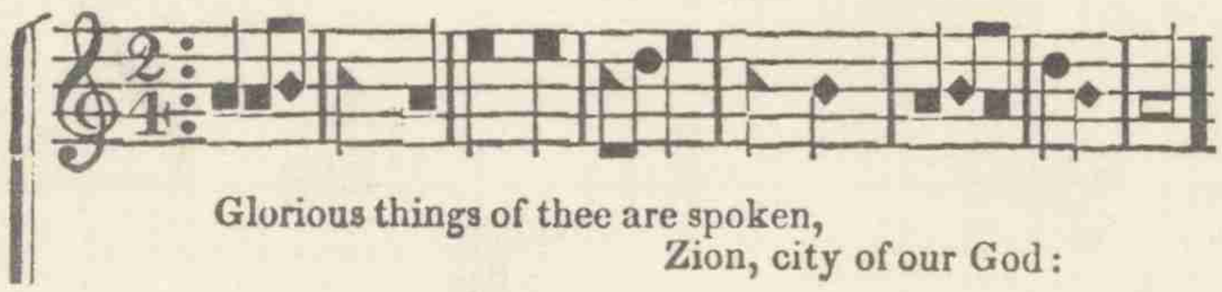
Assembly Songs



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RICHMOND VA.

Assembly Songs

For use in Evangelistic Services, Sabbath Schools, Young Peoples Societies, Devotional Meetings, and the Home

Compiled by
Rev. J. ERNEST THACKER,
Prof. GEO. A. FISHER,
Mr. R. E. MAGILL

PRICES—Music Edition Only

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ASSE A

Foreword

about "Assembly Songs"

The General Assembly of 1910 authorized and directed the Publication Committee to issue a new collection of Sacred Music, especially suited for Evangelistic services and containing enough of the well known Gospel Songs and Standard Hymns to render the book available for the general services of the Church and Sabbath Schools.

The work has been published under the title "ASSEMBLY SONGS," and contains about 250 selections, the best that could be gathered from every source.

Such well known Hymn Writers and Gospel Singers as Excell, Gabriel, McGranahan, Stebbins, Lowry, Sweney, Thompson and Fisher have furnished their latest and best compositions, which will have a permanent place in the Hymnology of the Church. The collection includes many well known Gospel Hymns of tested merit, and a choice collection of the old Classics of the Church, endeared by association, rich in their expression of Spiritual Truths, and never failing in their appeal to the best emotions.

"ASSEMBLY SONGS" is notably rich in selections for presenting the Gospel Appeal through song, A constantly increasing use is being made by Evangelists, Pastors, and Christian Workers of the power of sacred music to stir the emotions and move men to accept the Gospel invitation.

The selections for "ASSEMBLY SONGS" were largely made by Rev. J. E. Thacker, D.D. Secretary of the Evangelistic Committee of our Church and Mr. George Fisher, a Gospel Singer of noted ability. Acknowledgment is also made of valuable suggestions from a number of Evangelists and Pastors of wide experience in our Church.

The work is offered with the hope that it may be of the highest service to the church and used of the Holy Spirit in stimulating Christian activity and in extending the Kingdom.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication

Richmond, Va. Texarkana, Ark. Tex.

Assembly Songs.

No. 1. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

CHORUS.

The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home;
It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go,
The way of the cross leads home.

No. 3. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin - ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by

ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

rit.

Sheltered a - bove by His in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 4. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav - en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a - long life's way; . . Let sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

to - day, home-ward way;

No. 5. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. D. Martin. **W. S. Martin.**

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 6. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

so

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;

me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - - -

low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 7. Victory in Jesus.

COBYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt, Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a-gain, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,
3. Send the hap-py watchword all a-long the line, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,
4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,

vic- to- ry! Marching to the mu-sic of the glad re-frain, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure-ly win, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! Let all er-ror per-ish, lives the truth di-vine, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! From the courts of heaven joy-ful pæ-ans roll, Vic-to-ry in

CHORUS.

Je-sus ev-er-more. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to- ry in Je- sus!

Sing His o-ver-com-ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold-ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

No. 8. Grace, Enough for Me.

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E. O. E. — E. O. Excell.

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,

Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 9. I am Thine, O Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

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

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 10. The Story Never Old.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The sweet-est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
2. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
3. "There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
4. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re-deem - ing love, And try His works to do."

CHORUS

O sto-ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweet-est ev - er told! Un - til the

gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

then on yon-der shore It still for - ev - er-more my song shall be.
then on yon - der shore, It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

No. 11. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 12. God is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,
yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - -
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing
ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.
yet,

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*

No. 13. Because I Love Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-

hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,

Be-cause

Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at

Be-cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.

Be-cause

No. 14. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions, all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee; I will not for-get
not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

No. 15. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re- pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed

You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-snine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o-ver the way,
bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;

A 2

No. 16. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful - ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mortal tongue can-not tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-

done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light In the
gun, One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the

CHORUS.

land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De-
light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; .... In the land where there
of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;
com - eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

No. 17. Saved by Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall,— I can-not tell how soon 'twill be;
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y-tint - ed west,
4. Some day! Till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But oh the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in all Has now a place in heav'n for me!
My blessed Lord shall say: "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace! And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace!

shall see

to face,

shall see

face, to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace!

rit.

No. 18. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

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

No. 19. May I be Faithful.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,

A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,

CHORUS.

May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in

service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the

field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

No. 20 O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

Rit.

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 21. Will There be any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 22. The King's Business.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. **Flora H. Cassel.**

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.

realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 23. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er, smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile, bright-er with a smile;

FINE.

D. S.

No. 24. Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 25. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be
told a-bout Je-sus? Are you will-ing that He in the judgment shall say;

2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be
bro't un-to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,

3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led
no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:

4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the
tell-ing of Je-sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev-er told me of Je-sus." No-bod-y told me of
Je-sus, No-bod-y told me of Je-sus; So ma-ny I have met—
but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus.

No. 26. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one, Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y - lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es, Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,
Fol - - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 27. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

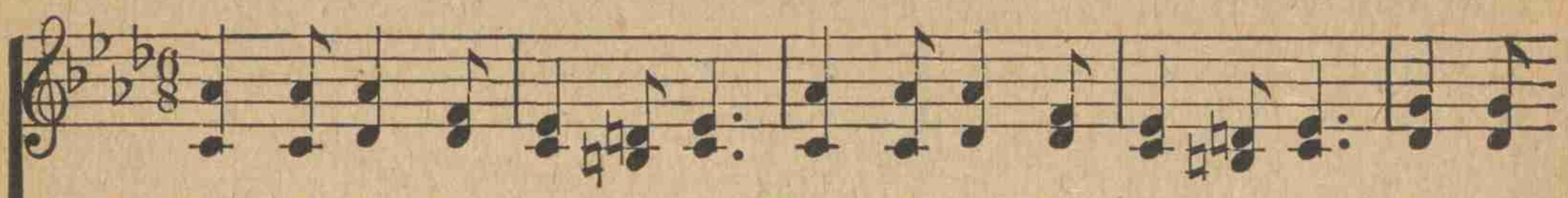
1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

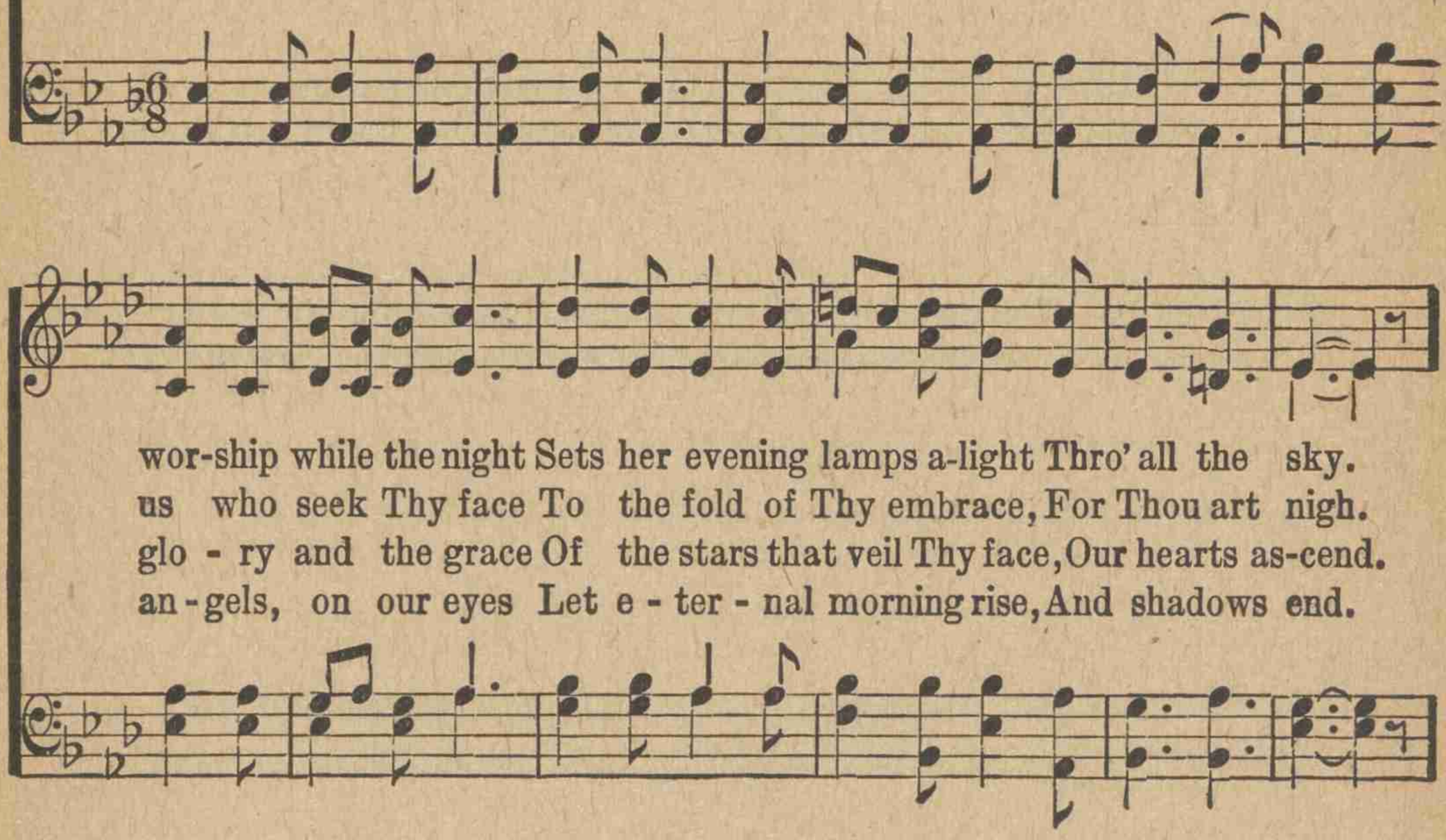
CHORUS.

I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His
Where I shall be near Him for aye.

face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

No. 28. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



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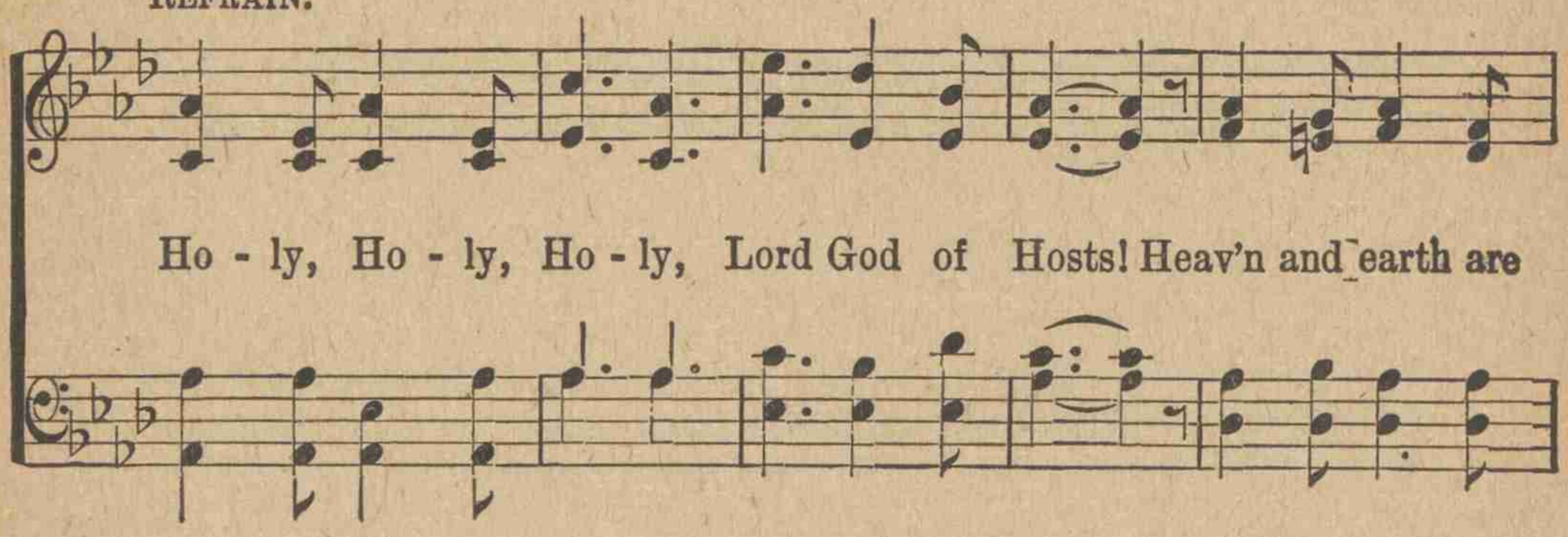

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 29. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

No. 30. Coming to Thee,

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of
2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like music from heav-en
3. I need the full cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; The robe, fair and spotless,
4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly,

the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin - ing for me, So
the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross in my ref - uge, Thy promise my plea, For
Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mer - cy is free, So
dis - miss - ing all fear; My strength and salvation, my vic - to - ry be, For

CHORUS.

now I am com-ing, my Sav - ior, to Thee. Com - - ing to
Com - ing to Thee, I am

Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . . Whilst
com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee, I am com - ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art

Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav - ior, to Thee.
call - ing, art call - ing for me,

No. 31. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,

dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

No. 32. There is Glory in My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my

soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!

glo - ry in my soul!

No. 33. Beyond the Bar.

T. M. Eastwood.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.

1. Be-yond the bar on yon-der shore, A-cross life's troubled sea, There
2. Be-yond the bar my King a - bides, A-mong His jew-els rare; And
3. Be-yond the bar there is no death, And sor-row reigns no more; There
4. Be-yond the bar we'll meet a - gain The friends we've missed so long; And

is a cit - y bright and fair Pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me.
some day I shall dwell with Him,— My home is there, my home is there.
are no bruised and bleeding hearts On that blest shore, on that blest shore.
with them sing, for-ev - er - more, Un-end - ing song, un - end - ing song.

CHORUS.

I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav - ior's face shall
Need no light of sun or star, When my Sav - ior's
see; That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a
face I see; Light e - nough, e - nough for me,
blest e - ter - ni - ty, Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.
Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty,

No. 34. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL.

W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 35. How Sweet is His Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. E. O. Excell.

1. When troub-led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de-spair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the

love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,

CHORUS.

How sweet is His love to me! O . . . . how sweet, ... O how
O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how

sweet is His love, ... How sweet is His love to me! When
sweet, how sweet is His love,

friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me!

No. 36. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

CHORUS.

read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.

Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,
my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless - ing to - day.

rit.

No. 37. That's Enough for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 38. The Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1887. BY E. O. EXCELL.

B. Barton. WORDS AND MUSIC E. O. Excell.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son;
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts,

Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav - 'ler's way.
Our guide and chart, where - in we read Of realms be - yond the sky.
With - out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim - ple, child - like hearts.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful Lamp; Bright-ly shine . . . on the way, . . .
Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way.

rit.

Guid - - ing the soul, . . . To the man - - . sions of day. . . .
Guid-ing the soul, Guid-ing the soul To the man-sions of day, To the man-sions of day.

No. 39. O Love Divine.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall
2. Thy plead-ing eyes have look'd on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail, my sword of might;

And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!

CHORUS.

O Love di - vine, so full, so free, Thy wondrous pow'r has conquered me!

For ev - er - more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!

No. 40. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto---ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev----

ev-er was told; . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The

sto---ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau---ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

rit.

No. 41. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

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

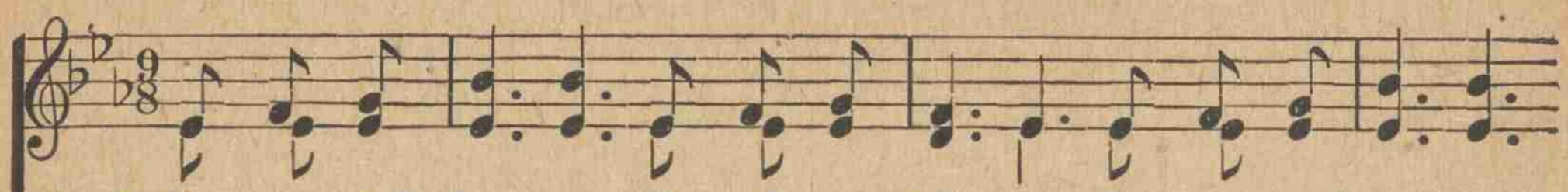
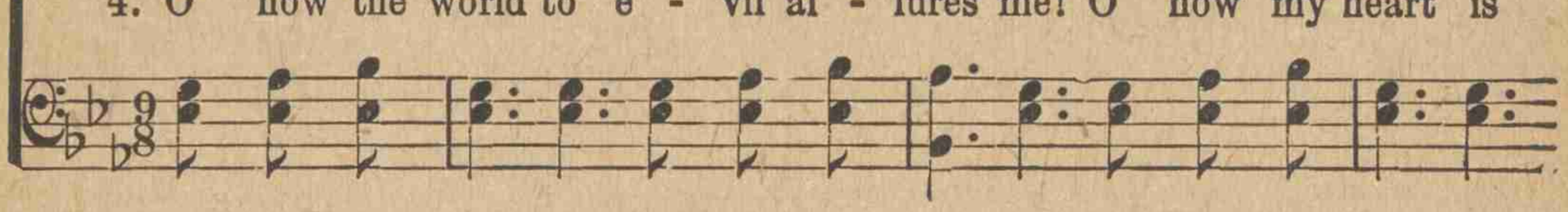
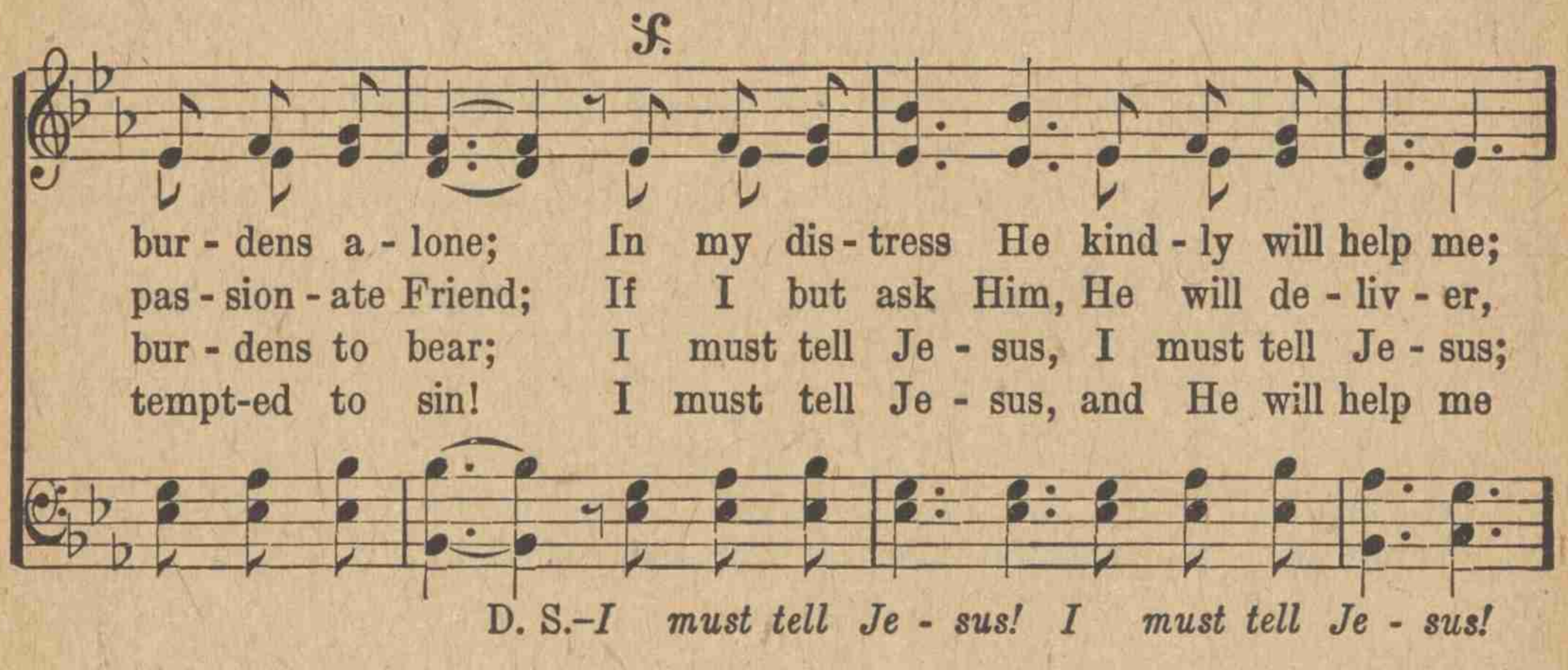
CHORUS.

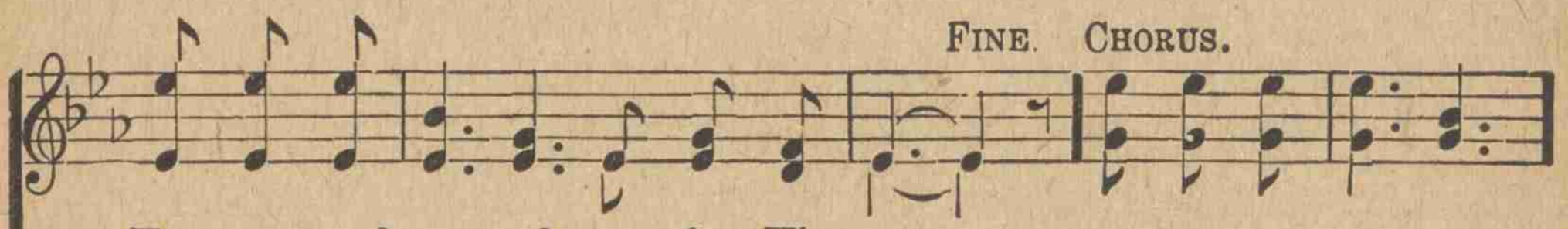
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, This is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

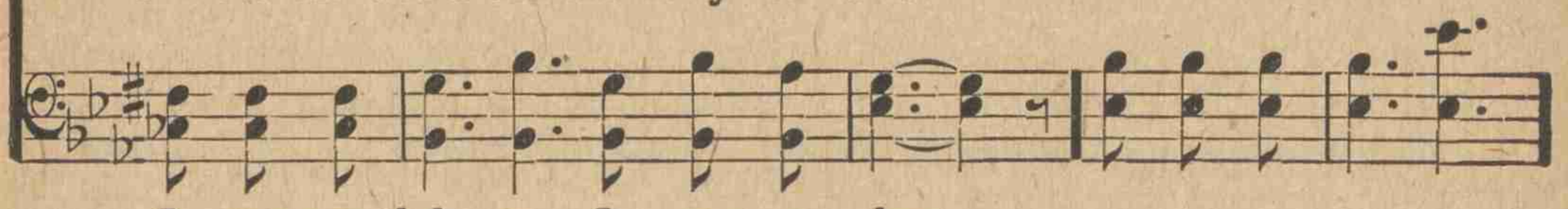
song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

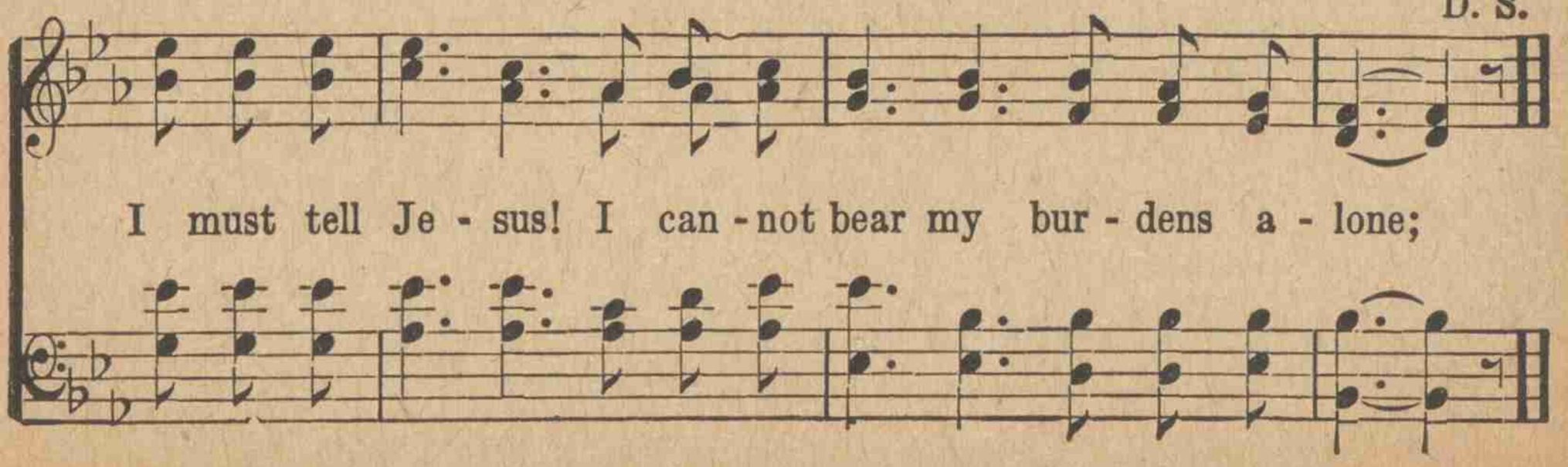
sto - ry, this is my song; Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

No. 42. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.–*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 43. He Promised Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John Crombie White. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast
2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend
3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near
4. He prom-isen me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come

:S:

me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,
and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,
and I with - in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes
to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a sweet e - ter - nal rest,

D. S.—*For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,*

FINE. CHORUS.

He would my bur-dened soul from sin re - lieve.
He would from day to day with me a - bide. He promised me,
On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.
A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.

His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.

D. S.

and I am sure He will Each lov-ing prom-ise, faith-ful - ly ful - fill;

No. 44. Come To-day.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

R. L. B. R. L. Blowers.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior's voice so sweetly call-ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a-way your sor-row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va-tion, Full and free,

come to-day; He will wipe the tear-drops now so swiftly falling,
day by day; And in safe-ty lead you to that bright to-morrow,
full and free; "Who-so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta-tion,

All a - way, all a - way. Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way. His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me," Then wait no long-er, night is

CHORUS.

sor-row, No long - er turn from Him a - way.
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way. List-en to His lov-ing
fall-ing, "Too late, too late," He soon may say.

voice so sweet-ly call-ing, "Come to - day, come to - day."
Come to - day,

No. 45. Praise Ye the Lord.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Eben E. Rexford. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Praise the Lord for all His lov - ing kind-ness, Praise His name with glad and might - y song; Praise the Lord, no long - er let sin's blind-ness
2. Praise the Lord! with grate - ful hearts a - dore Him; Praise the Lord, who reign - eth on His throne; Praise the Lord with saints who stand be-fore Him;
3. Praise the Lord whose mer - cy fail - eth nev - er; Praise the Lord who sent His Son to save; Praise the Lord, and trust His love for - ev - er,

f CHORUS.

Lead us in the paths of doubt and wrong. { Praise ye the Lord to - day,
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Him a - lone! { Praise ye the Lord to - day,
Who for sin - ners such a ran - som gave. Praise Him, praise the Lord to - day.

Bells in ev - 'ry steeple; Praise Him, all ye people; Earth lifts her voice to say,
Worship Him with gladness, Lift the soul from sadness; Up, up to [*Omit.*]
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him,

"Sing ho-san-na to our King!" heav-en's gate Let the joy-ful chorus ring.

No. 46. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

pp *Very slow.* *pp* *m*

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

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.* *m*

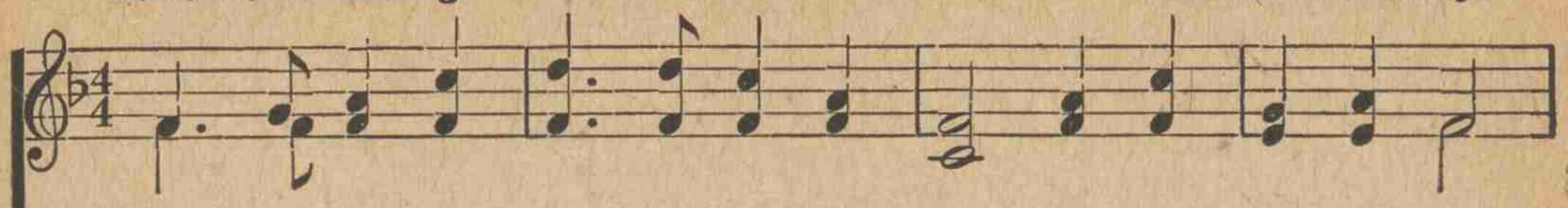
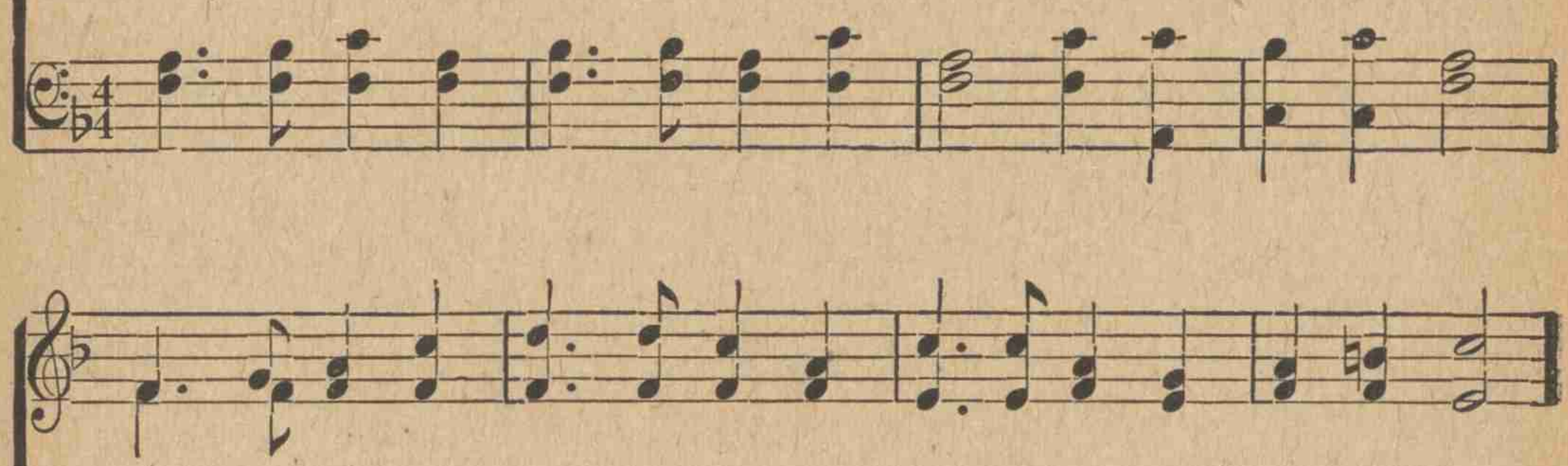
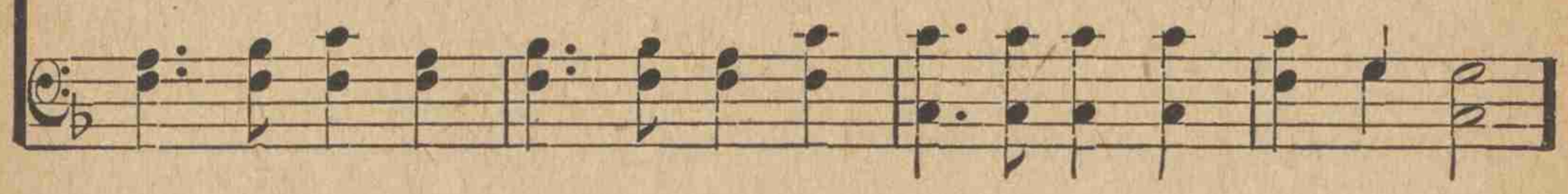
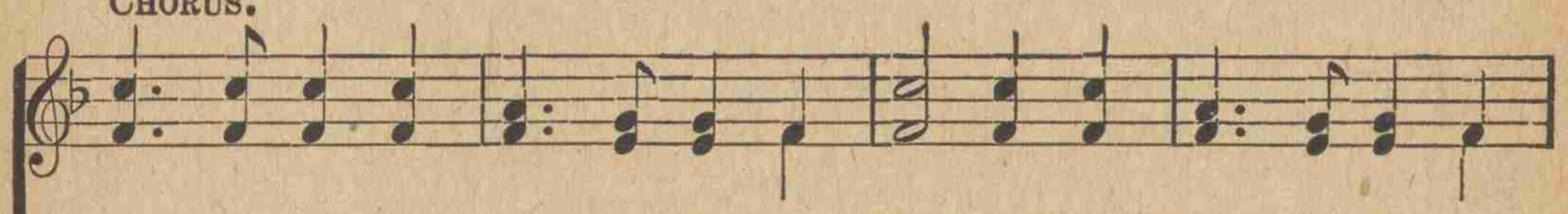
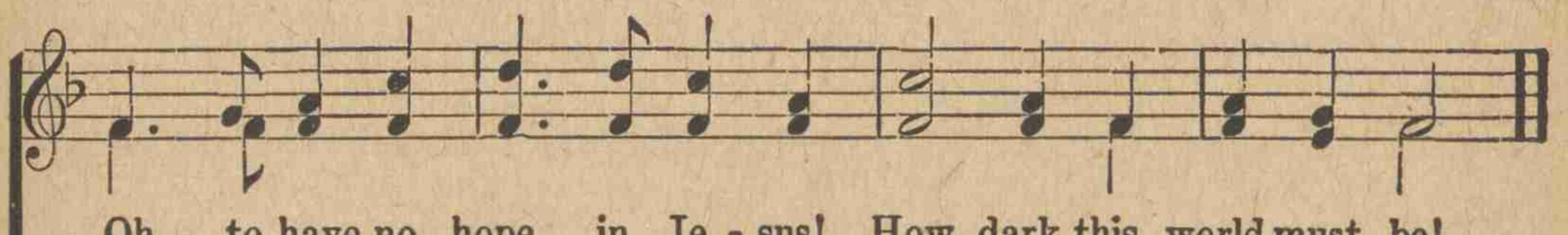
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!

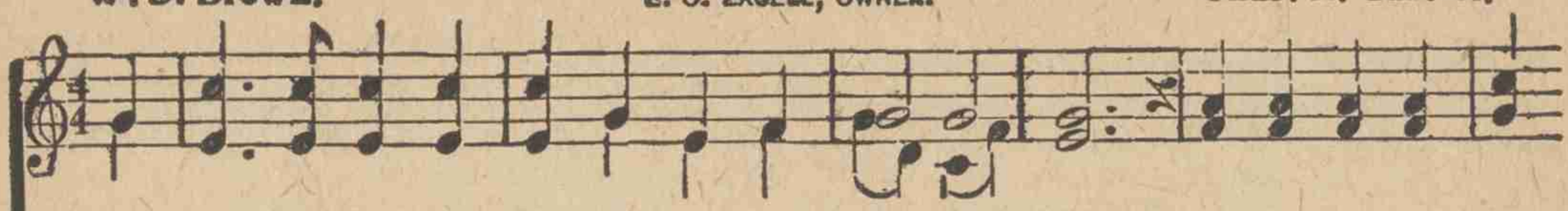
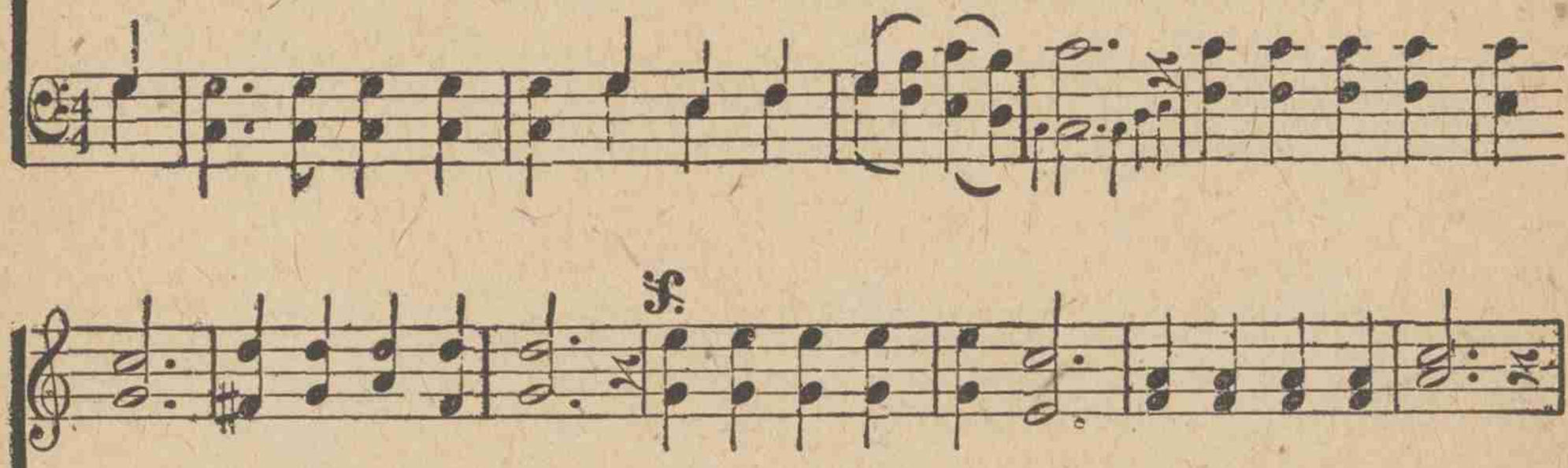
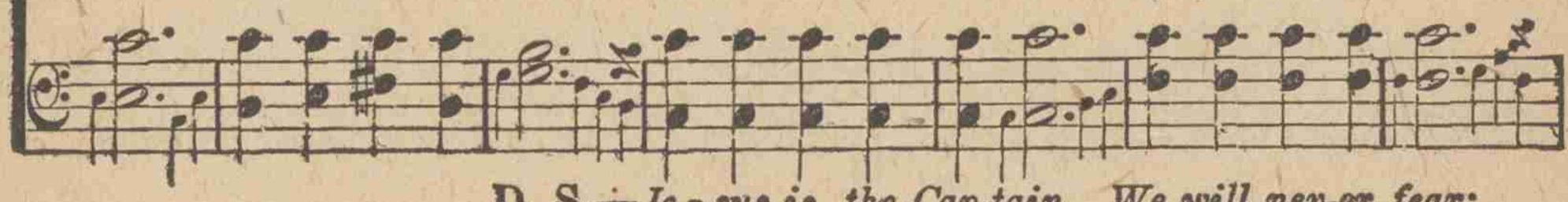
No. 47. No Hope in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY THE BIGLOW MAIN CO.

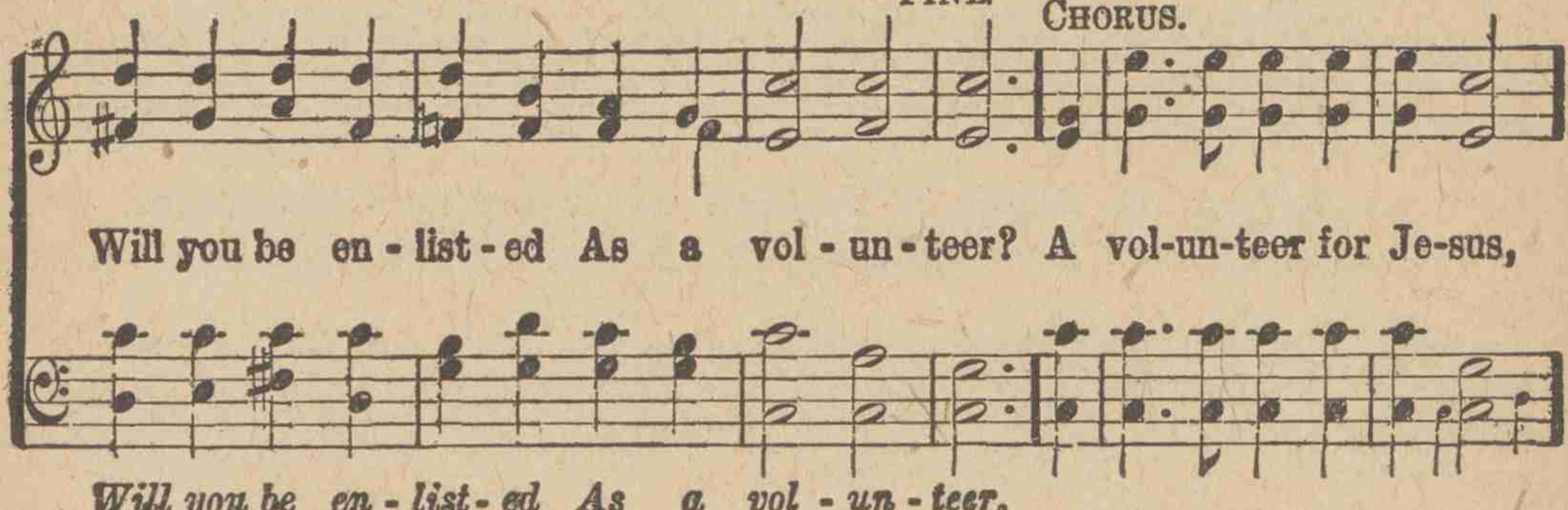
Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! No Rock, no Ref - uge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! How lone - ly life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now we pray thee, come to Je - sus His pard'ning love re - ceive;

When the dark days 'round me gath - er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
Like a sail - or, lost and driv - en, On a wide and shore - less sea.
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad - ows, Thou must press thy way a - lone.
For the Sav - ior now is call - ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

CHORUS.

1-3. Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! No Friend, no Light in Je - sus!
4. Come to Je - sus, He will save you; He is the Friend of sin - ners;

Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! How dark this world must be!
Then, when thou hast found the Sav - ior, How bright this world will be!

No. 48. As a Volunteer.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all, Sol-diers for the con-
2. Yes, Je-sus calls for soldiers, Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve
3. He calls you for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was brok-
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-

flict, Will you heed the call? Will you answer quickly With a read-y cheer,
Him Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near,
en, Broken for mankind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
ful Gath-er one by one; He will crown with glory All who there appear,

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

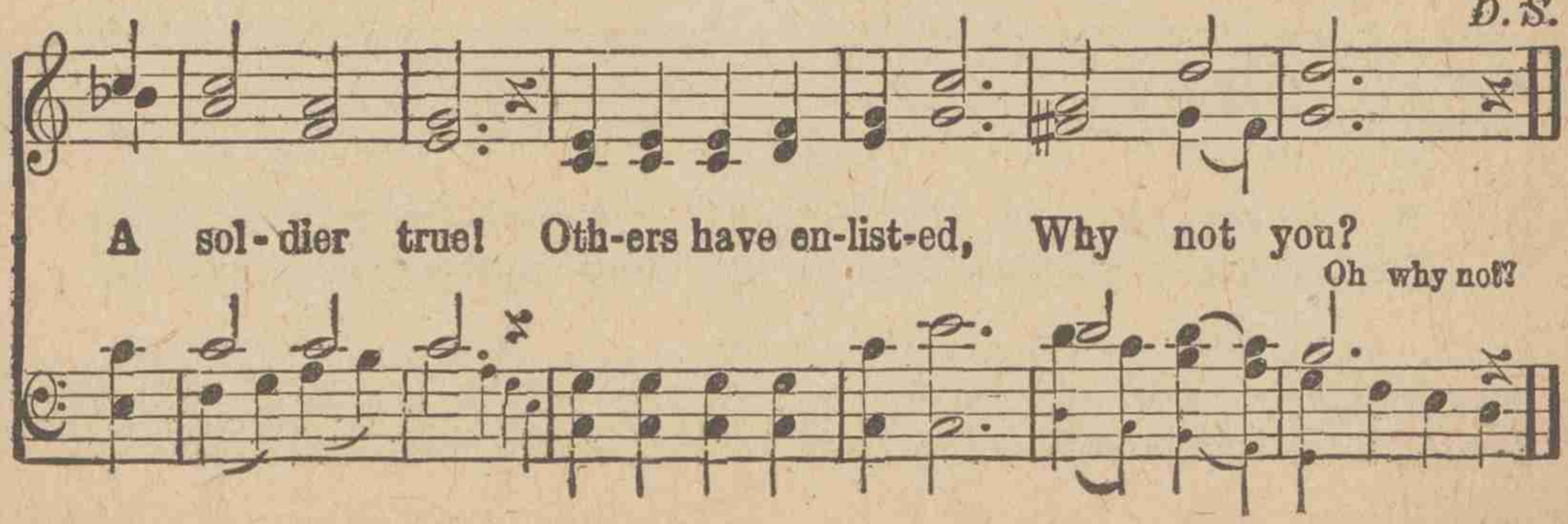
FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer.

D. S.



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?
Oh why not?

No. 49. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop - ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al - most ac - cept - ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to

you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is

CHORUS.

look - ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark - ness through; O be faith - ful, be

loy - al, and true, For some-one is look - ing to you!

No. 50. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. USED BY PER OF MRS. W. A OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing, Wan - der-ers on the mount - ain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re-peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

{Go - ing a - far / In - to the fold} up - on the mount-ain of my Re-deem - er,

{Go-ing a-far..... / In-to the fold.....} up-on the mount-ain..... of my Re-deem-er,..... Bringing the Je-sus the

1. Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain
2. Je - sus the Lamb for sin - ners (*Omit.*)

{wan - d'rer back a-gain,..... / Lamb..... for sin-ners (*Omit*)} slain, for sin - ners slain. / slain. . . . . .

No. 51. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Geo. C. Hugg.

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

by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed o'er the field wide,
free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing, know-ing,
trust-ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en - deav - or,

CHORUS.

Scattering precious seed by the way.
Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - ing in the morn - ing,
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,

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

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

No. 52. Somebody Needs You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;

Some one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Somebod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.

CHORUS.

Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;
Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 53. Why Do You Wait?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

No. 54. Anywhere With Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Marianne F. Heard. **Robert Lowry.**

1. An - y-where with Je - sus, says the Chris-tian heart, Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part; Al-ways sit - ting at His feet,
2. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He lead - eth me Where the path is rough and long, where the dan - gers be; Tho' He tak - eth from my heart
3. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He please to bring In - to floods or fierc - est flames in - to suf - fer - ing; Tho' He bid me work or wait,
4. An - y-where with Je - sus; for it can - not be Drear - y, dark, or des - o - late, when He is with me; He will love me to the end,

there's no cause for fears; An - y-where with Je - sus in this vale of tears.
all I love be - low, An - y-where with Je - sus will I glad - ly go.
on - ly bear for Him, An - y-where with Je - sus, this shall be my hymn.
ev - 'ry need sup-ply; An - y-where with Je - sus, should I live or die.

D. S.—*Je - sus, I'll fol - low an - y - where.*

REFRAIN.

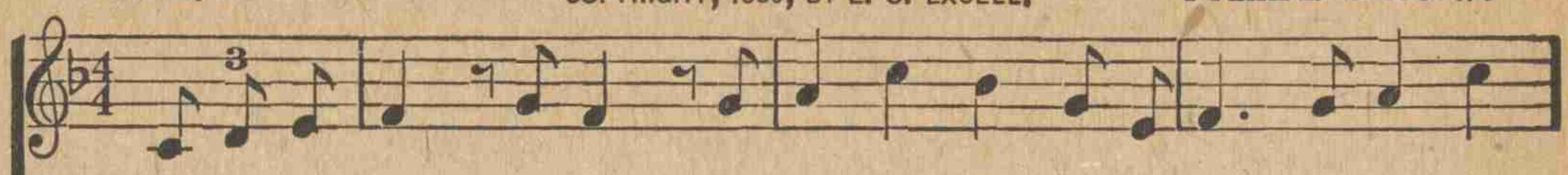
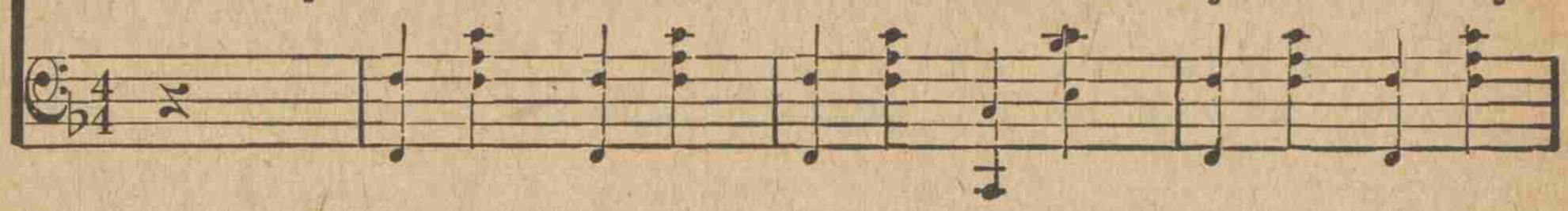
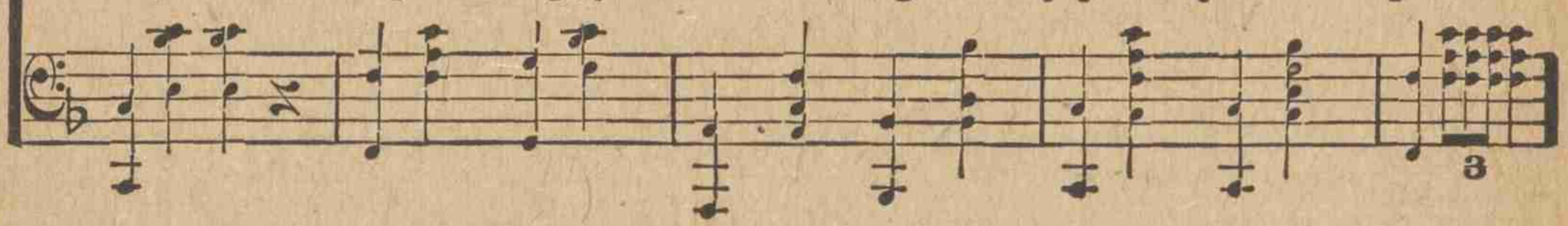
An - y-where with Je - sus, an - y-where, an - y-where; An - y-where with

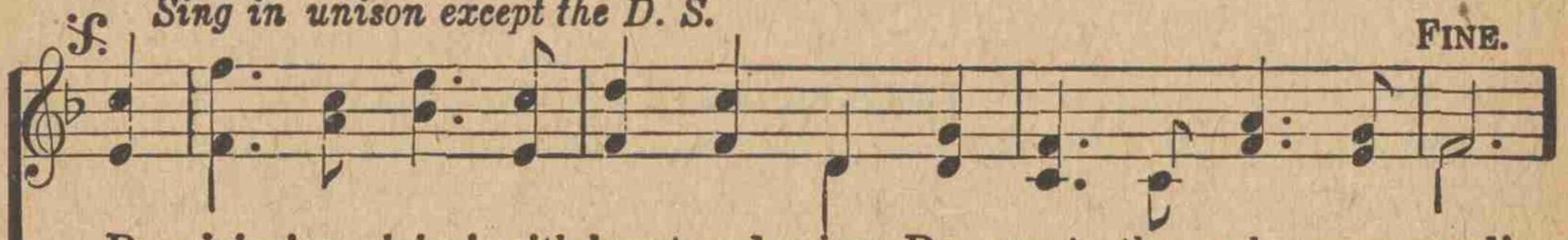
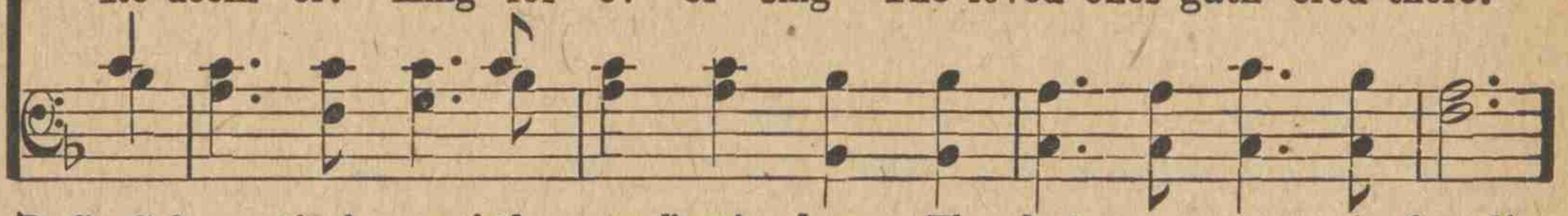
D. S.

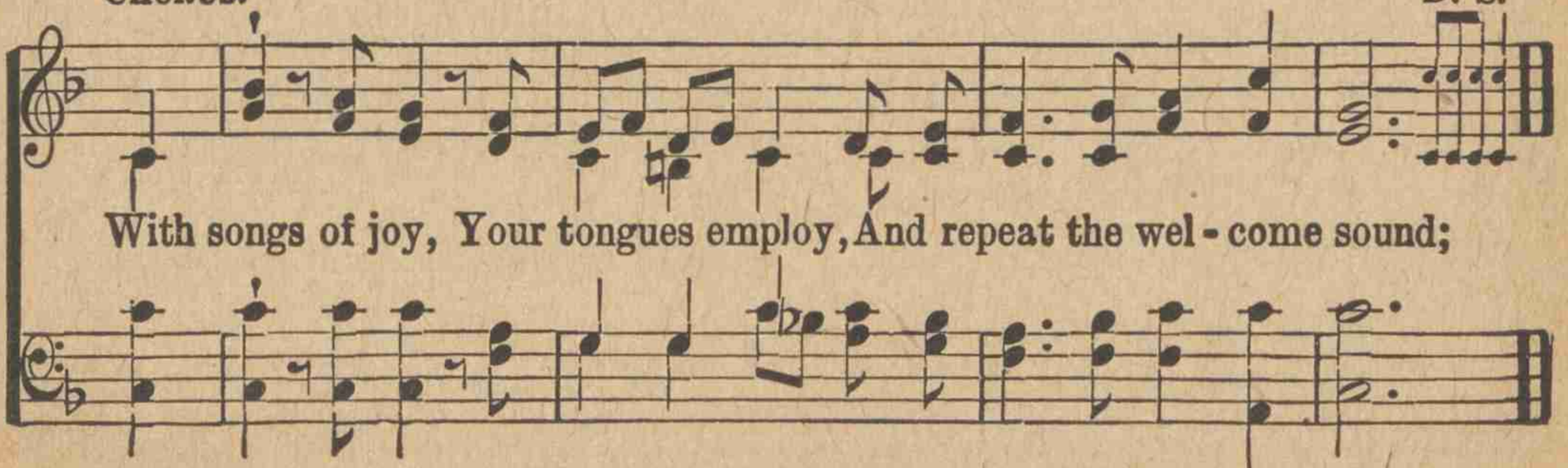
FINE.

No. 55. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

F. L. B. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank L. Bristow.

1. Joy - ful - ly march a - long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wan-der-er, far a - way from love to - day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy - ful - ly an - gels bring the sig - net ring Of a Fa-ther's pard'ning
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found;"
low, A call from home now bids you "come," A - rise and say "I'll go;"
grace, And roy - al fare, they now pre - pare, Be - fore His smil-ing face,
rare, With an-gel throng, join in the song Of joy be - yond com-pare.

Sing in unison except the D. S.

FINE.

Re - joice! re - joice! with heart and voice; Re - peat the wel - come sound!
A crown of life is wait - ing there, And rai - ment white as snow!
A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re - ceive His fond em - brace!
"Re-deem - er!" "King" for - ev - er sing The loved ones gath - ered there!

D. S.–*Sal-va - tion's come! the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!*

CHORUS. D. S.

With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the wel - come sound;

No. 56. I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

f

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

p *f* *pp rall.*

No. 57. It is Well With My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de-scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

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

It is well, with my soul,

No. 58. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

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

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

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

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

REFRAIN.

D. S.

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

No. 59. The Field is the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The reap - ers are loud - ly sing - ing, As out in the har - vest field
2. "The field is the world," O reap - er, There's plenty for all to do;
3. The Mas - ter hath all com-mand - ed, To la - bor and watch and pray;

They gath-er the grain from val-ley and plain, With will-ing and tire-less hands.
A - rise and be - gin the work that shall win For you an im-mor - tal crown.
To dil - i - gent be, and faith-ful, if we Would share in the vic-t'ries won;

The winds from a - far come bring - ing Glad news of a - bund-ant yield,
The Lord is thy guide and keep - er, With grace to car - ry you thro';
Then why will you emp - ty hand - ed Ap - pear, at the close of day,

Of work to be done, of souls to be won For God at His own com-mand.
He calls you to-day, then trust and o-bey, And reap till the sun goes down.
Ac - count-ing to give, and hope to re-ceive, A bless-ing for noth-ing done?

D.S.--And gath-er the grain from hill and from plain For garners be-yond the sky.

CHORUS. D. S.

Join ..... in the song ..... that is waft - - ed a - long, ...
Join in the song, Join in the song that is waft - ed a-long, waft-ed a - long,

No. 60. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 61. All in All to Me.

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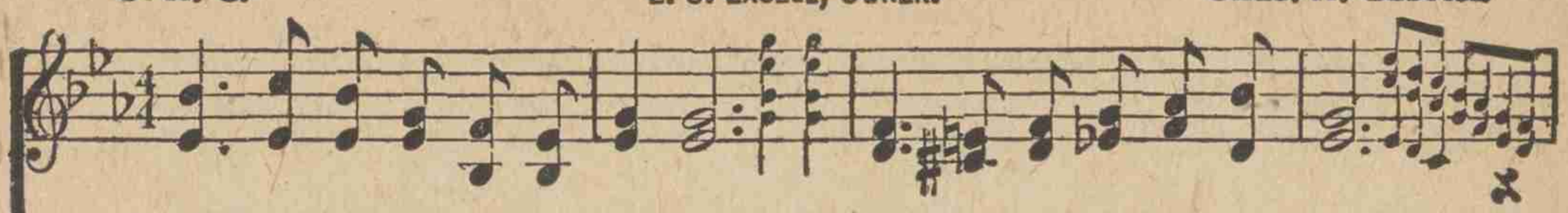
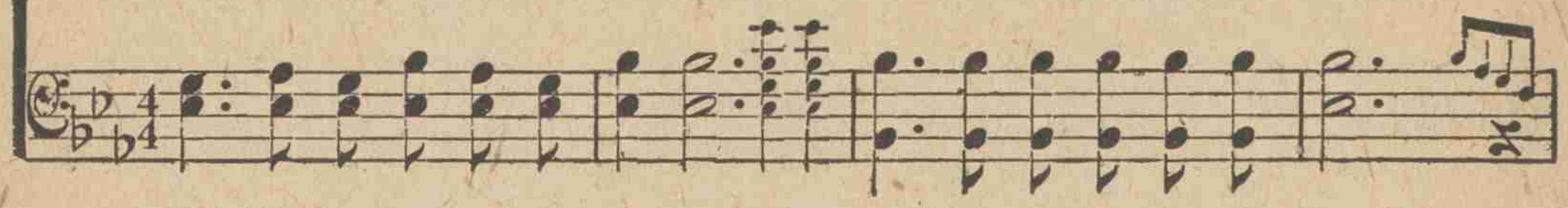
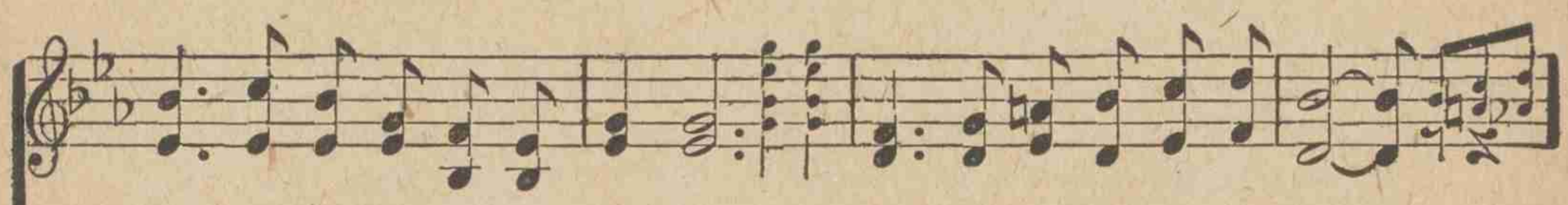
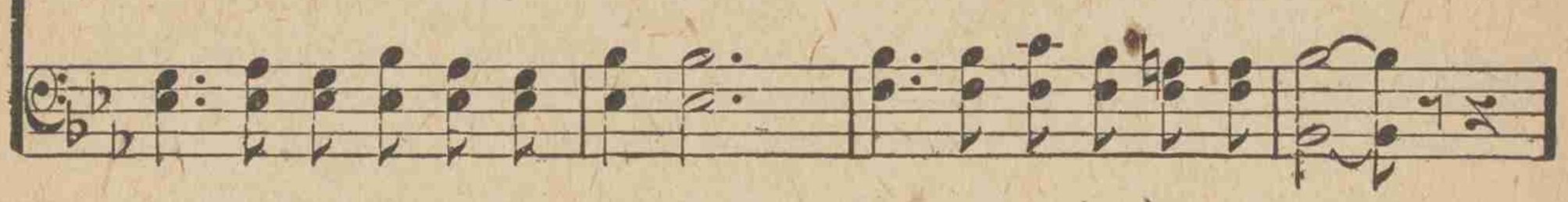
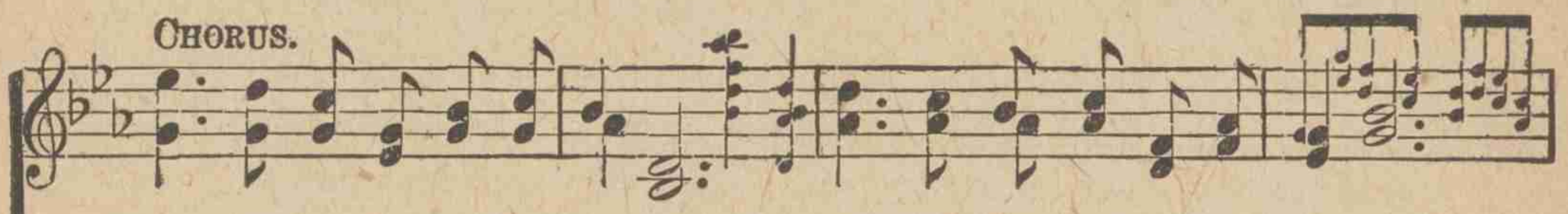
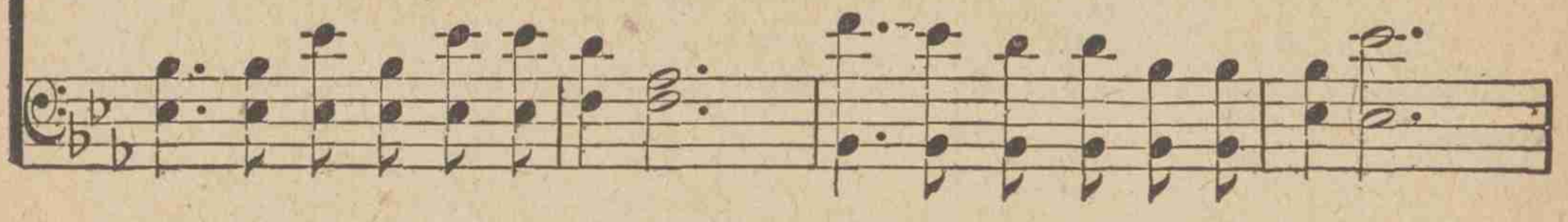
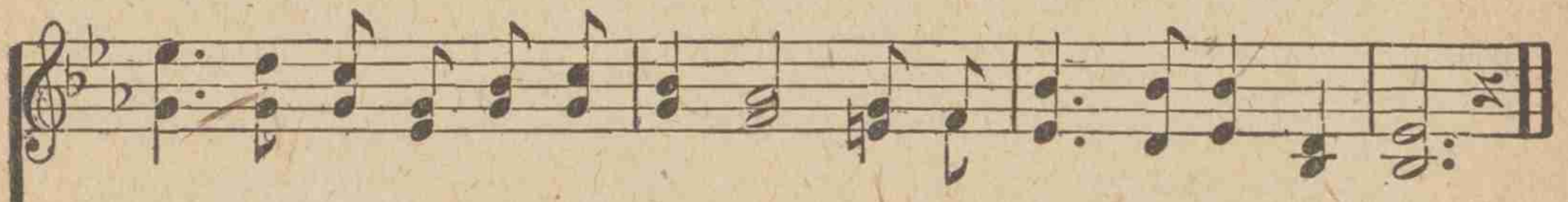
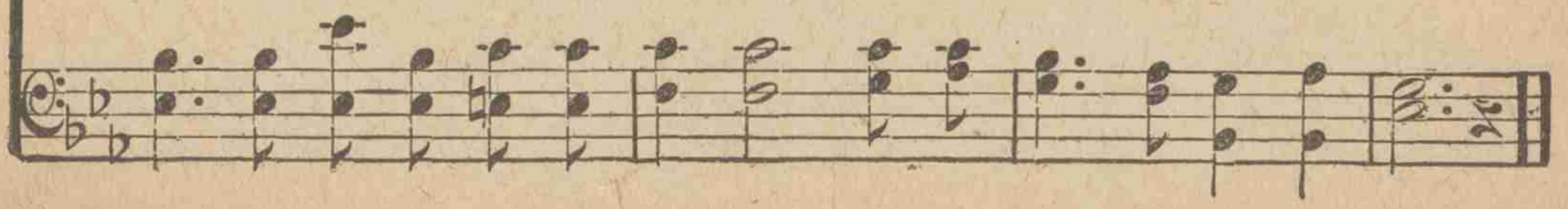
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. All in all to me is Je - sus! Ev - 'ry need His grace sup-plies;
2. All in all to me is Je - sus, Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend;
3. All in all to me is Je - sus, Bless-ed One of Cal - va - ry;
4. All in all to me is Je - sus, I am His, and He is mine;

Day by day He guides and keeps me,— No good thing to me de - nies.
Ten-der Shepherd, He will guard me, And from ev-'ry foe de - fend.
I will nev-er cease to love Him Who has done so much for me.
To His love, and in His serv - ice, Ev -'ry-thing I now re - sign.

CHORUS.

In His love I am a - bid-ing, Ev - 'ry-thing to Him con-fid-ing;

'Neath His wing my soul is hid - ing, He is all in all to me.

No. 62. Let Him In.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.

No. 63. Eternity.

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F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. There is a Cit - y, I am told Where all the
2. Me thinks I hear the heav'n-ly song, In hal - le-
3. Our loved ones who have gone be - fore, Are beck-'ning
4. Some day my bless - ed Lord will call, In tones that

streets are paved with gold; A Home pre - pared for you and
lu - jahs loud and long: Come float-ing o'er the might-y
us to that bright shore; That we may from our cares be
gen - tly rise and fall; And He will say "Come home with

me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty''..... E - ter - ni-

E - ter - ni - ty

ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 64. Drifting Away.

To the Evangelist, Wm. A. Sunday.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. A. Barnes. **E. O. Excell.**

1. From God and His pre-cepts So ho - ly and bright; From paths that are pleasant
2. From words that were spoken When Je-sus was here; From all His kind teachings,
3. From grace that is wait-ing New prospects to give; From love that will help them

Be-cause they are right; From truths in the Bi-ble That all should o - bey—'Tis
So sim - ple, so dear; From hope in His fa-vor, That soul-cheer-ing ray—'Tis
A new life to live; From heaven's bright portals At life's fi - nal day—'Tis

REFRAIN.

sad that so man - y are drift-ing a - way! Drift-ing a - way,
drift-ing a - way, 'Tis sad that so man - y are drift-ing a - way!

No. 65. The Lord's Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. M. ANDERSON.
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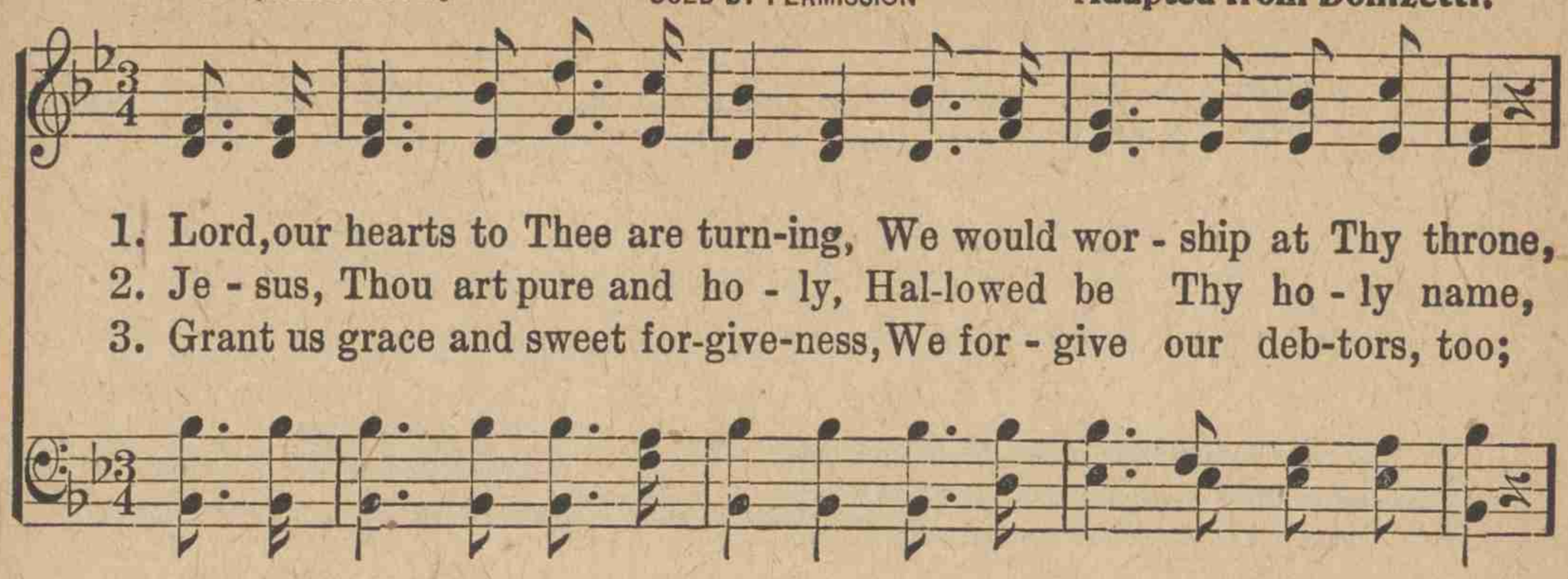
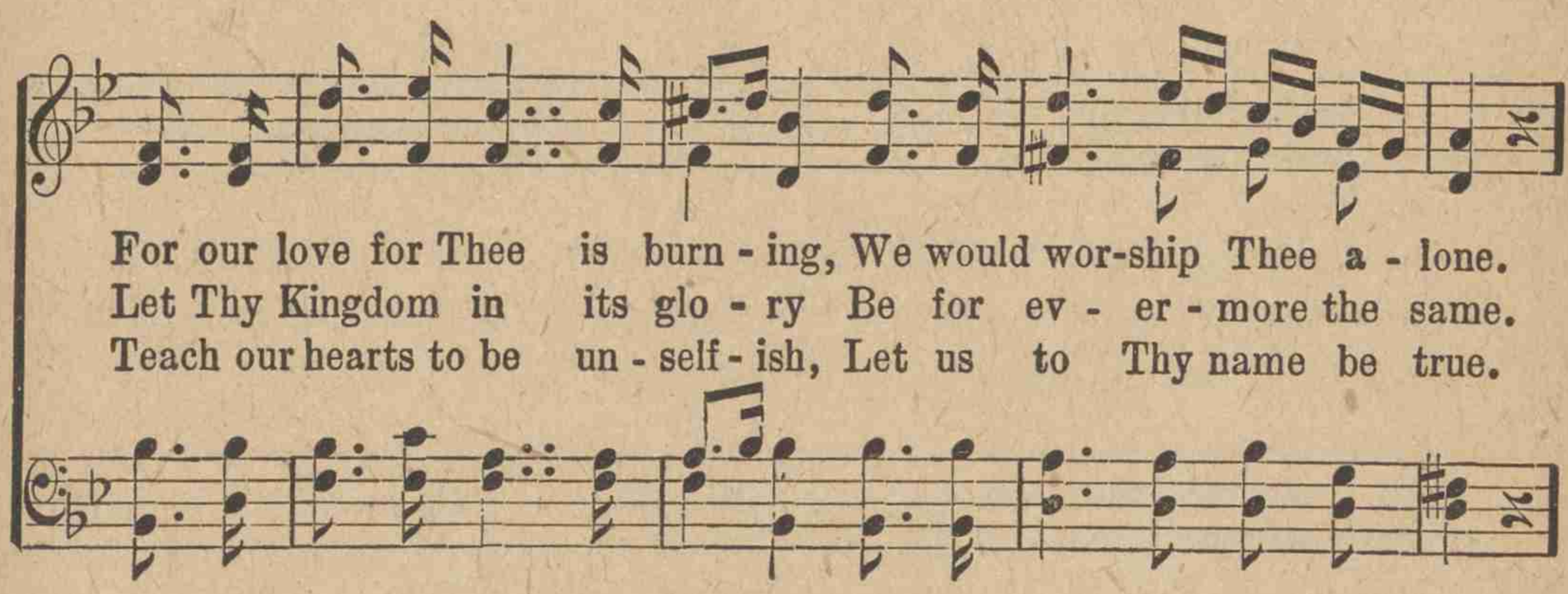
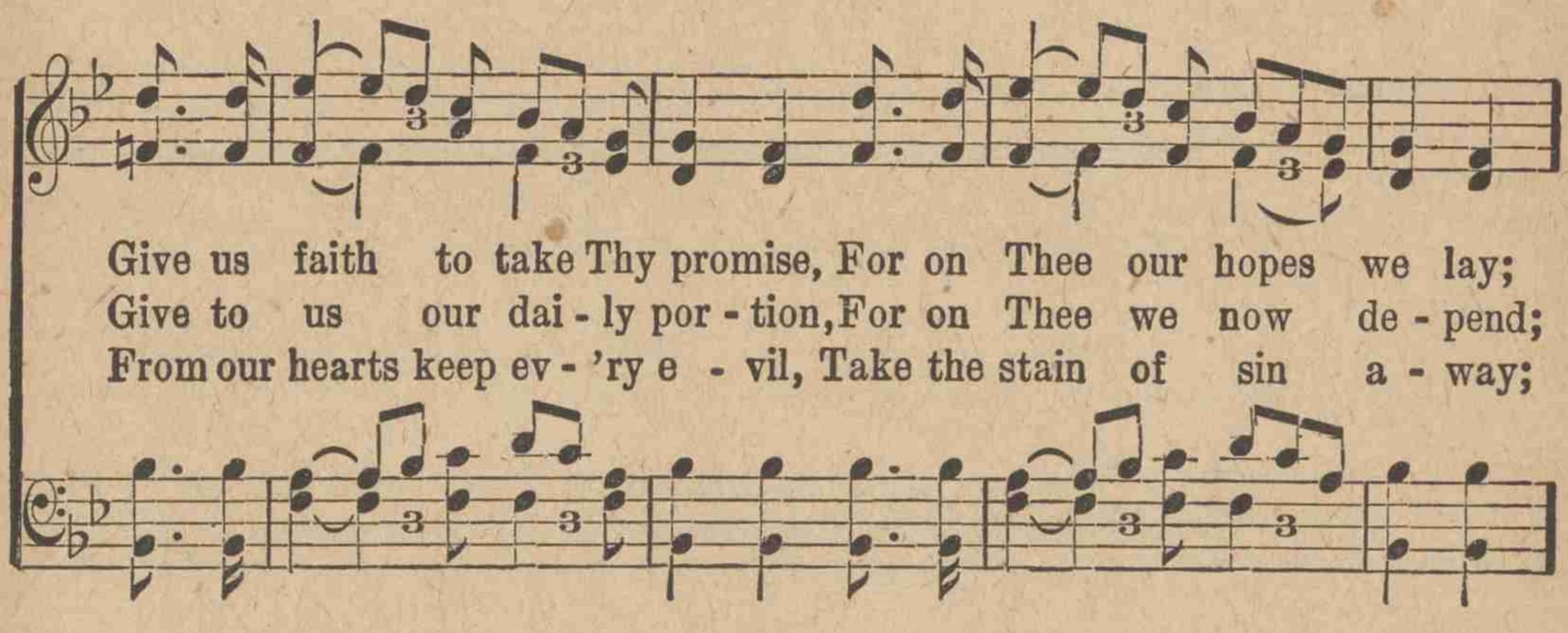
Wm. M. Anderson. **Adapted from Donizetti.**

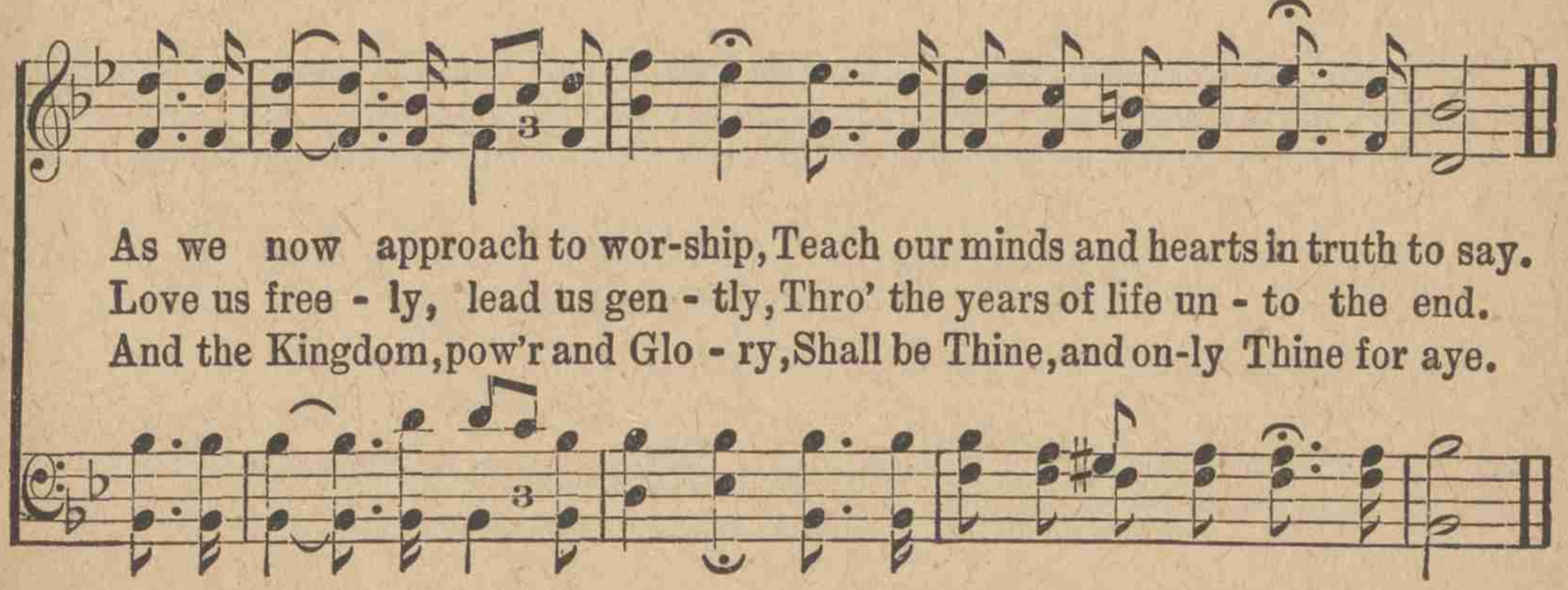
1. Lord, our hearts to Thee are turn-ing, We would wor - ship at Thy throne,
2. Je - sus, Thou art pure and ho - ly, Hal-lowed be Thy ho - ly name,
3. Grant us grace and sweet for-give-ness, We for - give our deb-tors, too;



For our love for Thee is burn - ing, We would wor-ship Thee a - lone.
Let Thy Kingdom in its glo - ry Be for ev - er - more the same.
Teach our hearts to be un - self - ish, Let us to Thy name be true.



Give us faith to take Thy promise, For on Thee our hopes we lay;
Give to us our dai - ly por - tion, For on Thee we now de - pend;
From our hearts keep ev - 'ry e - vil, Take the stain of sin a - way;

As we now approach to wor-ship, Teach our minds and hearts in truth to say.
Love us free - ly, lead us gen - tly, Thro' the years of life un - to the end.
And the Kingdom, pow'r and Glo - ry, Shall be Thine, and on-ly Thine for aye.



No. 66. Some Happy Day.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day— I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day— it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gather'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell ..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but oh, I can - not tell, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord I pray,

That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 67. He Knows It All.

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Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa - ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,

knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa - ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit - ter tears,

fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa - ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 68. I Am Happy in Him.

B. O. B.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 69. His Love for Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - sus— Of His grace flow-ing bound-less and free, But there's no one can tell you the
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - dren: "Come, all ye that are wear - y," said He; So I came, and He gave me the
3. You have heard how the blind, as they sought Him, Found their sight when He bade them to see; So my sin - blind - ed eyes have been
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - pest—How the words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea; So my soul found the peace that it

ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .

CHORUS.

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 70. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission.

Mary A. Thomson. **James Walch.**

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark-some
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Proclaim to ev - 'ry peo - ple,tongue,and na-tion That God,in whom they

world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
Lord His life laid down; Be - ware lest, sloth-ful to ful - fill thy mis - sion,
live and move, is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,

REFRAIN.

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings;
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His crown.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

No. 71. O Jesus, I Have Promised,

John E. Bode. J. W. Elliott.

1. O Je - sus I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear:
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will:
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;

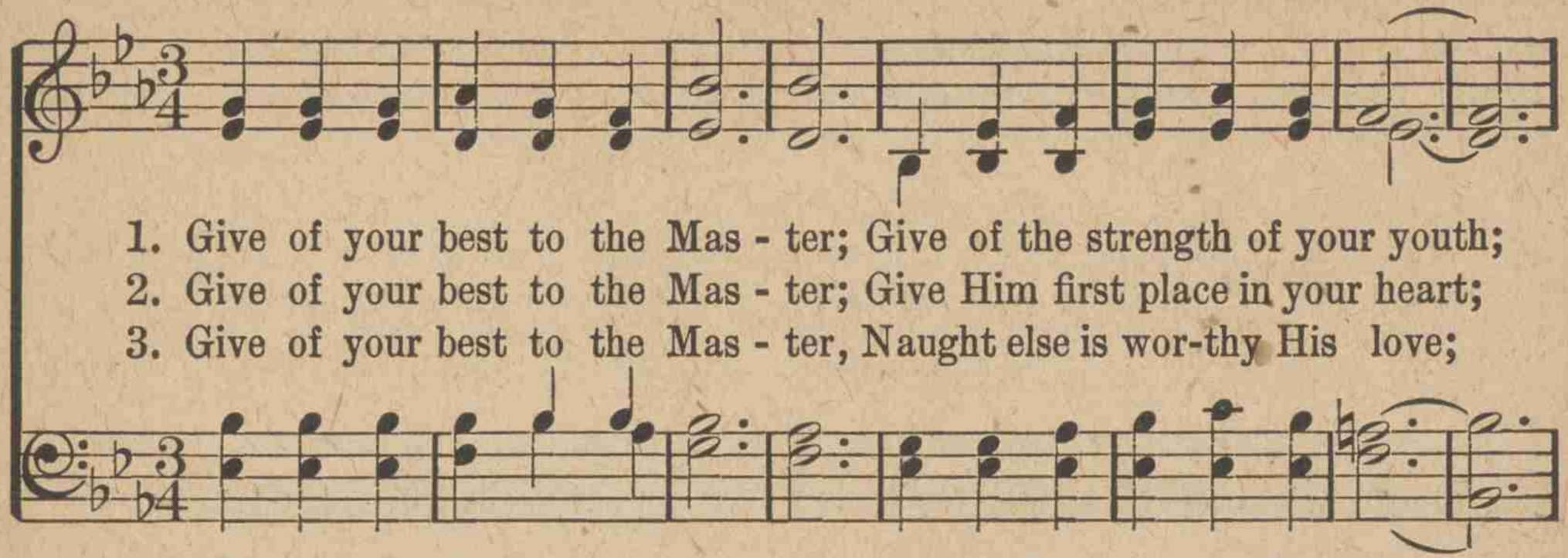
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
O speak to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol;
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Unison. *Harmony.*

Nor wan-der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guar - dian of my soul.
O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

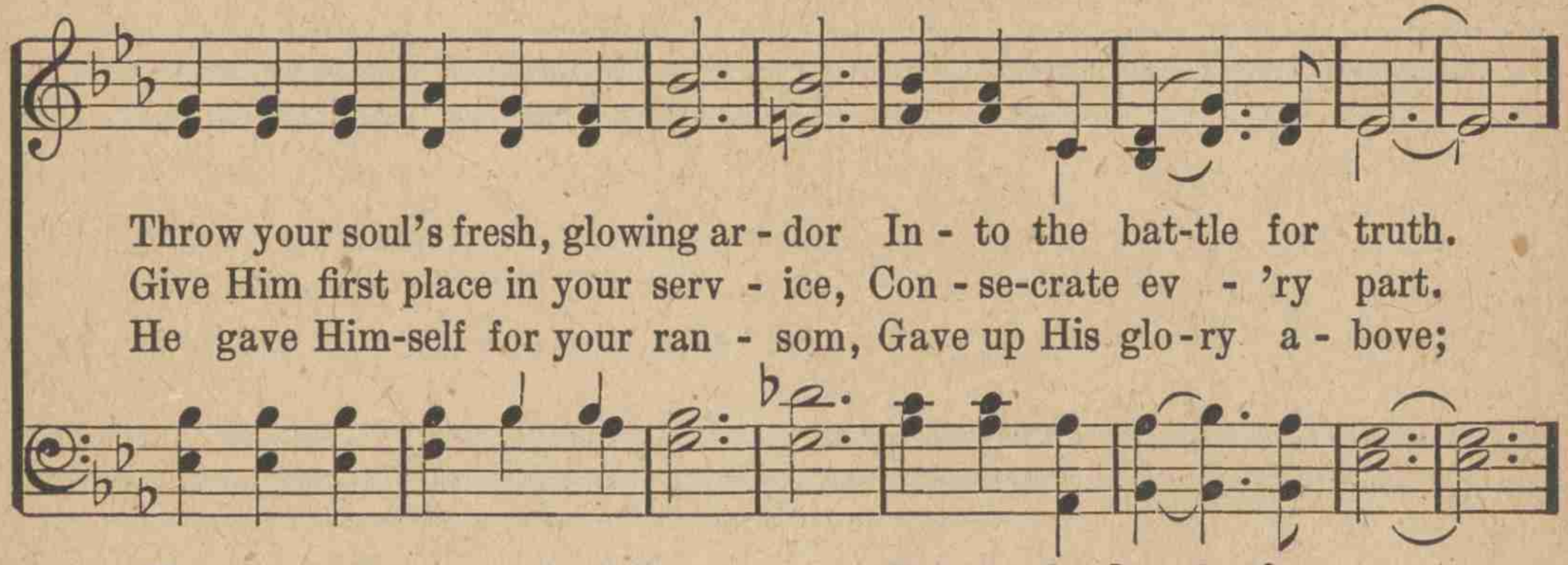
No. 72. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.

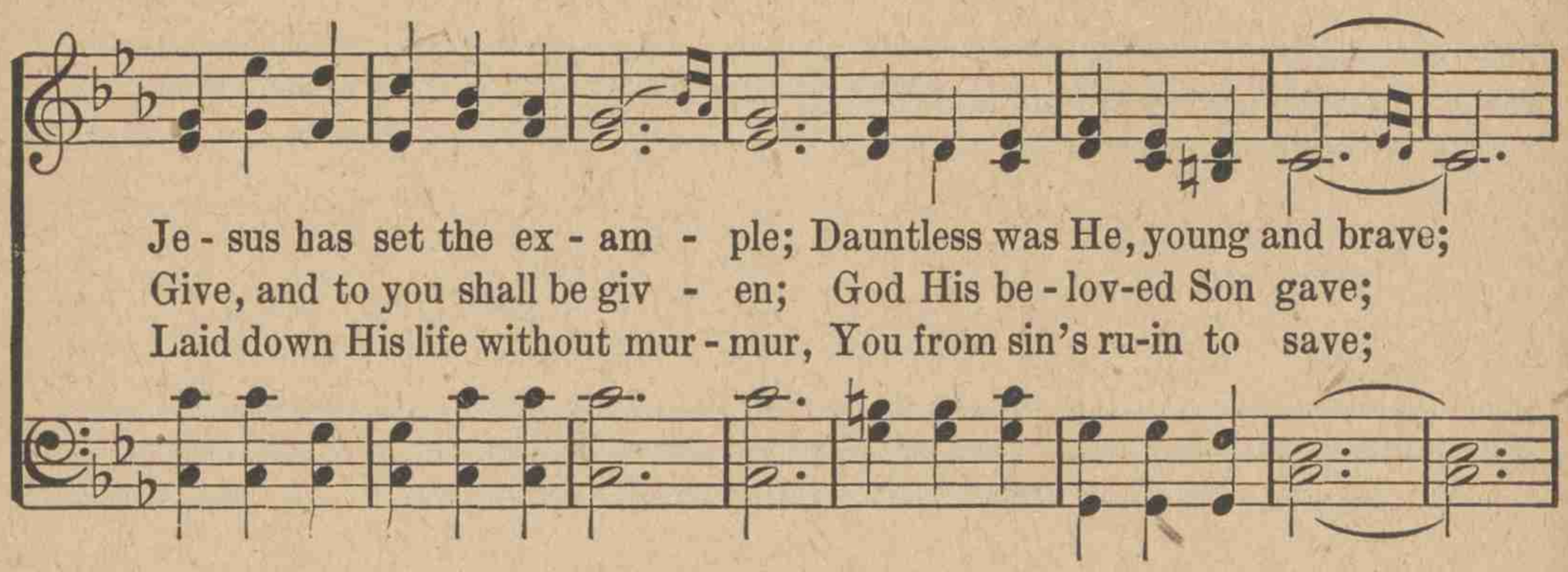


REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

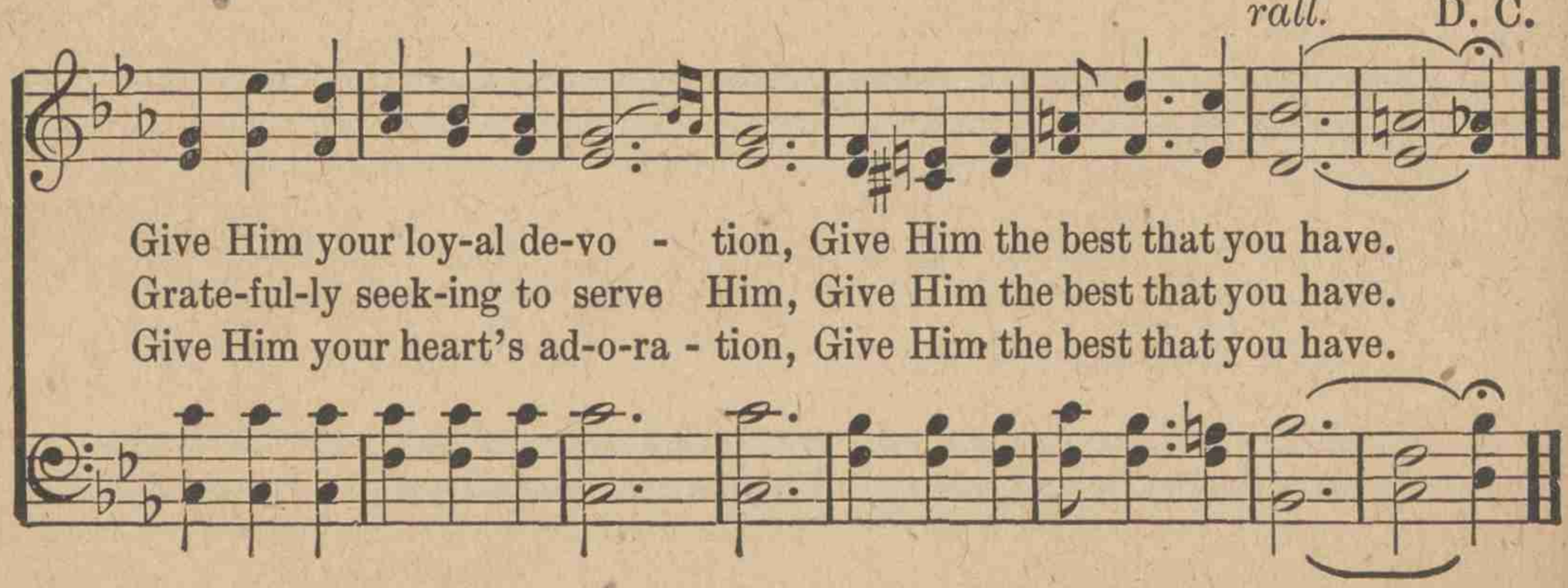
FINE.



Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.



rall. D. C.



No. 73. The Savior's Invitation.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly

as you go, as you go?

bless-ed fore-taste here be - low? Would you have the Father's bless-ing
your Re-deem-er here be - low? Would you have in you a - bid-ing,
fol - low Je - sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en

here be - low, here be - low?

FINE.

day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
ev - 'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....

all the way?

D.S.–*and distress"d, Come, and in His love for - ev - er be at rest*.....

be at rest.

CHORUS.

Hear the Sav-ior's in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," And His of - fer

Come to me, O, come to me,

of sal - va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,

ev - er full and free;

D. S.

No. 74. Just To Please Jesus.

Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY GEO. A. FISHER.

Mrs. Geo. A. Fisher.

mf *Moderato.*

1. Pay-ing a vis - it to sorrow's abode, Help-ing a burdened one o'er a rough road;
2. Staying at home with the children, perchance, Watching the sick ones oft-wandering glance,
3. Swinging the hammer if duty demands, Plying the needle with quick willing hands,

p

This the sweet tho't, making duty delight, Turning the shadows of gloom into light,
Sweeping and dusting, and tidying home, Deeds not recorded 'neath Fame's painted dome,
Us-ing the pen-cil, the pick, or the pen, Serving my Lord and my own fellow men,

rit.

Just to please Je-sus,..... Just to please Je - sus.....

rit.

No. 75. Somebody Knows.

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WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Alfred H. Ackley. **B. D. Ackley.**

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.

No. 76. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

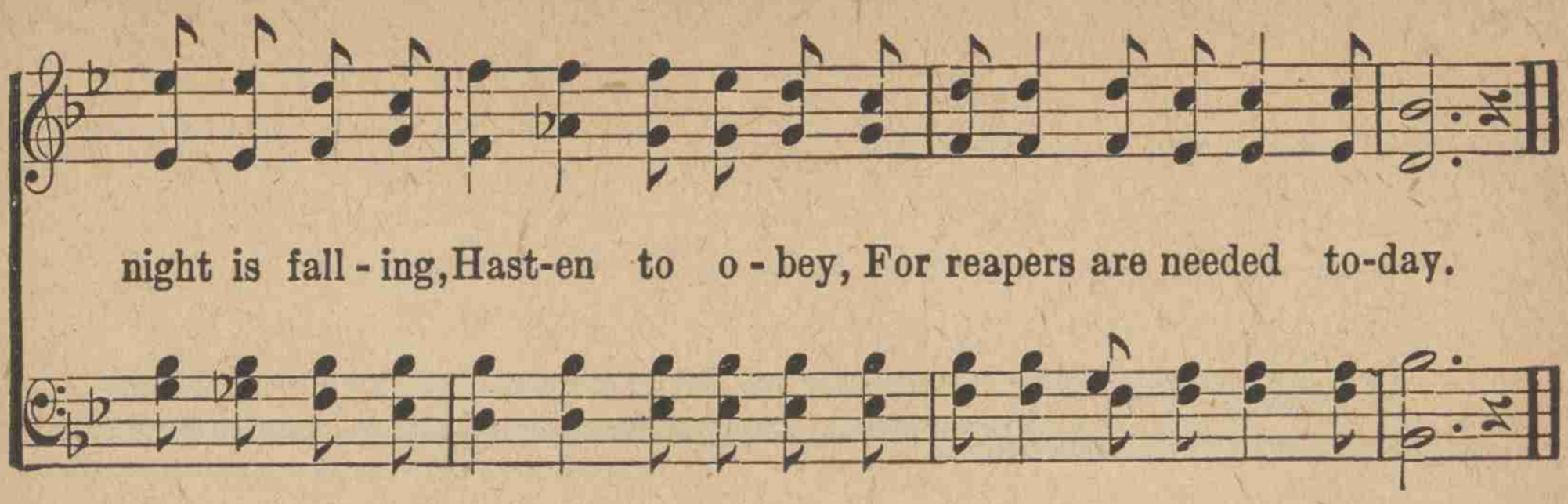
sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!"

to the fields a-way,

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,

Mas - - ter while you may;

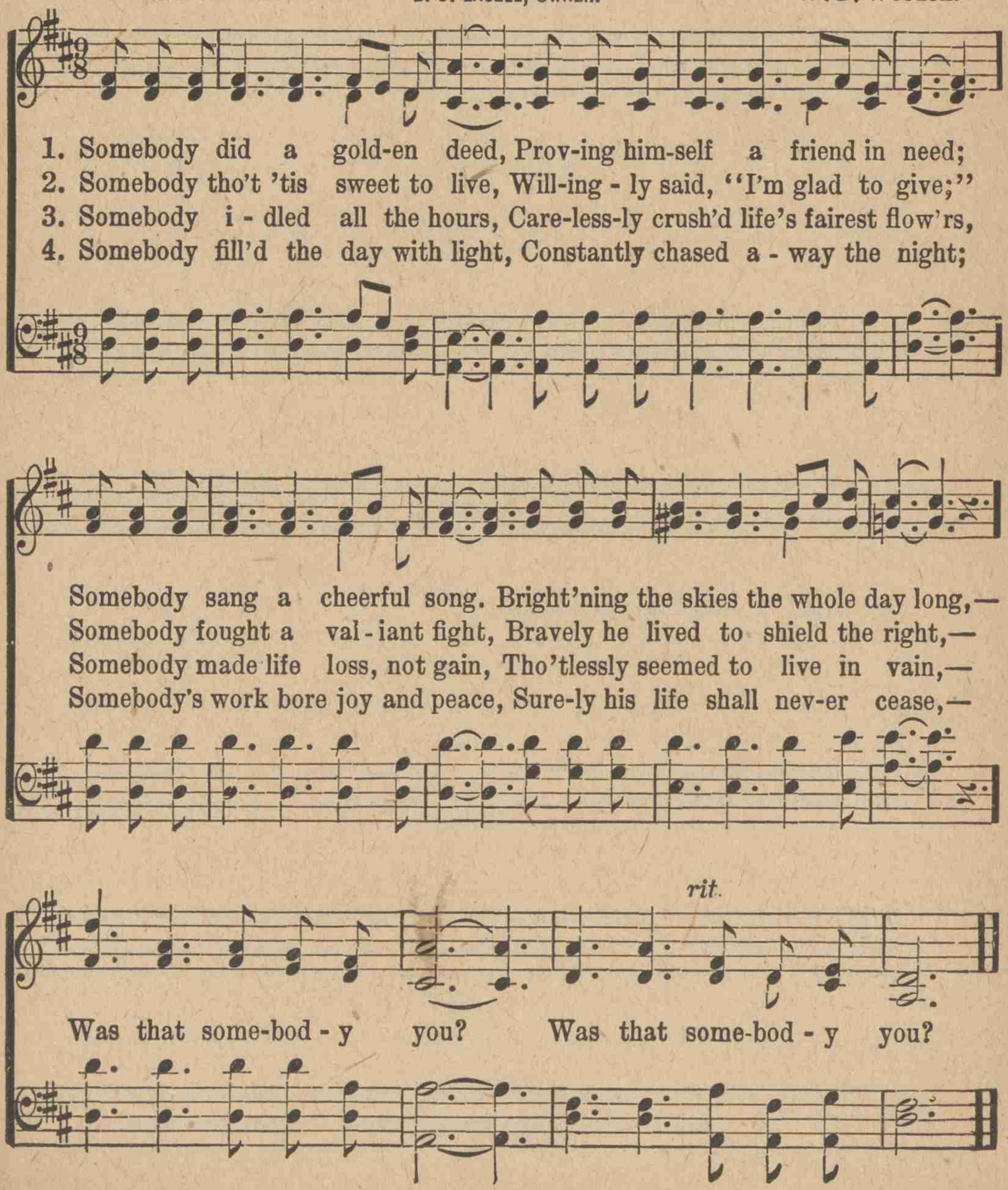
Harvest Song.



No. 77. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. **W. S. Weeden.**



No. 78. Beyond.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
USED BY PER.

Flora Kirkland. George C. Stebbins.

1. Be - yond earth's lat - est sun - set There lies a coun - try bright,
2. Be - yond earth's fi - nal heart-ache There lies a land of peace,
3. Be - yond earth's lat - est suf - f'ring There lies a coun - try fair,
4. O land be - yond the sun - set, Where time shall be no more,

Where fade-less day is glow - ing, That nev - er sinks to night.
Where sor-row nev - er com - eth, Where pain and troub - le cease.
Where dwellers are im - mor - tal; No death can en - ter there.
Some bright, ec-stat - ic morn - ing We'll sight thy peace - ful shore!

REFRAIN.

"No night there!" No sor-row and no fears; "No night there!"
No night there! no night there! No night there! no night there!

No pain, no death, no tears; "No night there!" Where care hath passed a-
No night there! no night there!

Beyond.

way; "No night there!" But end - less, fade - less day.
No night there! no night there! fade - less, fade-less day.

No. 79. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 80. More Like the Master.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow, More of His

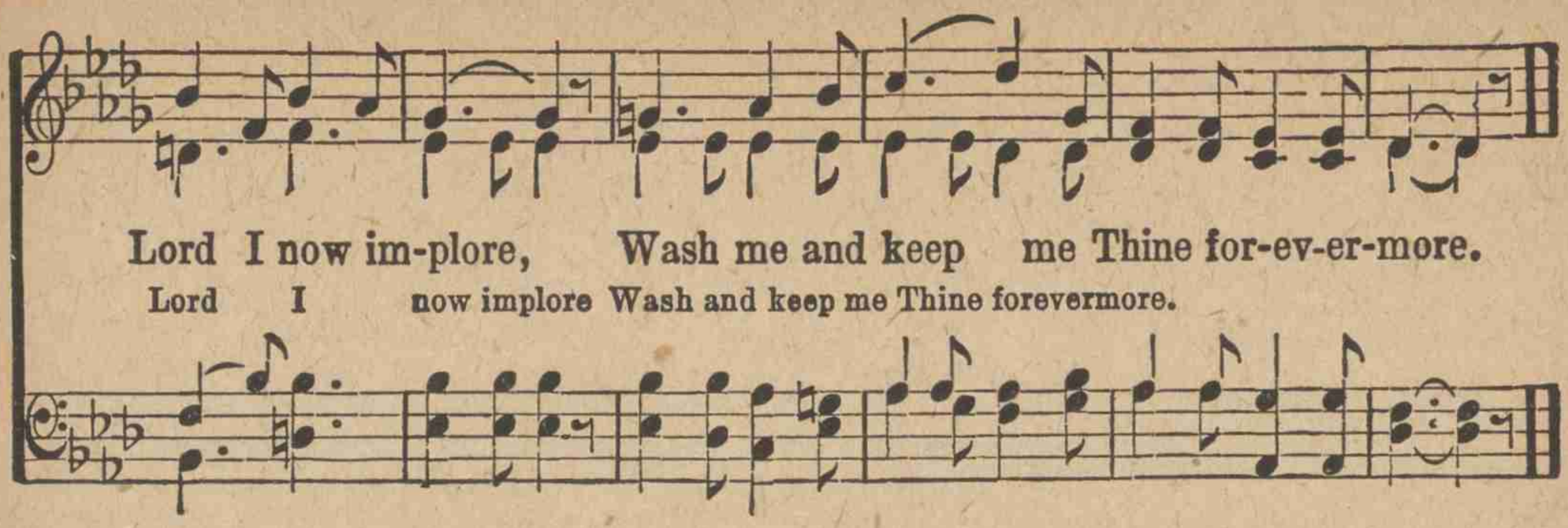
meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age
car - ry cross - es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His
love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in

to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
king - dom in, More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
Gal - i - lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart ..... I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart .... and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

No. 81. Forgiven.

C. H. G.

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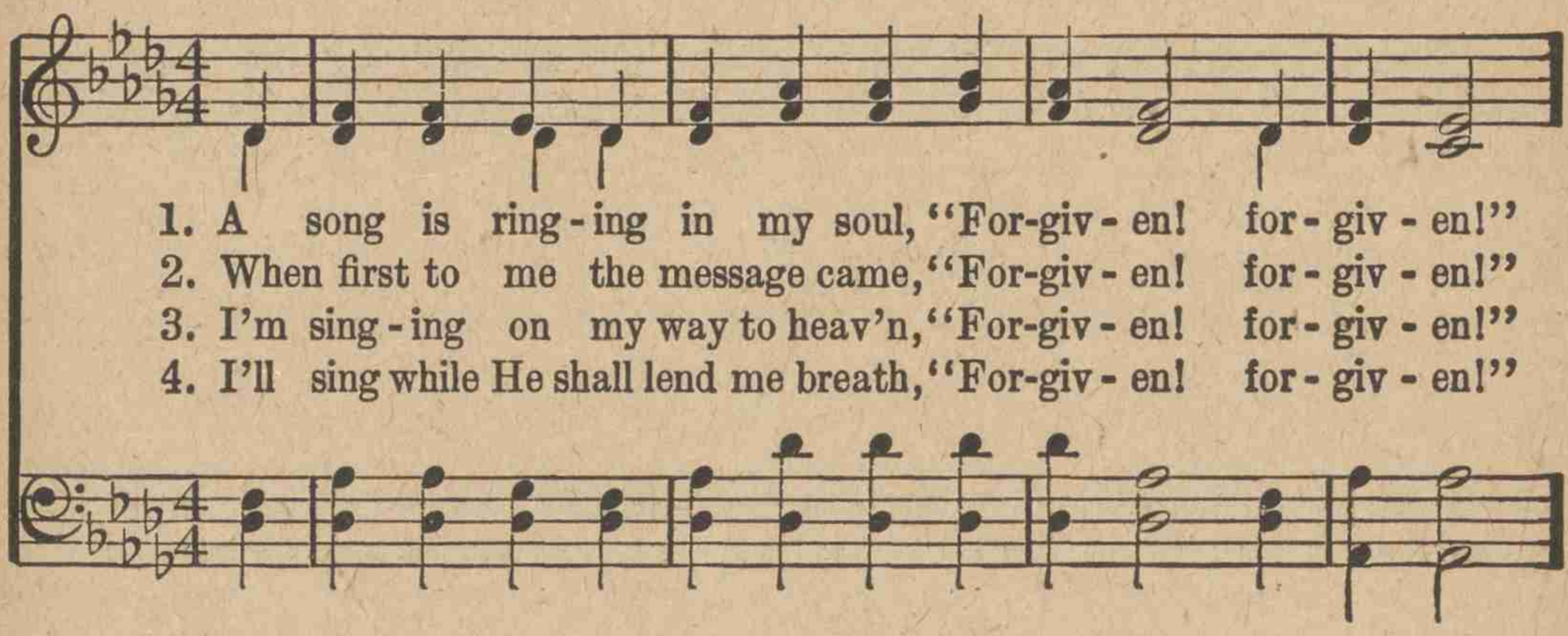
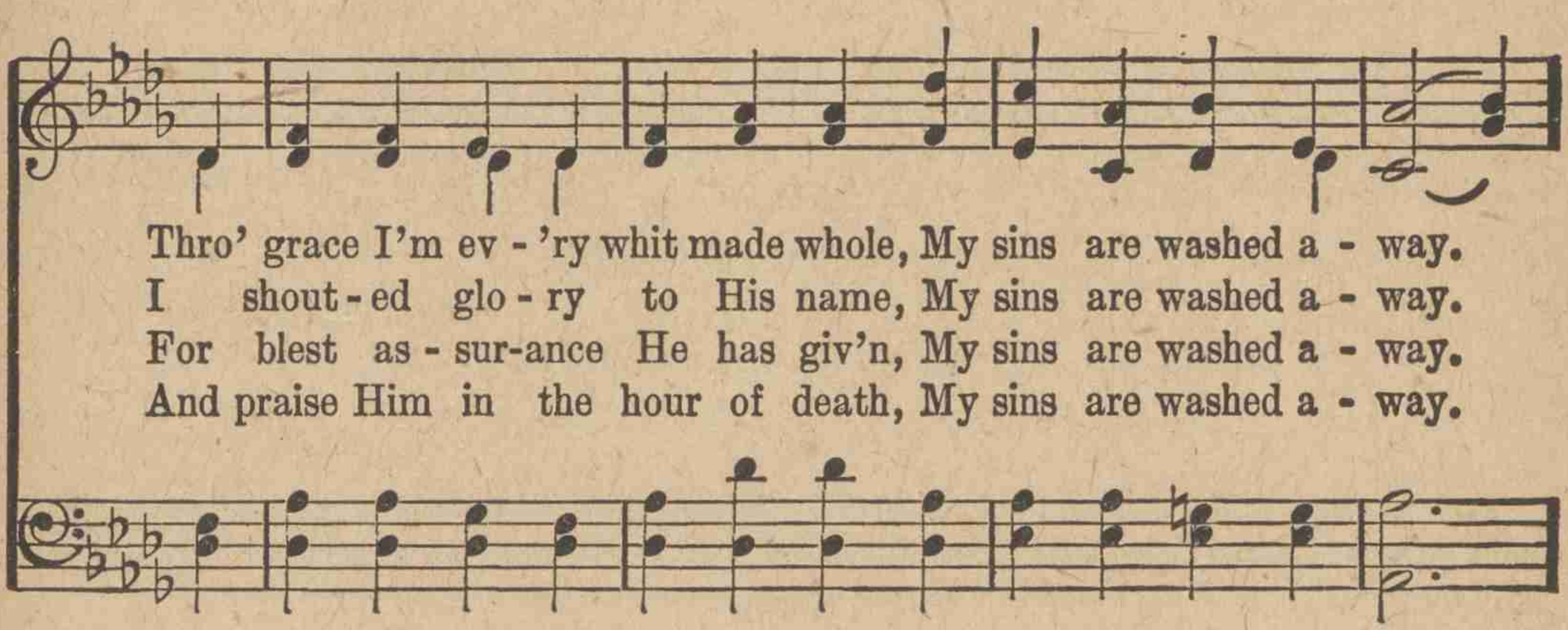
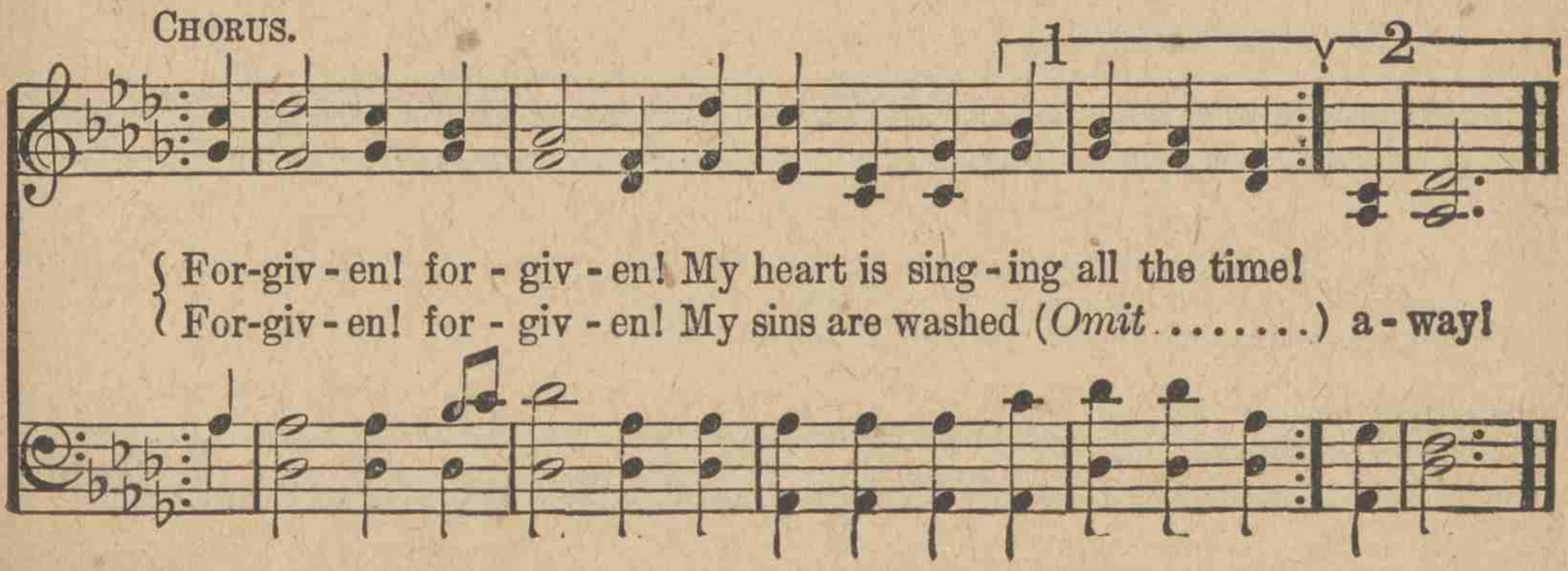
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



CHORUS.

No. 82. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Helen Dungan. J. M. Dungan.

1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with anger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's

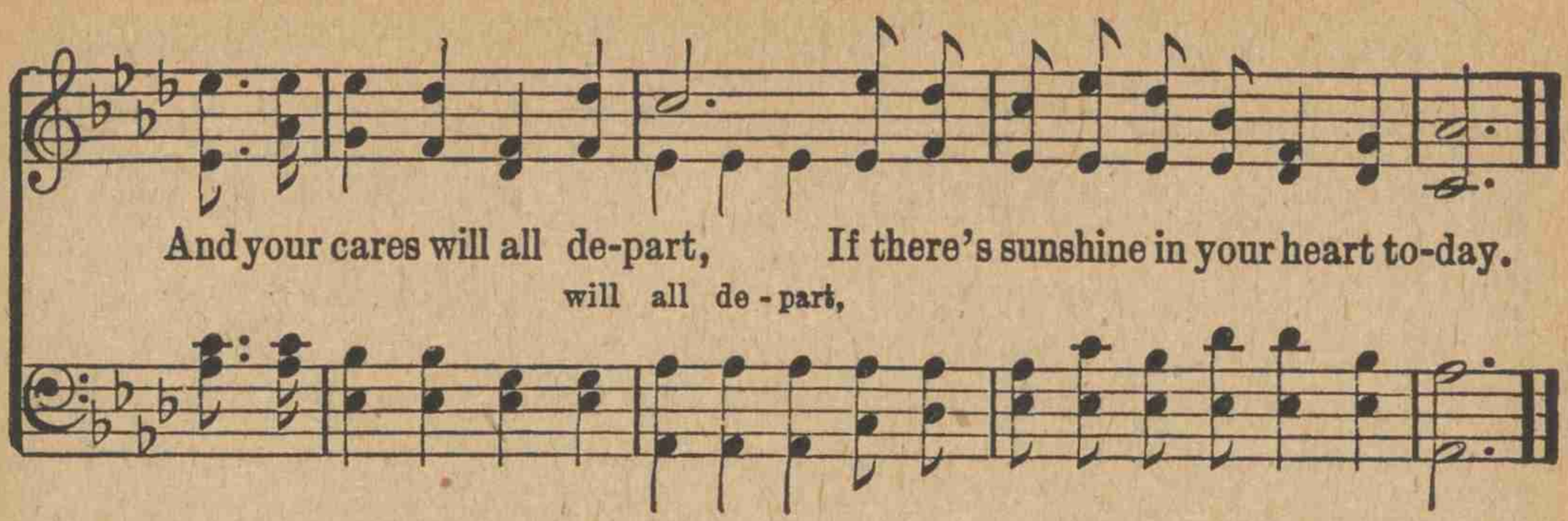
sun-shine in your heart; Turning darkness in - to day, As the shad-ows fly
sun-shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing It will heaven's bless-
sun-shine in your heart; And his bur-den you will share As you lift his load
sun-shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love From the perfect Light

CHORUS.

a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
ing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. If there's sunshine in your
of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. sunshine
a - bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.

heart, You can send a shin-ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.



No. 83. What Did He Do?

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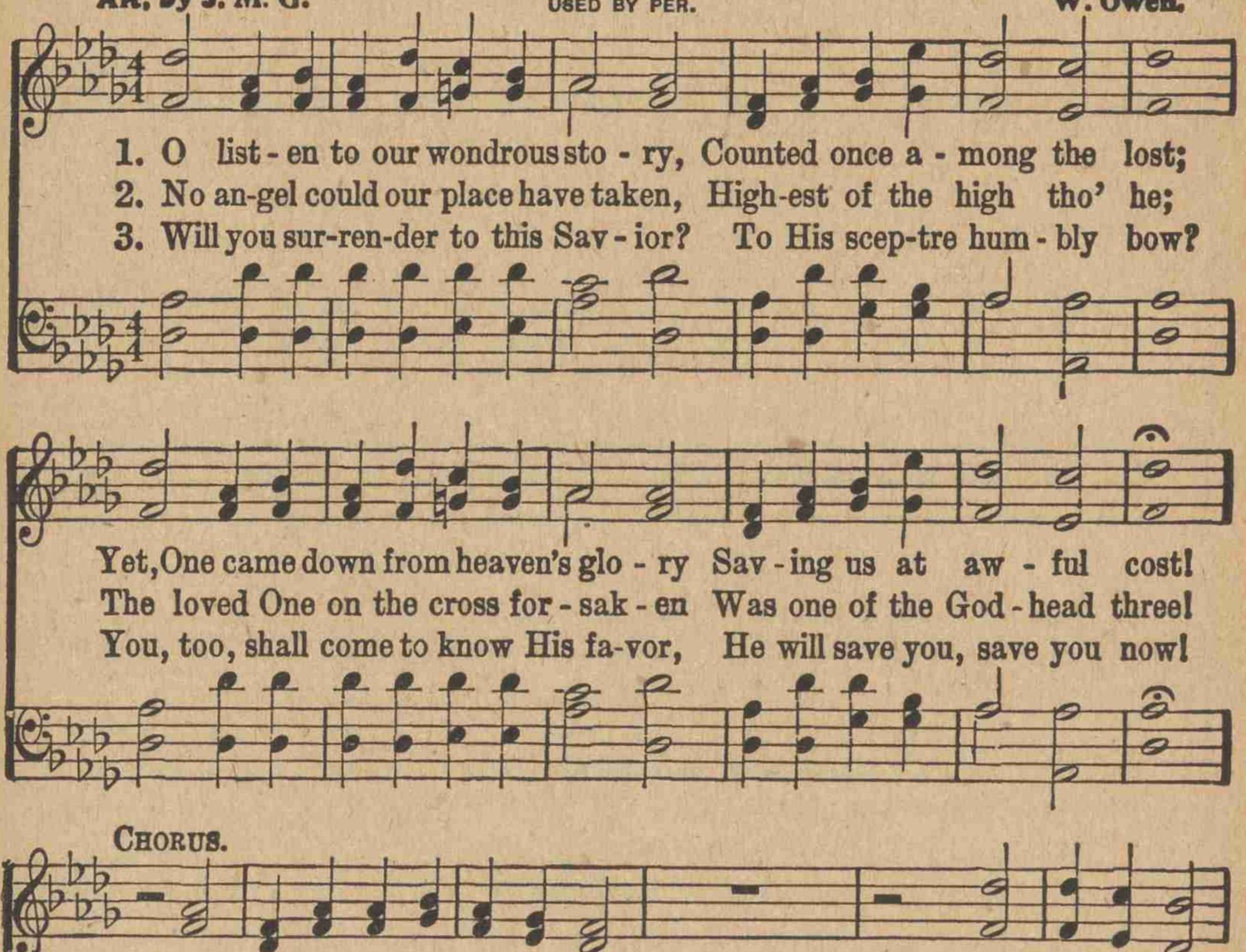
USED BY PER.

Alt. by J. M. G. W. Owen.



No. 84. My Father Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

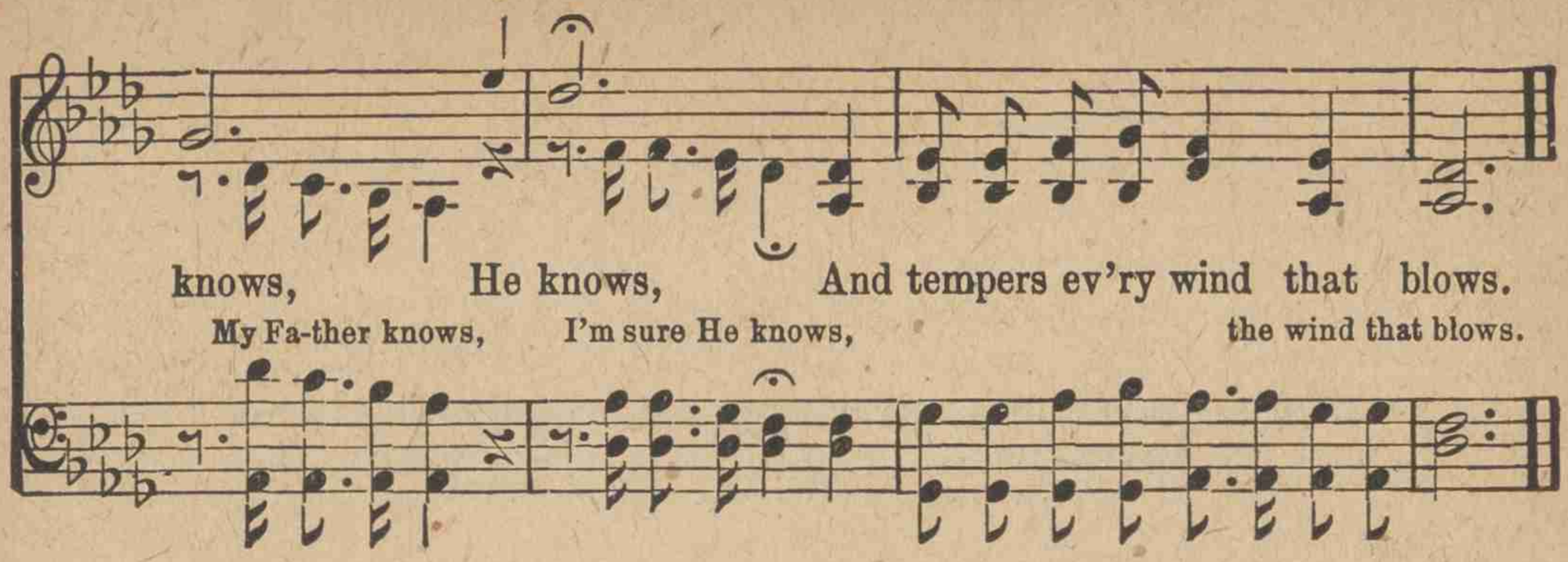
But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

REFRAIN.

And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

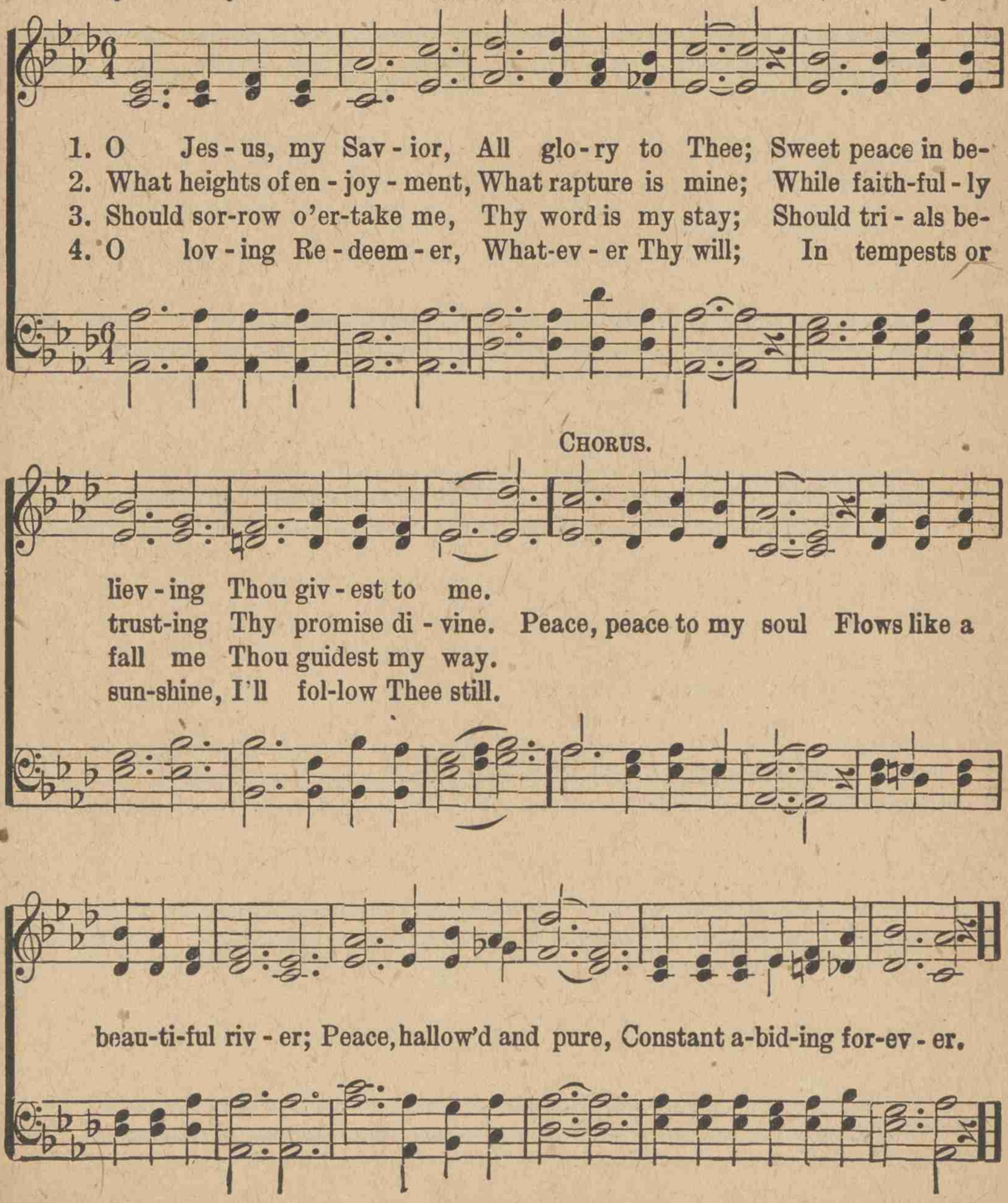
He knows, He
My Fa - ther knows.

knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

My Father Knows.

No. 85. Peace to My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 86. Perfectly Safe in His Hands.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Ernest G. W. Wesley. I. Allan Sankey.

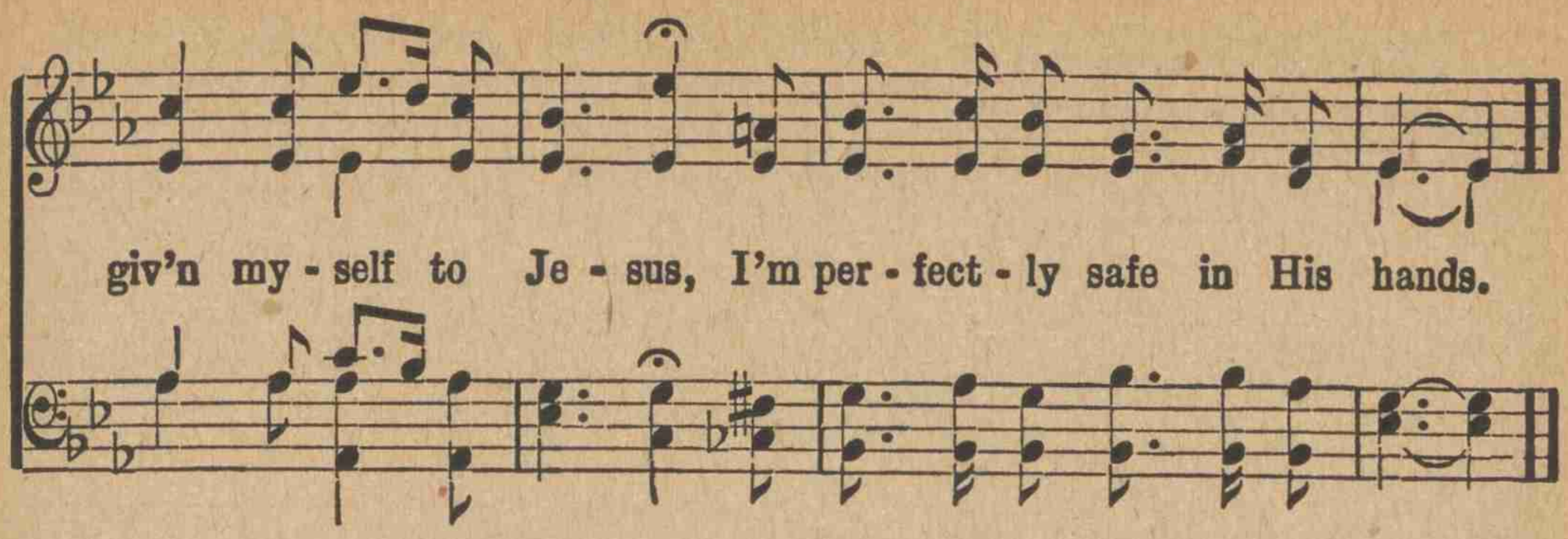
1. I have found the place where I safe can rest, With-out fear when the foe as - sails me; In the love of God, I am ev - er blest,
2. I have found the place where in per - fect peace, 'Mid all sor - rows of earth I hide me; In the hands of Christ, where all tears must cease,
3. I have found the place where all grace is mine, Where the strength of my Lord sus - tains me; In His depth-less Life, In His Life Di - vine,
4. I have found the place where in life's last hour, When all loved ones of earth must leave me. He will keep my soul, and His hand of pow'r,

CHORUS.

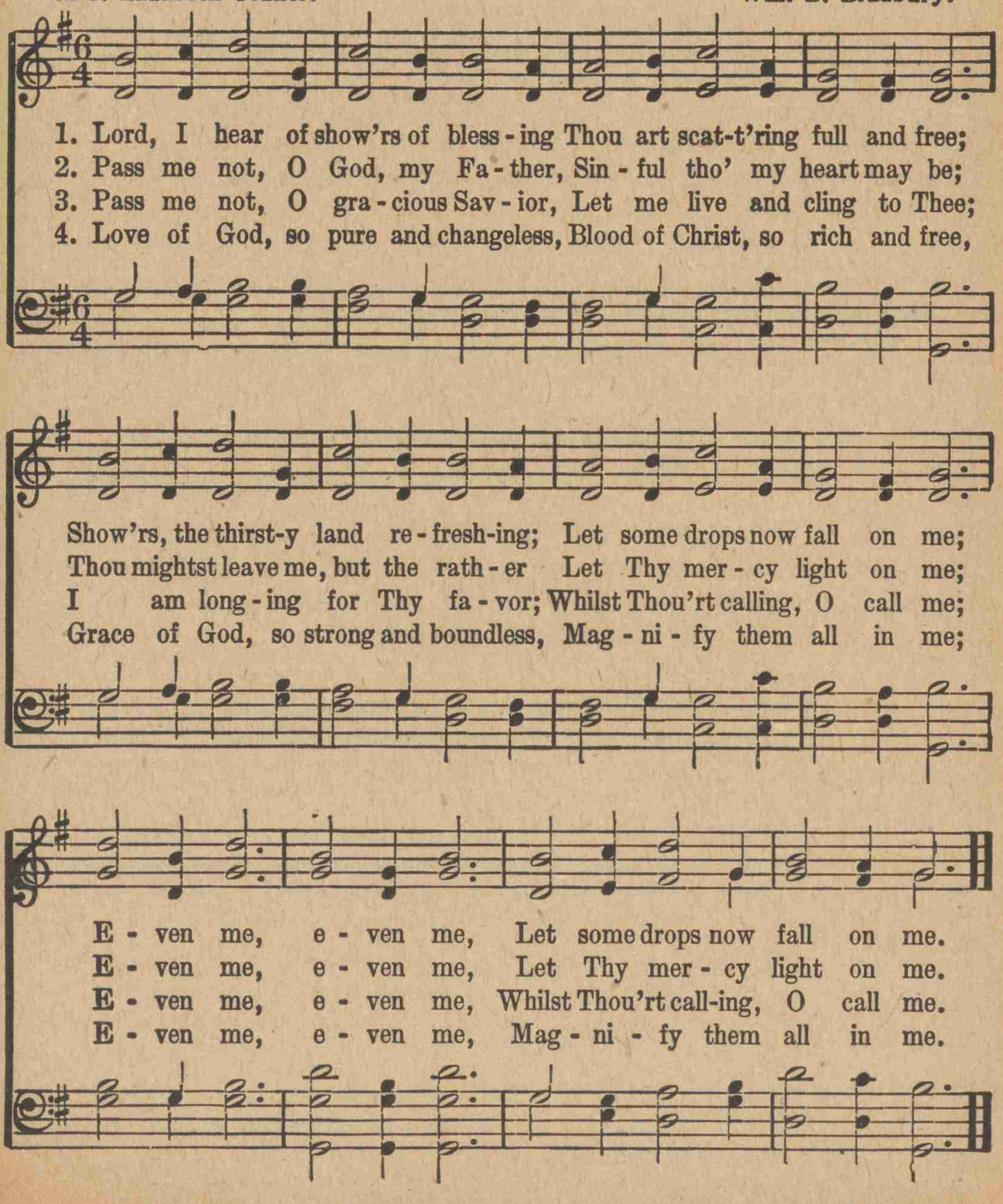
And the Lord, whom I trust, ne'er fails me.
Where His mer - cy and joy a - bide me. I am per - fect - ly
He doth shel - ter and ev - er hold me.
Thro' the shad - ows of death will hide me.

rit.

safe in His hands, Safe in His hands, Yes, safe in His hands; I've

Perfectly Safe in His Hands.

No. 87. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



No. 88. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

CHORUS.

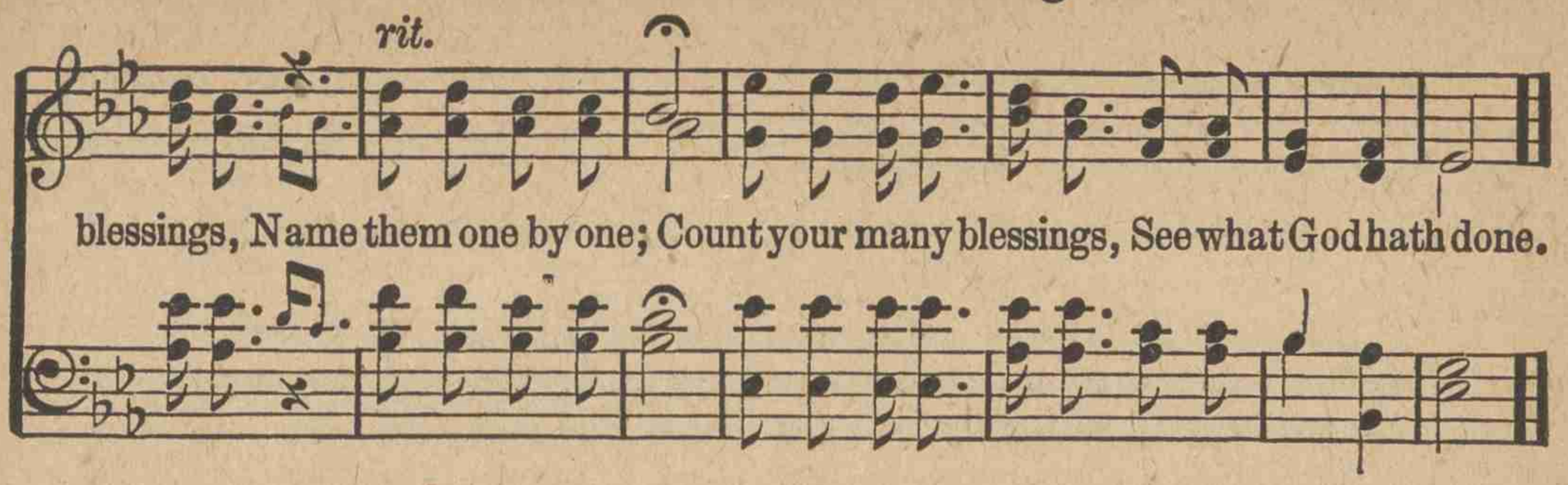
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your

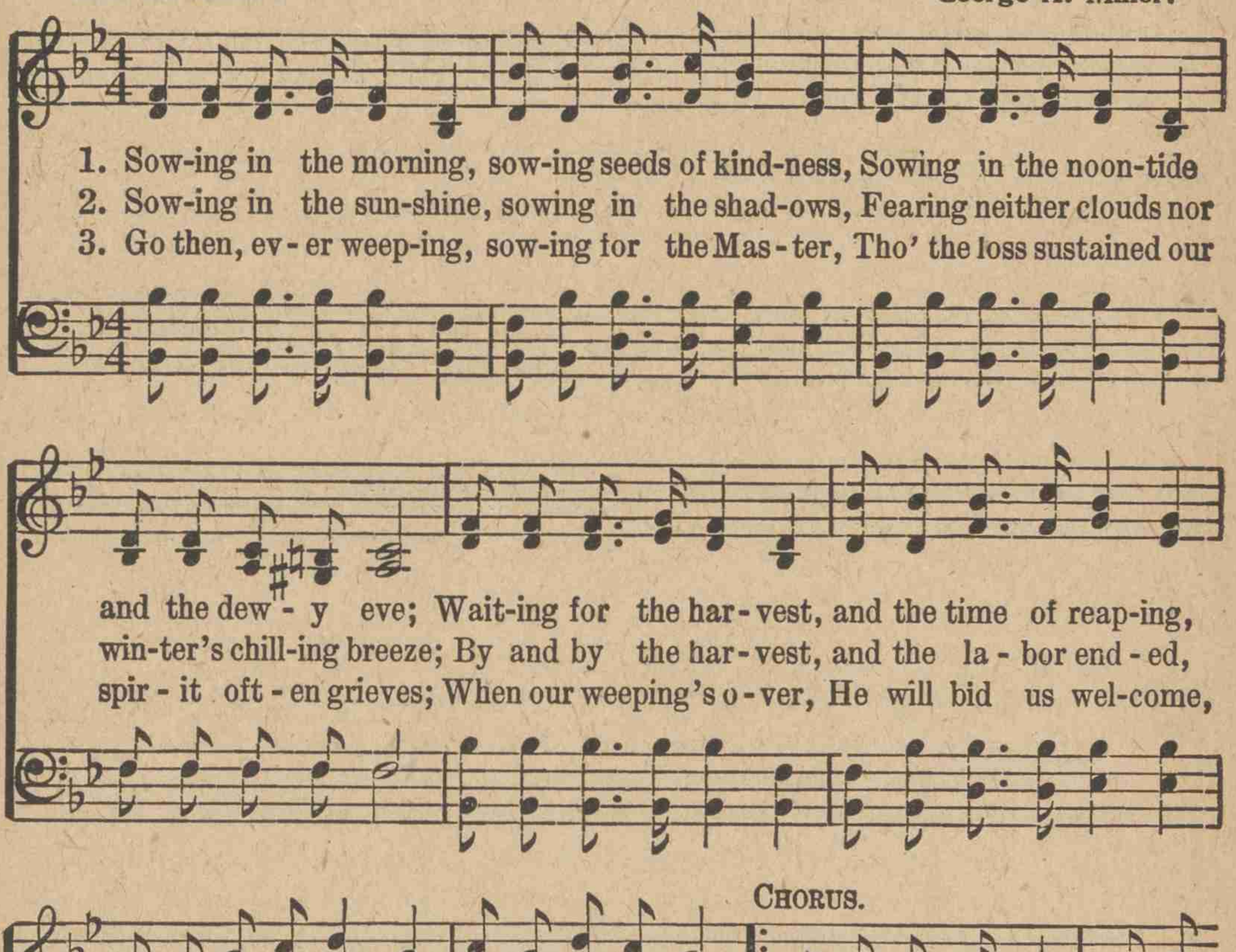
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.



No. 89. Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



No. 90. Oh, Come To-Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Hubert P. Main.**

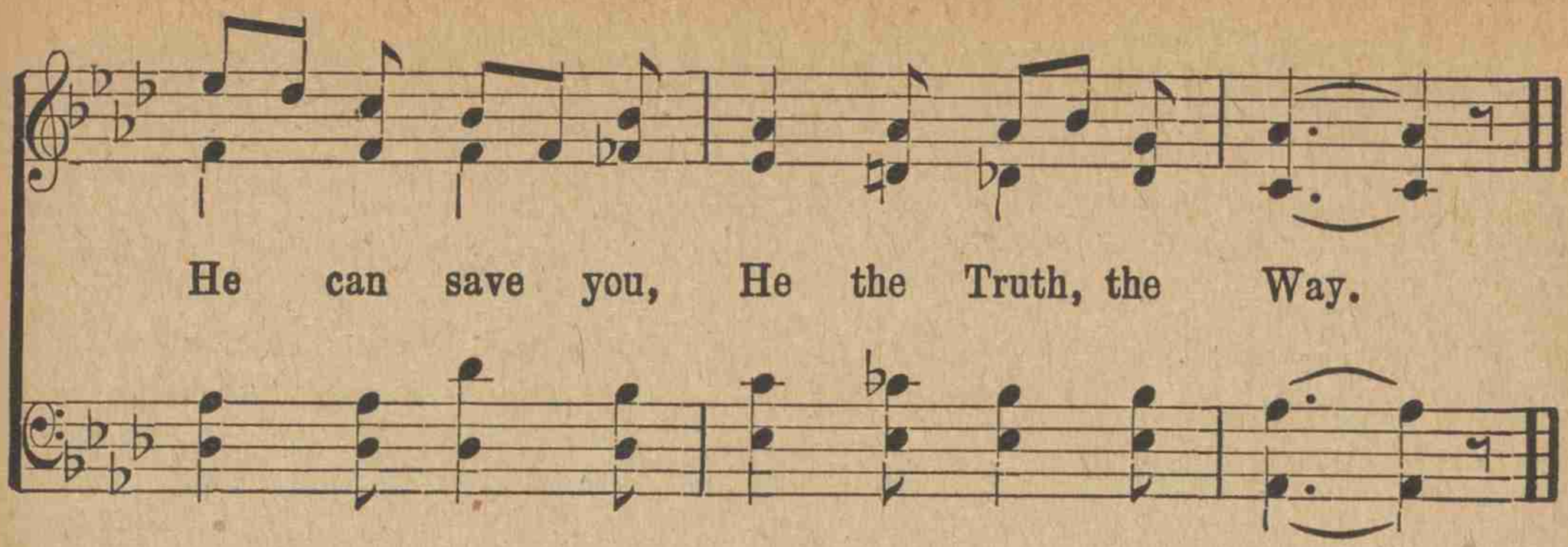
1. Come to Him who still is plead - ing, Haste to re - ceive Him;
2. While the lamp of life is burn - ing, Speed to the mount - ain;
3. While the dews of grace are fall - ing, Soft - ly and ten - der,
4. Still we hear that voice re - peat - ing, "O ye that sor - row,

While He yet is in - ter - ced - ing, Can you slight and grieve Him?
While for rest your soul is yearn - ing, Seek the pre - cious fount-ain;
While His voice a - gain is call - ing, All to Him sur - ren - der.
Time is brief, the hours are fleet - ing, Stay not till the mor - row;"

While His love your heart is lead - ing, There is joy for you.
He who longs for your re - turn - ing Sheds His blood for you.
On the cross with grief ap - pal - ing Once He died for you.
Come and share the Mas - ter's greet-ing, Lo! He waits for you.

REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come, to - day Come, oh, come, to - day No one else but

Oh, Come To-Day.

No. 91. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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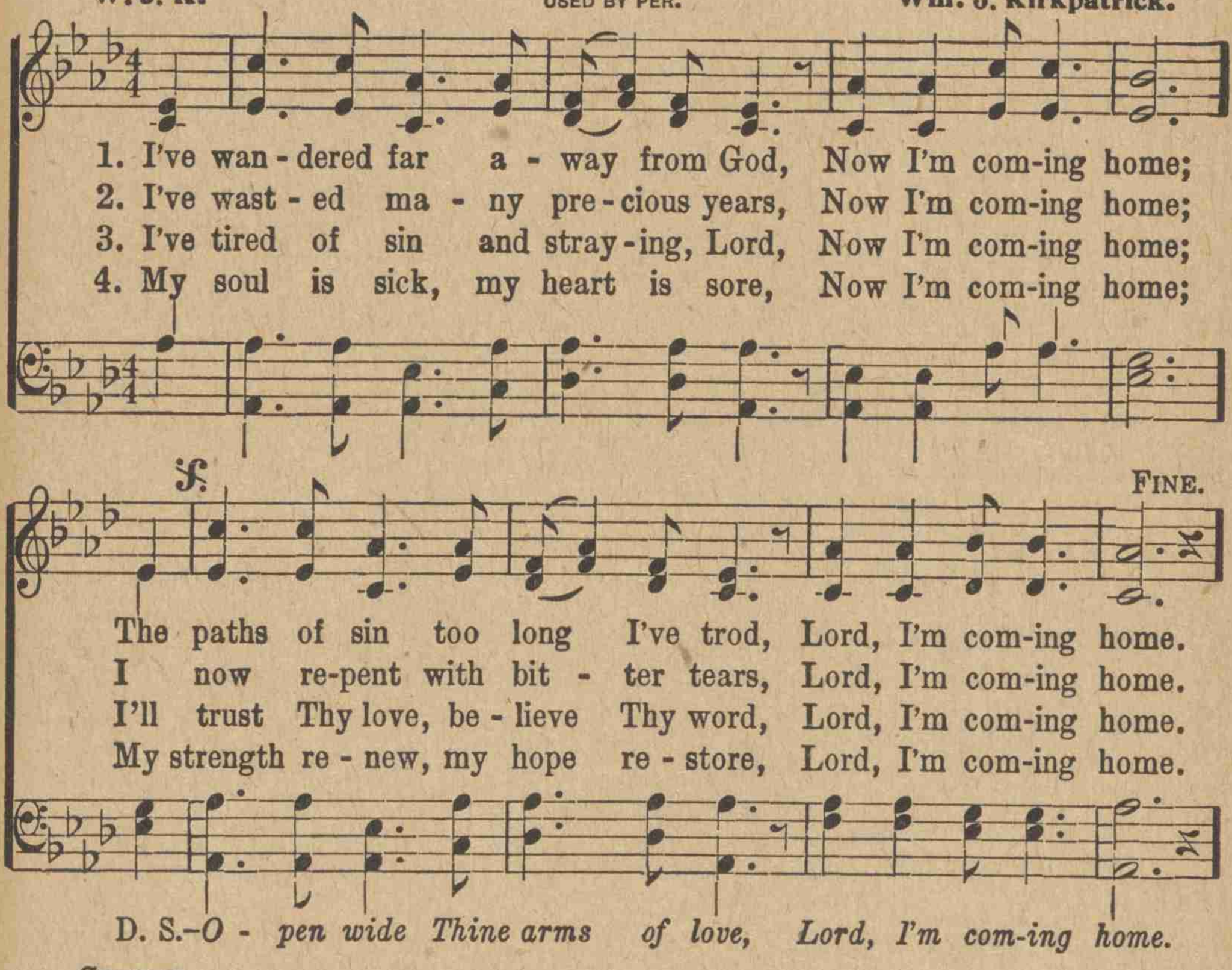
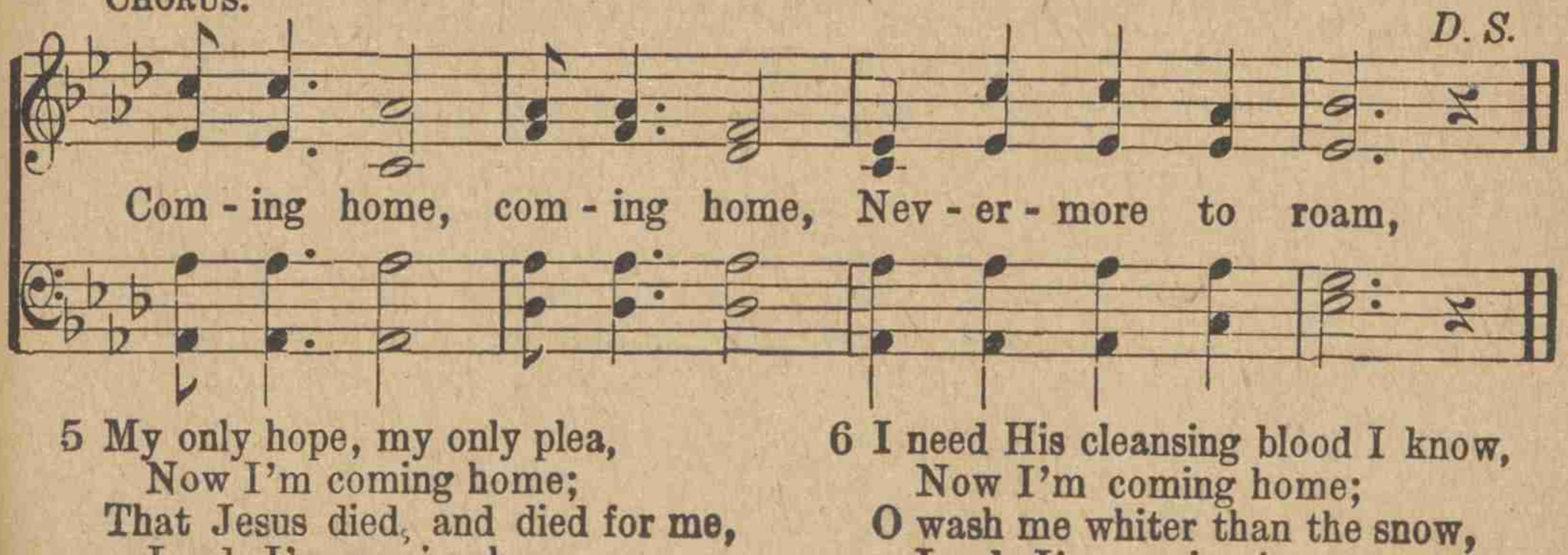
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



CHORUS.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 92. Praise Ye The Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny Crosby. John R. Sweney.

1. Praise ye the Lord, the God of our sal-va-tion, Lift up your hearts and
2. Praise ye the Lord whose truth a-bid-eth ev - er, Trust in His word who
3. Praise Him, ye stars, the arch of night a-dorn-ing, Ye who be - held the
4. Strike, strike your harps, ye sainted ones in glo - ry, Ye who have pass'd with-

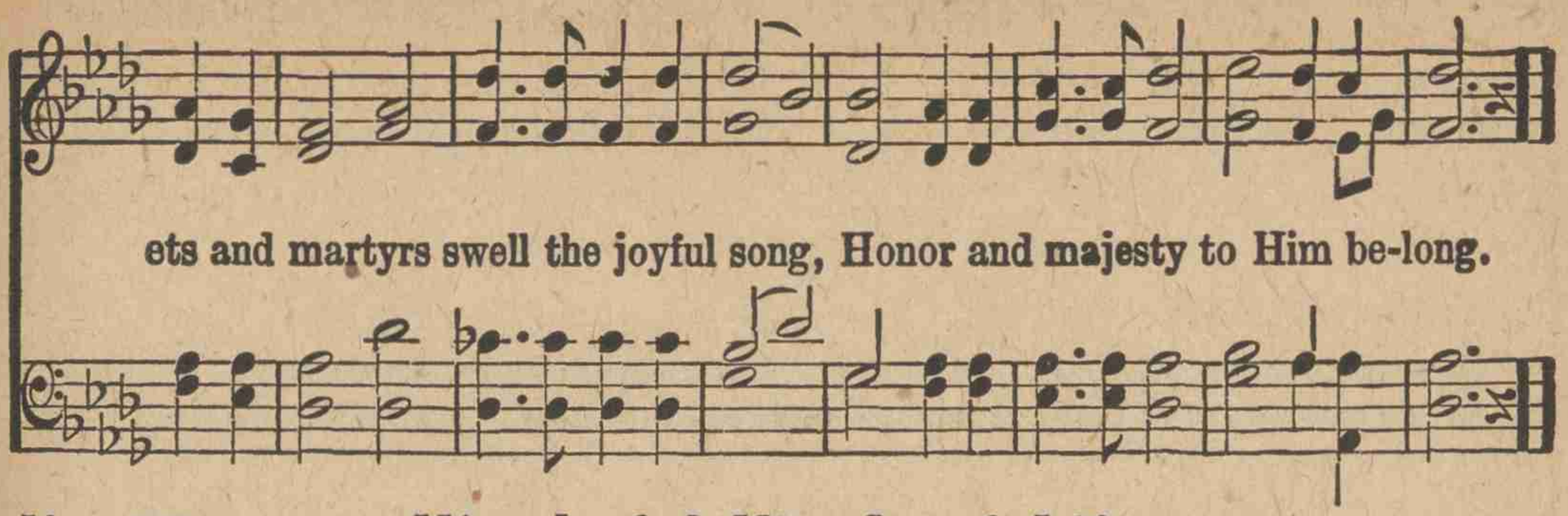
mag - ni - fy His name; Praise ye the Lord with ho - ly ad - o - ra-tion,
marks the sparrows' fall; Hope in His love whose mer-cy faileth nev - er,
new cre - a - tion's worth; Ye who re-joiced to ush - er in the morning,
in the gates of light; Shout, shout a-loud redemption's hallowed sto-ry,

CHORUS.

Tell of His pow'r His mighty works proclaim.
Look un - to Him who watcheth o - ver all. Praise ye the Lord, ye an-gel
Bright with the smile that hail'd Messiah's birth. the Lord,
While with the King ye walk in spotless white.

choirs a-dore Him, Cherubim and Seraphim cast your crowns before Him; Proph-

Praise Ye the Lord.



No. 93. Wonderful Words of Life.

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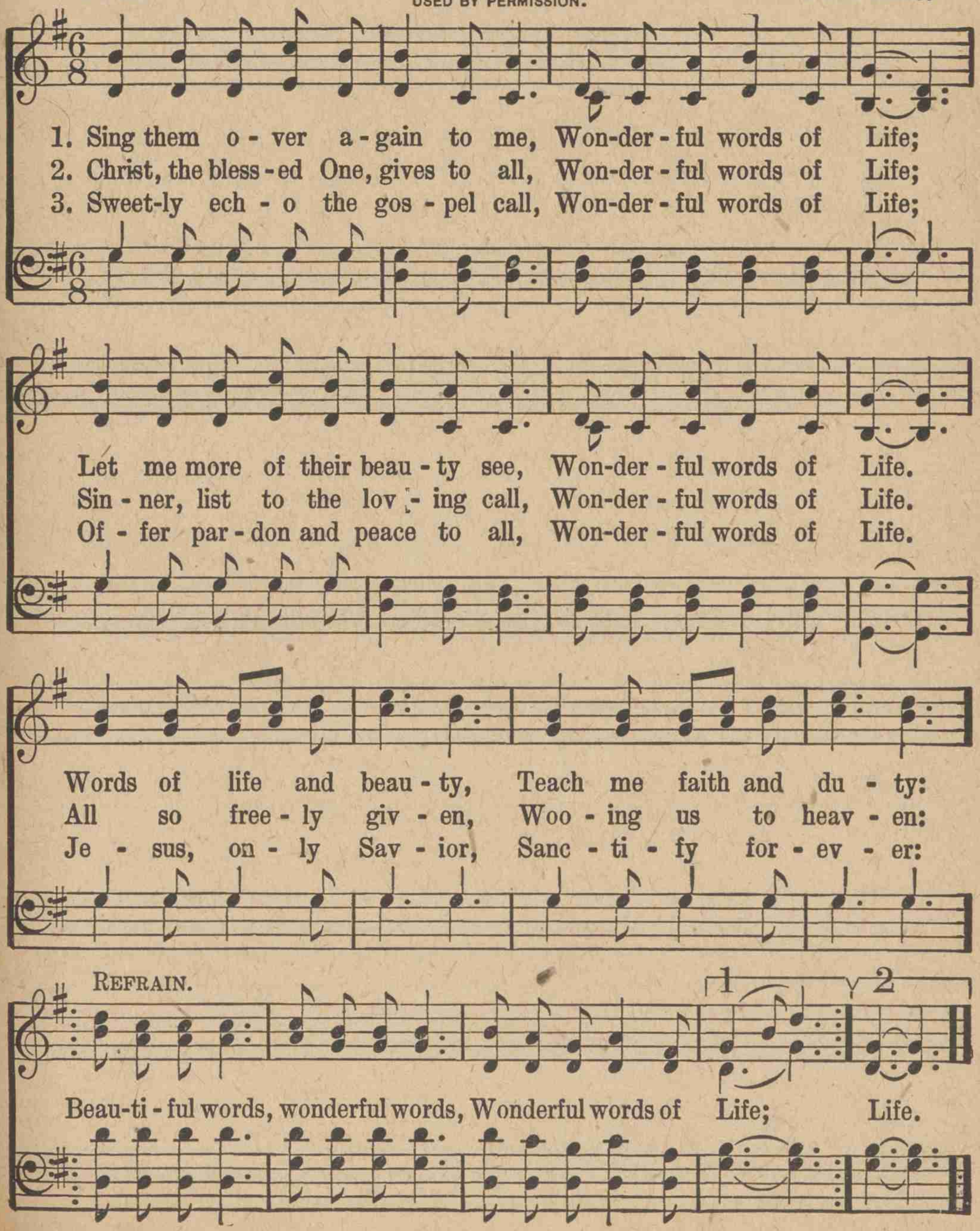
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 94. Oh, it is Wonderful.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res - cue a soul so re - bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a - dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un - til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such

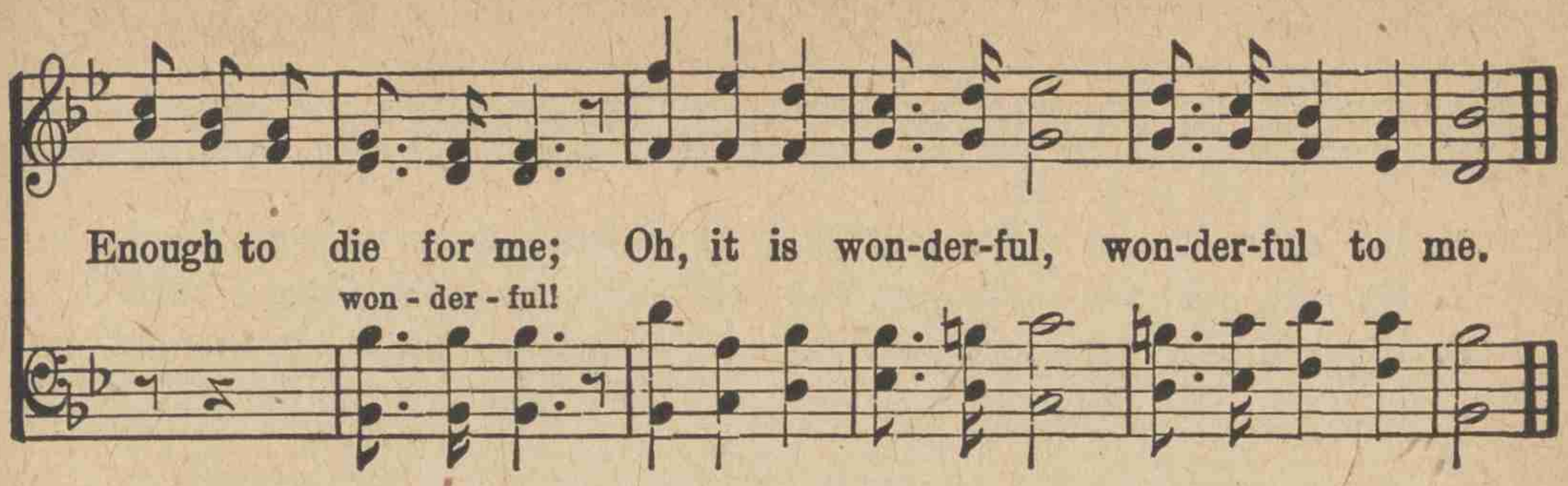
me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me a sin-ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.

rit. *rit.*

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me,
won - der - ful!

Oh, it is Wonderful.



No. 95. More Like Jesus.

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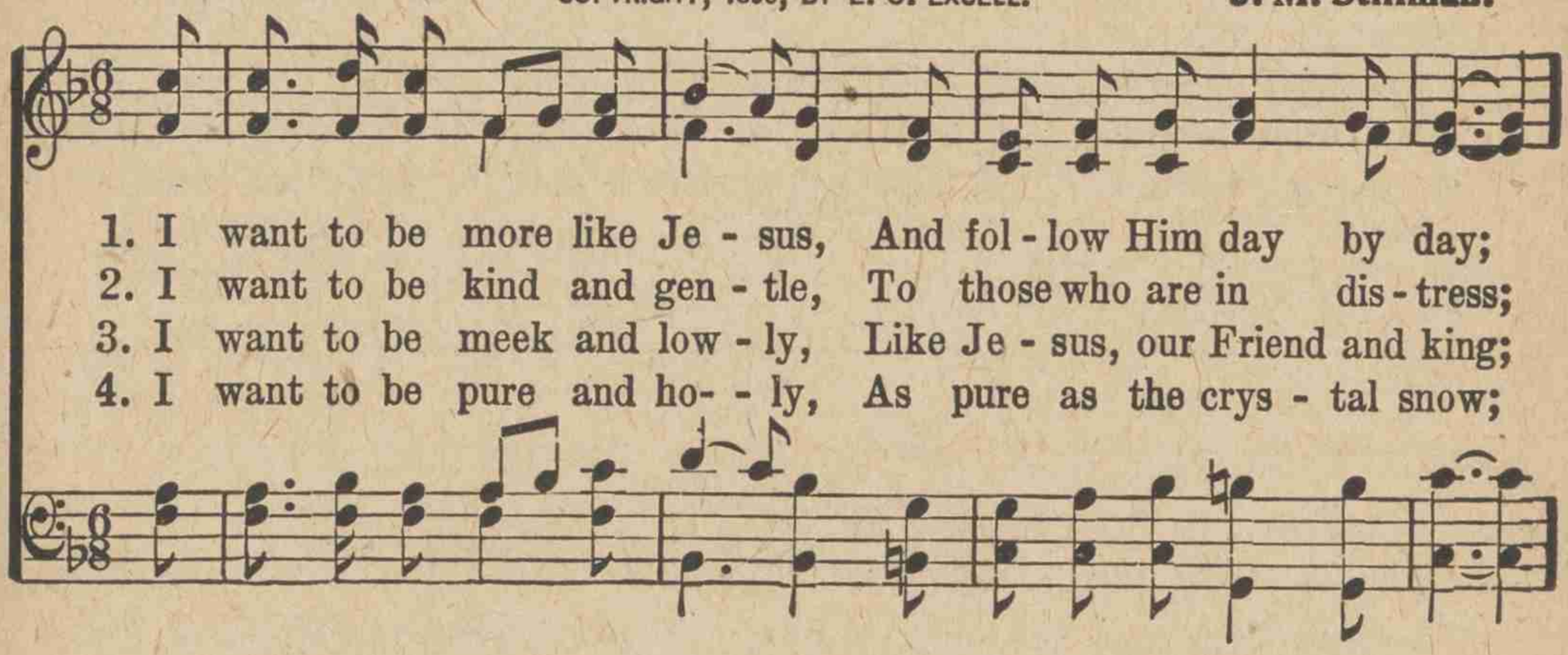
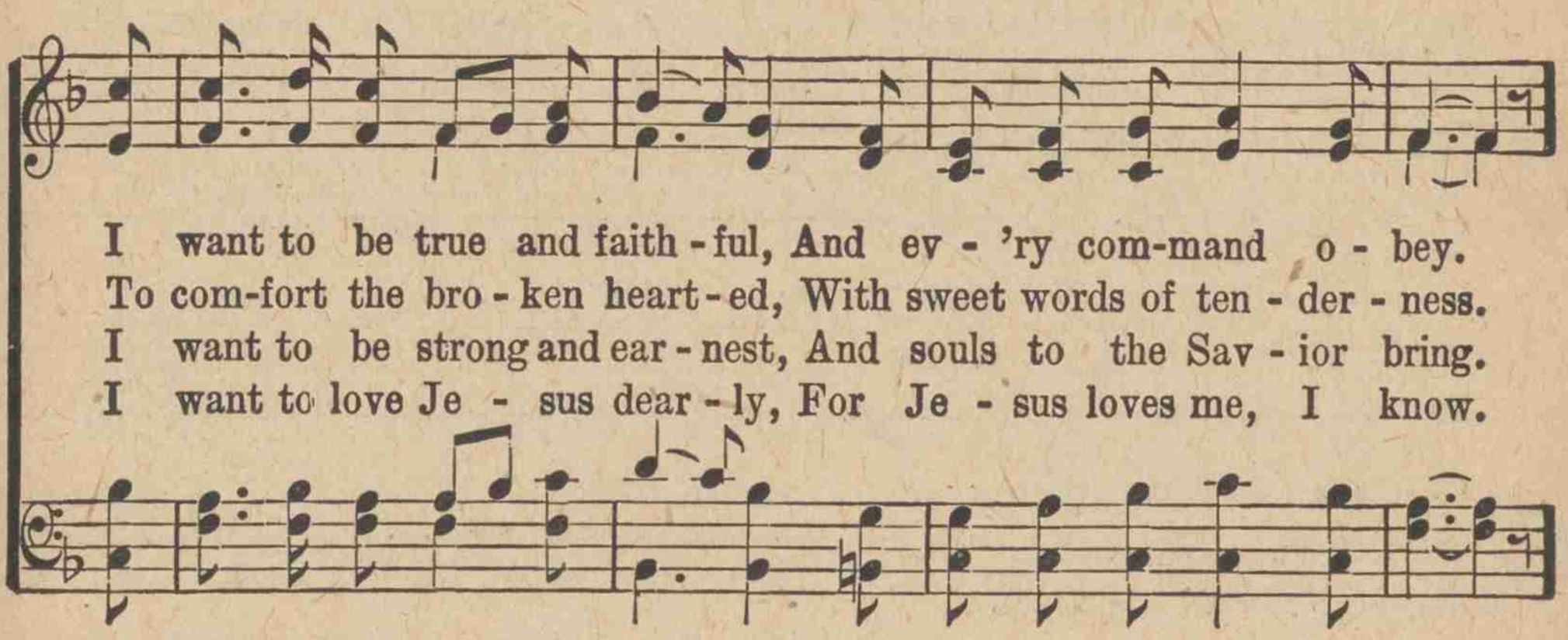
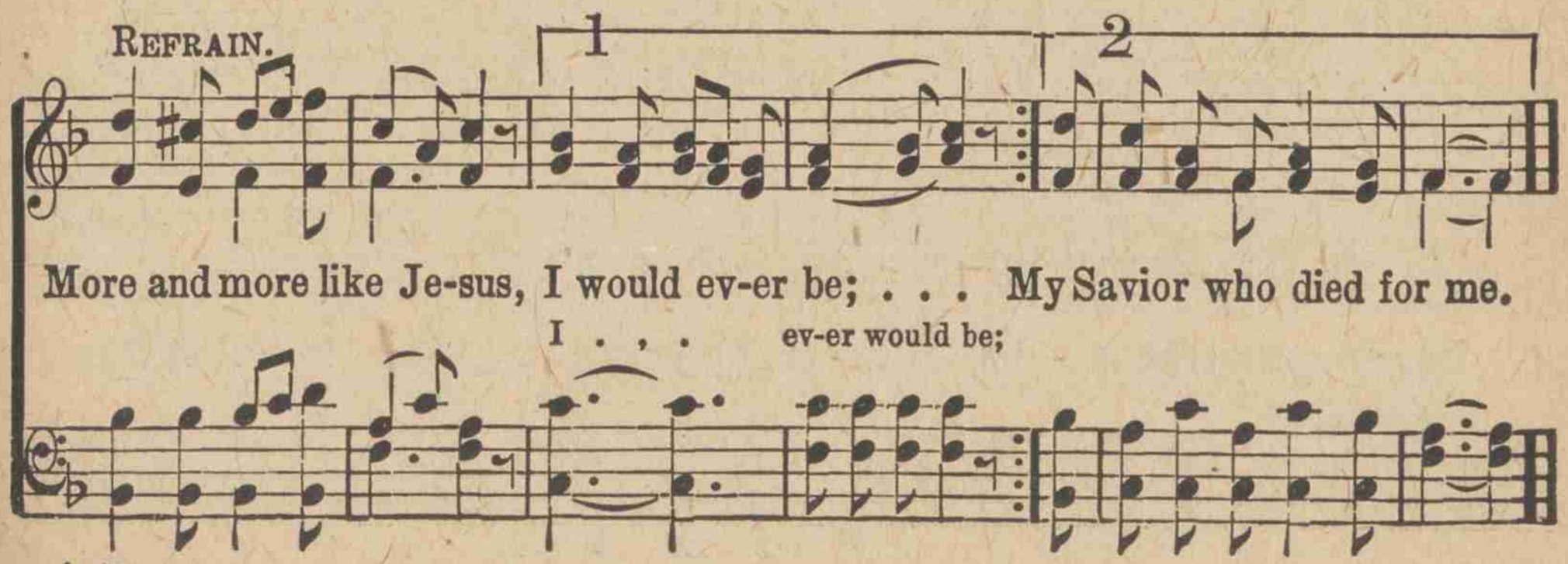
J. M. S. J. M. Stillman.



No. 96. He Will Not Forsake You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He will not for - sake you Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who feeds the ra - ven, And num-bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His chil - dren One hour for - got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust pre - cious, Re-deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In

2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in His own like-ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so storm - y weath-er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly

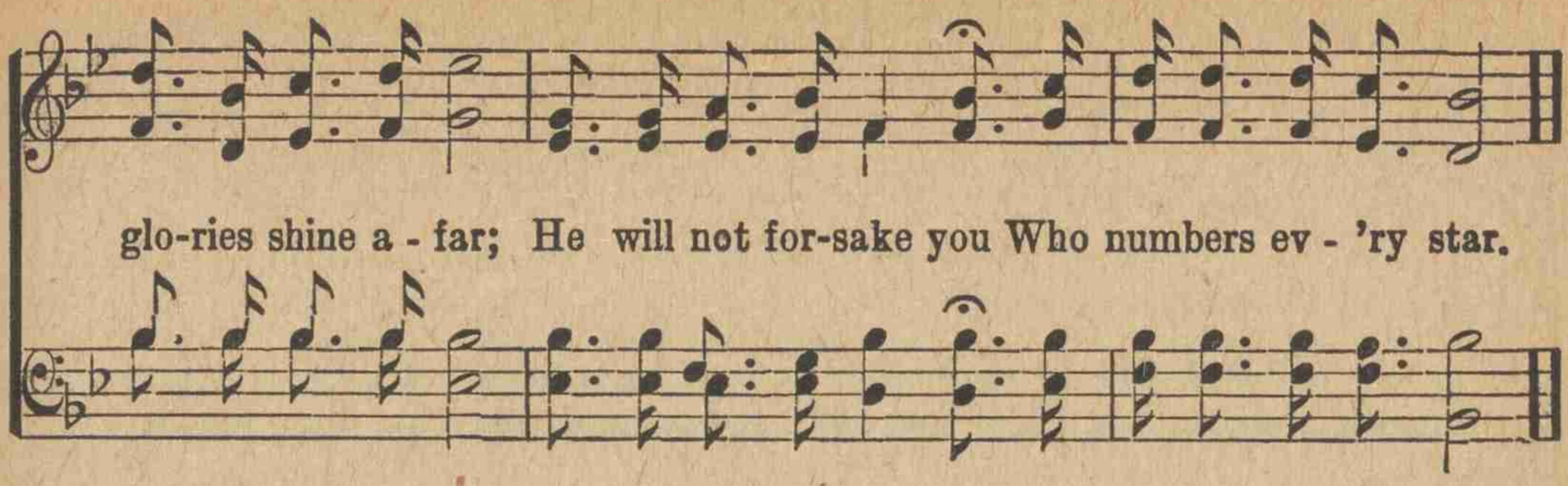
CHORUS.

Him who cares for thee.
word can - not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, What-ev-er may be-tide;
that bright home a - bove.

3. He will not for - sake you; Oh let the mes - sage ring, Bright or

He who clothes the lil - ies Is ev - er at your side; Trust Him, trust Him Whose

He Will Not Forsake You.



No. 97. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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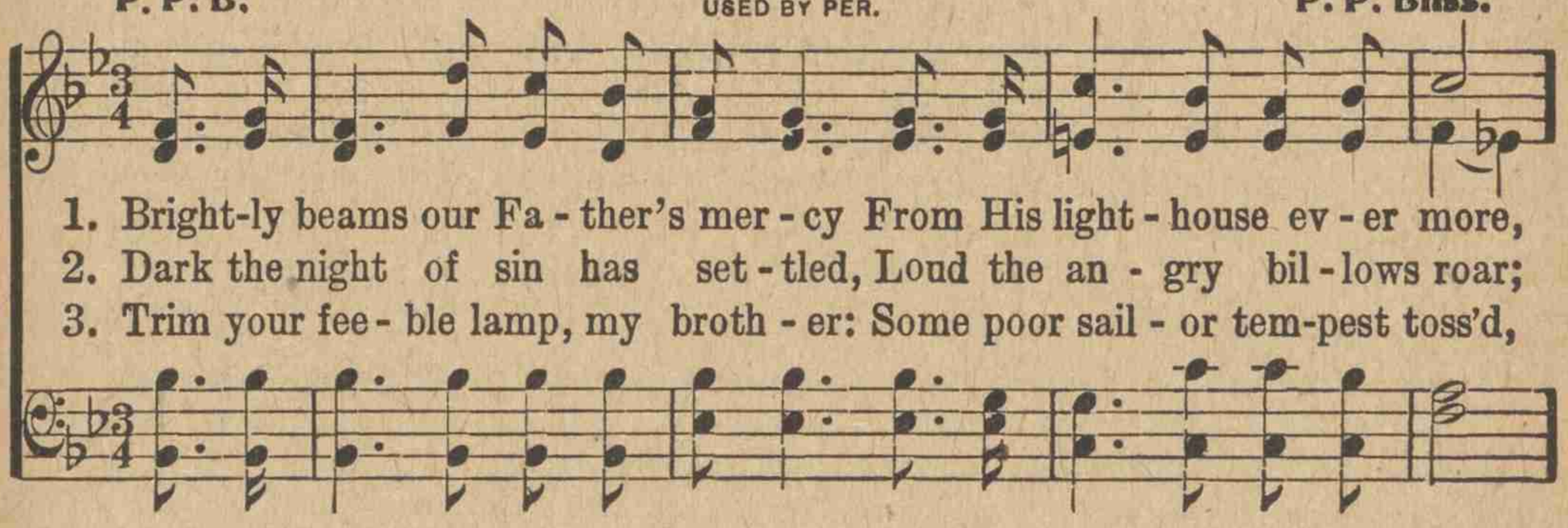
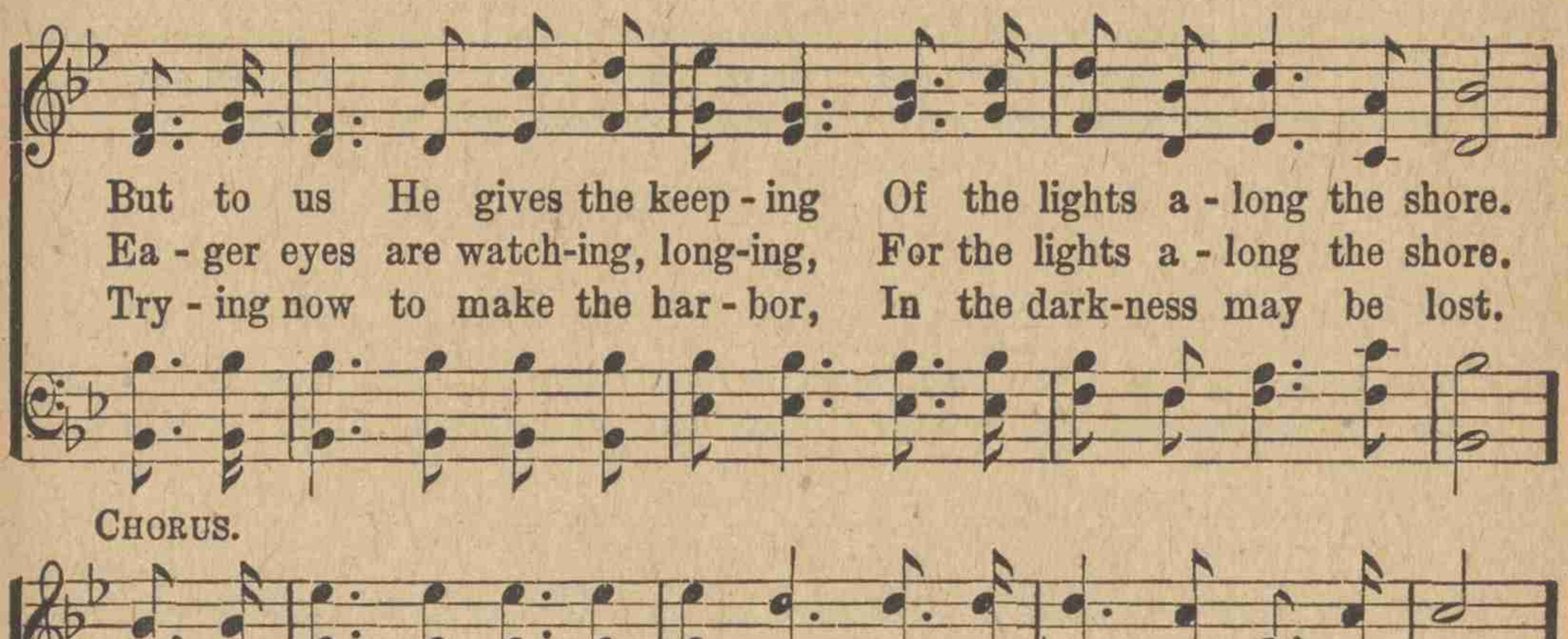
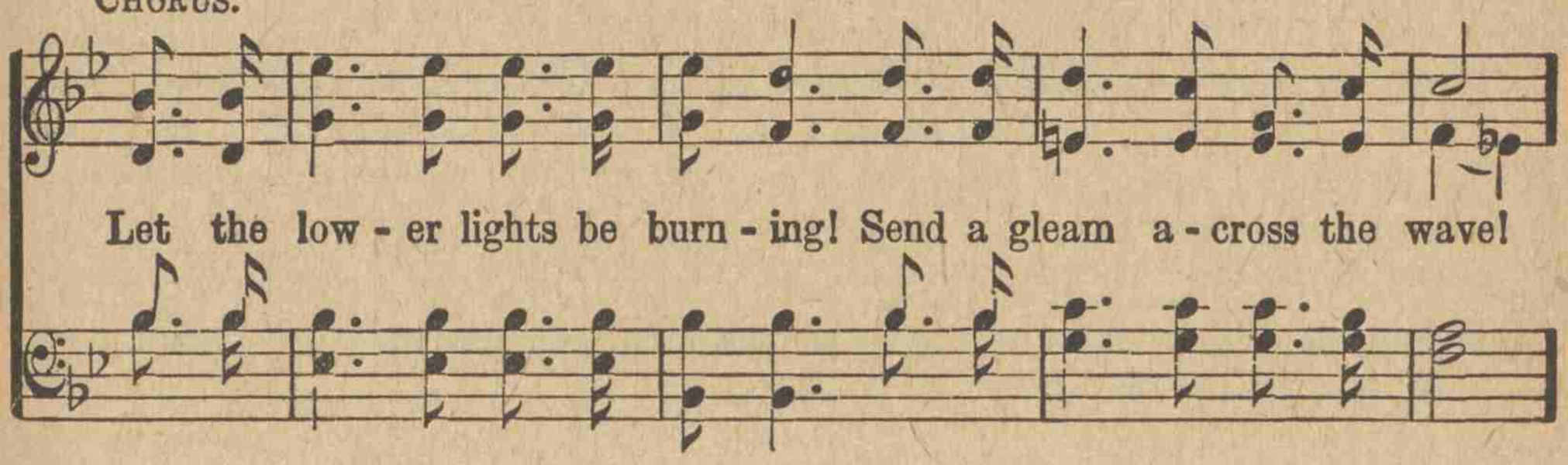
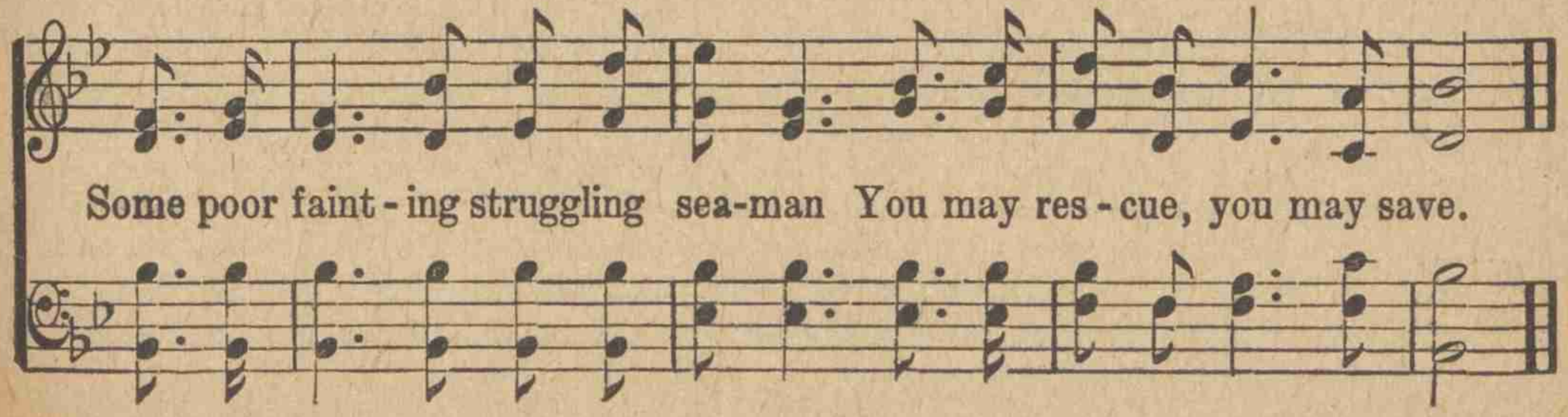
USED BY PER.

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





CHORUS.



No. 98. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing, and ten-der - ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O

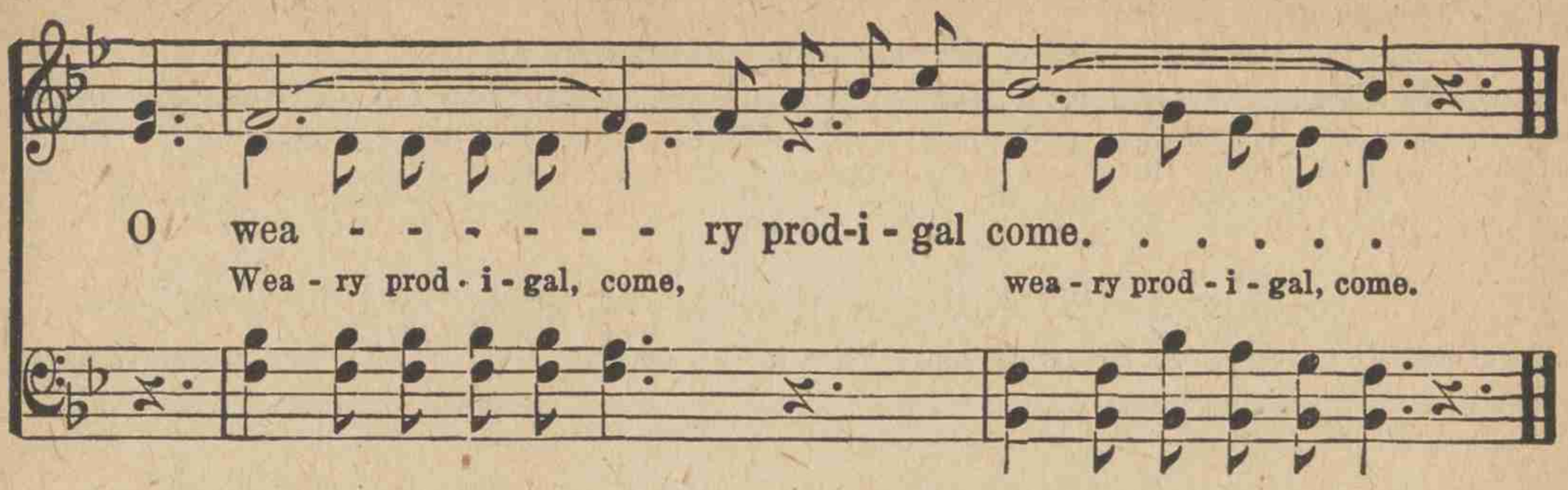
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir - it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

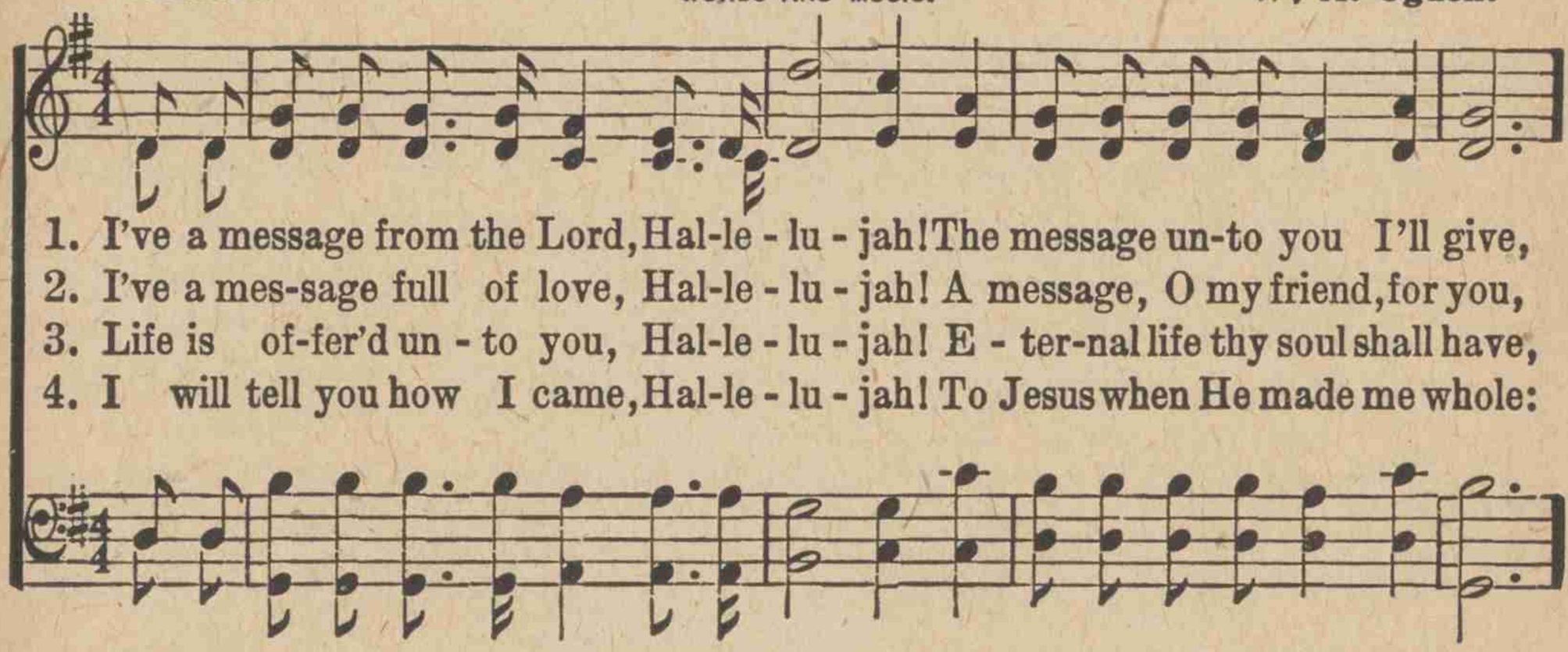
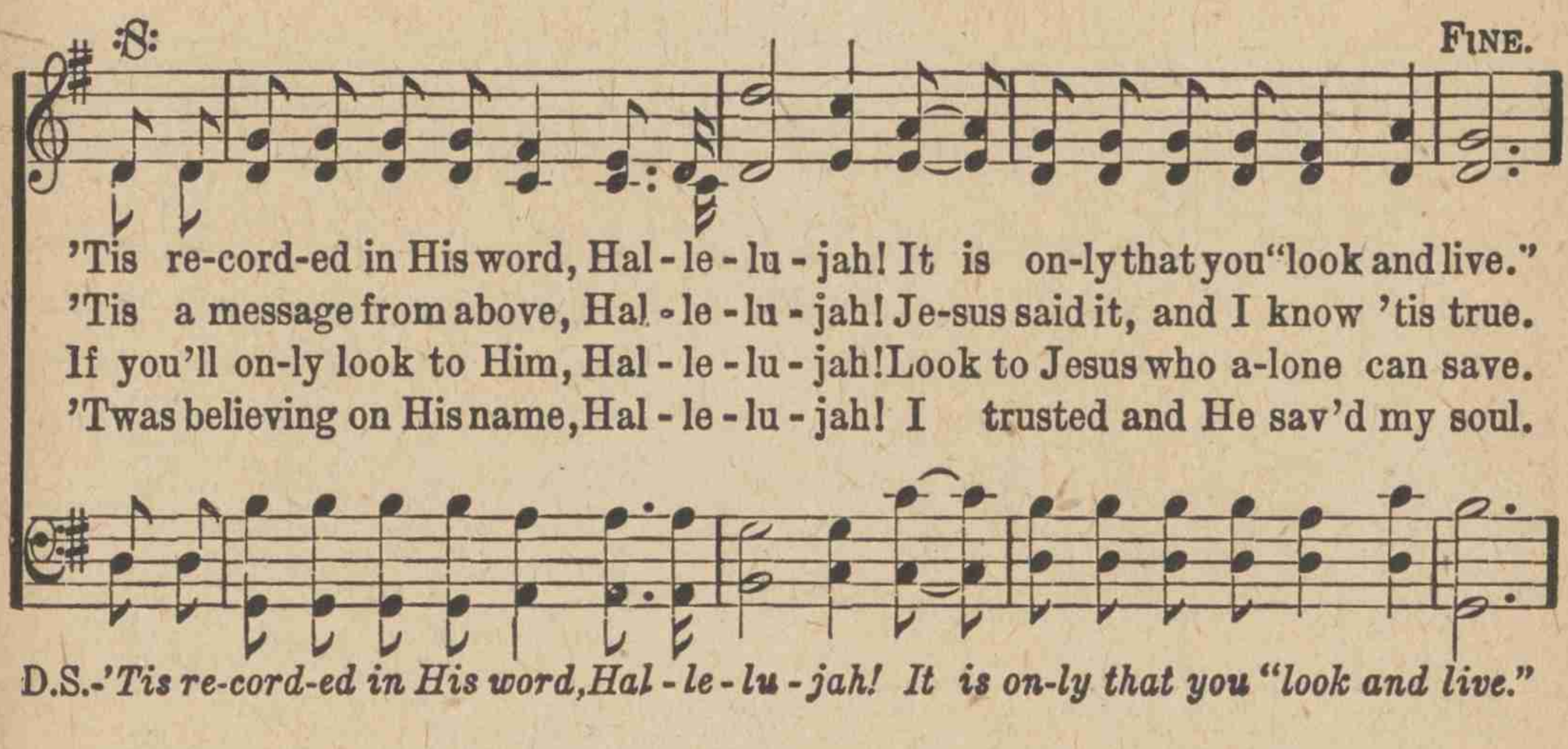
CHORUS.

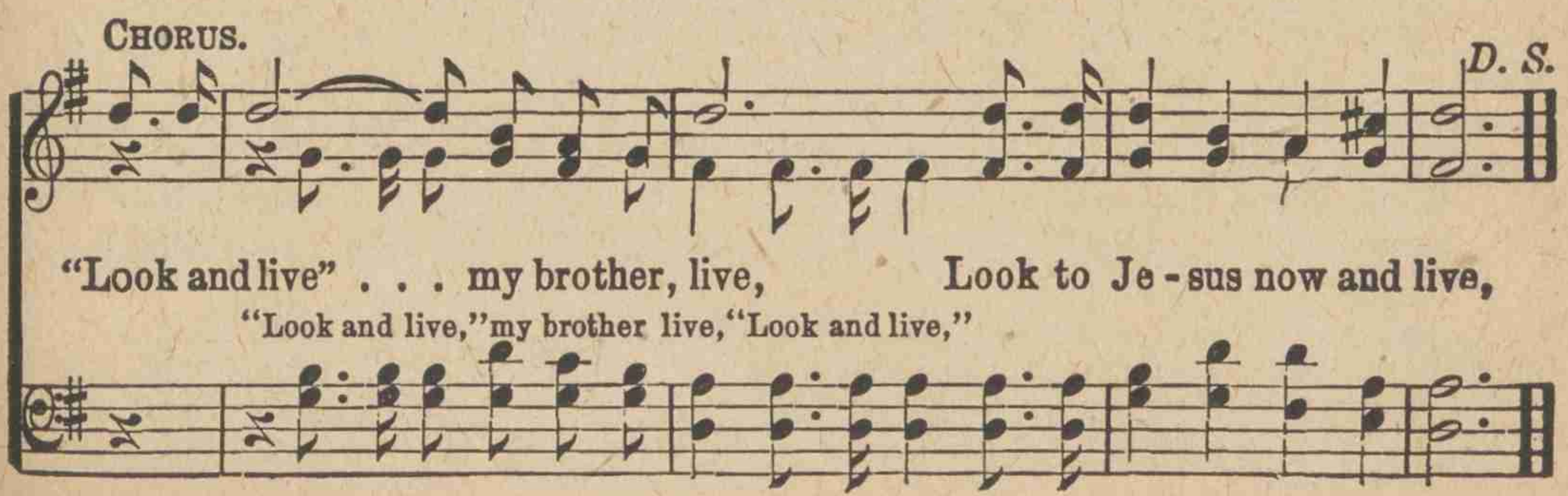
Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea - ry prod - i - gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

No. 99. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.





No. 100. Sweet Galilee.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Neal A. McAuley. **E. O. Excell.**

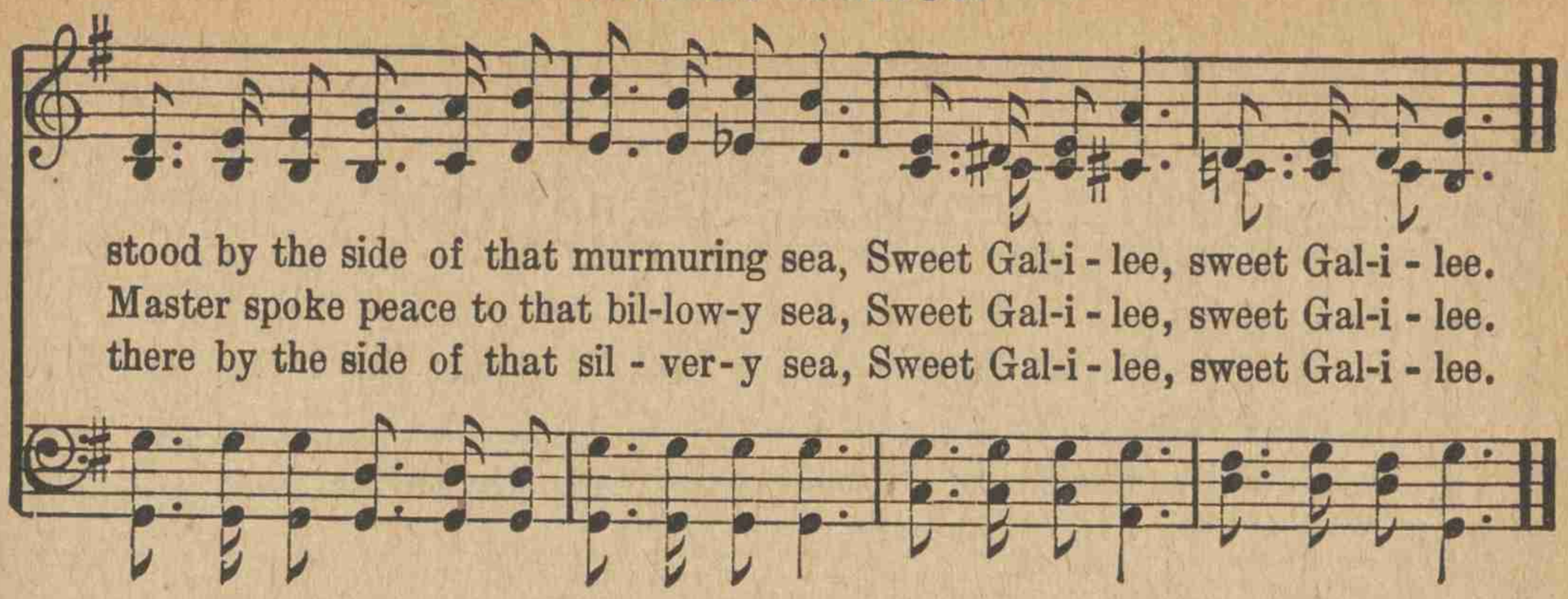
1. I stood by the side of the mur-mur-ing sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-
2. I sailed in a ship on that bil-low-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-
3. I love to re-call the bright sil-ver-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-

lee; When the sun-shine its beau-ty re-vealed un-to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,
lee; While the voice of the tem-pest was say-ing to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,
lee; For its won-der-ful sto-ry is pre-cious to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,

sweet Gal-i-lee; Then I thought of my Sav-ior who years long a-
sweet Gal-i-lee; Then I thought of the hearts who once tossed on the
sweet Gal-i-lee; As it tells of my Sav-ior who came from a-

go Came to tell the glad sto-ry, His love to be-stow, As He
wave, When they cried in their per-il to Him who could save; How the
bove, With the treas-ures of mer-cy and in-fi-nite love, Stand-ing

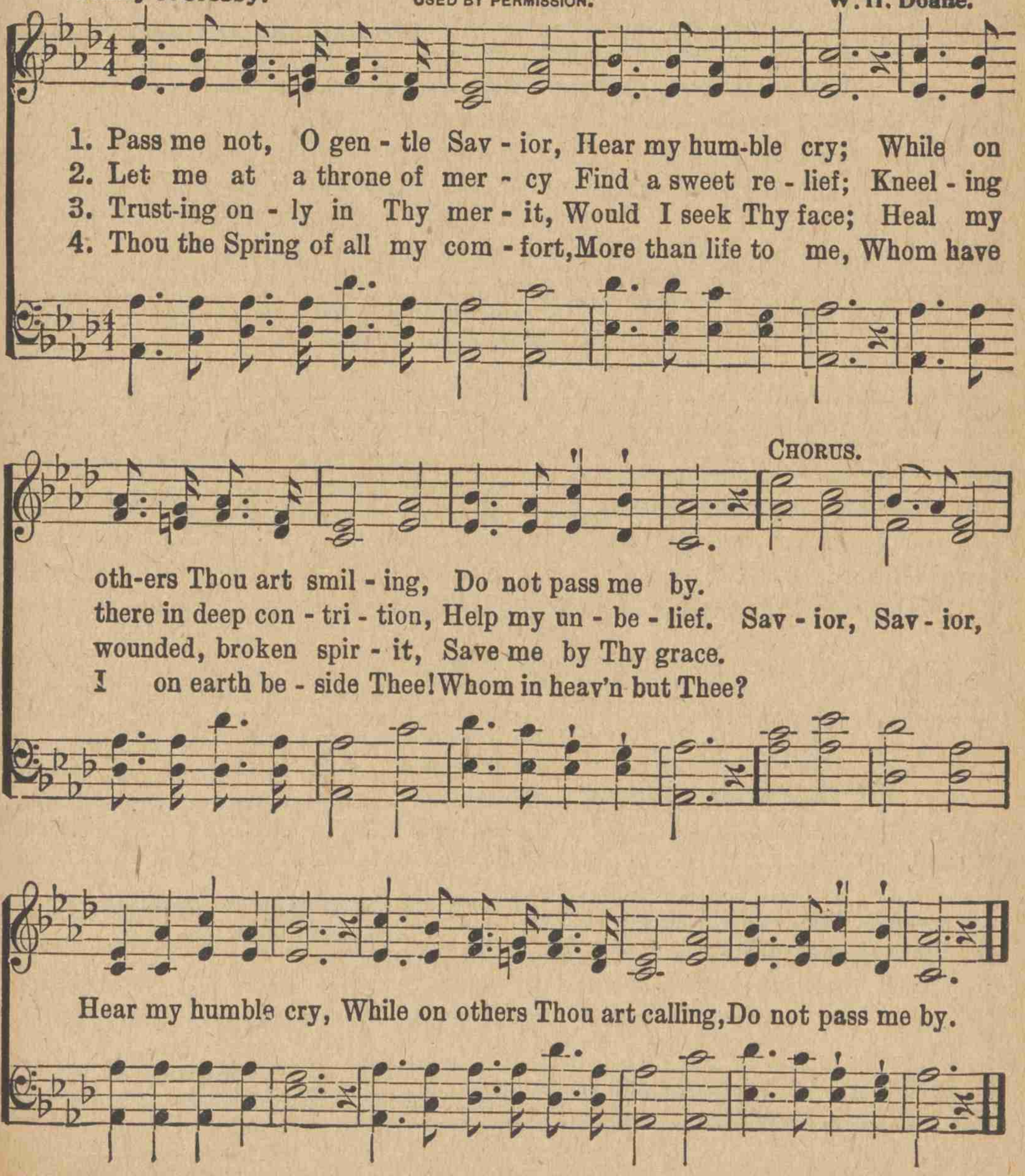
Sweet Galilee.



No. 101. Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT, RENEWED 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



No. 102. Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the lond - est thun - der shock; She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de -
passed since then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be

Sometime, Somewhere.

rit. *ad lib.*

sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.
you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will an-swer you, sometime, somewhere.
see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
done, sometime, somewhere," And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

No. 103. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

D. S.–*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

No. 104. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;

Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The

whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And

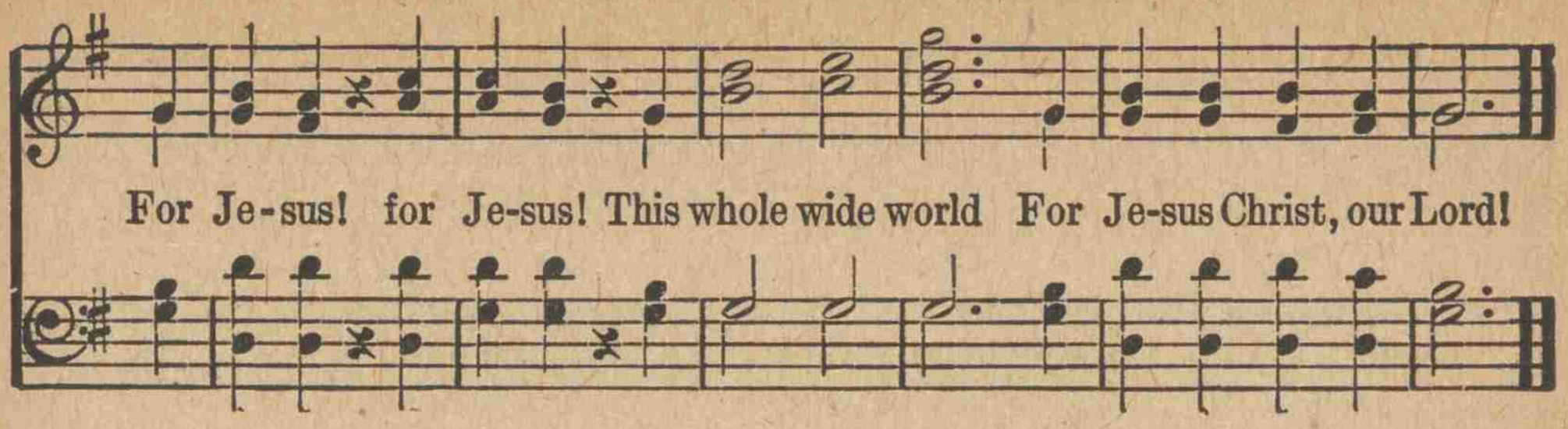
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.

Cru - ci - fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

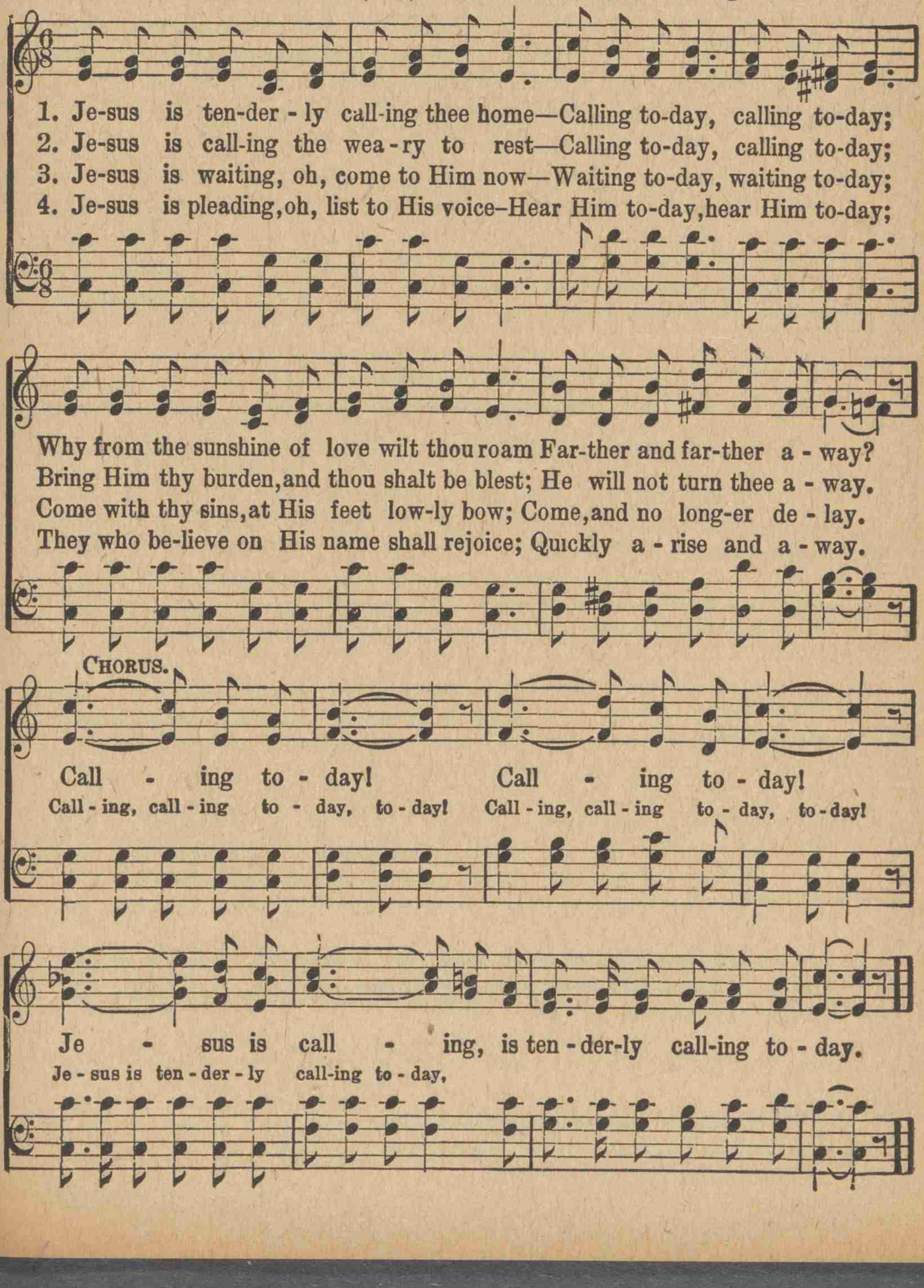
cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.



No. 105. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. **George C. Stebbins.**



No. 106. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, And will

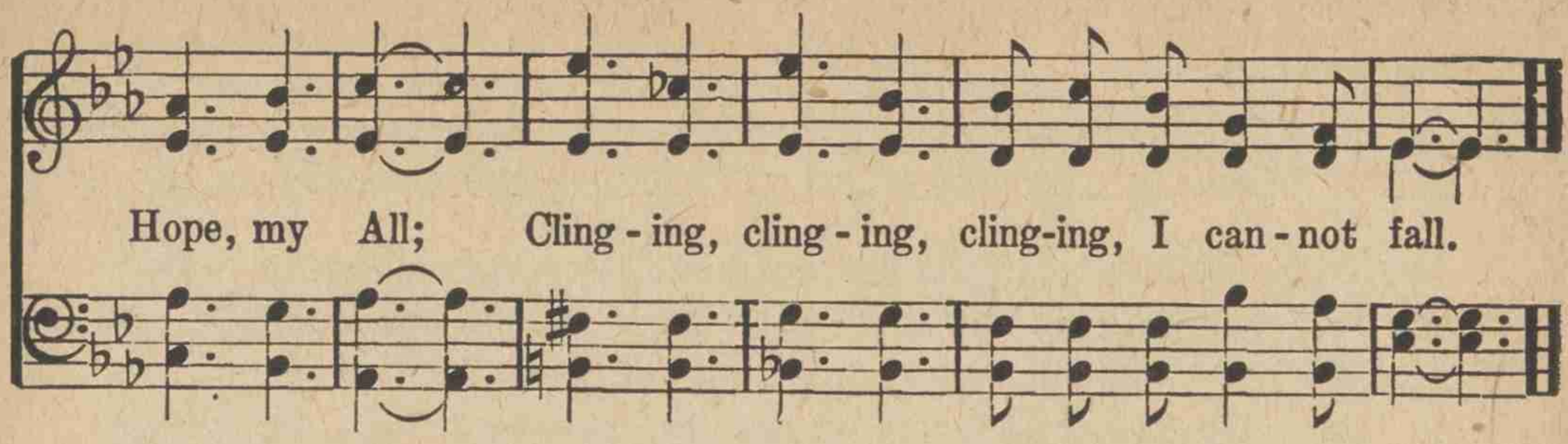
glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! Bless - ed fellowship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? For His love lights the way,
rest in the love that is full and free; Cling - ing ev - er to Him,

all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi-ces it-self in song.
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star brightens the path a-head.
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, my Redeemer, my King.

CHORUS.

Cling - ing, cling-ing by faith to my Sav-ior's hand; Cling-ing, cling-ing to

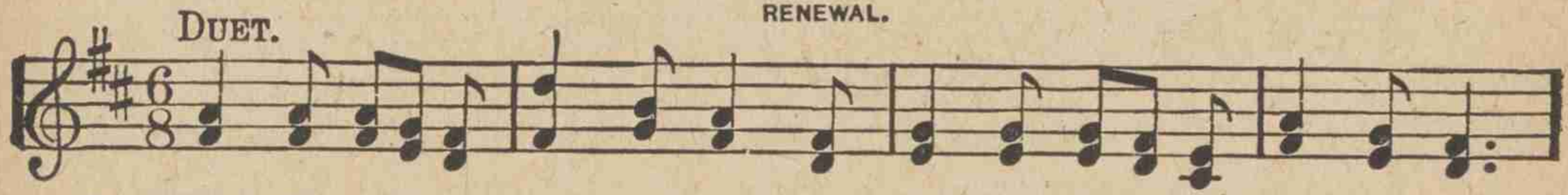
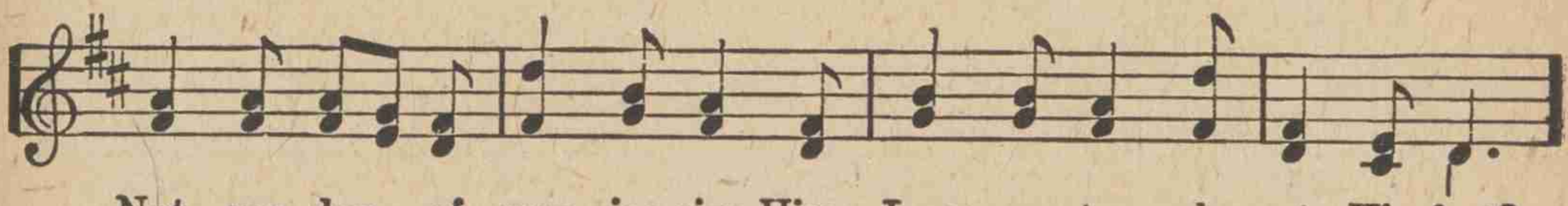
Him who my way hath planned; Cling - ing, cling-ing to Je - sus, my

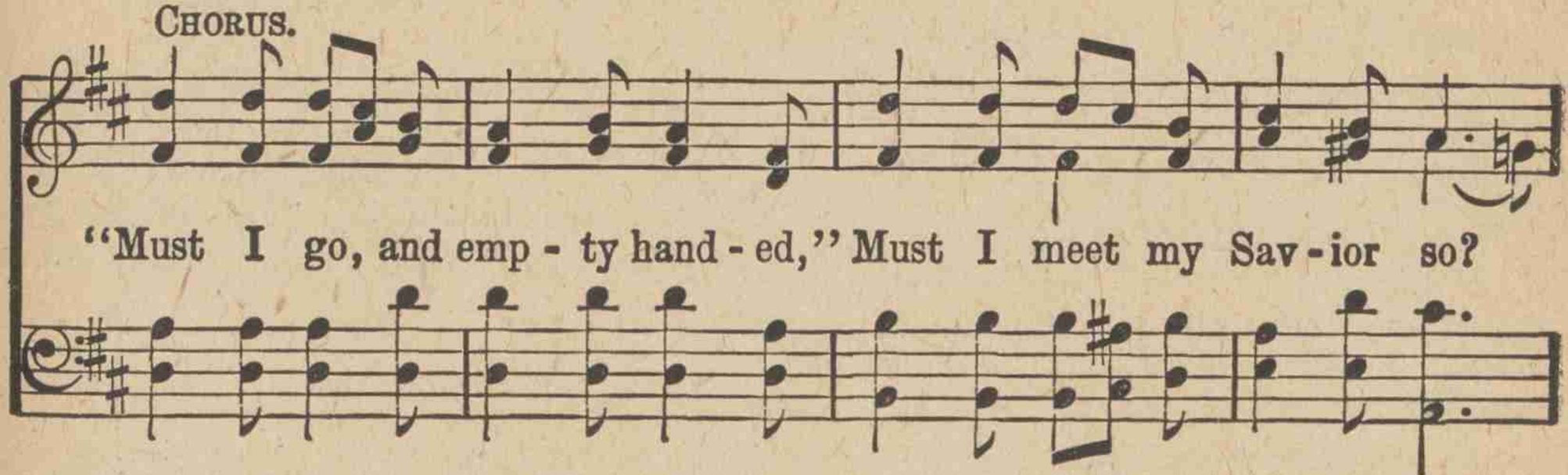
Clinging Close to His Hand.

No. 107. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

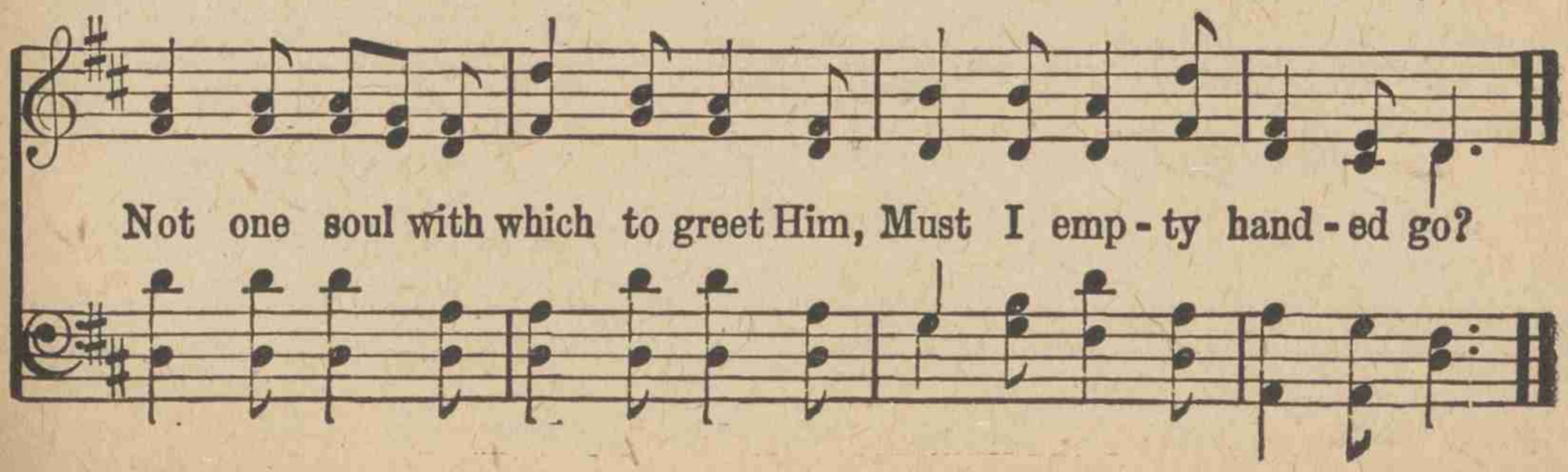
After a month only of Christian life. nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?*"

C. C. Luther. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO B. STEBBINS. **Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.**

RENEWAL.

DUET.

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

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

CHORUS.

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



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

No. 108. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Francis Rous. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain: And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. A ta - ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;

In past-ures green; He lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
And in God's house for ev - er - more My dwelling place shall be.

Acc. Voices. *p.*

BASS OBLIGATO. *Prominent.*

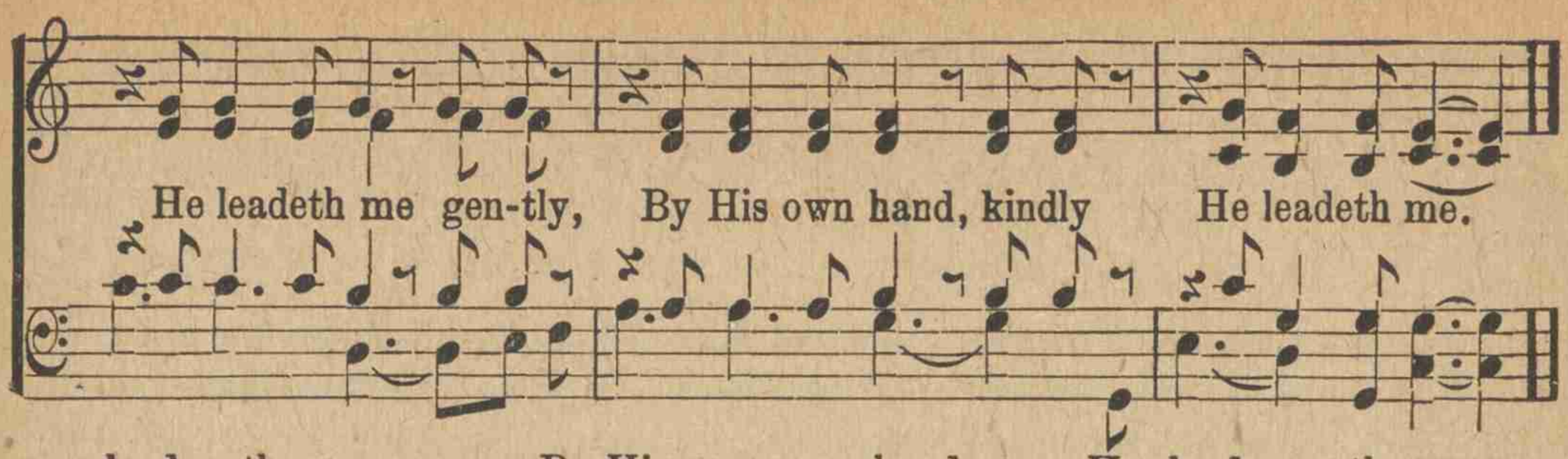
He lead-eth me gen-tly, He lead - eth me kind - ly,

He lead - eth me, ... He lead - eth me, ... In

In pastures green, safely He leadeth me; He leadeth me surely,

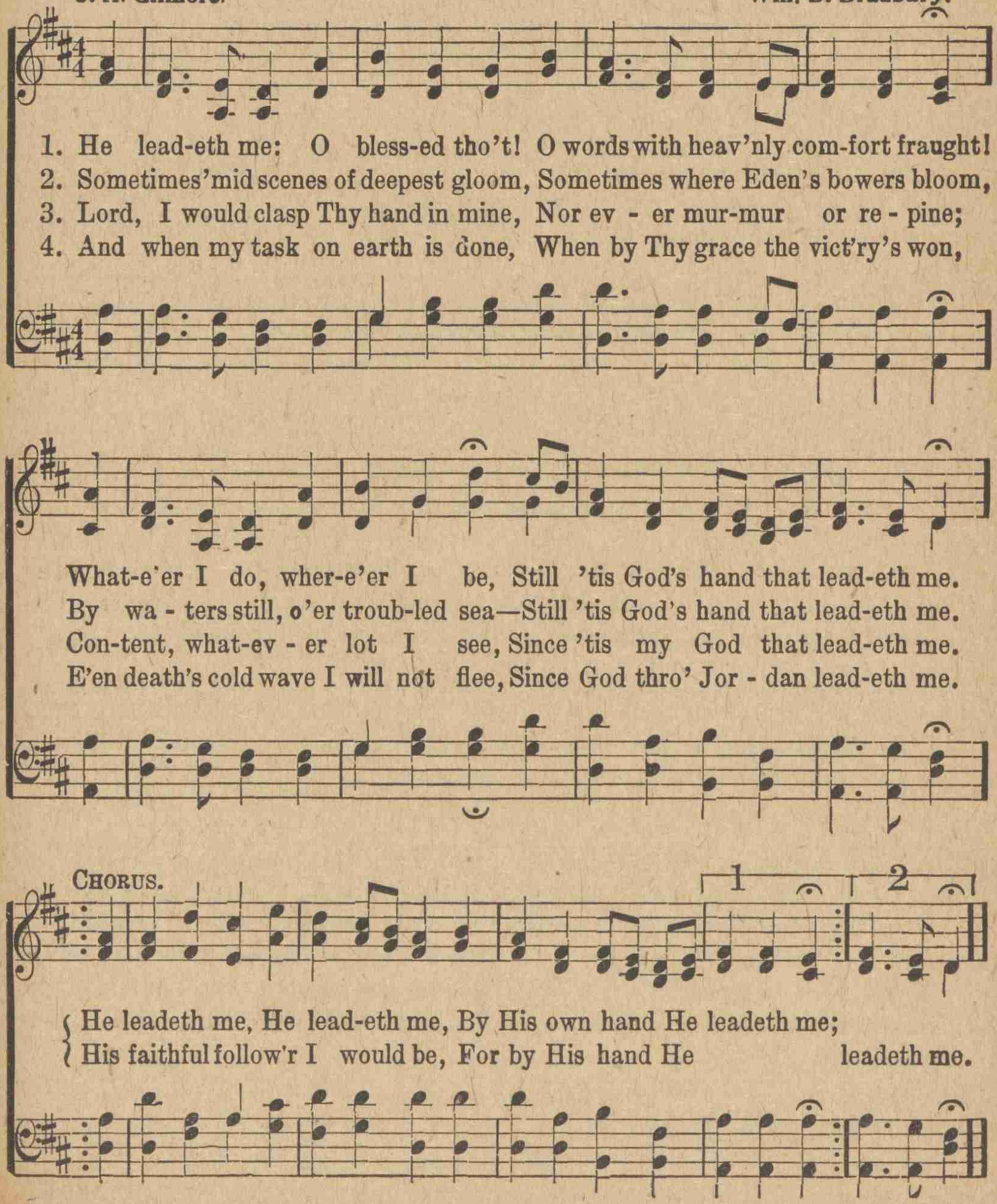
past - ures green .... He lead - eth me: He lead - eth me He

The Lord's My Shepherd,



No. 109. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 110. Why Not To-day?

J. E. Rankin, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

Solo. *Chorus pp.* *Solo.*

1. You think the house of prayer so sweet, (the prayer so sweet,) So sweet the voice of
2. You think you love God's people now, (you love them now,) You love their com-pa-
3. There is no work be-yond the grave, (be-yond the grave,) There is no la - bor

Chorus pp *Solo.*

sa - cred song; (so sweet the song;) You turn a - way re - luct - ant
y to share; (you love to share;) You love be - fore His throne to
or de - vice, (there's no de - vice,) There is no pow'r can reach to

Chorus *Solo.* *Chorus*

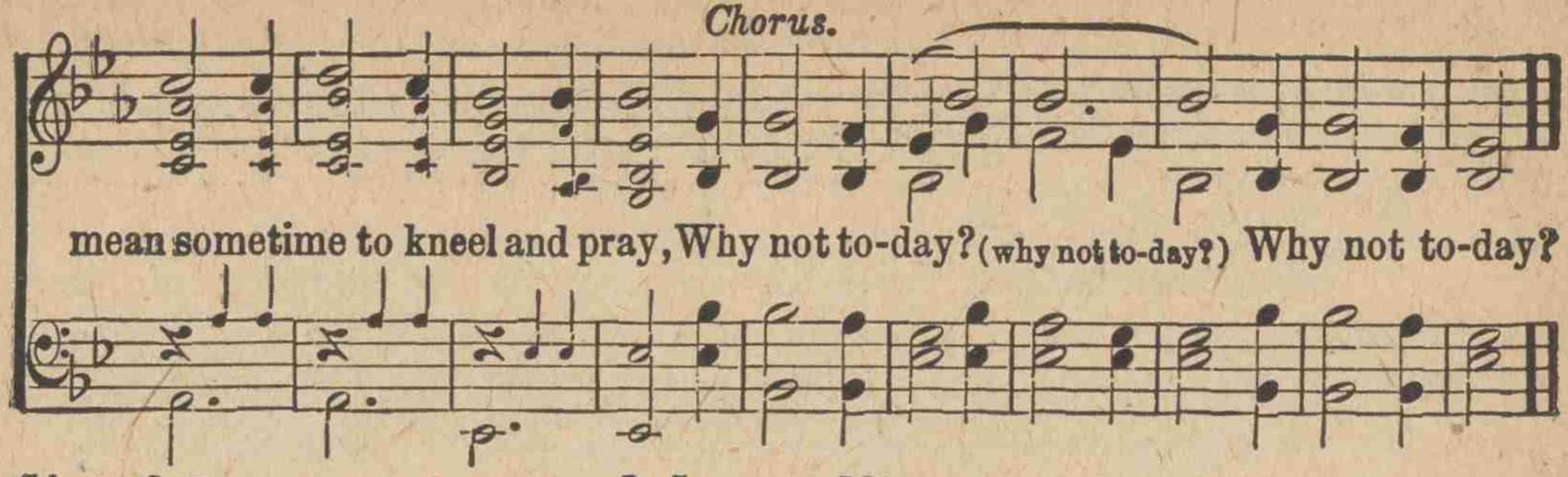
feet, (re - luct - ant feet,) As tho' the hour you would prolong; [the hour prolong;]
bow, [you love to bow,] And list - en to their humble pray'r; [their humble pray'r;]
save, [no pow'r to save,] There is no ran-som there or price; [there is no price;]

Solo.

And yet your soul is un - for-giv'n, No ti - tle yet have you for heav'n; You
Why should you pause and hes - i-tate, Un - til per-haps it be too late? You
No gos - pel word or gospel song, No house of God where Christians throng; You

Why Not To-day?

Chorus.



No. 111. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. **S. C. Foster.**

No. 112. The Evangel Age.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. O 'tis coming! night is break-ing a - way; 'Tis the dawn-ing of the
2. See the might-y hosts of God in ar - ray, Stron-ger, stron-ger grow-ing
3. O ye slumb'ring ones, a - wake and a - rise! See, the sun is mount-ing
4. O 'tis coming! bringing peace in its train; Sing, O sing the sweet e-

gold - en day, When all the world shall hear the bless-ed word we a - dore,
ev - 'ry day; Pre-par - ing ev - 'ry-where the com-ing way of the Lord,
up the skies! Fall in - to line, make read - y for the great Ju - bi - lee
van - gel strain That ush - ers in the gold-en age, tri-umph-ant in love;

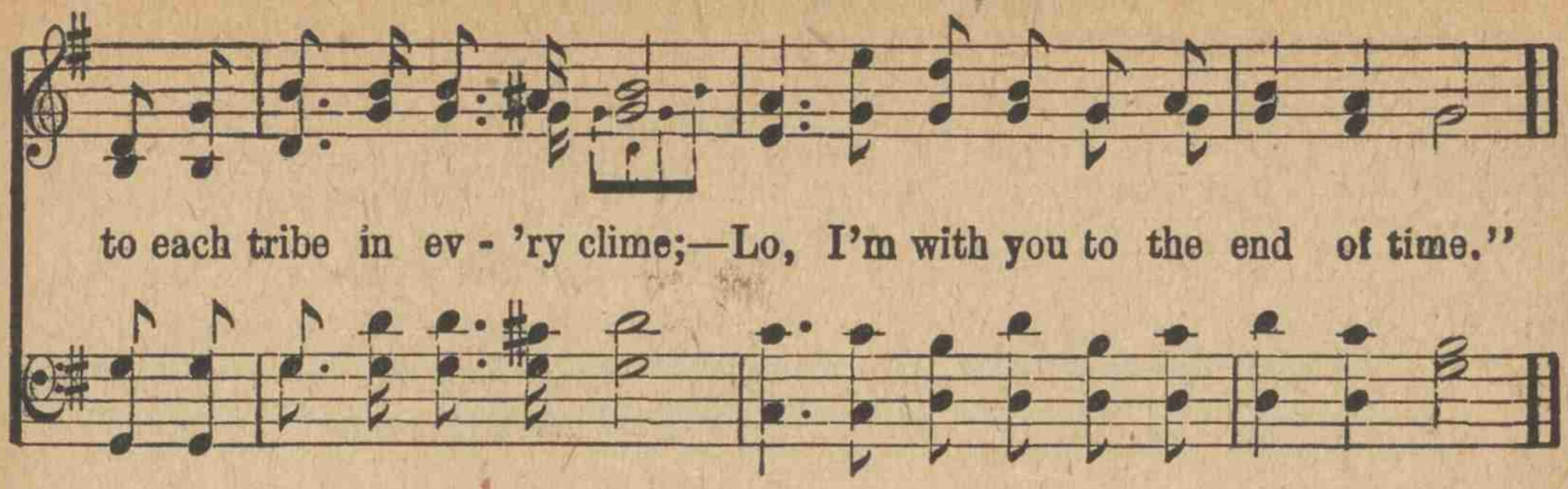
CHORUS.

Ech-o-ing from shore to shore.
Spreading ev'rywhere His word.
That is coming full and free.
Sing, ye an-gel host a - bove!

Sounds the great Evangel's word of command,

"Go ye in - to ev - 'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry land, And preach the gos-pel message

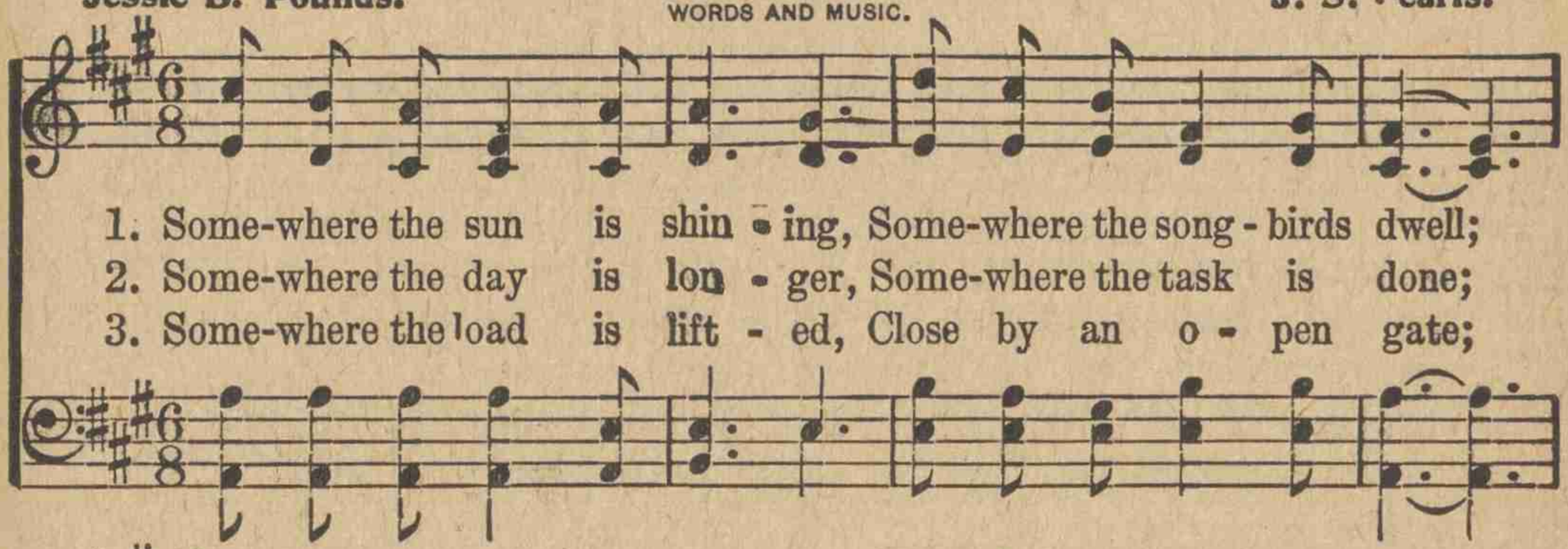
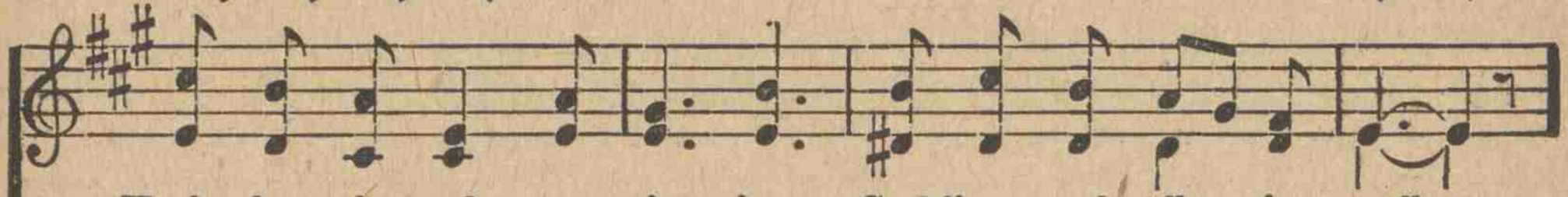
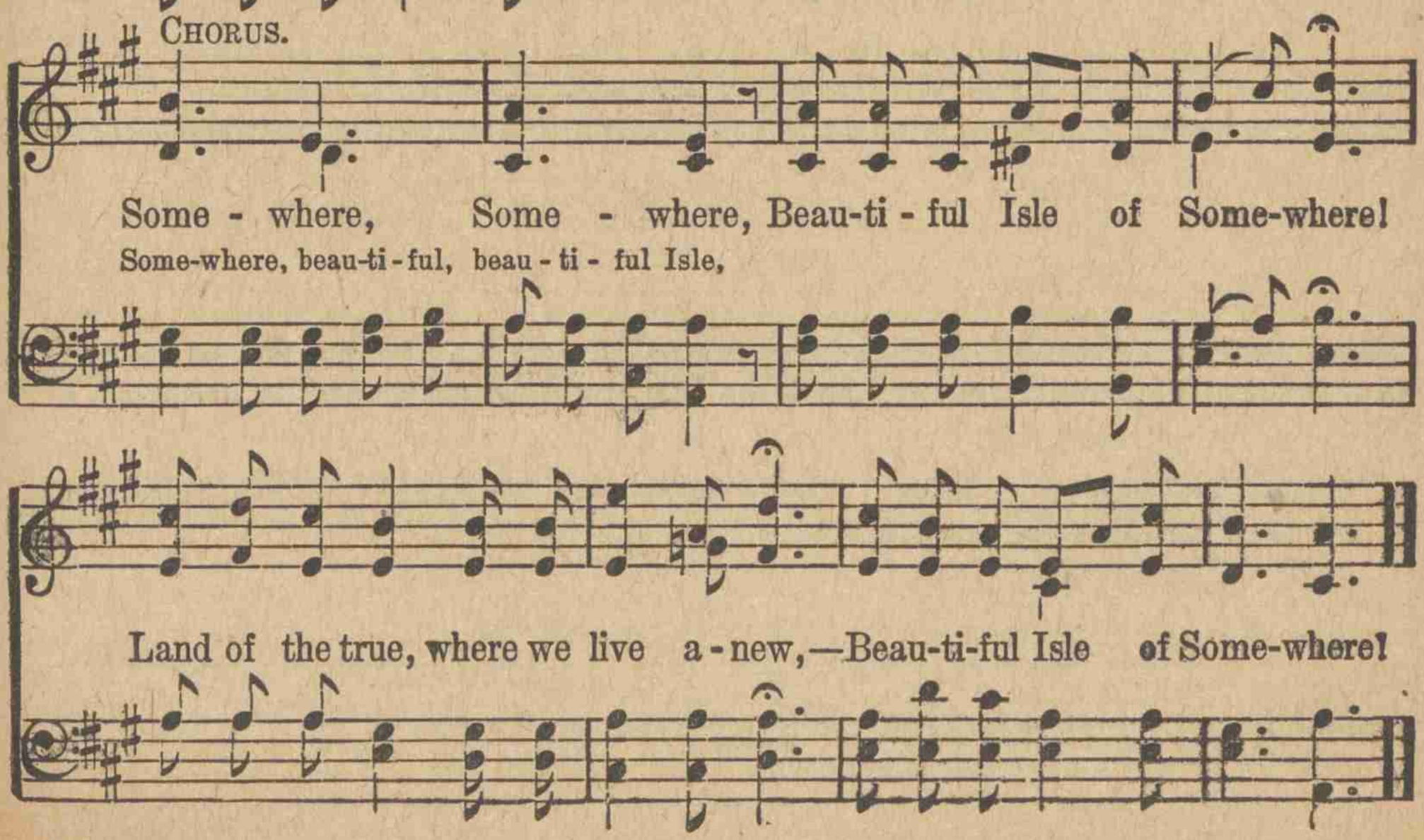
The Evangel Age.



No. 113. Beautiful Isle.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie B. Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



No. 114. I Love to Tell the Story.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

Katharine Hankey. Refrain added. **William G. Fischer.**

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

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

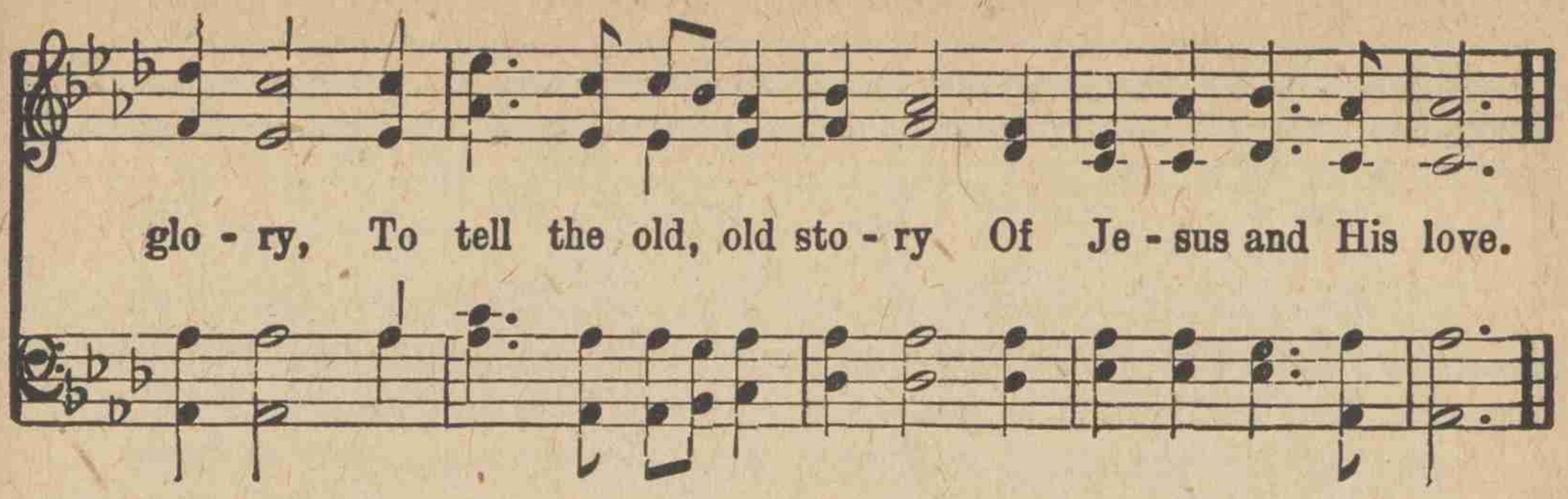
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

noth-ing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in

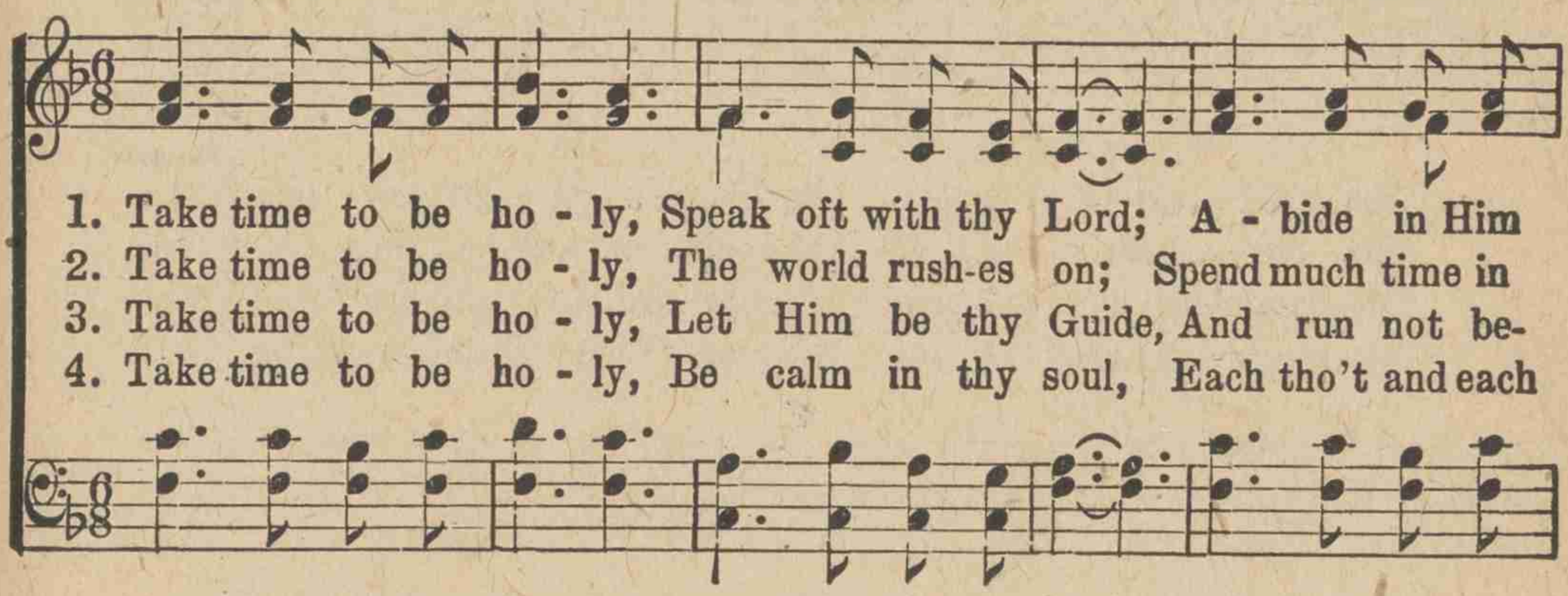
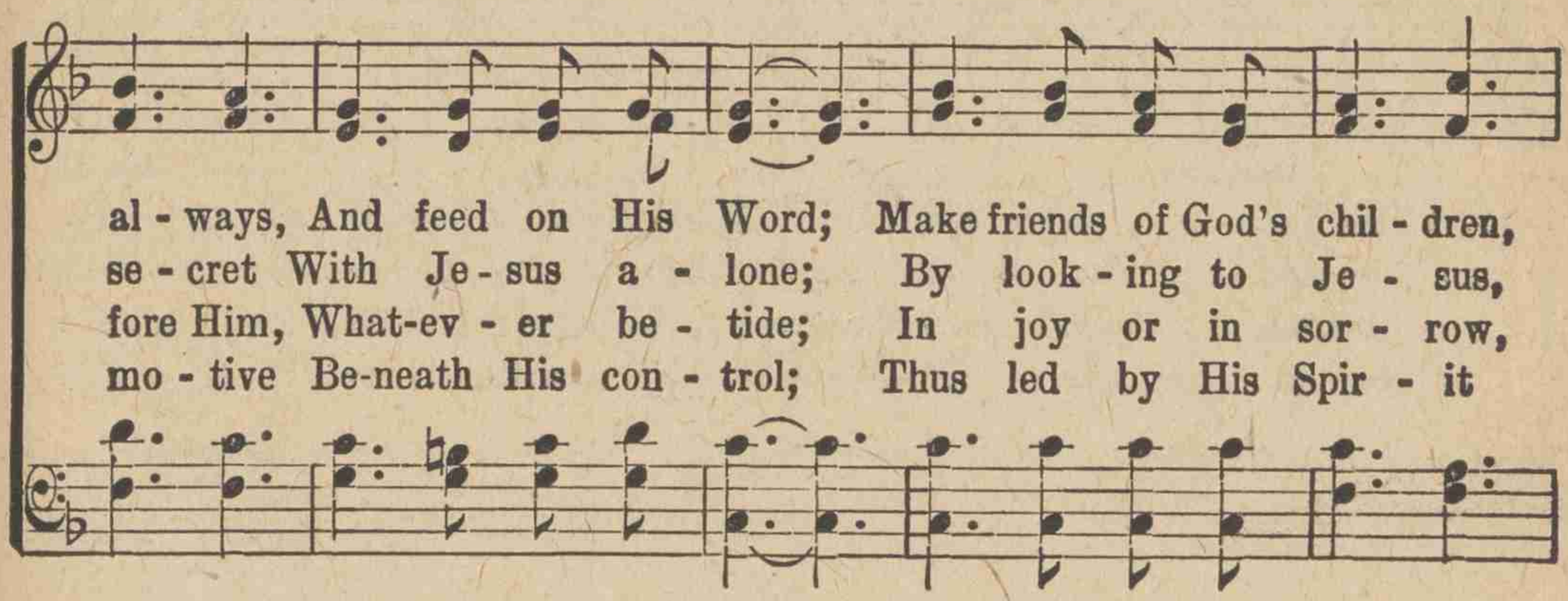
I Love to Tell the Story.

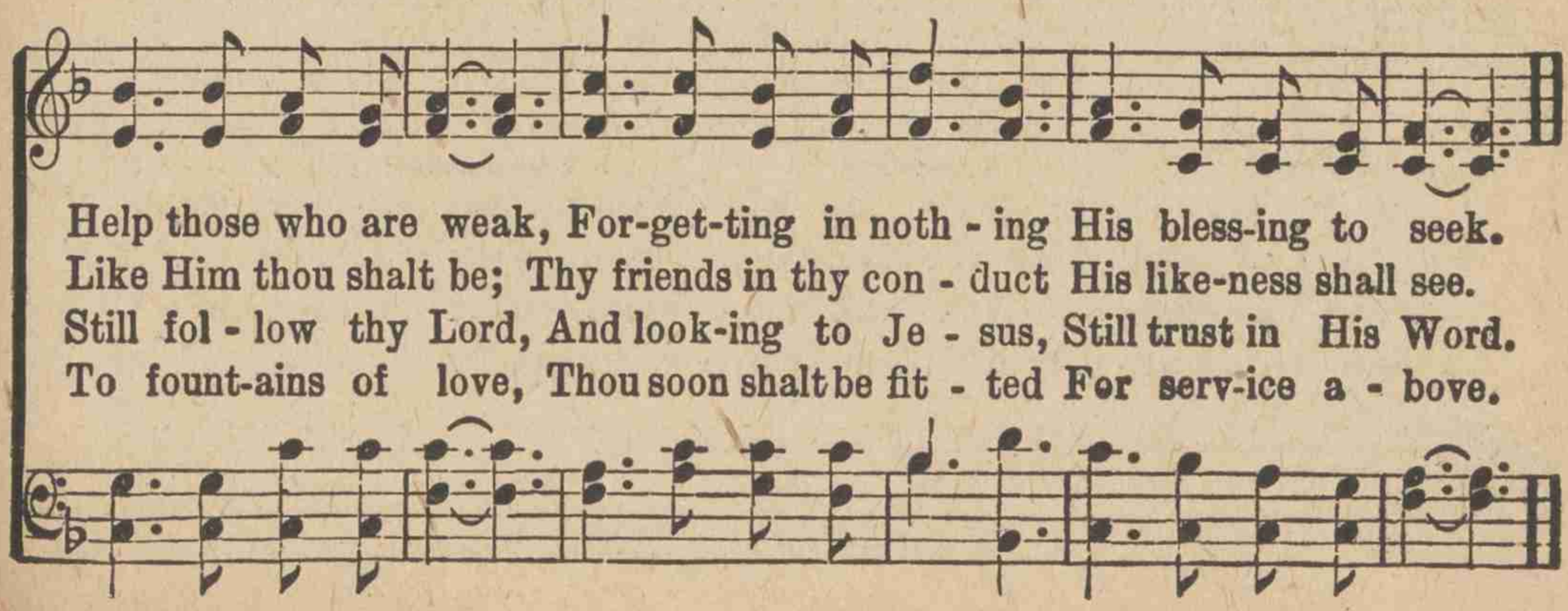


No. 115. Take Time to be Holy?

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. OF BIGLOW-MAIN CO.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.





No. 116. It Is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

T. O. Chisholm. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Be - hold! One com - eth in the way, In hum - ble gar-ments clad;
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be-fore:
3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die!
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead!

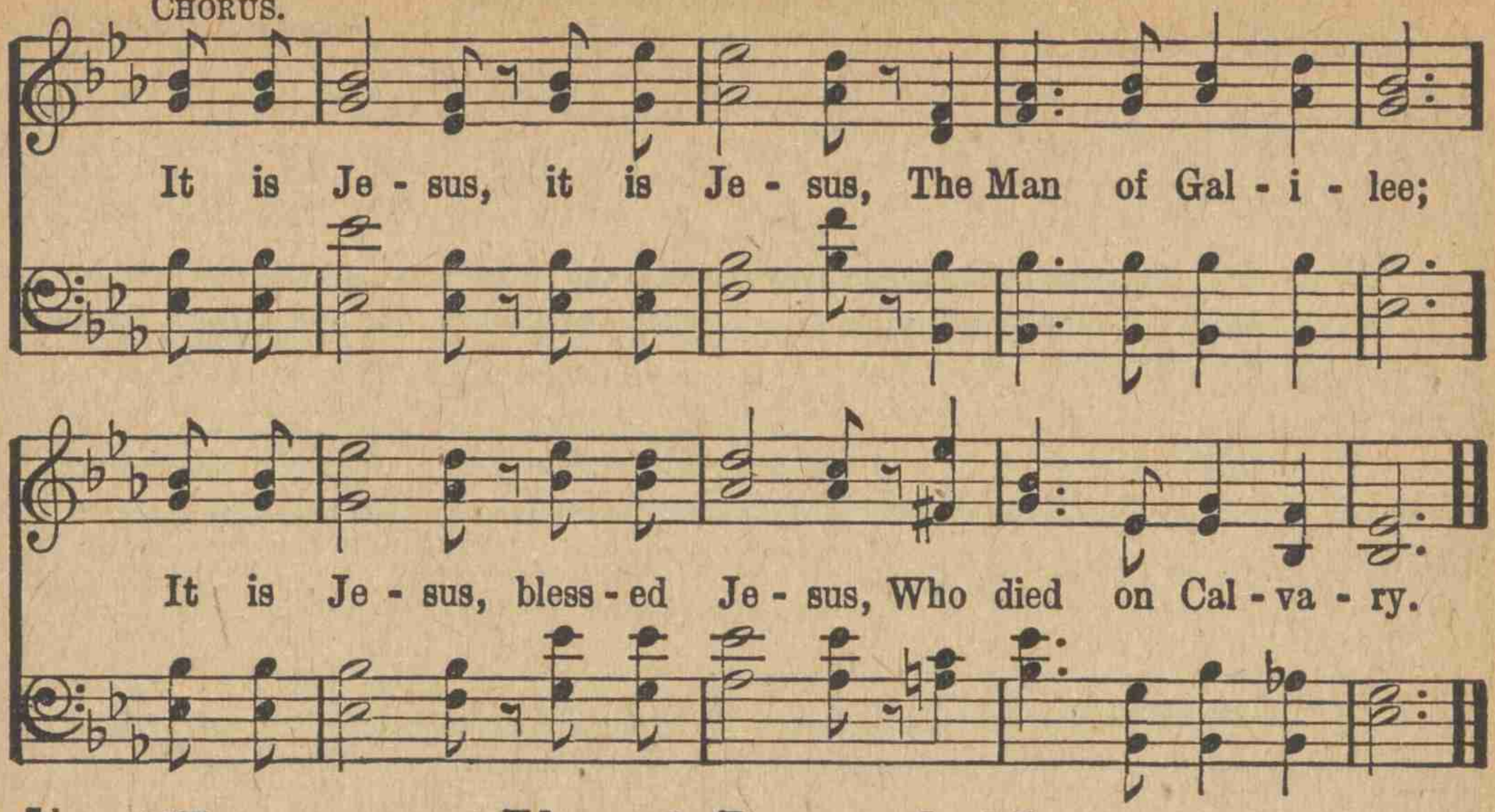
The poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head.
The bur - dened sin-ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more.
His parch - ed lips are plead - ing now For those who cru - ci - fy!
To weep - ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled.

The hun - gry, weary, sick and sad In crowds a-bout Him press,— To
He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease,— None
His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He
He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The

ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief,—What manner of man is this?
oth - er man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
suf - fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
heav'ns re-ceive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

It Is Jesus.

CHORUS.



No. 117. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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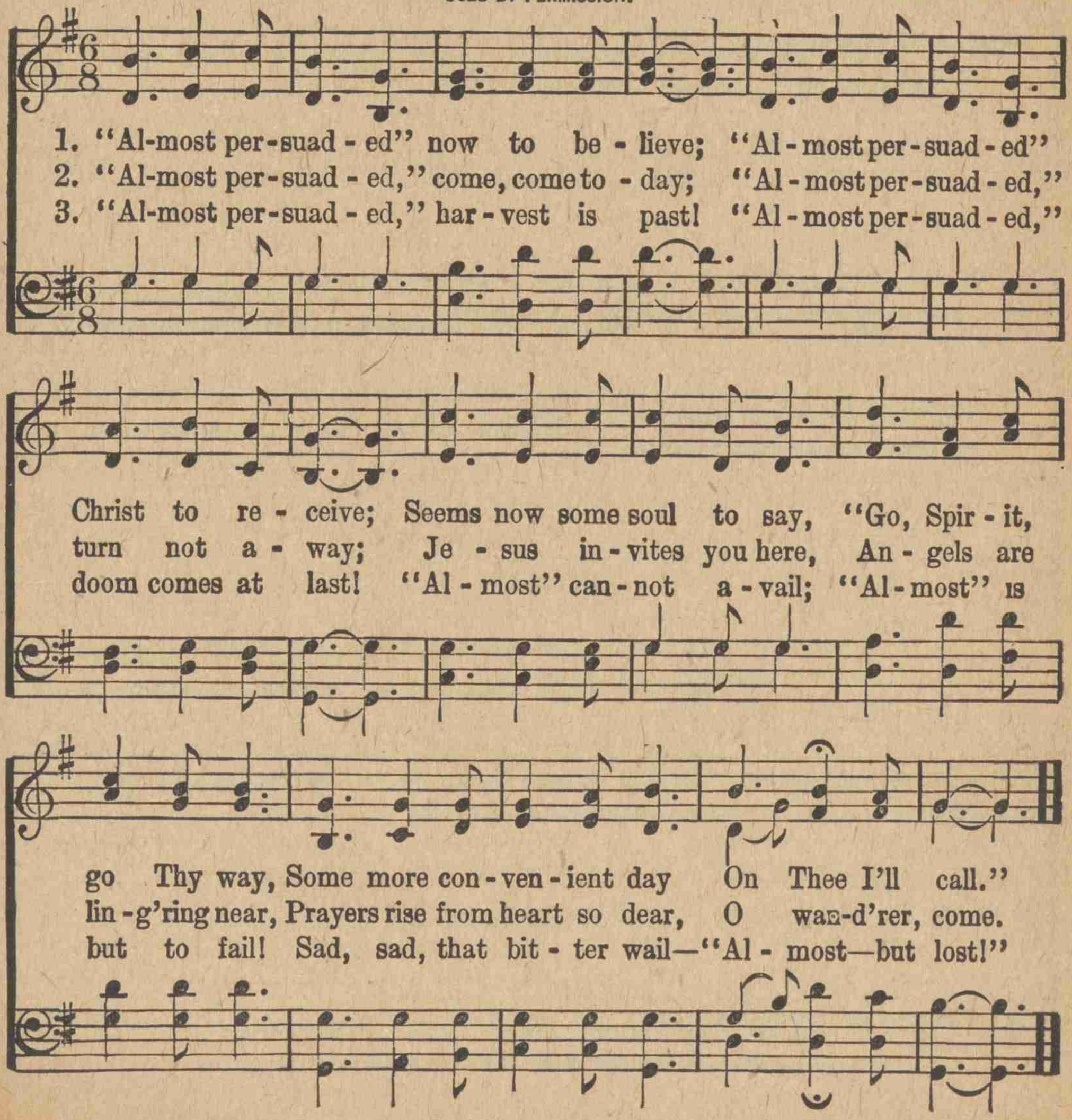
P. P. Bliss.



No. 118. Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
OWNED BY R. A. TORREY.

Dr. Victor M. Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
day re - ceive, un-meas-ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown. some hap-py day,
heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, ... some happy day, ...
His un - dy - ing love. some hap-py day,

Some Day.

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, ... And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a - way,
Him, ... To dwell with Him . . . . - some hap - py day. . . .
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him, hap - py day.

No. 119. The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud - est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.

D. S.—*just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.*

CHORUS. D. S.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver; And

No. 120. Holy Twilight Hour.

(The Winona Bethany Hymn.)

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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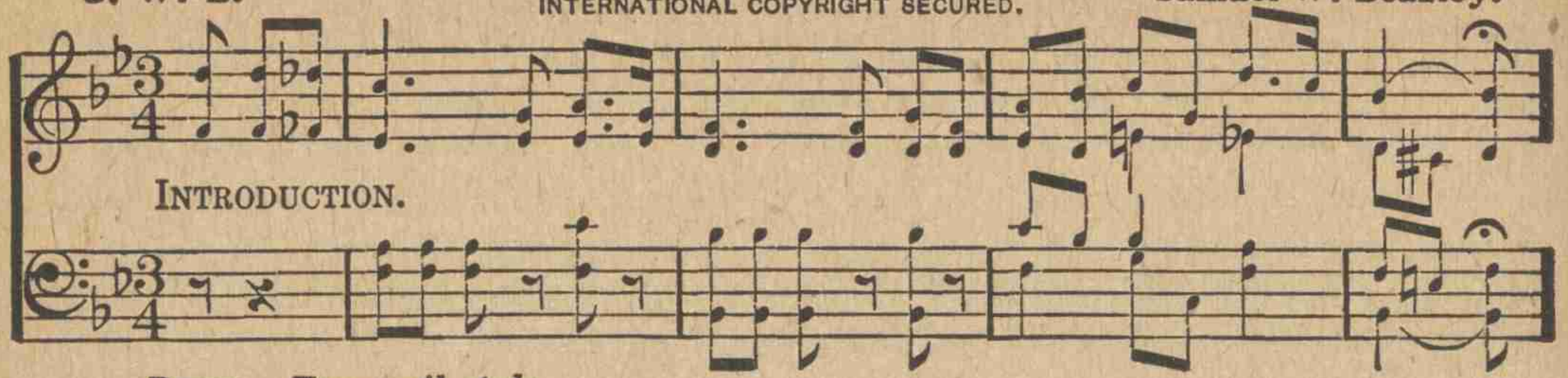
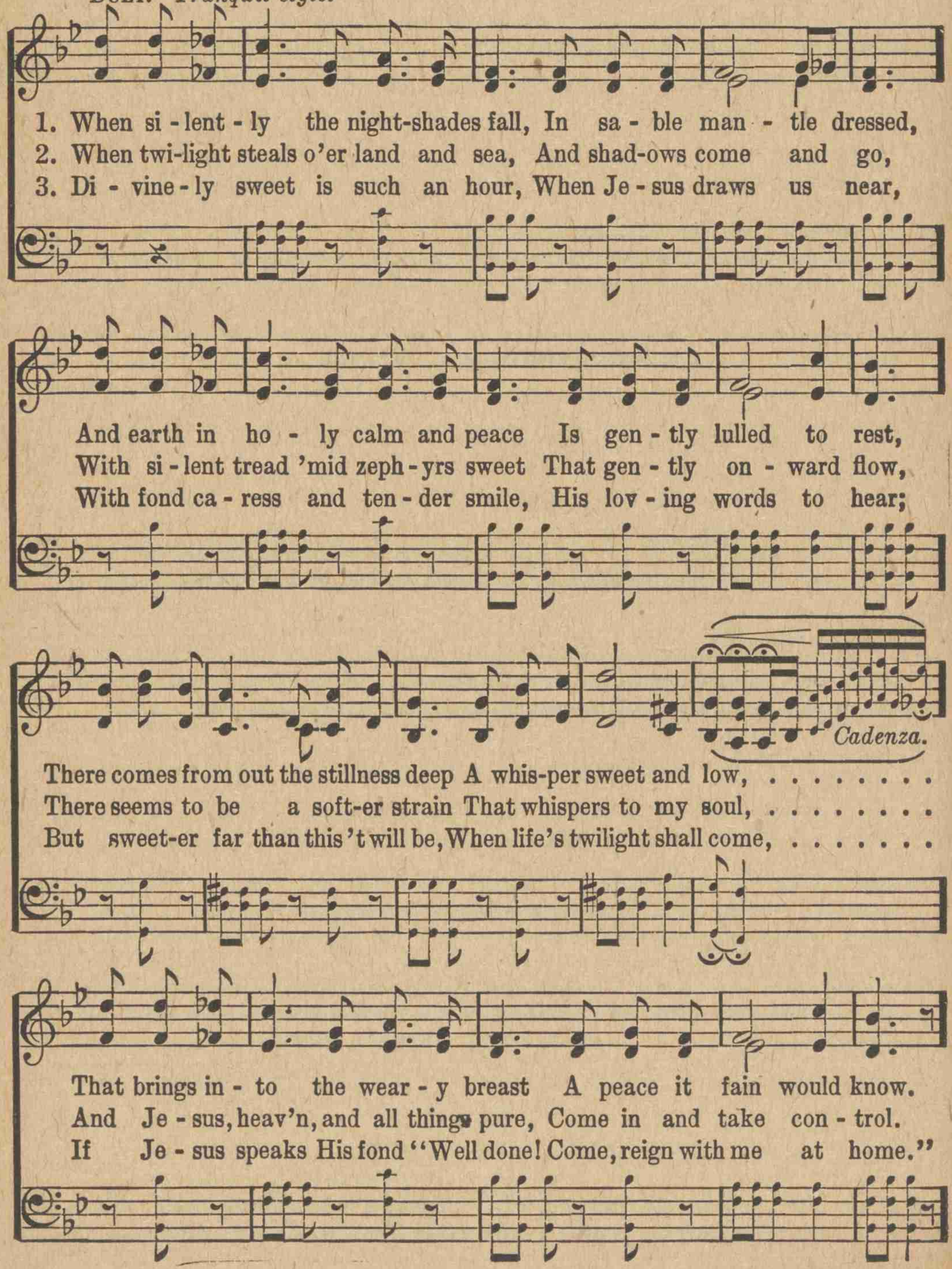
S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

DUET. *Tranquil style.*

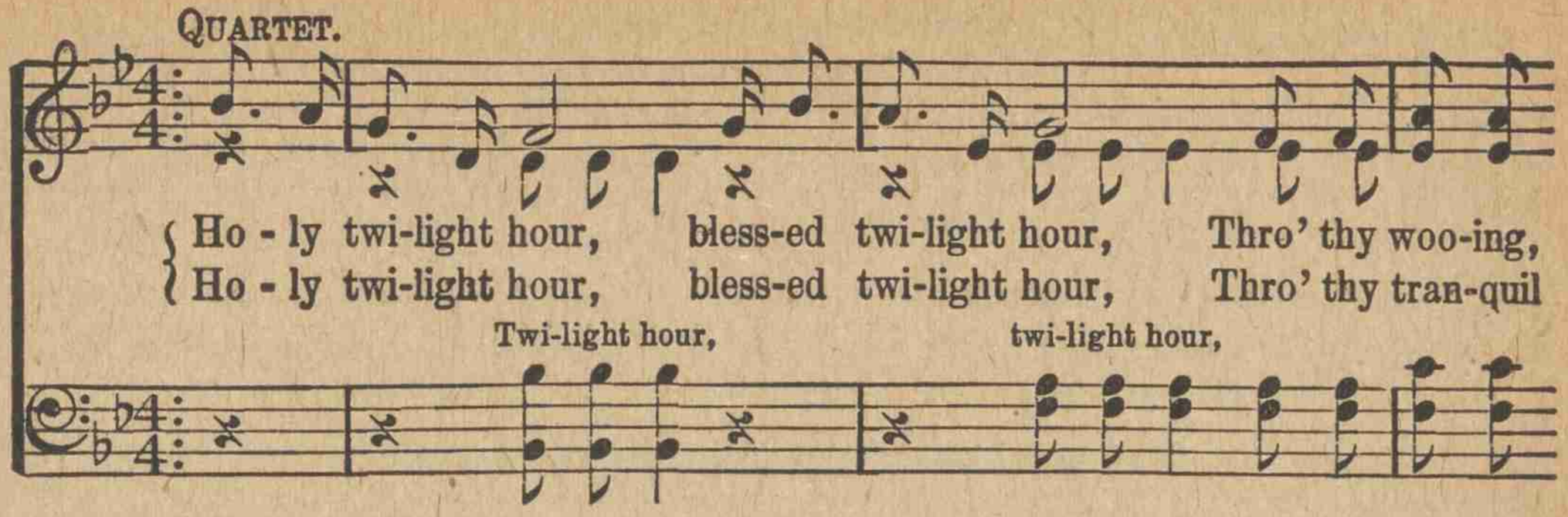
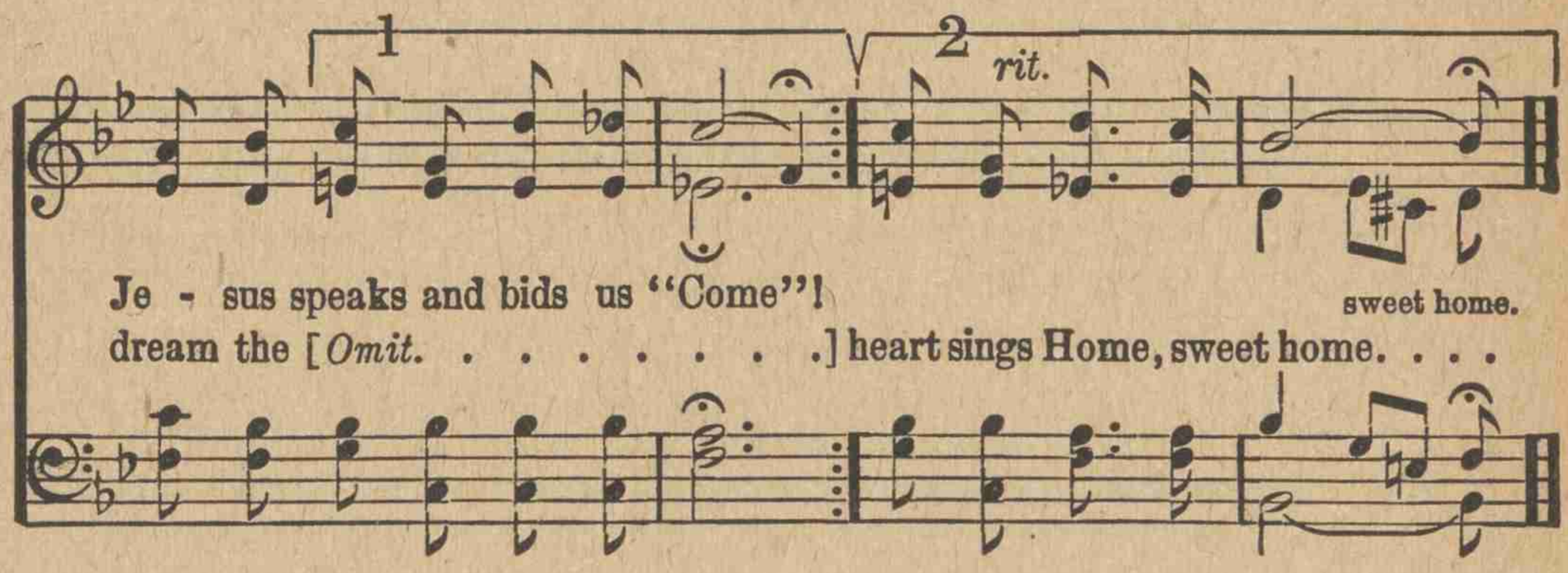


1. When si - lent - ly the night-shades fall, In sa - ble man - tle dressed,
2. When twi-light steals o'er land and sea, And shad-ows come and go,
3. Di - vine - ly sweet is such an hour, When Je - sus draws us near,

And earth in ho - ly calm and peace Is gen - tly lulled to rest,
With si - lent tread 'mid zeph - yrs sweet That gen - tly on - ward flow,
With fond ca - ress and ten - der smile, His lov - ing words to hear;

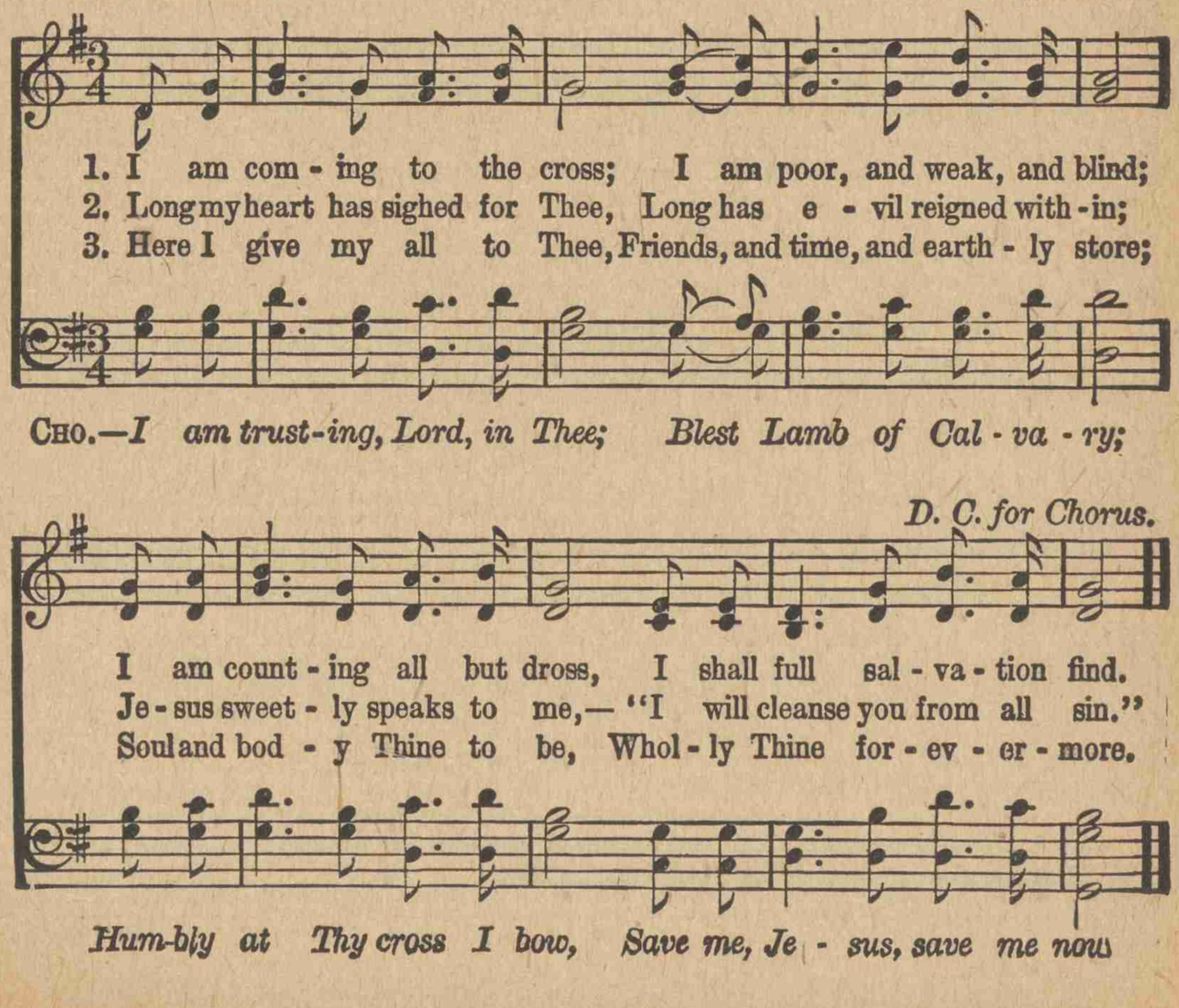
There comes from out the stillness deep A whis-per sweet and low, ...
There seems to be a soft-er strain That whispers to my soul, ...
But sweet-er far than this 't will be, When life's twilight shall come, ...

That brings in - to the wear - y breast A peace it fain would know.
And Je - sus, heav'n, and all things pure, Come in and take con - trol.
If Je - sus speaks His fond "Well done! Come, reign with me at home."

Holy Twilight Hour.



No. 121. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.



No. 122. On to the Land of Glory.

COPYRIGHT 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home of light,
2. Loy - al to Christ our Lead - er, Trust - ing His boundless might,
3. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home so dear,

Sing - ing the dear old sto - ry, On to the man-sions bright;
March-ing in Zi - on's ar - my, Bat - tling for God and right;
Help - ing each oth - er up - ward, On with a song of cheer;

Joy-ful - ly shout-ing ho - san - na, Prais-ing the name of our King,
Vic-to - ry on - ly thro' Je - sus, This is the watchword of faith,
Glo-ri - ous hopes are be - fore us, Yon - der the crown and the palm,

Fol-low-ing af - ter His ban - ner, Glad - ly our voic - es ring.
Cer-tain-ly He will be with us, With us in life and death.
Join in the ju - bi-lant cho - rus, Join the thanks-giv - ing psalm.

CHORUS.

On! on! on! On to the land of glo - ry! On! On!
Marching, marching, marching on, Marching, marching,

On to the Land of Glory.

on! On to the home of light! On! on! on! Singing the
marching on, Marching, marching marching on,

dear old sto - ry; On! on! on! On to the mansions bright.
Marching, marching, marching on,

No. 123. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To

cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile - ness full - y cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

FINE.

D. S.—*That flowed on Cal - va - ry!*

CHORUS. D. S.

I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

No. 124. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Hark to the mu-sic re-sound-ing, Reap-ers are need-ed to-day;
2. Forward with hearts full of glad-ness, Reap-ers, I pray you, make haste;
3. Hark to the song they are sing-ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare;

Fields are all white, to the har-vest Let us be up and a-way!
Grain there is read-y and wait-ing, If not soon gathered, will waste;
Soon will the har-vest be end-ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share.

Ev-er the Mas-ter is call-ing, Has-ten! the shad-ows are fall-ing;
Then let us hear you re-ply-ing, La-bor with cour-age un-dy-ing,
Let no one i-dly be dream-ing, Look! look! the harvest is gleam-ing,

On to the har-vest-field, Gath-er the gold-en yield, Pre-cious sheaves.
Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
Join ye the reap-ing band, Lend them a help-ing hand, Ere the night.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joyful, lov-ing heart,

Reapers are Needed.

Brave - ly do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all;

On where the harvest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 125. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whisp - ers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
reive the blessing, Come, sin - ner come! While Je - sus whisp - ers 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. 126. Never Alone.

COYPRIGHT, 1900, BY W. A. HEMPHILL.
USED BY PER.

Unknown. **W. A. Hemphill.**

1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temptations are sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount-ain, For me they pierc'd His side,

I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be-tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
For me He open'd that fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;

I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Tell-ing me still to fight on,
He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
My feet en-tangl'd with bri - ars, Read - y to cast me down,
For me He wait-eth in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne,

He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whisper'd His prom - ise, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Never Alone

REFRAIN.

No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone, He promis'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; leave me a - lone.

No. 127. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

J. S. Norris.

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 judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

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

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 garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and 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. 128. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar - ry . . . . . but a night!. . . . . Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er . . . . . is the Light; . . . . There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y
3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shining,—O my long-ing . . . . . heart is there;. . . . . Here in this coun-try, so dark and dreary, I long have

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To

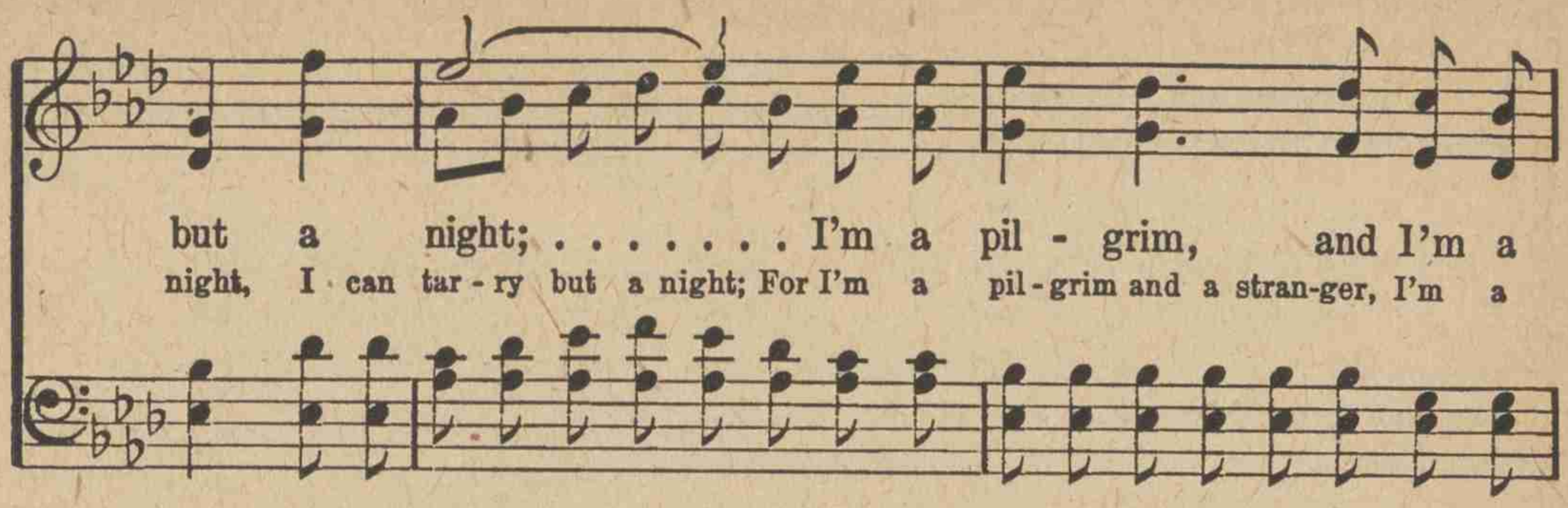
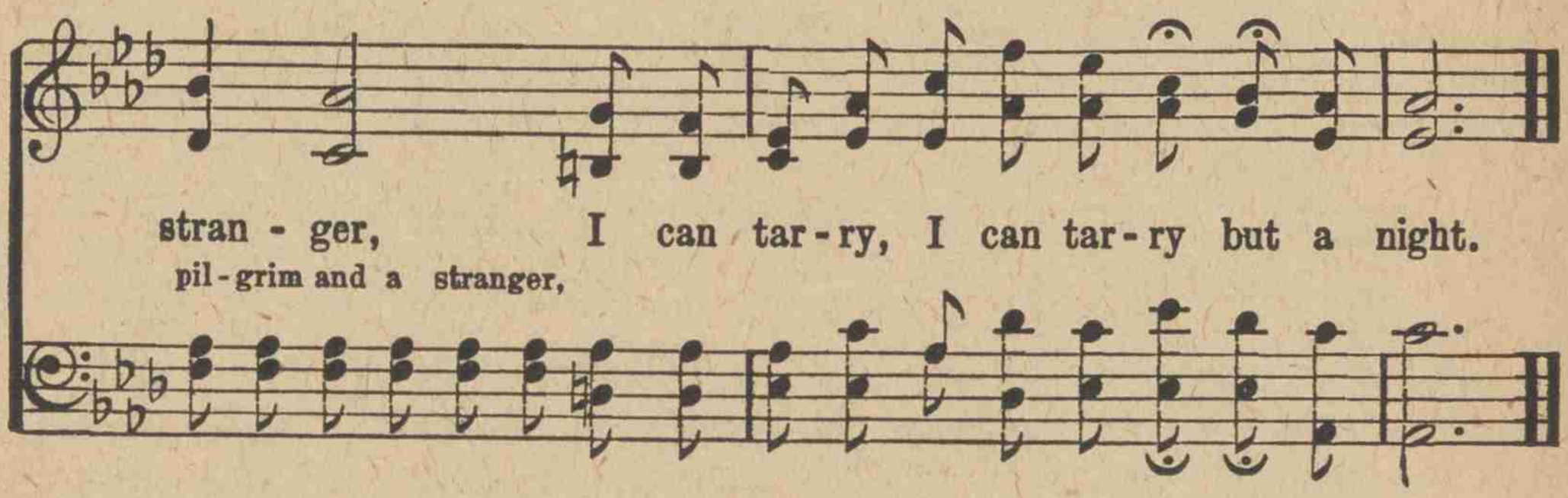
foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing; Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing . . . . To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.
tears there, nor an - y dy - ing; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, . . . Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
wan - dered, for-lorn and wear-y; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, ... I long have wan - dered, for - lorn and wear - y.

where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing; Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.

CHORUS.

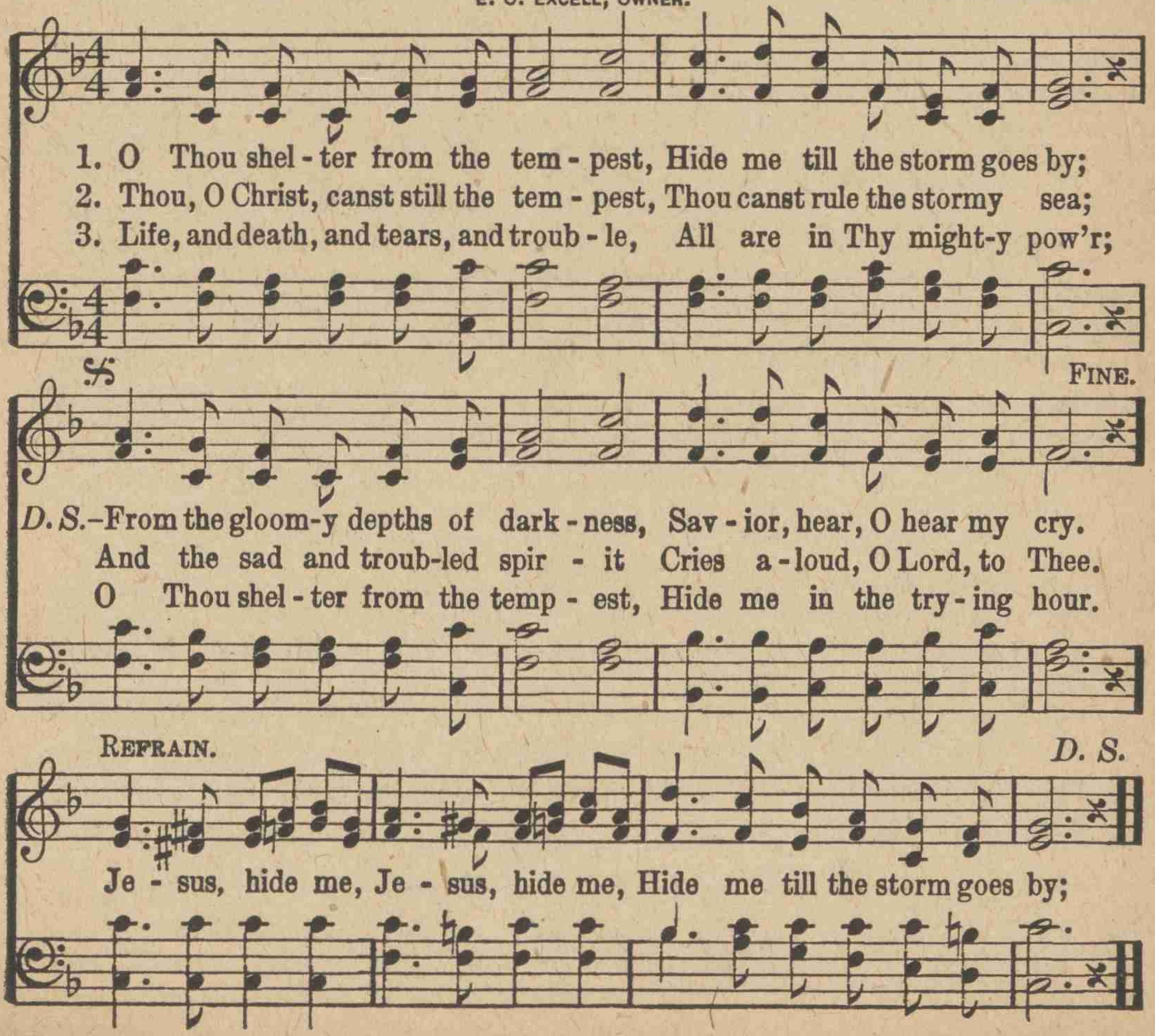
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; . . . . I can tar - ry
I'm a pil-grim and a stranger, I'm a pil-grim and a stranger; I can tar - ry but a

I'm a Pilgrim.



No. 129. Jesus, Hide Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Fred. Woodrow. **Carl Fischer.**

No. 130. Faith is the Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., N. Y.
USED BY PER.

John H. Yates. Ira D. Sankey.

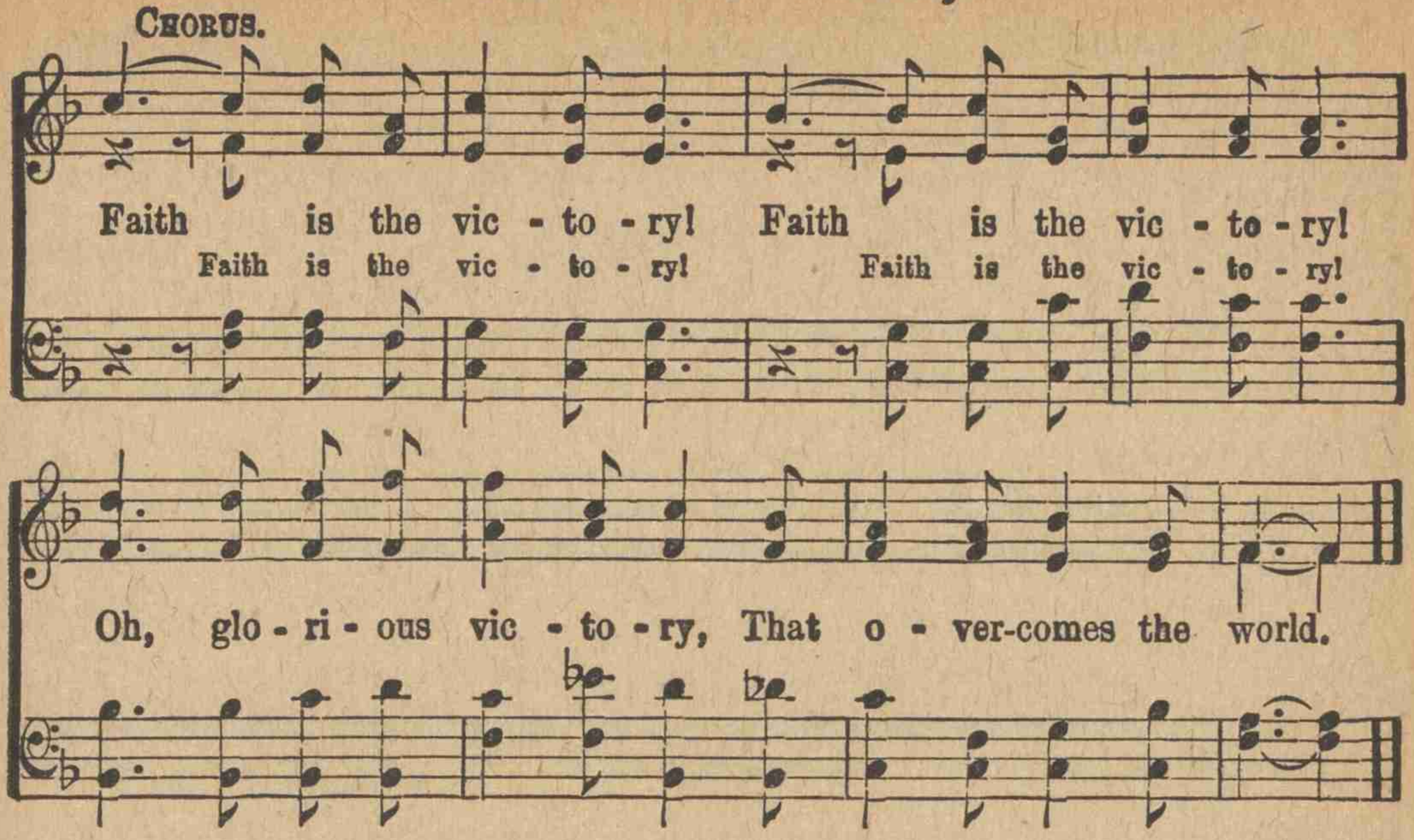
1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God.
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;

And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray;
Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n;

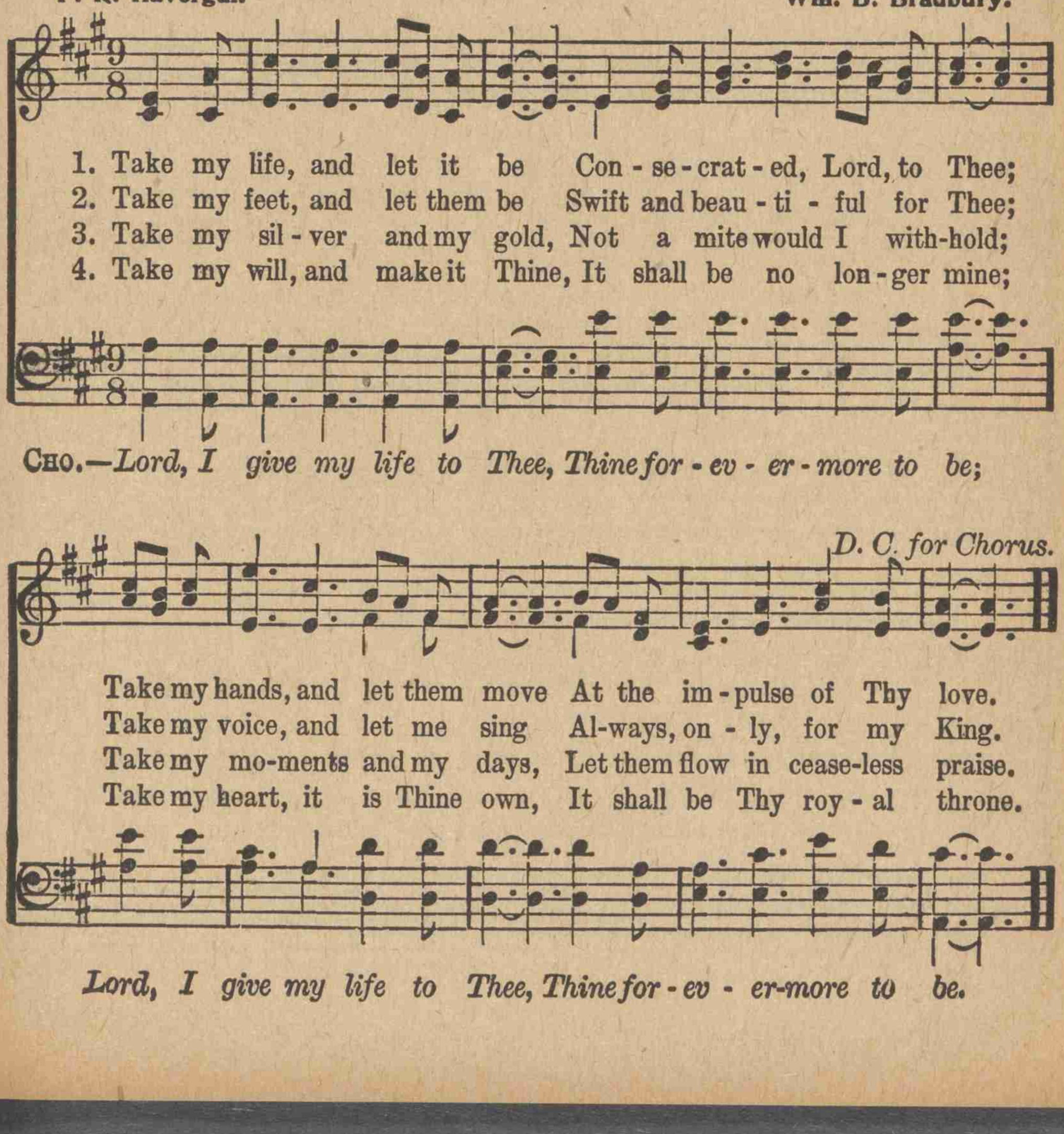
A-gainst the foe in vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they con-quer'd Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conquering name.

Faith is the Victory.

CHORUS.

No. 131. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 132. That Old, Old, Story is True.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL.

D. B. Watkins. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis call'd "The sweet sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, wher-ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so
2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell, To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and hell; He's pre-par-ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where death and the pow - er of hell; That He was de-spis'd, and with
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav-en we're told, Tri-umph-ant o'er will to men; There's no sto-ry to me that is half so sweet, As I lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our kin-dred we'll meet, and we'll
4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in - vites you to come—He will oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new; thorns He was crown'd, On the cross was ex - tend - ed to view; nev - er more part, And oh, while I tell it to you, free - ly re - ceive, And this mes - sage He send - eth to you,

That Old, Old Story is True.

In Refrain go to last ending.

But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.
"There's a mansion in glo - ry for all who believe!" That old, old sto-ry is true.

REFRAIN.

D. S. *Last ending.*

That old, old story is true, That old, old story is true; . . old, old story is true.

No. 133. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. Hudson. **C. R. Dunbar.**

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 134. Beyond the Tide.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. If I could fly be-yond the tide, where shines the per-fect day, I'd seek the One whose ten-der love has brightened all life's way, And, kneeling
2. Tho' angel choirs should welcome sing, one voice a-lone I'll hear, That thro' my earth-ly pil-grim-age has filled my soul with cheer; Its mu-sic
3. If I could fly be-yond the tide, the face I'd long to see Would be of Him whose presence here makes earth a heav'n for me; Some day with

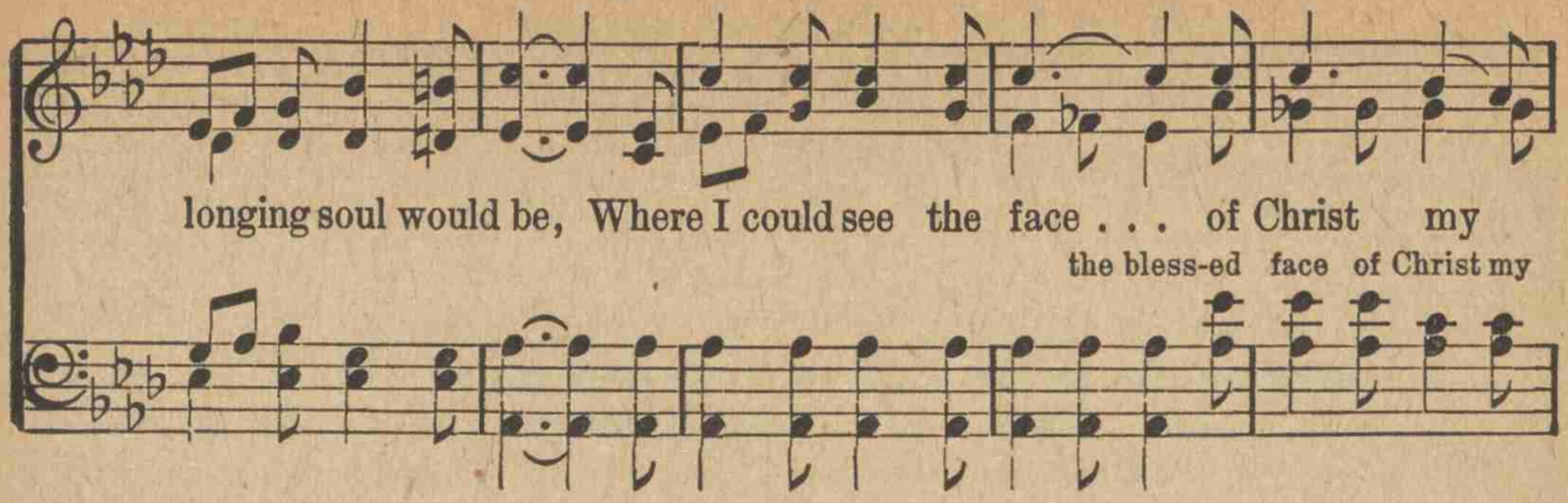
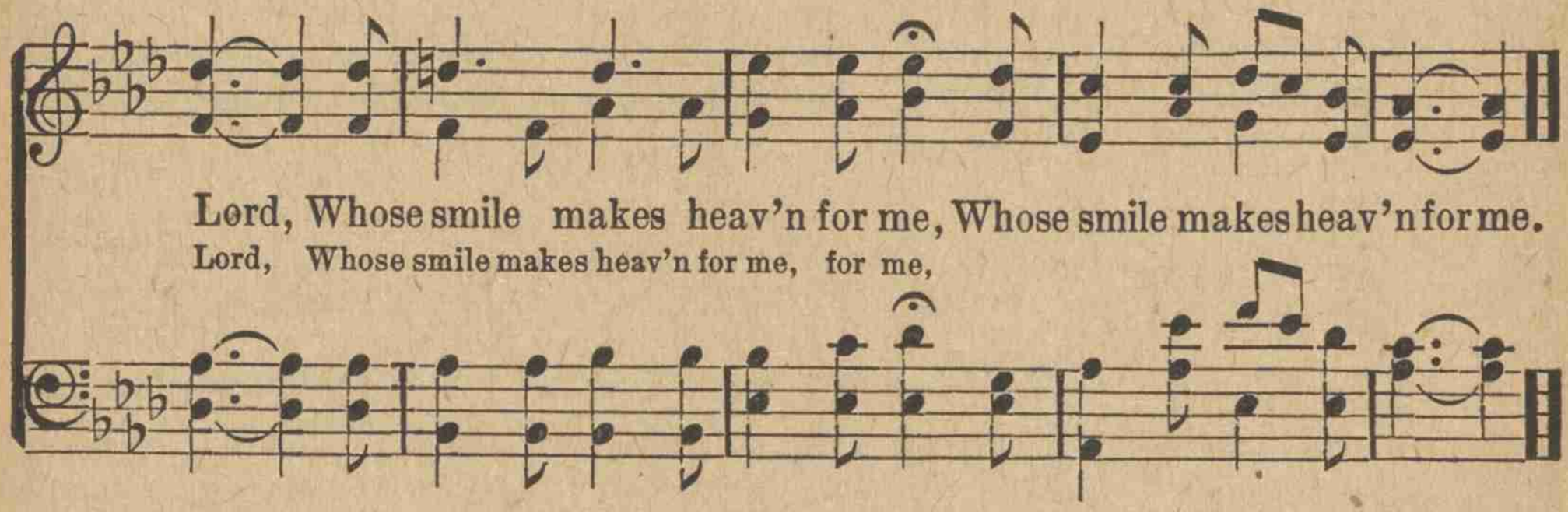
down be-fore His feet, for-get-ting pain and loss, Give thanks that He had
sweet full well I know, but oh, the joy di-vine, To feel, that thro' e-
Christ my Lord I'll rise to E-den's hap-py shore, And prais-es sing un-

CHORUS.

laid on me the bur-den of His cross. Be-yond the
ter-ni-ty, this bless-ed Lord is mine!
to my King who lives for-ev-er-more. Be-yond the tide, the

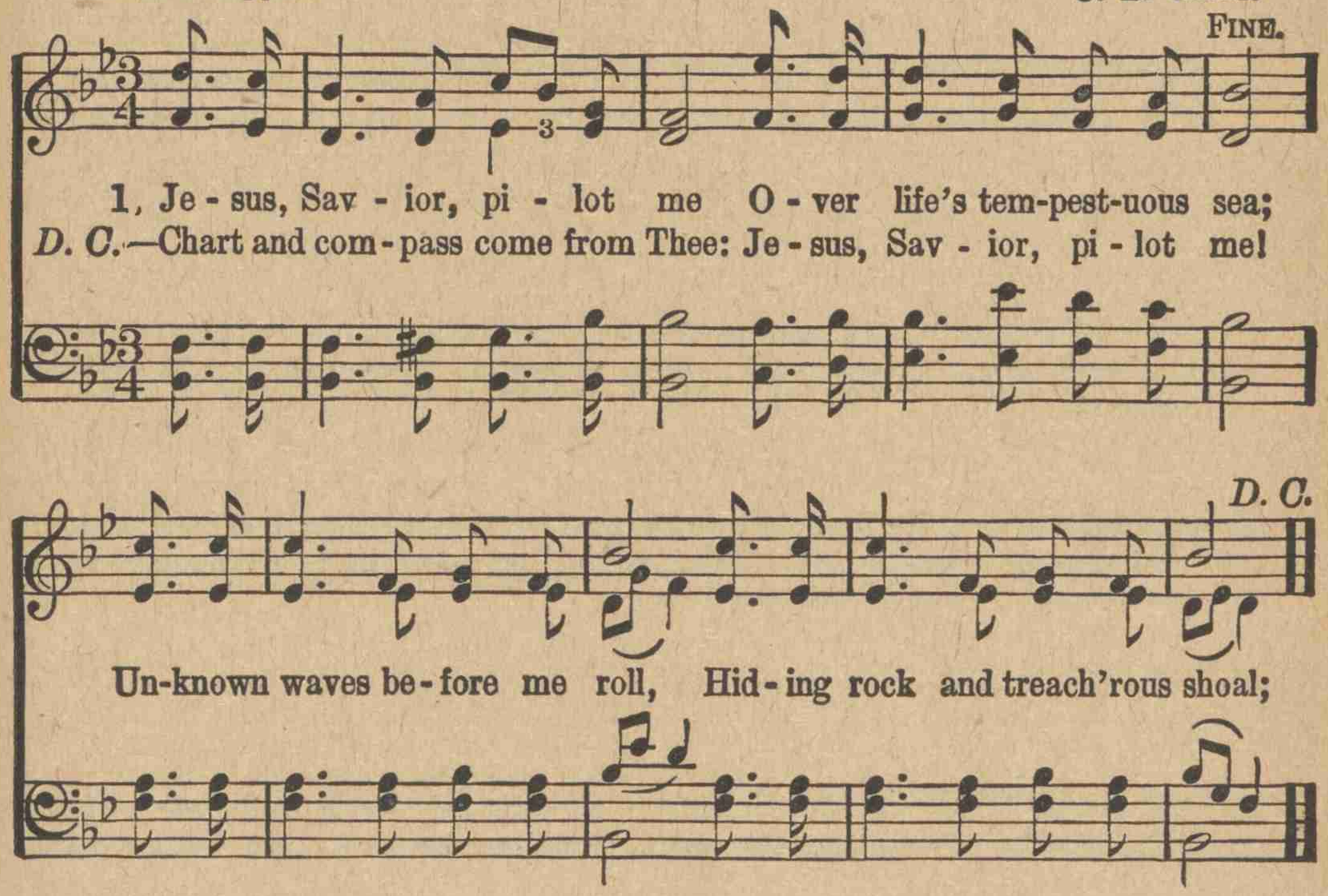
tide, . . . the si-lent tide, My long-ing soul, . . . my
roll-ing tide, be-yond the si-lent tide, My long-ing soul would ev-er be,

Beyond the Tide.



No. 135. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

No. 136. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

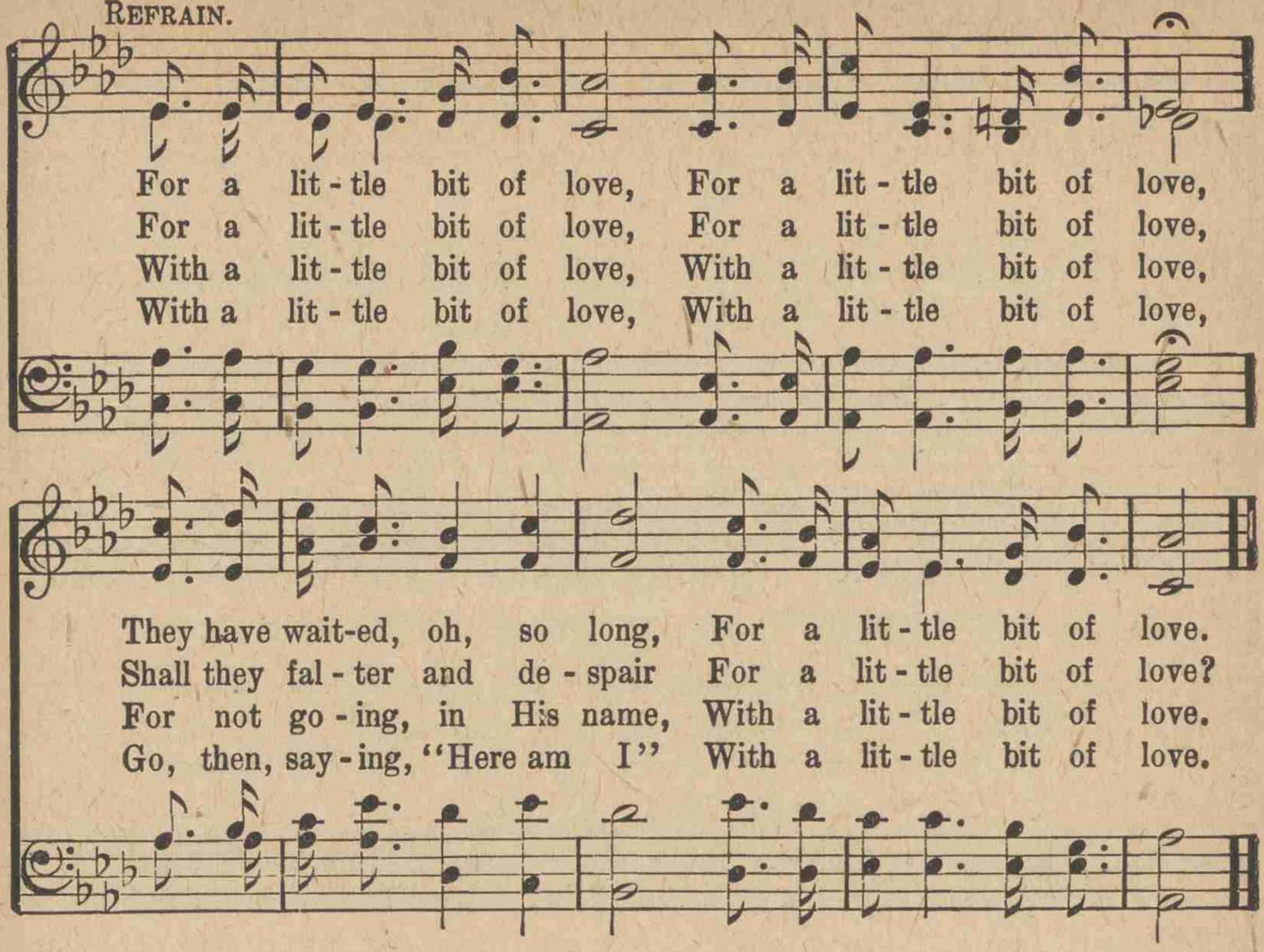
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,

Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;

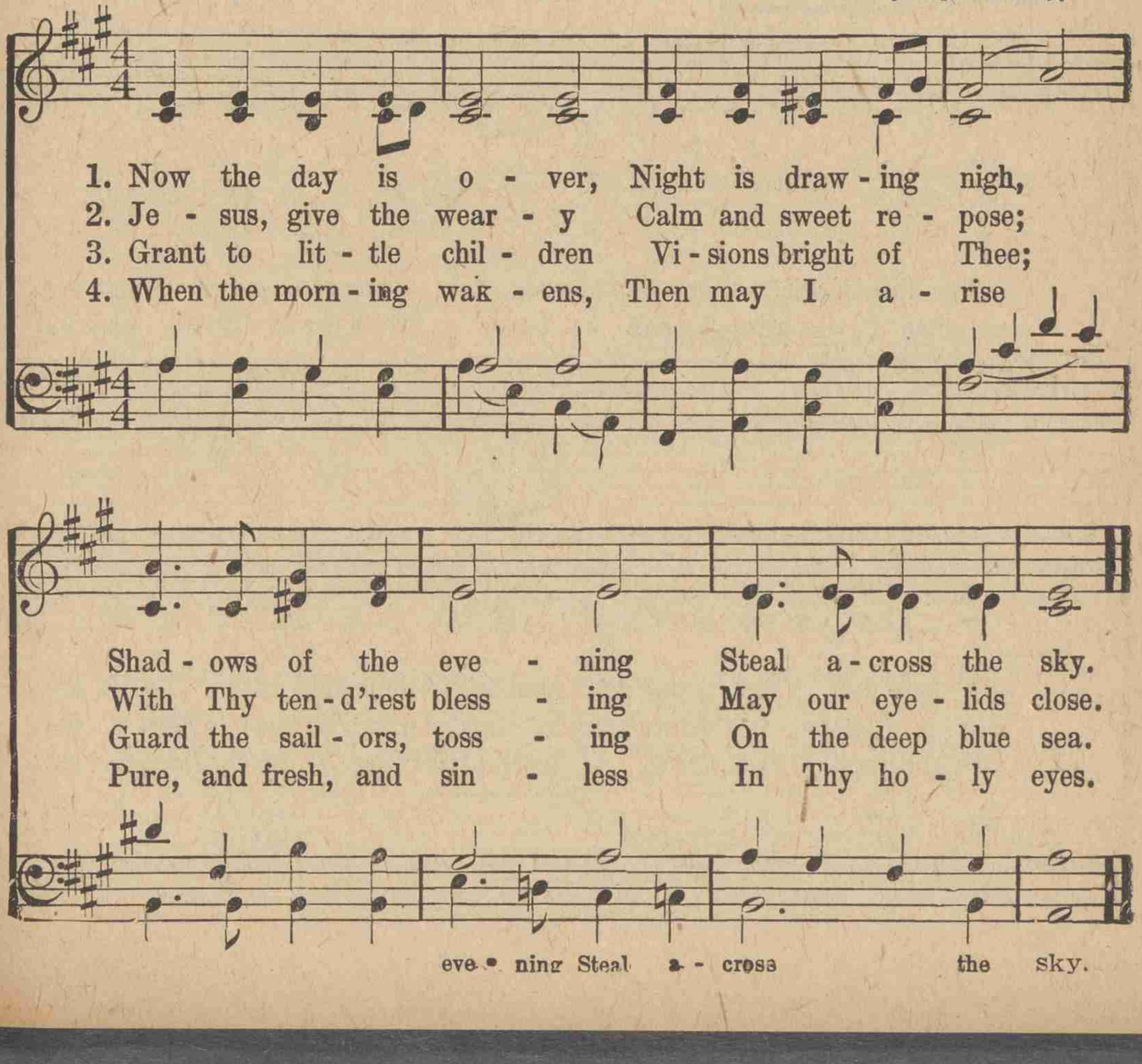
For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;

They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

No. 137. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Joseph Barnby.**



No. 138.

I Know.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Ophelia G. Adams. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

SOLO.

1. You ask me HOW I gave my heart to Christ? O yes, I know!
2. You ask me WHEN I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can tell!
3. You ask me WHERE I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can say!

There came a yearn-ing in my soul for Him, So long a - go. I found earth's fairest flow'rs would fade and die; I wept for something that would
The day, and just the hour, in - deed, I now Re - mem-ber well. It was when I was struggling all a - lone, The light of His for - giv - ing
That sa - cred place can nev - er fade from sight, As yes - ter - day. Per- haps He tho't it bet - ter I should not For - get the place, for I should
sat - is - fy; And, in my grief, somehow I seemed to dare To lift my
Spir - it shone In - to my heart all clouded o'er with sin, That I un-
love the spot; And un - til I behold Him face to face, 'T will be to

I Know.

bro - ken heart to Him in prayer. O yes, I know! And I can tell you
locked the door and let Him in. O yes, I know! And I can tell you
me, on earth, the dear - est place, O yes, I know! And I can tell you

HOW; . . I know, I know He is my Sav - ior now.
WHEN; . . I know, I know He is so dear since then.
WHERE; . . I know, I know He came and blest me there.

No. 139. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

H. A. N. H. H. McGranahan.

1. On ev-'ry side a voice I hear That lou-der speaketh year by year,
2. The fall - ing leaf, the fad-ing flow'r, The sink-ing sun at eve-ning's hour,
3. The funeral train, the toll-ing bell, The grave where, dying, I must dwell,
4. Where'er I turn, what-e'er I do, This warning mes-sage thrills me thro',

A voice I dare not light-ly treat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
All ev - er-more to me re - peat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
My aching heart speaks with each beat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
In si - lent hall, or nois - y street, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."

No. 140. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

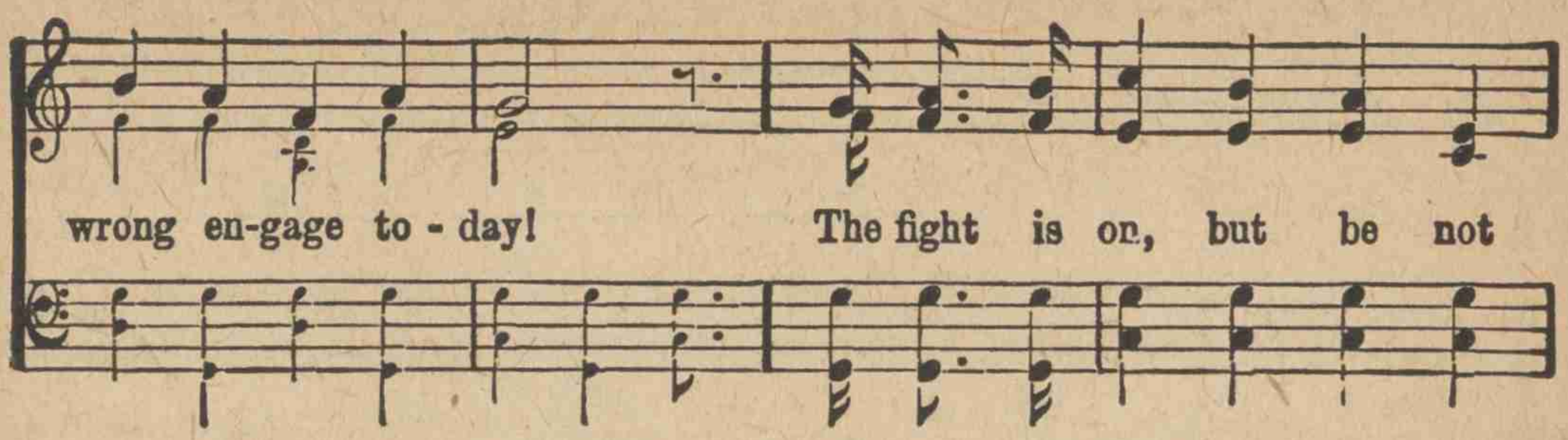
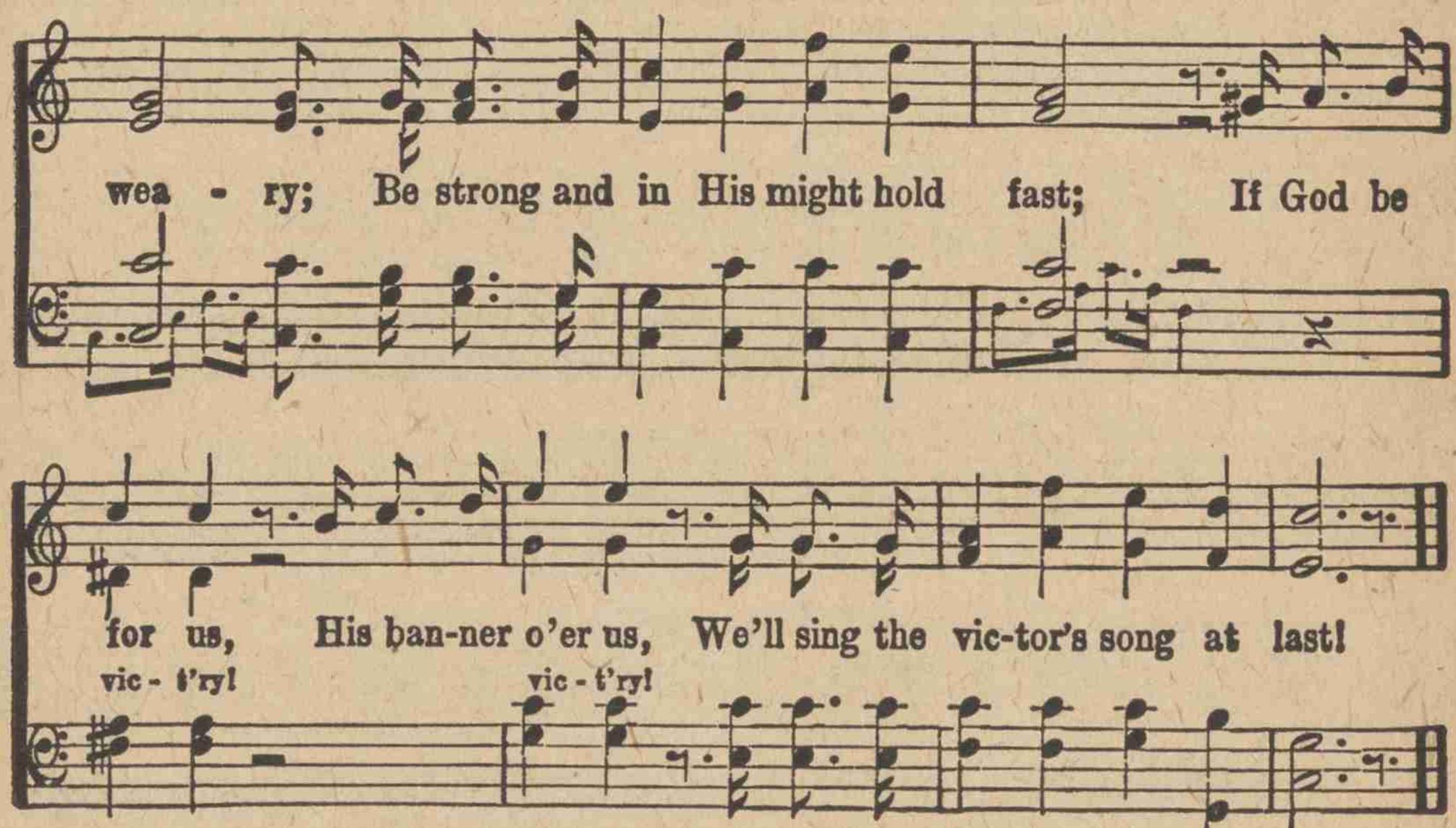
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-

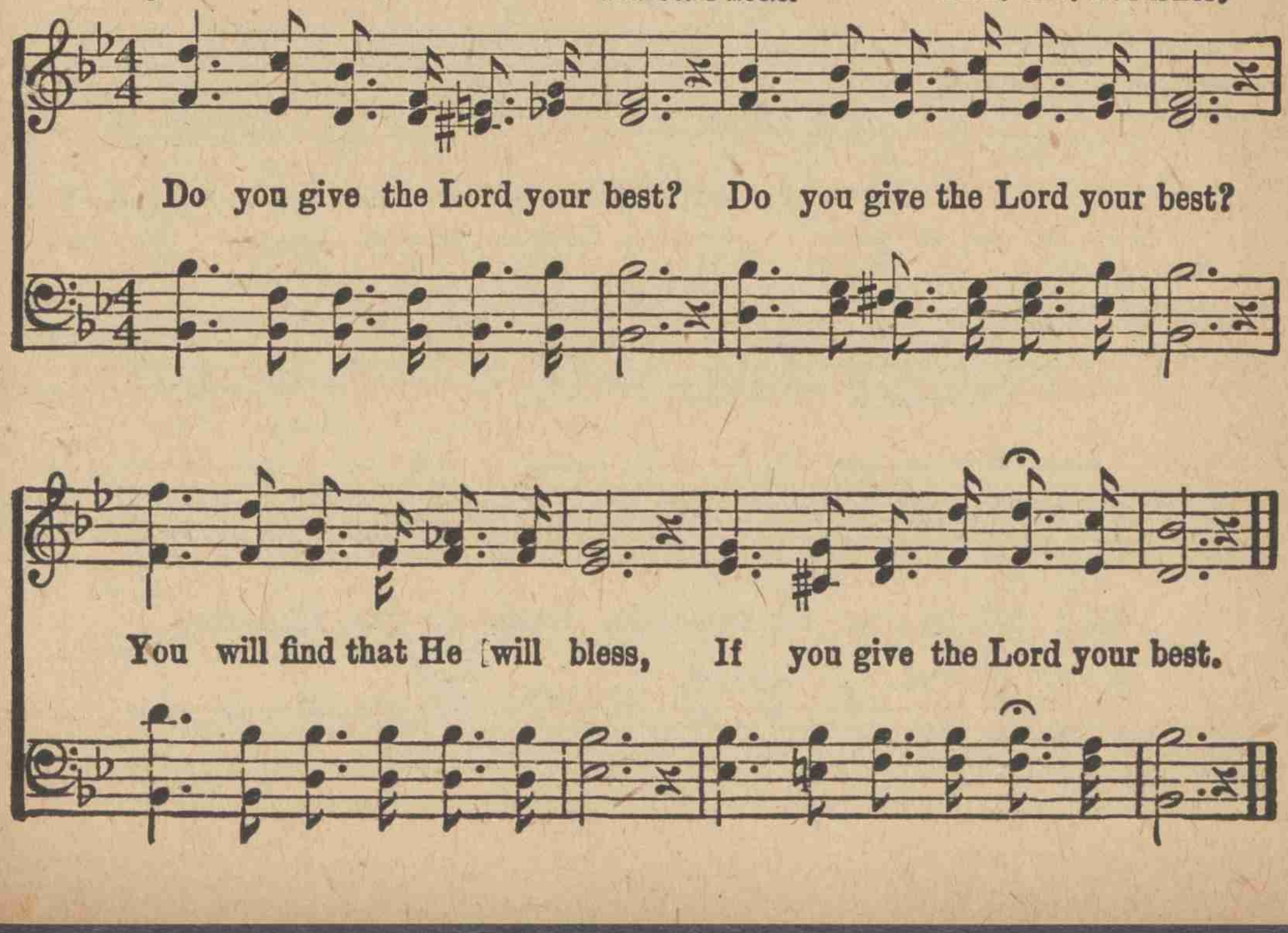
ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.



No. 141. Do You Give the Lord Your Best.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY J. ERNEST THACKER.

May Dixon Thacker. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. Geo. A. Fisher.



No. 142. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are end-ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.

2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly,
Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

Children's Songs.

No. 143. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Nellie Talbot. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 144. The Sweet Story.

USED BY PERMISSIOM OF THE PUBLISHERS,
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. Philip A. Gifford.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit-tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love; And if I thus earn-est - ly seek Him be - low,

CHORUS.

I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me." But thousands and thousands who
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

wan-der and fall Nev-er heard of that Heav-en - ly Home; I wish they could know there is room for them all, And that Je-sus had bid them to come.

No. 145. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in, the sun - shine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 146 The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT. 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the wait - ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Making known the blessed sto-ry, Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on, There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

No. 147. Little Soldiers.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lena Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Fighting for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev-'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o-ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,

Ev-'ry time we win a bat-tle, He has promised a re-ward;
With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say-ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev-er-more;

He has promised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has promised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have bravely fought my battles, Bravely fought and no-bly won,

FINE.

Promised them a crown of glo-ry, If they fight the bat-tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat-tle, Pray-ing, sing-ing all the way.
En-ter in-to joys e-ter-nal—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"

D. S.—*ban-ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

CHORUS.

So we march, march a-way, Not a mo-ment's de-lay, 'Neath our

No. 148. Childrens' Missionary Hymn.

Converse.

1. Do you hear the voic - es call - ing? List - en chil - dren, that you may,
2. Lit - tle arms to moth-er cling - ing, Lit - tle lips of ru - by hue,
3. Do you hear the Sav-ior plead - ing "Suf - fer them to come to me?

Do you hear the ba - by voic - es, From the land so far a - way?
Lit - tle hearts that wait for Je - sus, Who will send Him? why not you?
Bring, O bring my pre-cious jew - els; Gath - er them from land and sea?"

Do you hear the lov - ing Sav - ior, Call - ing you to work and pray?
Do you know the Sav-ior loves them As He did in days of old?
Will you send to them the sto - ry Of that Sav - ior and His love?

If you wait, some ba-by voic - es Will have died so far a - way.
Yearns to fold them to His bo - som When they've heard the sto-ry told.
Tell them how He wants to lead them To the heav'n-ly home a - bove.

No. 149. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low-ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Sav - ior, in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Lord of all! ....
A - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord of all!

No. 150. Little Stars.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. H. Pierson. J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak - ing the world a - round us, Hap - py with light and love.

No. 151. Little Sunbeams.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.

D.S.—*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

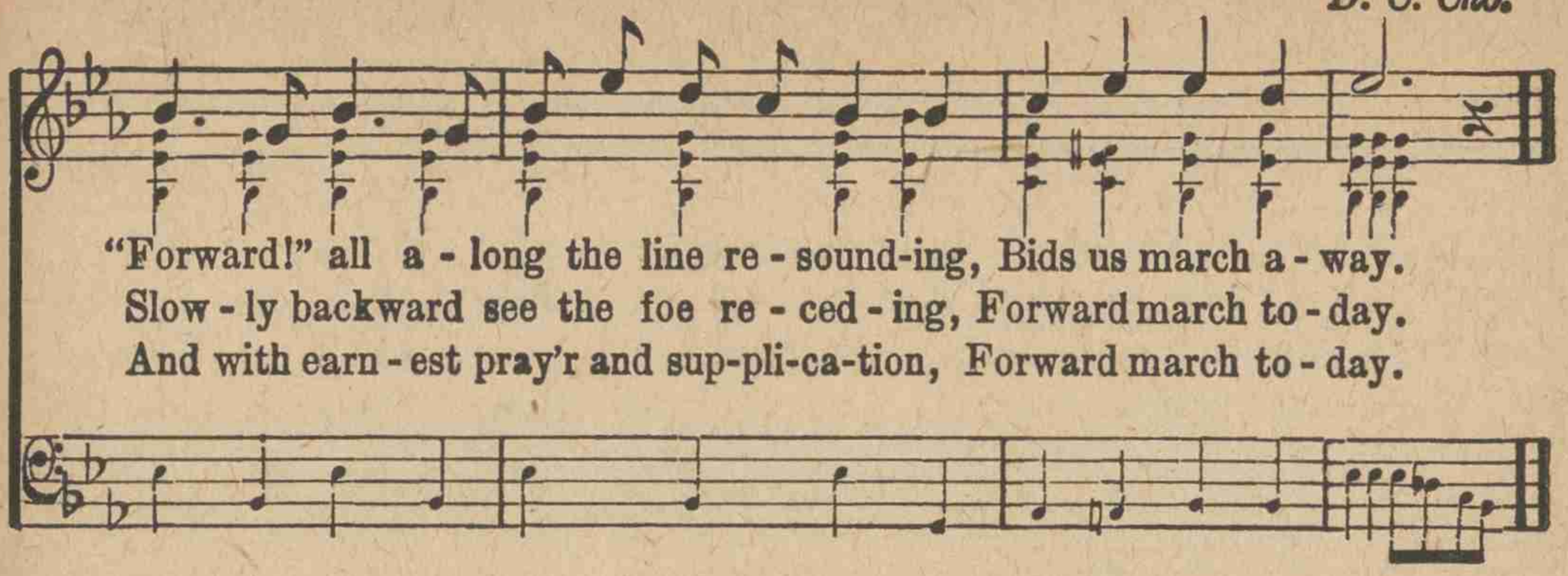
No. 152. The Young People's Army.

OPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Mrs, Carrie B. Adams.

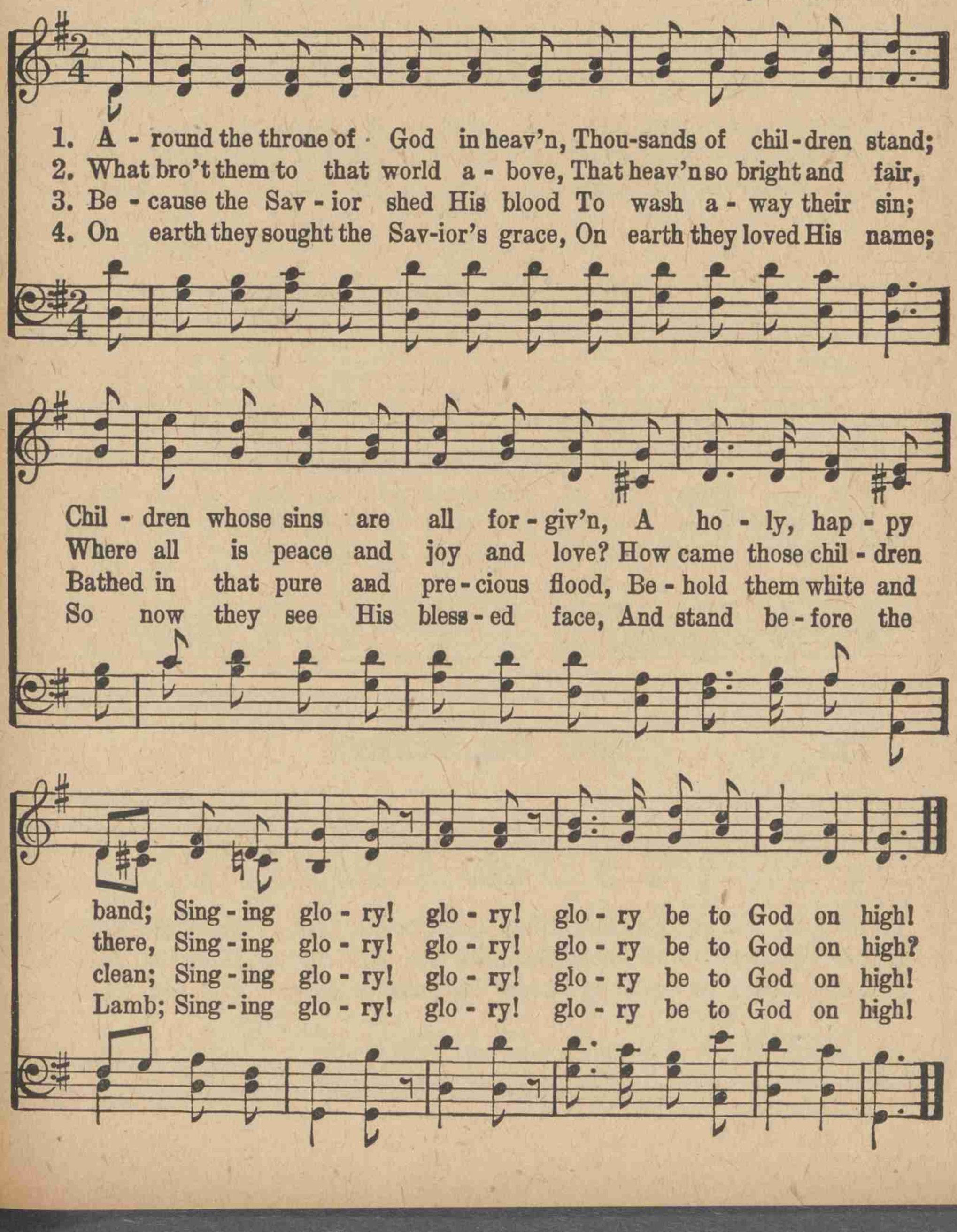
The Young People's Army.

D. C. Cho.



No. 153. Around the Throne.

Annie H. Shepherd. **Henry E. Mathews.**



No. 154. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that

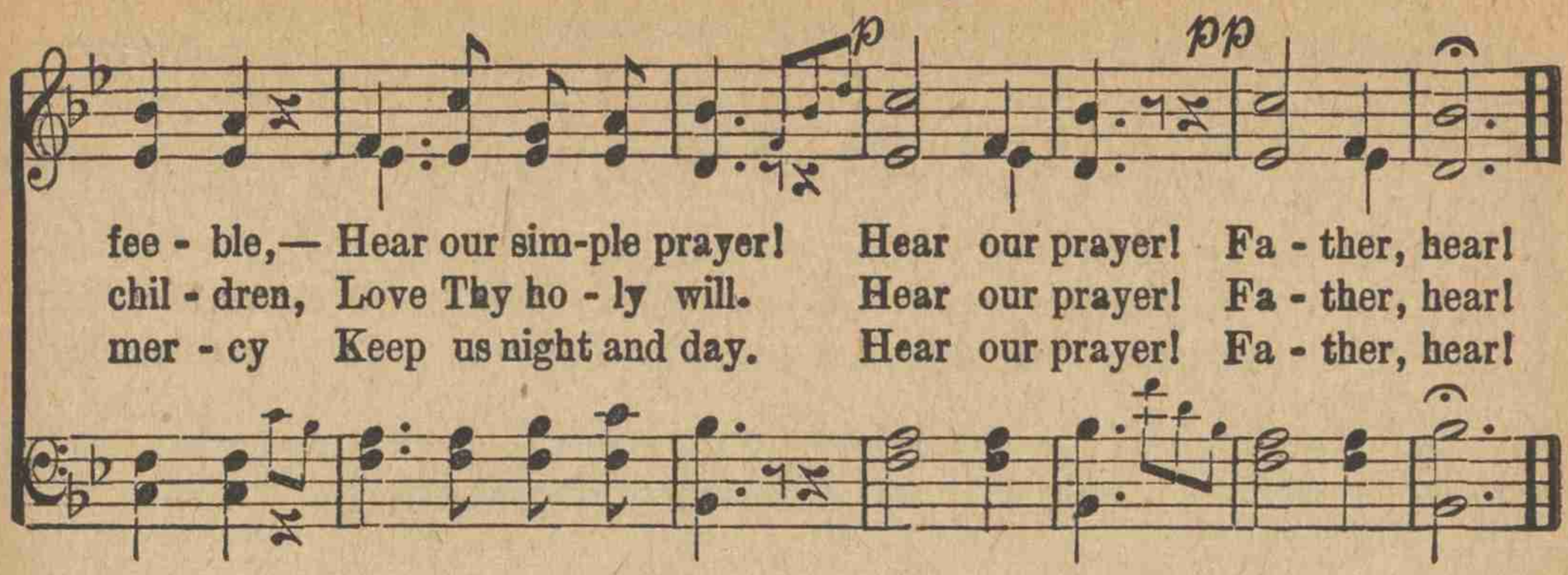
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

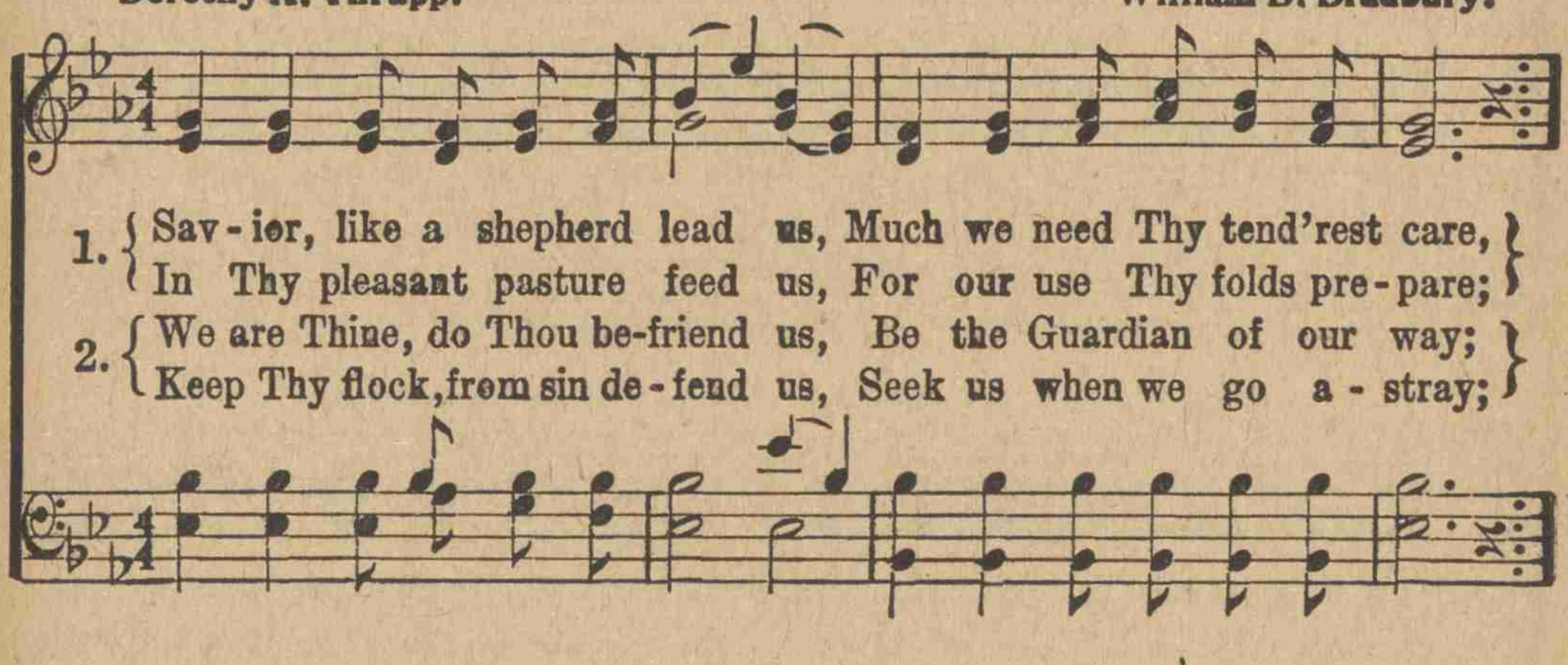
No. 155. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa - ther, Thou whose gen-tle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

Hear Our Prayer.

No. 156. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William 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 Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

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

No. 157. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Chorus Selections.

No. 158.

Some Other Day.

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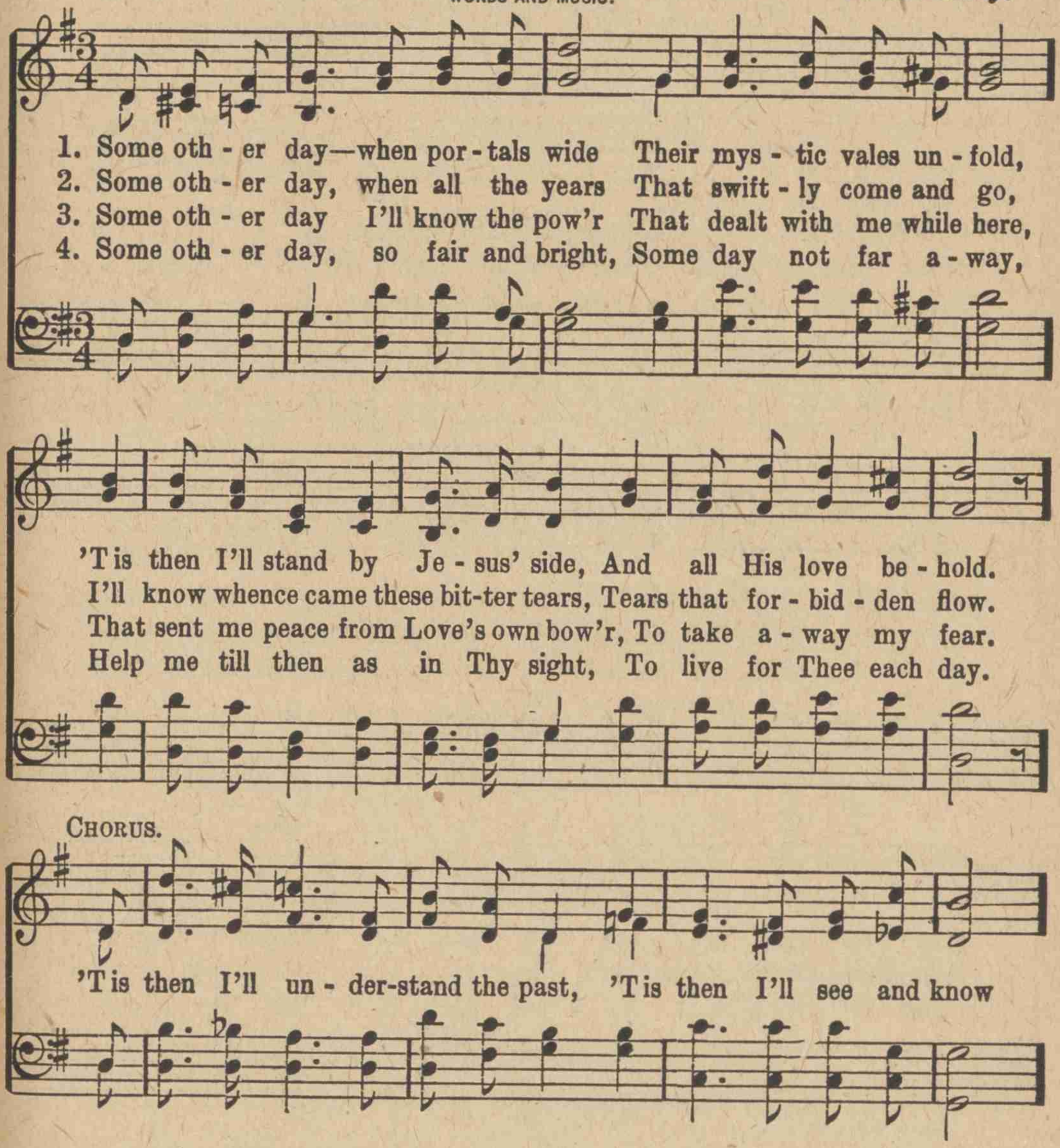
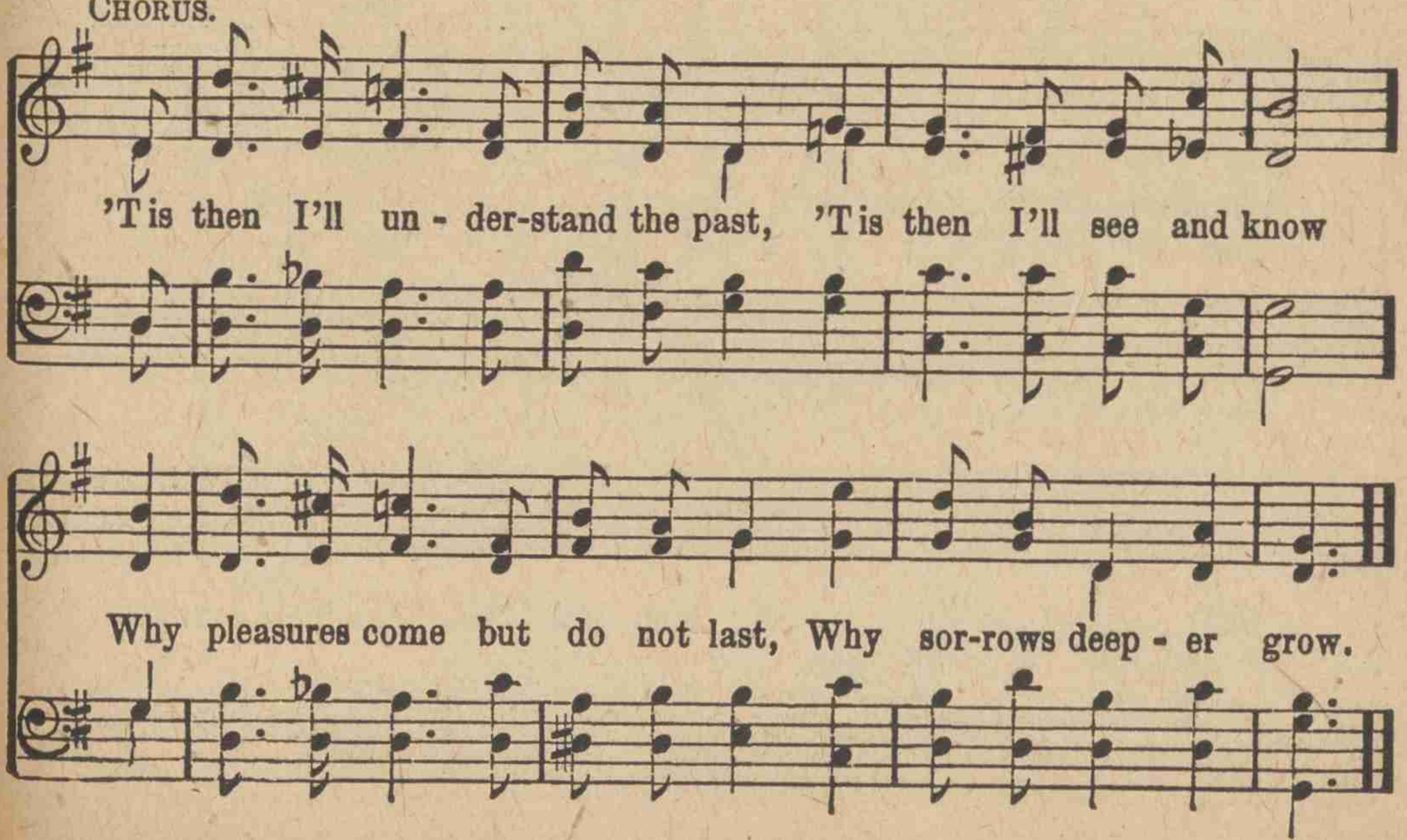
WORDS AND MUSIC.

I. D. K. B. D. Ackley.



CHORUS.



No. 159. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

Hail! . . . . . .

No. 160. "The Theme Eternal."

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

1. Oh, could my voice make the u - ni-verse ring, Love still my theme should be; . . . . . More than has ev - er been sung I would sing Of
2. Had I a thou-sand more years still to live Here in this earth - ly place, ... All to my Sav - ior di - vine I would give, Ex-
3. Soon in the land where the ransomed rejoice, I with my Lord shall be; . . . . . Then I shall sing with a far sweet-er voice, In

Je - sus who suf - fered for me; . . . . . Moun-tains and val - leys their
tol - ling His won - der - ful grace; . . . . Stars for my crown should be
praise of His good-ness to me. . . . . There, near the throne of my

voi - ces should raise, Sun, moon, and stars a - bove, ...
ev - er my aim, "More love to Thee" my plea, ...
glo - ri - fied King, With all the throngs a - bove, ...

"The Theme Eternal."

All should repeat thro' the ages my praise Of Christ and His wonderful love.
Sweeter and sweeter my voice should proclaim The Savior who suffered for me.
Sweet-er as age fol-lows age, I shall sing Of Christ and His wonderful love.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, praise Him, Je-sus the King a-bove;

Praise Him, ye nations, ye throngs on high, Sing of His mer-cy and love;

Hon-or, glo-ry, His thro' the a-ges shall be,

Honor, and glo-ry, and praise to the Lamb Who suffered death for me.

No. 161. Marching in His Name.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,

Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun-try, To a bet - ter, bright-er land;
And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;

Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
But our Lead-er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun-ning knows,
Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,

We are march-ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a-gainst the chief of foes.
On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

With a firm de-term-i-na-tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en-list-ed, And are march-ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev-er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way

To a cit-y bright, e-ter-nal, In a land of cloud-less day,

land of cloud-less day,

To a cit-y bright e-ter-nal, In a land of cloud-less day.

No. 162. Christ is Leading On.

J. F. Williams.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

ff

1. We have heard the cry re-sound-ing from the East and from the West,
2. In the an - nals of the world be - hold the writ - ings of His word;
3. Ere the word of Christ shall fail Him, heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;
4. On-ward then, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, with the truth that makes men free,

Call - ing val - iant men to serve our King, of all the kings the best;
In the ep - och - mak-ing bat - tles see the flash-ing of His sword;
So for one - ness of be - liev - ers we will work, and watch, and pray;
From the mountains and the prai - ries to the is - lands of the sea;

We en - list to brave-ly bat - tle till the na-tions are pos-sessed,
God is swift-ly crushing Sa-tan thro' the strength of Christ the Lord;
We shall see and share the vic-t'ry of that glad tri-um-phant day,
Un - to God shall be the glo - ry, un - to faith the vic - to - ry!

Christ is Leading On.

For Christ, our great Commander, for Christ, Im-man-u - el.
Sin's might - y host shall trem-ble, for venge-ance is our God's.
When Christ shall con-quer Sa - tan, and come in peace to reign.
All hail the name of Je - sus, all hail Im - man - u - el!

CHORUS.

Shout ho - san - na, Christ vic - to - rious! See His
Shout ho - san - na, Christ vic - to - rious!
ban - rer proud-ly wav-ing o - ver us! Sin and er - ror fall be-
Sin and er - ror
fore us, For Christ is lead - ing on; Sin and
fall be - fore us,
er - ror fall be-fore us, For Christ is lead-ing on.
Sin and er - ror fall before us,

No. 163. Gather We Here.

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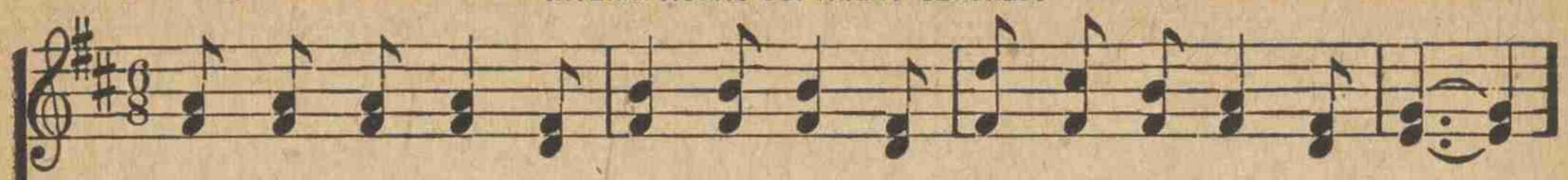
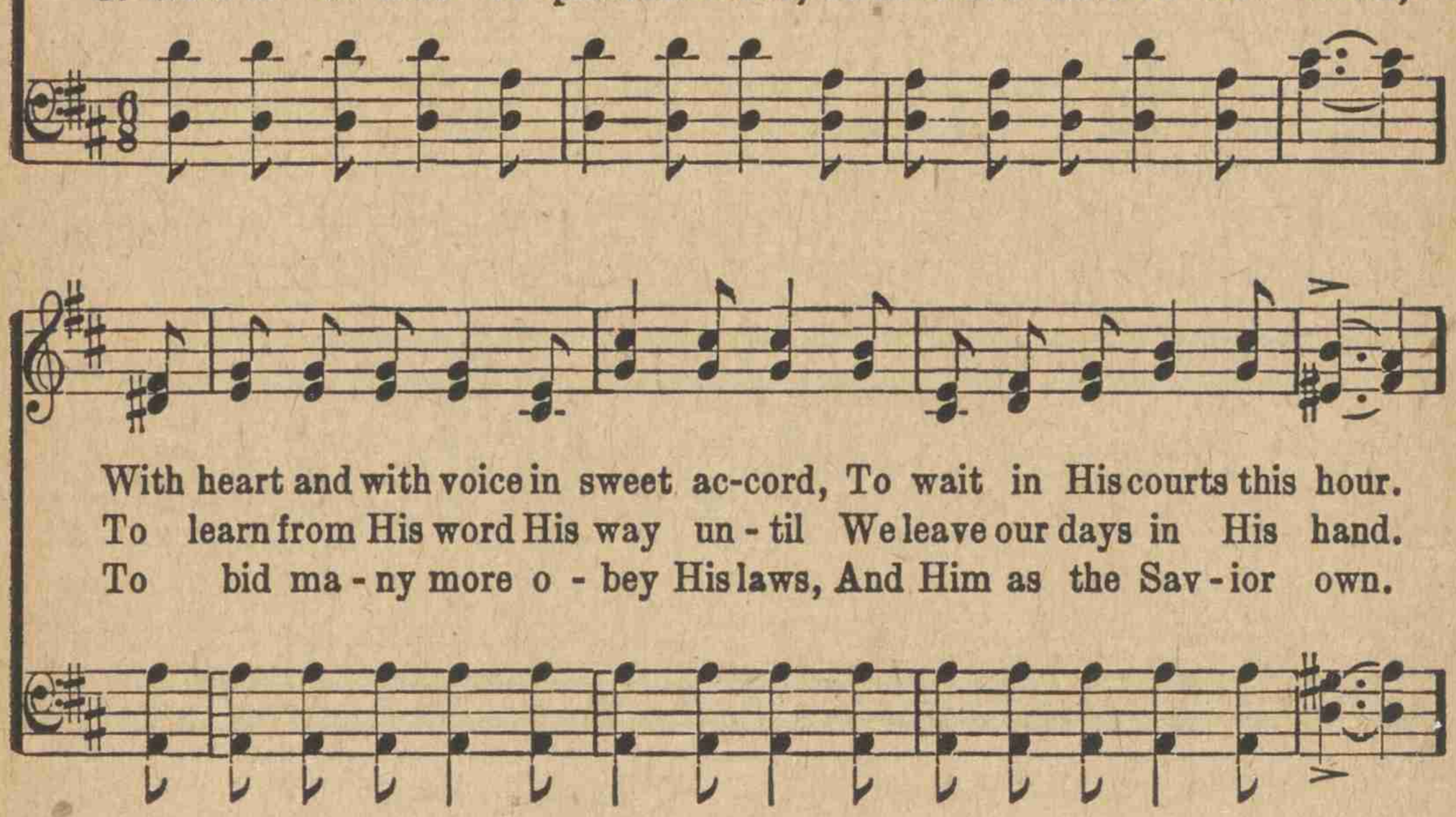
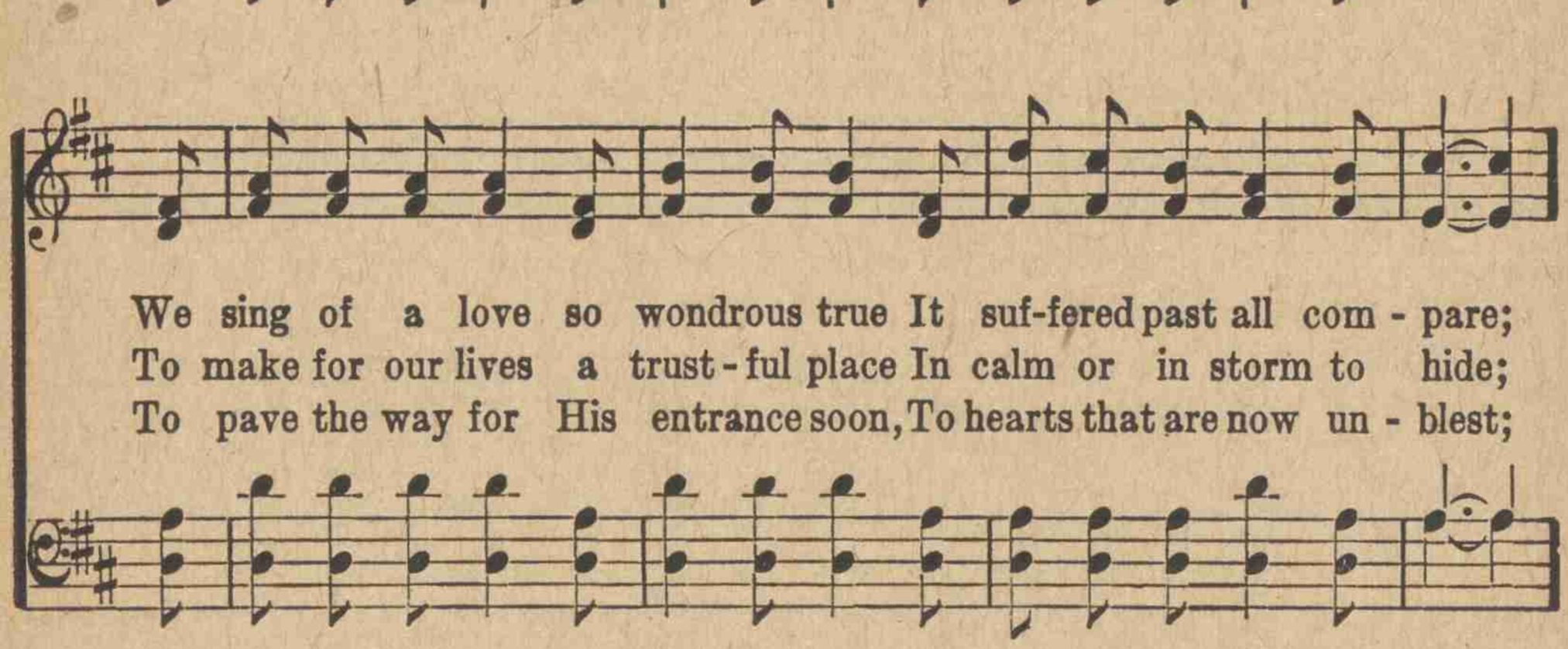
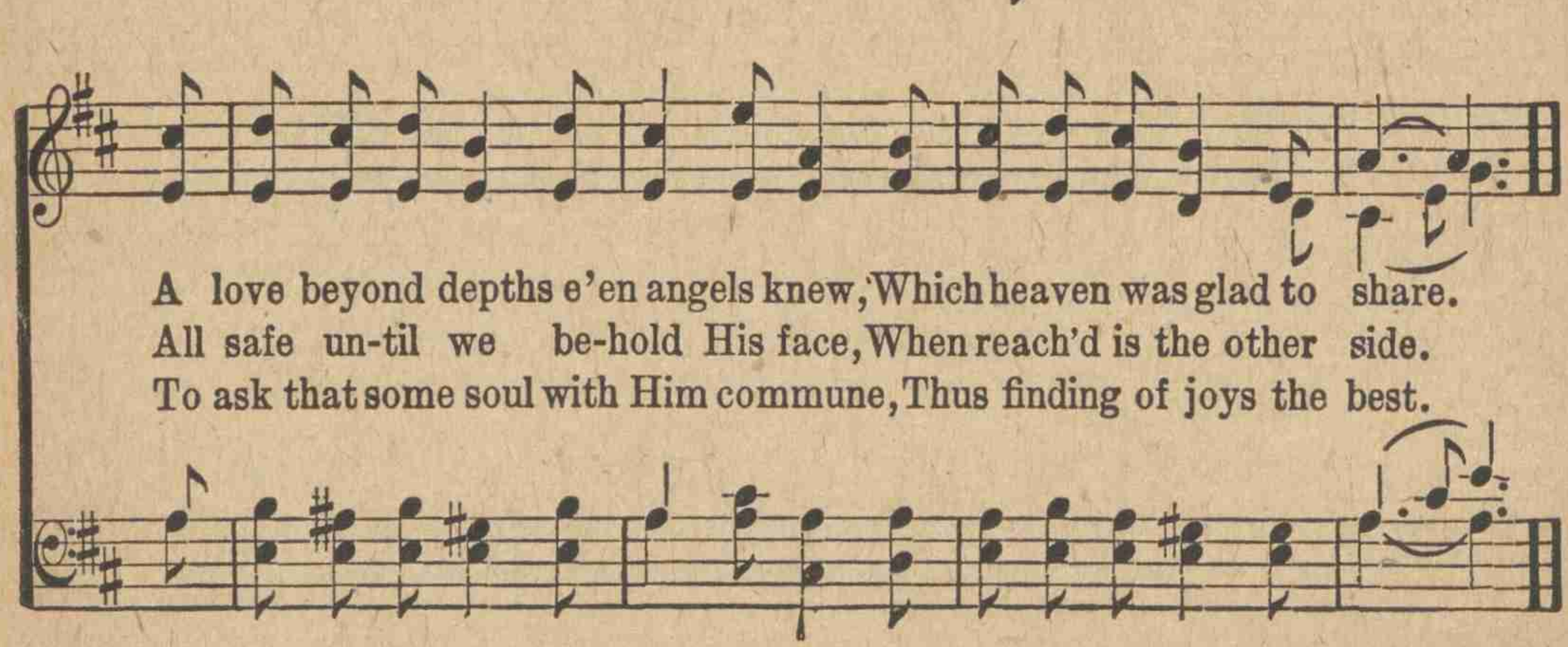
John R. Clements. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Gath-er we here to praise the Lord, And tell of His love and pow'r;
2. Gath-er we here to learn His will, To know what for each He's plann'd;
3. Gath-er we here to press His cause, To hearts to His love un - known;



With heart and with voice in sweet ac-cord, To wait in His courts this hour.
To learn from His word His way un - til We leave our days in His hand.
To bid ma - ny more o - bey His laws, And Him as the Sav - ior own.



We sing of a love so wondrous true It suf-fered past all com - pare;
To make for our lives a trust - ful place In calm or in storm to hide;
To pave the way for His entrance soon, To hearts that are now un - blest;



A love beyond depths e'en angels knew, Which heaven was glad to share.
All safe un-til we be-hold His face, When reach'd is the other side.
To ask that some soul with Him commune, Thus finding of joys the best.

Gather We Here.

CHORUS.

Sing the beau - ti - ful song, Tell of the Sav - ior's love; . . . .

Sing the beau - ti - ful song, the song That tells of love, the Sav - ior's love; O speed, O speed the mes - sage a - long, And

Speed the mes - sage a - long,

Let it fill heav-en's high arch a - bove; Christ our

The Christ our Lord we

Sav - ior we praise, Joy - ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly we . . . . .

join to praise, So joy - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly, we

Sing the song we up-raise, Christ our Redeemer to Thee! . . .

Sing a-loud, the song up-raise, O Christ our Lord to Thee, to Thee!

No. 164. Crown Him King of Kings.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Rexford. De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,

Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,

Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 165. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

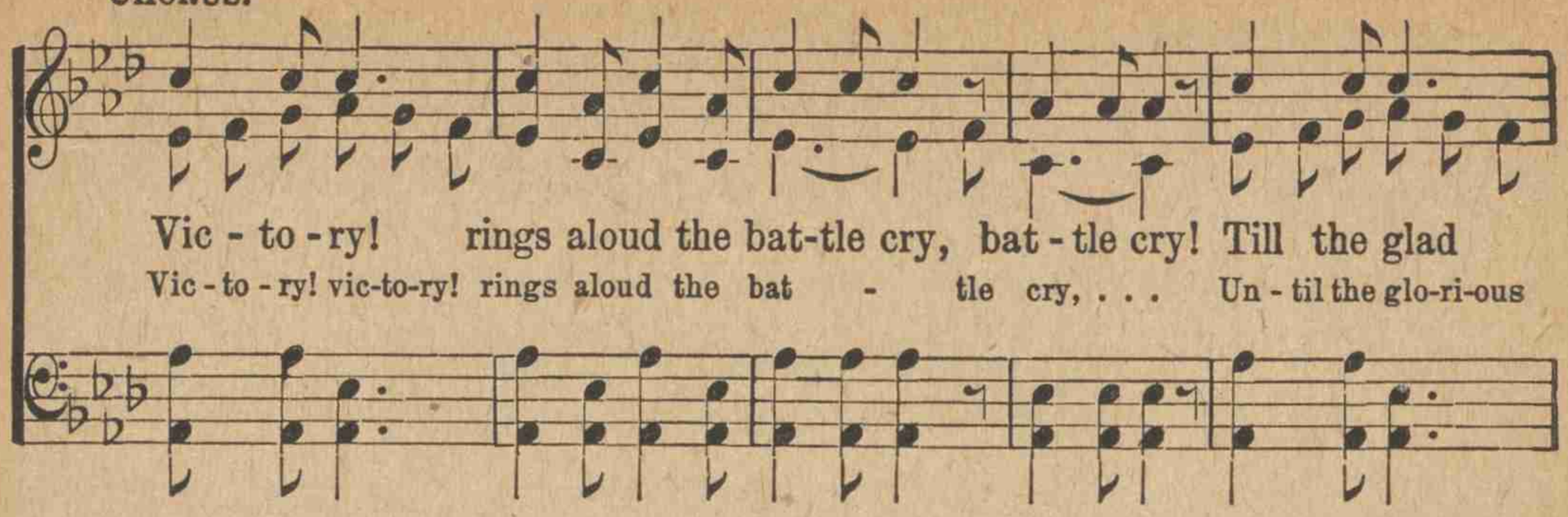
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



No. 166. The Song of Triumph.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

D. C.—1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;
2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;
3. On-ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er;

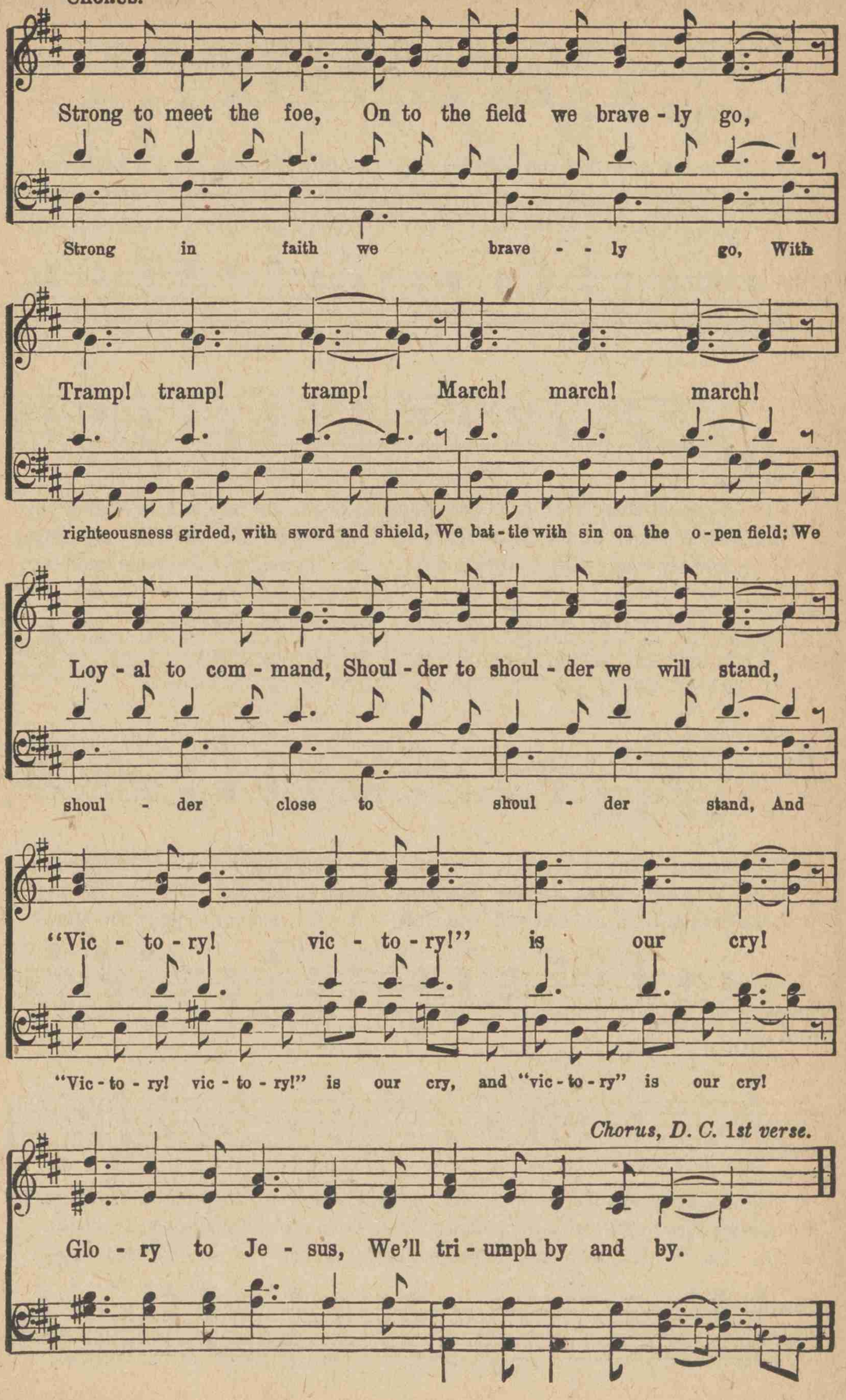
Leav - ing all at the call of the Com-man-der we love;
In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;
For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray,

Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem-ble be - fore us,
Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount-ain or riv - er,
Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum-mons to serv - ice,

FINE.

"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" ech - o the courts a - bove!
We will go for we know in - fi - nite is His love.
Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

The Song of Triumph.

CHORUS.

Chorus, D. C. 1*st verse.*

No. 167. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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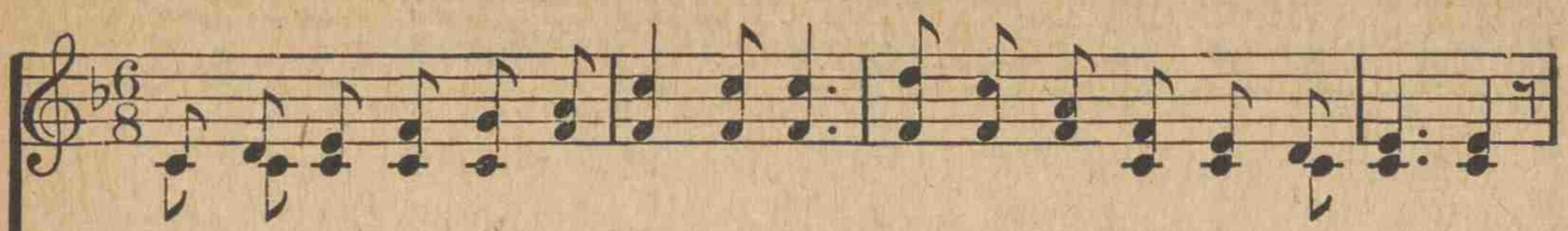
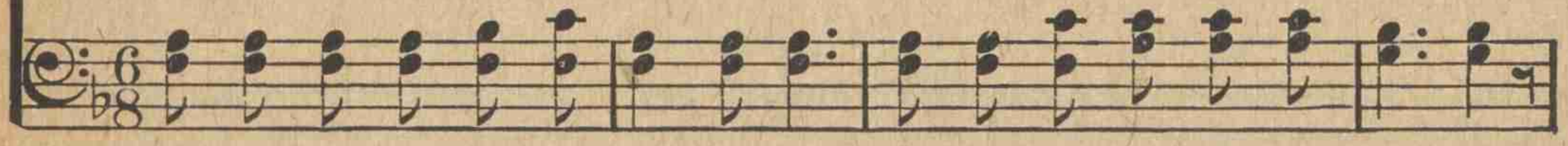
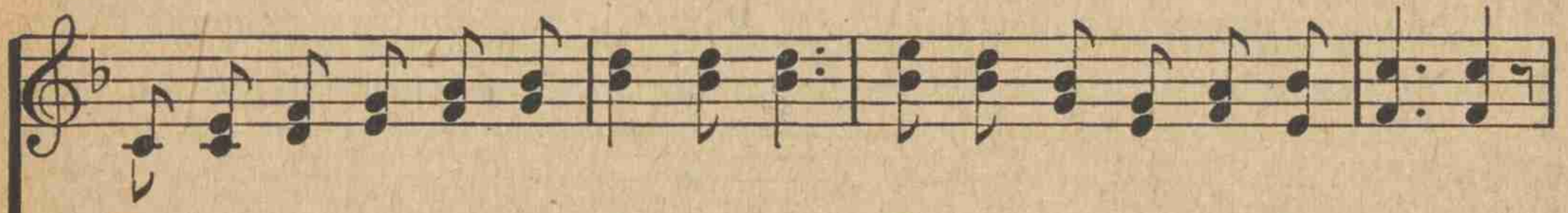
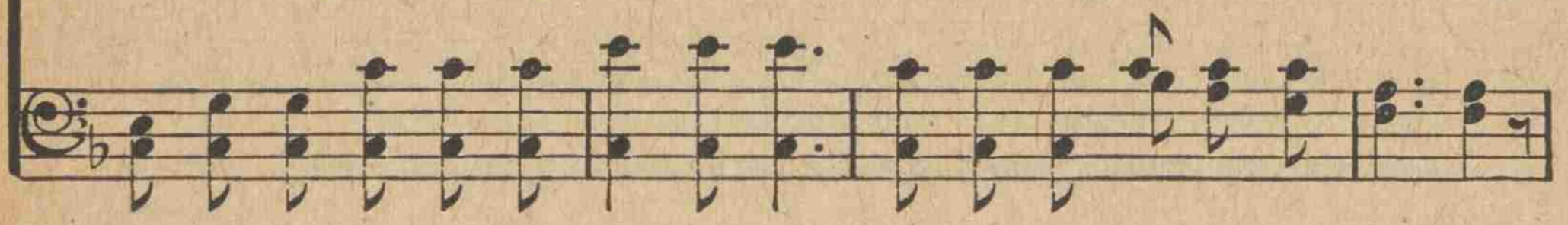
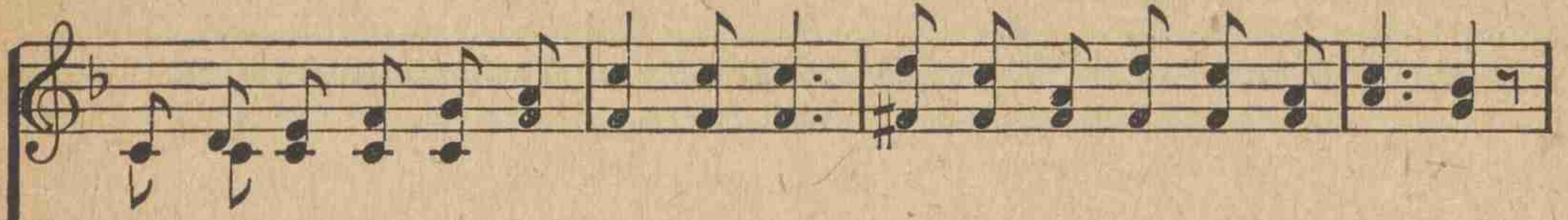
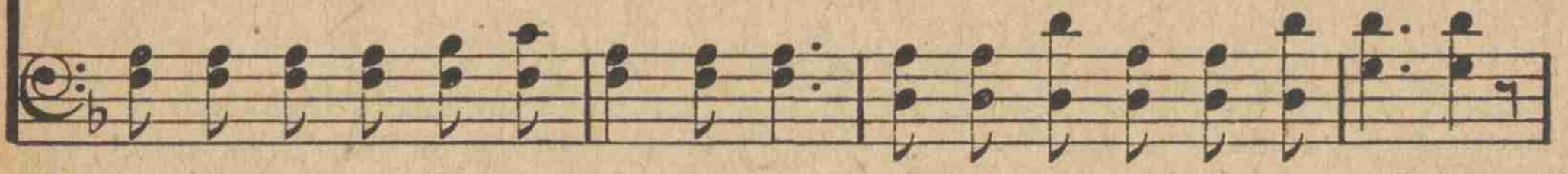
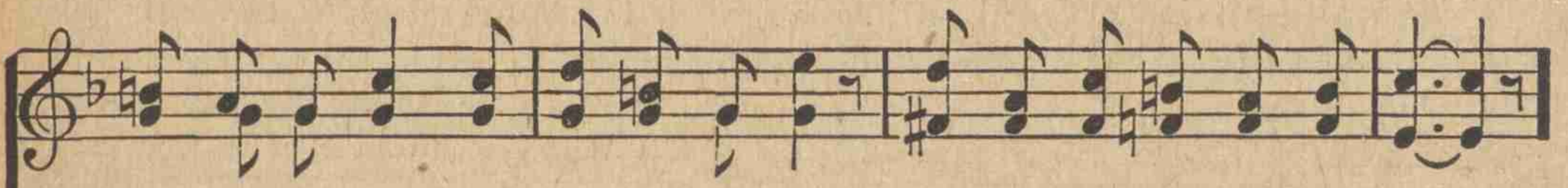
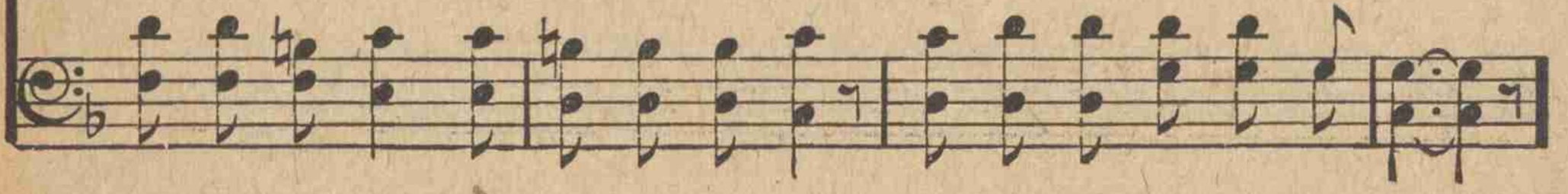
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy - ful - ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly - ing;
3. Look ye, the har - vest is tru - ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!

Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef - fort be - stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas - ter hear, Loud-ly for la - bor-ers cry - ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni - fi - cence teem-ing;

Loud-er and sweet-er the ech - oes ring, Pa-tience and loy - al - ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a - far and near, Man - y are wait-ing, de - ny - ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I - dle and care-less-ly dreaming!

As in the field the sick - le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de - light, Give ere the shad-ows ap - pear.
Go ye to - day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en - ter too late!

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

Far and wide, ... in its wav - ing pride, ... Does the

Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, ...

Does the

field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the

. . . . . .

field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

sun is high . . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . . Then a-

sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a-

wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a-

wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse, A - wake, a - wake, a-

1st & 2d verses. *After last verse only.*

wake, ... For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.

wake, a - wake,

No. 168. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py

war, With the cross of Je - sus
flee; On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
quiv - er At the shout of praise; .....
vid - ed, All one bod - y we,.....
hon - or Un - to Christ the King, ...

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. INTERLUDE.

No. 169. Alone At the Beautiful Gate.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Fred. H. Byshe.

Moderato.

SOLO.

1. I dreamed that I stood at the por - tal of heav'n, With saints of the
2. "Why came I a - lone?" to an an - gel I said; "All oth - ers have
3. "A - las!" said the an - gel, "none saw in thy face The smile of the

a - ges whom Christ had for - giv'n; But I was a - lone in the
dear ones whom here they have led; Have I none who love me, who
Mas - ter, the heav - en - ly grace; He asked for thy - self, but the

midst of the throng, And some-thing I missed from the heav-en-ly song.
watch and who wait To en - ter with me thro' the Beau-ti-ful Gate?"
price was too great, And so thou art lone - ly at Heaven's own Gate."

CHORUS *to first and second verses.*

A - lone! A - lone! A-lone at the Beau-ti-ful Gate! A - lone! A-

Alone At the Beautiful Gate.

lone! A-lone at the Beau-ti-ful Gate! O pit-y of pit-ies,

O sorrowful fate, To journey a-lone, a-lone to the Beautiful Gate!

CHORUS *to third verse only.*

I woke from my dream with a cry in my soul; "O Lord, take my

life,—not a part, but the whole; No toil is a bur-den, no price is too

great For one who has dreamed of the Beau-ti-ful Gate! . . . . .

No. 170. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. USED BY PERMISSION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

crown Him, crown Him;

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

crown . . . . Him;

. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

Devotional Hymns.

No. 171. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. **F. J. Hadyn.**

No. 172. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

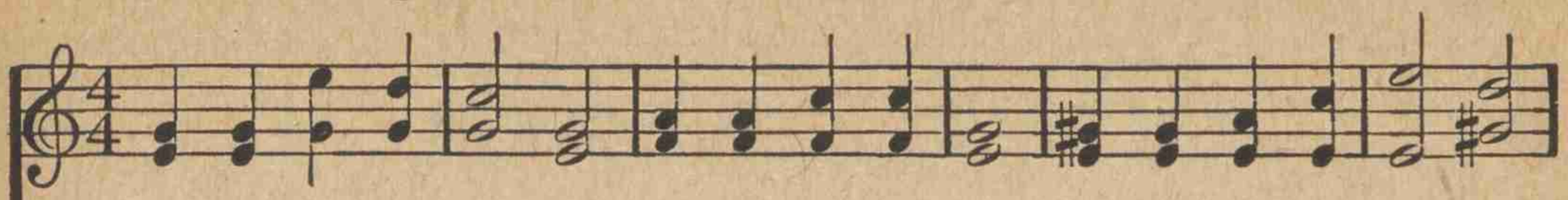
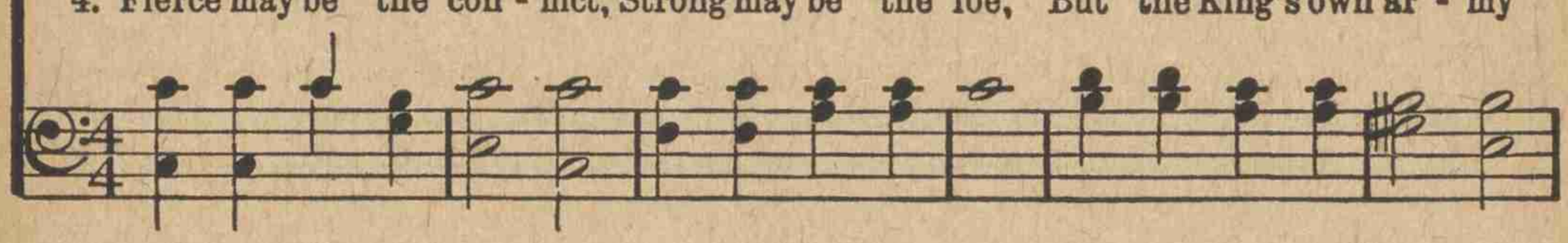
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

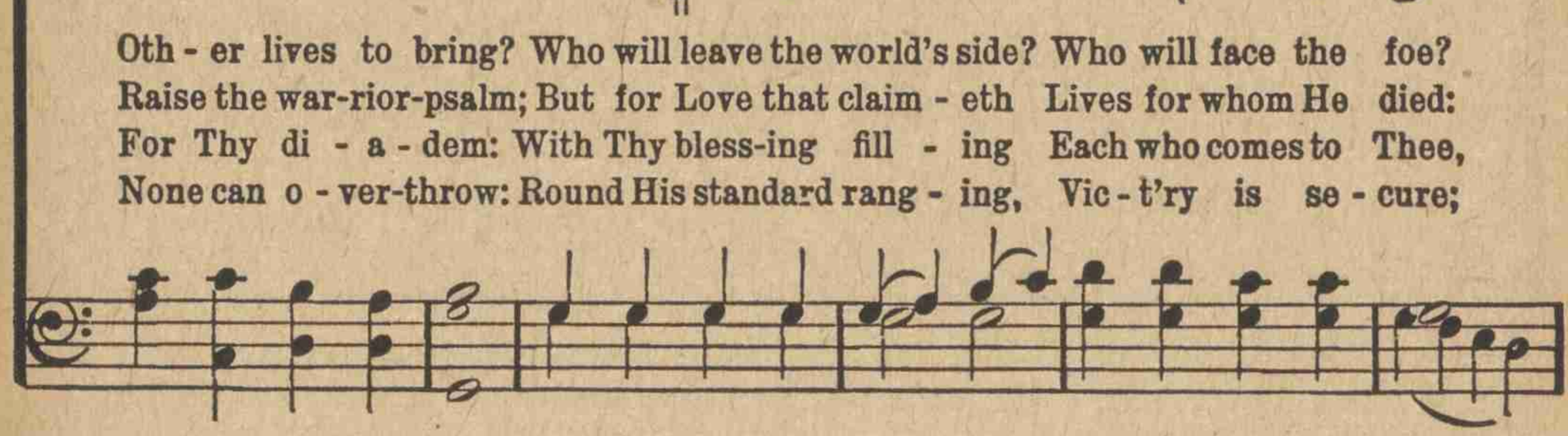
REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

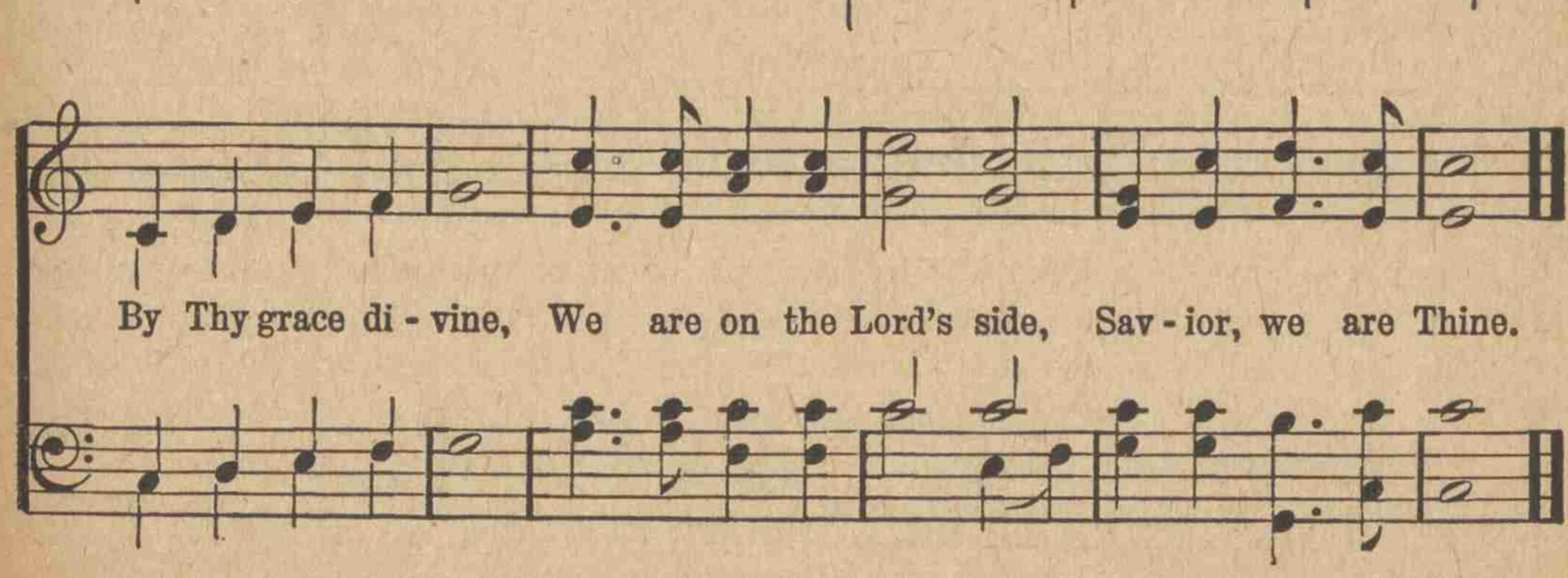
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

No. 173. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. **Sir John Goss.**

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior-psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o - ver-throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;

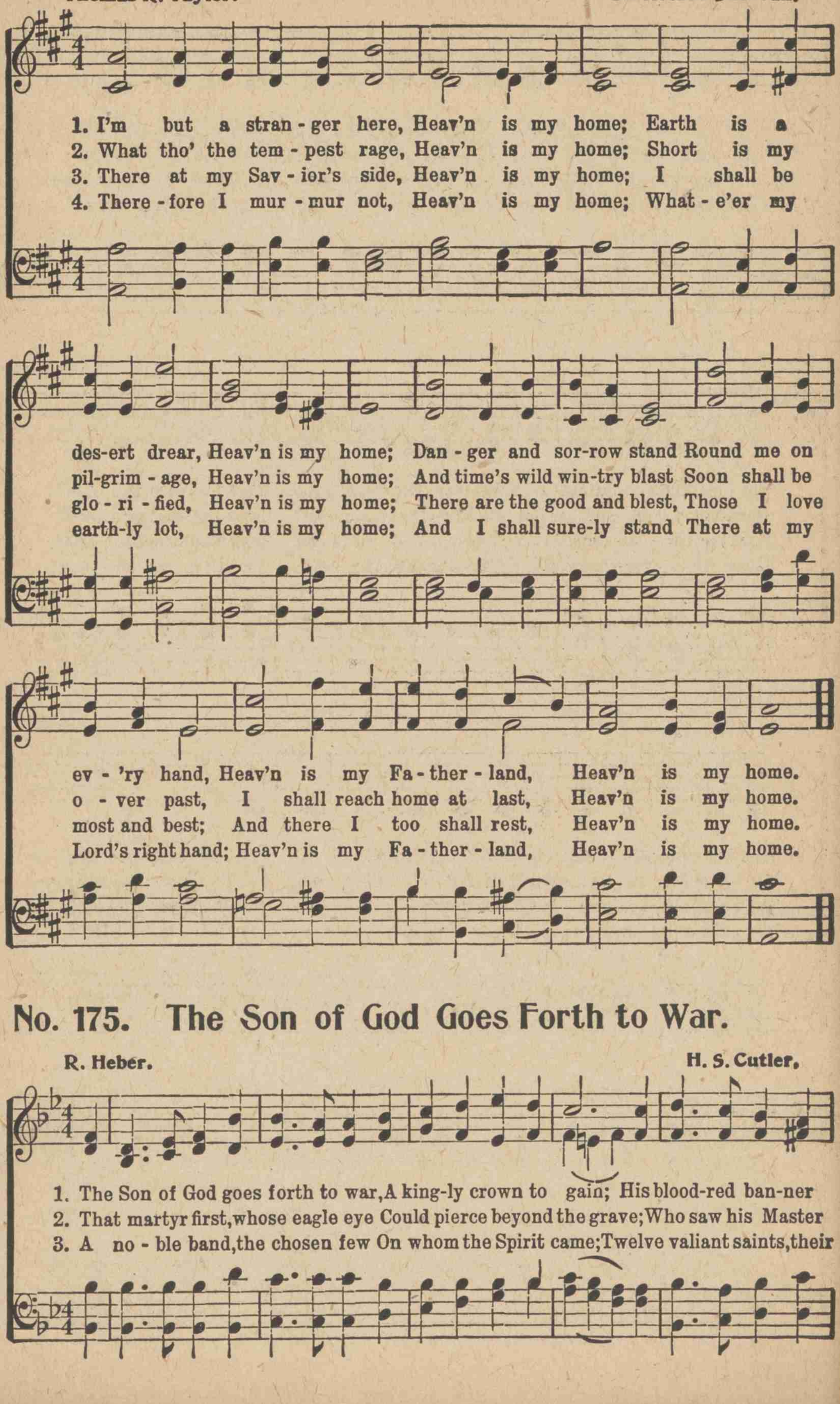


Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,



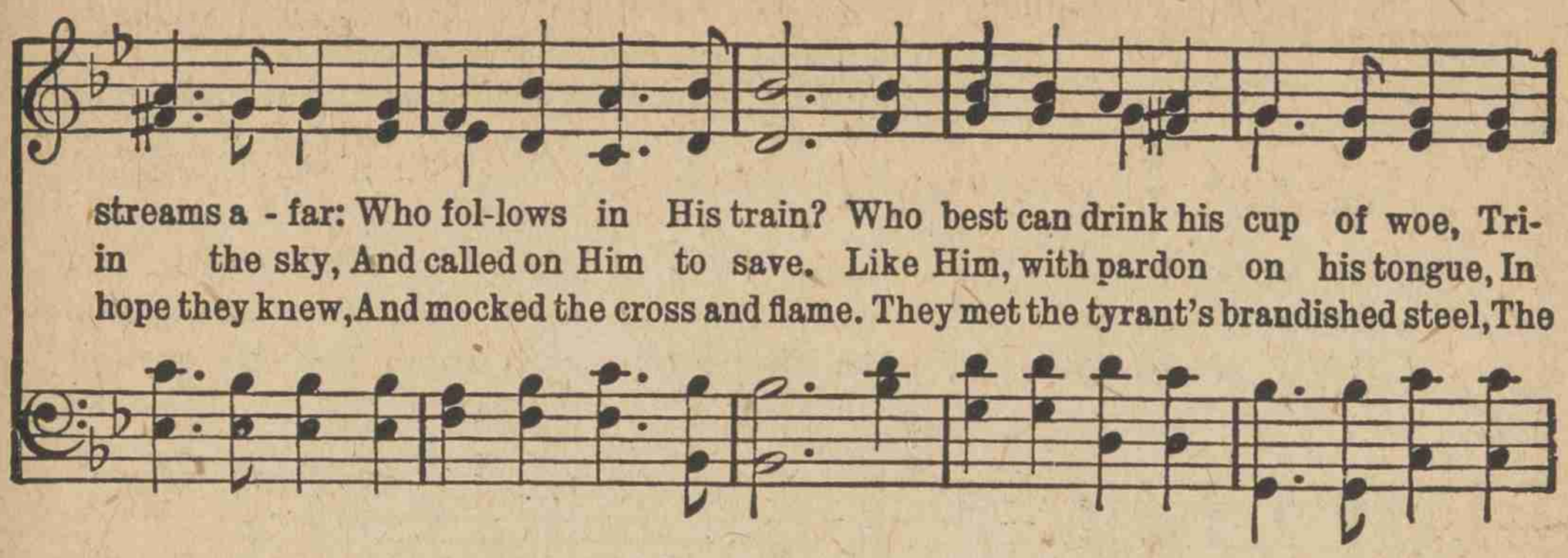
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

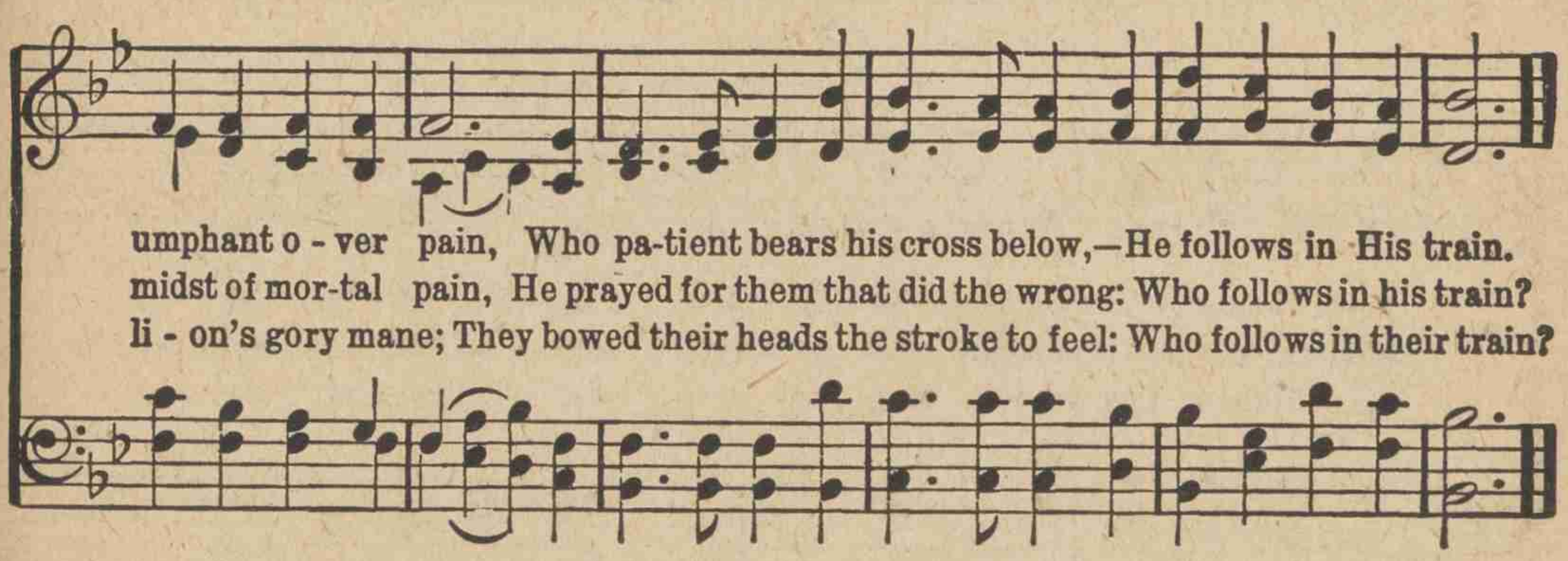
No. 174. Heaven Is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

No. 175. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

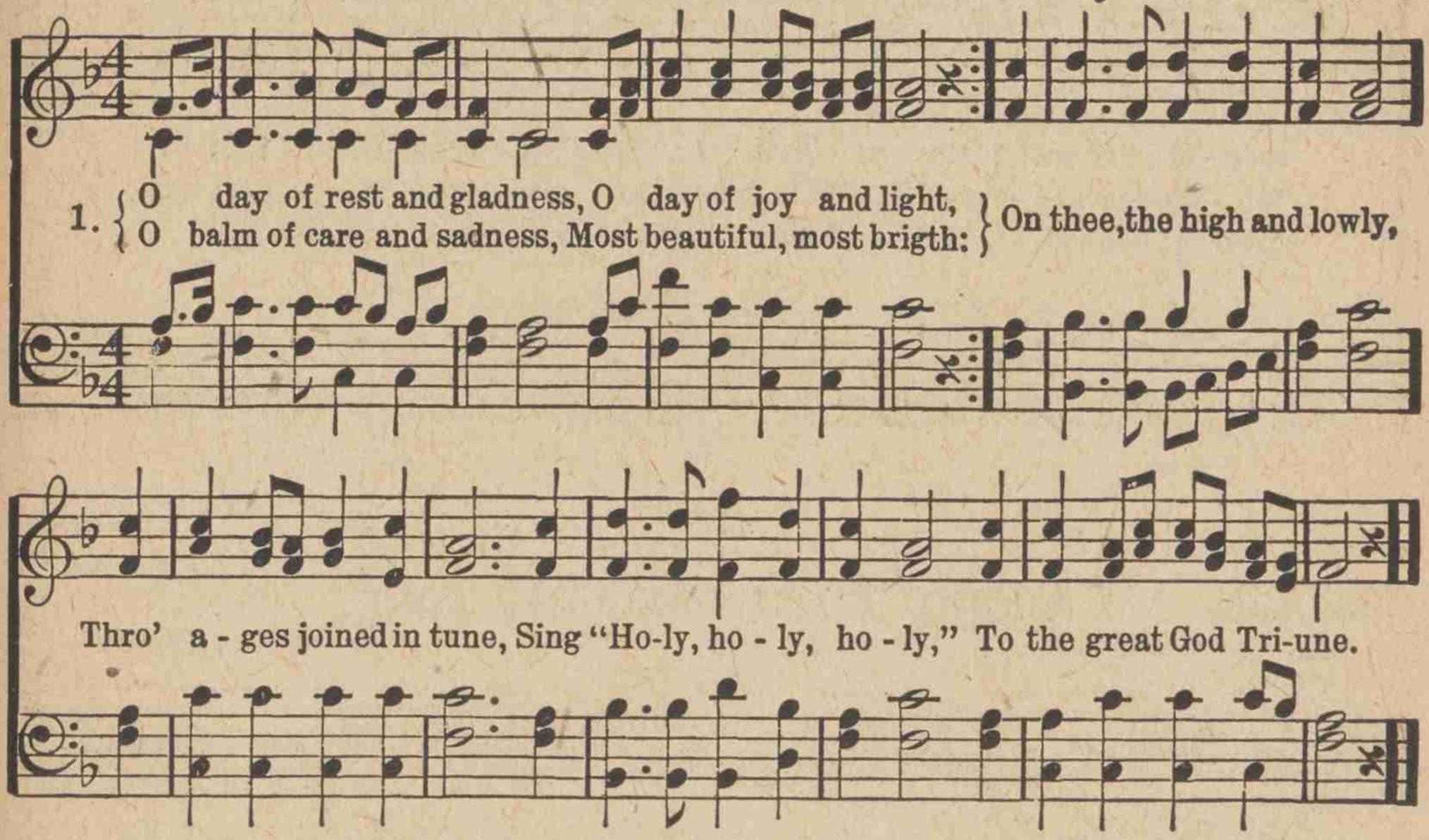
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.





No. 176. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 177. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

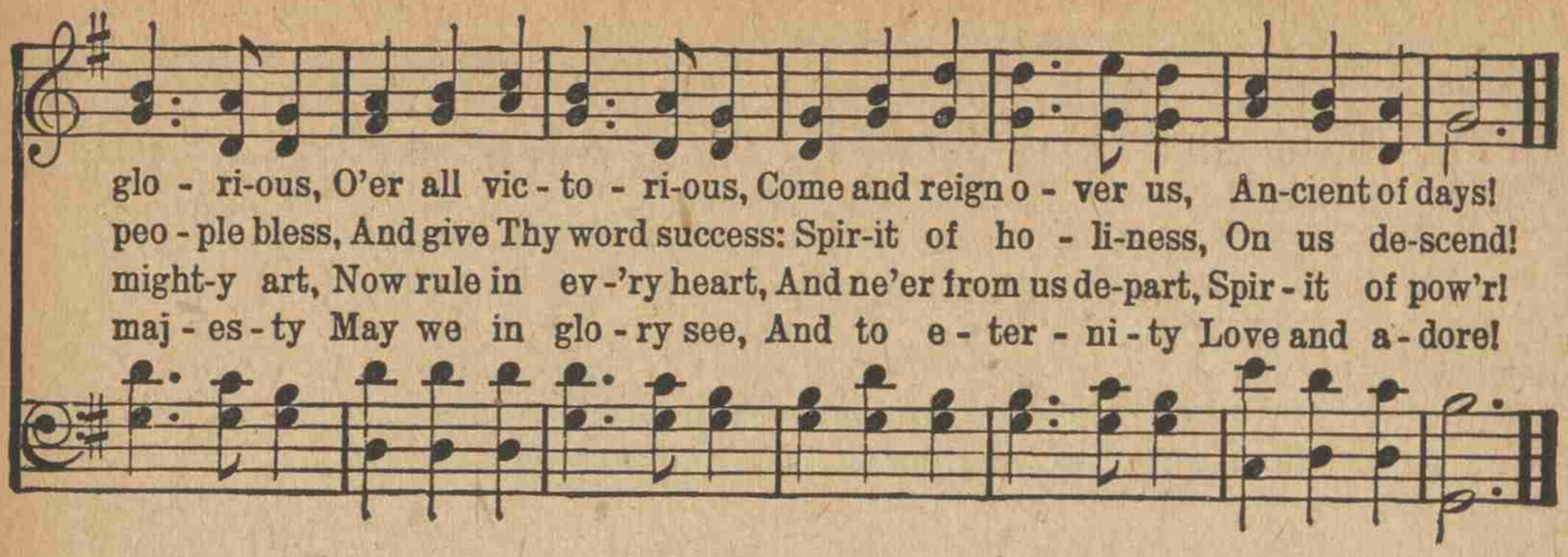
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 178. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

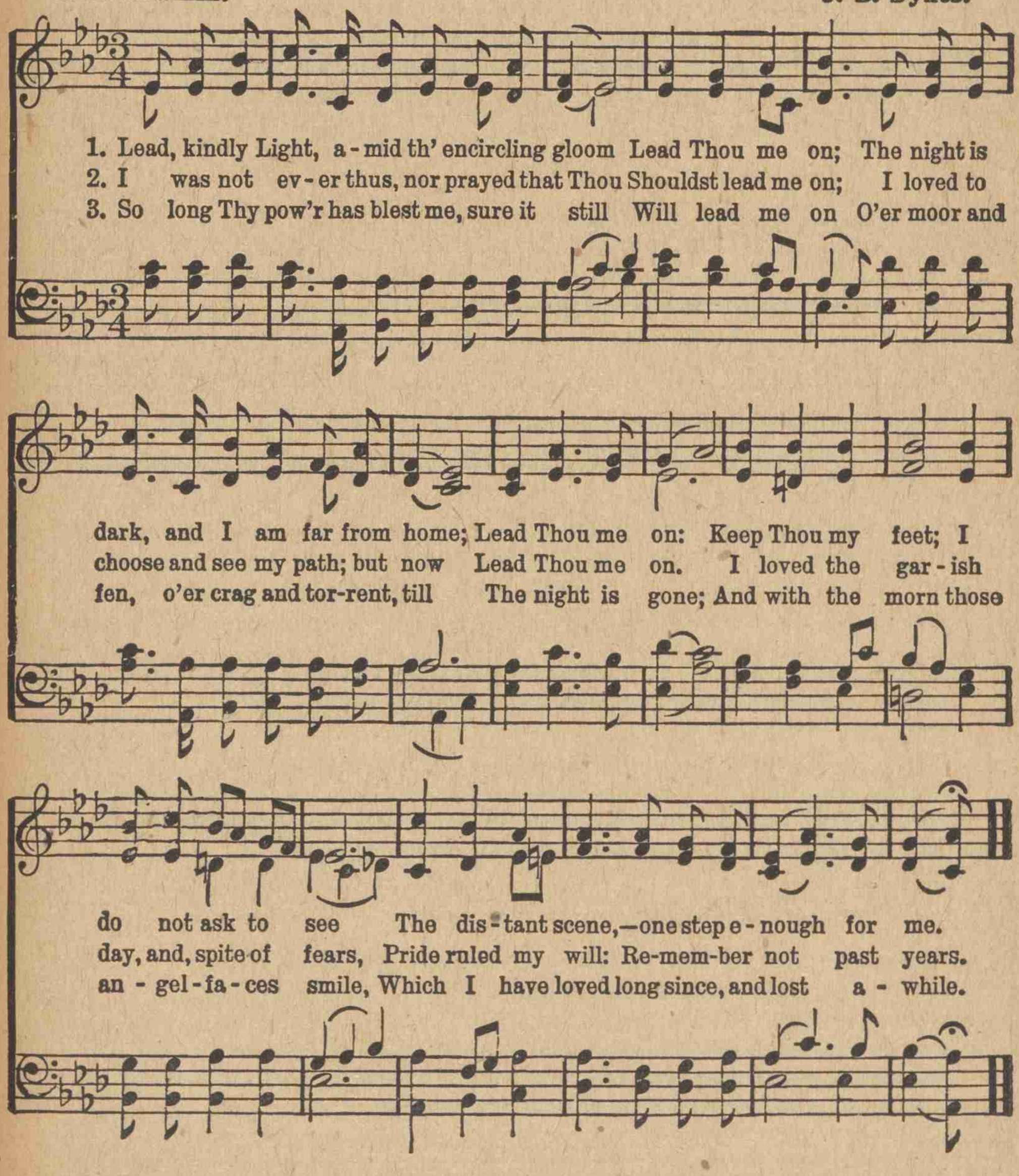
1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come Thou Almighty King.



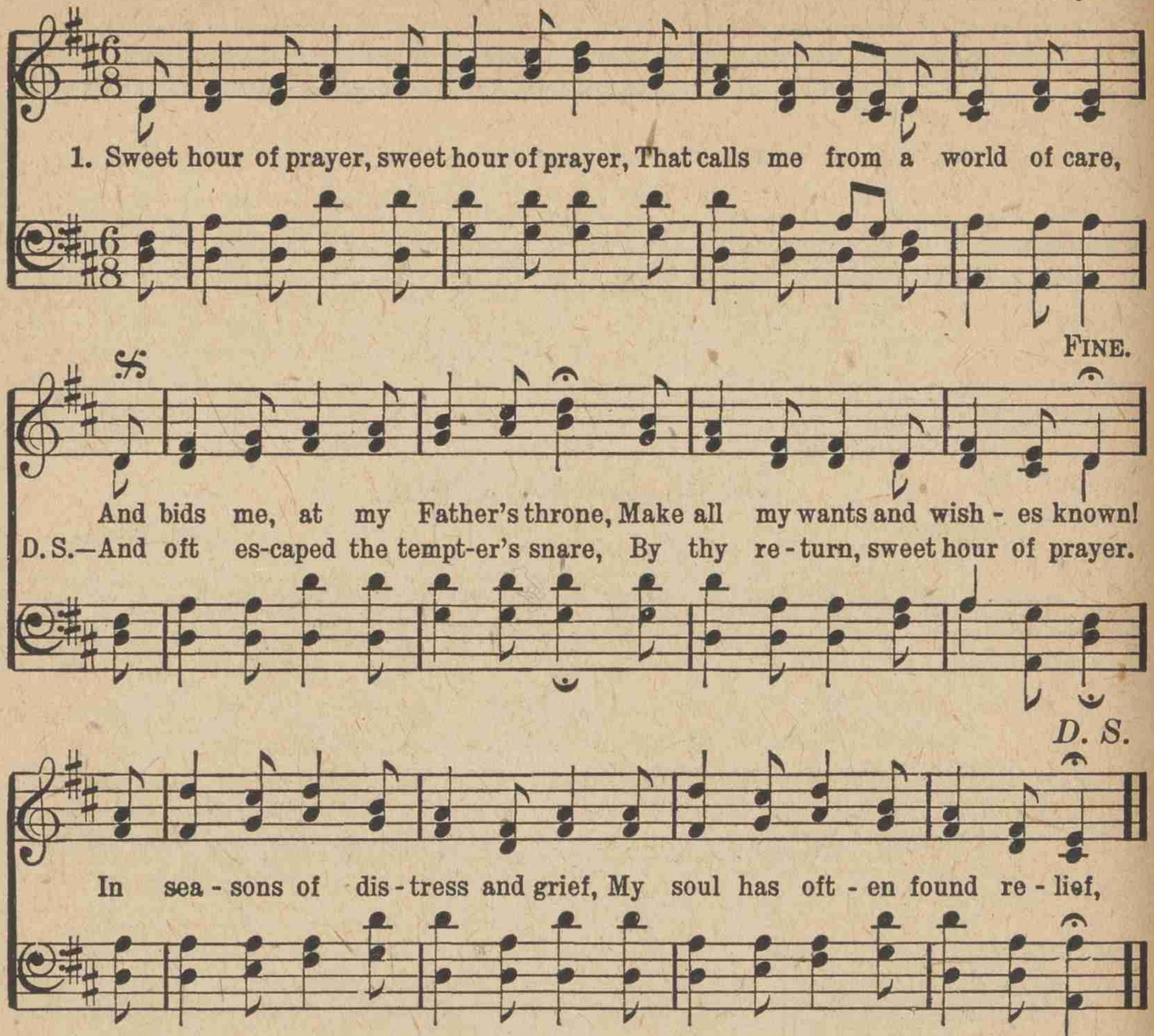
No. 179. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.



No. 180. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

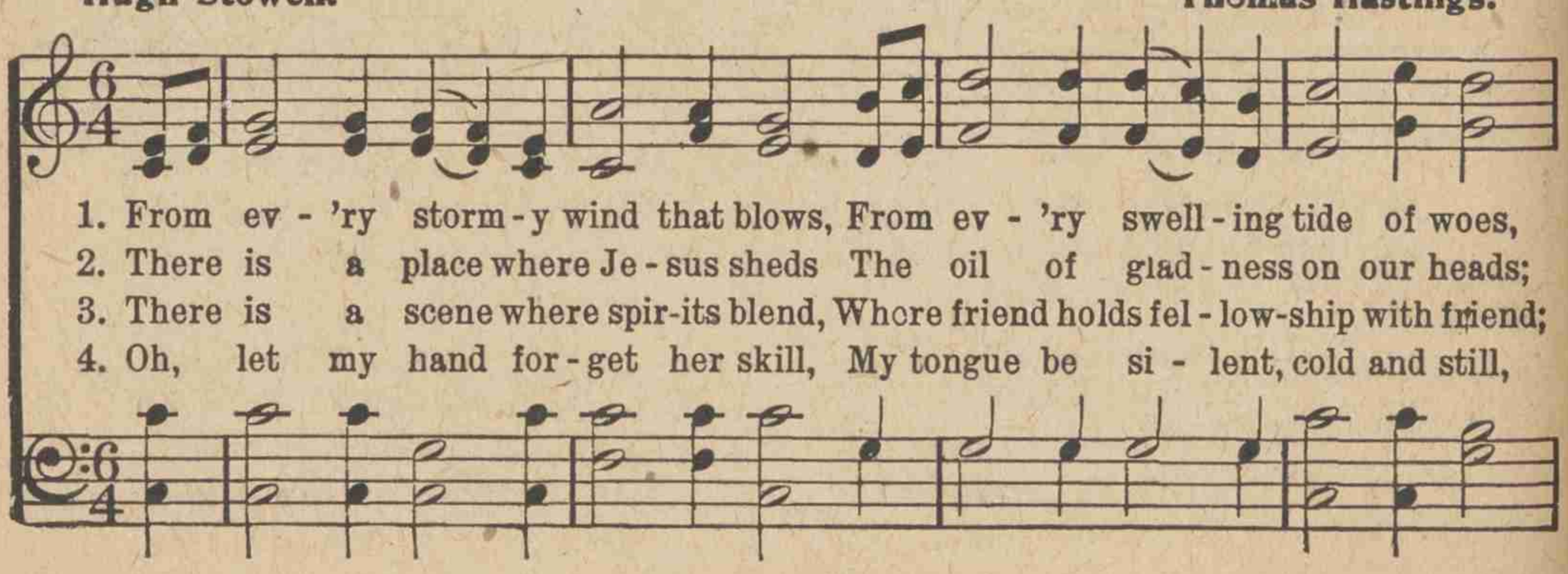


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

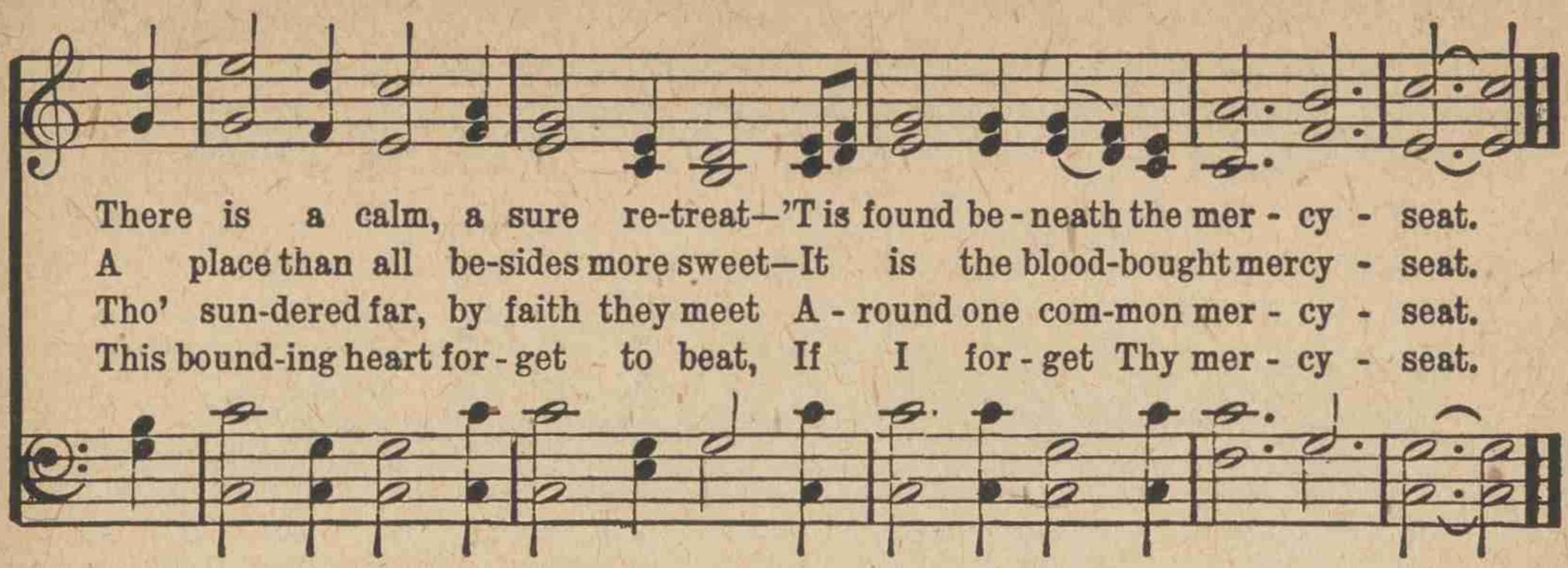
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 181. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. **Thomas Hastings.**

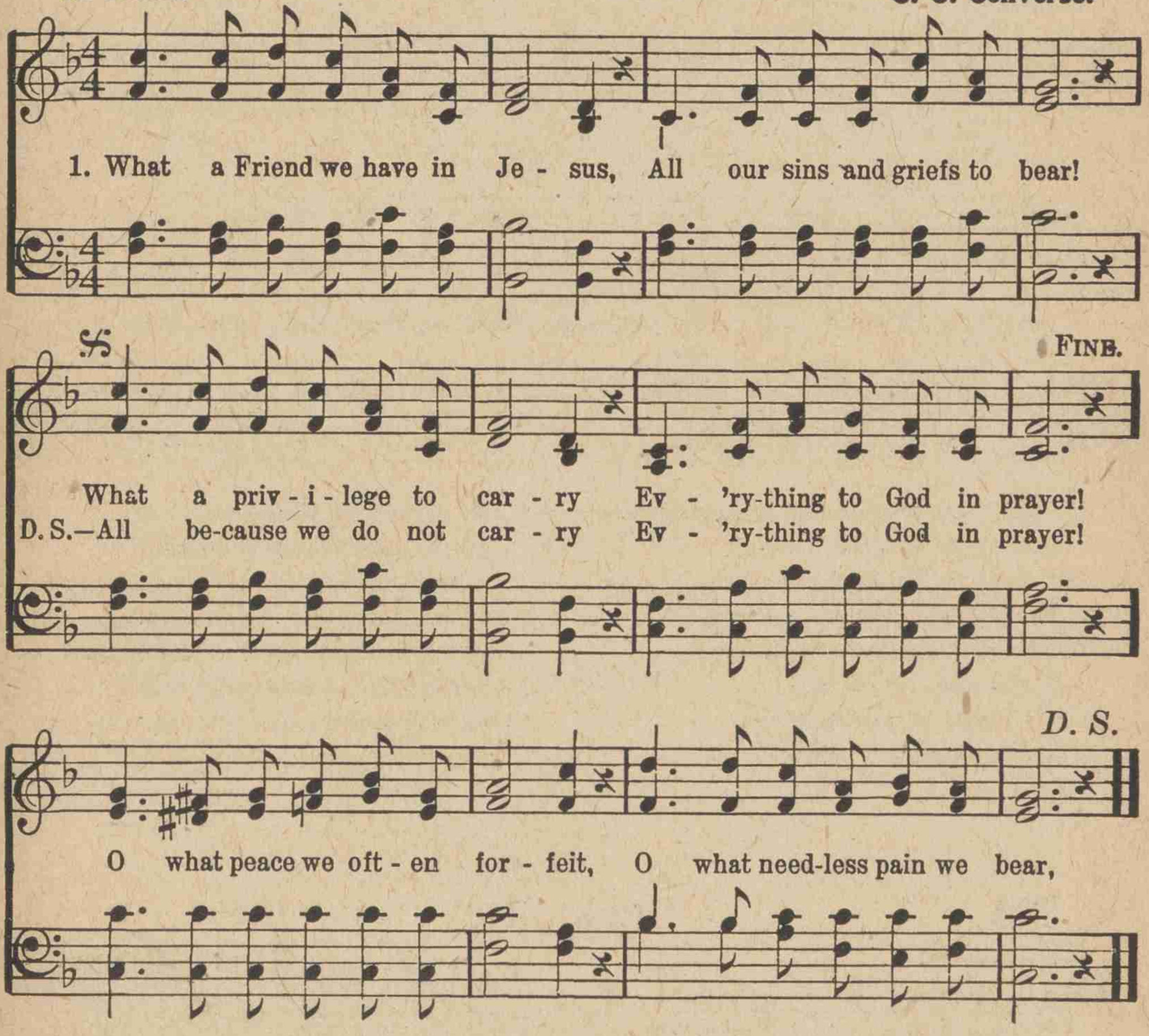


From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.



No. 182. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

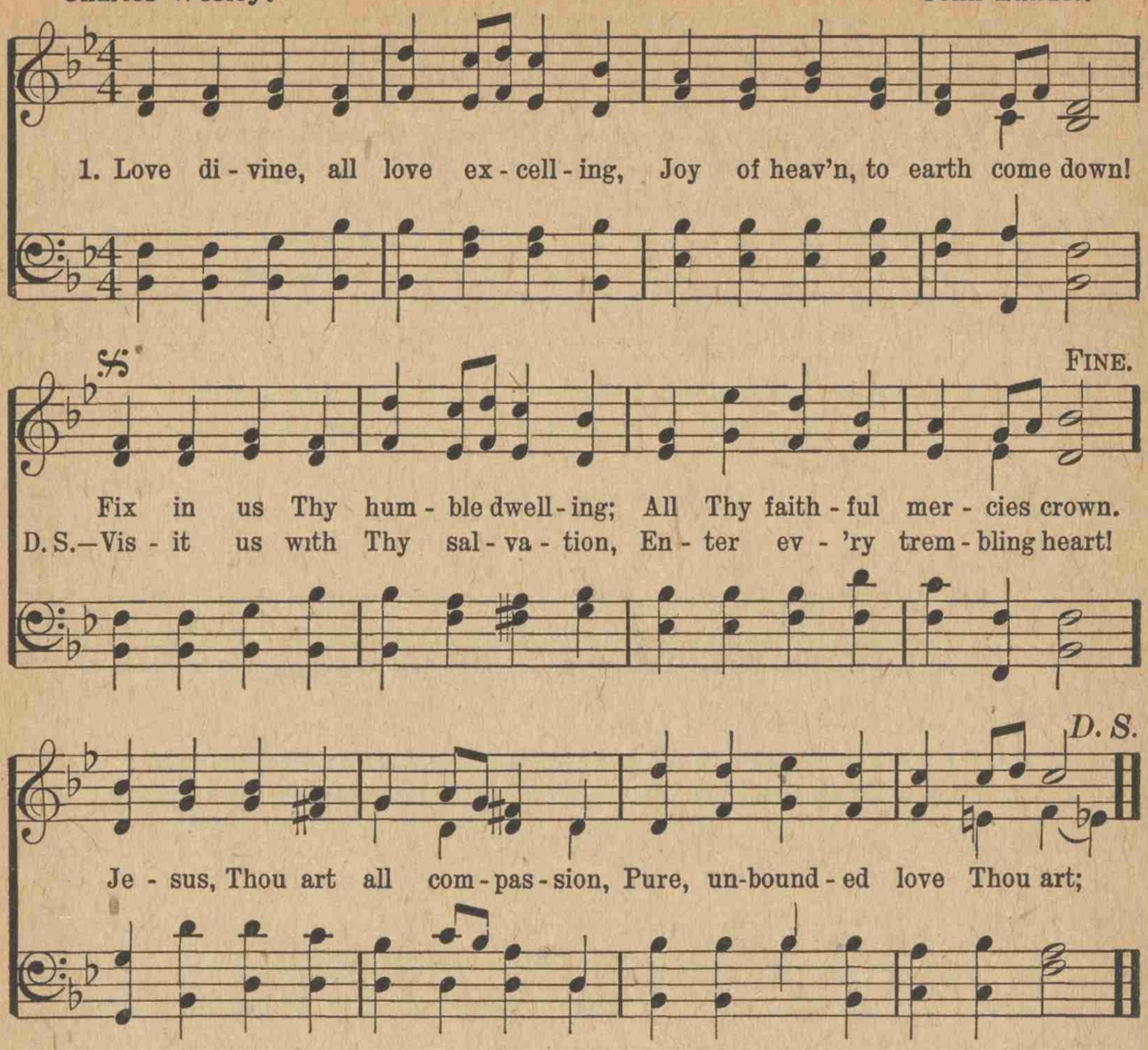


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 183. Love Divine.

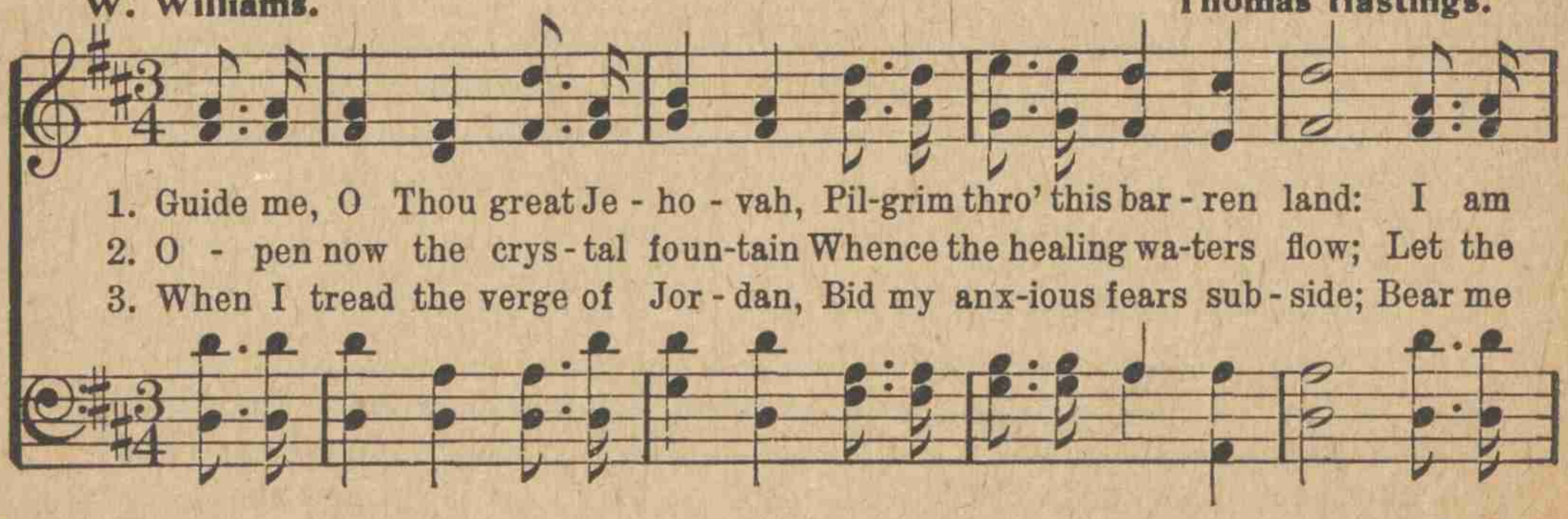
Charles Wesley. **John Zundel.**

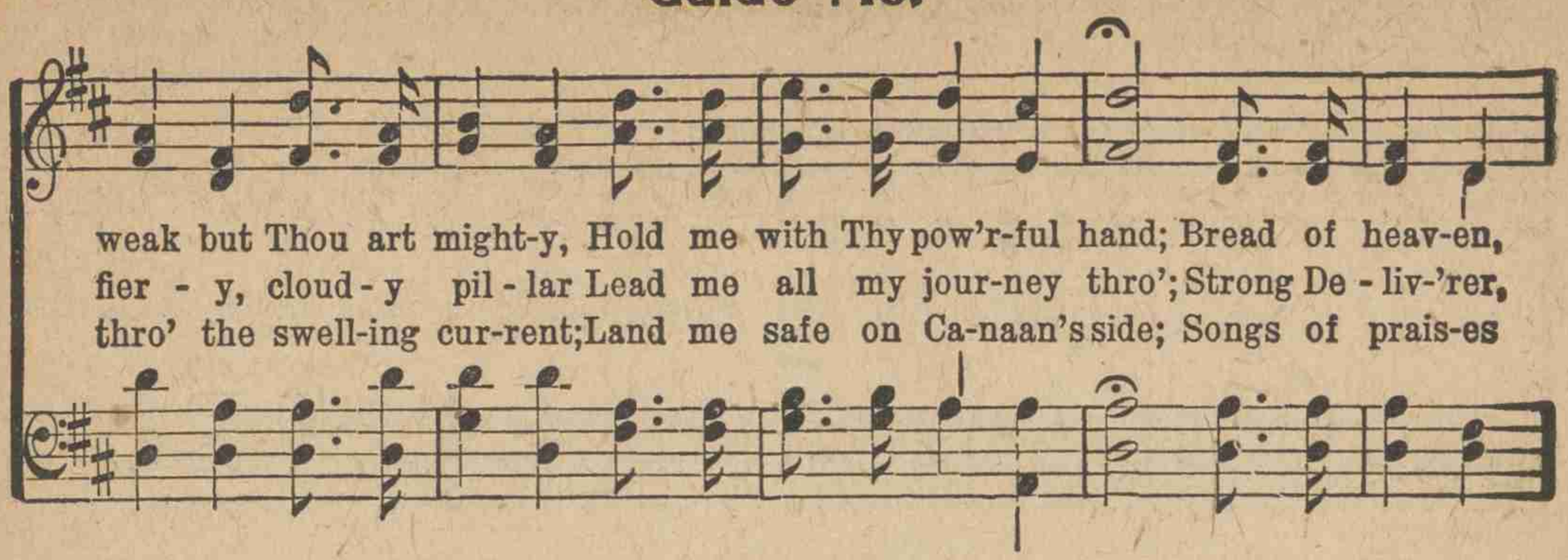


2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

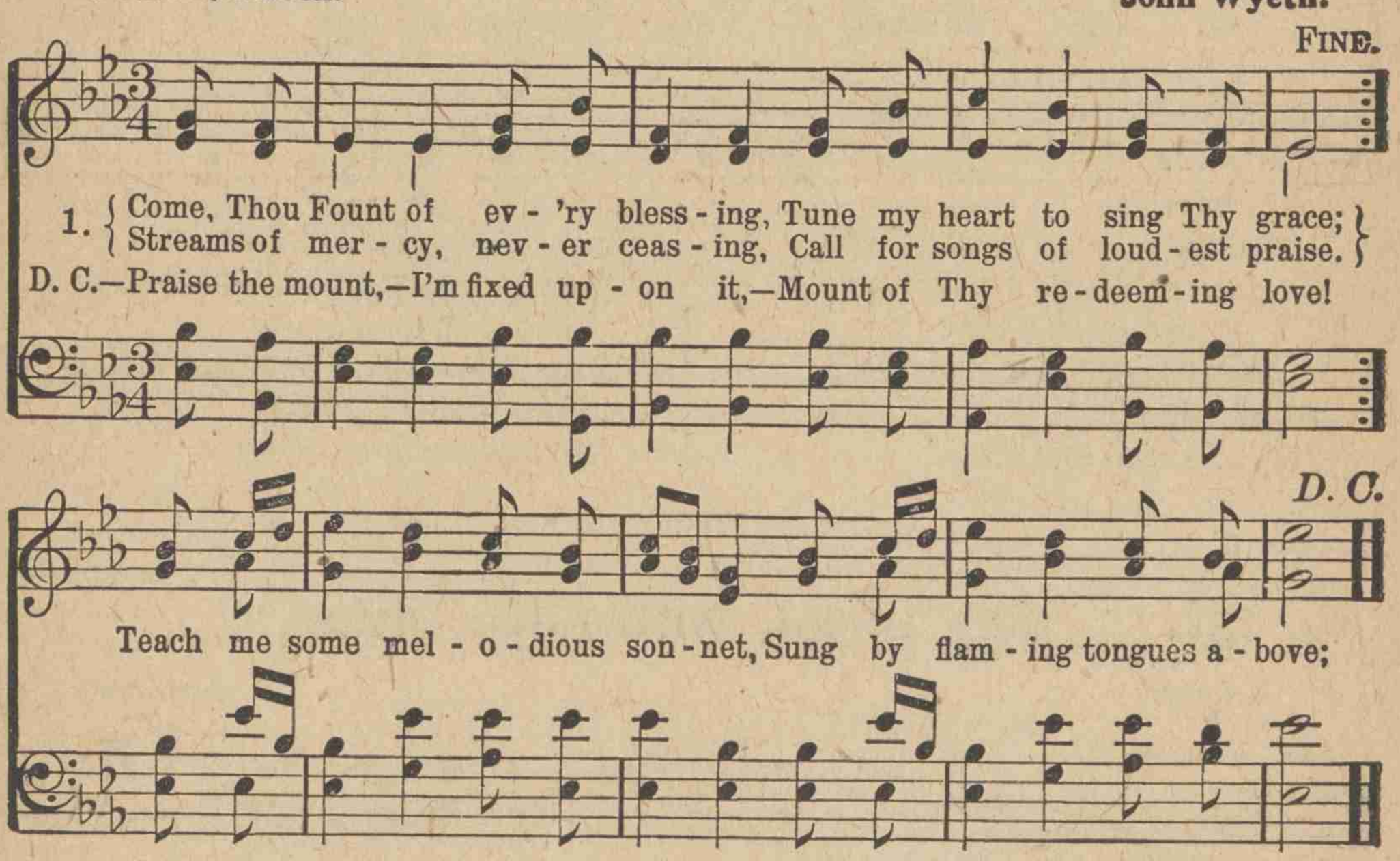
No. 184. Guide Me.

W. Williams. **Thomas Hastings.**

Guide Me.



No. 185. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. **John Wyeth.**



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 186. O Could I Speak.

S. Medley. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth
Which in my Sav - ior shine, {I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, / And vie with Ga - briel while he sings}
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

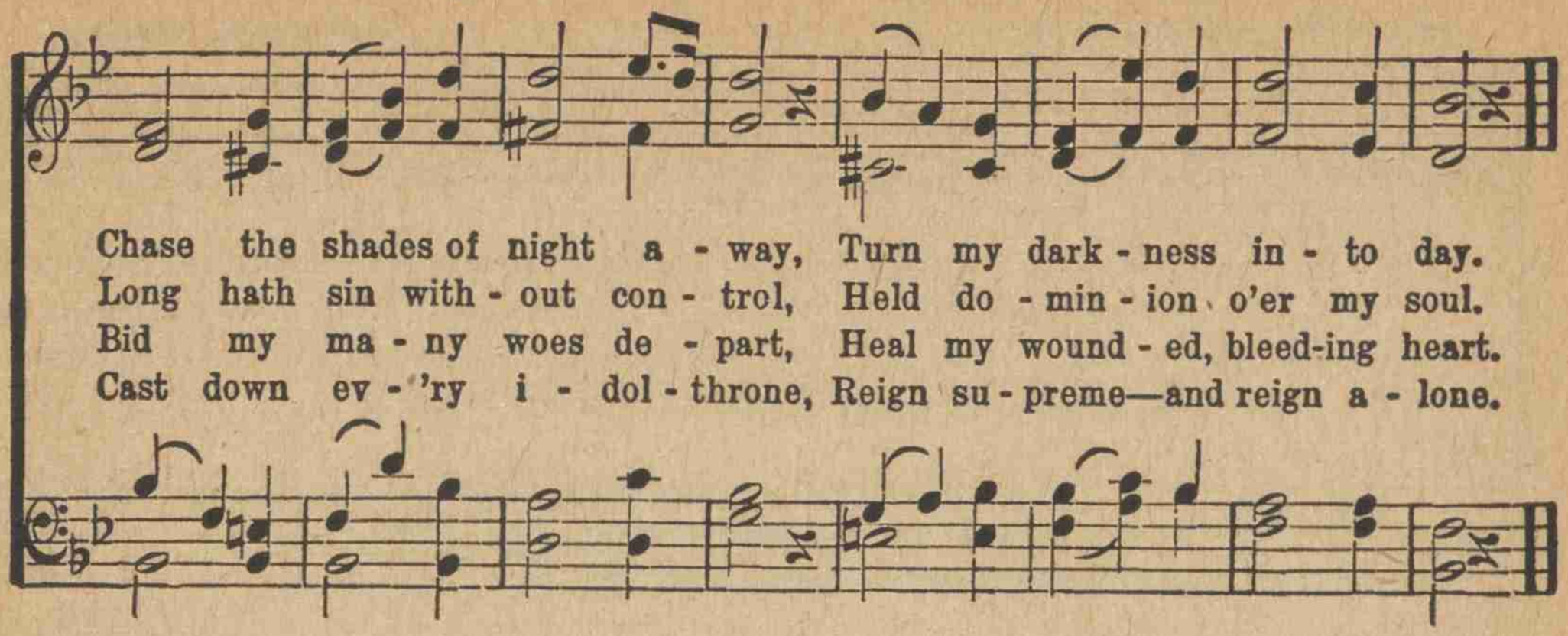
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

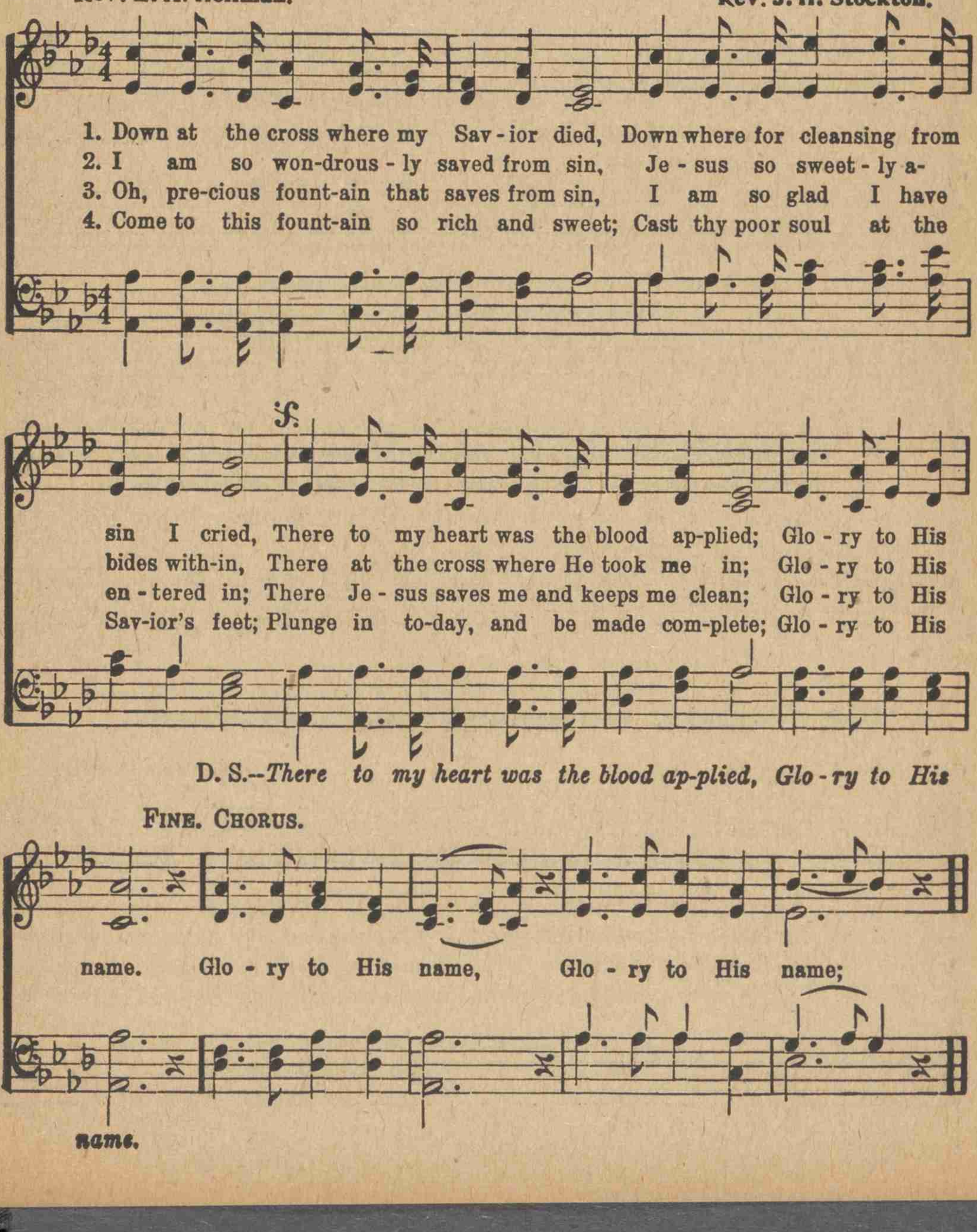
No. 187. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

No. 188. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



No. 189. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

James W. Alexander, tr. **Samuel S. Wesley.**

1. O sa-cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur-
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain: Mine, mine was the trans-
3. What language shall I bor - row, To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this, Thy dy-ing
4. Be near when I am dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me, And for my suc - cor

round - ed With thorns, Thine only crown; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What
gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior, 'T is
sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? Lord, make me Thine for - ev - er, Nor
fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free. These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From

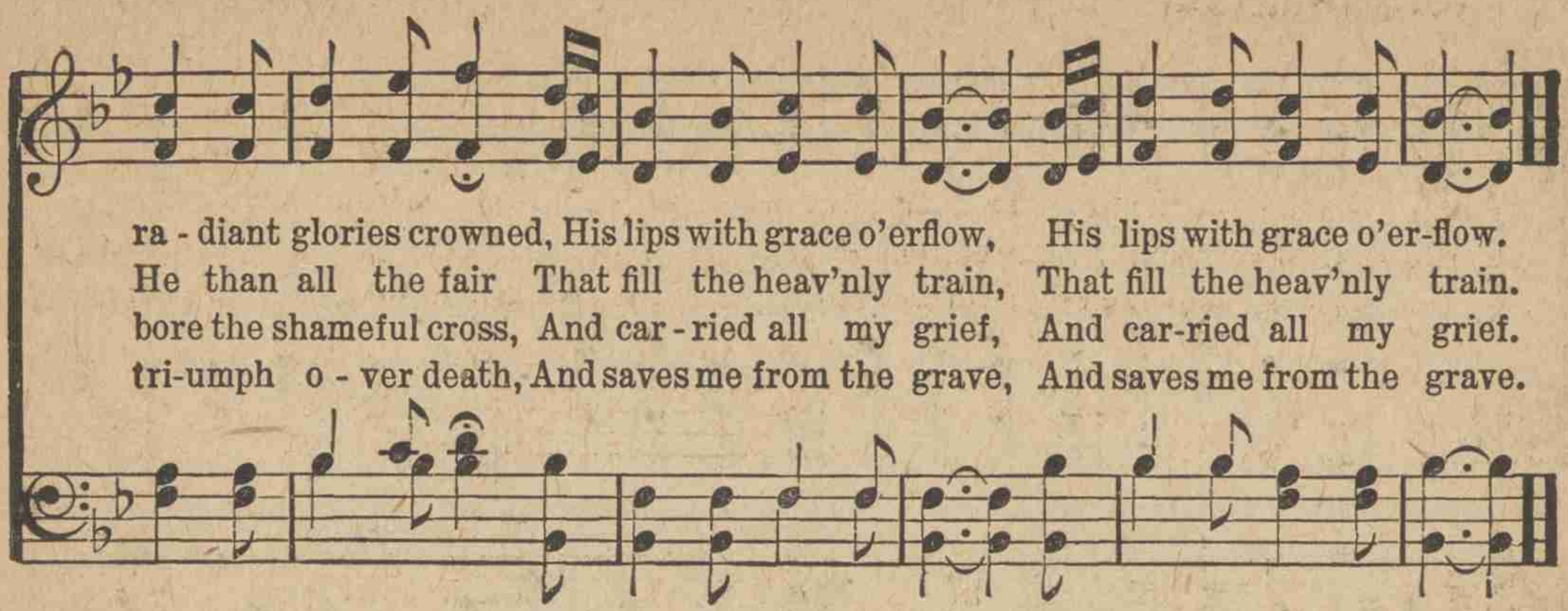
bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
I de-serve Thy place; Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
let me faithless prove: O let me nev - er, nev - er, A - buse such dy - ing love.
Je - sus shall not move; For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly, thro' Thy love.

No. 190. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. **Thomas Hastings.**

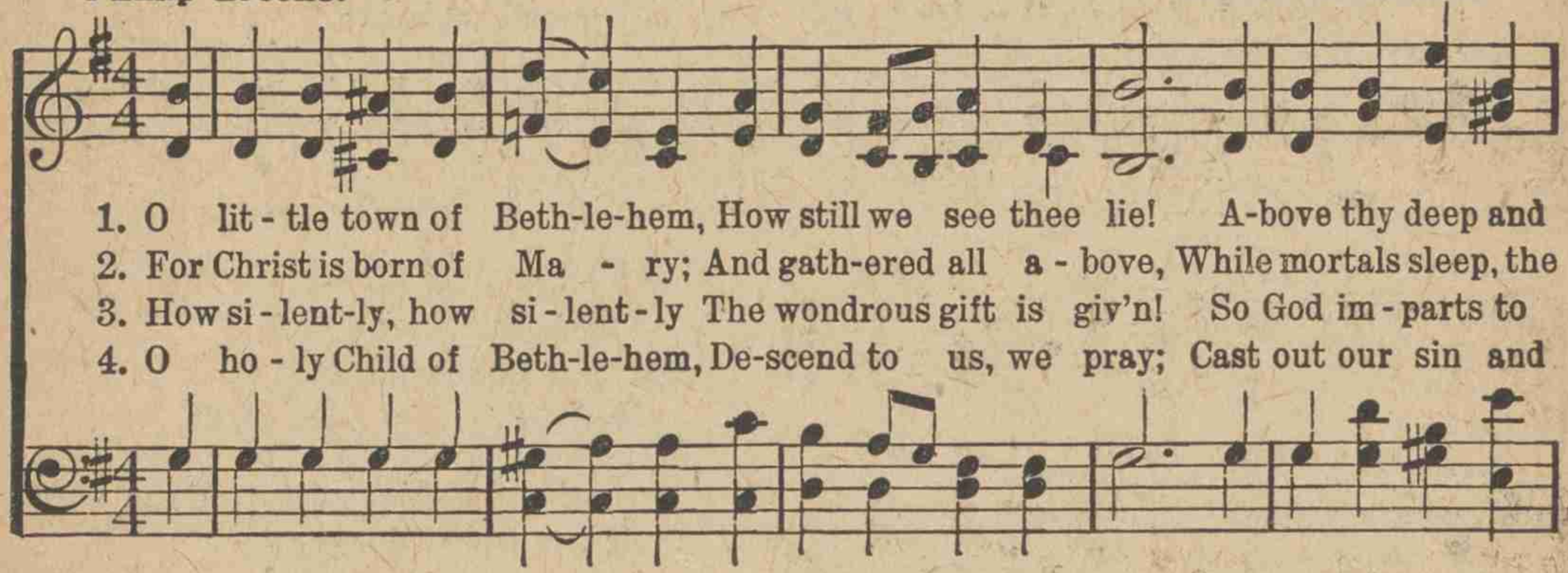
1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

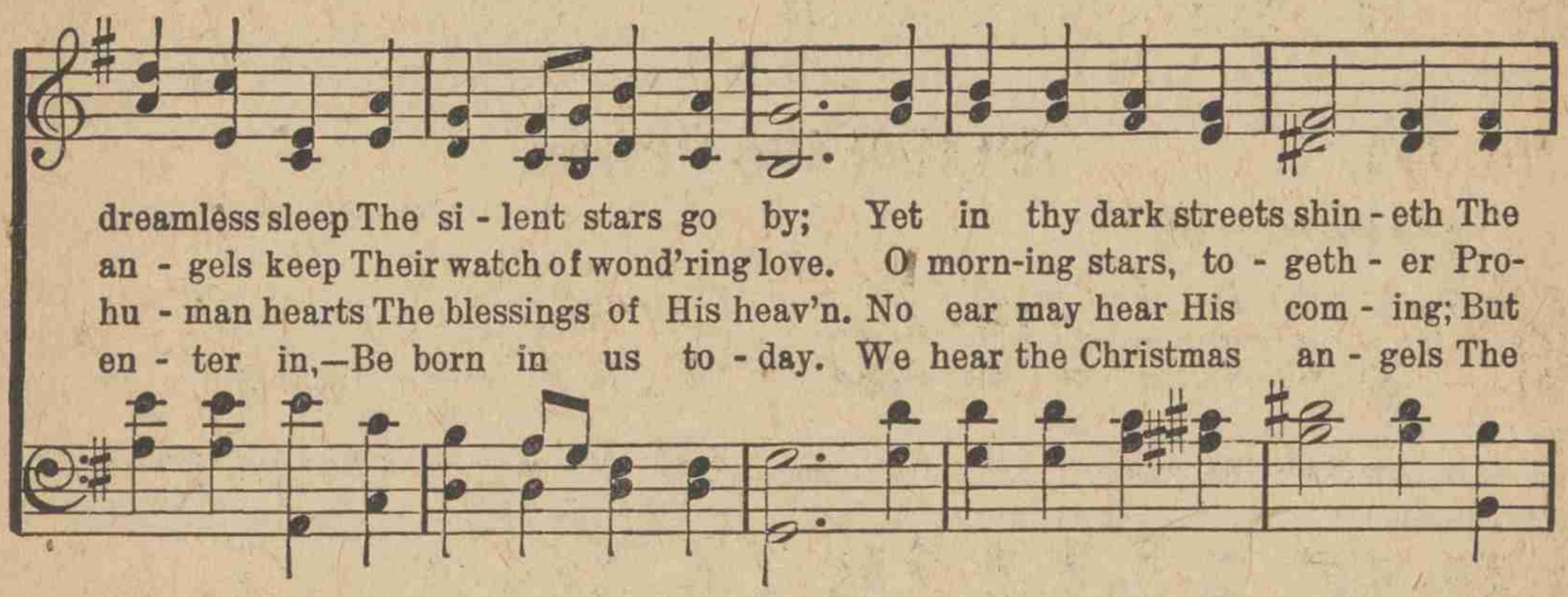
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

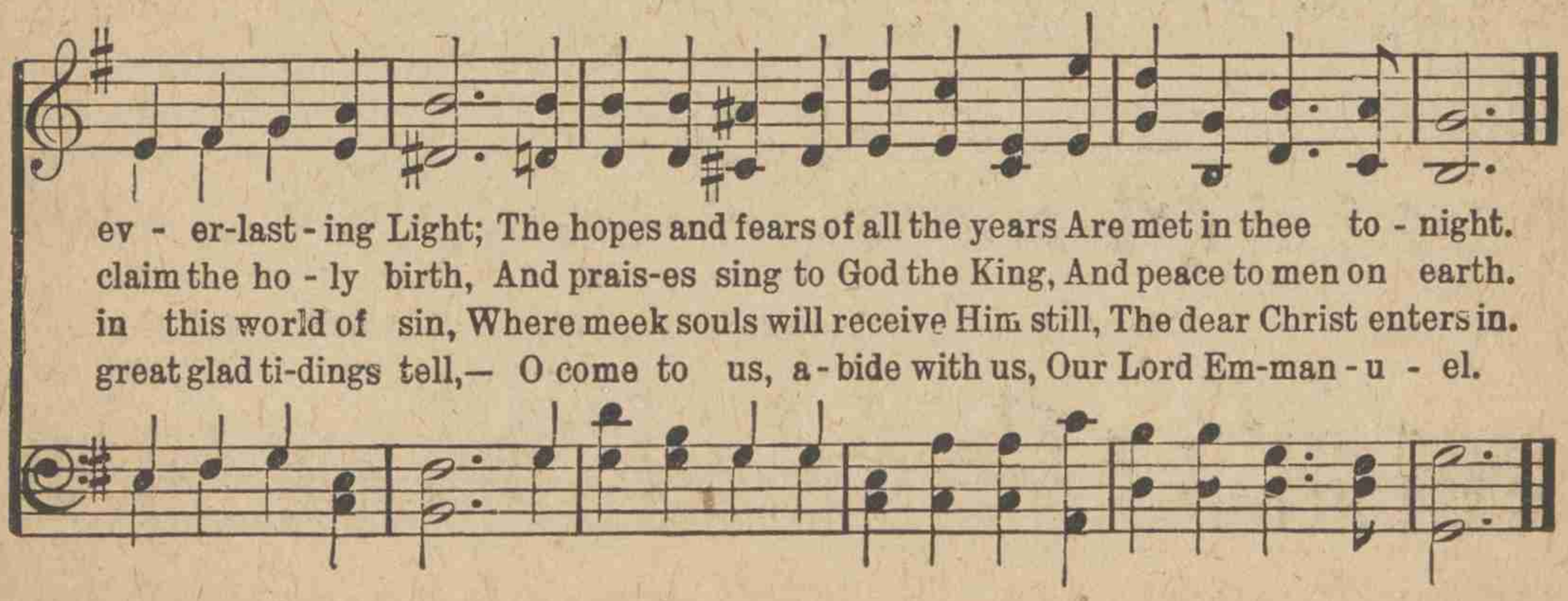


No. 191. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**

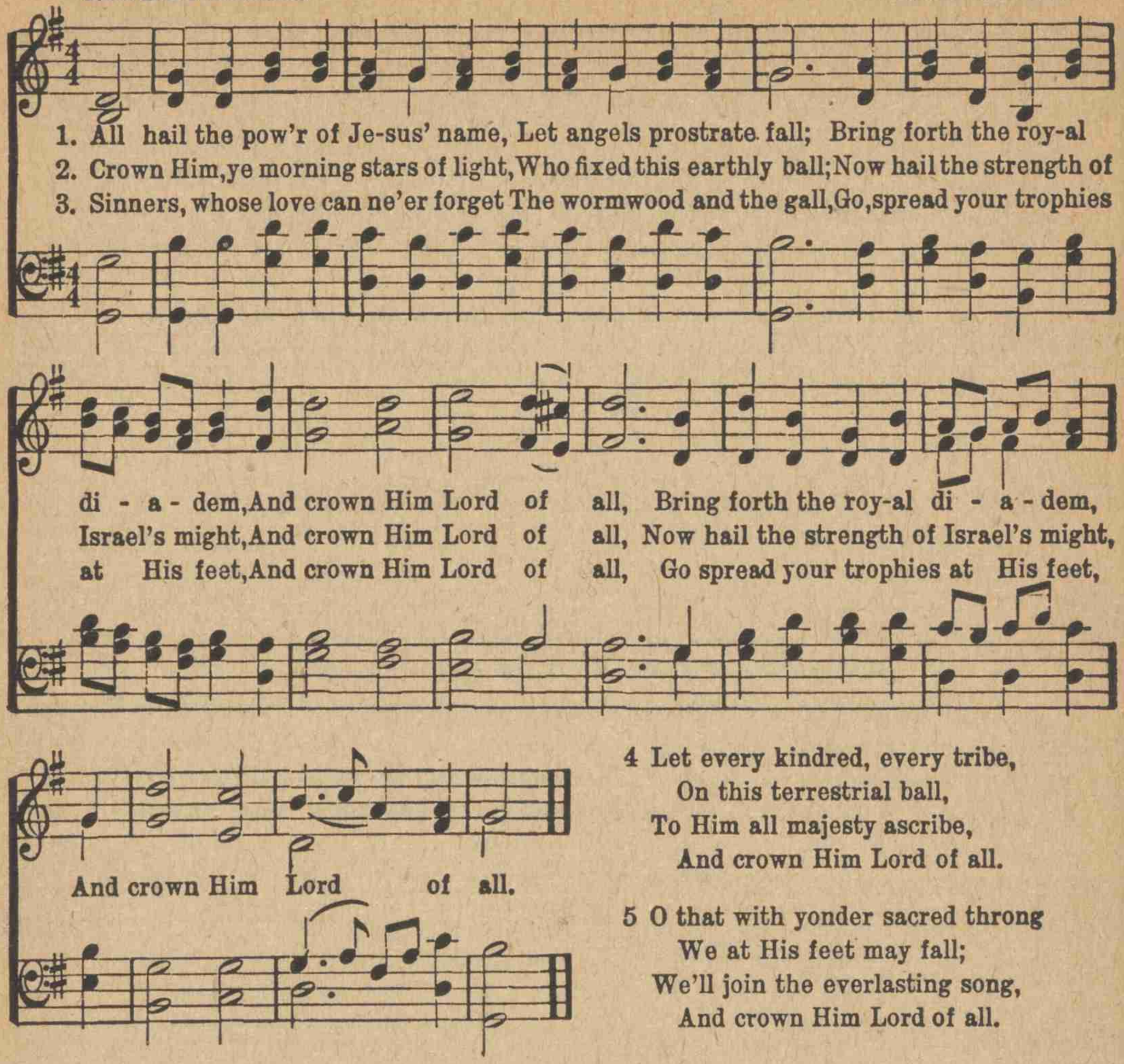






No. 192. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**

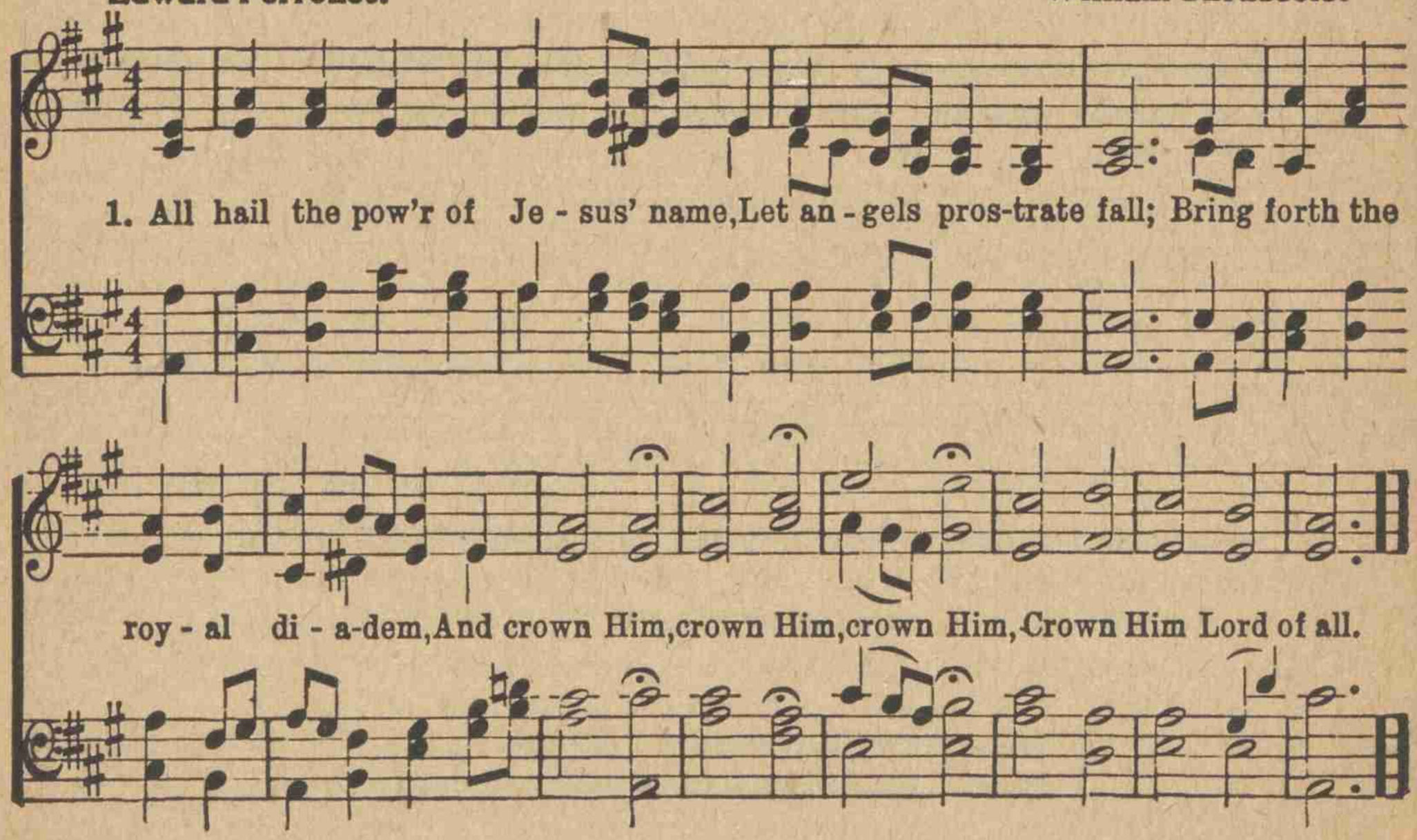


4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

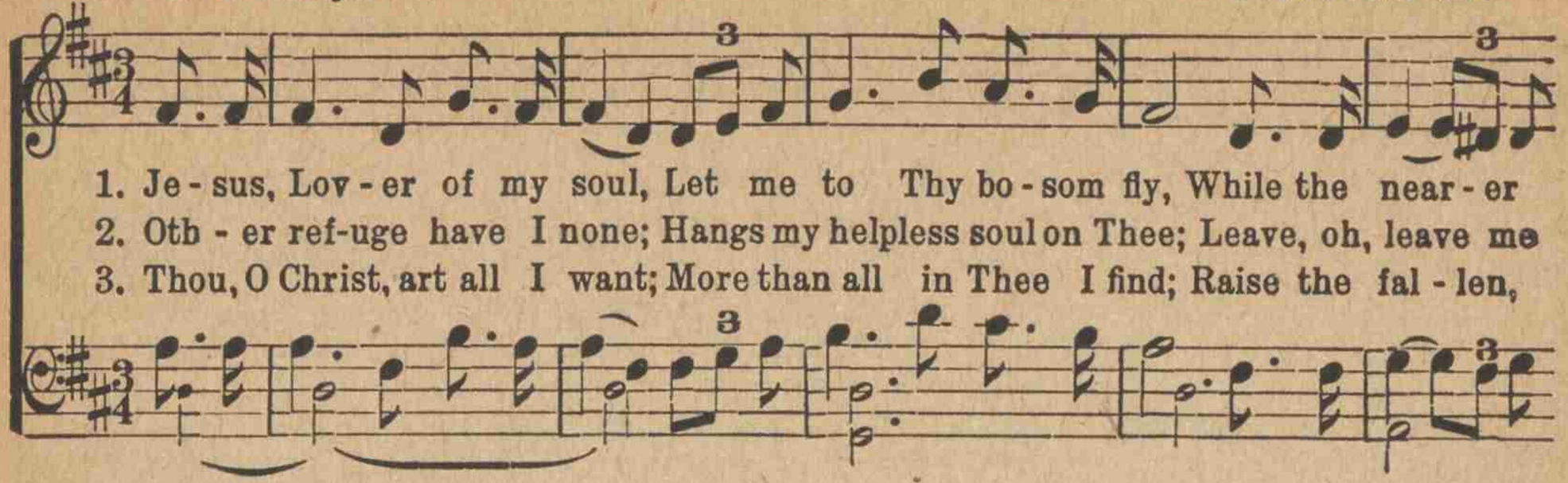
No. 193. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. **William Shrubsole.**



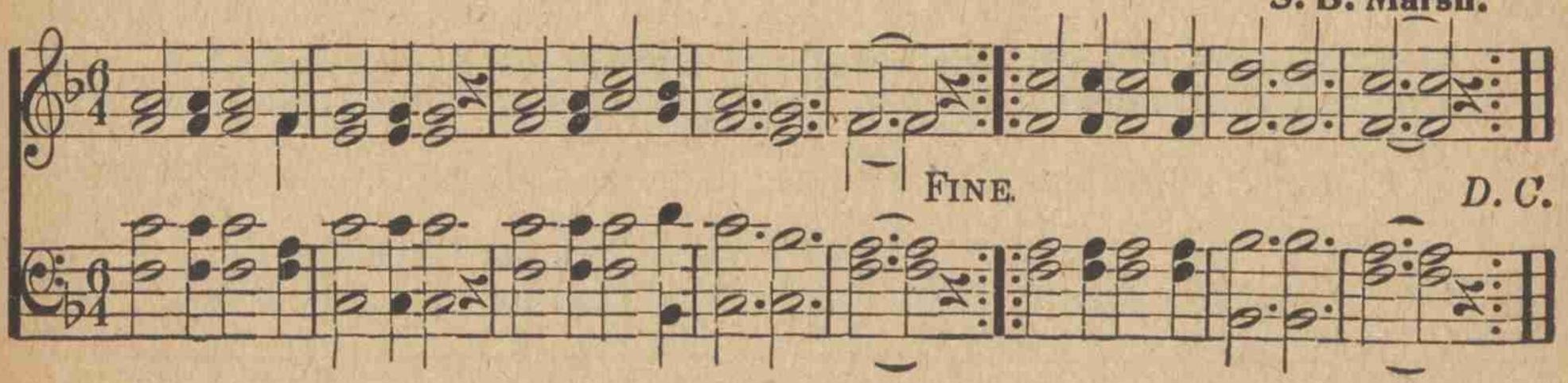
No. 194. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. **J. P. Holbrook.**

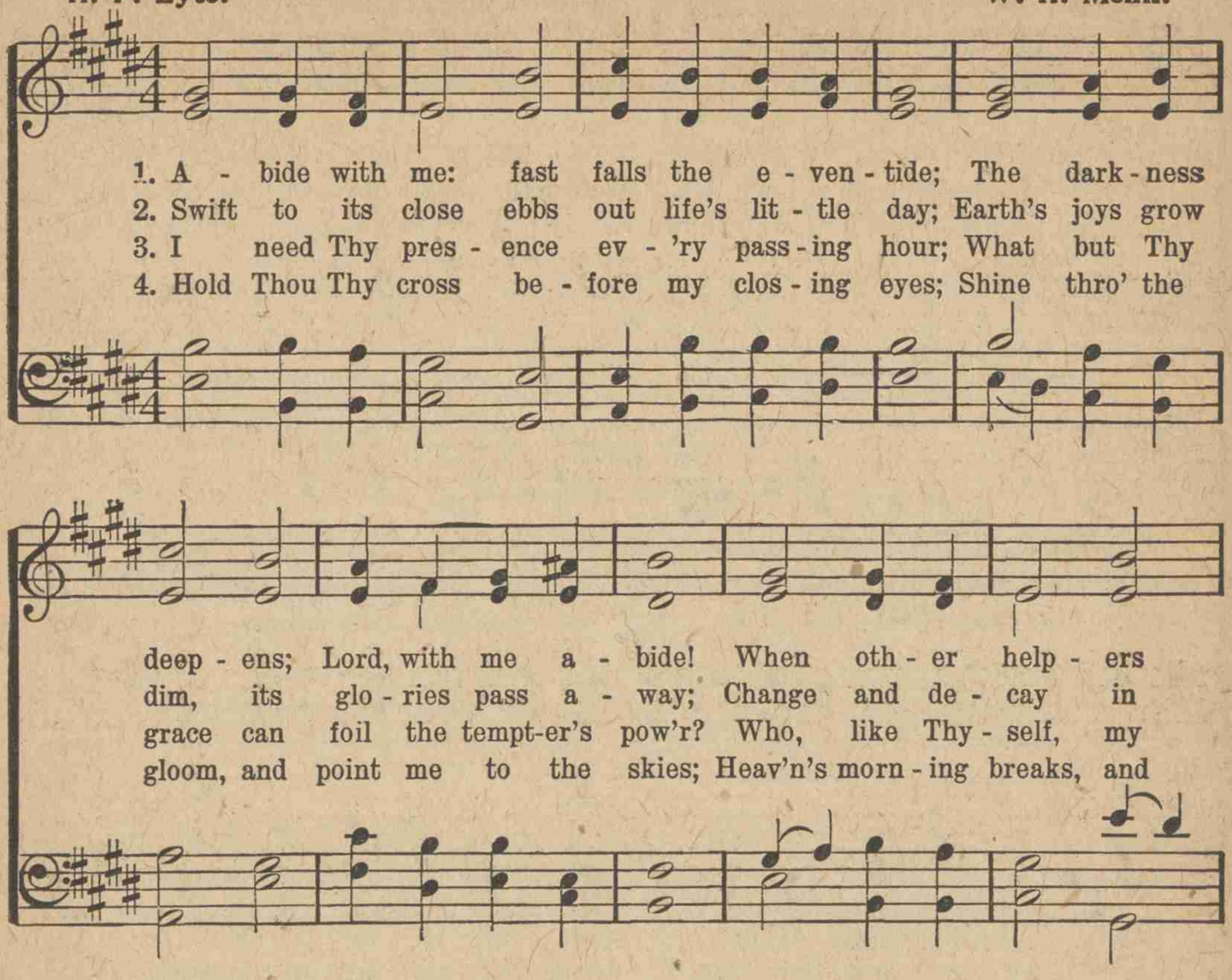


4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 195. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

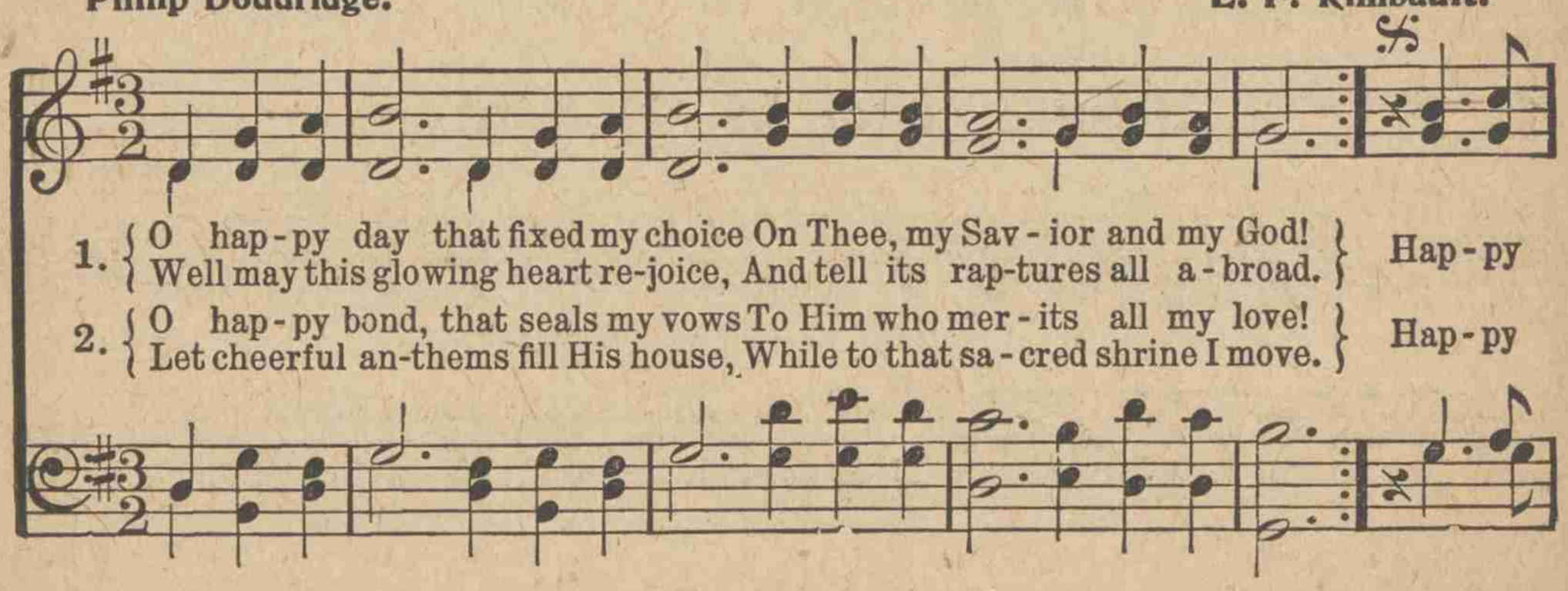
S. B. Marsh.

No. 196. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



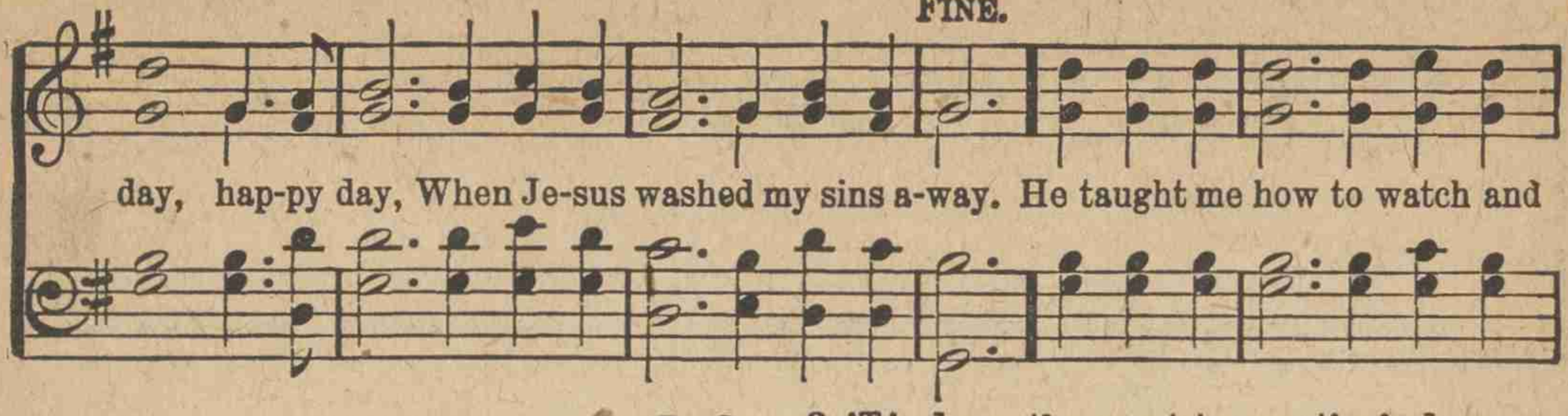
No. 197. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. B. F. Rimbault.

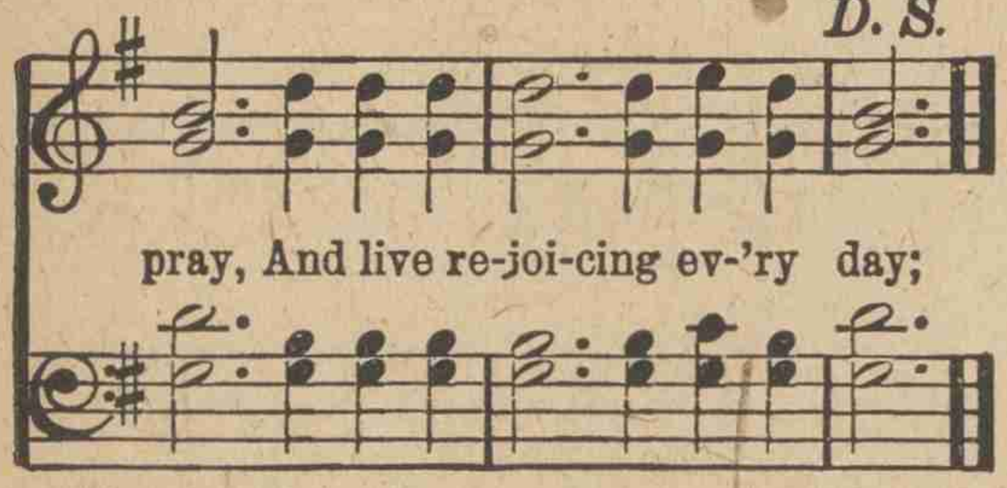


O Happy Day.

FINE.



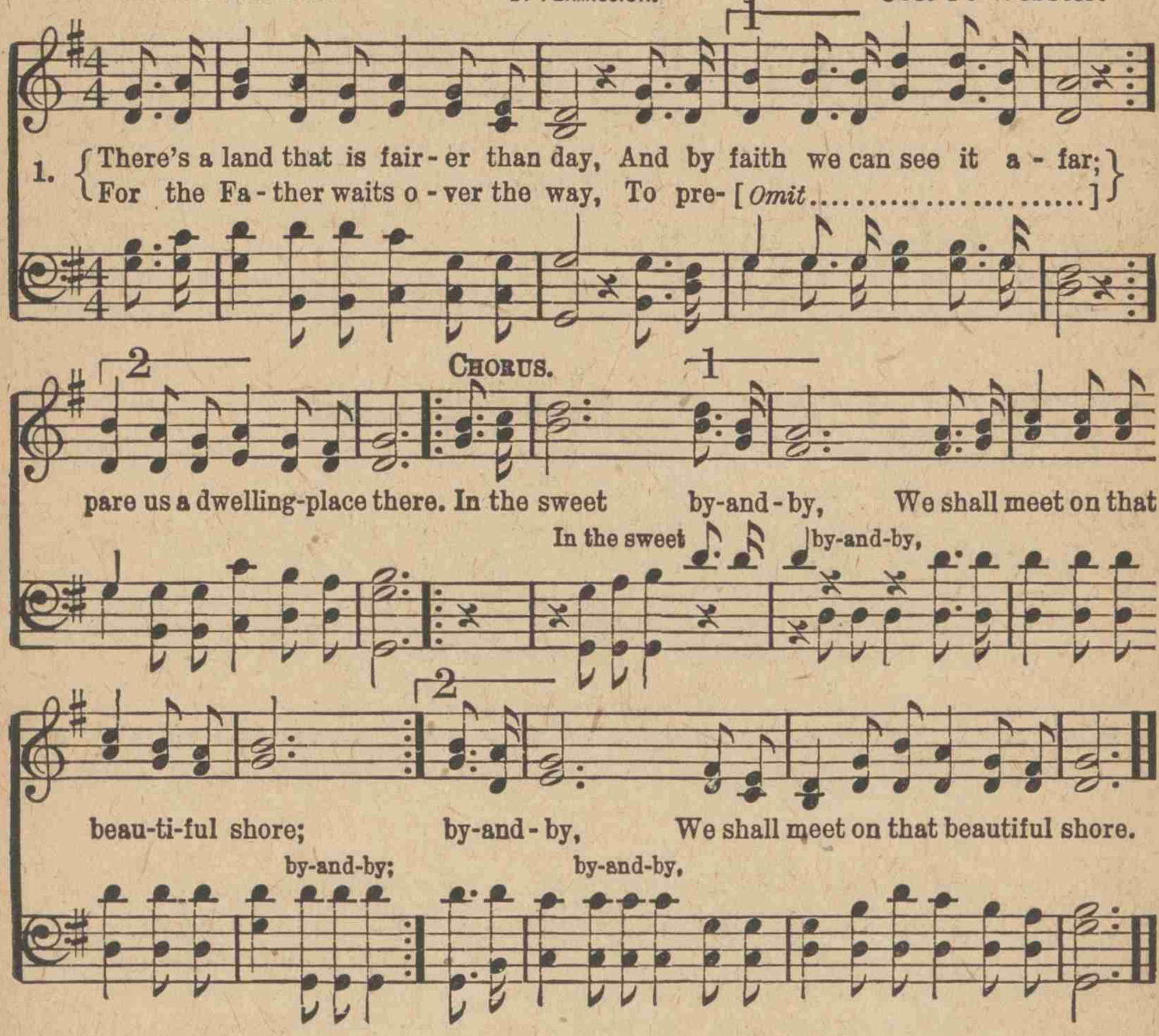
D. S.



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.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

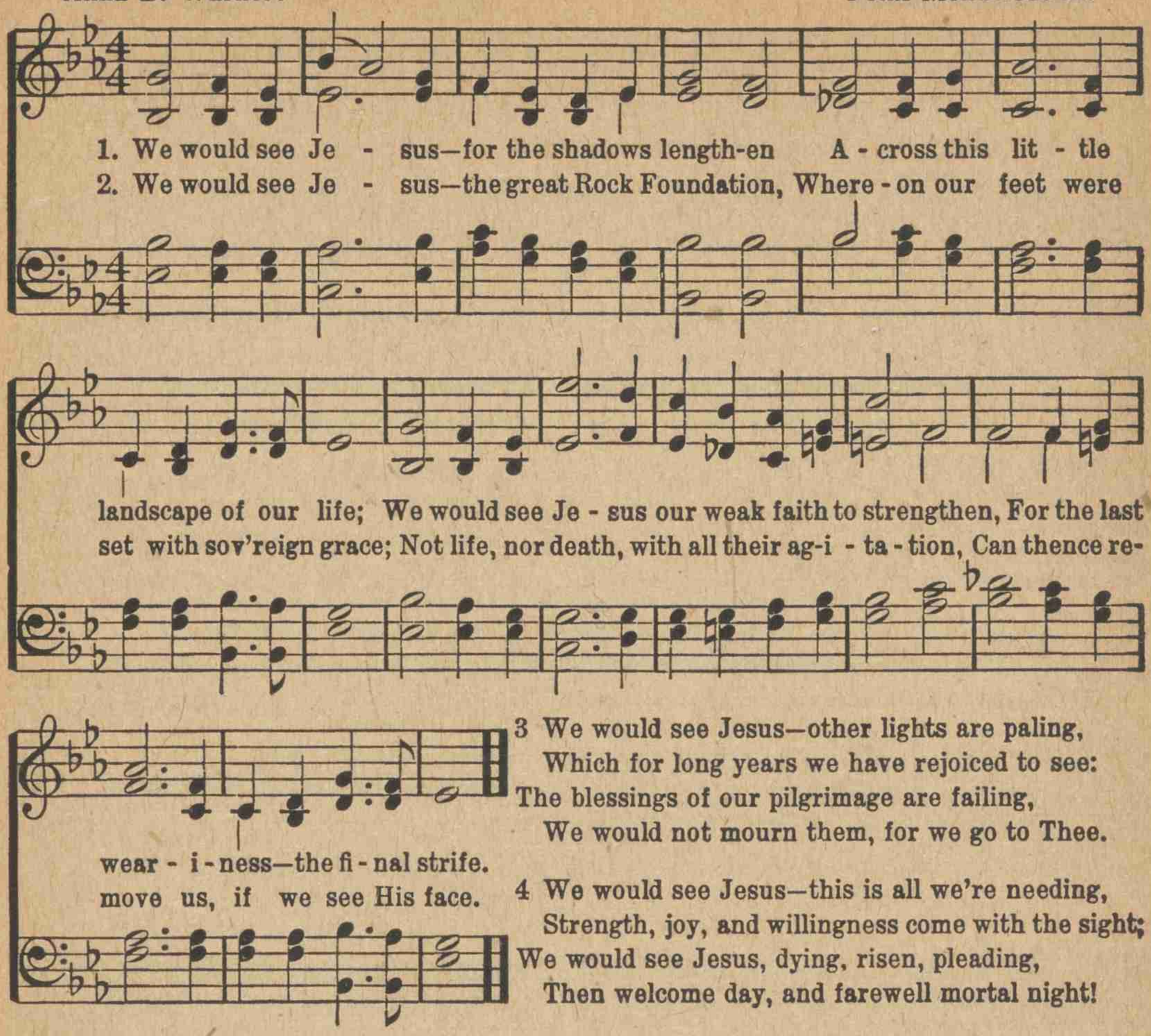
No. 198. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. **Jos. P. Webster.**

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 199. We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. **Felix Mendelssohn.**

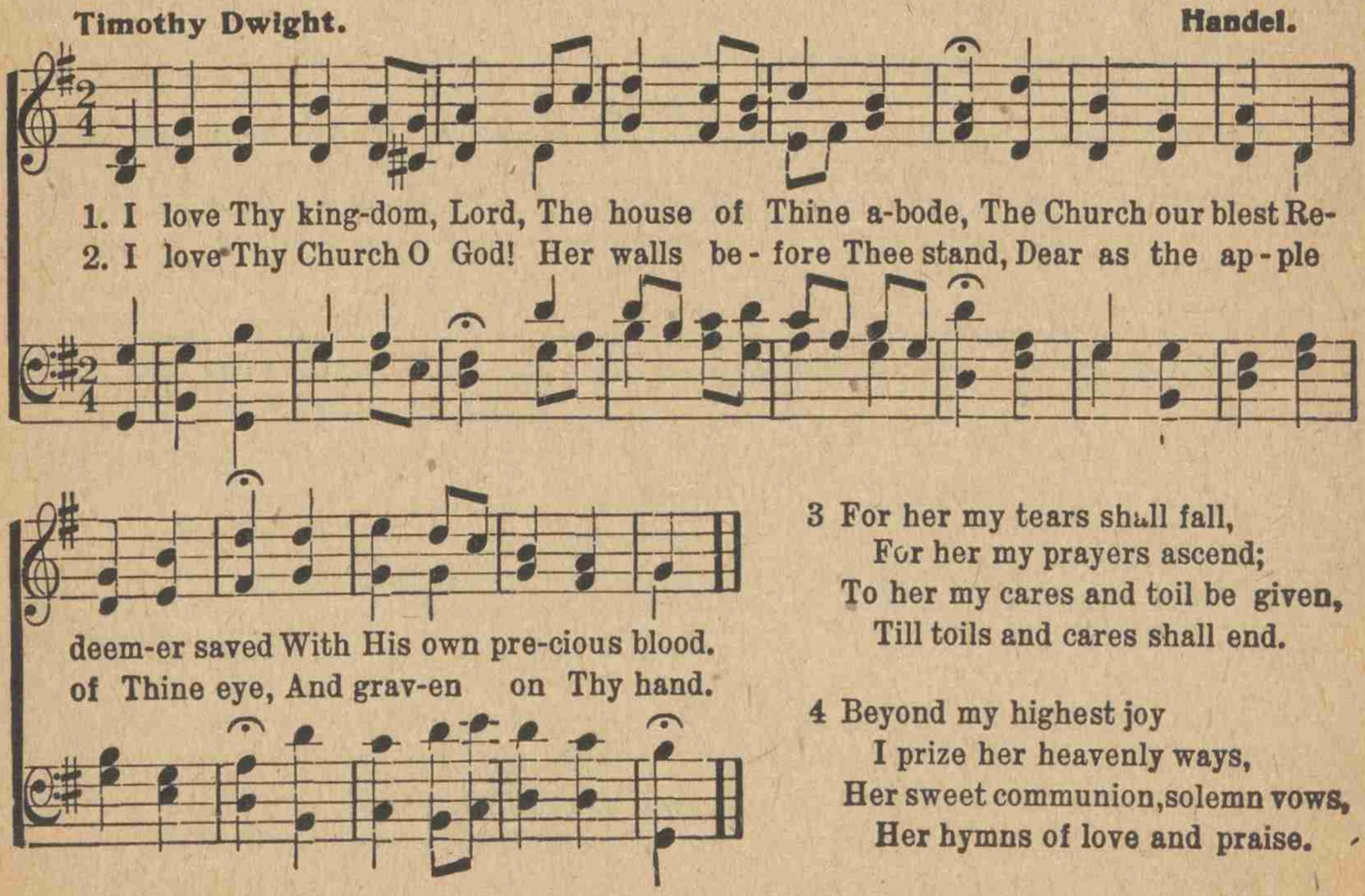


3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

No. 200. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. **Handel.**

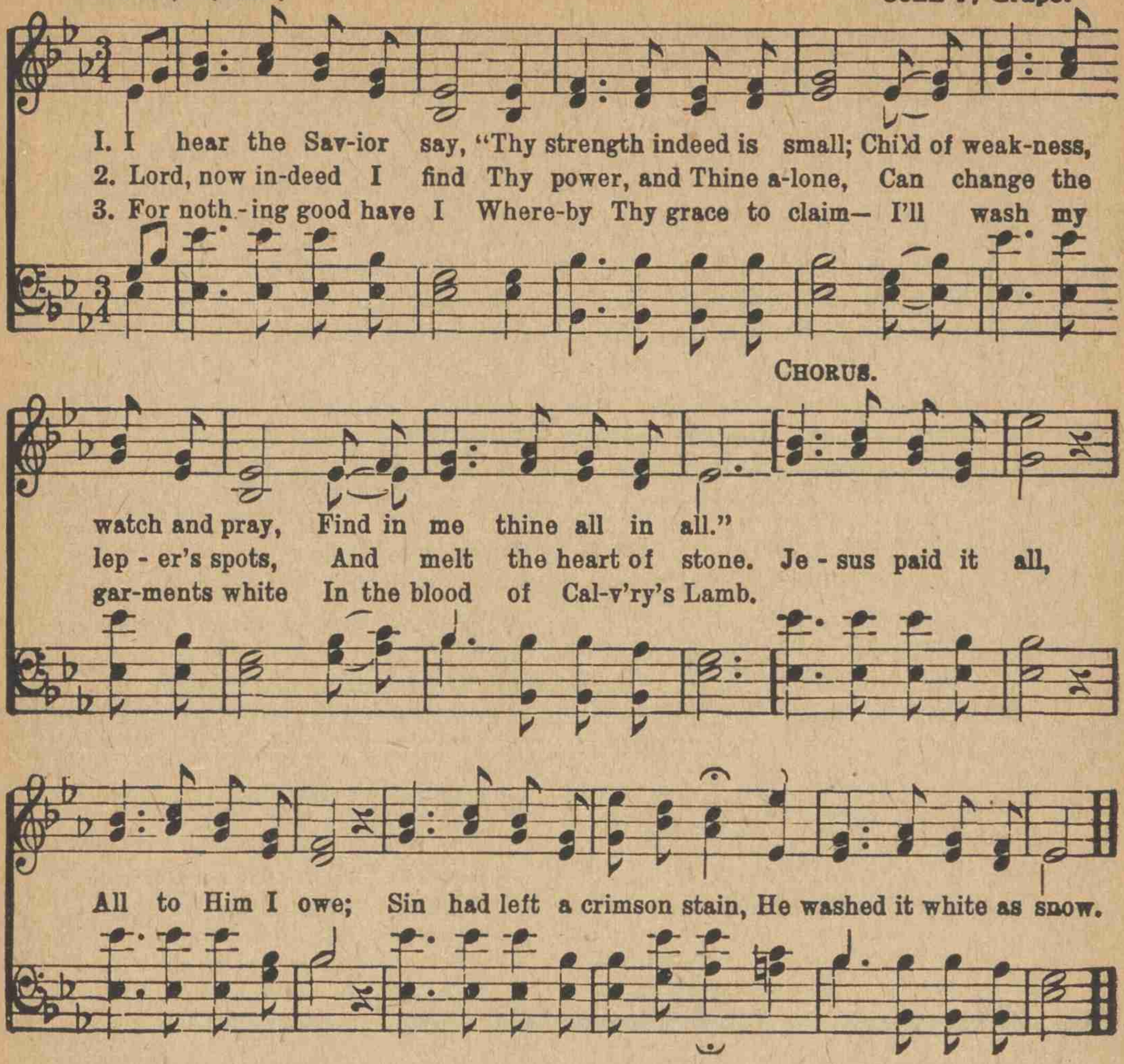


3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

No. 201. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



No. 202. In the Cross.

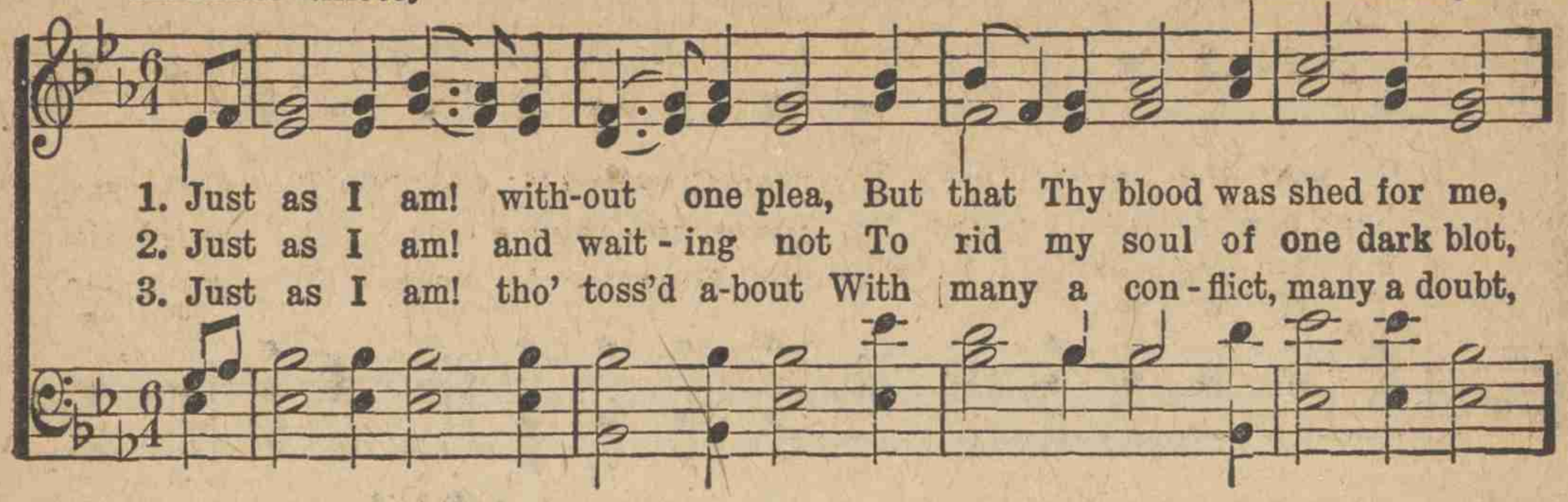
John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

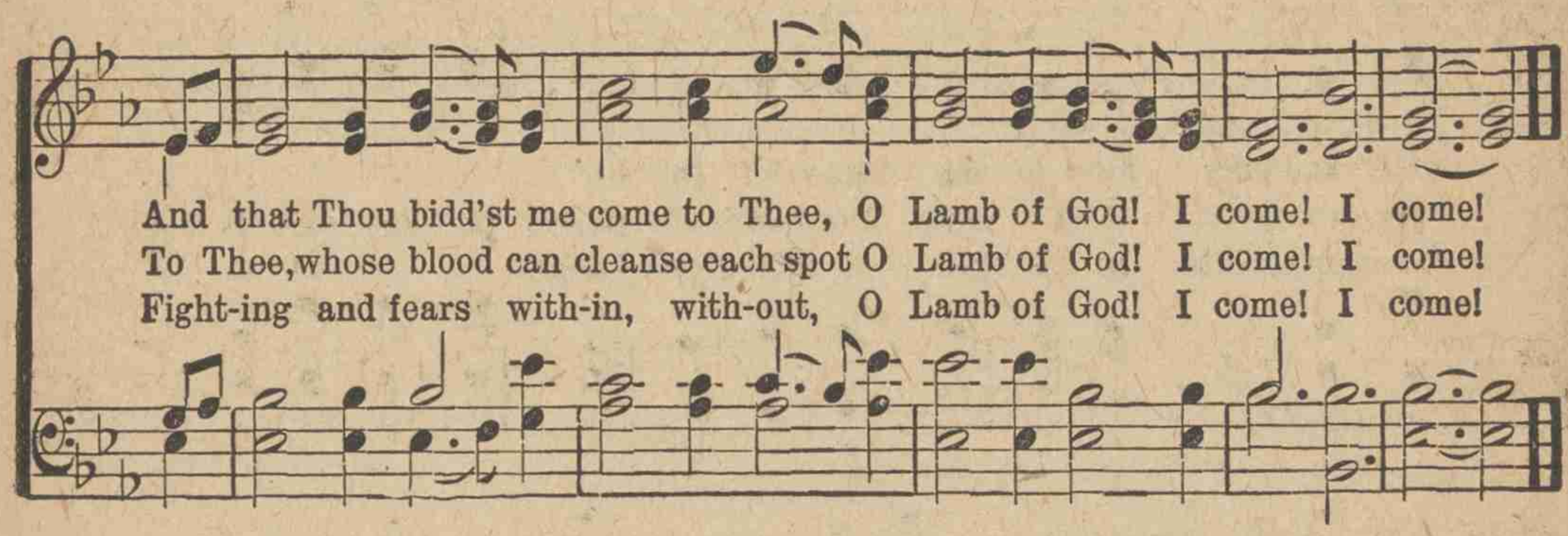
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 203. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

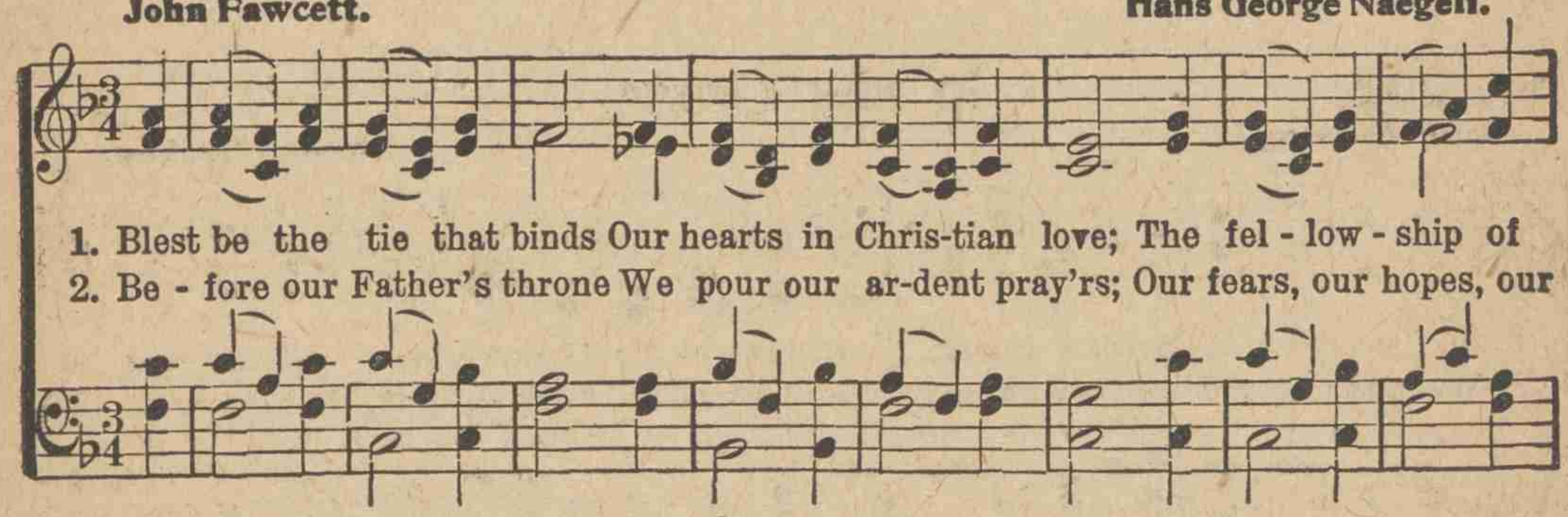
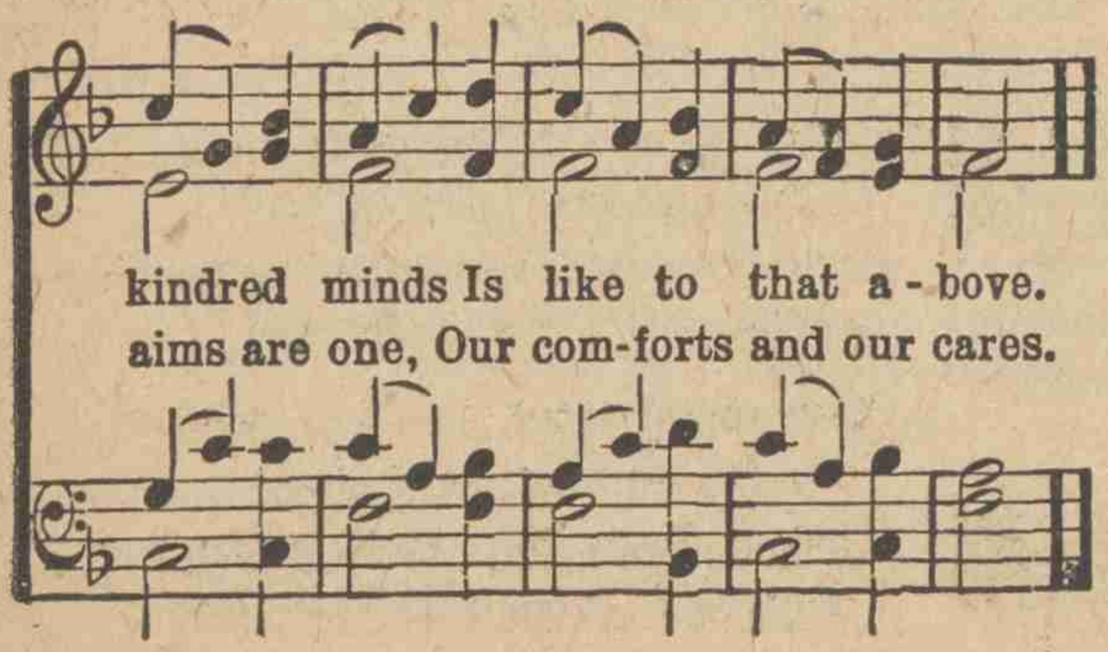




4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

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. 204. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



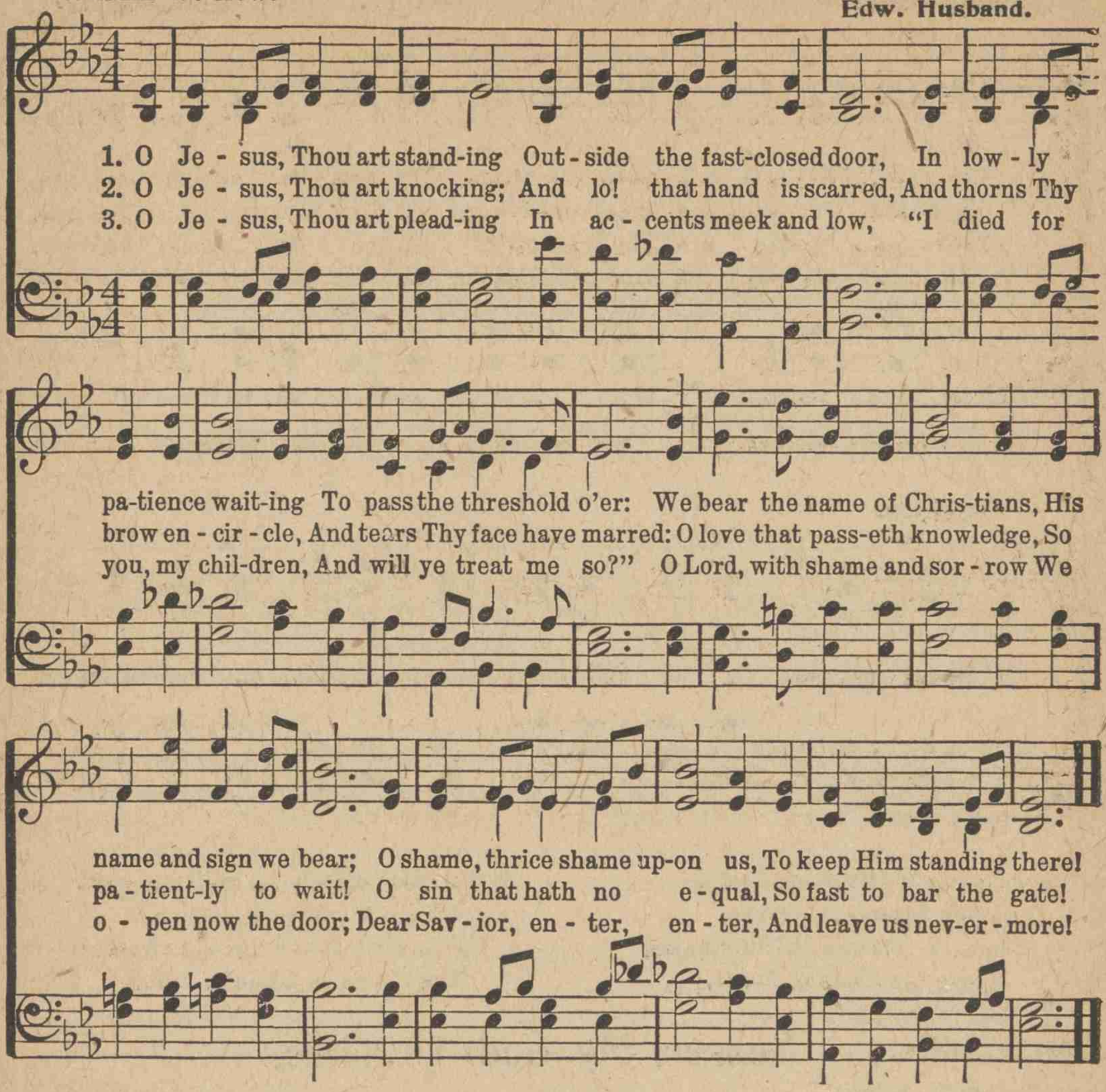
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

No. 205. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

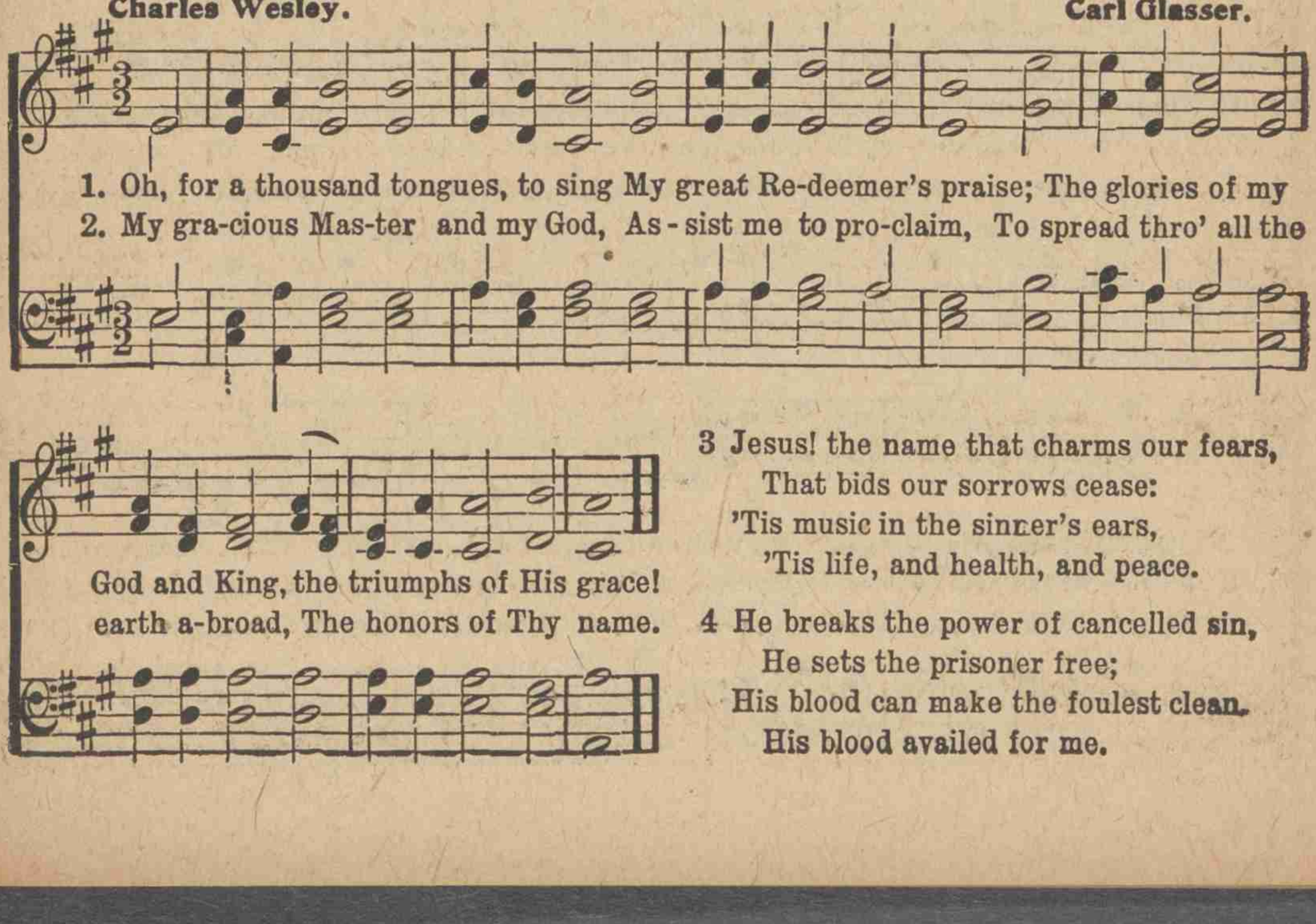
Justin H. Knecht
Edw. Husband.



No. 206. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

Carl Glasser.



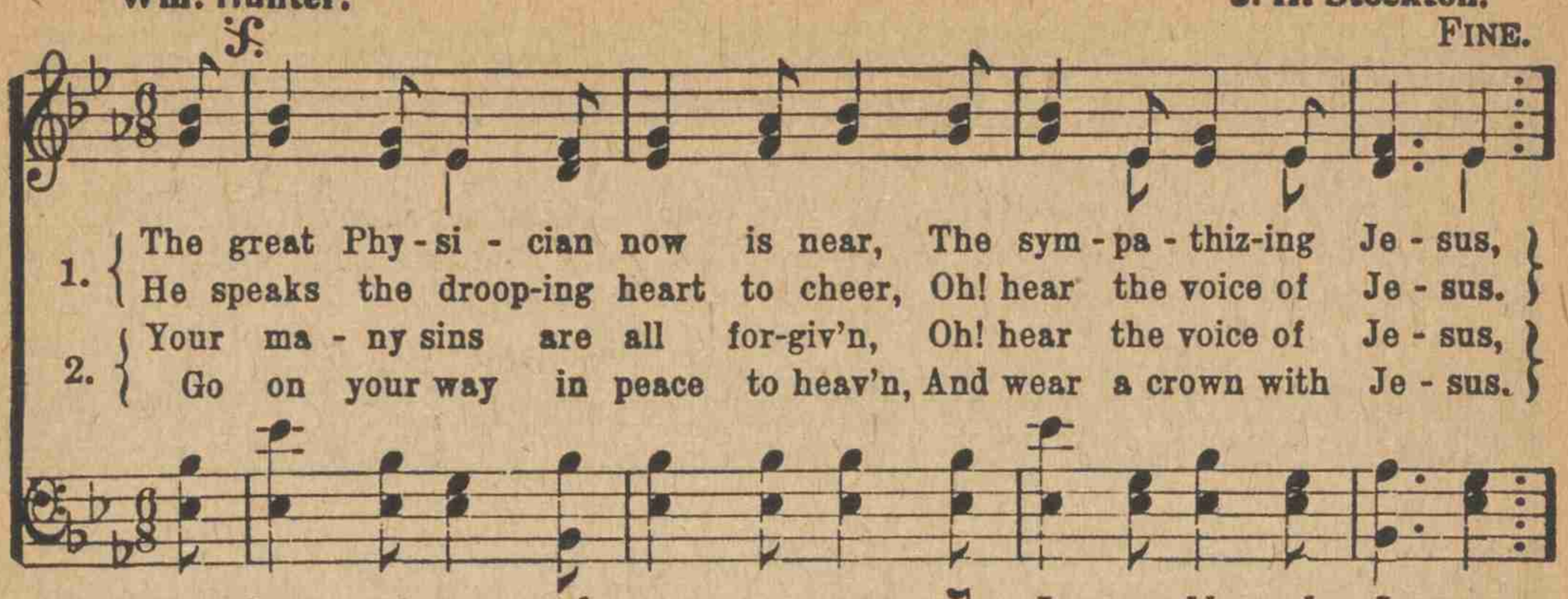
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

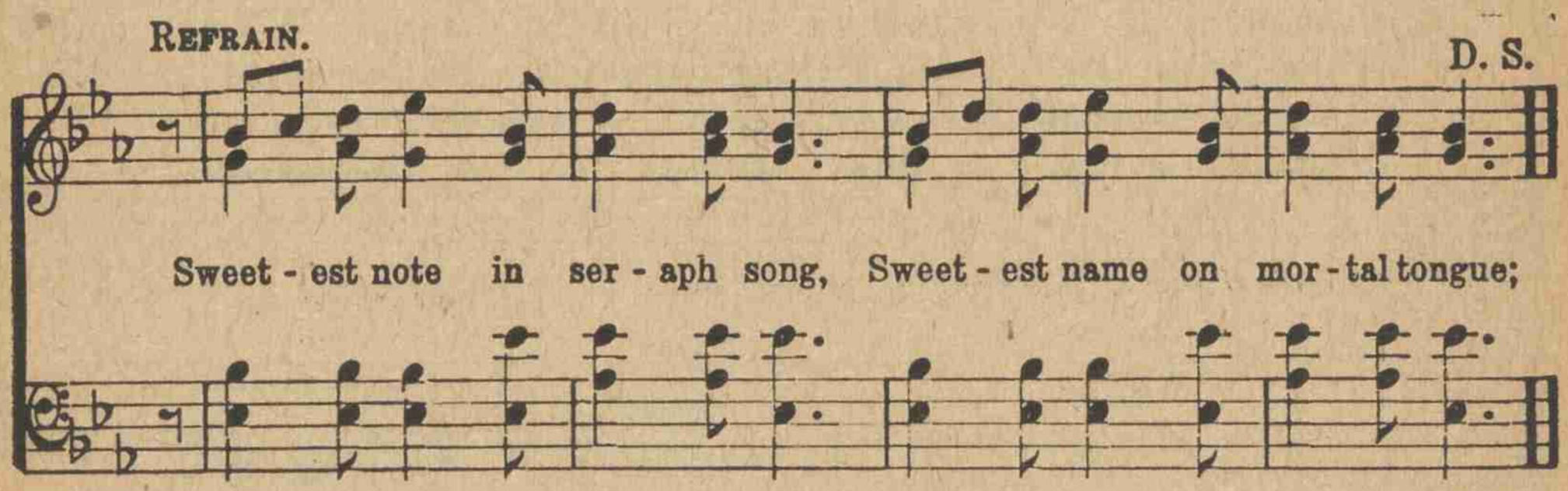
4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean.
His blood availed for me.

No. 207. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

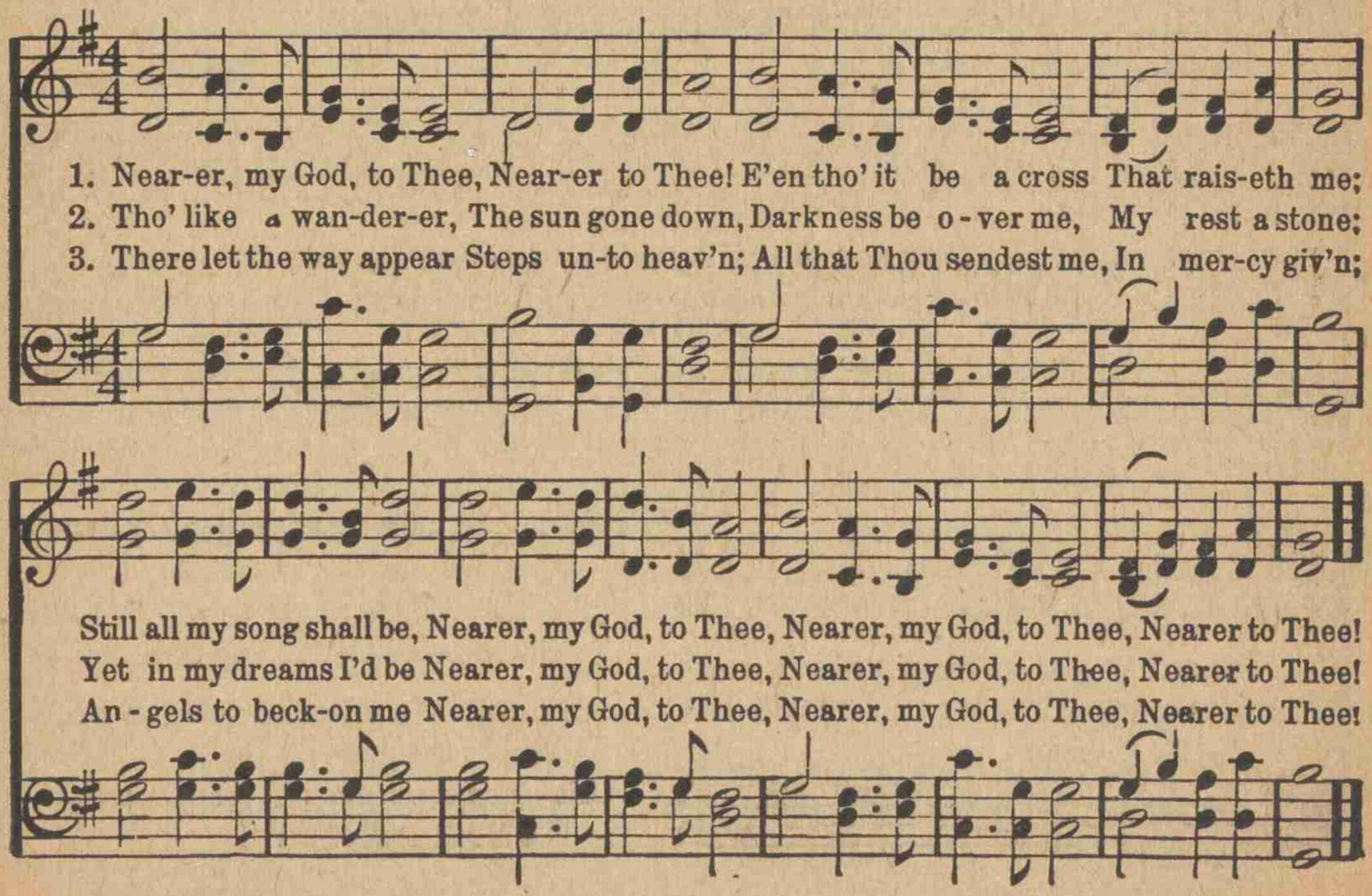
FINE.



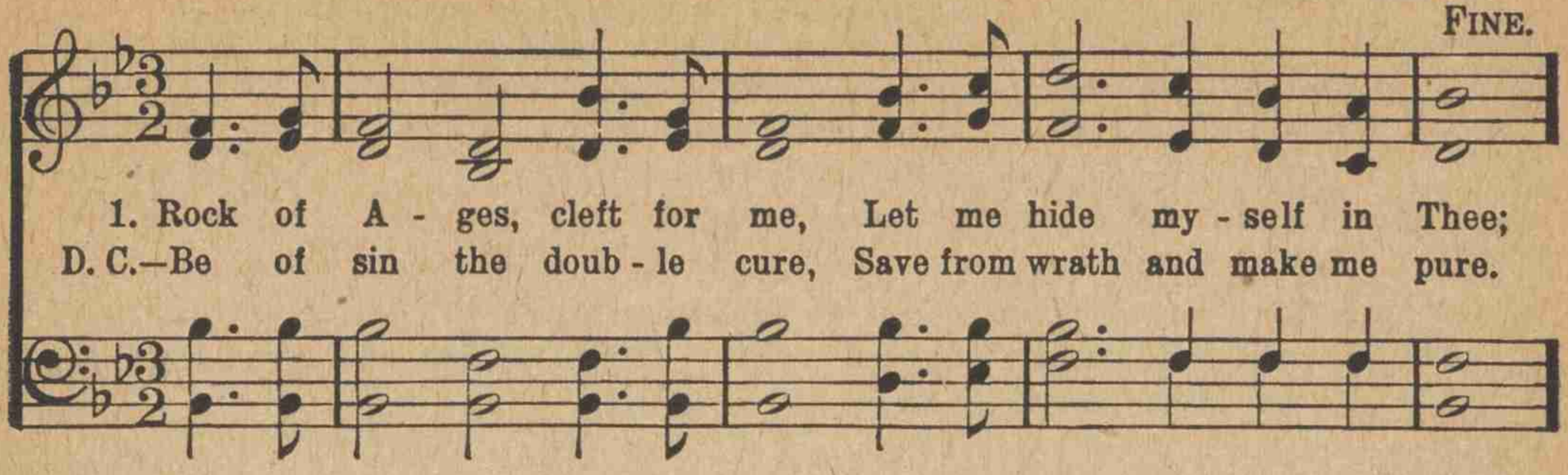
REFRAIN. D. S.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 208. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

No. 209. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

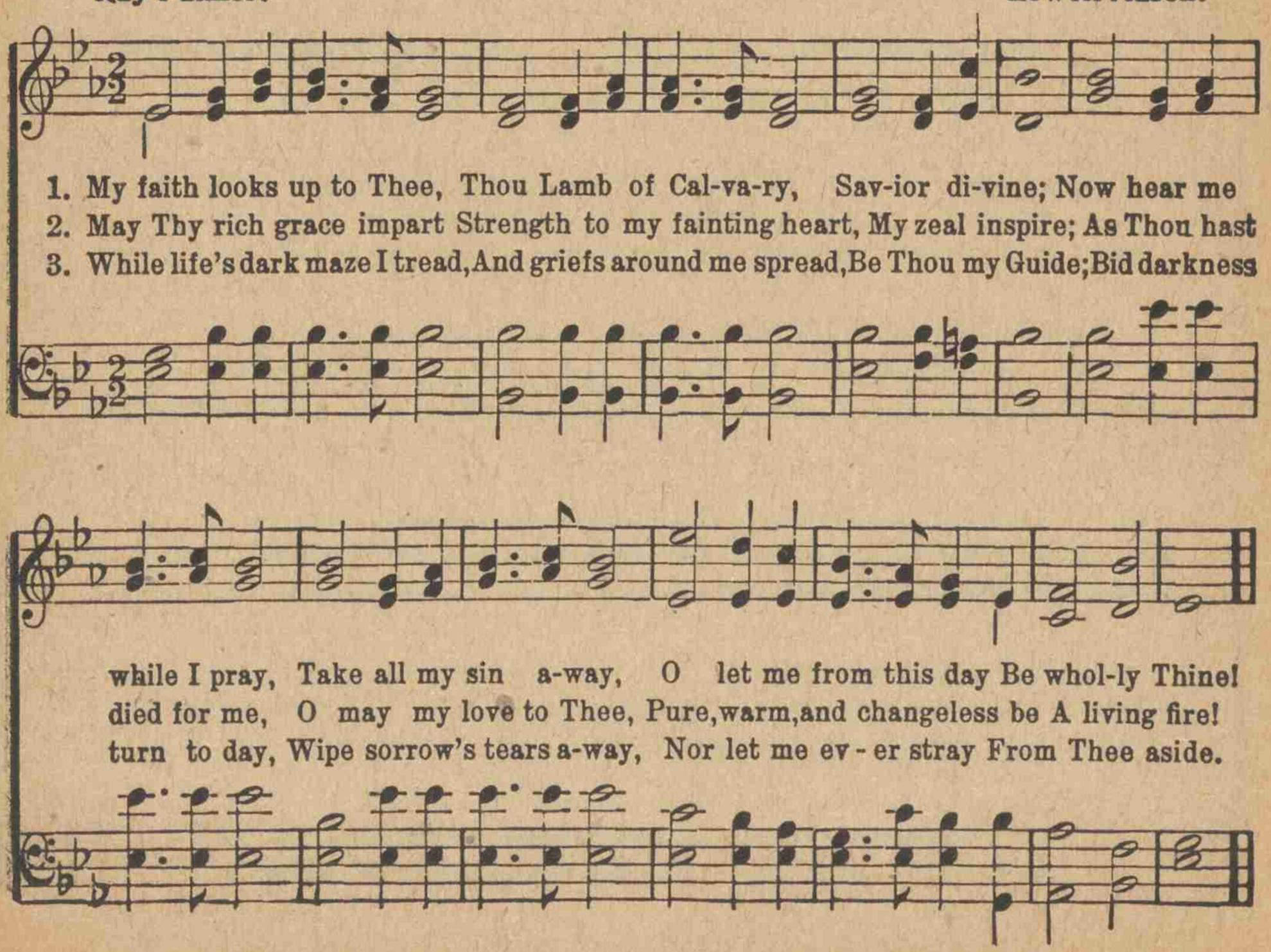


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my nand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

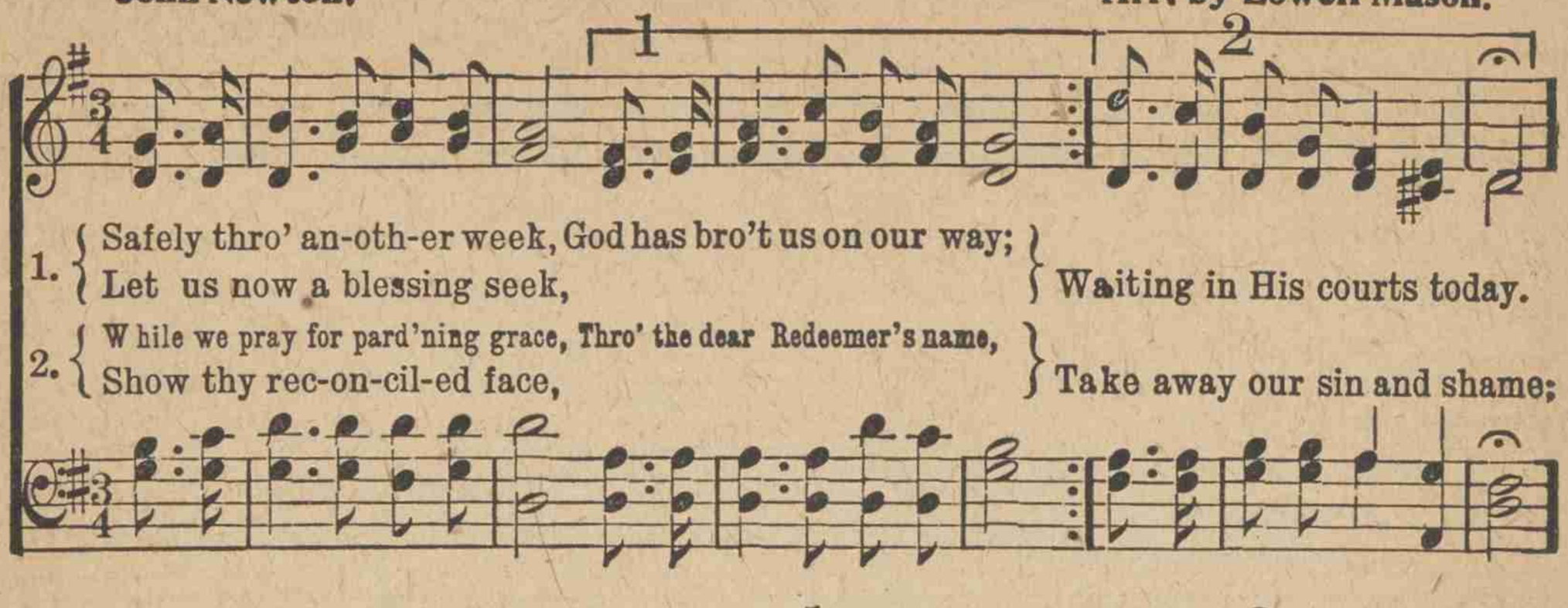
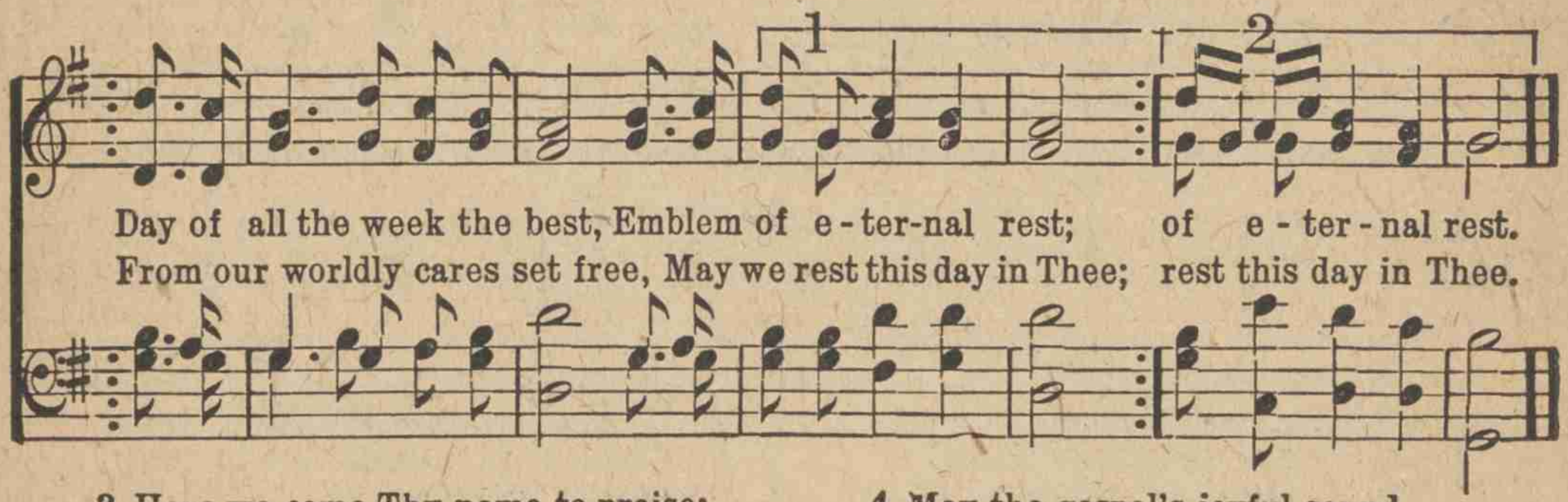
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 210. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 211. Safely Through Another Week.

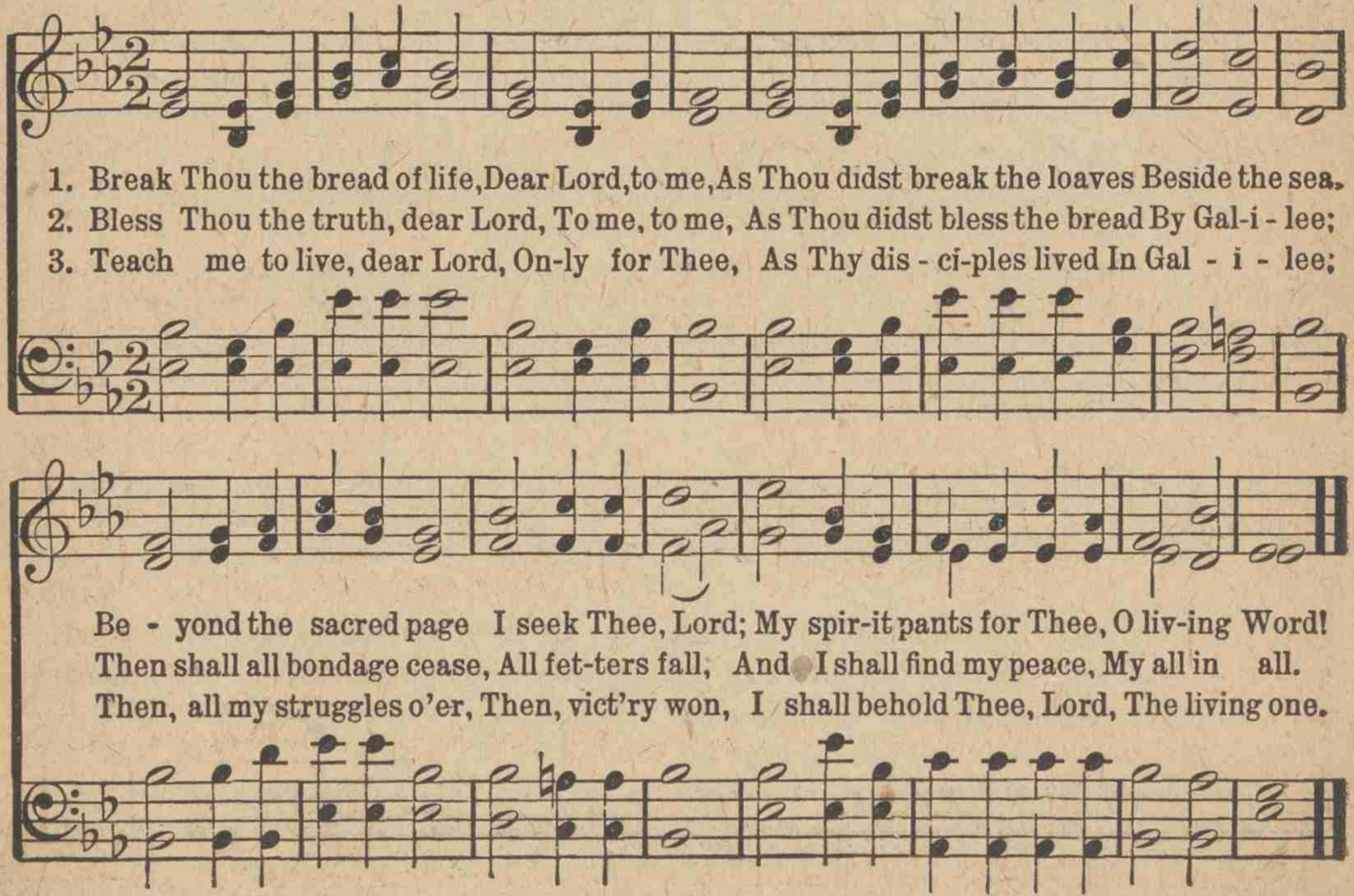
John Newton. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast,

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

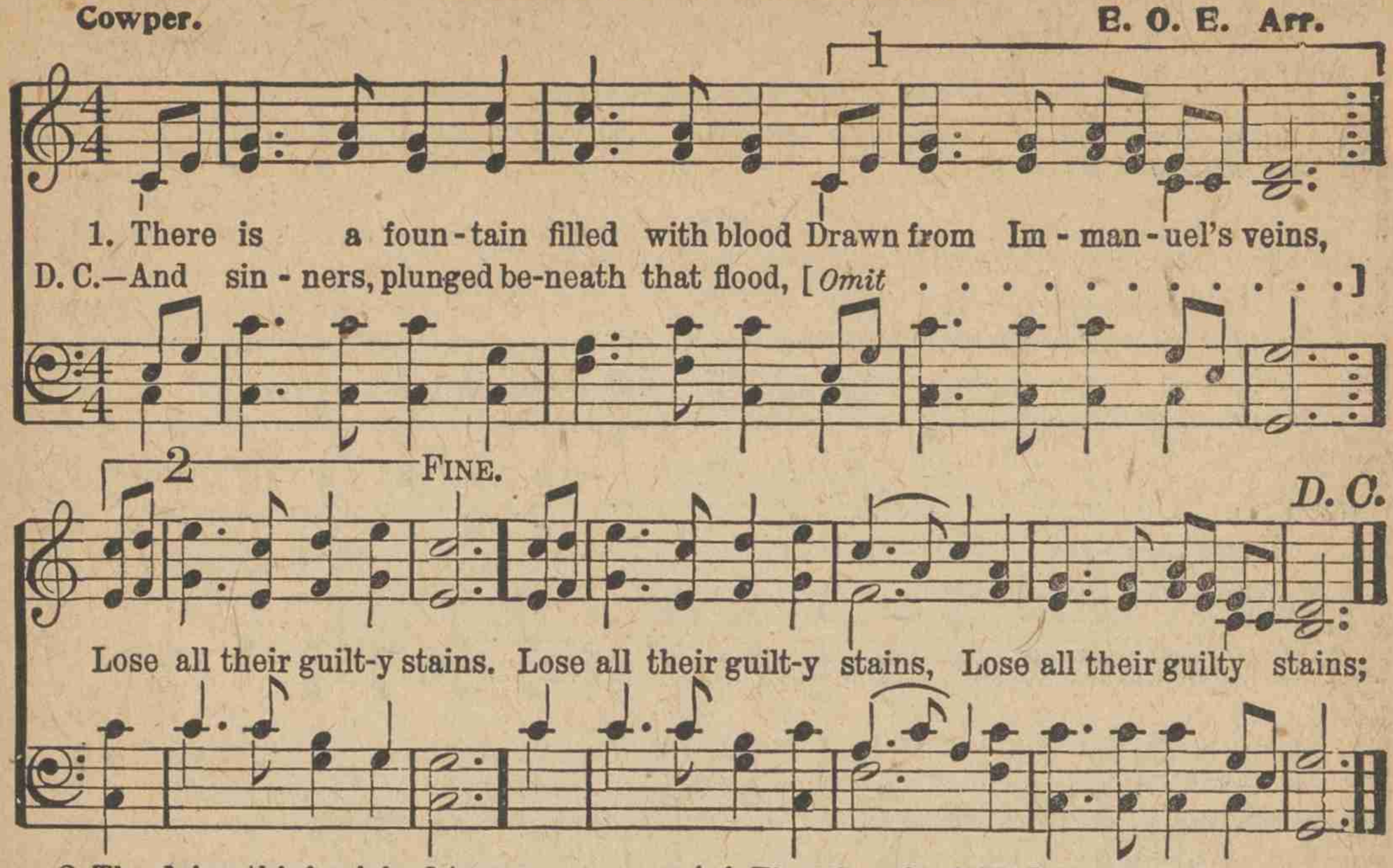
No. 212. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. **William F. Sherwin.**



No. 213. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. E. O. E. Arr.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

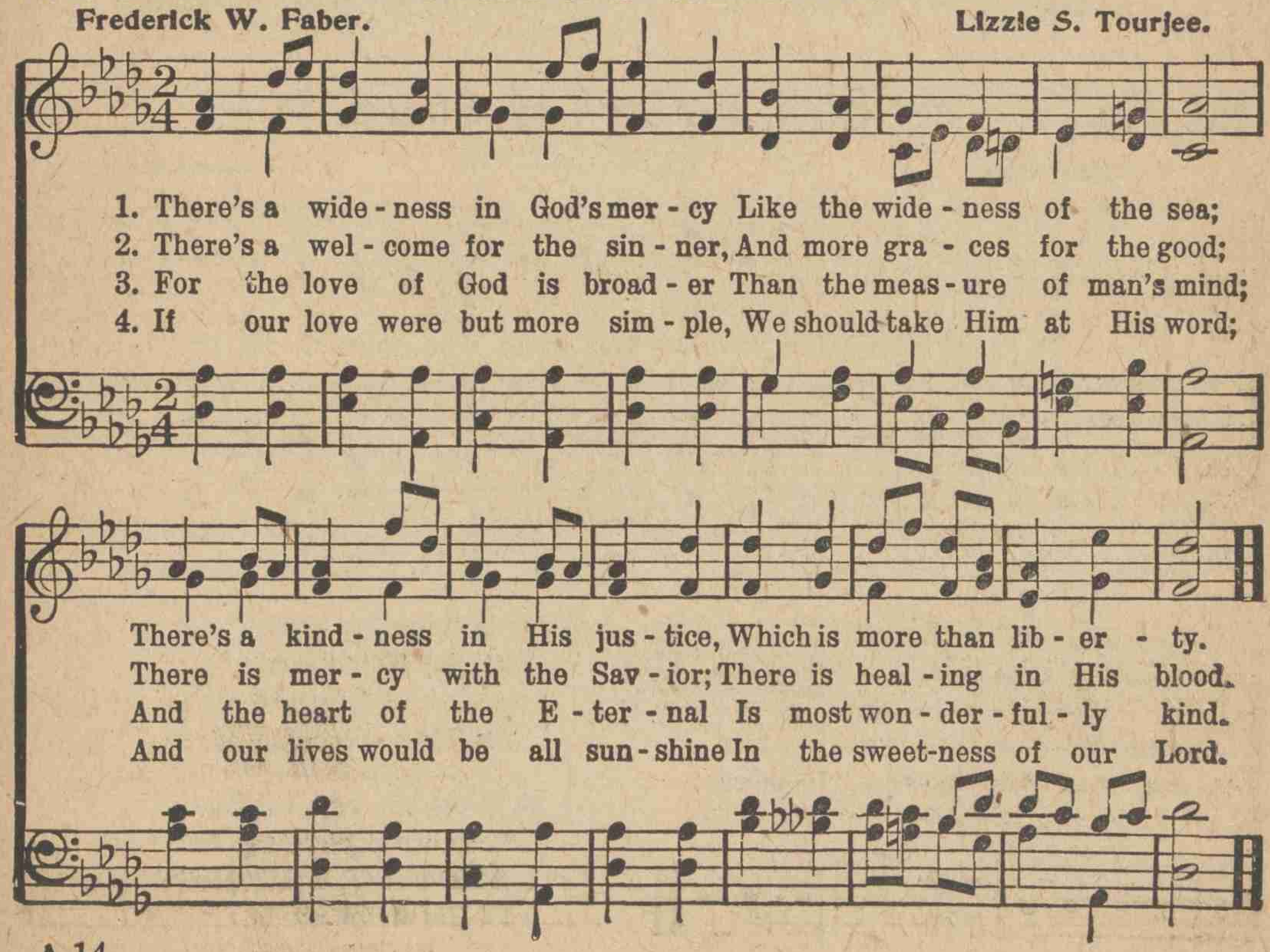
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

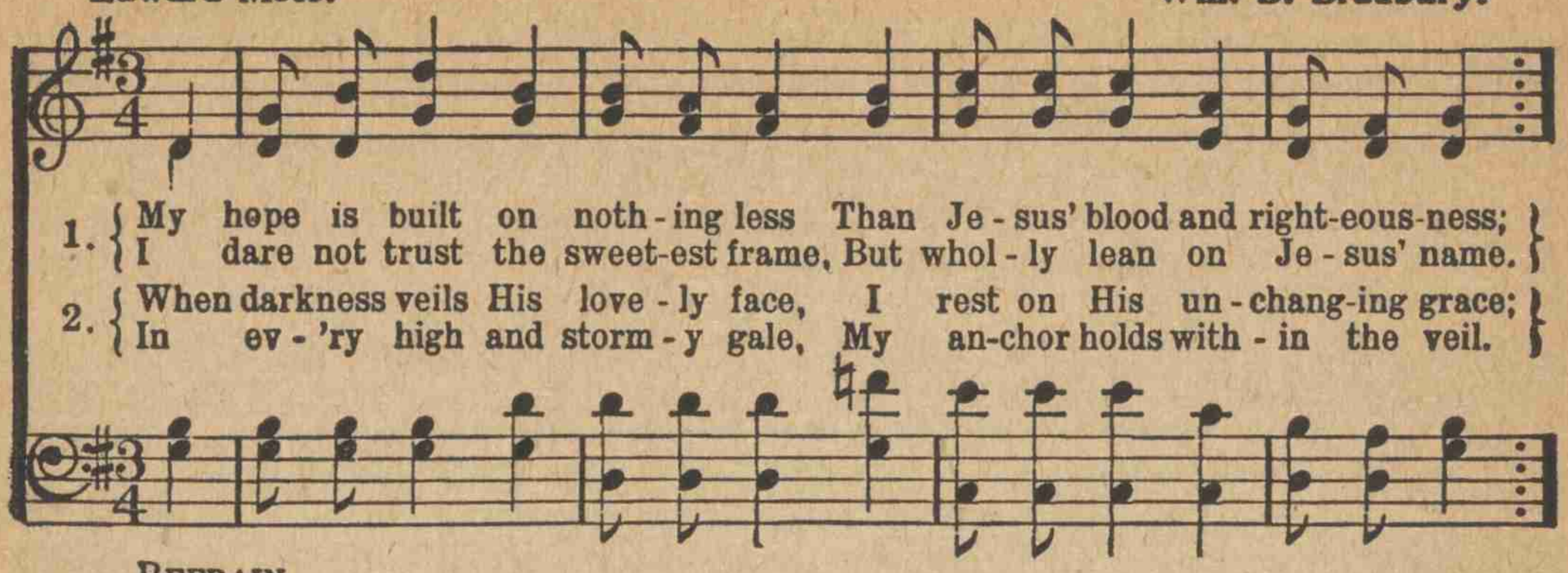
No. 214. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.



No. 215. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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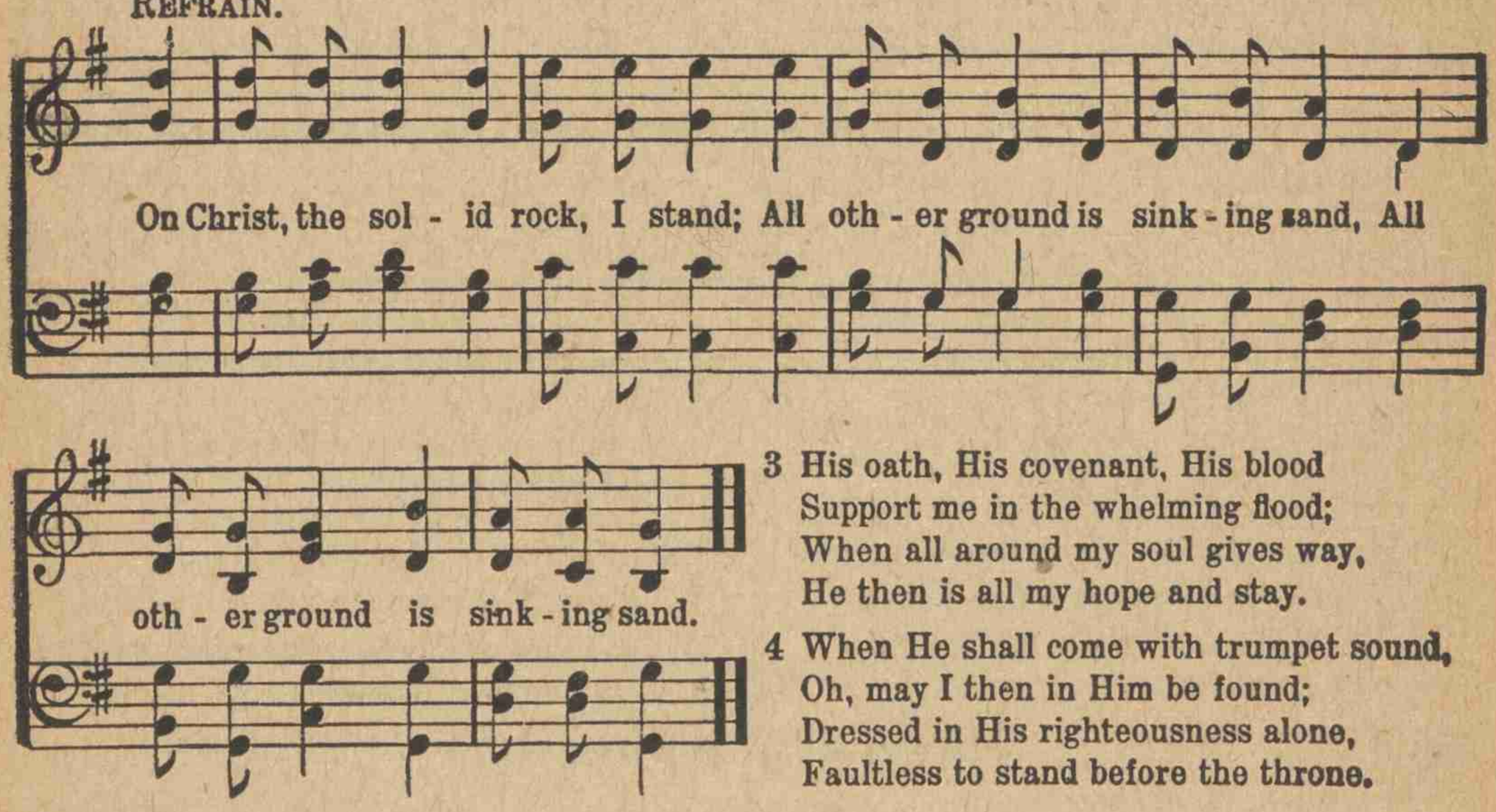
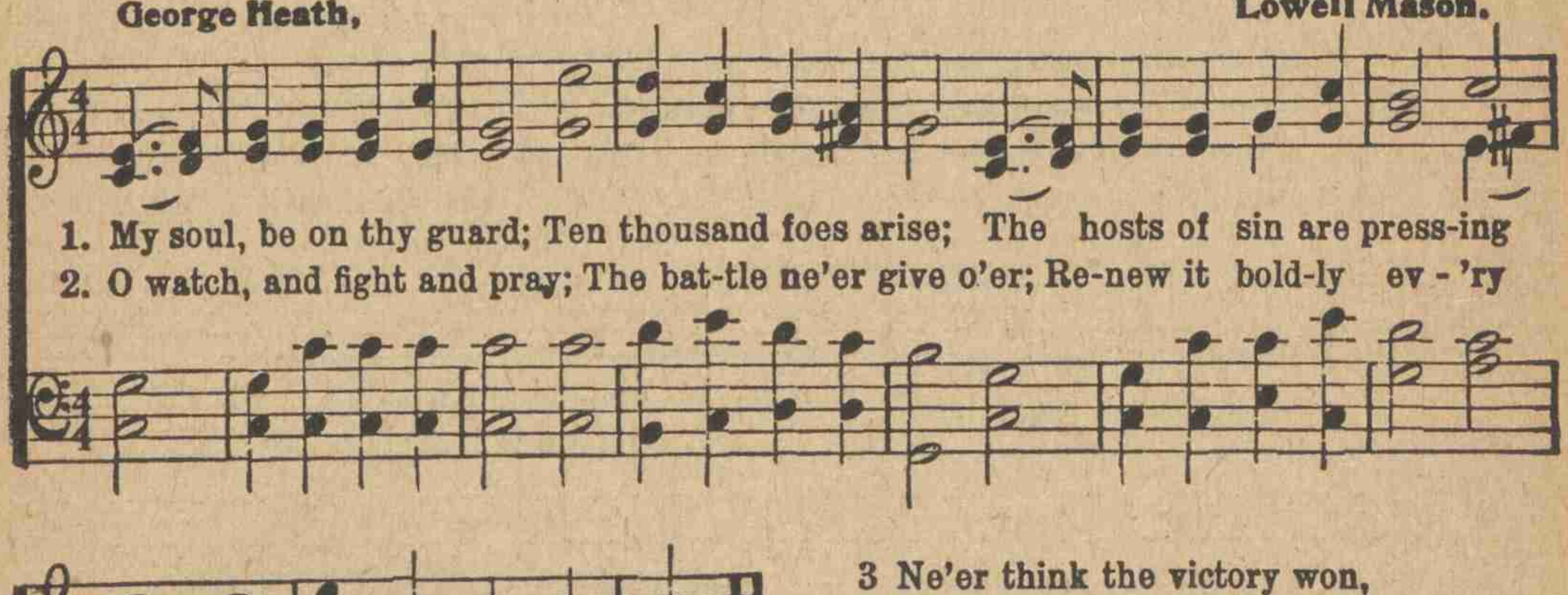


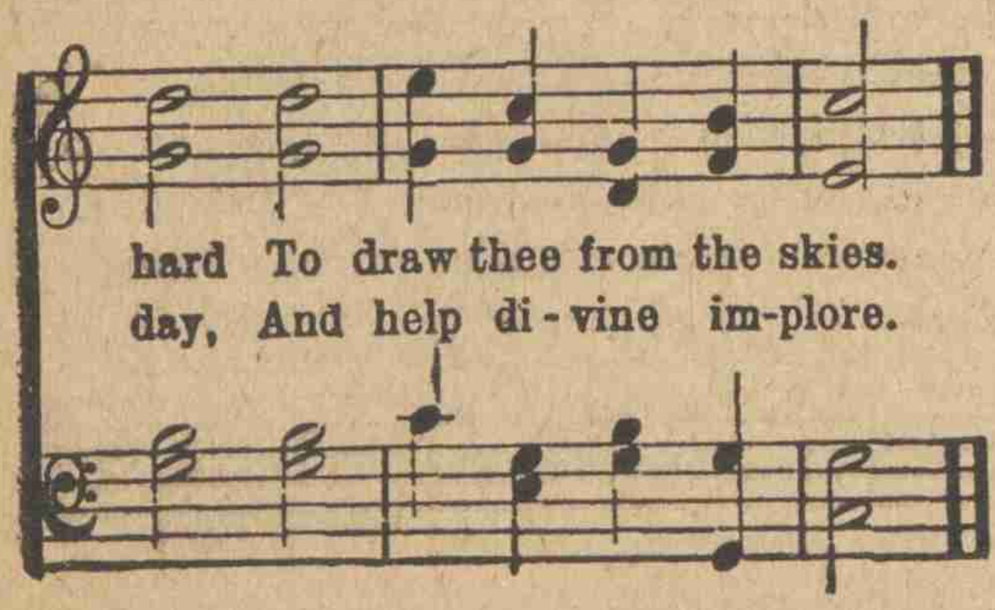
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 216. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath, Lowell Mason.



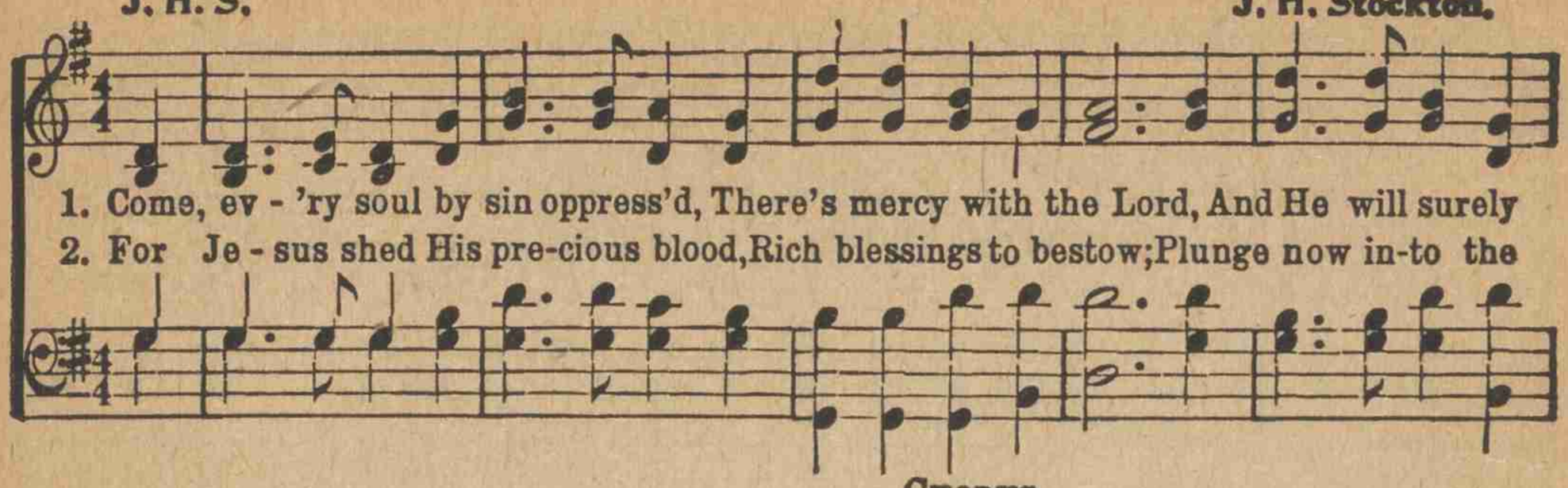


3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay Thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till Thou obtain the crown.

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. 217. Only Trust Him.

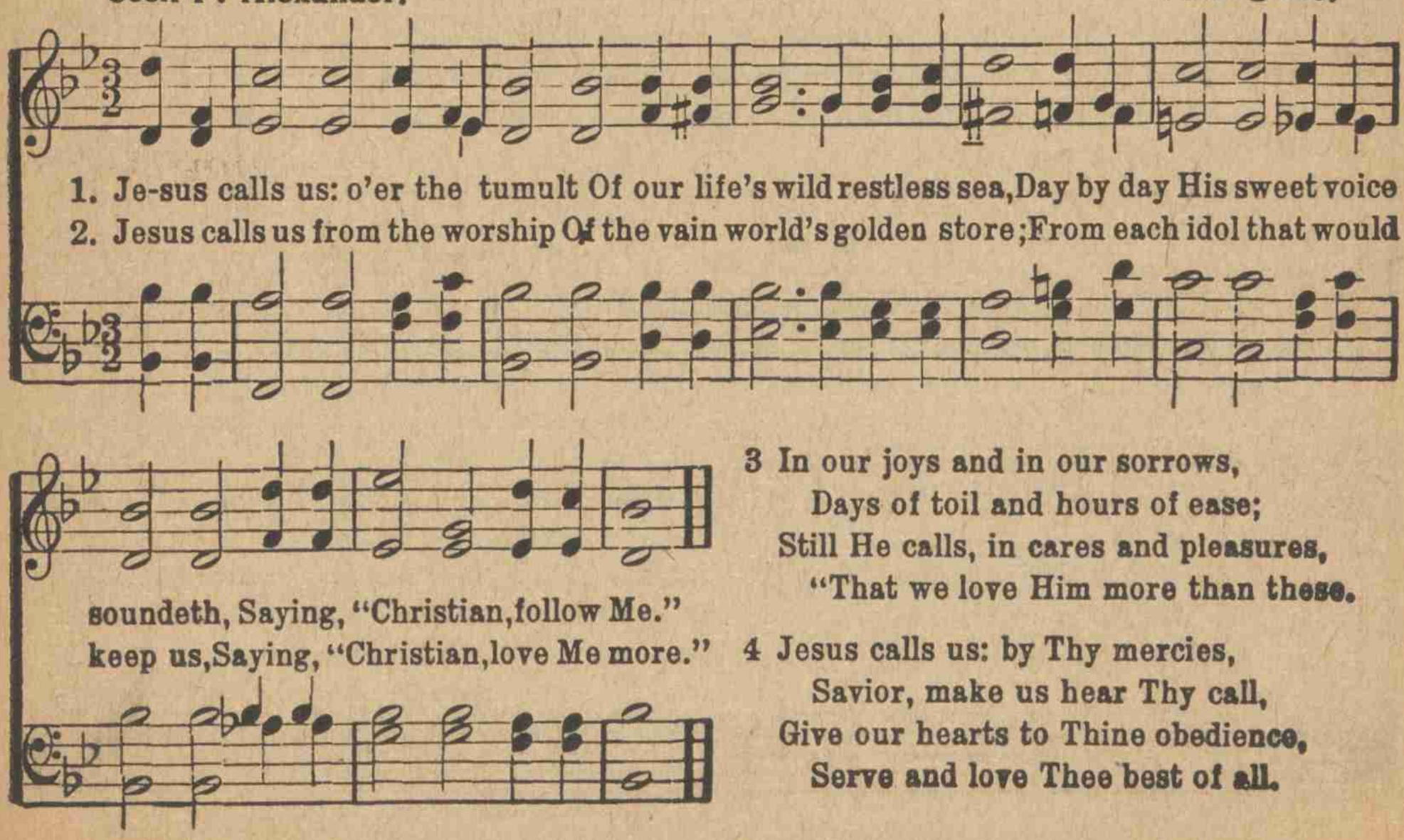
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 218. Jesus Calls Us.

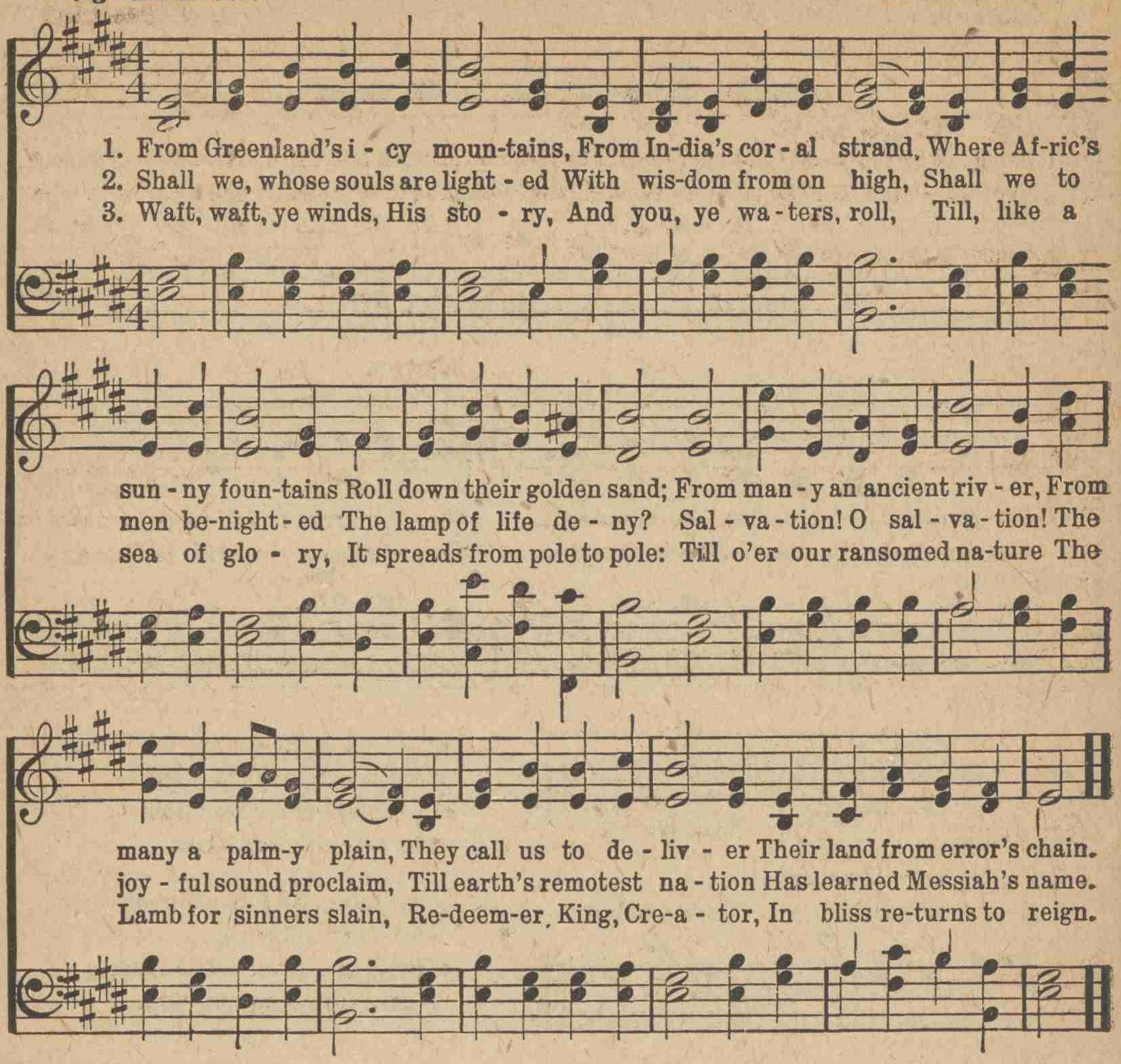
Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 219. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. **Lowell Mason.**

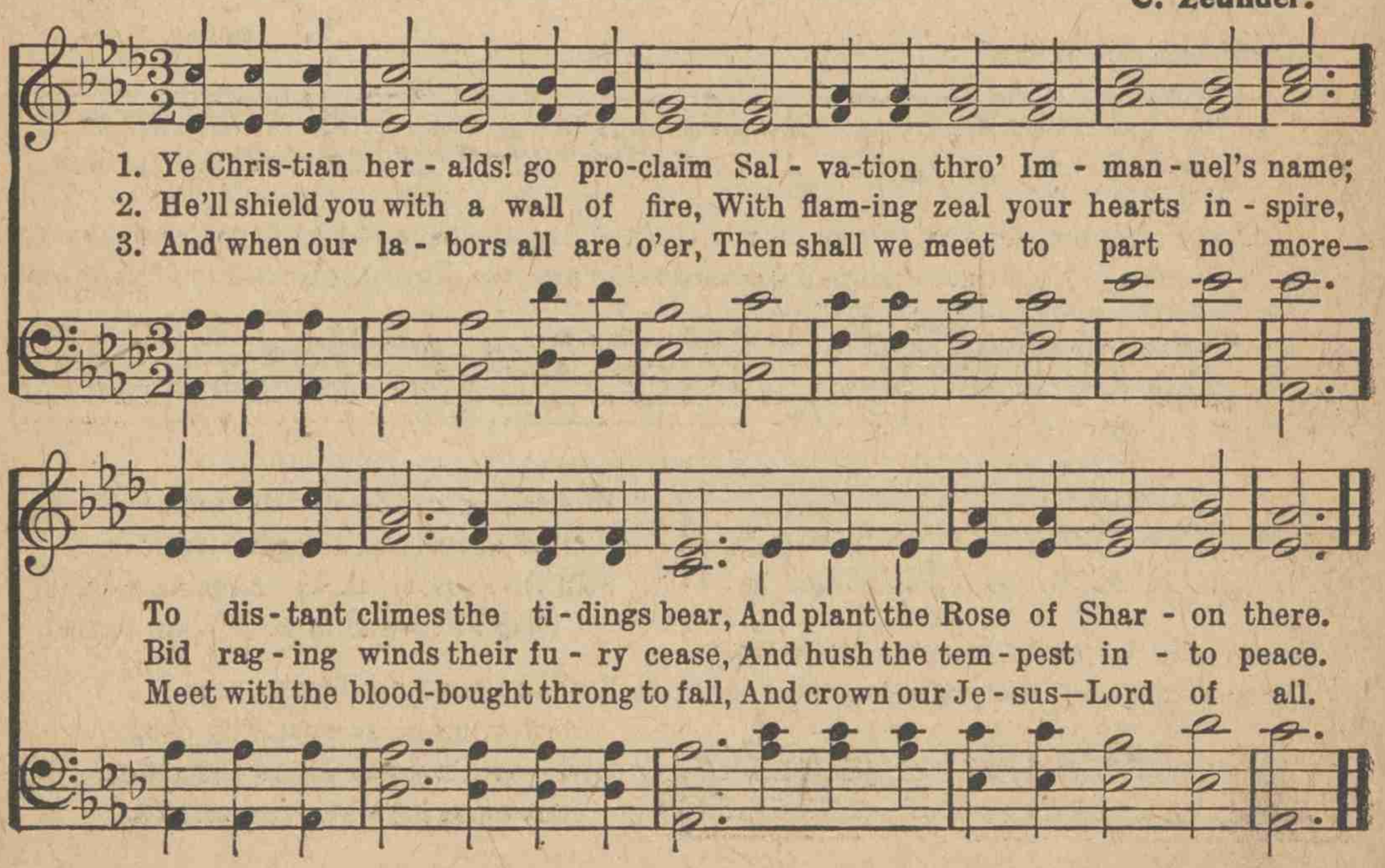
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.



No. 220. Ye Christian Heralds!

C. Zeunder.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire, Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem - pest in - to peace.
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more— Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus—Lord of all.



No. 221. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. **Unknown.**

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 222. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *(Second tune.)* **Anne Steele.**

No. 223. Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shall find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless

can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 224. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

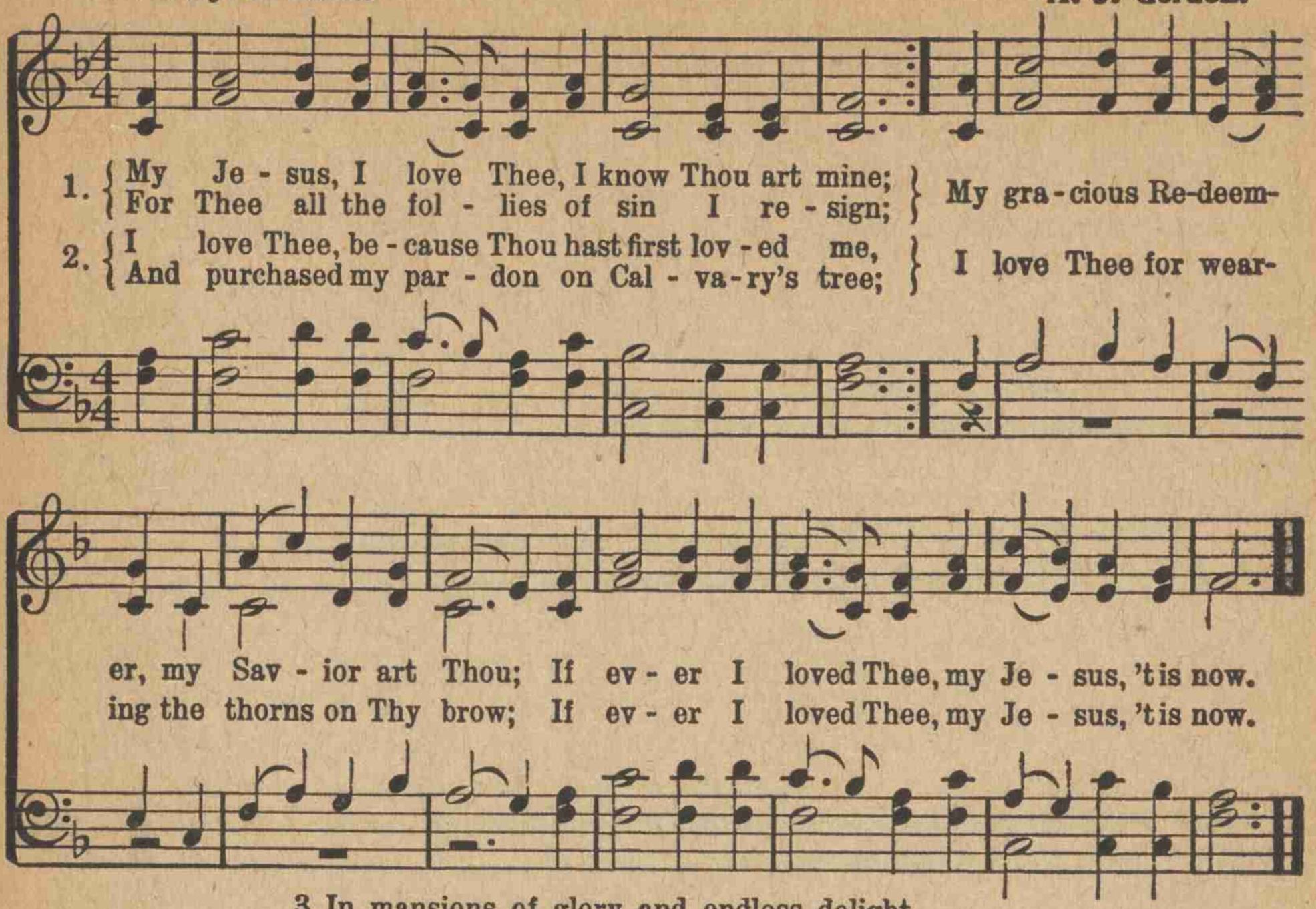
For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior, And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 225. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.



3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

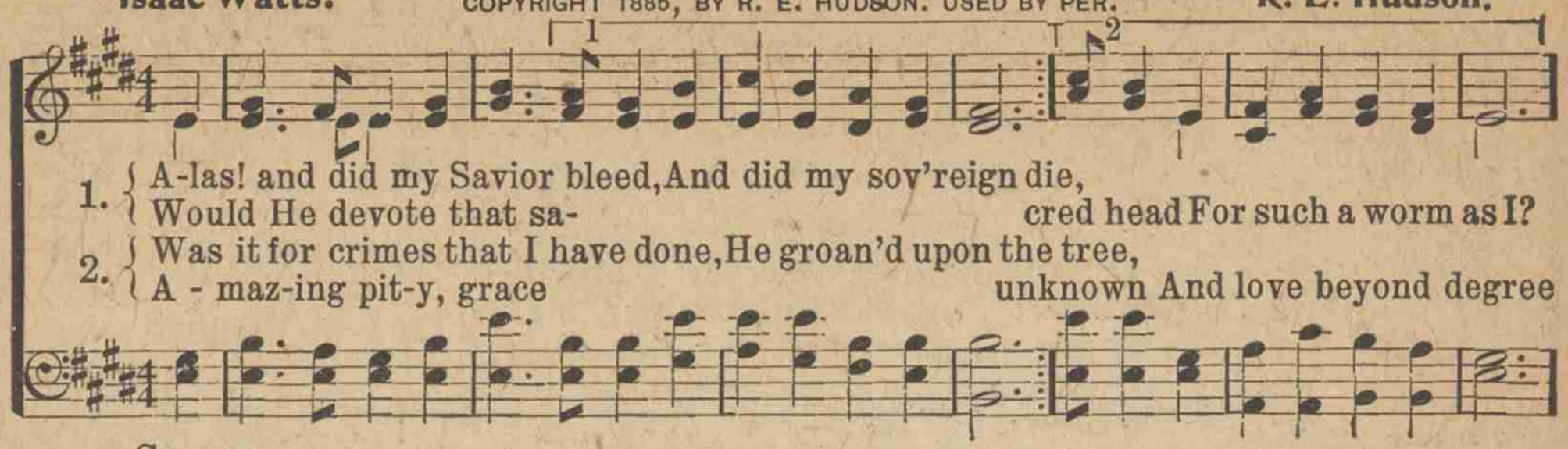
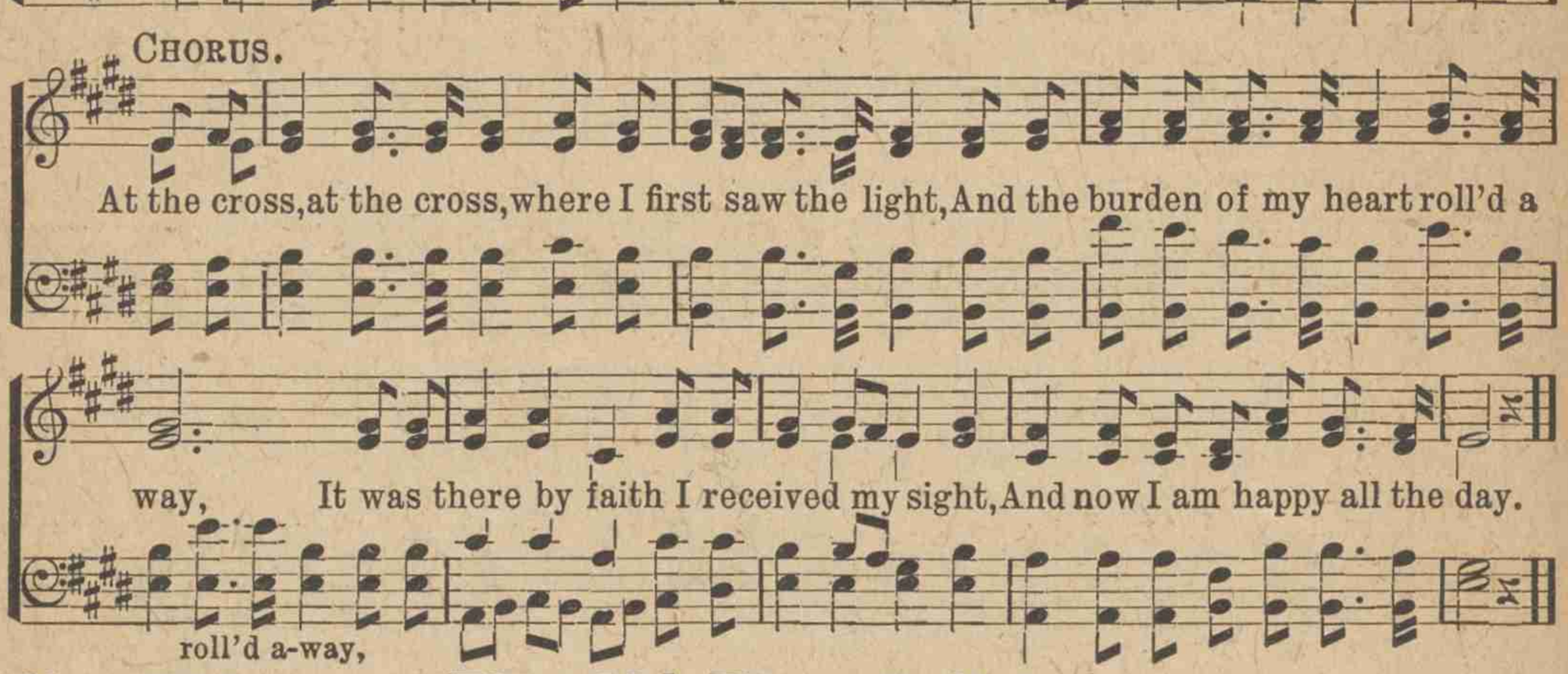
No. 226. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

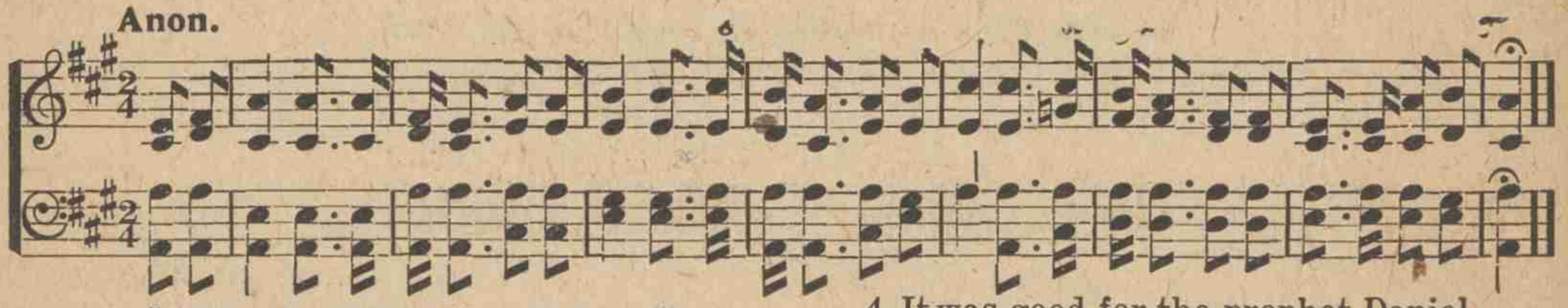
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 227. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER. R. E. Hudson.



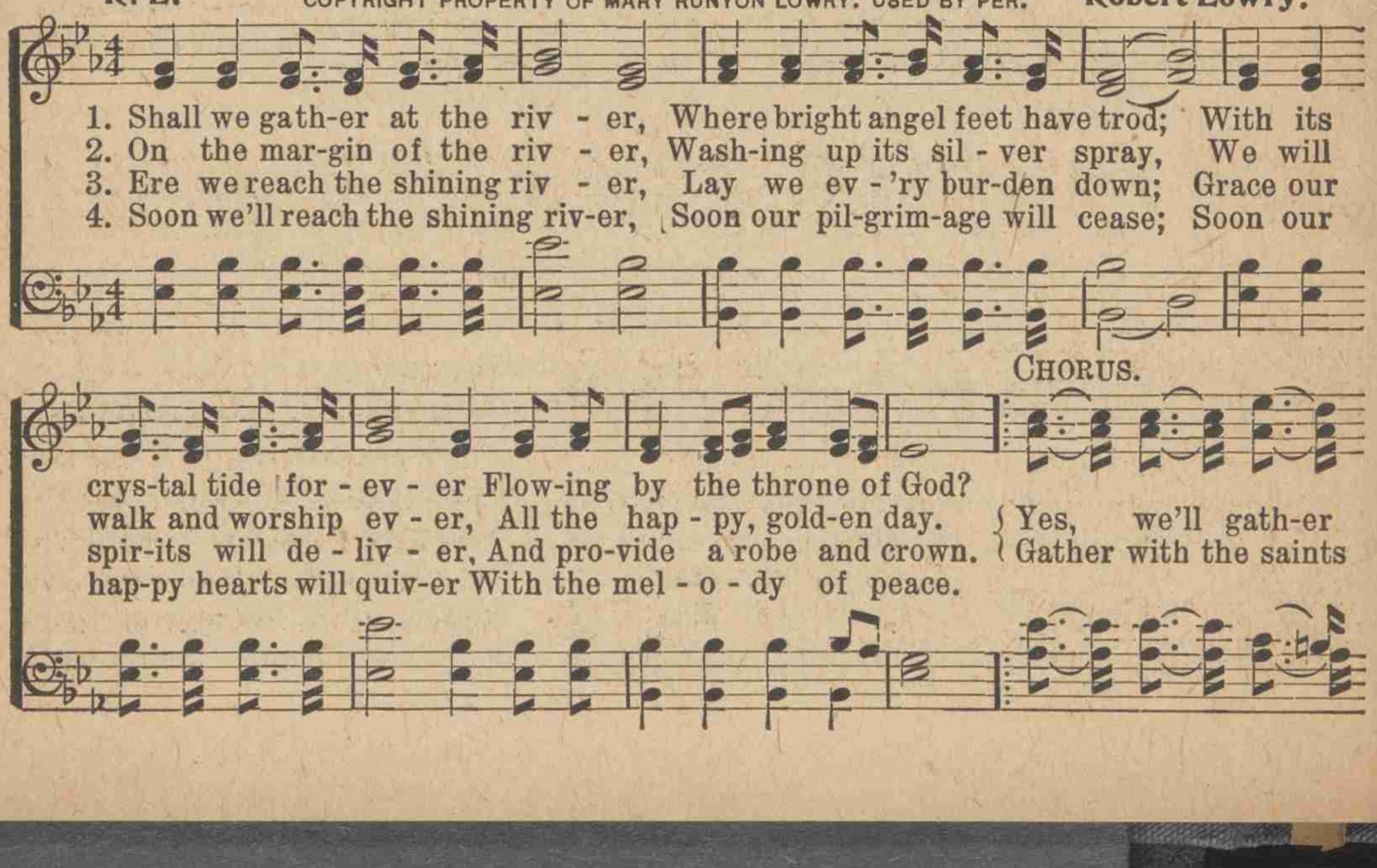
No. 228. The Old Time Religion.

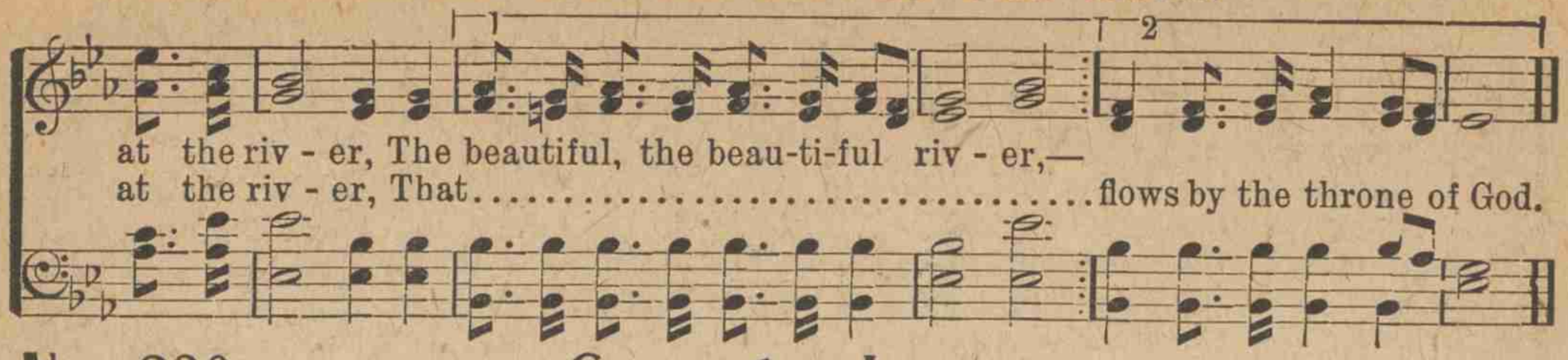
Anon.

CHO.—‖:*'Tis the old time religion,*:‖
And its good enough for me.

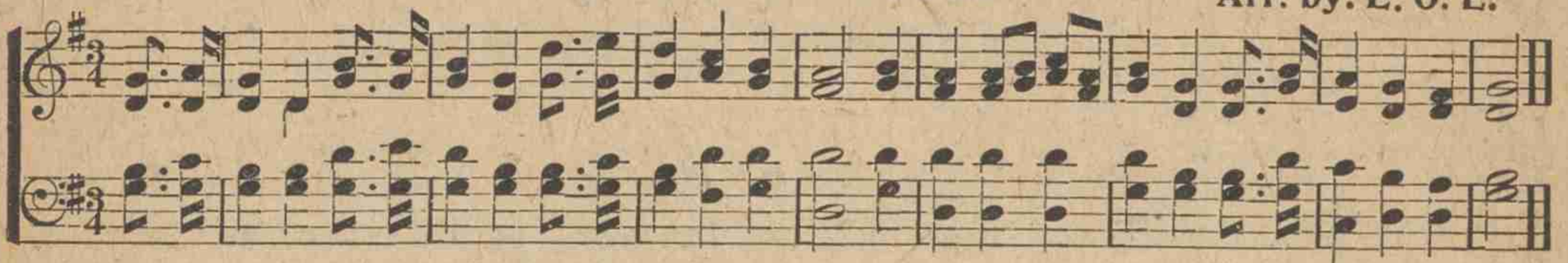
1 It was good for our mothers.
2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 229. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER. Robert Lowry.



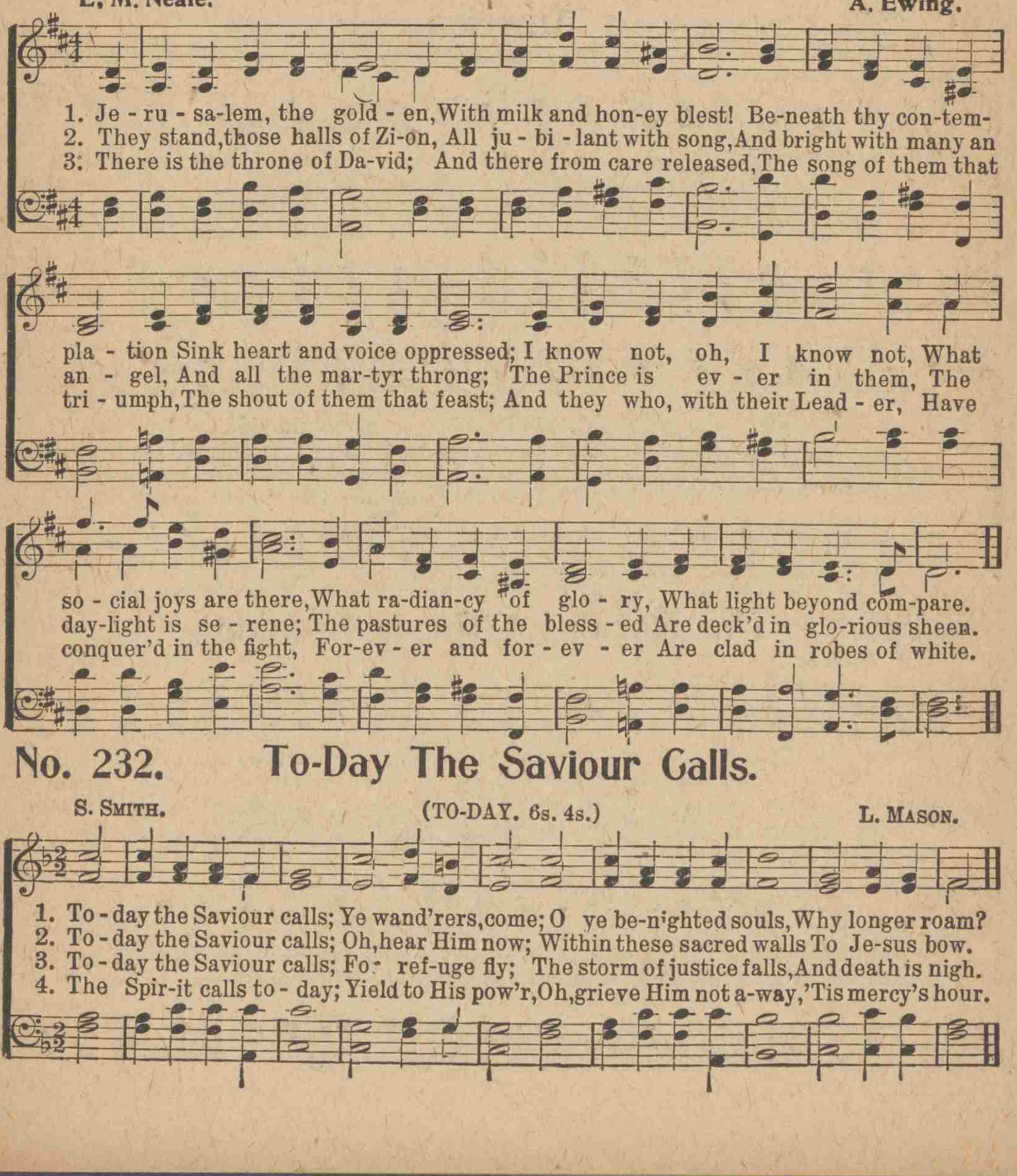
Shall We Gather at the River?

No. 230. Come to Jesus.

Arr. by. E. O. E.

1 Come to Jesus,come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.

7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

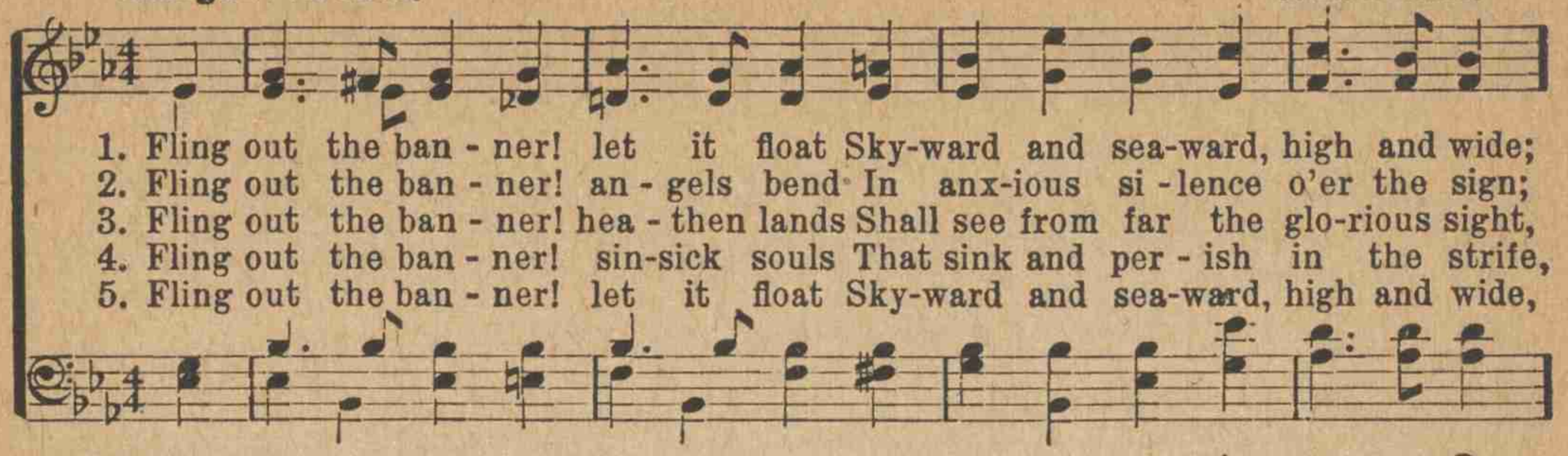
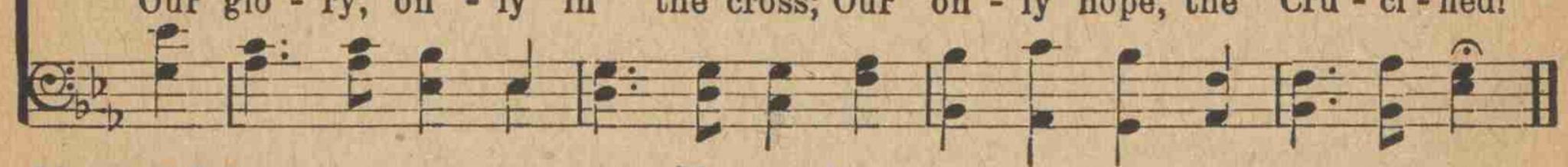
No. 231. Jerusalem the Golden.

L. M. Neale. A. Ewing.

No. 232. To-Day The Saviour Calls.

S. Smith. (TO-DAY. 6s. 4s.) L. Mason.

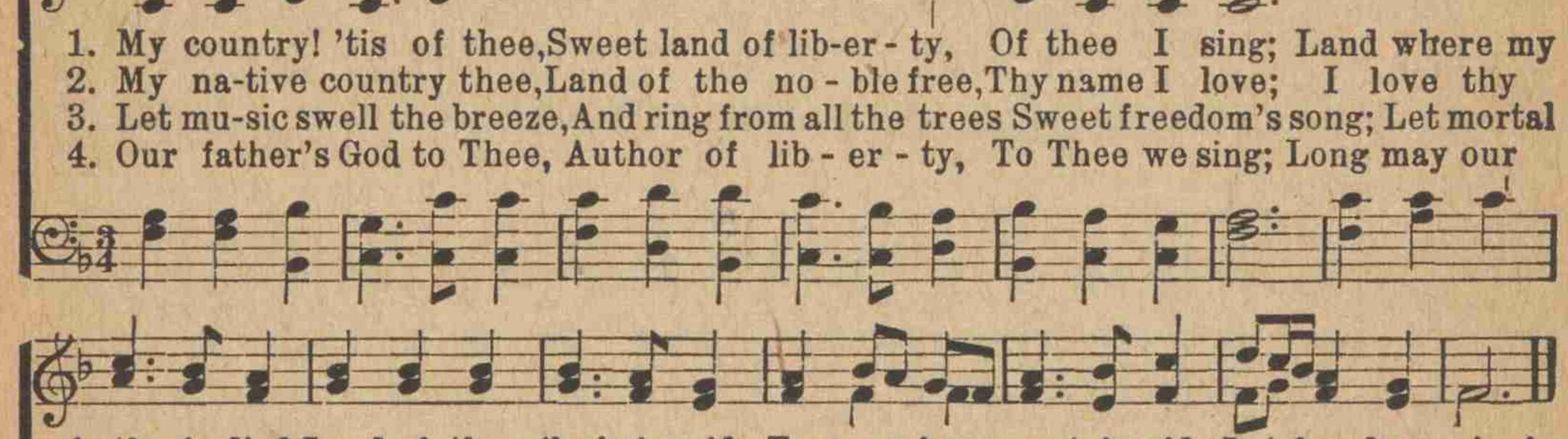
No. 233. Fling Out the Banner.

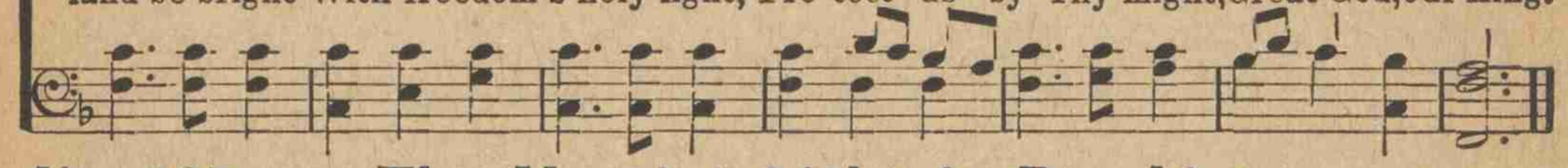
George W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si - lence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the ban - ner! hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
5. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,

The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - ior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
And na - tions, crowding to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra - dient hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

No. 234. America.

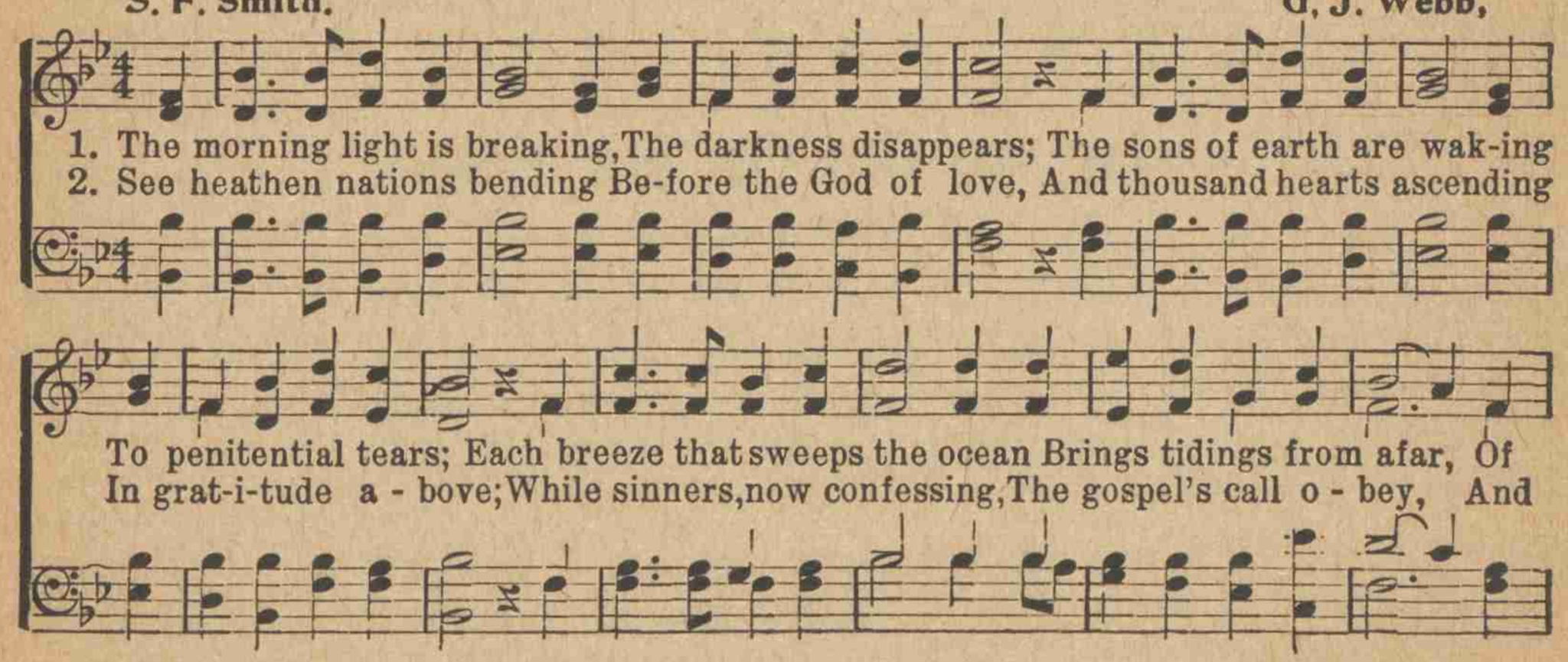
S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

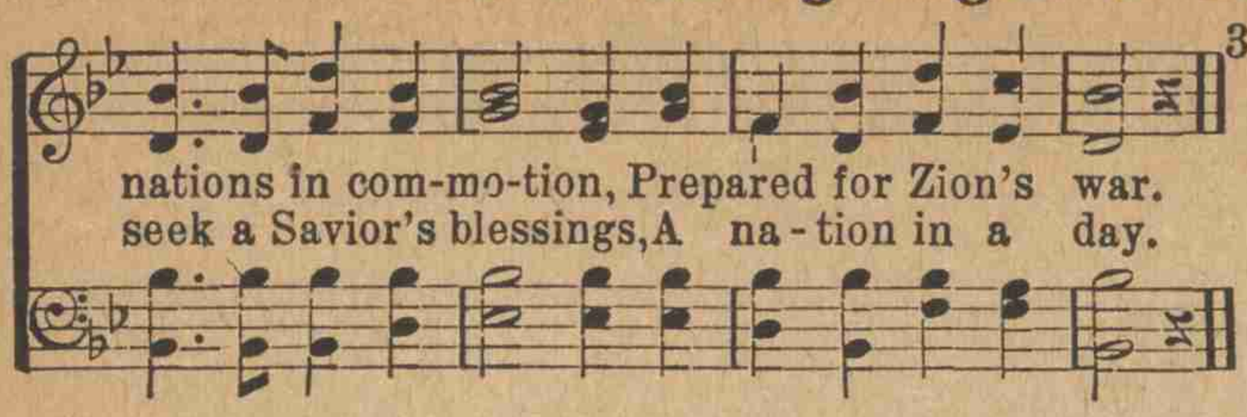


fa-ther's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 235. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
2. See heathen nations bending Be-fore the God of love, And thousand hearts ascending

To penitential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar, Of
In grat-i-tude a - bove; While sinners, now confessing, The gospel's call o - bey, And

The Morning Light is Breaking.



3 Blest river of salvation,
Persue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 236. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

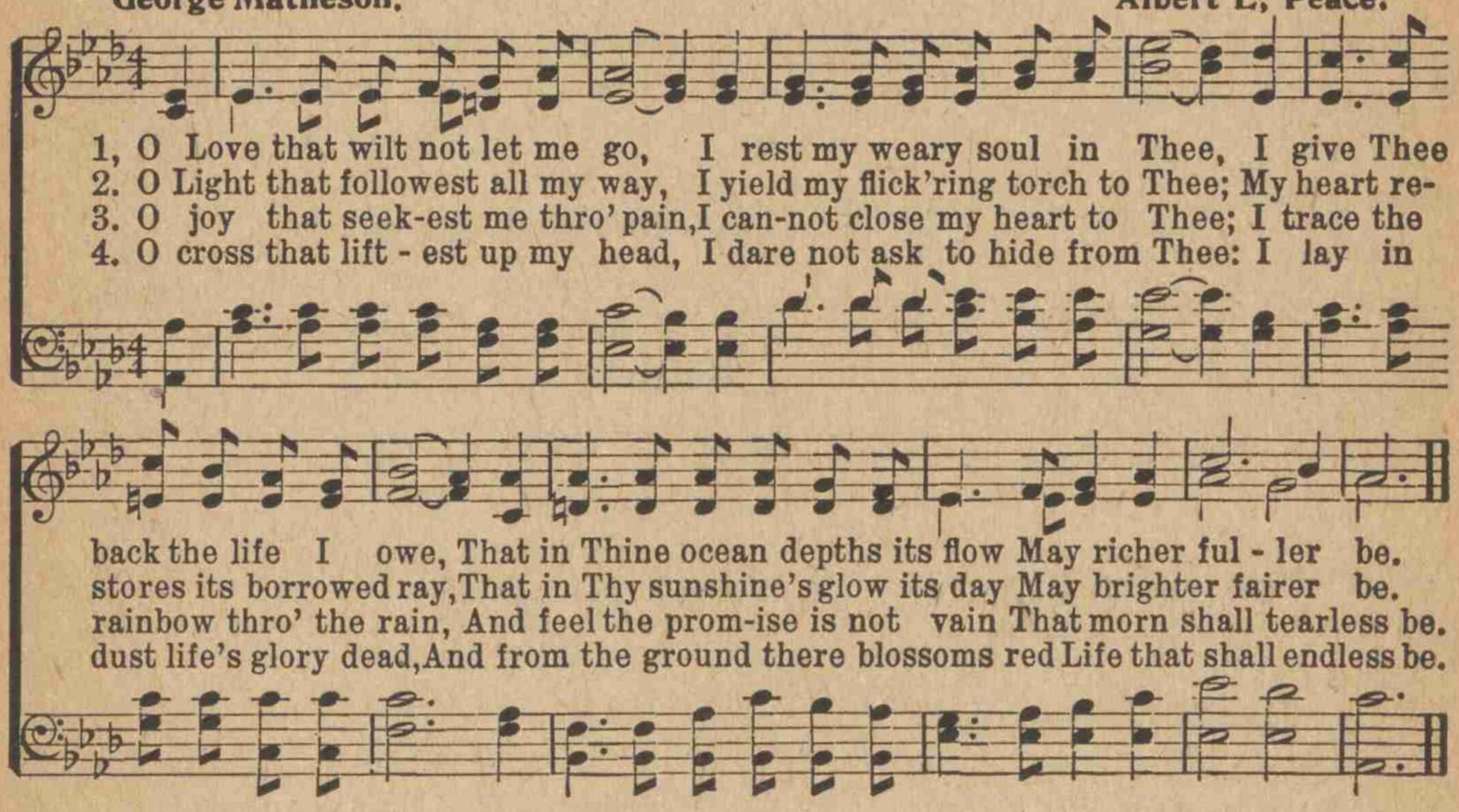
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

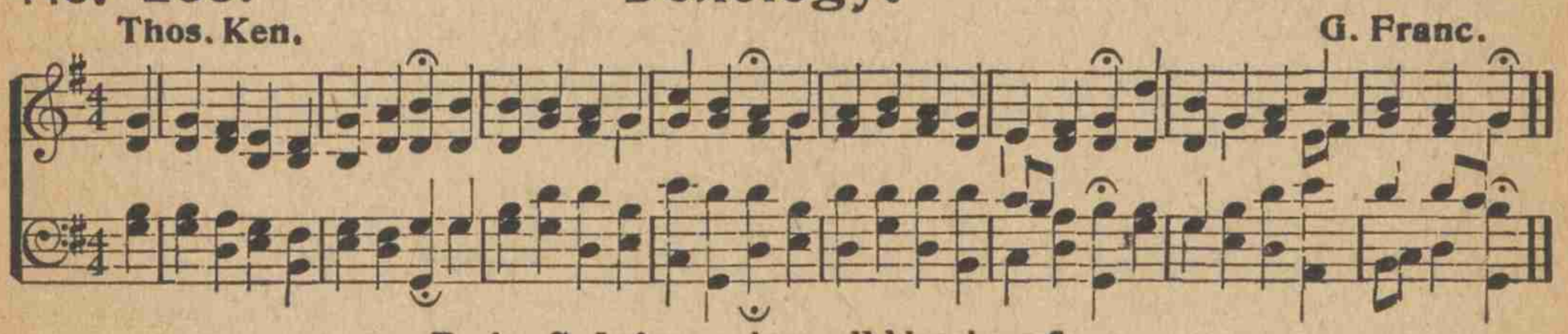
George Duffield.

No. 237. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.



No. 238. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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