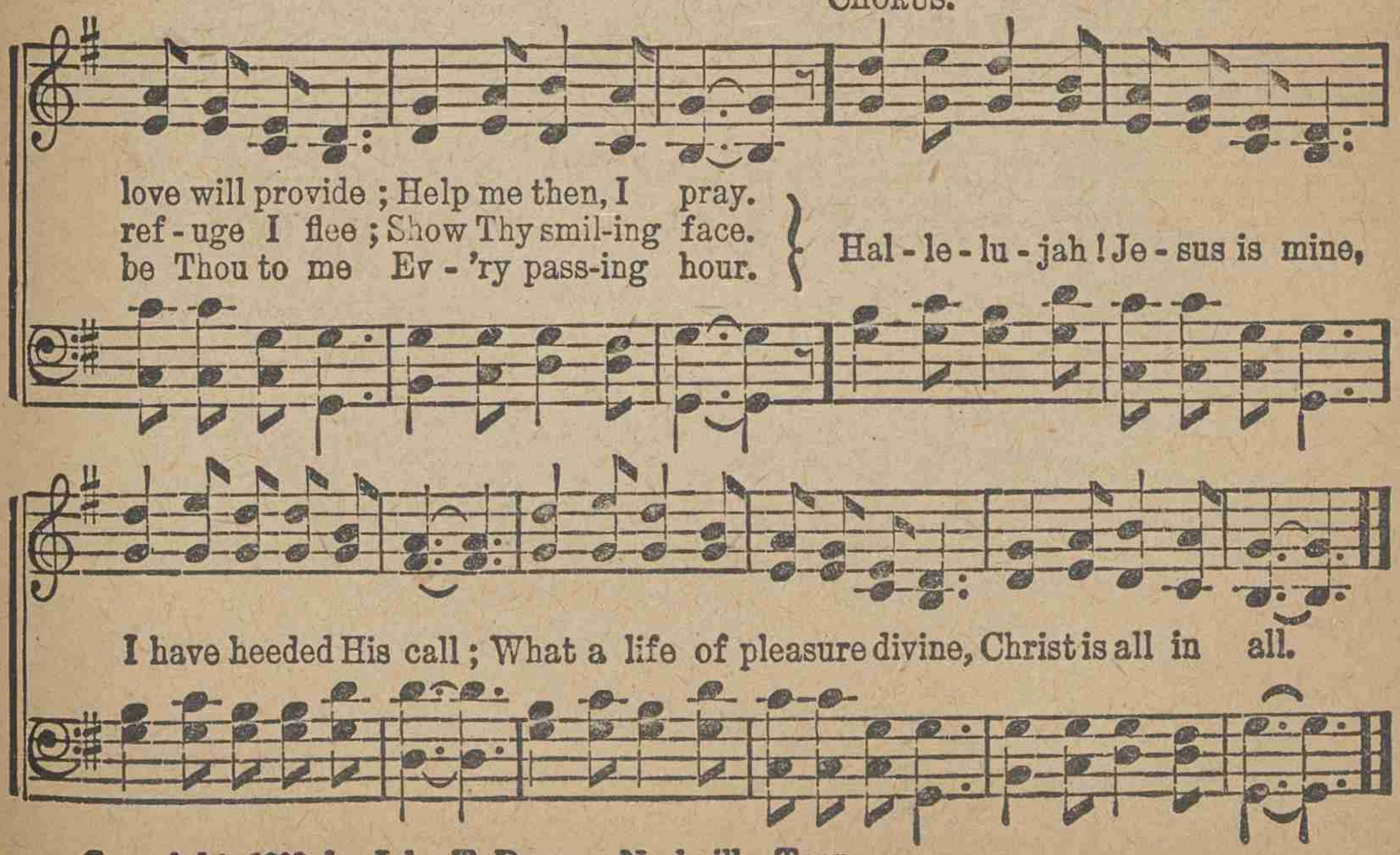


No. 109 TRUSTING THEE, WHATEVER BETIDE.

C. P. J. JOB. 13:15. C. P. JONES.



CHORUS.



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No. 110 ARE YOU FREE?

Rev. WILLIAM C. POOL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHORUS.

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ARE YOU FREE? Concluded.

free? There is freedom for your bondage; Are you free? Are you
Are you free? Are you free?

free? Are you free? Je-sus came to set the cap-tives free.
Are you free? Are you free?

No. 111. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-hold a stran-ger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before;
2. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will—the ver-y friend you need;
3. Rise, touch'd with grat-i-tude di-vine, Turn out His en-e-my and thine;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments died on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster, Sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stran-ger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Savior come in (come in), He'll cleanse the heart from sin (from sin), O

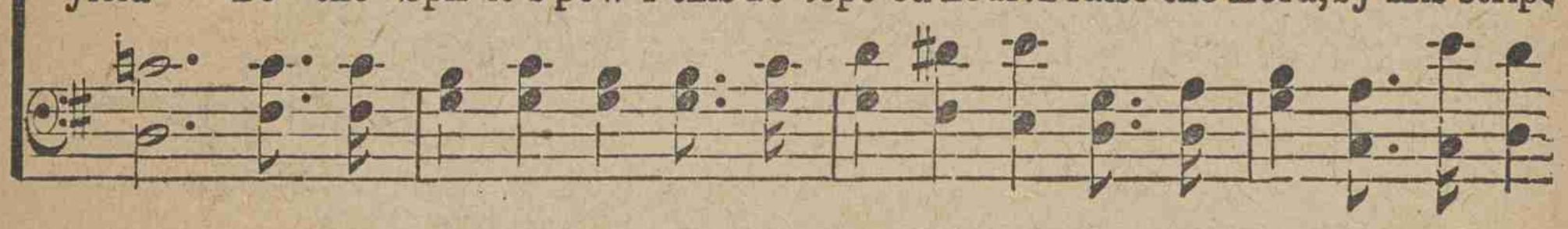
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in (come in).

112 By His Stripes We Are Healed.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav - ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion

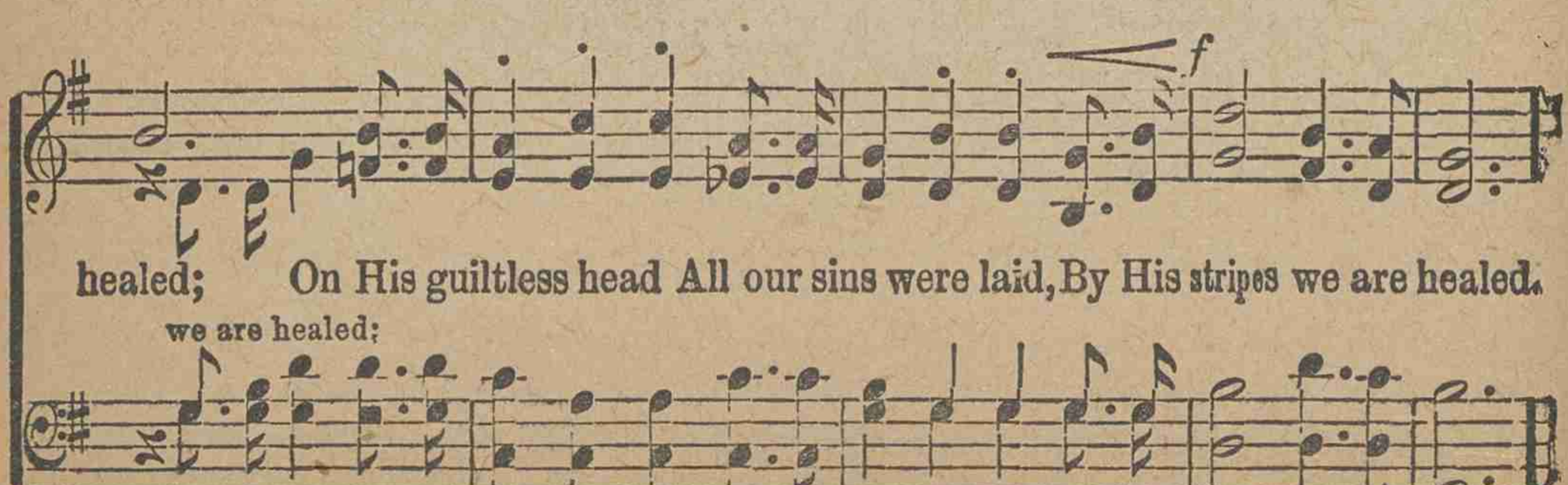
vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way–Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes



CHORUS.

we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are

By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes



healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.

we are healed;

113

The Great Glad Day.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the first glimpse of heav-en breaks up-on our rap-tured sight, What a
2. When we march thro' the gates and hear the wel-come of our King, What a
3. When we meet with the loved ones who have laid their ar - mor down, What a
4. There the storms nev-er beat, and the sur-ges nev-er roll,— What a

day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we stand face to face with Je-sus
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When with saints and the an-gels we u-
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When the Lord shall be-stow on us a
day of re-joic-ing that will be! There no death ev-er en-ters, there no

in that world of light, What a great glad day that will be.
nite His praise to sing, What a great glad day that will be.
bright immortal crown, What a great glad day that will be.
sorrows reach the soul; What a great glad day that will be.

CHORUS.

What a great glad day that will be; What a great glad day that will be; When we meet, nev-er more to part, on that e-ter-nal shore, What a great glad day that will be.

Hallelujah!

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114 The Language of My Soul.

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

1. I have found a great sal - va-tion which sup - plies my ev - 'ry need,
2. In the fount-ain of His mer - cy I by faith have en-tered in,
3. With the wise to - day I'm build-ing, not up - on the sink-ing sand,
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in the Sav - ior and His bless - ed keep-ing pow'r,
5. In the se - cret of His pres-ence there my soul de-lights to hide,

And my soul sings hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!
praise the Lord!

From the guilt and the do - min - ion of my sin I have been freed,
"O - pened to the house of Dav - id for un - clean - ness and for sin,"
But up - on the Rock of A - ges which will ev - 'ry storm with-stand,
His pa - vil - ion is a-round me ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour,
With His love and His sal - va - tion I am ful - ly sat - is - fied,

And my soul sings hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

Chorus.

'Tis the language of my soul, hal - le - lu - - - jah! Since the Lord hath
hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord!

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The Language of My Soul.

made me whole, hal - le - lu - jah! Let us shout with one ac-cord,
hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord!

f *ff*

Hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! 'Tis the language of my soul, hal - le - lu - jah!

115 Over in the Sun-bright Clime.

S. J. O. "The Lord giveth them light."—Rev. 22: 5. S. J. OSLIN. By per.

1. There is a land, a land of beau-ty, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
2. 'Tis al-ways light, the land of sto - ry, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
3. There hap-py we shall be for - ev - er, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sigh-ing, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;

ff

Life by His grace, re - ward for du-ty, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
'Tis al - ways fair, 'tis al - ways glo-ry, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
And sor - row we shall feel, no, nev-er, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
There'll be no sick-ness there nor dy-ing, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.

D.S.—*We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors, O-ver in the sun-bright clime.*

FINE

REFRAIN. D. S.

Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime! Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime!
sin-less, sun-bright clime! sin-less, sun-bright clime!

116 Power in the Blood.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. Weber.

1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the
2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a-ton-ing grace, There is pow'r in the
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the

blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win,
blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on,
blood for all the race, There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high,
blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood, be firm and true,

CHORUS.

There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son. Glo-ry to the Lamb,
There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw-ing nigh.
There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, for He shed His blood for thee, He will keep you

Repeat ad lib.

in the way and will nev-er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.

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117

A Song of His Love

J. F. KNAPP.

1. Hold me so close, my Sav- iour a - lone, There is no oth - er
2. For me Thy feet were nailed to the tree, Thy o - pened side was
3. Love, strong as death, bind my heart to Thine, Round me Thine arms of
4. When com-eth pain, yea, when com - eth death, When shall be tried in the

love like Thine own; Hold by Thine hand, 'twas wound-ed for me;
pierc-ed for me; For me that brow by thorns cir- cled round,
grace in - ter - twine; Hold me, O, hold me, close to Thy breast,
fur - nace my faith, Love that gave free the last drop of blood,

CHORUS.

Draw me still near - er, near - er to Thee.
For me each blood-drop, for me each wound. In the sweetest tones of
Safe thro' the temp - est there I shall rest.
Will bring me safe - ly home to my God.

love He speaks to me, ... Whis - pers soft - ly, tender and true; Each day
something precious and new, For in sweetest tones of love He speaks to me.

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118 Heralds of Light, Speed Away.

J. E. LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. To the millions that are ly-ing in darkness, Heralds of light, speed a-way,
2. As you la - bor for the Lord He is with you, Walks by your side day by day;
3. If he bids you speak the word to a broth - er, Say what He wants you to say;
4. Tho' He bids you go for Him o'er the ocean, You should but trust and o-bey;

speed a-way.

To the souls that long to hear of the Savior, Carry the bright gospel ray.
'Tis His will that you should tell of His mercy, Carry the bright gospel ray.
If He sends you o'er the vale or the mountain, Carry the bright gospel ray.
To the heathen who are dwelling in blindness, Carry the bright gospel ray.

speed away.

CHORUS.

Her-alds of light, speed a - way; Car-ry the bright gos-pel ray,

speed a - way; gos-pel ray.

Dark the night of sin, Let the sunlight in, Her-alds of light, speed a - way.

speed a-way.

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119 My Name is Recorded up There.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.

1. A Won-der-ful Vol-ume in Heav-en is kept By An-gel hands
2. The names of God's chil-dren are all writ-ten down For this God's own
3. I came to my Sav-iour all cov-ered with sin, But He heard and
4. When at the great Judgment the roll shall be called From those blessed

spot-less and fair; And this I believe since I'm saved thro' the blood,
word doth de-clare; And, knowing that I've passed from death un-to life;
answered my prayer, And faith has as-sured me be-yond a-ny doubt,
pa-ges so fair, I know they will find writ-ten down in Christ's blood,

CHORUS.

My name is re-cord-ed up there. My name is re-cord-ed up

there,... In the Lamb's book of life, spotless, fair;..... There is joy in my
up there, Lamb's book of life, spotless, fair;

breast, for this tho't is so blest, My name is re-cord-ed up there.

Cypyright, 1912, by J. M. Harris.

120 Shall We All Be Gathered There?

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

1. In that place of ma - ny man-sions Which our Sav - ior doth pre - pare,
2. Face to face shall we be - hold Him And the loved ones gone be - fore?
3. Will the cir - cle be un-brok-en In that home-land bright and fair?
4. In that won-drous "city four-square" Nev - er falls the shade of night.

Is there one for you? is there one for me? Shall we all be gath-ered there?
Just in - side the gate for us now they wait Till the storms of life are o'er.
In the cleans-ing flood of the Sav-ior's blood Are your sins all bur-ied there?
And they need no sun, neith-er stars or moon For the Lamb is all the light.

CHORUS.

Shall we all be gath - ered there? Shall we safe - ly there?
all be gath - ered safe - ly there? In that land of light
Where there comes no night, Shall we all be gath-ered there? safe - ly there?

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121

Home of the Soul.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti- ful land, The far a- way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be -
3. That unchange-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is he, And he
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti- ful land, So free from all sor - row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e- ter - ni- ty roll, While the years of e- ter - ni-ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit- y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Till I
holdeth our crowns in his hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands, The
meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an- oth - er a - gain, With

storms ev- er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e ter-ni-ty roll.
fan - cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit-y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth- er a-gain.

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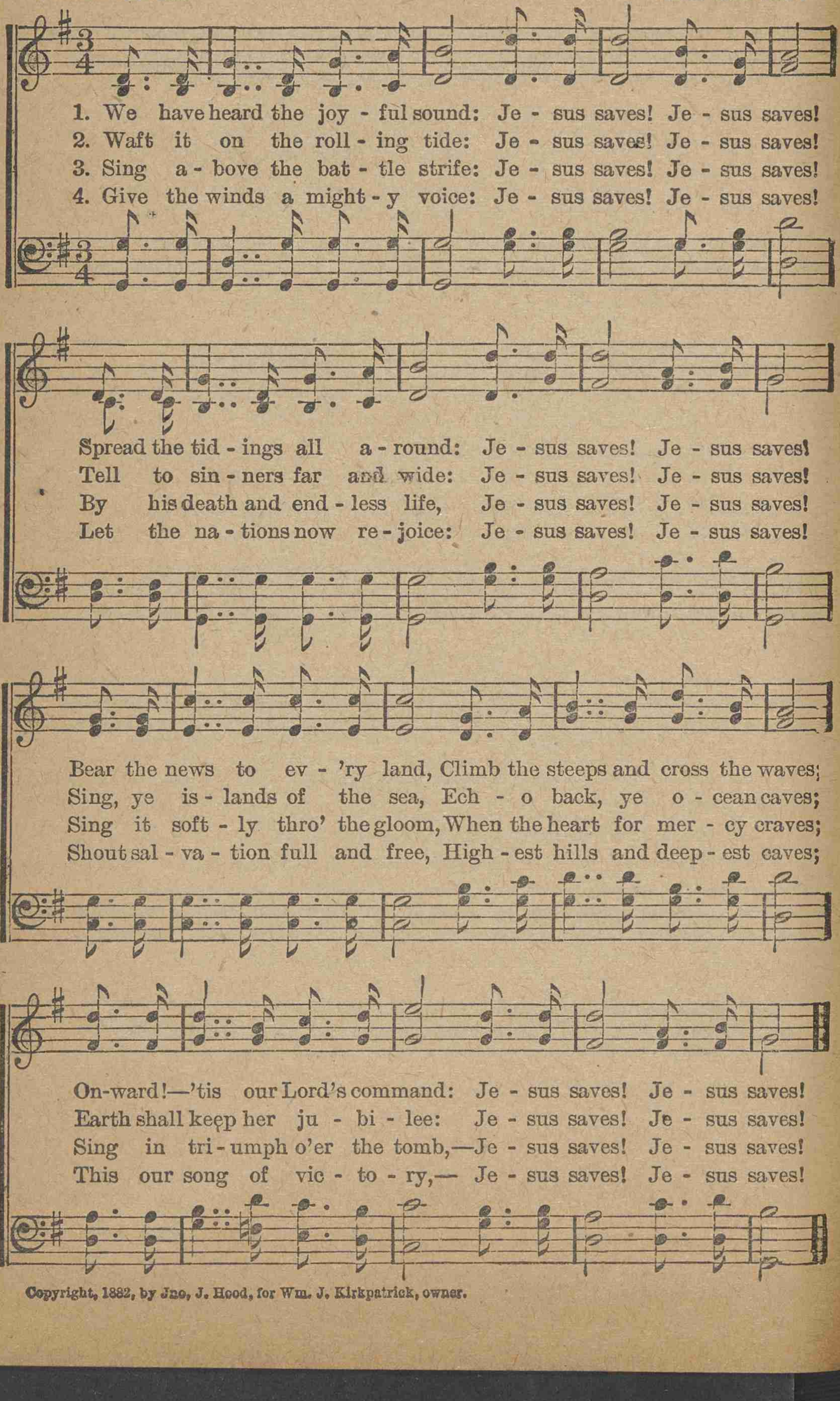
122

Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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

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

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

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

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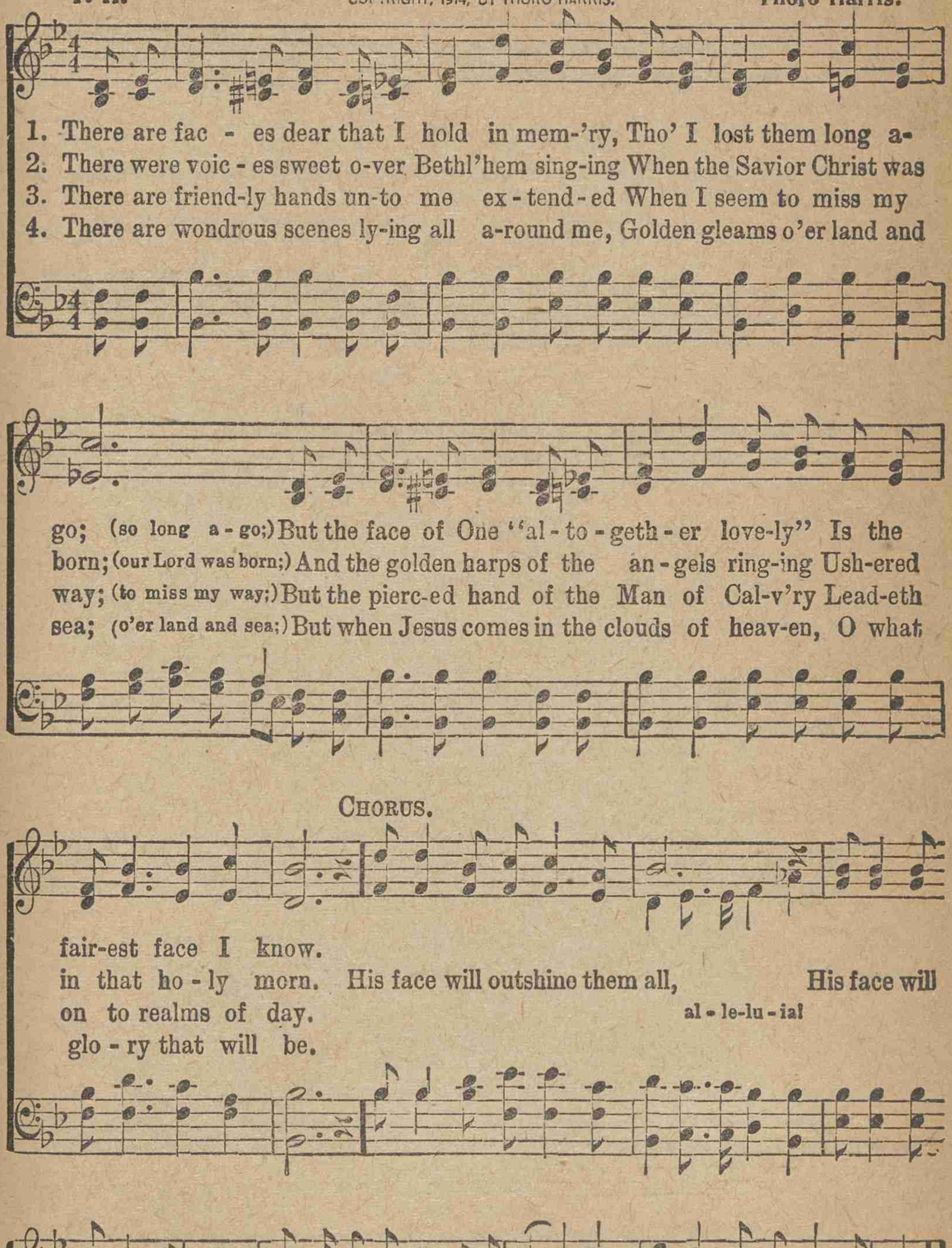
123 His Face Will Outshine Them All.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a-
2. There were voic - es sweet o-ver Bethl'hem sing-ing When the Savior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex - tend - ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and



go; (so long a - go;) But the face of One "al - to - geth - er love-ly" Is the
born; (our Lord was born;) And the golden harps of the an - gels ring-ing Ush-ered
way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Lead-eth
sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Jesus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what

CHORUS.

fair-est face I know.
in that ho - ly morn. His face will outshine them all, His face will
on to realms of day. al - le-lu - ia!
glo - ry that will be.

outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu - ia! His face will outshine them all.

The Old Rugged Cross.

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—GAL. 6: 14.

G. B. Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

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125

Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

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C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. Je-sus has a ta-ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
   With His man-na He doth feed And sup-plies our ev-'ry need:
2. The dis-ci-ples came to land, Thus o-bey-ing Christ's command,
   There they found their hearts' de-sire, Bread and fish up-on the fire;
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev-er at His side,
   O, 'twill be a glo-rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;

1 He in-vites His chos-en peo-ple "Come and dine;"
  O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je-sus all the time!
2 For the Mas-ter called to them, "Come, come, and dine;"
  Thus He sat-is-fies the hun-gry ev-'ry time.
3 All the host of heav-en will as-sem-bled be;
  And with Je-sus they will feast e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je-sus' ta-ble all the time; He who fed the mul-ti-
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa-ter in-to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

126 Jesus Will Save You To-Day.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Come, poor sin - ner, tho' halt and blind, Je - sus will save you to - day;
2. Do not long - er the Spir - it grieve, Je - sus will save you to - day;
3. Love and mer - cy still pleads with thee, Je - sus will save you to - day;
4. Friends and loved ones in-vite thee now, Je - sus will save you to - day;

Come, and mer - cy thy soul shall find, Je - sus will save you to - day.
Come, His prom - i - ses now be - lieve, Je - sus will save you to - day.
Wait no long - er but come and see, Je - sus will save you to - day.
Pay thy oft - en re - peat - ed vow, Je - sus will save you to - day.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will save you to - day, He will not turn thee a - way;
Je - sus will save you to-day, He will not turn thee a-way:

Par-don and mer-cy He waits to be-stow, Je - sus will save you to - day.

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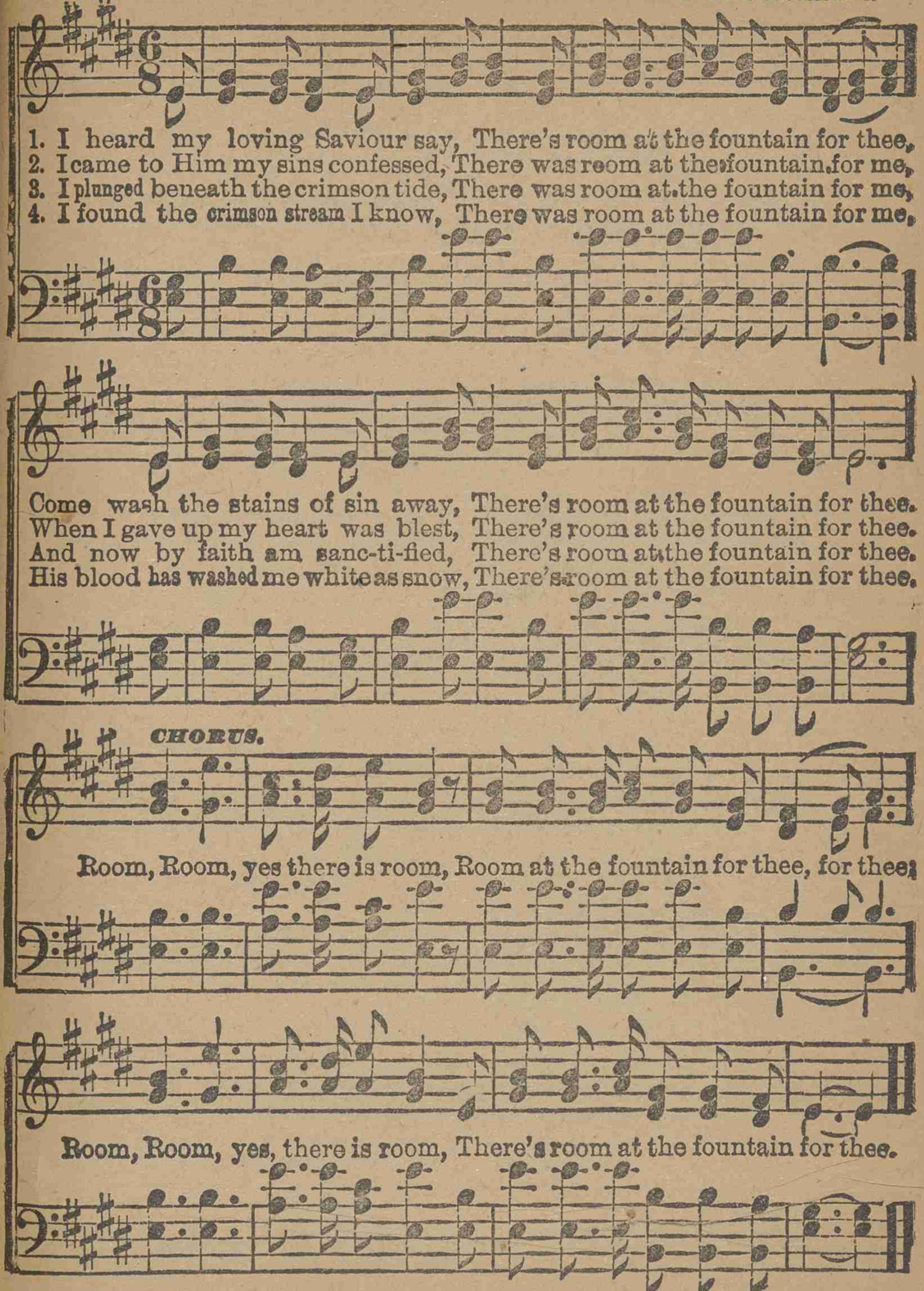
127

ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,

Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.

Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;
Room, Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death;
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

Jesus Is Calling.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS. Cho. arr.

1. The Sav - ior now is stand-ing at the door, He seeks to
2. Though long He's stood and tar - ried there in vain, In love He
3. Just now ad - mit this glo - rious heav'n-ly guest, Why long - er
4. O do not grieve Him long - er by de - lay, The door swing

en - ter in, And if you'll heed His lov - ing call to - day, He'll
waits to - day, O hear His pre - cious gen - tle voice that calls, And
cling to sin? E - ter - nal life and joy He waits to give, To
o - pen wide, In - vite Him now to quick - ly en - ter in, For-

CHORUS.

save you from all sin.
turn Him not a - way. Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing,
those who let Him in.
ev - er to a - bide.

Je - sus is call - ing, O - pen your heart's door wide and let Him in.

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129 Nothing but the Blood.

MILDRED HAINES. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. What can wash my sins a - way? Noth-ing but the blood, the precious blood;
2. What can make me free from sin? Noth-ing but the blood, the precious blood;
3. What can give me per-fect peace? Noth-ing but the blood, the precious blood;
4. What can vic - t'ry give each day? Noth-ing but the blood, the precious blood;

What can save my soul to - day? Noth - ing but the pre - cious blood.
What can give me rest with - in? Noth - ing but the pre - cious blood.
What can from all sin re - lease? Noth - ing but the pre - cious blood.
What can all my fears al - lay? Noth - ing but the pre - cious blood.

CHORUS.

There's nothing but the blood, noth-ing but the blood, Can wash my sin a - way;

There's nothing but the blood, noth-ing but the blood, Can save my soul to - day.

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130 As Wax Before the Fire.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. When the Spir - it comes to dwell In the heart His love to tell,
2. To my heart, so p[illegible] to sin, Bless-ed Spir - it, en - ter in,
3. Then to ho - ly liv - ing bent, To my bless - ed Sav-iour lent,

He will cleanse from ev-'ry blot and stain of wrong; (and stain of wrong;)
Like a pu - ri - fy - ing breath of ho - ly fire; (of ho - ly fire;)
Be the pow - ers of my na - ture and my will; (and of my will;)

He will make all pure with - in, He will free from ev - 'ry sin,
Cleanse my soul in ev - 'ry part, Each dark cor - ner of my heart,
Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Friend, Be with me till life shall end,

He will fill the life with love and joy and song. (and joy and song.)
Driv - ing thence the shad-ows vile of ill de - sire. (of ill de - sire.)
Guid - ing, guard-ing, bless-ing, cleans-ing, lov - ing, still. (and lov- ing still.)

CHORUS.

As the wax..... be - fore the fire,.....
As the wax be - fore the fire,

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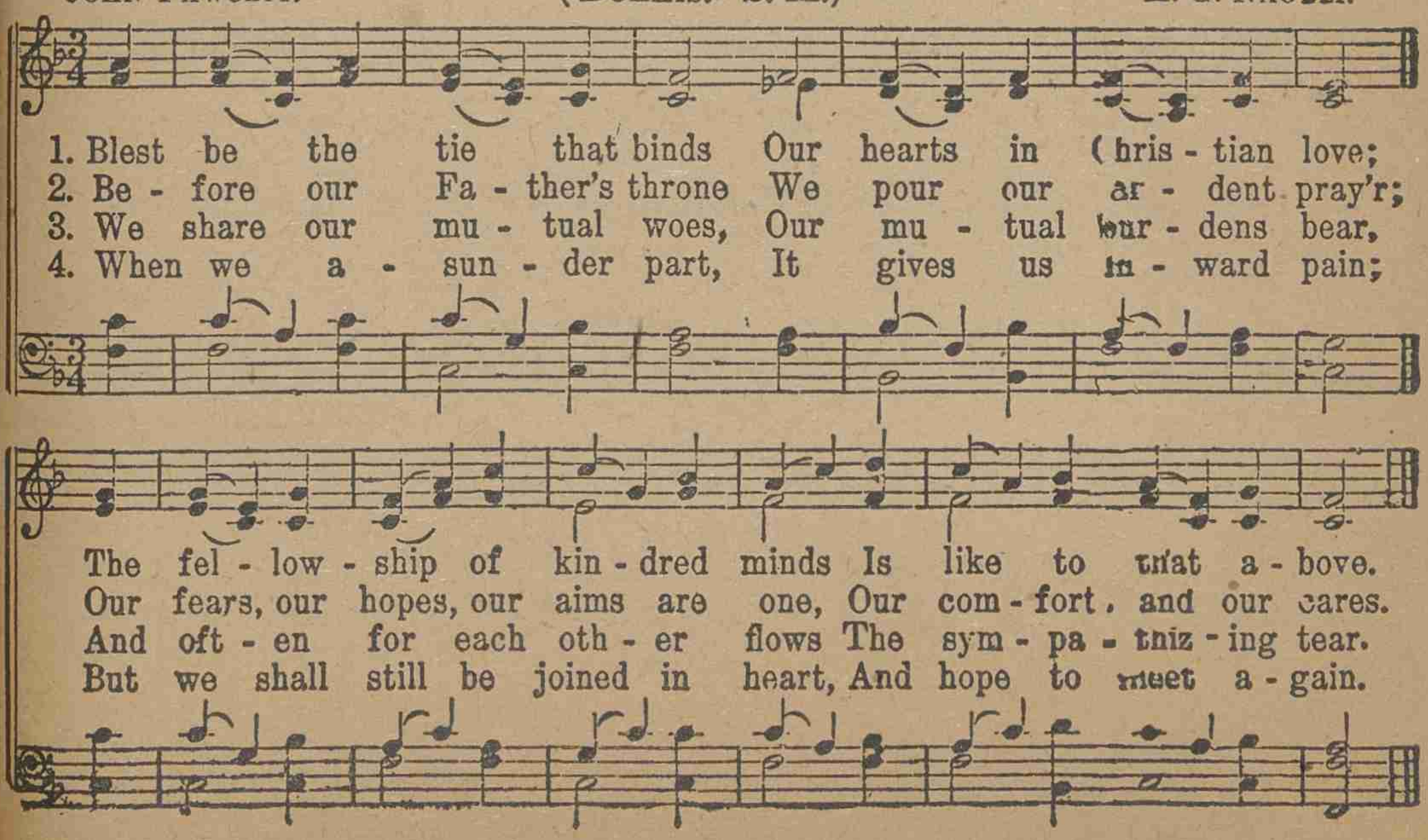
As Wax Before the Fire.

No. 131. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT. (Dennis. S. M.) H. G. NAGELI.



132 Let all the People Praise Thee.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me Ye peo - ple of His choice,
2. O praise Him for His ho - li-ness, His wis - dom and His grace;
3. Had I a thou-sand tongues to sing The half could ne'er be told

Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ran-somed all our race;
Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless-ings man - i - fold;

For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem - na - tion,
In ten - der - ness He sought us, From depths of sin He brought us,
Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow-ing as a riv - er,

For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion To Him give thanks.
To Him to Him give thanks,
The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
To Him to Him give thanks,
From God the glo - rious giv - er, To Him give thanks.
to Him give thanks,

CHORUS.

Let all . . . . the peo - ple praise Thee Let all . . . the peo - ple
let all let all

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Let all the People Praise Thee. Concluded.

praise thee! Let all . . . . . the peo - ple praise Thy name for-

let all

ev - er and for-ev - er - more for - ev - er-more, O Lord! Let more.

1 2

133 Dedication Hymn.

J. W. GILLIES.

1. With-in these walls to - day we meet, To praise our God for blessings giv'n,
2. The Church for which our Saviour died, From spot and wrink-le to set free,
3. For - ev - er may this house be held, As sa - cred to our God and King;

For grace that saves from sin and death, That makes our days as days of heav'n;
Thy pow'r a - lone can sanc-ti - fy, En - a-bling us to ho - ly be;
Sal - va-tion from all sin be preached, Thy praise a-lone Thy peo - ple sing;

O Lord, this place shall be Thine own, Bless thou the seed that here is sown.
That we by life and voice may show Thy sav-ing grace to all be - low.
Oh, grant to us our heart's de-sire, Baptize with Ho - ly Ghost and fire.

134 Crown Him!

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

1. Be - hold one day a wondrous scene; There rode a man of low-ly mien A-
2. He's pass - ing by, just as of yore, And great and small and rich and poor, To-
3. Soon He is com-ing back a-gain; A thousand years on earth to reign; We'll

long the dust-y way; A - long the dust - y way; The peo-ple thronged Him
day, their Lord deny; To - day their Lord de - ny; Oh make of Him su-
see Him by and by; We'll see Him by and by; All the re-deemed with

as He passed, Palm branches in His way they cast, And cried, "Ho-san-na
prem-est choice, And with up - lift - ed heart and voice, "Ho-san - na to the
Him, He'll bring, Who in their hearts have crowned Him king, And they shall live and

CHORUS. *Duet.*

to the King, to-day," to - day!
King of kings," still cry, still cry.
reign with Him on high, on high.

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Sav-ior

King of kings; In your hearts en-throne Him, Lord and Mas - ter

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Crown Him!

own Him; Crown Him! Crown Him! While Heaven ex-ult - ant
Crow- Him to-day, yes crown Him to-day,

rings; Crown the bless - ed Sav-iour King of kings.....
The glorious King of kings.

135 Heaven.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Tho' thro' this vale of mys - ter - y With sin our souls have
2. When out up - on life's storm - y sea Our barks are fierce - ly
3. Has sor - row left a throb - bing scar? Has some dear tie been
4. From all the cares and toils of life That are to mor - tals

striv - en, Yet we are told that there will be No
driv - en, Faith sweet - ly whis - pers, "Soul, there'll be No
riv - en? Still hear love whis - per, "Soul, there are No
giv - en, We'll find, when thro' with earth - ly strife, Sweet

sin, no sin in heav - en, No sin, no sin in heav - en.
storm, no storm in heav - en, No storm, no storm in heav - en.
tears, no tears in heav - en, No tears, no tears in heav - en.
rest, sweet rest in heav - en, Sweet rest, sweet rest in heav - en.

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136 I'll be a Soldier for Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.
2nd verse & Cho. by Mrs. C. H. M,

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Introduction.

Unison.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low-er of the Lamb,
2. The fight is on, the call to arms Is sound-ing far and near,
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age Lord,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
And to the bat-tle's front a-way We hast-en with a cheer.
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

Female voices.

Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease
For God and ho - li - ness we fight Nor lay our ar - mor down,
When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all His ar - mies shine,

Male voices.

Play in octaves.

While oth - ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Till faith has been exchanged for sight And we've ob-tained the crown.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies The glo - ry shall be thine.

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I'll be a Soldier for Jesus.

CHORUS.

I'll be a sol-dier for Je-sus, No mat-ter what oth-ers may

I'll be a sol-dier, a sol - dier for Je - sus, No mat - ter what

do;..... I've in His ar - my en-list - ed And

oth - ers may do; I've in His ar - my, His ar - my en - list - ed, And

Unison.

sworn Him al - le - giance true; ..... Here by His grace let me

sworn Him al - le - giance true;

Parts.

bat - tle, Un-til the vic-t'ry I see..... I'll be a

sol-dier for Je - sus, He can de-pend up-on me.....

sol-dier, a sol-dier for Je - sus,

137 "God's Kingdom is at Hand."

Dedicated with love, to my friends. Evangelists J. M. and M. J. Harris.

Mrs. C. H. M. Matt. 3: 2. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Com-mis-sioned by the Lord are we, The glo - rious news to tell,
2. Why will you l ng- r jeop - ard - ize, Your nev - er dy - ing soul
3. With just a few more fleet - ing days, And life's work will be done,

Play in Octaves.

Of God's sal - va - tion full and free, Which saves from sin and hell;
When Je - sus paid your ran-som price, And waits to make you whole?
E - ter - ni - ty draws on a - pace, Your race is al - most run;

Up - on His business here in - tent, We haste at His com - mand,
It is the Lord from heav'n who speaks, In thunder tones to - day,
The fin - al con - sum - ma-tion nears, When time shall be no more,

Pro-claim-ing ev - 'ry-where "repent, God's kingdom is at hand."
And bids you now sal - va - tion seek And turn from sin a - way.
We soon the warn - ing cry shall hear, The Jndge is at the door.

Chorus. *f Unison.* *Parts.*

We'll tell it out, "God's king-dom is at hand;"

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"God's Kingdom is at Hand."

Unison.

With trump - et shout, "God's king-dom is at hand,"

ff

Am - bas-sa - dors for Him we go, All up and down the land,

All up and down the land,

rit.

Still cry - ing ev - 'ry - where "re-pent, God's king-dom is at hand."

138 I'm Believing, and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Black-est stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worth-less, earth's de-light and show;
4. Sel - fish - ness is lost in love,, Love for Him whose love you know;

CHO.-*I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv-ing, While I to the fount-ain go,*

Dark-est night is chang'd to day, When I to the fount - ain go.
Sor - row chang - es in - to song, When I to the fount - ain go.
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fount - ain go.
All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the fount - ain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whit - er than the driv - en snow.

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139 'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

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

1. I heard God's voice commanding, "go up the land pos-sess," And trust - ing in His grace I fol-lowed on; From Egypt's cru-el bond-age
2. The land I'm now ex - plor - ing and get - ting far - ther in, And tent-ing t'ward the highlands ev-'ry day; Still far-ther from the low-lands
3. This land of peace and plen - ty is yours by faith to claim, There's per - fect love and rest from in-bred sin, Its mountain heights possessing

and from the wil-der-ness, From Kadesh in - to Canaan I have gone.
of un - be-lief and sin, From glo - ry un - to glo - ry all the way.
thro' faith in Je-sus name, Cross o - ver and the vic-t'ry life be - gin.

Chorus.

'Tis good to live in Canaan where grapes of Eschol grow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan where milk and hon-ey flow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan

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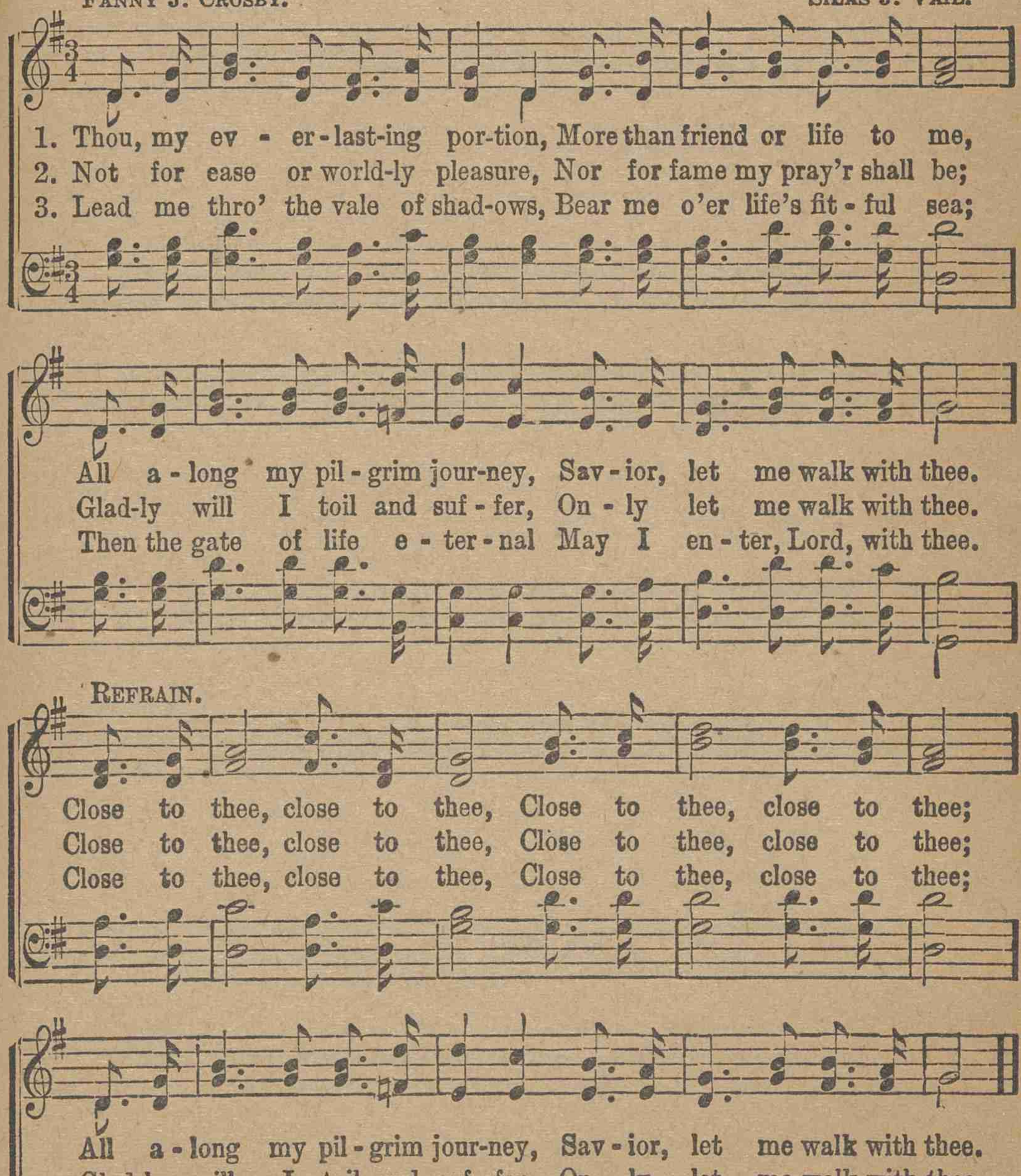
'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

140 Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.



141 The Way of Holiness.

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness." Isaiah, 35: 8.

Words by Donald S. Lundin. **Music by H. M. Messenger.**

Intro.

Lively.

1. I'm walk-ing in the blessed light of God, A-long the way the prophets trod,
2. This is the way the ho-ly martyrs went, Their lives for ho-li-ness were spent,
3. This is the way the blest Redeemer came From heav'n to earth, to bear our shame

I've left the world far, far be-hind, And joys ce-les-tial now I find.
And in this way which God hath made, The li-ons did not make a-fraid:
For joy was set be - fore His eyes, To bear the cross, the shame despise.

This is the way which leadeth unto heav'n, A way for those with sins for-giv'n:
No li-on ev-er shall go up there-on, No ra-venous beast shall walk up-on
In this ex-alt-ed way of ho-li-ness, The de-sert and the wil-der-ness

The blood of Christ frees from all sin, The com-for-ter a-bides with-in.
This ho - ly way; 'Twas made by God, For all the ran-somed of the Lord.
Re - joice and blossom as the rose, Thro' them the liv-ing wa-ter flows.

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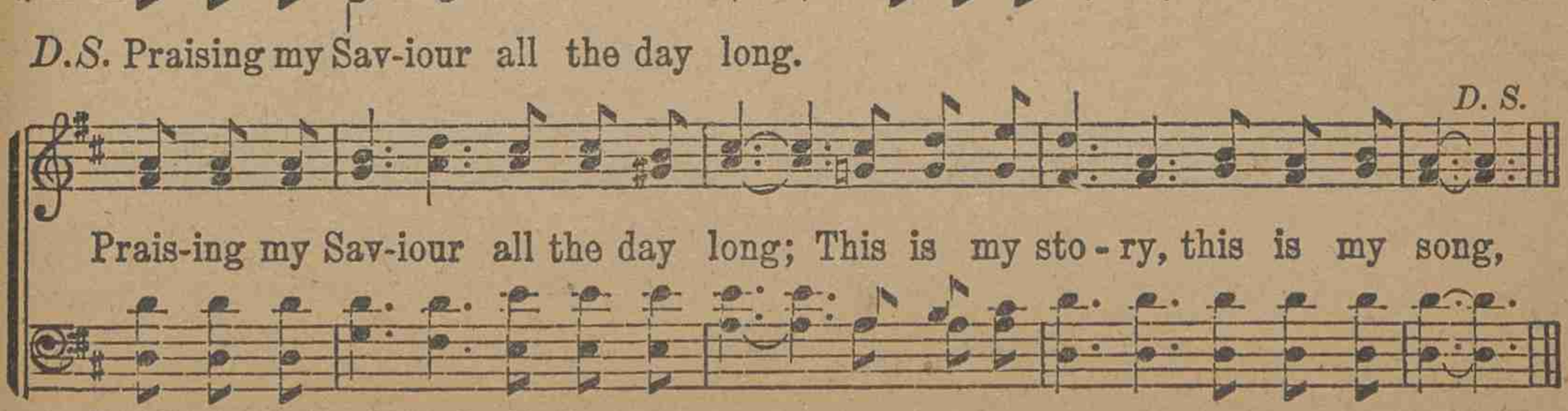
The Way of Holiness.

CHORUS.

No. 142. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



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143 I Shall See Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.
Duet for Sop. and Alto.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When death my soul from its pris - on re - leas - es, When like a bird shall my spir - it go free, When "face to face" I at last shall see Je - sus, See Him in glo - ry, oh, what will it be?
2. Je - sus who once was "de-spised and re - ject - ed," Ol - i - vet, Cal - va - ry tell of His woe; Glo - ri - fied now, with the love-light re - flect-ed In - to mine eyes, oh what joy I shall know.
3. "Thro' a glass dark - ly" no more to be - hold Him, Faith shall be changed in - to glo - ri - ous sight; There "eye to eye" I shall see Him and know Him, Je - sus, my Je - sus, all heav-en's de - light.
4. Won - der - ful, won - der-ful cit - y of man-sions! Heav - en has glo - ries un - num-bered in store; Best of them all when my eyes shall see Je - sus Crowned and ex - alt - ed, and reign-ing in pow'r.

Chorus.

I shall see Je - sus, I shall see Je - sus, Faith shall be changed in - to glo - ri - ous sight; Thro' countless a - - ges

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I Shall See Jesus.

144

My Bondage is Ended.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

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Fire and the Holy Ghost.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. Harris.

1. John said of Christ, to the sur-prise Of that great thronging host;
2. When His Dis - ci - ples heard His Word And tar - ried at their post,
3. To - day if we would work for God What we are need-ing most
4. O Lord transform our hearts and minds Lest in our pride we boast,

With wa - ter He shall not bap-tize, But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap-tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the prom-ised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

Chorus.

But fire and the Holy Ghost, But fire and the Holy Ghost.
With fire and the Holy Ghost, With fire and the Holy Ghost.
Of fire and the Holy Ghost, Of fire and the Holy Ghost.
By fire and the Holy Ghost, By fire and the Holy Ghost.

fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, fire and the Ho - ly Ghost,

With wa - ter He shall not bap-tize But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap-tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the promised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

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146 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."

JOHN. J. G. F.

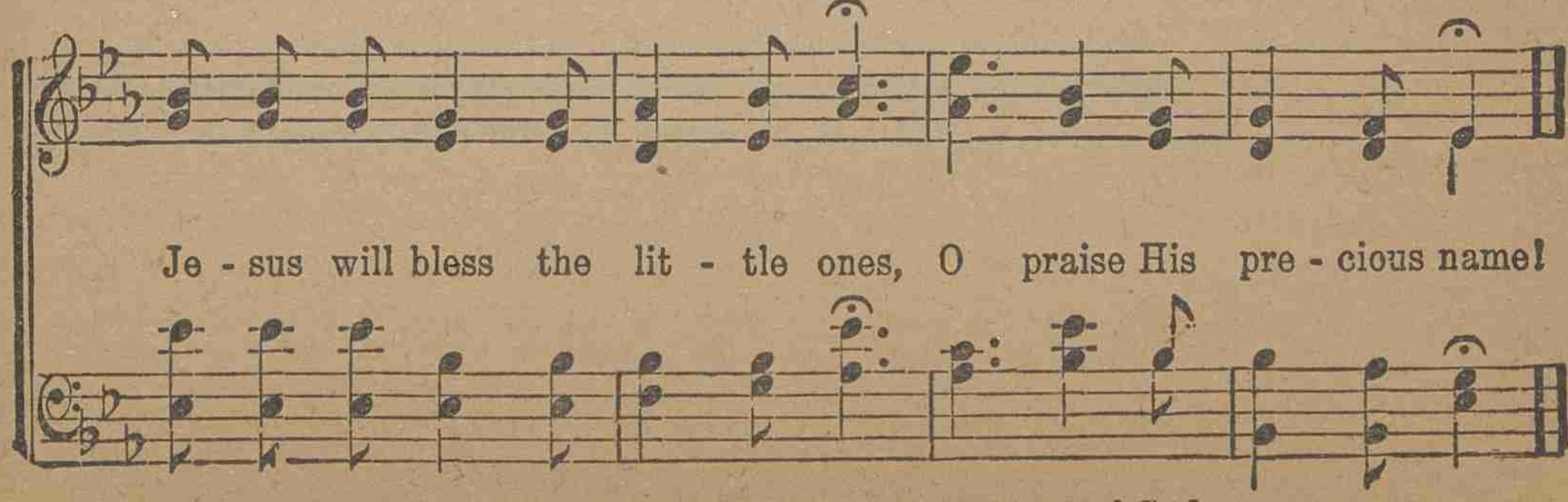
1. The lit - tle chil - dren Christ received, O praise His pre - cious name!
2. A kind - ly warn - ing Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je - sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them, too,
4. The Lord will kind - ly wel - come all The chil - dren to His love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones Be - fore they learn to sin;

He took them up in - to His arms, And bless'd each one that came.
One of these pre - cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their Friend.
And all the love we can be - stow For Je - sus we should do.
And send up - on them day by day His bless - ing from a - bove.
The harvest's great, the la-b'rers few; O, who will bring them in.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,

Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His pre - cious name!



This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

147 It Is Truly Wonderful.

B. E. W. Is. 25: 1. B. E. Warren.

1. He par-doned my trans - gres-sions, He sanc - ti - fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev -' ry mo - ment By trust-ing in His grace;
3. He brings me thro' af - flic - tion, He leaves me not a - lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro - tects me, His blessings ev - er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful, His love I do en - joy,
6. There's not a sin - gle bless -ing Which we re- ceive on earth

He hon - ors my con - fes - sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.
'Tis through His blest a - tone - ment, That I may see His face.
He's with me in temp - ta - tion, He keeps me for His own.
He fills me with His glo - ry, He makes me white as snow.
For this I shall be grate - ful, And live in His em - ploy.
That does not come from heav - en, The source of our new birth.

Chorus.

It is tru - ly won - der - ful! What the Lord has done! It is

tru - ly won - der - ful! It is tru - ly won - der - ful! It is

tru - ly won - der-ful! What the Lord has done! Glo - ry to His name.

Copyright, 1897, by Charlie D. Tillman

148

The Master's Call.

(Dedicated to God and African missions.)

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B. S. **Belle Staples.**

1. I hear my Mas-ter call - ing. "O who will go for me, And bear the bless-ed
2. I dreamed of dusk-y fac - es Be-yond the roll-ing sea, Who'd nev-er heard of
3. O, I am ve - ry hap - py; God's will is sweet to me; His pres-ence will go
4. "My presence shall go with thee," That is our bank and store; The presence of Je-
5. Some day the joy-ful sum-mons Shall ring a-cross the sea, "Behold, the Bridegroom

ti - dings To souls be-yond the sea?" I saw the Mas-ter point - ing To
Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry; A - gain a sweet voice whispered: "O,
with us A-cross the roll-ing sea; 'Tis just as near to heav - en From
ho - vah, How could we ask for more? His prom-ise ne'er was brok - en, Nor
com-eth;" O, what a ju - bi - lee! With sheaves that He has giv - en, On

Af-ric's heathen shore, Where millions grope in darkness, And Satan's le-gions roar.
who will go for Me, And preach the gos-pel ti-dings, Sal - va-tion full and free?"
Af - ri-ca, I know; So farewell, friends and loved ones, For we are bound to go.
can it ev - er be; 'Twill prove onr bank un-fail-ing, A-cross the roll-ing sea.
wings of love we'll rise To dwell with Christ for-ev-er, Be-yond the vaulted skies.

CHORUS.

Here am I, Lord, Here am I, Lord, Here am I, send me, send me; send me.

149 Just Pray Through.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Grace is prom-ised for your dai - ly task, God will sure - ly give you what you ask;
2. Christ your Lord your dan-ger ful - ly knows, Sees each fierce temp-ta - tion, counts your foes;
3. Tho' the dark clouds long may hide the light, E - vil seems to con - quer what is right;
4. Je - sus reigns, His king-dom will pre - vail, Not a word He's spok - en e'er shall fail;

Tho' the work seems more than you can do,
Tho' the friends of earth may seem too few,
Tho' the false out - num - ber all the true,
All you ask or think your Lord will do,

CHORUS.

Nev - er be dis- cour-aged, just pray thro'. Just pray thro', just pray thro',

Plead the name of Je - sus, God will an - swer you; Well He un - derstands you,

knows just what to do, Nev - er be dis-cour-aged, just pray thro'.

Copyright, 1909, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

150 Never be Tempted to Turn from the Way.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. M. HARRIS

1. If you have start-ed for yon-der bright cit - y, Keep pushing for-ward by night and by day;
2. If you are found in the path-way of du - ty, If you have promised your Lord to o - bey;
3. If you would reach yonder man-sion in heav-en, Ev - er keep press-ing and nev - er de - lay;
4. Ma-ny are wait-ing for you up in glo - ry; Wait-ing my broth-er, my sis - ter to - day;

Look-ing to Je - sus for help and for com-fort,
Trust in the arm of Je - ho - vah to help you,
And al - tho' Sa - tan may seek to be - guile you,
If you ex - pect in that cit - y to meet them,

CHORUS.

Nev - er be tempt - ed to turn from the way. What tho' your day may be cloud-ed with sor-row, Let not your spir-it be filled with dis-may; Trust in the Lord to sus-tain thee to-mor-row, Nev - er be tempt-ed to turn from the way.

Copyright, 1912, by J. M. Harris.

151 Pentecostal Fire Is Falling.

G. B. Rev. GEORGE BENNARD.

Martial Style.

1. In the book of God so pre-cious We are told of pen - te - cost,
2. Pen - te-cost can be re - peat - ed, For the Lord is just the same,
3. When the Church of Jesus tar - ries, Pen - te - cost-al fire will fall,

How the blessed Lord's dis - ci - ples Tar - ried for the Ho - ly Ghost.
Yes - ter-day, to-day, for - ev - er, Glo - ry to His pre-cious name!
Sin and wrong will be de - feat - ed, Sin - ners on the Lord will call.

Pen - te-cost - al fire fell on them, Burn-ing up their sin and dross,
Saints of God can be vic - to - rious O - ver sin and death and hell;
She will march to glo-rious vic - t'ry, O - ver ev - 'ry land and sea,

Fill-ing them with pow'r for serv-ice, Mak-ing them a might-y host.
Have a full and free sal - va - tion, And the bless-ed sto - ry tell.
Lift-ing high the blood-stained banner, Ho - li - ness her mot-to be.

Words and Music copyright, 1912, by Fay Geo. Bennard.

Pentecostal Fire Is Falling—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 152. FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

153 Are You Ready Now to Go?

Rev. N. B. HERRELL. Rev. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Are you read - y, O my broth-er, For the com - ing of the Lord?
2. Are you look - ing, O my broth-er, For the Bridegroom to ap-pear?
3. Are you pray - ing, O my broth-er, For the Bridegroom soon to come?

Are you now a-mong the num-ber Which are all of one ac-cord?
Are you with that ho - ly num-ber, Which John saw up in the air?
Are you trust - ing in the Fa - ther, For to guide you safe - ly home?

Have you on the wed-ding garments? Are your lamps all burn-ing bright?
Are you list - 'ning for the trum-pet, Which shall sound so ver - y loud?
Do you long to see the Sav - ior, And the ones to Him so dear?

Are you keep - ing His commandments? Are you walk - ing in the light?
Are you read - y for the char - iot? Will you shout to see the cloud?
Will you crown Him King for-ev - er, When you meet Him in the air?

CHORUS.

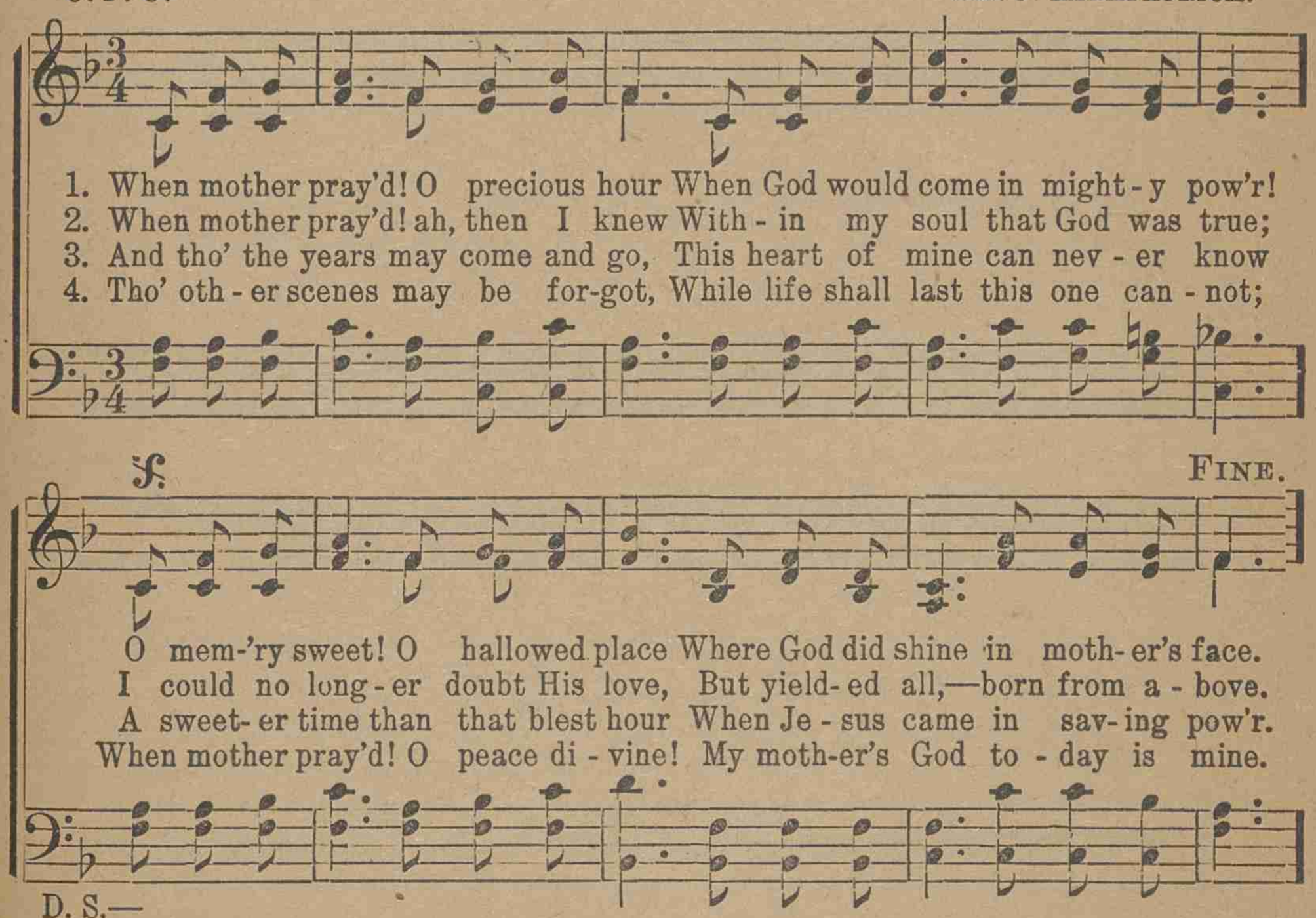
Are you read - y now to go? Are your garments white as snow? Are you

Owned and controlled by C. B. Widmeyer, Colo. Spgs., Colo.

Are You Ready Now to Go.

154 When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS. *D. S.*

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No. 155. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glory,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the golden fancies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song.

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry,
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 156. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

FINE.

1. Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing, / High-er still and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; } Life im-mor - tal
2. Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en; / Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as hea-ven: } 'Tis a glo - rious
3. Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Roll thro' ev - 'ry na-tion, / Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This im-mense sal - va-tion; } Now I know it's

D.C.–*I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

I re-ceive; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
li - ber - ty; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
full and free; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 157. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

HARRIET WARNER RE QUA. REV. J. W. DADMUN

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years, Often hindered in my
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev- er would abide; For I've tasted life's pure
4. Tell me not of heavy cross-es, Nor the burdens hard to bear, For I've found this great sal-
5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true; When I'm in the way so

beaut - y Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La-den
jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears; Broken vows and disappointments Thickly
riv - er, And my soul is sat - is-fied; There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a-
va - tion Makes each bur-den light appear; And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad-ly
nar - row, I can see a path-way thro'; And how sweetly Je-sus whispers: Take the

with the breath of flow'rs, They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bowr's.
sprink-led all the way, But the spir - it led, un-err-ing, To the land I hold to-day.
dorn - ing rich and gay, For I've found a richer treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.
count-ing all but dross, World-ly hon-ors all for-sak-ing, For the glo- ry of the cross.
cross, thou need'st not fear, For I've tried the way before thee, And the glory lingers near.

D. S.—*Is not this the land of Beulah? Blessed,*

D. S. CHORUS.

bless - ed land of light; Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sun is always bright.

No. 158. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
And, oh, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac-count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 159. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

Rev. E. PERRONET. (Coronation.) 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 maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

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

No. 160. THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil His face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev-'ry
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a -

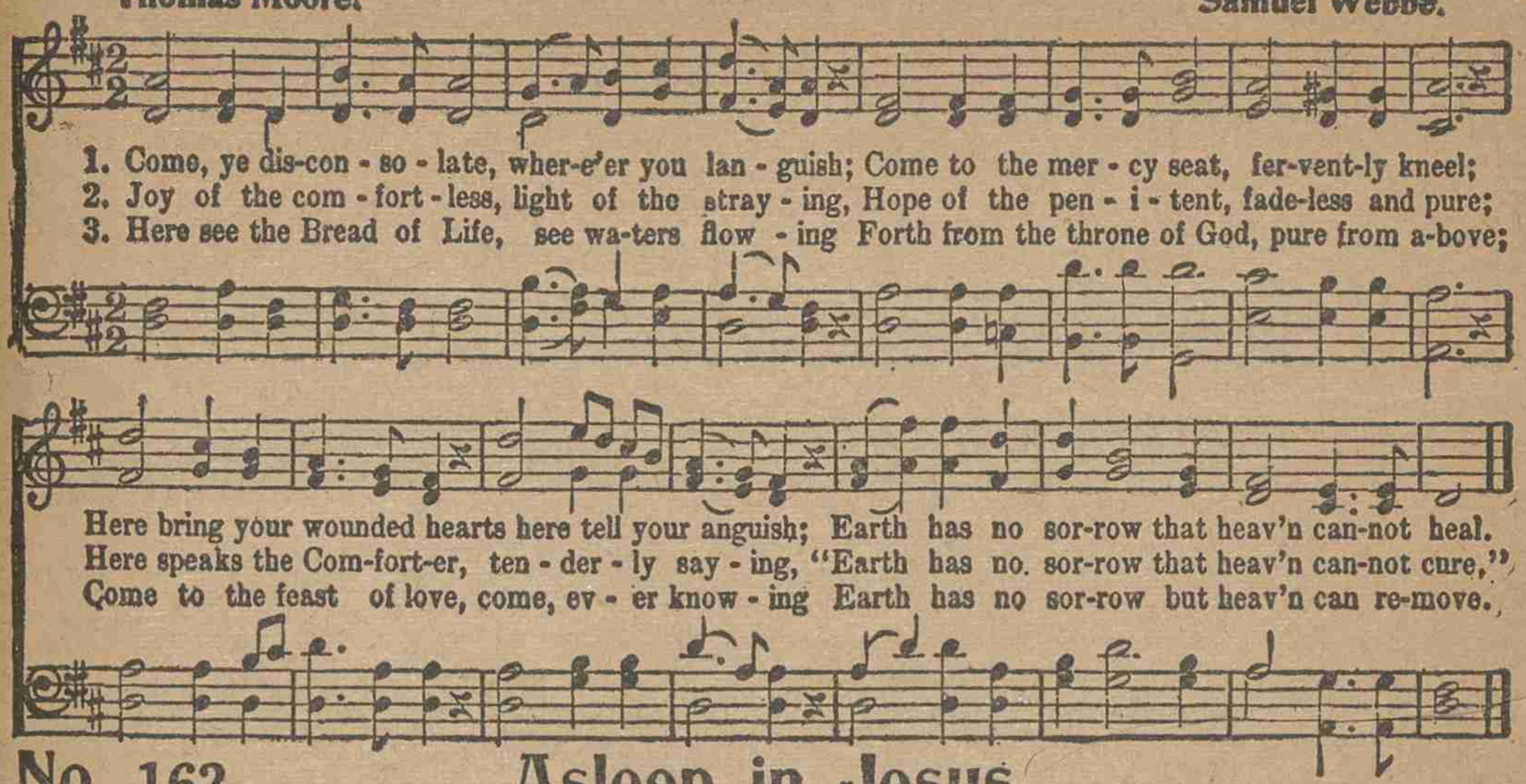
CHORUS.

trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

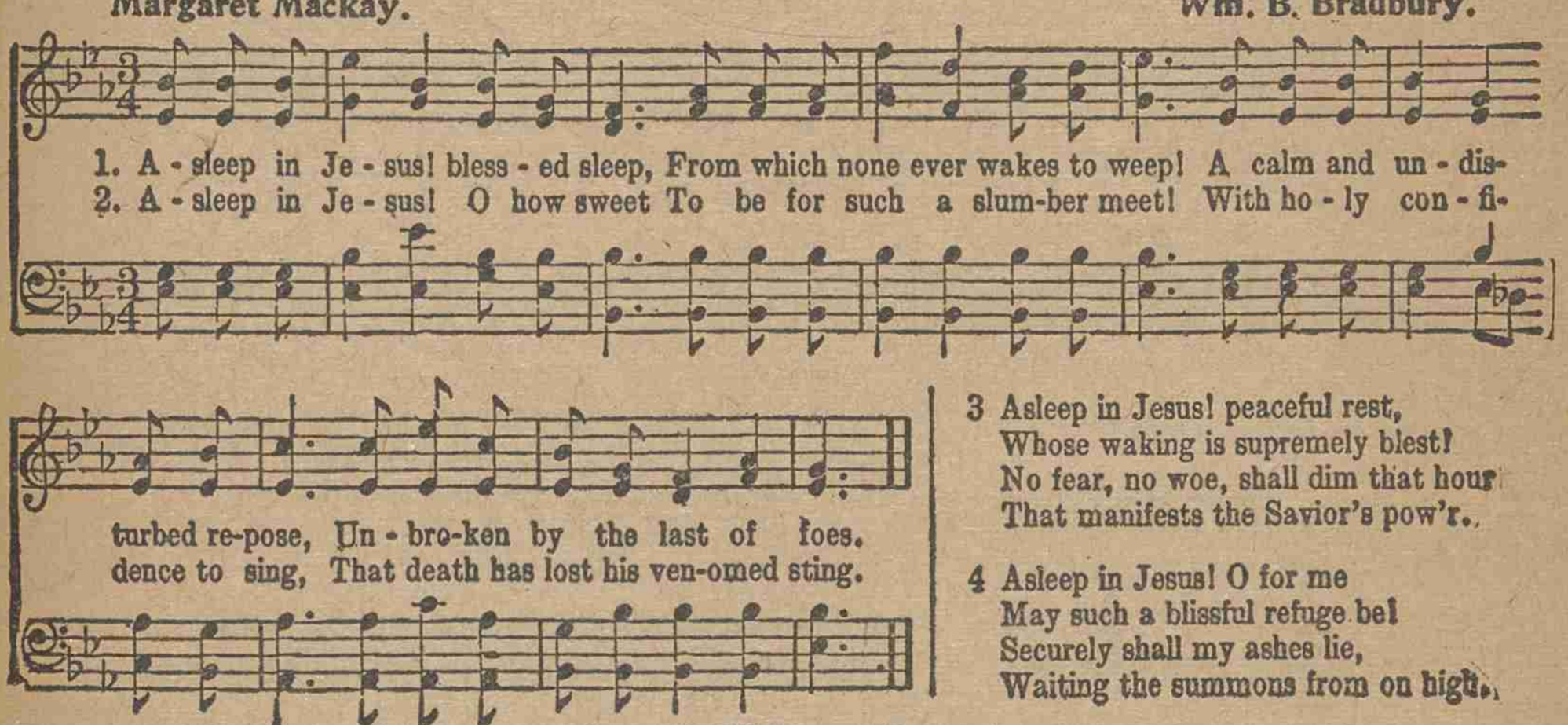
No. 161. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 162. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 163. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 164 WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

W. E. WHITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 165 ONLY TRUST HIM.

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

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

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

FINE.

D. S.—*He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

No. 166. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet: Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His name!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

name! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

name!

No. 167. HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. SALLIE K. McINTOSH.

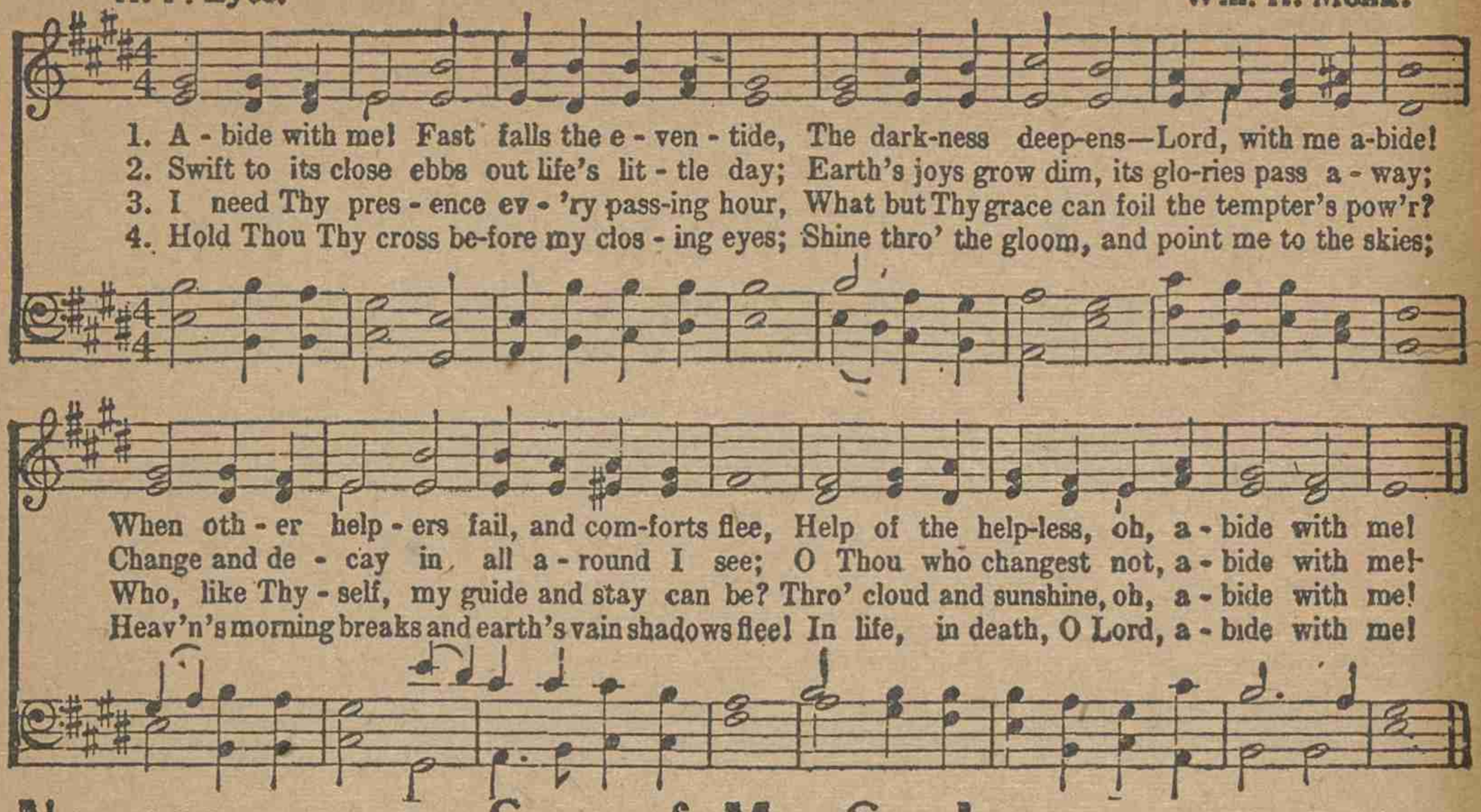
1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'n-ly com- fort fraught; What-e'er I do, wher-e're I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E - den's flow - ers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine; Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict - 'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN. *Repeat Chorus pp.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me! He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me!

No. 168. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

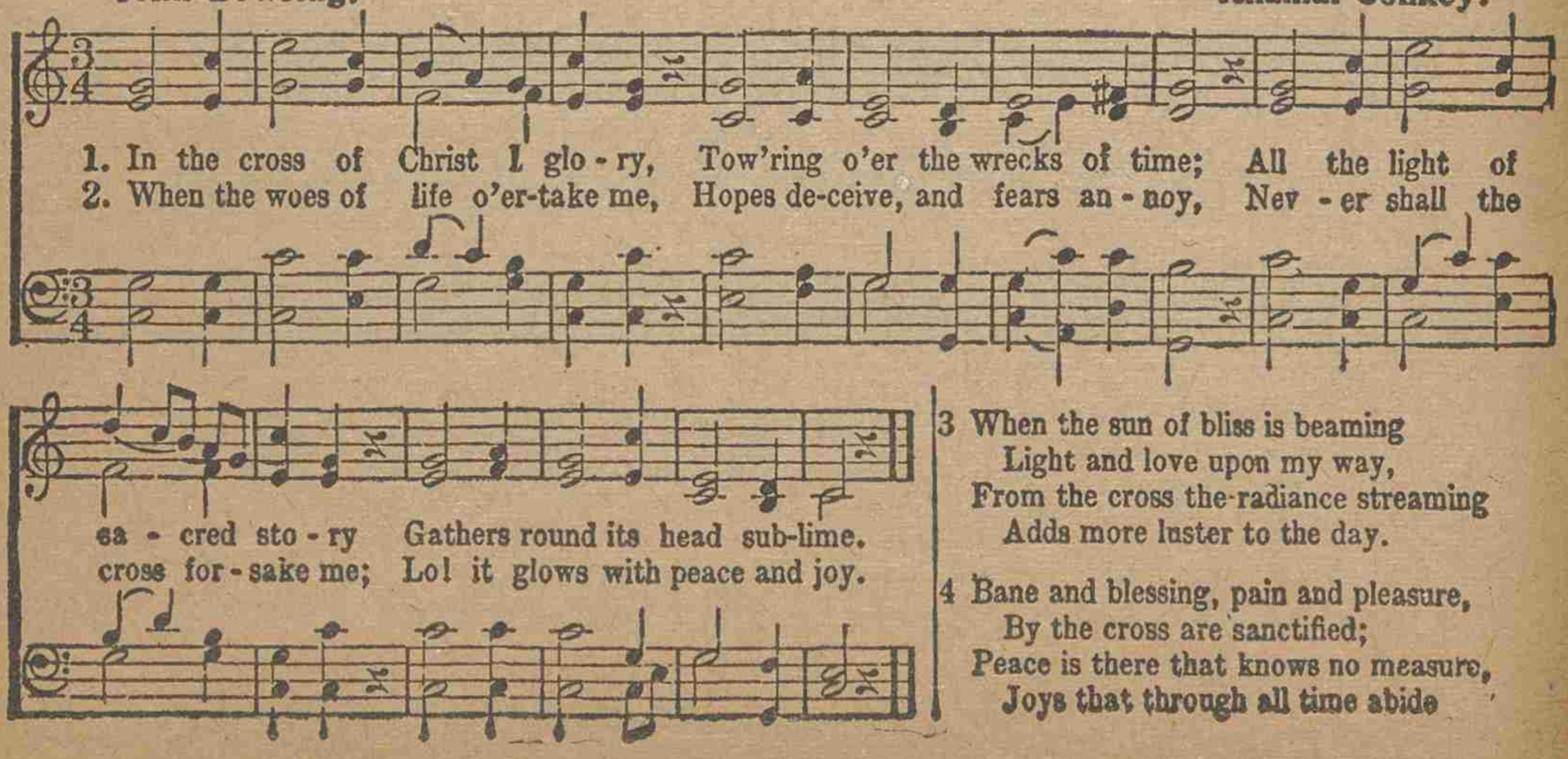


No. 169. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

No. 170. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



No. 171. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what - ev - er I know: Now
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa-tient - ly wait; Come now and with-in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 172. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr.

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

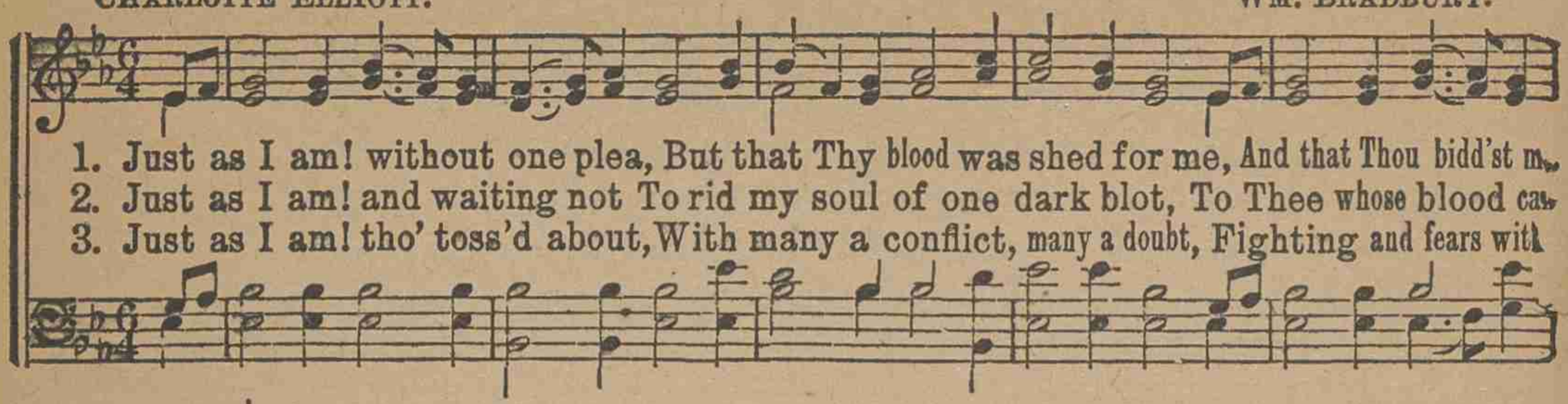
CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, *ad lib.* *D. C.*

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

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

No. 173. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. BRADBURY.

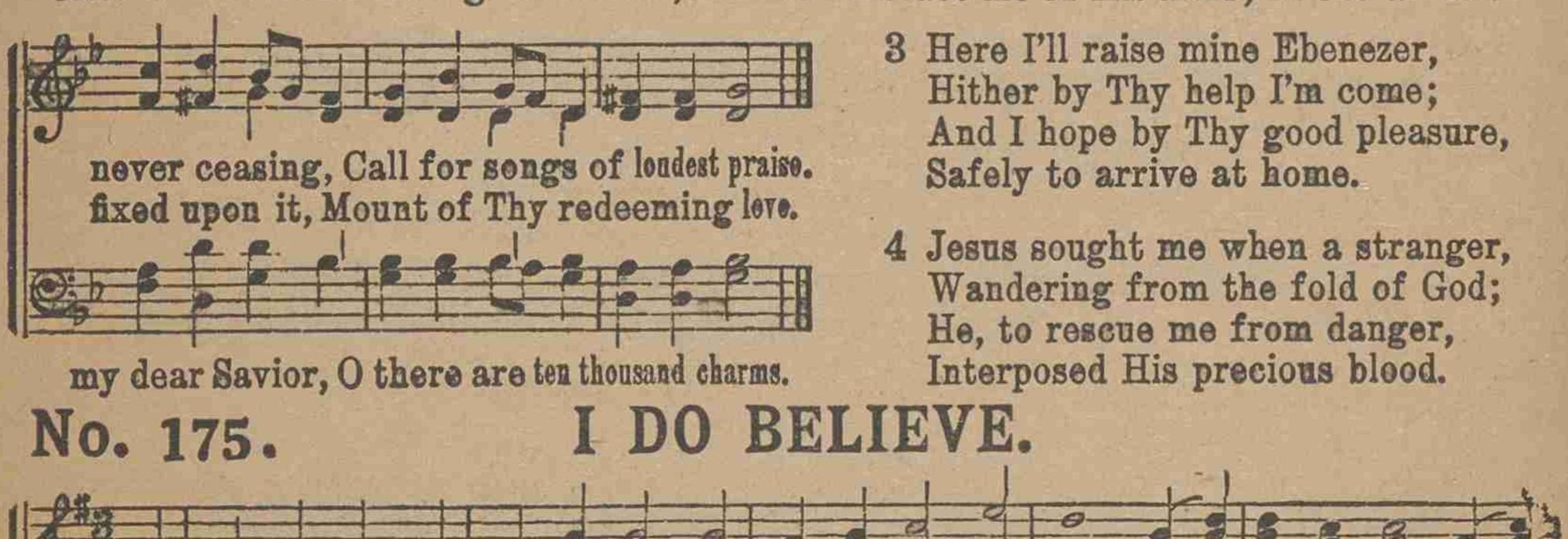


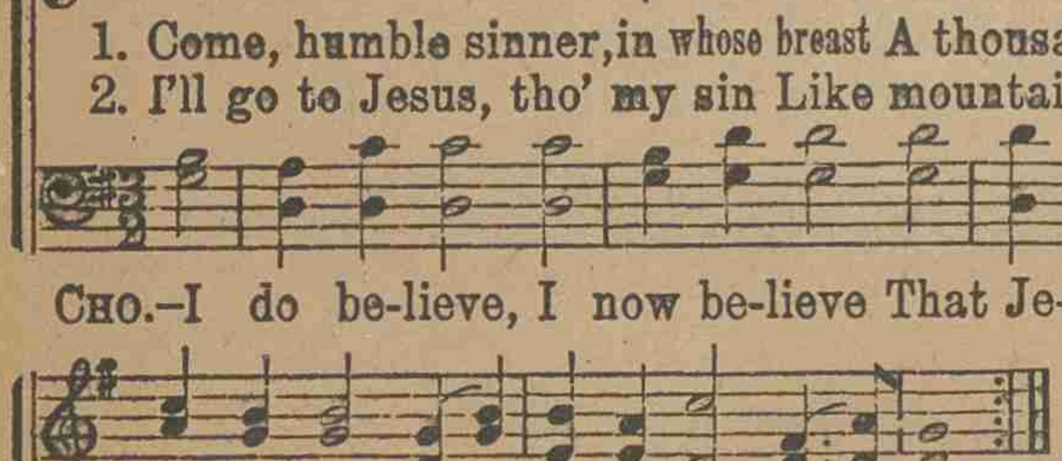
4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 174. I WILL ARISE.

Rev. R. ROBINSON. Arranged.

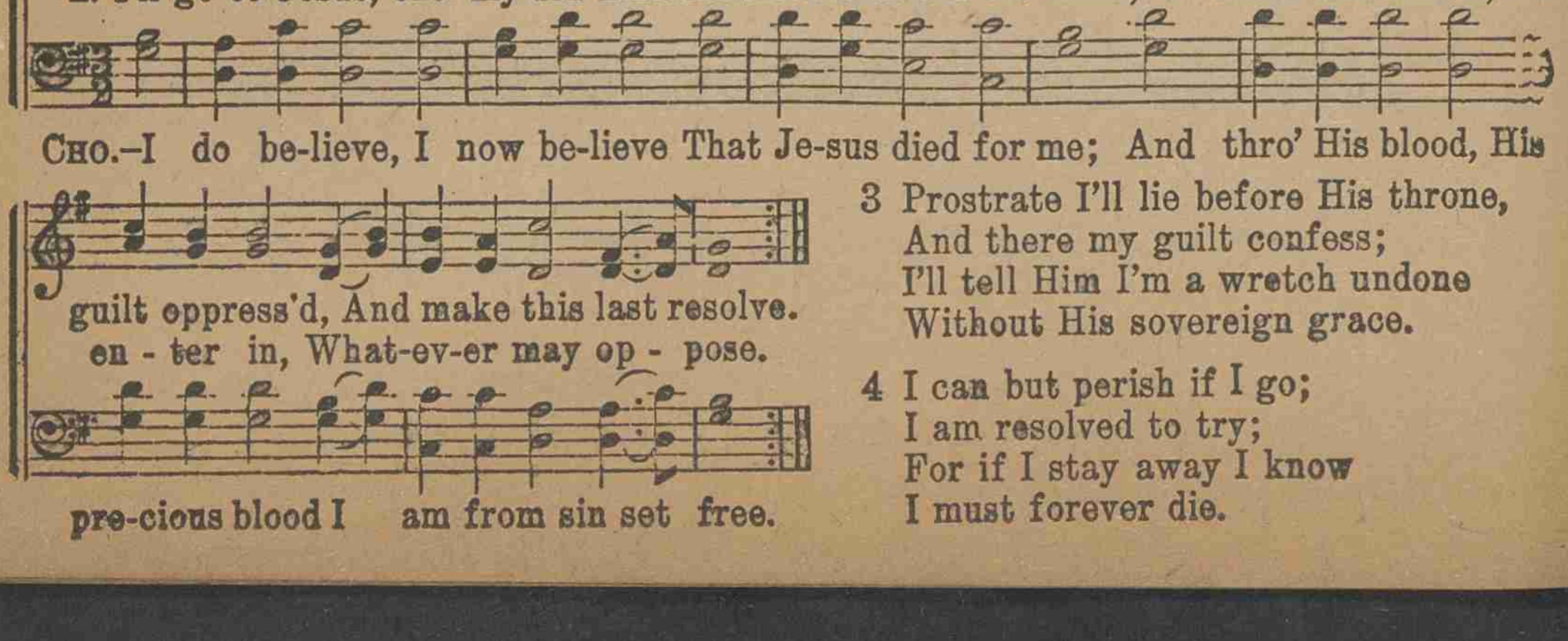




3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

No. 175. I DO BELIEVE.



3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die.

No. 176. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. **Je - sus paid it all,**
gar-ment white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Chorus.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

No. 177. I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

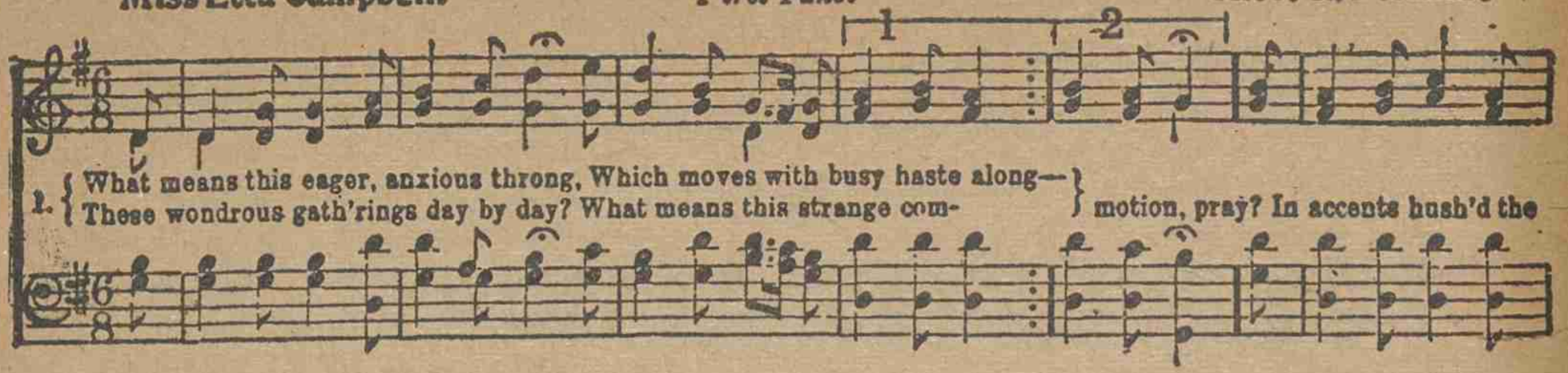
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

Chorus.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 178. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



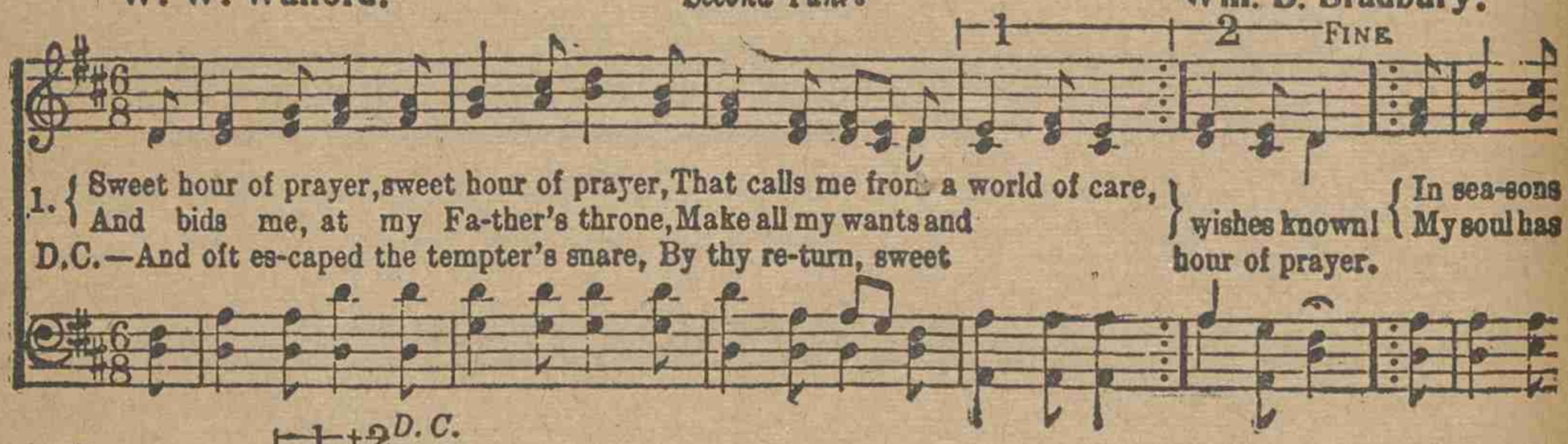
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 179. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

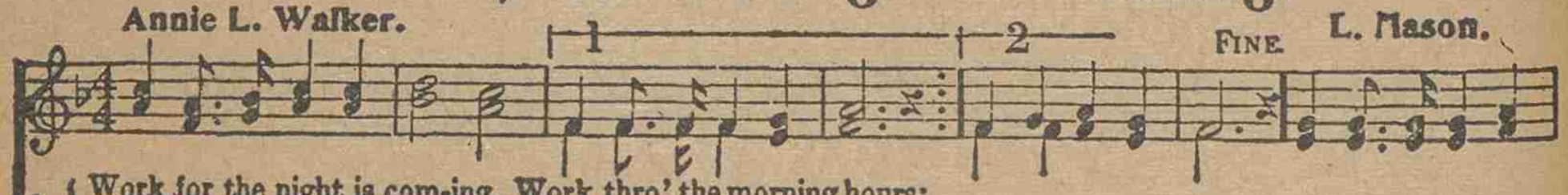


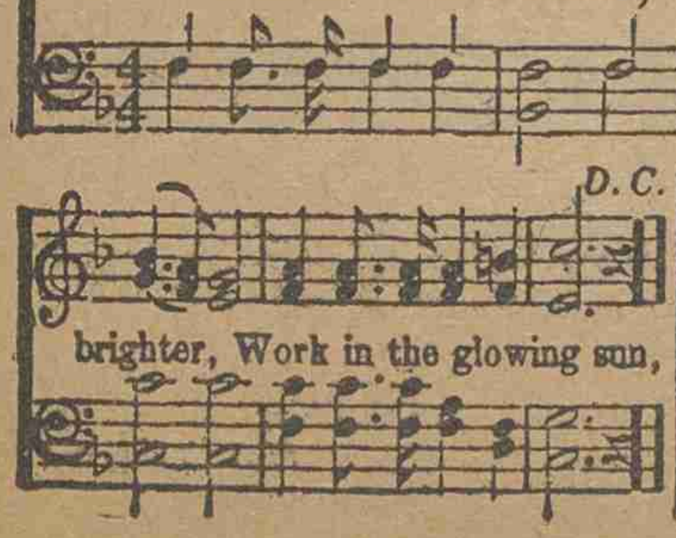
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 180. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.





2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

No. 181. EVEN ME.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free;
Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh - ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.

3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

No. 182. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.
2. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
3. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
4. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le-lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 183. HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

Hap-py day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing ev - 'ry day.

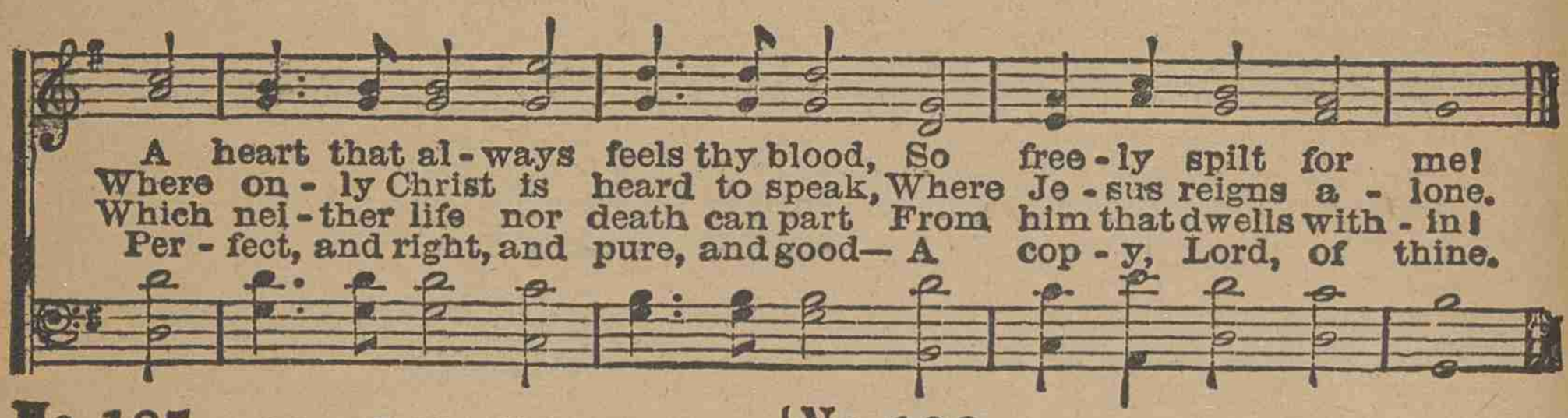
FINE. D. S.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 184 ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 185. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 186. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

No. 187. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 188. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 189. OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Ortonville.) CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease: 'Tis music in the
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! The tri-umphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name. The hon-ors of Thy name!
sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.
foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His blood a-vailed for me.

No. 190. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (Laban. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly

press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
ev-'ry day, And help di-vine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring me to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 191. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (Bethany.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got

D. S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE. D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

No. 192. JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D. C.—*Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!*
D. C.—*Won-drous Sov-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!*
D. C.—*May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*

D. C.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal;
Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

No. 193. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me; O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

No. 194. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. (St. Thomas. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple

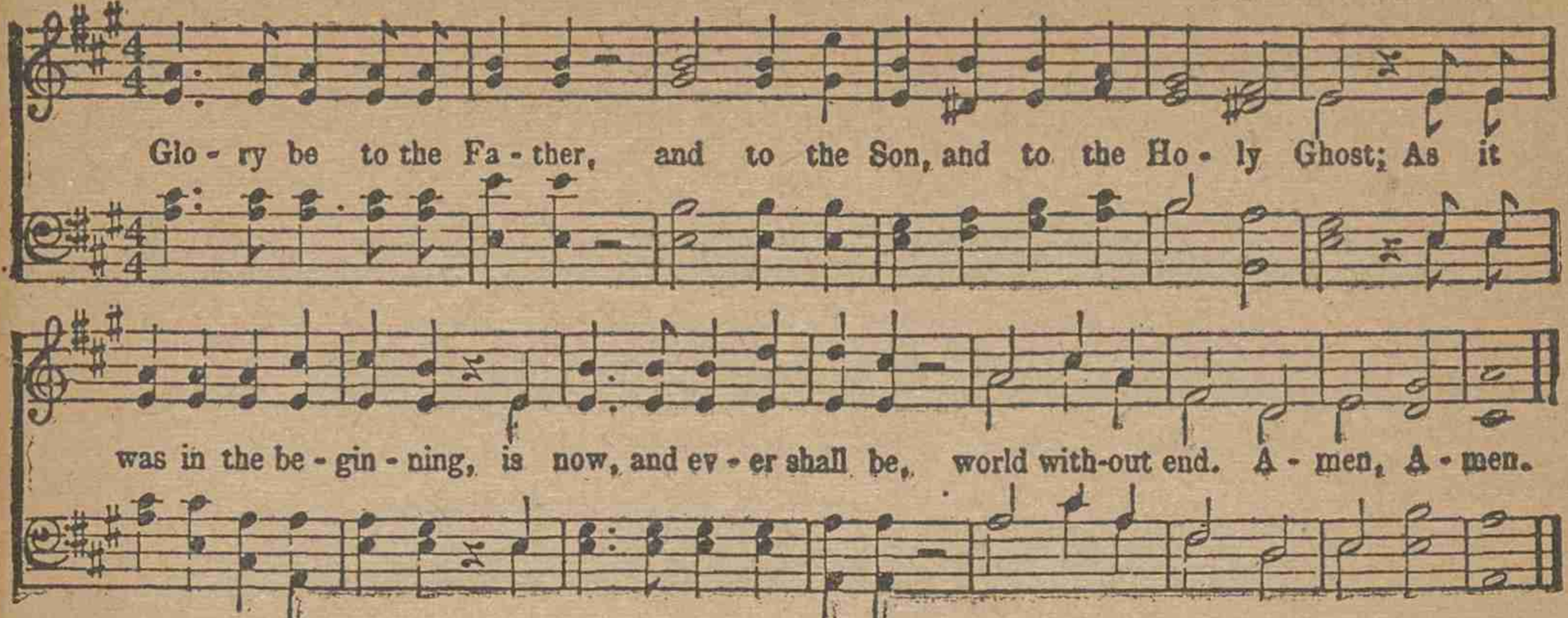
deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

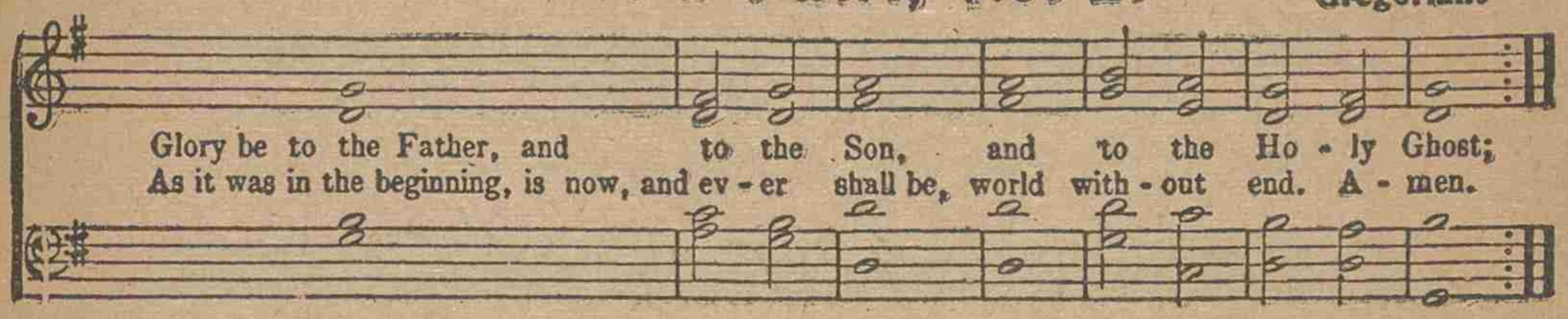
No. 195. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 196. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

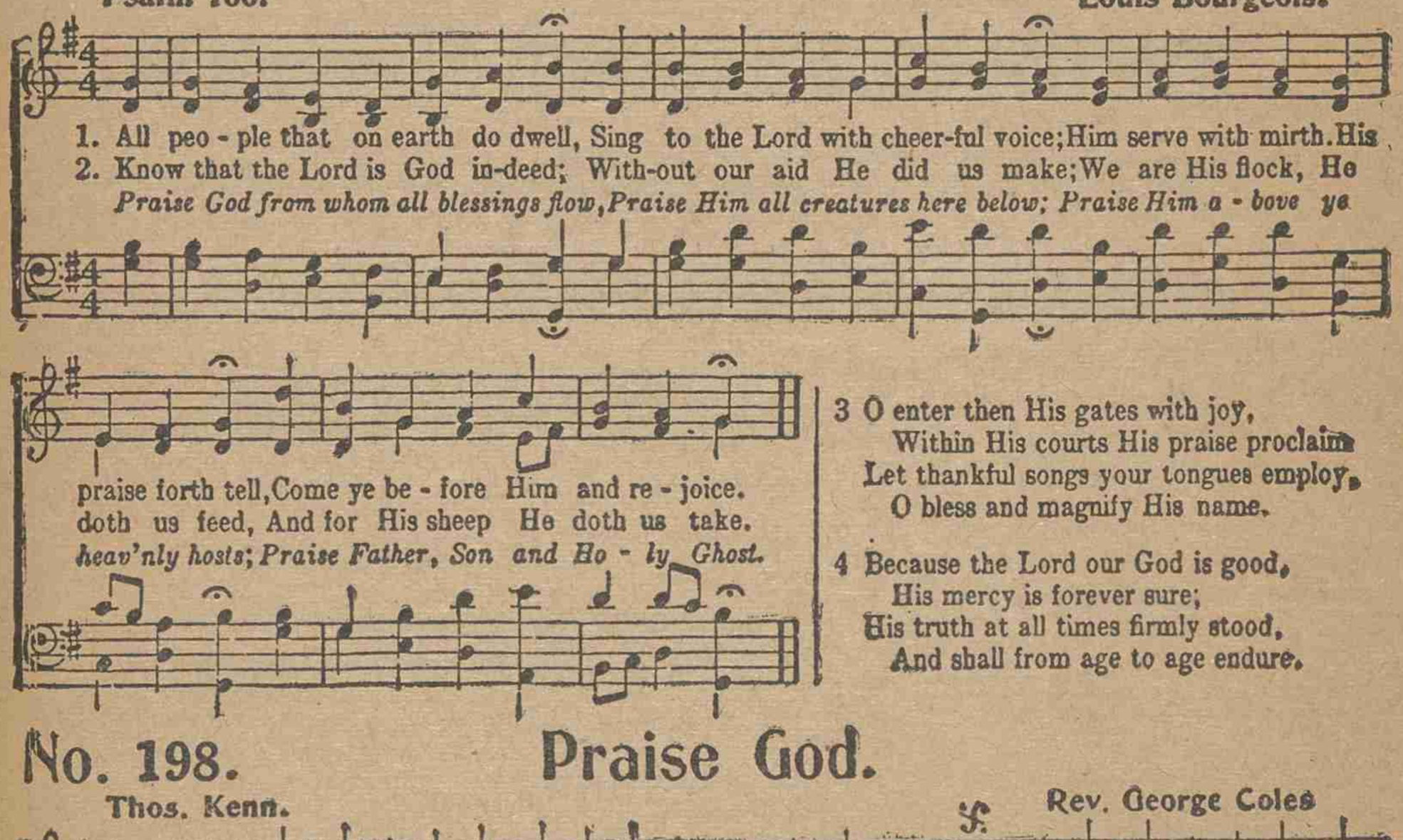
Gregorian.



No. 197. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



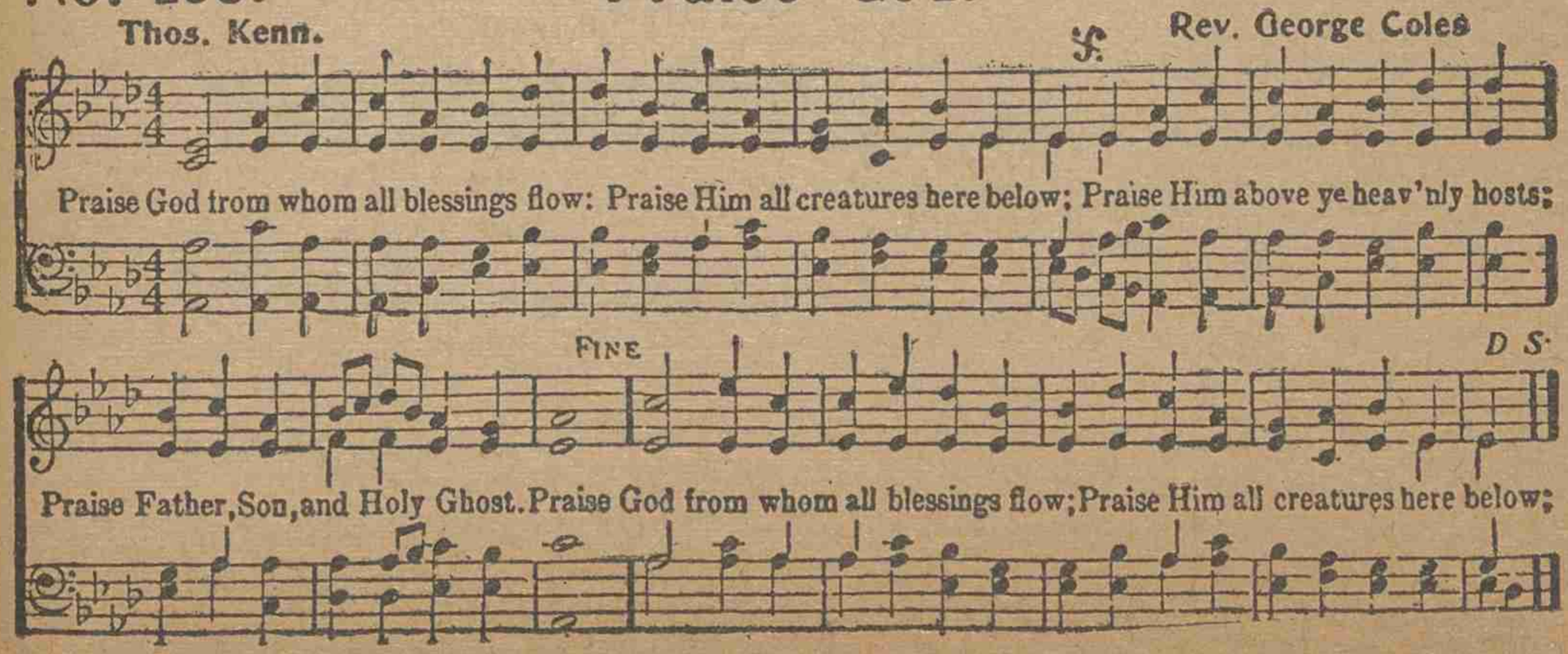
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 198. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles



No. 199 O DON'T STAY AWAY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be dis-tressed; Come
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can - not be told; Come
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo - ments are fly - ing fast; Judg-
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no lon - ger roam; Come,

CHORUS.

to thy Saviour's breast; O don't stay a - way.
to thy Saviour's fold; O don't stay a - way.
He will take thee in; O don't stay a - way.
ment will come at last; O don't stay a - way.
now, and start for home; O don't stay a - way.

} Prayers are as - cend-ing now,

Rit.

An - gels are bending now, Both worlds are blending now; O don't stay a - way.

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No. 200. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; / Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

FINE. CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

D.S.—*Second time.*

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

201 Shall We Gather at the River.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav-ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev-er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beauti - ful riv - er;

Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

202

Worthy is the Lamb.

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USED BY PER.

W. A. C.

Wilbur A. Christy.

1. Wor-thy is the Lamb that on Cal-va-ry was slain, Glo-ry in the high-est, and hon-or to ob-tain; Song of the redeemed, what a wonder-
2. Earth could give Him on-ly Geth-sem-a-ne and woe, Ev-er proud-ly spurning the gift He would bestow; Gift of cost-ly purchase, His life-blood's
3. Tho' the crown of thorns here He wore up-on His brow, On a throne e-ter-nal He reigns in tri-umph now; This the song of praise from count-less
4. When our course is ended, and with the saints who strive, 'Neath the Gos-pel ban-ner, we meet our Lord a-bove; We'll sing then in tri-umph, that now we

ful re-frain,
crys-tal flow,
hosts that bow,
sing in love,

Wor - - thy is the Lamb!.....
Wor-thy is the Lamb, yes, wor-thy is the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Wor - - thy is the Lamb,..... all glo - - ry
Wor-thy is the Lamb, that was slain, glo-ry, hon-or, pow'r,

to ob-tain,..... We'll sing..... His grace and
bless-ing to ob-tain, sing His love and truth,

Worthy is The Lamb.

203 Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.

204

Afterward.

C. M. S.

CLARENCE M. SEAMANS.

1. Aft - er the toil comes rest, Rest for the care - op - pressed,
2. Aft - er the night, then day, Day with its gold - en ray;
3. Aft - er the war - fare, peace, Peace that will nev - er cease;
4. Aft - er the dy - ing, life, Life nev - er cursed by strife;

Rest for the heav - y - bur-dened one, Rest, yes, a wel - come rest.
Day when we weep and sigh no more, Day, bright, ef - ful - gent day.
Peace in a world where love shall reign, Peace, calm, un - bro - ken peace.
Life free from sick-ness, pain and woe, Life, glad e - ter - nal life.

CHORUS.

{ Aft - - er the race is run, Aft - - er our
{ Sigh - - ing shall flee a - way; Glad - - ly we
{ Aft - er the race of life is run, Aft - er our toil on
{ Sor - row and tears shall flee a - way; Glad - ly we hail the

toil is done, Then we shall en - ter the beau - ti - ful land,
hail that day; Aft - er the cross - es and loss - es are o'er,
earth is done,
crown - ing day;

1 2

Land of per - en - ni - al sun; Rest shall be ours for aye.

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205

Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

206

He Took My Sins Away.

Copyright, 1903, by M. J. Harris. By per.

Mrs. M. J. H.

Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I came to Je-sus, wea-ry, worn, and sad, He took my sins a-way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a-way,
3. No con-dem-na-tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a-way,
4. If you will come to Je-sus Christ to-day, He'll take your sins a-way,

He took my sins a-way, And now His love has made my heart so glad,
He took them all a-way, And now on Him I roll my ev-'ry care,
He took my sins a-way, His per-fect peace He did to me im-part,
He'll take your sins a-way, And keep you hap-py in His love each day,

Chorus.

He took my sins a-way.
He took my sins a-way.
He took my sins a-way.
He'll take your sins a-way.

} He took my sins a-way,

He took my sins a-way, And keeps me sing-ing ev-'ry day!

I'm so glad He took my sins a-way, He took my sins a-way.

207

HE THAT WINNETH SOULS.

E. E. HEWITT. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Bless-ed is the serv-ice of our Lord and King, Pre-cious are the
2. In the qui-et home-life, show-ing love's bright ray, More and more like
3. Out up-on the high-way, go-ing forth with prayer, For the lost and
4. Sow be-side all wa-ters, sow the gos-pel seed, Here a word in

jew-els we may help to bring; Down the pass-ing a-ges words of
Je-sus, liv-ing ev-'ry day, We may guide a dear one to the
stray-ing, seek-ing ev-'ry-where, Close be-side the Shep-herd, we His
sea-son, there a lov-ing deed; Sin-ners to the Sav-ior, be it

rit. ad lib.

coun-sel ring, He that win-neth souls is wise.
heav'nward way, He that win-neth souls is wise.
joy may share, He that win-neth souls is wise.
ours to lead, He that win-neth souls is wise.

CHORUS.

He that winneth souls is

He that win-neth,

wise; . . . . . In the home be-yond the skies, ...
winneth souls is wise, In the home be-yond, be-yond the skies,

rit. ad lib.

There's a crown of glo-ry, oh, the wondrous prize! He that winneth souls is wise.

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208 We Will Be True.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

DUET.

1. Am - bas - sa-dors for Je - sus here, and ran-somed by His blood,
2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness" are we, the church, His "Chos-en Bride,"
3. Though ma - ny still the Lord de - ny, and scorn His proffered grace,

We plead with sin - ners ev - 'ry-where, "Be rec - on-ciled to God."
To lives of spot - less pur - i - ty, thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.
With "ho - li - ness" our bat - tle cry, we'll run the Christian's race.

PARTS.

"To go," He has com - mis-sioned us, we haste His will to do,
O - be - dient to His right - eous laws, He will our strength re - new,
Un - til the fi - nal vic - t'ry's won, the glo - ry prize in view,

And with His grace up - hold - ing us, we will be true.
To full sal - va - tion's glo - rious cause we will be true.
Thro' grace we'll press the bat - tle on, we will be true.
we will be true.

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We Will Be True.

CHORUS.

We will be true!..... We will be
We will be true, yes, we will be true! We will be true, yes,

true!..... And for ho - li - ness will the bat - tle press
we will be true!

All life's jour - ney through..... We will be
toil - some jour - ney through. We will be true, yes,

true!..... We will be true!.... With His grace up-
we will be true! We will be true!

hold - ing us We will be true.....
yes, we will be true, be true.

209 He Has Put tne Glory in My Soul.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I would tell to all the world the wondrous sto - ry, What a
2. I would tell to all how gra-cious is His par - don, How He
3. When the cares of life are on me hard-est press - ing, And the
4. On the wine, and milk, and hon - ey I am feed - ing, As from

great sal - va - tion Je - sus brings; How He came to earth from
breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin; How He rolled from off my
temp - ter's fier - y dart as - sails; Still I know with - in my
earth to heav'n I on - ward go; While from "grace to grace" the

high- est heights of glo - ry, And is ris'n with heal-ing in His wings.
heart its ev - 'ry bur - den, How the Ho - ly Ghost a-bides with - in.
heart I have the bless - ing, For the peace of God o'er all pre - vails.
Lord is ev - er lead - ing, And from "glory un-to glory" here be - low.

CHORUS.

Hs has put the glo - ry in my soul, He has
put the glo - ry in my soul,
put the glo - ry in my soul; He has set the joy- bell
put the glo - ry in my soul;

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He Has Put the Glory in My Soul.

ring-ing, And has filled my heart with singing, Since I yield-ed all my

life to His con-trol, O hal-le-lu-jah! He has put the glo-ry

in my soul, He has put the glo-ry in my
put the glo-ry in my soul, put the

soul; I would tell to all a-round me, How the
glo-ry in my soul;

Saviour sought and found me, And has put the glo-ry in my soul.
my soul.

The Sun is Still Shining.

T. C. N. T. C. NEAL.

1. 'Tis blessed to trust in the Sav - ior, And walk in His footsteps be - low;
2. Tho' tri-als and cares may be-set us, And threaten our joys to o'er - throw;
3. With courage press onward, be-liev - ing 'Tis best for the Lord makes it so;
4. Then let us look upward for - ev - er, And sing as t'ward heaven we go;

Tho' darkness a-round us may gath - er, The sun is still shining, we know.
Tho' earth's fairest hopes may all per - ish, The sun is still shining, we know.
Con - fid - ing in Je - sus, be stead-fast; The sun is still shining, we know.
Re - joic-ing in hope, ev - er say - ing, "The sun is still shining, we know.

CHORUS.

{Look up! . . . look up! . . . there's sunshine and blessing a - bove;
Look up! look up! the prom-is - es bless-ed to prove;

Look up! . . . look up! . . . and rest in the Fa - ther's love;
Look up! look up!

The shadows can't stay; they will all flee a - way In the by - and - by.

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111

I'm On the Rock.

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

1. I'm stand-ing on God's prom-is - es, Hope's on - ly sure foun-da - tion;
2. Who-ev - er will may free - ly come, The Sav-ior's mer-its plead-ing;
3. There's par-don for each guilt - y soul, Balm for the brok-en heart-ed,
4. From Ka-desh on to Ca-naan's land His hand will safe - ly lead us;
5. Come claim the prom-is - es and find No one is e'er ex - clud - ed;

His word as-sures me thro' the blood Of ut - ter-most sal - va-tion.
And ev - 'ry time a prom-ise find, Just suit-ed to his need-ing.
Health for the sick, sight for the blind, And joy for hopes de-part - ed.
And on the prom-ised corn and wine, Will from His boun-ty feed us.
In God's great "who-so - ev - er" plan, The whole world is in - clud-ed.

Chorus.

I'm on the Rock, the sol - id Rock, The Rock that trembles nev-er;

Tho' heav'n and earth may pass a-way, God's word a-bides for - ev - er.

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212 Walking in the King's Highway.

F. H. FLORENCE HORTON.

1. We shall see the des - ert as the rose, Walk - ing in the
2. We shall see the glo - ry of the Lord, Walk - ing in the
3. There the rain shall come up - on the ground, Walk - ing in the
4. There no rav-'nous beast shall make a - fraid, Walk - ing in the
5. No un-clean thing shall pass o'er here, Walk - ing in the

King's high - way; There'll be sing - ing where sal - va - tion goes,
King's high - way; And be - hold the beau - ty of His word,
King's high - way; And the springs of wa - ter will be found,
King's high - way; For the pu - ri - fied the way was made,
King's high - way; But the ran-somed ones with-out a fear,

CHORUS.

Walk-ing in the King's high-way. There's a high - way there and a
way, Where sor-row shall flee a - way, And the
and a - way, flee a - way,
light shines bright as the day, (as the day,) Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

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