

**FAMOUS
GOSPEL
HYMNS**

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FAMOUS GOSPEL HYMNS

EDITED BY

D. B. TOWNER

AND

E. O. EXCELL

For price of this book, see next page

CHICAGO

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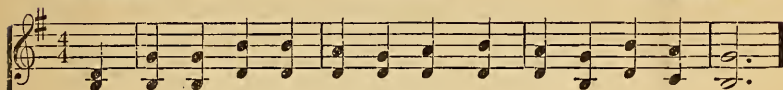
Famous Gospel Hymns

1 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

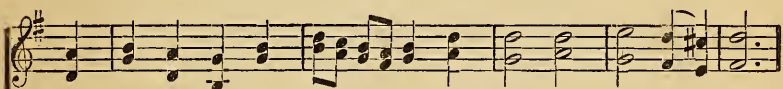
E. PERRONET.

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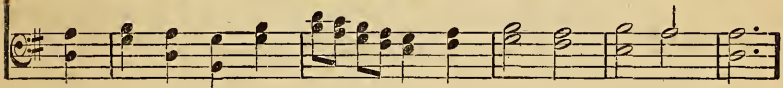
OLIVER GOLDEN.



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



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



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

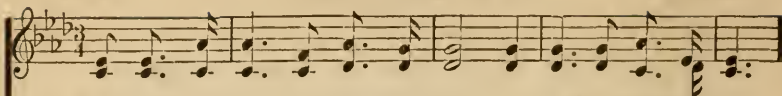


Grace, Enough for Me!

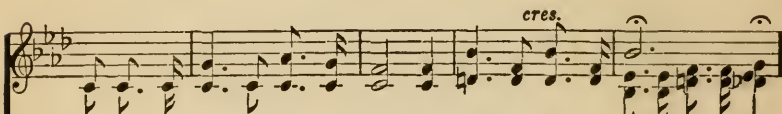
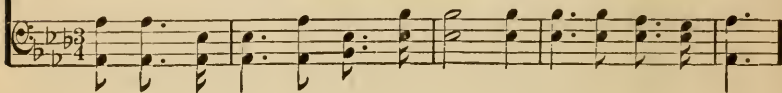
E. O. E.

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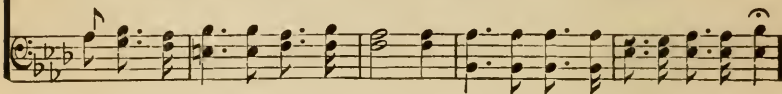
E. O. EXCELL.



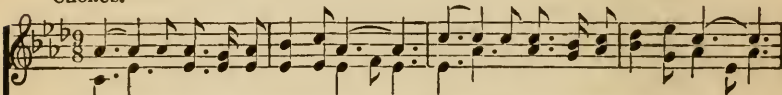
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand - ing there my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be



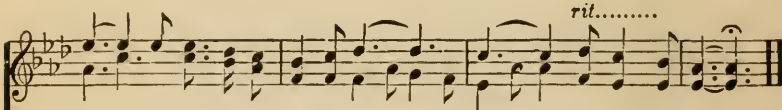
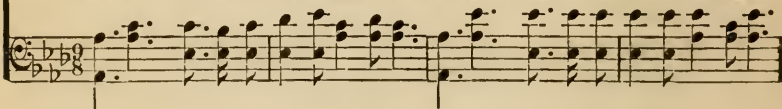
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
 Could scarce be - lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



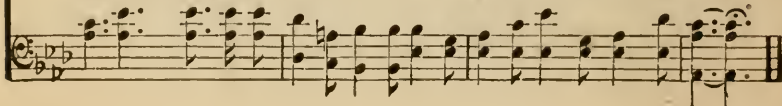
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal - va - ry, 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. A - bun - dant grace I see, e - nough for me!

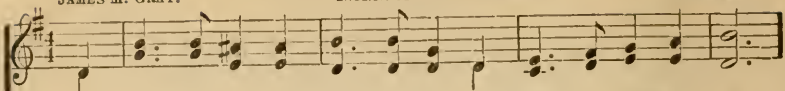


There's Victory in My Soul!

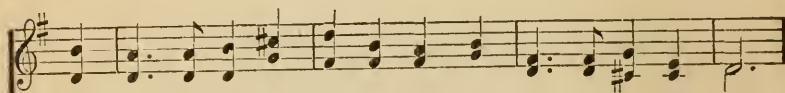
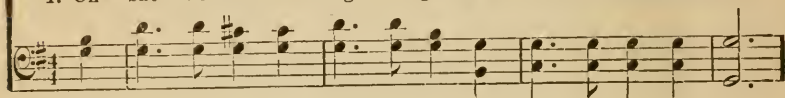
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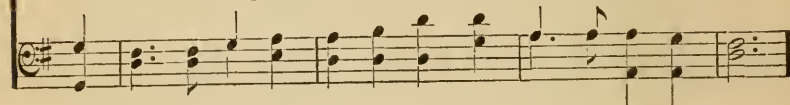
D. B. TOWNER.



1. The bur - den of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll,
2. I know there is a test for me, A bat - tle to be won,
3. E'en death it - self I do not fear, Since Christ hath borne its sting,
4. On bat - tle fields of long a - go When Is - rael drew the sword,



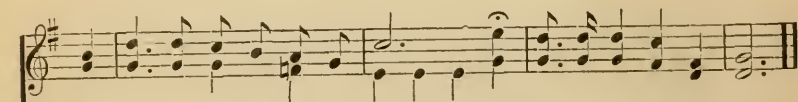
And now I have His peace with-in, And vic - t'ry in my soul.
 But God be-stows the vic - to - ry Ere yet it is be - gun.
 While faith re-gards His com - ing near His crown with Him to bring.
 'Twas not her strength o'er-came the foe, But trust - ing in the Lord.



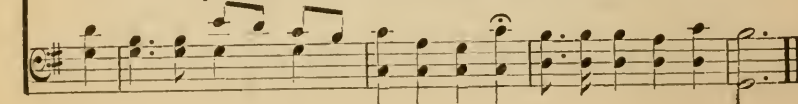
CHORUS.



There's vic-to-ry in my soul, Vic-to-ry in my soul
 vic - to - ry in my soul, vic - to - ry in my soul



I grasp the prom-is - es by faith— There's vic - to - ry in my soul!
 prom - is - es by faith—

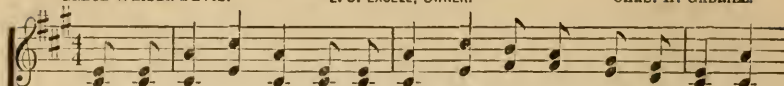


There is Glory in My Soul!

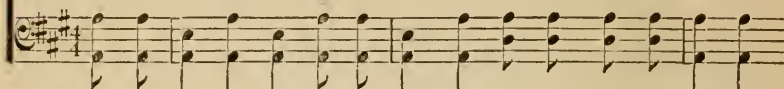
GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

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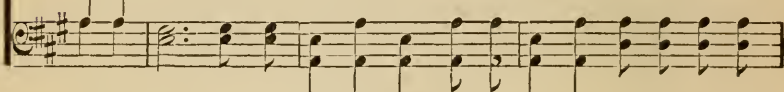
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



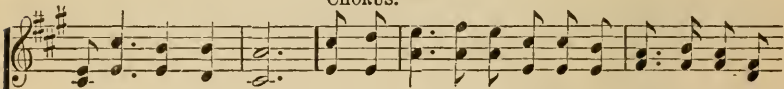
1. Since I lost my sins and I found my Saviour, There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav-en, There is glo - ry



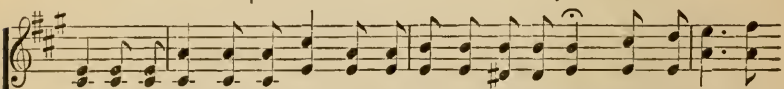
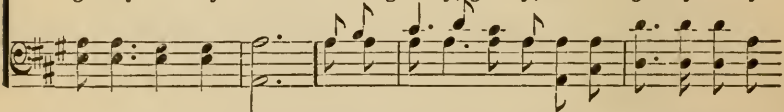
in my soul Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing-kind-ness, There is
in my soul Brighter grows each day in this heav'n-ly un - ion, There is
in my soul Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is



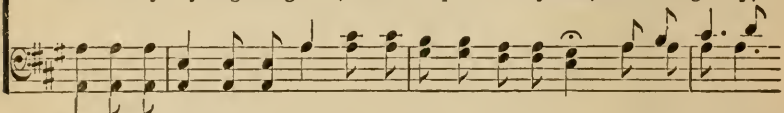
CHORUS.



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



Coming to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

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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 is 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 - iour, to Thee. Com - - ing to
 Com-ing to Thee, I am

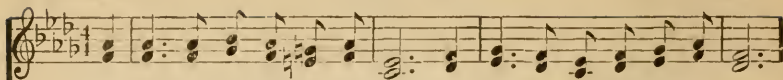
Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . Whilst
 com-ing to Thee, Com-ing to Thee, I am com-ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art

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

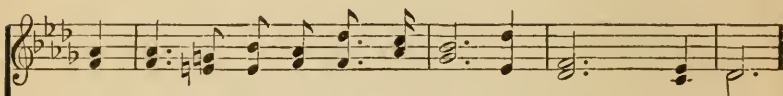
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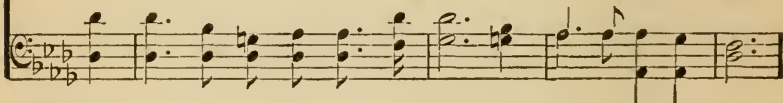


1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv - ing day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows—oh, tho't so full of bliss! For though on earth our joys we miss,

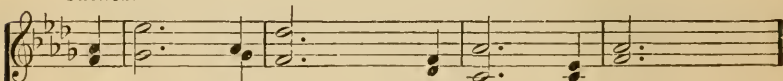


The souls that weep, the souls that pray— He knows it all!
 The wounds the world has nev - er seen— He knows it all!
 Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink— He knows it all!
 We still can bear it, feel - ing this— He knows it all!

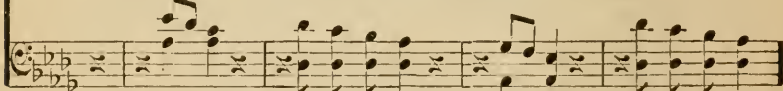
He knows it all!



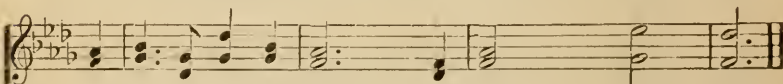
CHORUS.



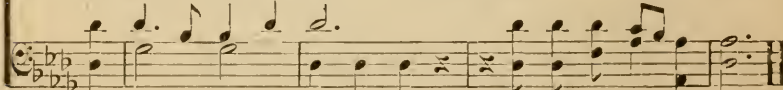
He knows it all, He knows it all,



He knows, He knows it all, He knows, He knows it all,



The bit - ter, wea - ry way— He knows it all!



The bit - ter, wea - ry way— The Sav - iour knows it all!

I am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. 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 sur-round 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 mu-sic 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 delight He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Saviour, my King, His praise all the day long
2. Hestood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heavens
4. I praise Him because 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.

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}

pre - cious to me, me,..... For He is so pre-cious to me,..... 'Tis heaven be-
so pre - cious to me,

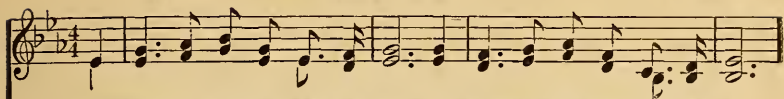
low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.....
rit.....

Some Fair Tomorrow We Shall Know.

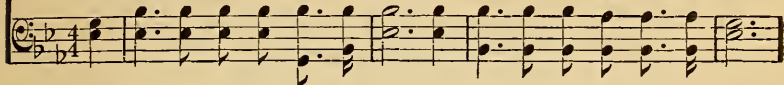
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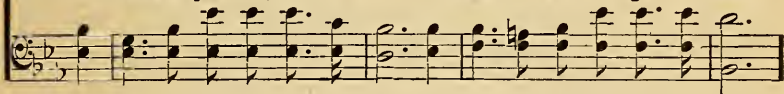
D. B. TOWNER.



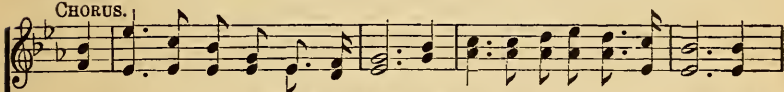
1. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know Life's mys-ter-ies that hur-t us so,
2. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know The se - cret joy be-neath our woe;
3. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know Why seeming good we must fore-go,
4. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know, We trust in Him who tells us so;



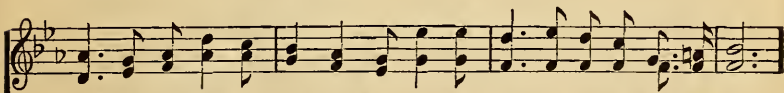
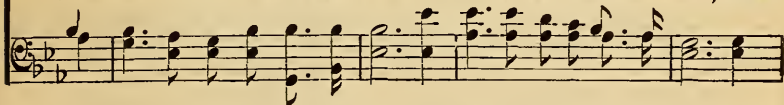
And how the bur-dens furnished wings To lift us o-ver earth-ly things.
The love and wis-dom in dis-guise Will then be o-pen to our eyes.
While plans are hindered which we tho't Were all for Je-sus' glo - ry wrought.
Se - rene and pa-tient, we a - bide To see our sor-row glo - ri - fied.



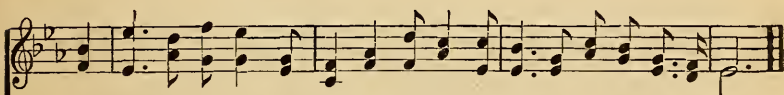
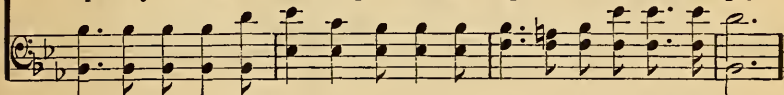
CHORUS.



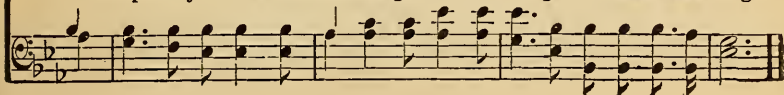
Some fair to-mor-row we shall know! Then let us wait His time be-low, While



hope may bor-row from that bright morrow A light to cheer us as we go,



While hope may borrow from that bright morrow A light to cheer us as we go.



Is He Yours?

ADA R. HABERSHON.
Solo, or Unison.

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ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A Sav - iour who died our sal - va - tion to win, A Sav - iour who
2. A Shep - herd who giv - eth His life for the sheep, A Shep - herd both
3. A Pi - lot who know - eth the dan - gers at hand, A Pi - lot who
4. A Shel - ter from tem - pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel - ter from

knows how to save us from sin, — Yes, He is the Sav - iour, the
might - y to save and to keep, — Yes, this is the Shep - herd, the
bring - eth all ves - sels to land, — Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
judg - ment, a Shel - ter from harm, — Yes, this is the Shel - ter, the

rall. *a tempo.*

Sav - iour we need, And He is a Sav - iour in - deed!
Shep - herd we need, And He is a Shep - herd in - deed!
Pi - lot we need, And He is a Pi - lot in - deed!
Shel - ter we need, And He is a Shel - ter in - deed!

CHORUS.

Is He yours? . . . is He yours? . . . Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
Is He yours? is He yours?

JOHN BURTON.

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E. O. EXCELL.

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine,
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love,
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

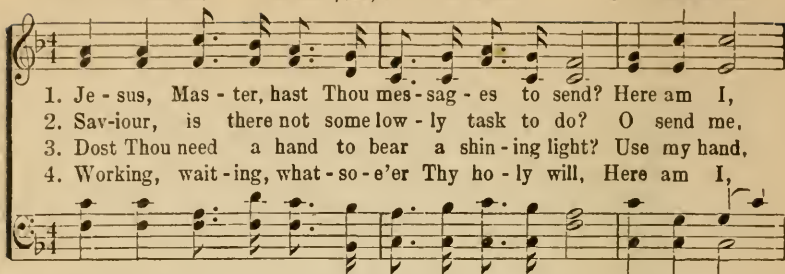
Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

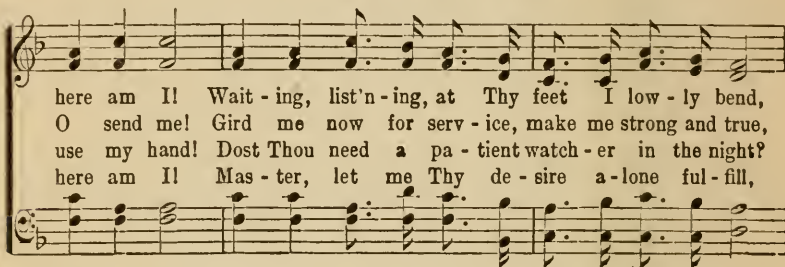
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J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

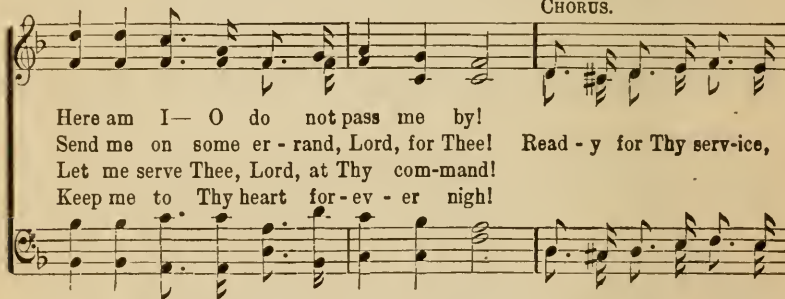


1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, hast Thou mes - sag - es to send? Here am I,
 2. Sav-iour, is there not some low - ly task to do? O send me,
 3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shin - ing light? Use my hand,
 4. Working, wait - ing, what - so - e'er Thy ho - ly will, Here am I,

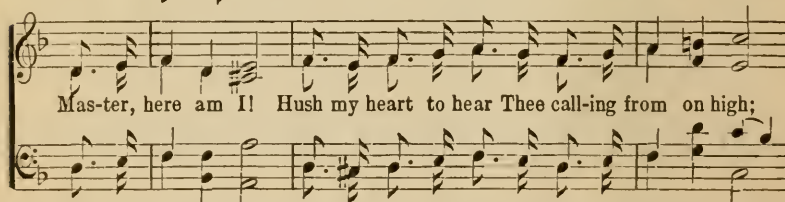


here am I! Wait - ing, list'n - ing, at Thy feet I low - ly bend,
 O send me! Gird me now for serv - ice, make me strong and true,
 use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa - tient watch - er in the night?
 here am I! Mas - ter, let me Thy de - sire a - lone ful - fill,

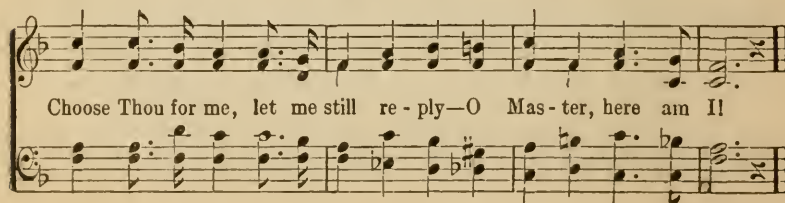
CHORUS.



Here am I— O do not pass me by!
 Send me on some er - rand, Lord, for Thee! Read - y for Thy serv - ice,
 Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com - mand!
 Keep me to Thy heart for - ev - er night!



Mas - ter, here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call - ing from on high;



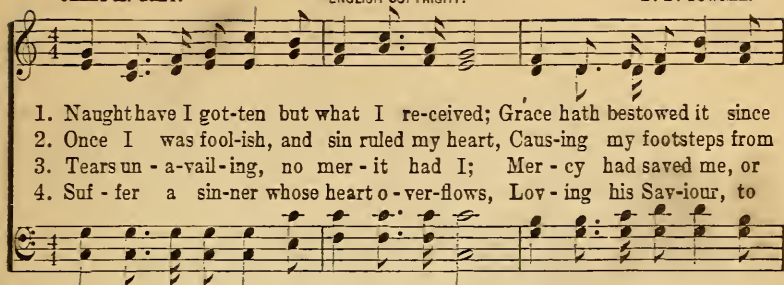
Choose Thou for me, let me still re - ply—O Mas - ter, here am I!

Only a Sinner.

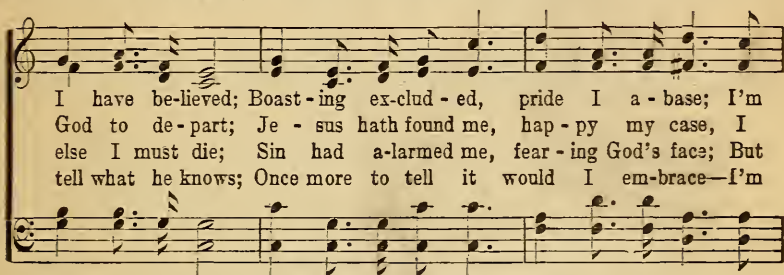
JAMES M. GRAY.

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D. B. TOWNER.

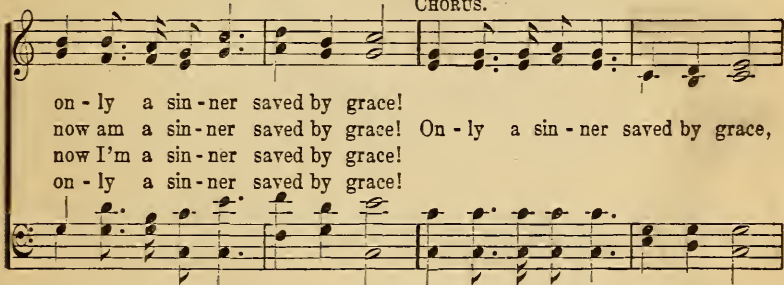


1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
 3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-iour, to

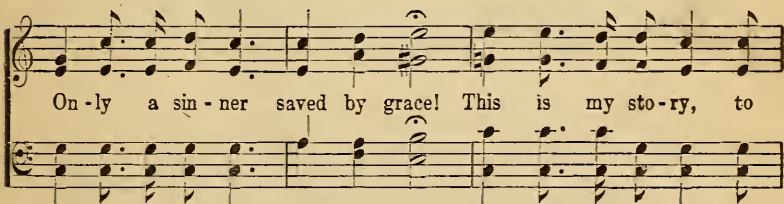


I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm
 God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case, I
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I'm

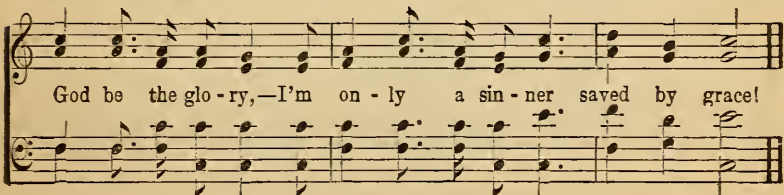
CHORUS.



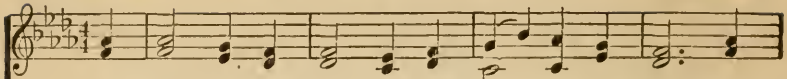
on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
 now am a sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace,
 now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
 on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



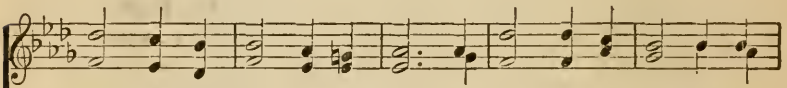
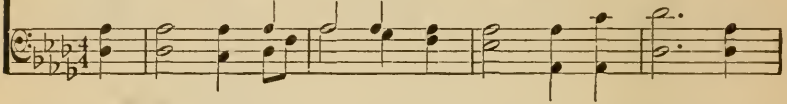
On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to



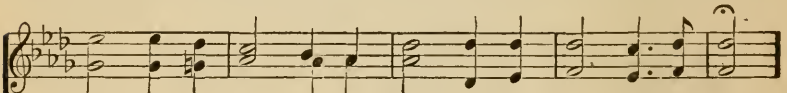
God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



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, O my soul
 Lord shall de - scend, — "E - ven so" — it is well with my soul.

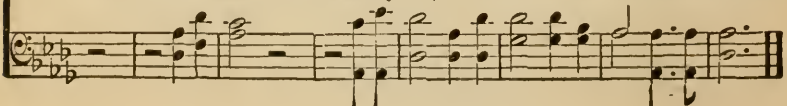


CHORUS.



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

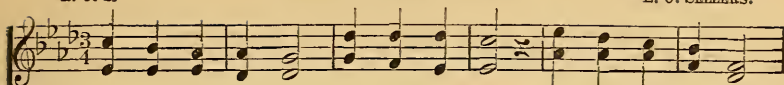
It is well with my soul,



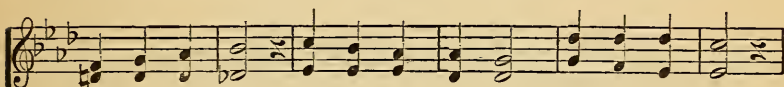
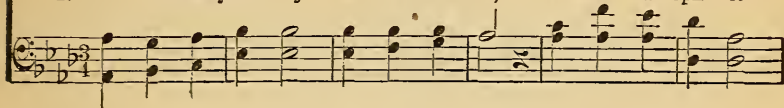
E. O. S.

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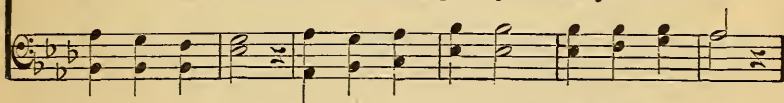
E. O. SELLERS.



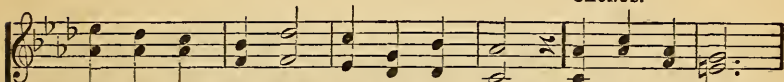
1. Tho' toil and sor-row, thro' pain and strife, Thro' days of blessing
2. Tho' oft the jour-ney seem dark and drear, And rough the path-way
3. He will not suf-fer us to be tried More than we're a-ble,
4. All thro' the jour-ney of life be-low, His bless-ed Spir-it



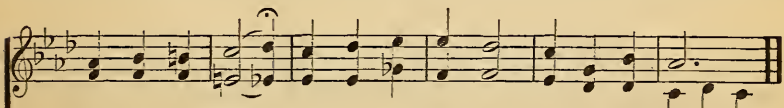
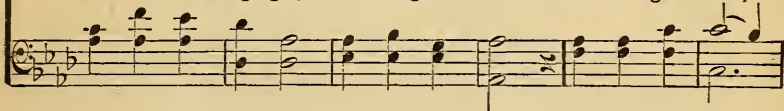
and all thro' life, His Word is faith-ful: wher-e'er we roam
 we trav-el here, Still He is lead-ing wher-e'er we roam,
 and will pro-vide A way more bless-ed for us who roam,—
 He will be-stow, And won-drous glo-ry is yet to come



CHORUS.



He will be with us till we get home. 1, 2, 3. Till we get home,
 His pow'r will keep us till we get home.
 His pres-ence with us till we get home.
 Aft-er the strug-gle, when we get home. 4. When we get home,



till we get home, He will be with us till we get home!
 when we get home, And won-drous glo-ry when we get home!
 get home!

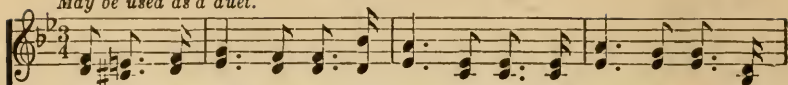


The Heavenly Home.

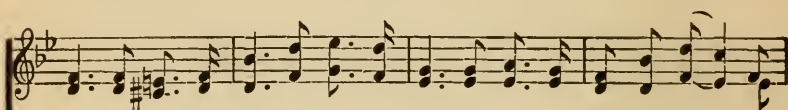
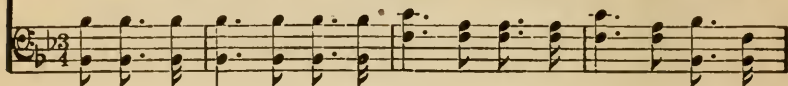
HARRIET H. PIERSON.
May be used as a duet.

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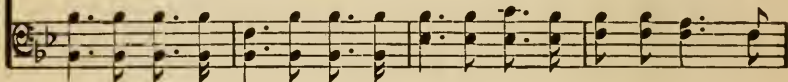
D. B. TOWNER.



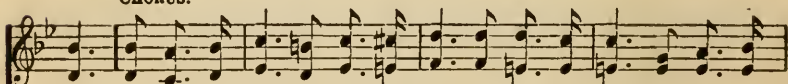
1. Be-yond the veil that lies be-tween And hides from sight the world un-
2. And one I know a-mid that throng Has watch'd and hoped and waited
3. Dear earthly friends gone on be-fore Still love me as in days of
4. I hear the song the ran-somed sing A-round the throne of Christ, the



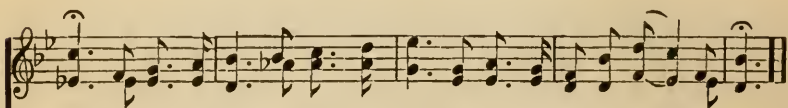
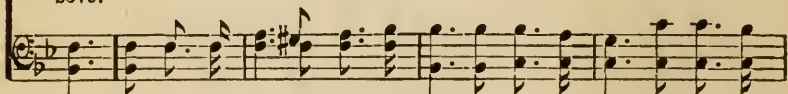
seen, There is a home all bright and fair, And friends I love are gath - erd
long, My moth-er dear, the guid-ing star That leads me to that home a-
yore, And while a - far my foot-steps roam They long to bid me wel - come
King; All praise to Him whose wondrous love Prepared for me a home a -



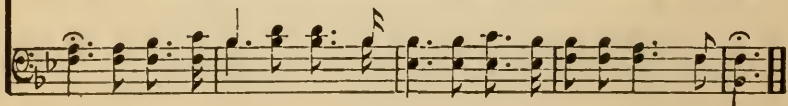
CHORUS.



there.
far. O hap-py home I long to see, Where loved ones watch and wait for
home.
bove!



me! With gentle voice, with beck'ning hand, They call me to that heav'nly land.

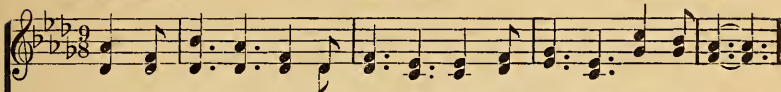


Have Compassion, Lord, on Me!

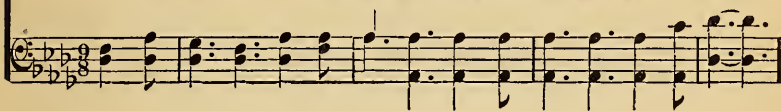
LIZZIE EDWARDS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

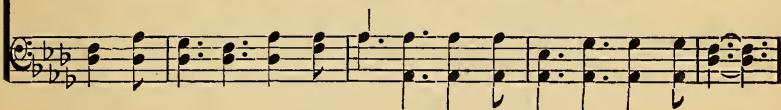
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O my Sav-iour, I am wea-ry! Let my cry to Thee as-cend
2. O my Sav-iour, tho' un-wor-thy, I have no where else to go;
3. O my Sav-iour, by Thy Spir-it Thou hast called me o'er and o'er;
4. O my Sav-iour, do not leave me Here to per-ish at Thy throne;



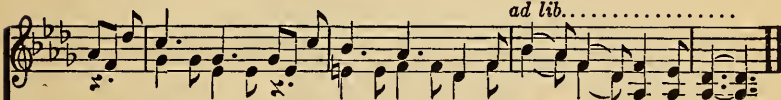
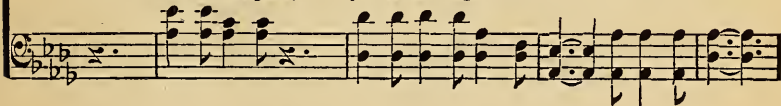
While in hum-ble sup-ply-ca-tion Now be-fore Thy throne I bend!
 Thou canst par-don my trans-gressions, Thou canst wash me white as snow!
 Now re-pent-ant I am com-ing; Lord, my wand'ring soul re-store!
 In Thy ten-der, lov-ing mer-cy Cleanse and make me all Thine own!



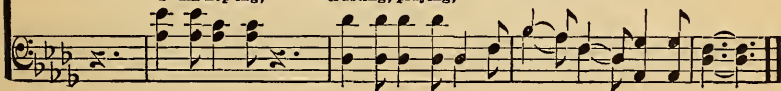
CHORUS



Weak and help-less, yet be-liev-ing, Cast-ing all my care on Thee,
 Weak and helpless, yet be-liev-ing.



I am hop-ing, trust-ing, pray-ing; Have com-pas-sion, Lord, on me!
 I am hop-ing, trusting, praying;



I'll Never Turn Back Again.

JAMES M. GRAY.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. I've part-ed at last from the world and its store, Its
 2. E-nough I have had of earth's pleas-ure and sin, Its
 3. One glimpse I be-held of a won-der-ful face, One
 4. Though night may be dark and though storms may a-rise, Though

i-dols no long-er do I a-dore; On heav-en my
 con-flict with-out and its fears with-in; I've end-ed the
 vis-ion of Je-sus, one touch of grace, One prom-ise I
 Sa-tan may of-fer a tempt-ing prize, Yet ev-er on

hope I have fixed ev-er-more— And I'll nev-er turn back a-gain!
 past, a new life I be-gin—And I'll nev-er turn back a-gain!
 heard, which by faith I em-brace—And I'll nev-er turn back a-gain!
 Christ I am keep-ing my eyes—And I'll nev-er turn back a-gain!

CHORUS.

I'll nev-er, nev-er, I'll nev-er turn back a-gain;
 nev-er, nev-er,

I'll nev-er, nev-er, No, nev-er turn back a-gain!
 nev-er,

E. A. S.

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E. A. SHEWELL.

1. Just car-ry the sun-shine of grace in your face As a - long life's rough
 2. Just car-ry the sun-shine of grace in your face When the winds of temp-
 3. Just car-ry the sun-shine of grace in your face When the dark clouds of
 4. Just car-ry the sun-shine of grace in your face When the death an-gel

high-way you pass; It will bright-en and cheer many souls that are dear,
 ta - tion blow hard; It will quell ev-'ry blast, and give vic-t'ry at last,
 sor - row hang low; It will brighten the gloom, bringing hap-pi-ness soon,
 knocks at your door; It will banish death's sting, and triumphant you'll sing

ad lib. CHORUS.

If you car - ry the sun-shine of grace.
 If you car - ry the sun-shine of grace. Just car - - ry the
 If you car - ry the sun-shine of grace. Just car - ry the sun-shine, the
 As you soar to the king-dom of grace.

sun - shine of grace in your face; It will brighten and cheer
 sun - shine, the sun-shine of grace in your face;

ad lib.

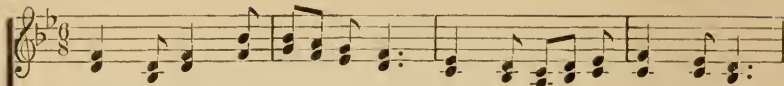
ma - ny souls that are dear, If you car - ry the sun-shine of grace.

22 As Thy Days Thy Strength Shall Be.

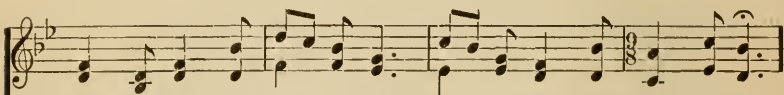
E. E. HEWITT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

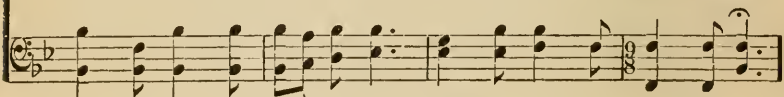
JNO. R. SWENEY.



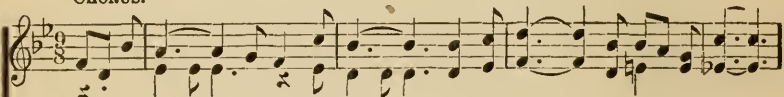
1. Need - ful strength for me each day, Strength to walk in du - ty's way;
2. Strength the heav-y yoke to wear, Strength my dai-ly cross to bear;
3. Strength when beams of pleasure glow, Love's sur-pass - ing joy to show;
4. Wouldst thou have this bless-ed strength, Of-fered all the jour-ney's length?



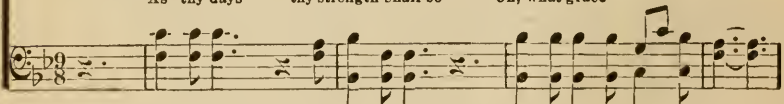
For my Sav - iour says to me: "As thy days thy strength shall be."
In the bat - tle fought with sin, Strength the vic - to - ry to win.
When the shad - ows gath - er dim, Strength be-cause I lean on Him.
Close to Je - sus ev - er be, He will give this strength to thee.



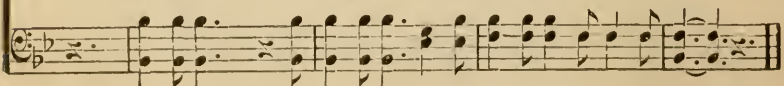
CHORUS.



"As thy days thy strength shall be" — Oh, what grace His words display!
"As thy days thy strength shall be" — Oh, what grace



All a - long my pilgrim way Je - sus gives me strength each day.
All a-long my pil - grim way Je - sus gives, He gives



It is a Good Thing to Give Thanks.

JAMES M. GRAY.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord, And to
 2 It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord On the
 3. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord, For His
 4. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord, And to

praise in cheer-ful lay, For His faith-ful-ness ev-'ry night shows forth,
 harp of sol-emn sound, On an in-stru-ment of the sweet-est strings,
 tho'ts are ver-y deep; Lo! His en-e-mies shall be scat-tered far,
 let His fruit be seen, For the trees of God are like Leb-a-non,

CHORUS.

And His mer-cy ev-'ry day.
 For His works the wide world round. Praise the Lord! Praise the
 But the right-eous shall He keep. Praise the Lord!
 And their leaf is ev-er green.

Lord! Praise the Lord!
 And His wondrous name a-dore! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
 For He is Most High for-ev-er-more!

24 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

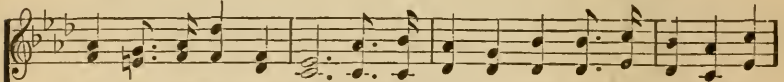
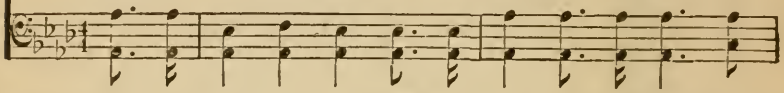
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

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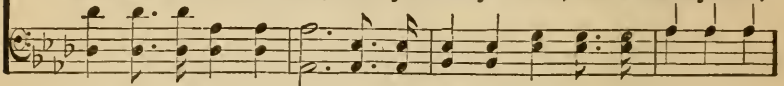
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To

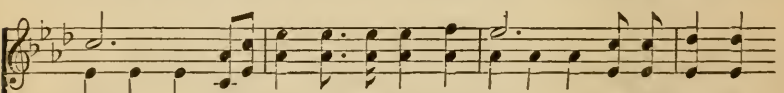
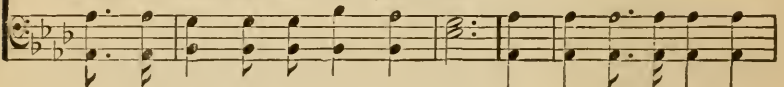


no oth-er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light
path that the Sav-iour trod, If I ev-er climb to the heights sub-lime
walk in it nev-er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

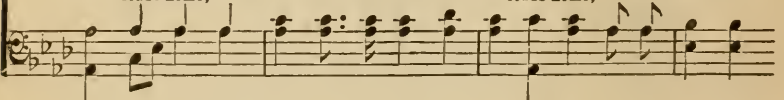


CHORUS.

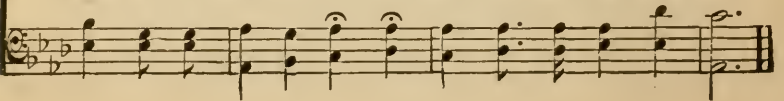
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
When He waits at the o-pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home;



know, as I on-ward go, The way of the cross leads home.



DAVID LINDSEY.

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E. O. SELLERS.

1. For-ward, men and broth-ers! Hear the Sav-iour's call! Countless souls are
 2. Ours a roy-al stand-ard, Ours a glo-rious strife, Win-ning men from
 3. Cour-age! fal-ter nev-er, In Christ's strength be strong; Now the strife and

wait-ing, There is work for all; Shall we lin-ger i-dly While the
 e-vil To a ho-ly life; Je-sus Christ the Cap-tain, Faith in
 dan-ger, Soon the tri-umph-song; Strike the shack-les quick-ly With the

days pass on? God and an-gels beck-on; For-ward, ev-'ry one!
 Him our shield; Hast-en for-ward, broth-ers, Till sin's bulwarks yield!
 might-y sword; For-ward, men and broth-ers, Con-quer by His Word!

CHORUS

For-ward, men and broth-ers! Hear the Sav-iour's call!

Count-less souls are wait-ing, There is work for all.

CHARLES WESLEY FLETCHER. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
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D. B. TOWNER.

1. "For-ward!" is the or - der, Men of God, a - way! Leave the camp be -
2. For-ward, press the bat - tle! One in pur - pose go, Shun - ning strife with
3. For-ward, ev - er for-ward! We must camp to - night Where the foe this

hind you, Seek the field and fray; See the line ex - tending From the
com - rades, Fight the com - mon foe; Sin's de - fi - ant ban - ners Float in
morn - ing Holds the dis - tant height; Lo! the marshalled millions, Wheel - ing

humblest door To the throne of mon - archs On the farthest shore.
ev - 'ry breeze O - ver hearts and na - tions—We must cap - ture these.
in - to line, Pledged to die or con - quer For their King di - vine.

CHORUS.

For - ward then, ye faith - full Think not of re - treat!
Think not, think not of re - treat!

Death for Christ is tri - umph, Life for self, de - feat.

EDGAR LEWIS.

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L. E. JONES.

1. I am saved from my sin, and to joy en - ter in,— With the
 2. 'Tis by faith I can say Je - sus saves me to - day,—With the
 3. There is com - fort and rest on His shel - ter - ing breast,—With the

heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; I have won - der - ful
 heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; Waves of love o'er me
 heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; I will praise Him in

peace, from my bur - dens re - lease,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.
 roll, all is well with my soul,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.
 song, tell His love all day long,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.

CHORUS.

I be - lieve, I be - lieve, With the heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour;
 I be - lieve, I be - lieve, With the heart I be - lieve Jesus saves;

I be - lieve, I be - lieve, I be - lieve on the Son of God!
 I be - lieve, I be - lieve, I be - lieve on the Son, the Son of God!

28 The Hand that was Wounded for Me!

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treas-ure more

down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul,—
pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame,

CHORUS.

And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole! The hand of my Sav-iour
The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.

I see, The hand that was wounded for me; 'Twill lead me in
my Sav-iour I see, was wounded for me;

I see, I see, for me:

rall.

love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me! . . .
was wounded for me!

To Calvary I Will Go.

E. E. HEWITT.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Down in-to the fount-ain I would deep-er go, Down in - to the fount-ain
2. Down in-to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in-to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross; Let the might-y cur-rent

mak - ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill, Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine,
sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love,

CHORUS.

I shall come up spot-less from the sav - ing tide!
Mak - ing earth-en ves - sels with His glo - ry shine!
Washing there the garments for the feast a - bove!

To Cal-v'ry I will
His voice is call-ing

go, The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleans-eth
still To "who - so - ev - er will,"—

white as snow! Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep - er go!

O That Will Be Glory!

C. H. G.

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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 - iour, 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;

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

W. A. O.

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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

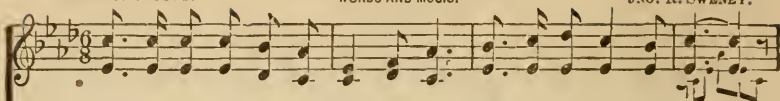
prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

The Hour of Prayer.

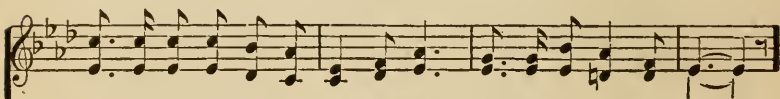
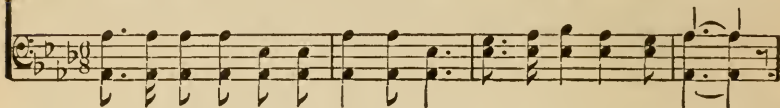
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

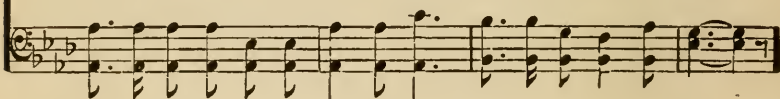
JNO. R. SWENEY.



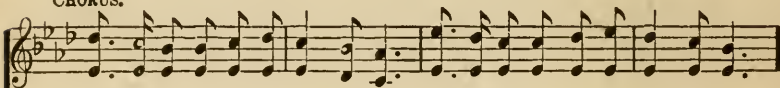
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek Here at the hour of prayer;
4. Oh, what a ho - ly and calm re - pose Here at the hour of prayer!



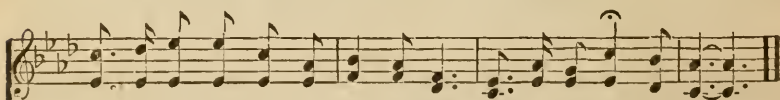
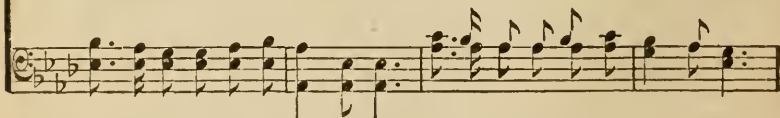
- Wel - come the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet Here at the hour of prayer!
 Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day Here at the hour of prayer.
 Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er - flows Here at the hour of prayer.



CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the soul's bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



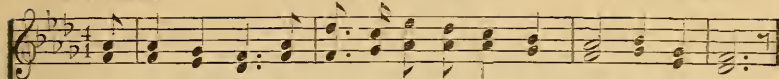
Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



ELLA LAUDER.

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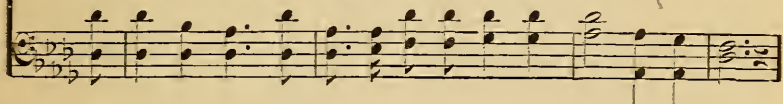
D. B. TOWNER.



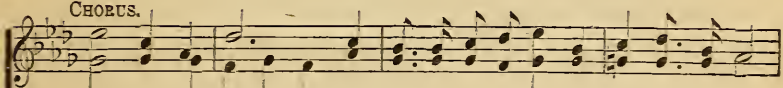
1. If rain-drops fall when most you wish for sun-shine, Grieve thou no more;
2. If sor - row deep in heav-en's love and mer-cy Should us en-shroud,
3. If o'er a new-made grave the tears are fall-ing, Faith points a-bove
4. What though the cares of life press thick upon you, Nev - er de - spair:



Be - hind the clouds the sun is ev - er shin - ing, Storms will pass o'er.
 Be sure God's wis - dom sees the sil - ver lin - ing Be - hind the cloud.
 To where the light of His dear face is shin - ing On those we love.
 For since God watch - es, noth - ing shall be - fall that You can - not bear.



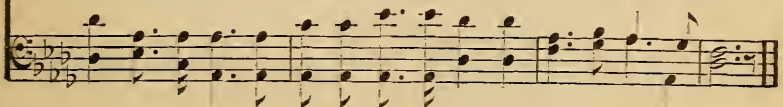
CHORUS.



God's skies are blue, And shine with heaven's radiance Each gloomy day;
 al - ways blue,



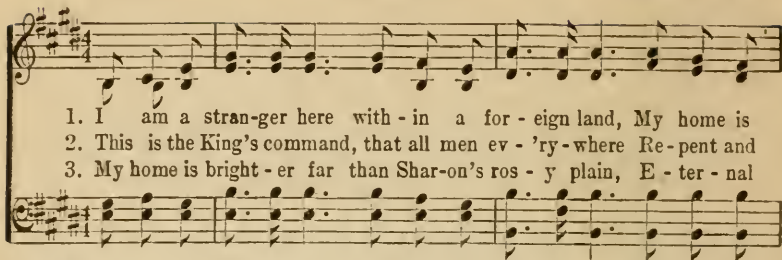
Al-though His hand lets fall a cloud-y cur-tain, It will pass a - way!



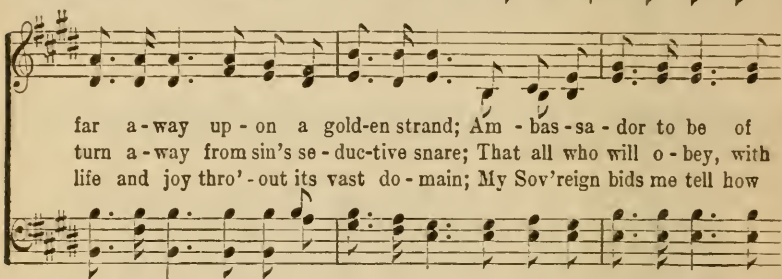
E. T. CASSEL.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

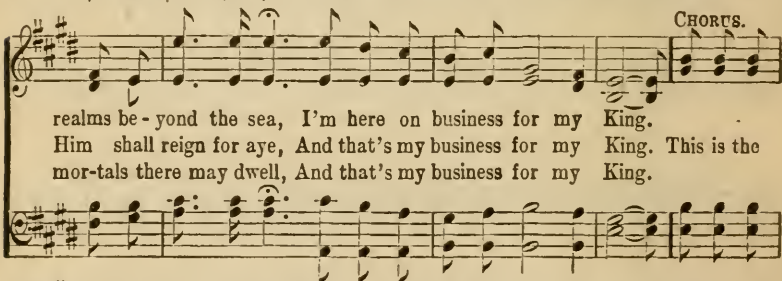
FLORA H. CASSEL.



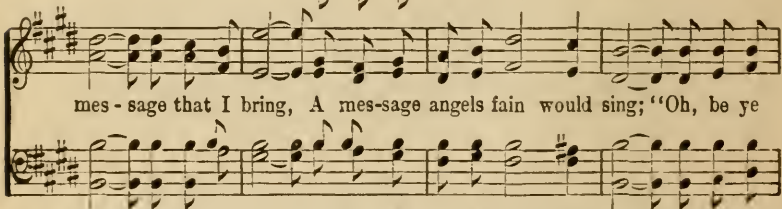
1. I am a stran-ger here with - in a for - eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry-where Re-pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal



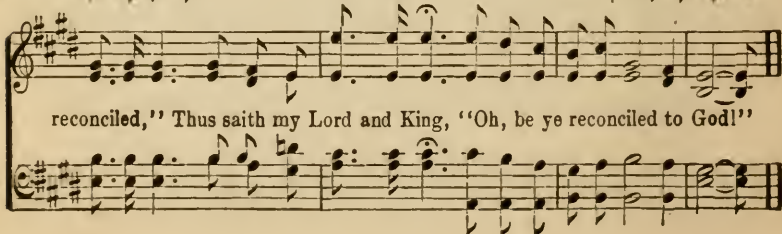
far a-way up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas-sa - dor to be of
turn a-way from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how



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 mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God!"

Keep the Heart Singing!

C. H. G.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
 2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
 3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
 mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
 pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

FINE

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
 singing, singing all the while; brighter,

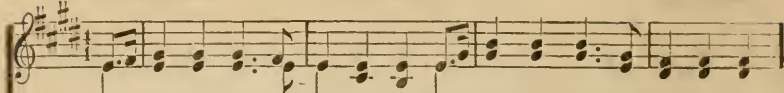
D. S.

smile; Keep the song ringing, lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
 brighter with a smile;

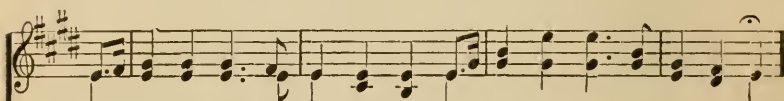
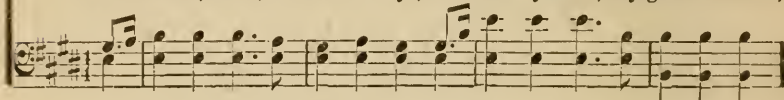
W. H. BATHURST, arr.

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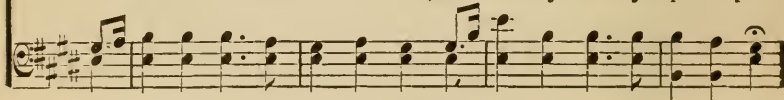
D. B. TOWNER.



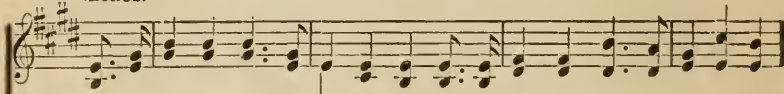
1. O for that flame of liv-ing fire Which shone so bright in saints of old,
2. Where is that Spir-it, Lord, who dwelt In Abram's breast, and sealed him Thine,
3. That Spir-it who from age to age Proclaim'd Thy love and taught Thy ways,
4. Is not Thy grace as might-y now As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r—
5. Re-mem-ber, Lord, the ancient days; Re-new Thy work, Thy grace re-store,



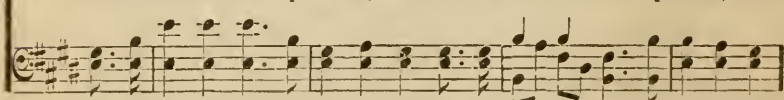
Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm in dis-tress, in dan-ger bold!
 Who made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er - gy di-vine?
 Bright-ened Is-ai - ah's viv-id page, And breath'd in Da-vid's hallowed lays?
 When glo-ry beamed from Moses' brow, Or Job en-dured the try-ing hour?
 And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour!



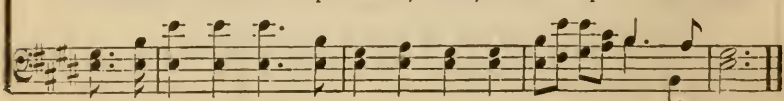
CHORUS.



Send the old time fire up - on us, Lord! Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord!



Send the old time fire up - on us, Lord, And burn up all the dross!

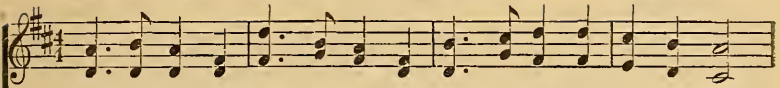


Full Surrender.

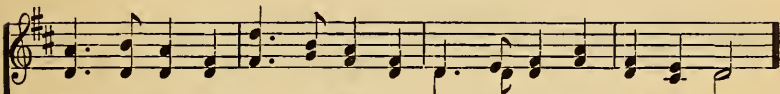
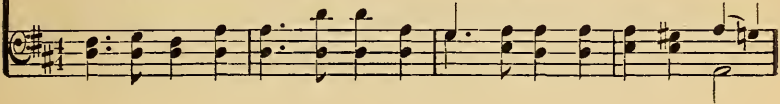
REBECCA S. POLLARD.

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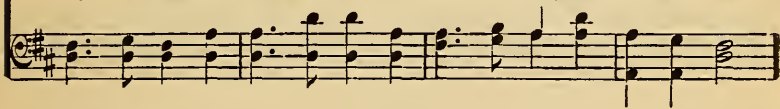
D. B. TOWNER.



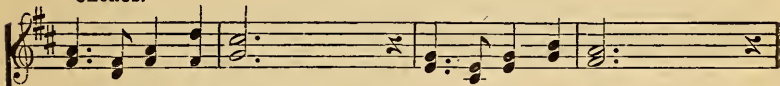
1. Sav-iour, 'tis a full sur-ren-der, All I leave to fol-low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri-tion At this con-se-cra-ted hour,
3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess-ion, Pleasures, rich-es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto-ry Now and un-til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal-va-tion! Oh, the peace of love di-vine!



Thou my lead-er and de-fend-er From this hour shalt ev-er be!
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe-ti-tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's power!
 Ho-ly Spir-it, take pos-ses-sion, I no more, but Thou in me!
 This my rapt-ure, this my glo-ry, Till I reach the shin-ing shore!
 Oh, the bliss of con-se-cra-tion—I am His, and He is mine!



CHORUS.

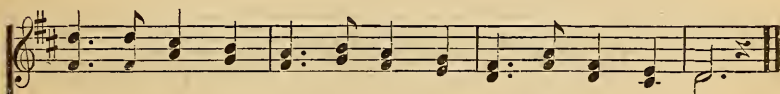


I sur-ren-der all!

I sur-ren-der all!

I sur-ren-der all!

I sur-ren-der all!



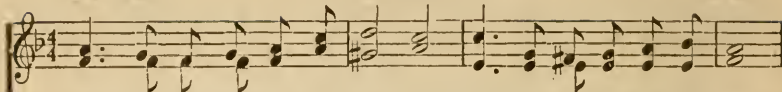
All I have I bring to Je-sus, I sur-ren-der all!



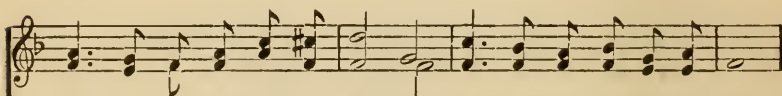
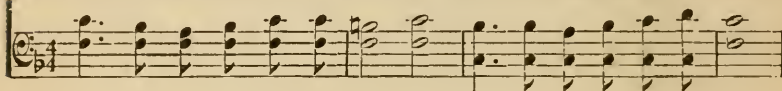
KATE ULMER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

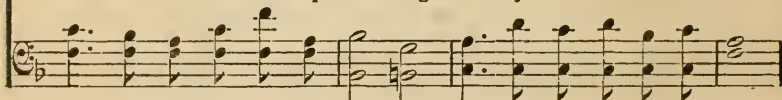
VICTOR H. BENKE.



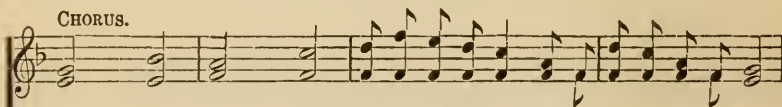
1. Teach me, O Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, How to do my Mas - ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub - mis - sive, Free - ly con - se - crat - ing all,
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful - ly, E'en when faith is sore - ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run - ning on be - fore,



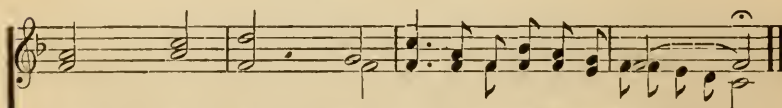
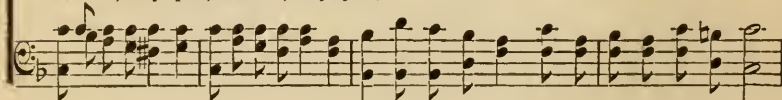
In o - be - dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
Fond - est hopes with joy re - sign - ing In sur - ren - der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto - ry Of a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.
Ev - er in His foot - steps walk - ing Till my serv - ice here is o'er.



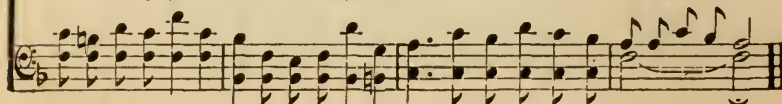
CHORUS.



Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Holy Spirit, teach me, Holy Spirit.



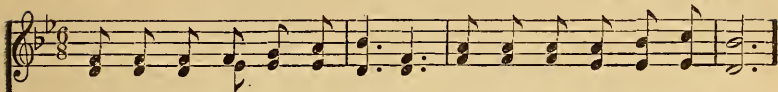
Teach me, teach me, How to do my Master's will!
Teach me, Ho - ly Spir - it, teach me, Ho - ly Spir - it, my Master's will!



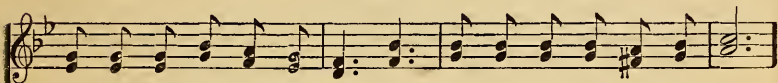
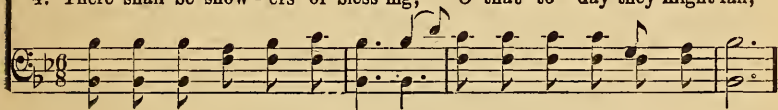
EL NATHAN.

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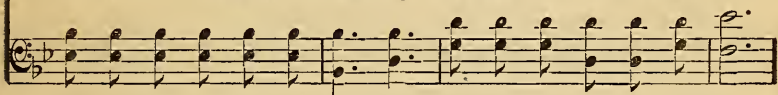
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



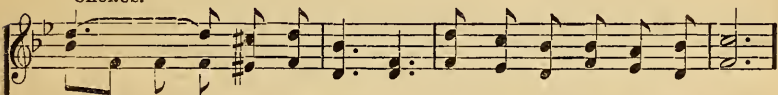
1. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing,"—This is the prom - ise of love;
2. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing,"—Pre - cious re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing,"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing,"— O that to - day they might fall,



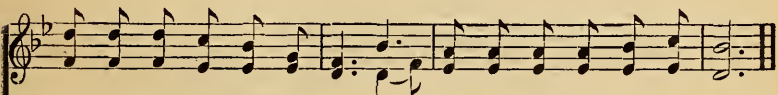
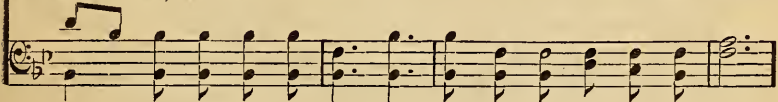
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
 Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
 Show - ers, show - ers



Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.



The Gift of Grace.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Un - count - ed years may not suf - fice To un - der - stand the grace
 2. Not worlds of wealth or hu - man worth Could e'er re - deem the lost;
 3. In Him God's grace and jus - tice meet, The smit - ten Rock of God;
 4. And can I look up - on that face, Still scarred with wounds for me,

Which fur - nished me a sac - ri - fice To suf - fer in my place.
 The love which brought God's Son to earth A - lone could meet the cost.
 I take the liv - ing wa - ter, sweet, He takes the smit - ting rod.
 And e'er for - get that lov - ing grace A - lone has set me free?

CHORUS.

Grace, won - der - ful grace, Pro - vid - ing a
 Grace, won - der - ful grace, grace, won - der - ful grace, Pro - vid -

par - don for me; Grace, won - der - ful
 ing a par - don for me; Grace, won - der - ful grace,

Ad lib.
 grace, Of - fered so free on Cal - va - ry!
 grace, won - der - ful grace, Of - fered so free on Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry!

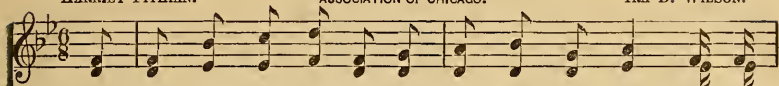
Was There Ever a Friend so True?

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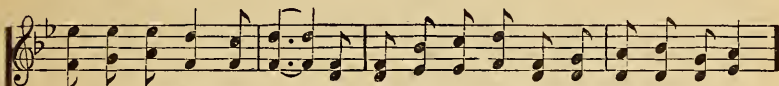
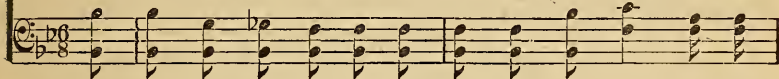
HARRIET FITEIAN.

ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO.

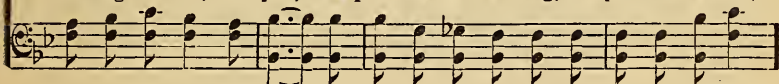
IRA B. WILSON.



1. I have a dear Sav-iour who loves me, I know, And whose
 2. This won - der - ful Friend is a help - er in - deed; He has
 3. He soothes me in sor - row with songs in the night, And in -
 4. His love is a fount - ain of bless - ing so pure, Ev - er

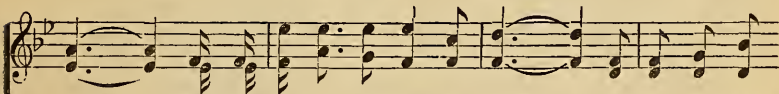
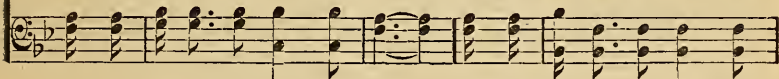


will I de-light to do; He's present to cheer me wher-ev - er I go, —
 promised to lead me thro', And clos-er He comes than a broth-er in need, —
 spires me with hope a - new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight, —
 flow-ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un - fail - ing, His prom-ise is sure, —

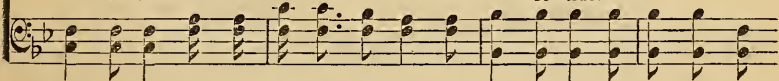


CHORUS.

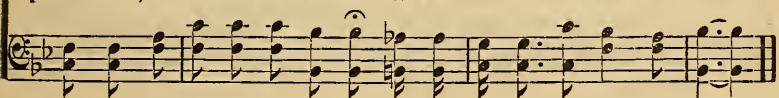
Was there ev - er a friend so true? Was there ev - er a friend so



true?... Was there ev - er a friend so true?... I oft - en have
 so true? so true?



proved Him, I ev - er will love Him—Was there ev-er a friend so true?



1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
 3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will—the ver-y Friend you need;
 4. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS.

He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is
 gen-tly knock-ing, He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing.

knock - - ing at your door;..... 'Tis Je-sus knocking
 knocking, gen-tly knocking at your door, at your door; knocking

gen-tly at your door,— Why will you have Him turn a-way?
 He is knock-ing,— why will

What More Can He Do?

RACHEL RIVERS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. O lost ones, in dan-ger no long-er re-main! The Sav-iour is
 2. He calls thro' the Gos-pel, re-pent and be-lieve; He calls and en-
 3. He calls thro' His mer-cy, and still you de-lay; He calls by His
 4. O haste, He is wait-ing, you can-not re-fuse The way of sal-

call-ing a-gain and a-gain; Re-mem-ber the an-guish He
 treats you His grace to re-ceive; He of-fers full par-don, and
 Spir-it, you grieve Him a-way; Ah, soon your pro-ba-tion per-
 va-tion with glad-ness to choose! His blood of a-tone-ment is

suf-fered for you; His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?
 on-ly de-mands Your lov-ing sub-miss-ion to all He commands.
 haps may be o'er, And then your Re-deem-er will call you no more!
 flow-ing for you, He of-fers it free-ly—what more can He do?

D. S.—*His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?*

CHORUS.

What more can He do, what more can He do—His hands and His feet to the

cross nailed for you? What more can He do, what more can He do—

Lean on His Arms!

EDGAR LEWIS.

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L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
to the Lord in pray'r. Lean up-on His arms, ful - ly trust-ing in His love;
eyes are nev - er dim.

Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up - on His arms, and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

arms, look-ing home a - bove; Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
arms, ev - er

There is Glory Enough for Us All.

JAMES M. GRAY.

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ENGLISH COPYRIGHT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. He came from the bos-om of God, He ex-iled Himself from His throne;
2. Despised and re-ject-ed of men, Ac-quaint-ed with sor-row was He;
3. His back to the smit-ers He gave, His face un-to mock-ing and shame;
4. But hark! He a-rose from the dead; The bat-tle with sin has been won;

ad lib.

The path of af-flic-tion He trod Was trod-den by Je-sus a-lone.
Dis-hon-ored a-gain and a-gain The Sin-less con-sent-ed to be.
O-be-di-ent e'en to the grave Our low-ly Re-deem-er be-came.
The price of the blood that He shed Is glo-ry al-read-y be-gun.

CHORUS.

There is glo-ry e-nough for us all, Glo-ry al-read-y be-
There is glo-ry e-nough for us all, Glo-ry al-

gun! In the vic-to-ry Je-sus has won There is glo-ry,
read-y be-gun!

glo-ry, there is glo-ry, Yes, glo-ry e-nough for us all!

Fight the Good Fight.

HARRIETTE WATERS.

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ENGLISH COPYRIGHT.

A. E. LIND.

1. Bu - gle calls are ringing out, "For-ward" is the bat - tle shout, See where
2. Sound the charge against the foe, Lay the hosts of er - ror low; In His
3. Fight the fight of faith and love, Looking un - to Him a - bove; Loy - al

CHORUS. *Adapted and arr.*

floats the conqu'ring sign, On-ward to the war di - vine!
name, vic - to - rious King, Let the song of triumph ring! And when the bat - tle's
sol - diers, do and dare, Your Commander's joy to share.

o - ver, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown! And

f FINE.

when the bat - tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem!

D. S.—when the battle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem!

D. S.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, A - way o - ver Jor - dan! And
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Noth-ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor-tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be-held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;

May His pres-ence now re-fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af-fec-tion, All I have to Him I bring.
Doubt and gloom and fear dis-pel-ling, Christ is All in all to me!

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world but give me Je-sus;
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,

To sat-is - fy with ev-'ry blessing, His love and peace my soul possess-ing;

To all be - side my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

WILLIAM WRANGHAM.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. E - ter - nal God, ce - les - tial King, Ex - alt - ed be Thy glorious name;
2. My heart is fixed on Thee, my God; I rest my hope on Thee a - lone;
3. With those who in Thy grace a-bound, To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice

Let hosts in heav'n Thy prais-es sing, And saints on earth Thy love proclaim!
I'll spread Thy sa-cred truths abroad, To all mankind Thy love make known.
Till ev - 'ry land the earth a-round Shall hear, and in Thy name re-joice.

CHORUS.

A - wake, my tongue! a - wake, my lyre! With
A - wake, my tongue! a - wake, my lyre!

morn-ing's ear-liest dawn a - rise, To songs of joy my
To songs of joy

soul in - spire, And swell your mu - sic to the skies!
my soul in - spire

A Sinner Made Whole.

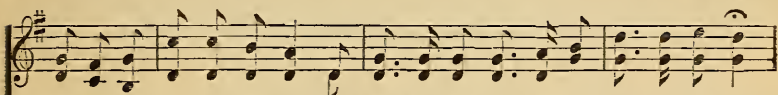
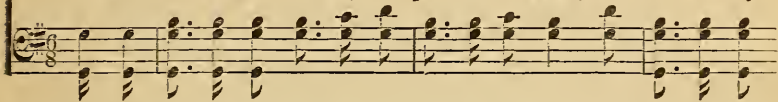
W. H. LIGHTALL.

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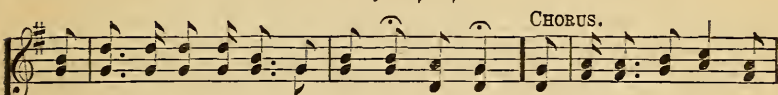
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

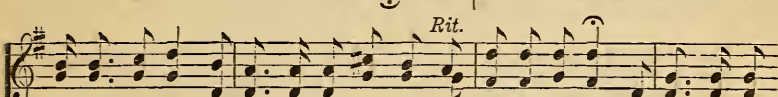


high - est to Je - sus, my King; Its mu - sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un - end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

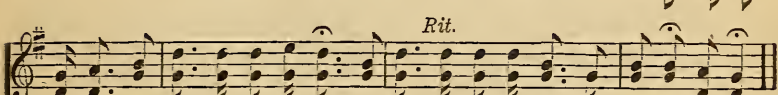
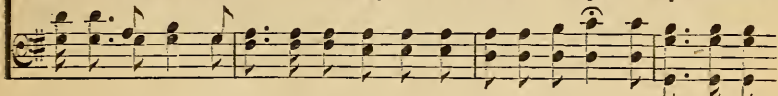


CHORUS.

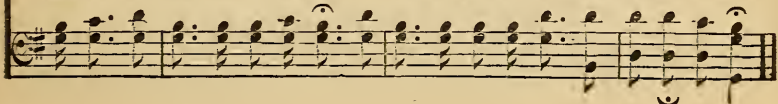
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin - ner made whole, a



sinner made whole! The Saviour hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is



singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole!

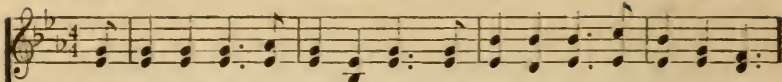


Love Found a Way.

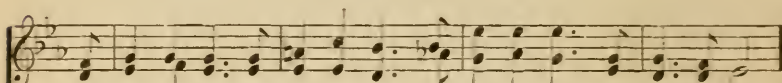
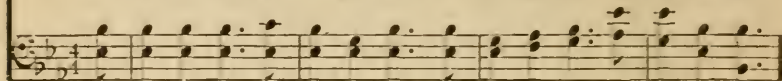
W. S. MARTIN.

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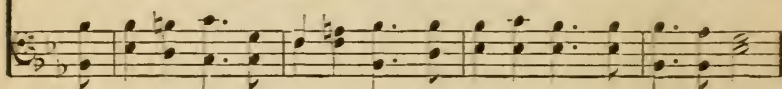
D. B. TOWNER.



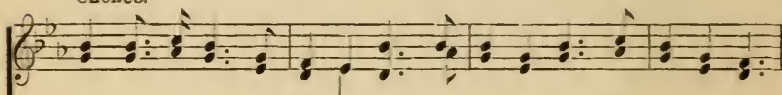
1. No hope had I, no light with - in, Till Je - sus saved me from my sin;
2. My burdened heart found no re - lief, And deep - er grew my pain and grief;
3. I looked to Christ as on the tree He bore my sins and guilt for me;



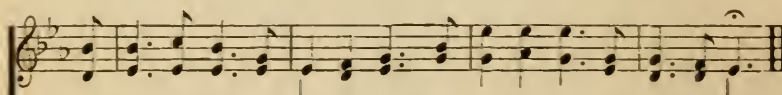
I wandered on from day to day, To bring me back love found a way.
My heav - y debt I could not pay, But, praise the Lord! love found a way.
In ten - der tones I heard Him say: "My child, to save, love found a way."



CHORUS.



Love found a way my life to save, His precious blood Christ free-ly gave;



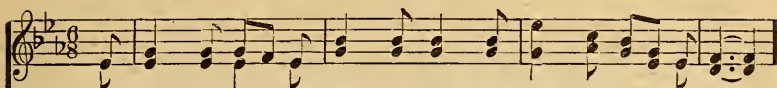
For years I prayed and hoped and tried, But now I trust the Cru - ci - fied.



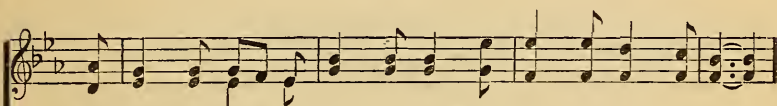
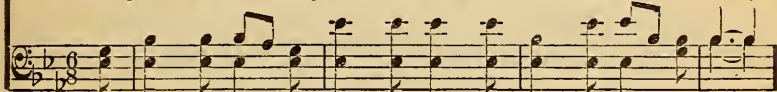
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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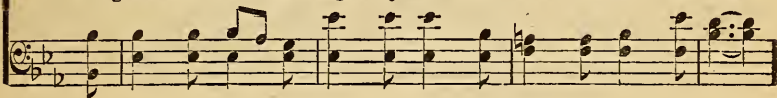
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I want no oth - er hand, O Lord, But Thine my guide to be,
2. No tongue can tell the joy I feel Since I am one with Thee;
3. Thy Spir - it's seal is on my heart, Thy im - age there I see;
4. No pow'r shall break my firm re - solve To live and die in Thee;



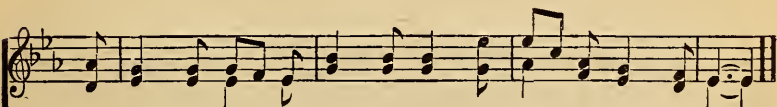
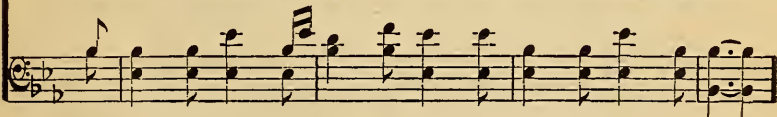
For well I know thro' all my life Thou wilt re - mem - ber me.
 And this my song the whole day long: Thou wilt re - mem - ber me.
 And ev - 'ry hour the wit - ness have Thou wilt re - mem - ber me.
 For grace thro' faith has taught my soul Thou wilt re - mem - ber me.



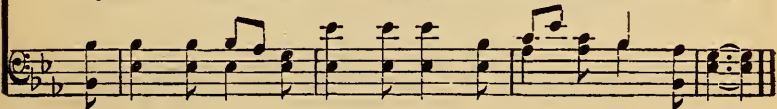
CHORUS.



Thou wilt re - mem - ber me, O Lord, Thou wilt re - mem - ber me!



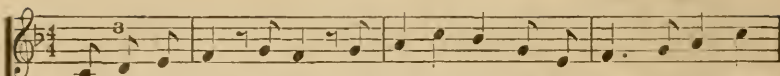
Thy Word has said, and I be - lieve, Thou wilt re - mem - ber me.



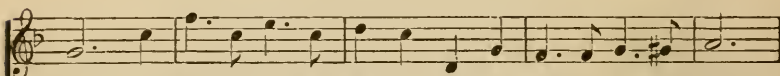
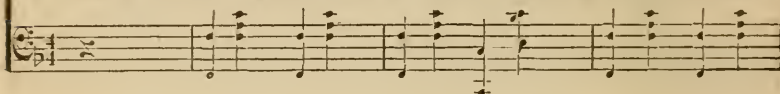
F. L. B.

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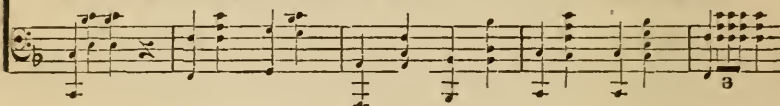
FRANK L. BRISTOW.



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 beau-ty



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; Arise 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:

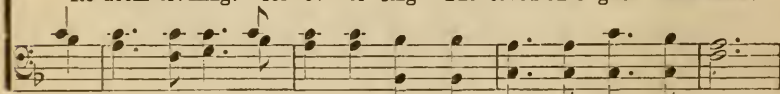


f Sing in unison except the D. S.

FINE.



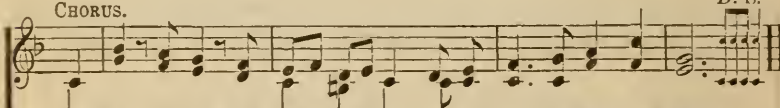
Re-joice, re-joice, with heart and voice, Re-peat the wel-come sound!
 A crown of life is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow!
 A-way with fears, a-way with tears, Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
 "Re-deem-er! King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gath-ered there.



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 re-peat the wel-come sound;

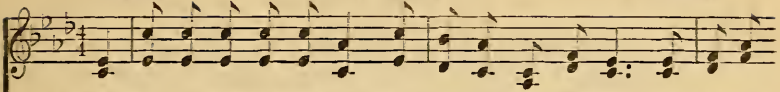


They're Singing Over Me.

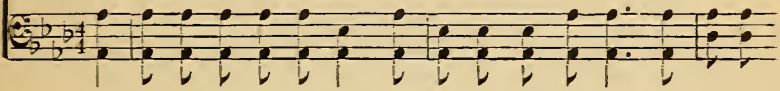
L. H. EDMUNDS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

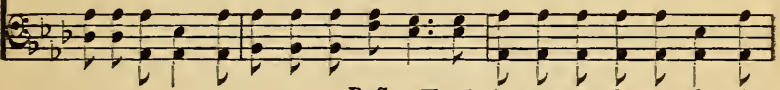
JNO. B. SWENEY.



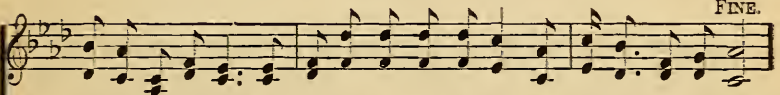
1. All glo - ry to my Sav-iour, For He hath made me free; There's joy a-
2. There's joy among the an-gels, They sweep their harps of gold O'er one poor
3. Sing on, sing on, bright angels, There's pur - er bliss a - bove! My Saviour's



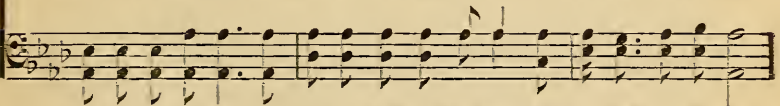
mong the angels, They're singing o-ver me; The pre-cious blood of Calv'ry Is
sin-ner turning To seek the Shepherd's fold; O come, dear friend, to Je-sus, And
joy is great-er, For great-er is His love; When one re-pent-ant sin-ner He



D. S.—There's joy a - mong the an - gels A

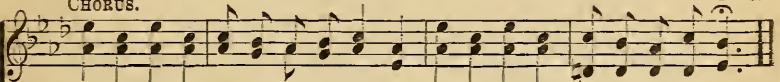


cleansing me from sin, And in my ransomed spir-it The songs of heav'n be-gin.
you'll be hap-py too, And set the bless-ed an-gels A - sing-ing o - ver you!
wel-comes to His breast, In raptured hal-le-lu-jahs He lead-eth all the rest!

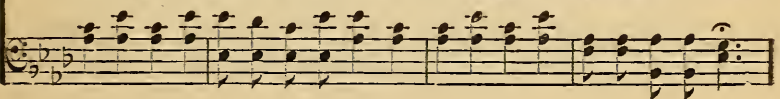


round the cry-stal sea; All glo-ry to my Saviour—They're singing o - ver me!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to my Saviour! Glo-ry, glory, sing His grace so free!

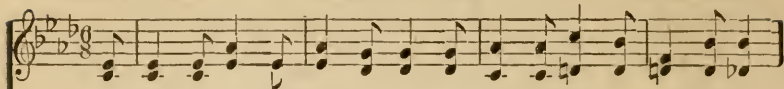


I'll Praise Him More and More!

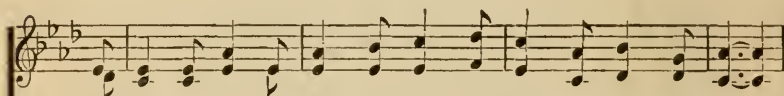
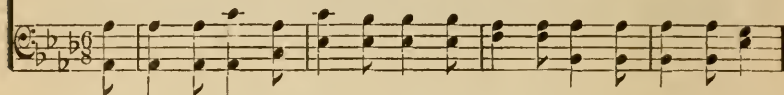
BLANCHE CLAPPER.

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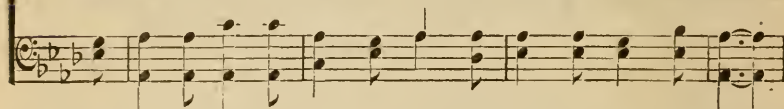
J. E. DELMARTER.



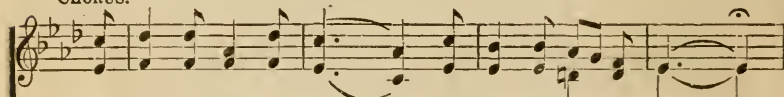
1. For what the Say-iour did for me Up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry,
2. Be-cause, for my lost soul to prove The depth and sweetness of His love,
3. Be-cause He paid the debt for me, And gave my soul sweet lib - er - ty,
4. Be-cause I know that He will come To bear my wea-ry spir - it home,



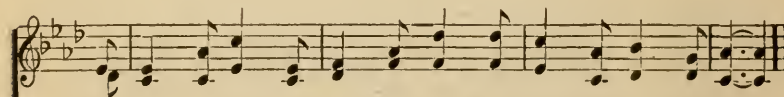
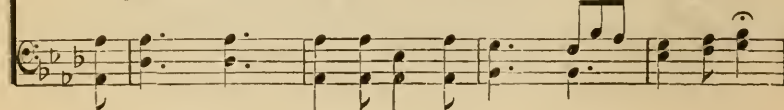
With joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty I'll praise Him more and more!
 He left His Fa-ther's house a - bove, I'll praise Him more and more!
 For - ev - er His my love shall be— I'll praise Him more and more!
 When here be-low I cease to roam, I'll praise Him more and more!



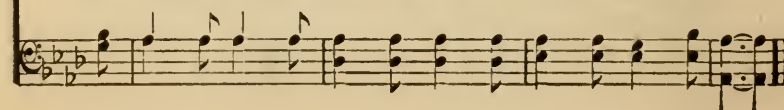
CHORUS.



I'll praise Him more and more, Yes, praise Him more and more!
 I'll praise Him more and more, Yes, praise Him more and more!



While a - ges roll my ran-somed soul Shall praise Him more and more!



S. J. HENDERSON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One! Ran-somed from
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, The an-gels re-
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One! The Fa-ther He
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One! All hail to the

sin and a new work be-gun, Sing praise to the Fa-ther and
 joic-ing be-cause it is done; A child of the Fa-ther, joint-
 spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par-don, His
 Fa-ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir-it, the

praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
 heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
 own pre-cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
 great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!

CHORUS.

Saved! . . . saved! . . . My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
 Glo-ry, I'm saved! glo-ry, I'm saved!

Saved! . . . saved! . . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One;
 Glo-ry, I'm saved, glo-ry, I'm saved!

Ye are My Witnesses.

CHARLES WESLEY FLETCHER.
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ENGLISH COPYRIGHT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Sav - iour is summoned to tri - al a - gain, De - pend - ing, my
2. Thy heart is the home where He deign - eth to dwell, He reach - es lost
3. Your hope of o'er - com - ing the arch foe is through The blood of the
4. The Mas - ter is wait - ing to hear you con - fess His good - ness and

brother, on you To speak as His wit - ness to per - ish - ing men,
sin - ners through thee; He us - es thy lips the good ti - dings to tell:
Lamb and thy word, Con - fess - ing the grace He ex - tend - ed to you,
mer - cy, so great; Your word may save oth - ers from sin and distress;

CHORUS.

And tell what His pow - er can do.
Thy faith - ful - ness setteth men free. Tell it, tell it,
Ac - knowl - edging bless - ings con - ferred.
Some fu - ture time may be too late. Tell it, oh, tell it in words true and plain

Lest Je - sus should trust you in vain! Did He die in your place,

ad lib.
Did He grant you His grace, And can you in si - lence re - main?

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His Word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - eth sin - ful men!..... Make the mes - - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men! Make the message plain,

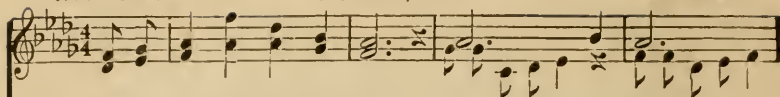
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men!
 make the mes - sage plain:

Let Him In!

J. B. ATCHINSON.

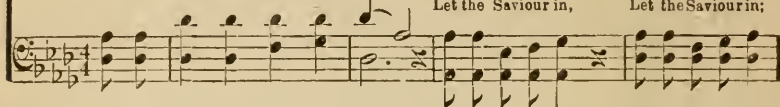
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. EXCELL.



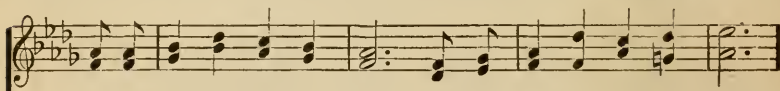
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

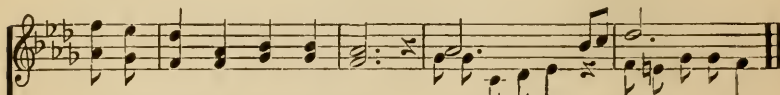
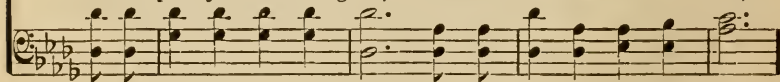


- He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

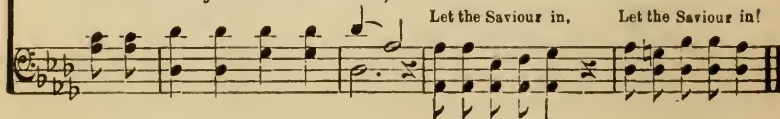


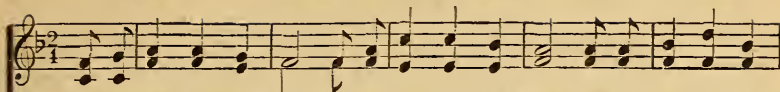
- Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,



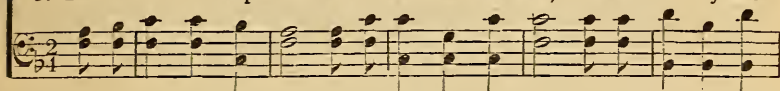
- Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in!
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in!
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in!
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in!

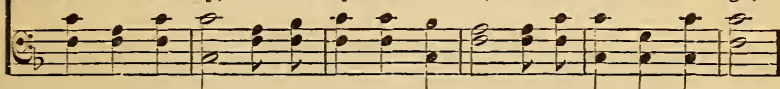




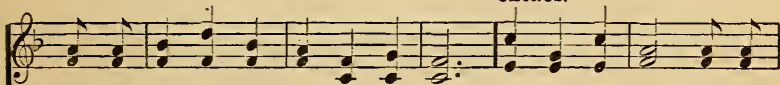
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



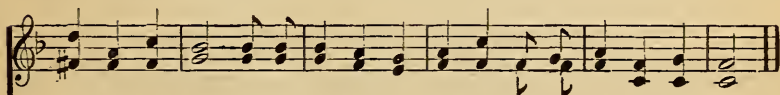
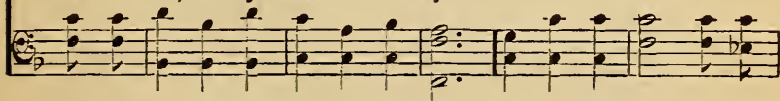
sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows And the joy He be-stows
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go, -



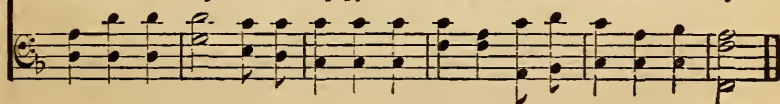
CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o-bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
Are for those who will trust and o-bey.
Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus but to trust and o-bey!



Will I Shine Like the Stars?

HARRIET E. JONES.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am think-ing just now of that won-der-ful clime Where the songs of the
2. Am I loy-al to Christ, am I spread-ing His fame In His field, in my
3. With His sword in my hand do I stand for the right? Am I ea-ger to
4. Do I win for my Lord, in my jour-ney a-long, Pre-cious souls all His

blest fill the air; When I stand with the saved in that re-gion sub-lime,
home, ev-'ry-where? All His mer-cy and love do I dai-ly pro-claim?
do and to dare? Am I filled with His love? Am I strong in His might?
rich-es to share? Am I serv-ing my King by con-fes-sion and song?

CHORUS.

Will I shine like the stars o-ver there? Will I shine

like the stars In that home so de-light-ful and fair? With the sheaves
like the stars With the sheaves

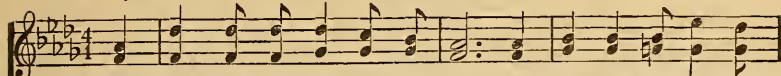
I have won, Will I shine like the stars o-ver there?
I have won, will I shine o-ver there?

Get Ready to Welcome the King!

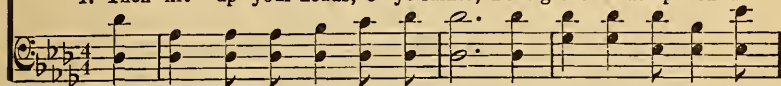
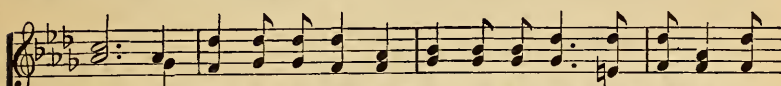
FANNIE K. ALLEN.
Arr. by J. M. G.

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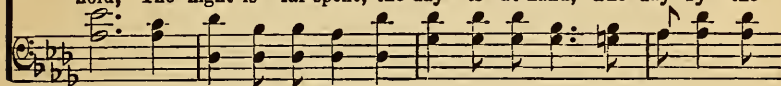
E. O. SELLERS.



1. A ser - vant of Je - sus am I, To you this mes - sage I
2. Dark e - vil has long held its sway; Its end is com - ing and
3. All pow - er to Je - sus is giv'n, As - cend - ed to heav'n a -
4. Then lift up your heads, O ye saints, Your great re - demp - tion be -

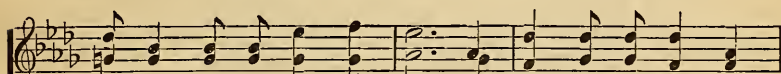
bring: The night is far spent, the day dawns at length, Get read - y to
near, For Je - sus, God's Son, shall come to His throne, The Sav - iour to
gain; He hum - bled Him - self to die on the cross, But soon He is
hold; The night is far spent, the day is at hand, The day by the



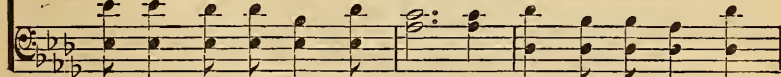
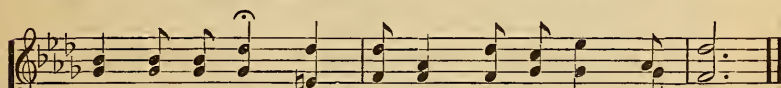
CHORUS.



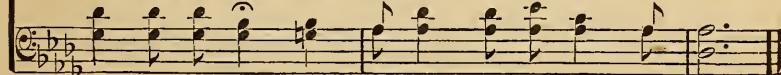
wel - come the King!
sin - ners so dear. Get read - y to wel - come the King, Get
com - ing to reign. to wel - come the King,
proph - ets fore - told!

read - y to wel - come the King; The night is far spent, the

day dawns at length, Get read - y to wel - come the King!

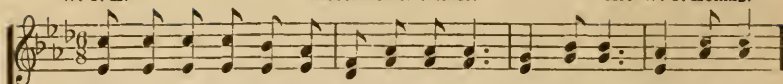


Yes, There's One!

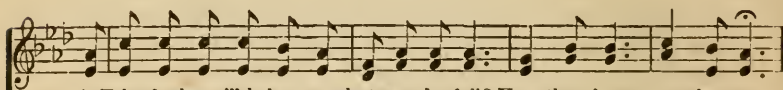
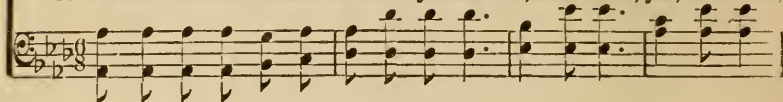
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W. T. M.

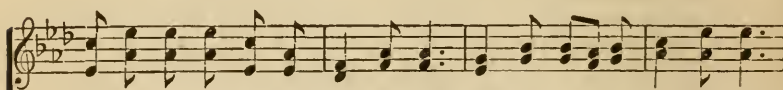
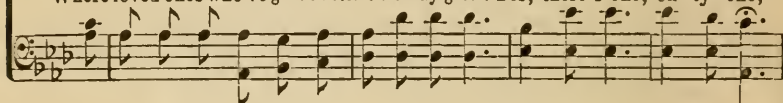
Mrs. W. T. MORRIS.



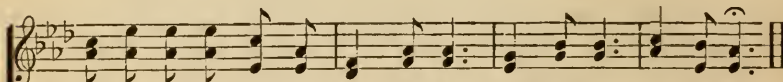
1. Is there a Friend on whom sinners may call? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
2. Is there a Sav-iour for souls that are lost? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
3. Is there a ref-uge from sor-row and sin? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
4. Is there a ha-ven of rest from all care? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
5. Is there a heav-en where we all may meet? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;



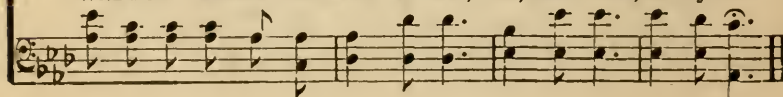
A Friend who will help you what-ever be-fall? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A Saviour who'll rescue, tho' great is the cost? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A ref-uge for all who would en-ter in? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A ha-ven where Sa-tan can nev-er ensnare? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
Where loved ones who've gone on before we may greet? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;



Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, cru-ci-fied, On the cross for sin-ners died;



He is a Friend when there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
He is the Sav-iour, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
He is the ref-uge, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
He is the rest-ing-place, there a-bide; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
With Him in heav-en the saved a-bide; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!



J. B. ATCHINSON.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 All my love I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 All my life I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,
 Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
 Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas - ing,
 Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

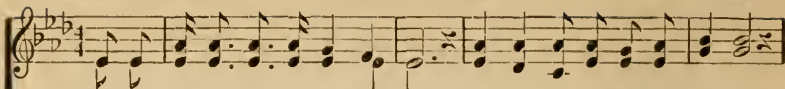
Ev - er - more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to Him.
 Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be - longs to Him.
 For His watch - care nev - er ceas - ing, It be - longs to Him.
 Ev - er - more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be - longs to Him.

When He Comes.

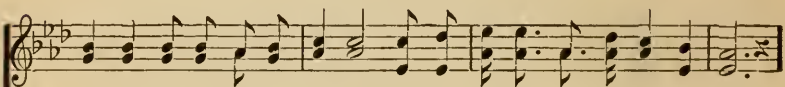
ELIZA STRANG BAIRD, Arr.

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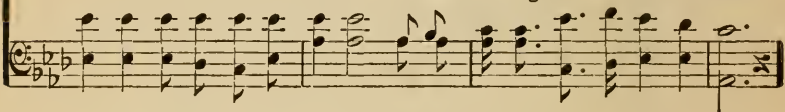
D. B. TOWNER.



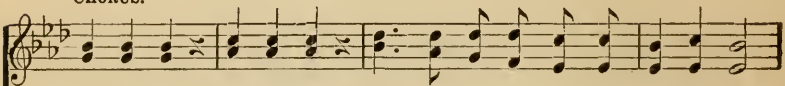
1. Make us read-y when the Lord descends! Grant that we may gladly greet Him,
2. Make us read-y when the Lord descends! Let our lamps be trimmed and burning,
3. Blessed morning when the Lord descends! We shall then with praise receive Him,



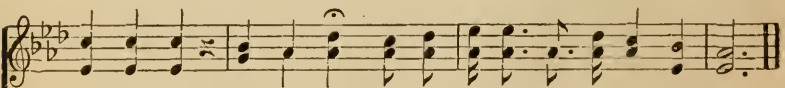
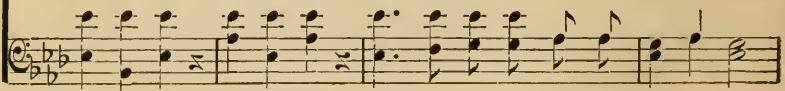
Hast-ing forth with joy to meet Him—Make us ready when the Lord de-scends!
All our hearts for Him be yearning—Make us ready when the Lord de-scends!
E - ven sin - ners will be-lieve Him On that morning when the Lord de-scends.



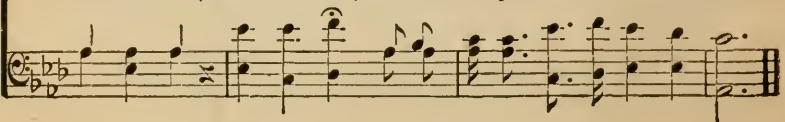
CHORUS.



When He comes, when He comes, When He comes to reign in right-eous-ness,



When He comes, when He comes, Make us read-y when the Lord de - scends!



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JAMES ROWE.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. When trou-ble-d 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!

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
 2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine To res - cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such

grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
 soul so re - bel - ious 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 -

rit. *rit.*
 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.
 dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

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

Oh, it is Wonderful!

Enough to die for me; Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
 won - der - full

67

Look and Live!

W. A. O.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
 2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you;
 3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole:

FINE.

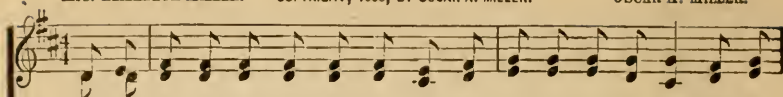
'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live!"
 'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true!
 If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save!
 'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trusted, and He saved my soul!

D.S. 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live!"

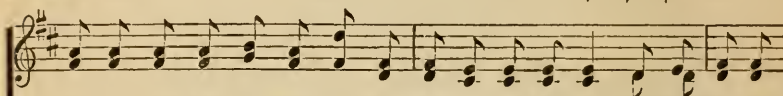
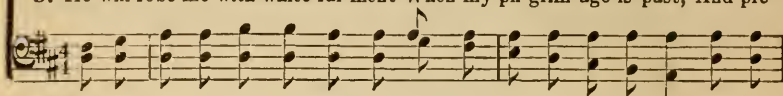
CHORUS.

D. S.

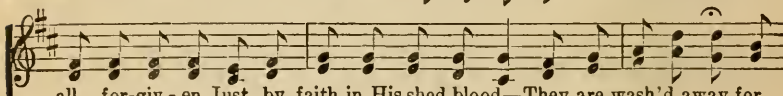
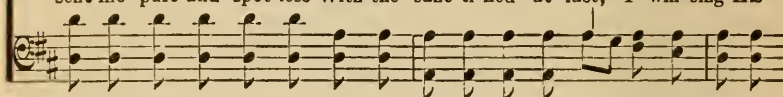
"Look and live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live!
 "Look and live," my brother, live, "look and live,"



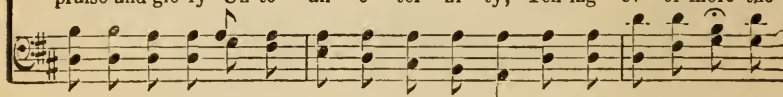
1. When they cru-ci-fied my Sav-our On the cross of Cal-va-ry, There a
 2. Now I plead the blood of Je - sus, And He's with me all the way; I am
 3. He will robe me with white rai-ment When my pil-grim-age is past, And pre-



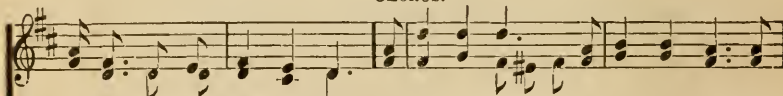
bles-sed fount was o-pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my sins were
 hap-py and re-joic-ing In His fa-vor ev-'ry day; In the bur-den
 sent me pure and spot-less With the sanc-ti-fied at last; I will sing His



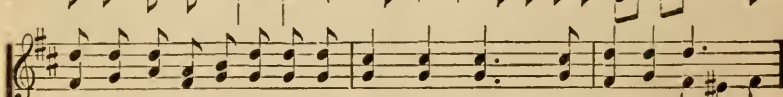
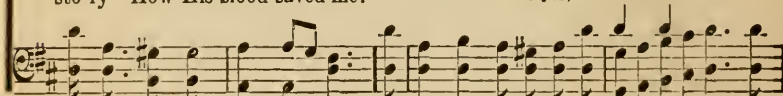
all for-giv-en Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for
 and the tri-al There is none so kind as He; My Re-deem-er is my
 praise and glo-ry Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the



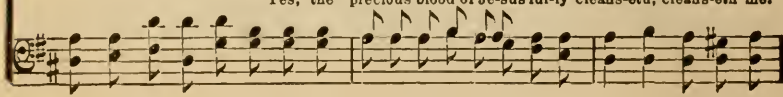
CHORUS.



ev - er By the crim-son flood!
 kinsman, And His blood saves me! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! The
 sto-ry How His blood saved me! O yes,



pre-cious blood of Je-sus Ful-ly cleans-eth me! It cleanseth me,
 Yes, the pre-cious blood of Je-sus ful-ly cleans-eth, cleans-eth me!



The Cleansing Blood.

rit.

it cleans-eth me! The precious blood of Je - sus Ful - ly cleans - eth me.

69

He Died for Thee.

WORDS ARRANGED.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hark, hark, hark! 'Tis a mes - sage of mer - cy free;
2. Come, come, come! It was Je - sus who res - cued me;
3. Now, now, now! To - mor - row too late may be;

O sin - ner, thy crim - son sins are dark, But Je - sus hath
He heal - eth the lep - er, the lame, the dumb—O sin - ner, He
O sin - ner, with tears of con - tri - tion bow, Con - fess - ing He

REFRAIN.

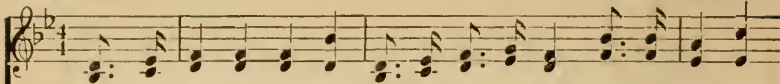
died for thee! Died for thee, died for thee! O

sin - ner, thy crim - son sins are dark, But Je - sus hath died for thee!

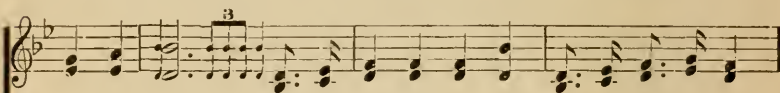
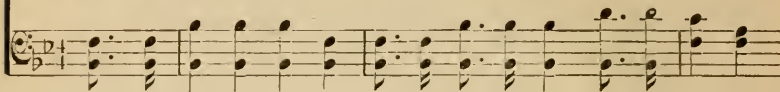
EL NATHAN.

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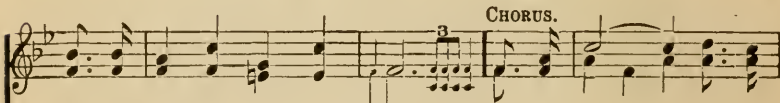
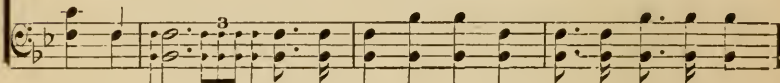
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



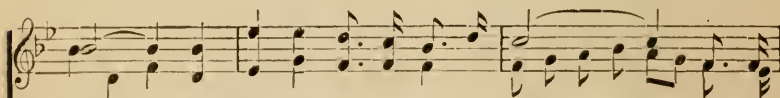
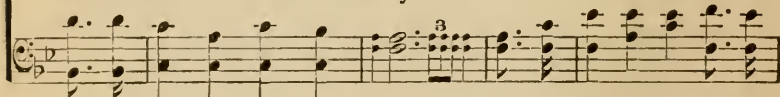
1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glorious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis drawing ver - y near—It is hast'ning



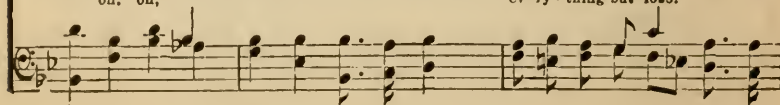
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played, And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,



While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own! on, on,
 And the cross the world shall sway!



on, For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to
 on, on, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!



The Banner of the Cross.

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross!
 we'll Be-neath

71 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

WILLIAM MILLER.

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

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
 We'll work We'll work

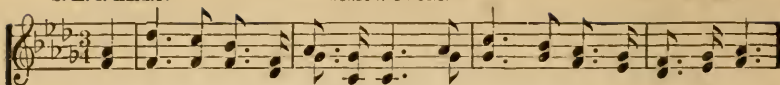
We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home!
 We'll work

My Father Knows.

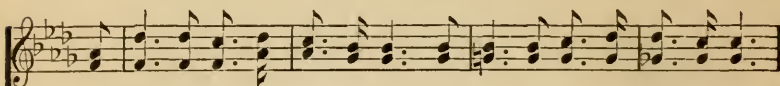
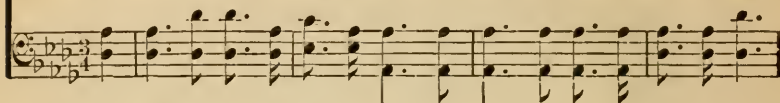
S. M. I. HENRY.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

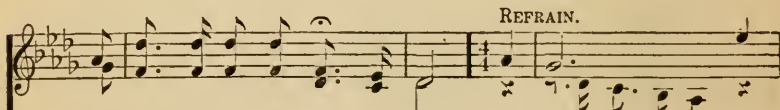
E. O. EXCELL.



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,



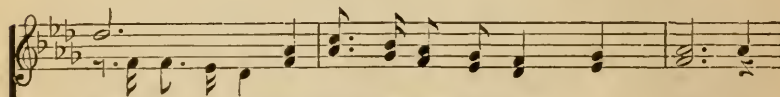
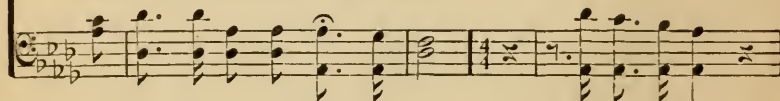
But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



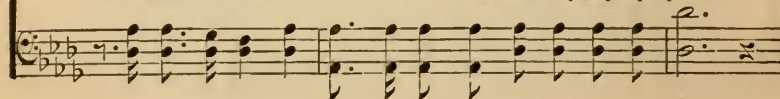
REFRAIN.

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.

knows, He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows!
 My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, ev'-ry wind that blows!

73 I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. For all the Lord has done for me I nev-er will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day—I nev-er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour—I nev-er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour-ney here be-low I nev-er will cease to love Him;

And for His grace so rich and free I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 He leads and guides me all the way—I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r—I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 And when to that bright world I go I nev-er will cease to love Him.

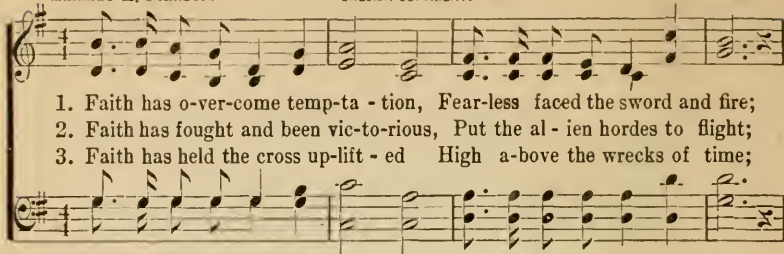
CHORUS.

{ I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Saviour, (He's) my Saviour;
 I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me!

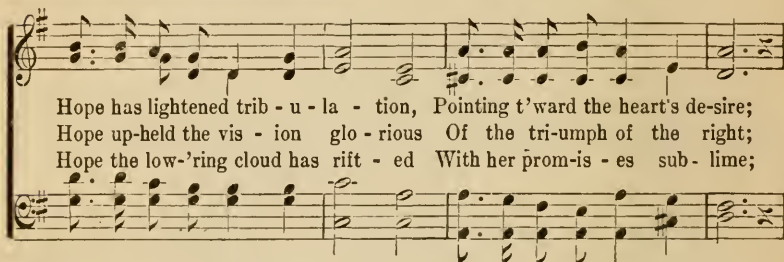
HARRIET H. PIERSON.

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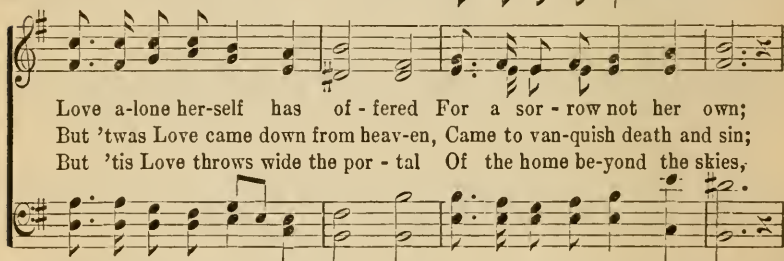
D. B. TOWNER.



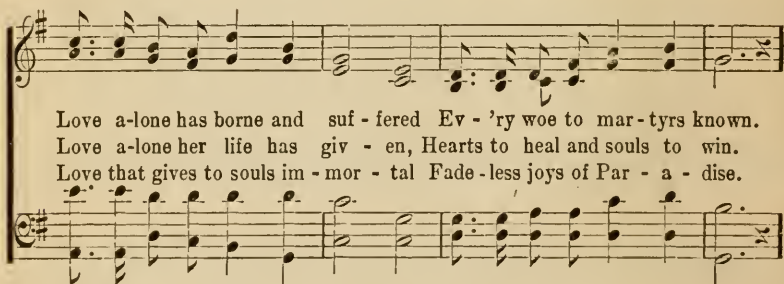
1. Faith has o-ver-come temp-ta - tion, Fear-less faced the sword and fire;
2. Faith has fought and been vic-to-rious, Put the al - ien hordes to flight;
3. Faith has held the cross up-lift - ed High a-bove the wrecks of time;



Hope has lightened trib - u - la - tion, Pointing t'ward the heart's de-sire;
Hope up-held the vis - ion glo - rious Of the tri-umph of the right;
Hope the low-'ring cloud has rift - ed With her prom-is - es sub - lime;

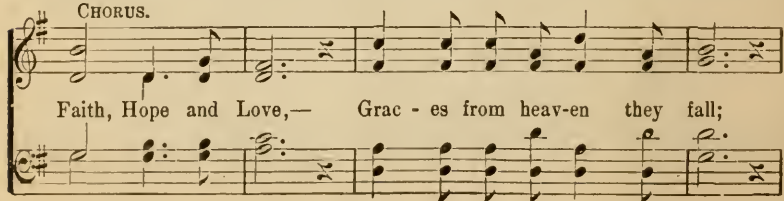


Love a-lone her-self has of - fered For a sor - row not her own;
But 'twas Love came down from heav-en, Came to van-quisth death and sin;
But 'tis Love throws wide the por - tal Of the home be-yond the skies,



Love a-lone has borne and suf - fered Ev - 'ry woe to mar - tyrs known.
Love a-lone her life has giv - en, Hearts to heal and souls to win.
Love that gives to souls im - mor - tal Fade - less joys of Par - a - dise.

CHORUS.



Faith, Hope and Love, — Grac - es from heav-en they fall;

Love is the Greatest of All.

Faith, Hope and Love,— Love is the great-est of all.

75

Blessed Lord Jesus!

J. H. SAMOIS.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Thou bless-ed Lord Je - sus, my Treas-ure di - vine, My spir - it re-
2. Thou bless-ed Lord Je - sus, my Treas-ure di - vine, Thy ia - vor is
3. Thou bless-ed Lord Je - sus, my Treas-ure di - vine, More pre - cious to
4. Thou bless-ed Lord Je - sus, my Treas-ure di - vine, When wilt Thou ar-

joice - es to claim Thee as mine; Thine arm to em-brace me, my life, and Thy love is as wine; Thy words are as hon - ey that me than rich gold from the mine, Than gems from the mountain, than ray me in beau - ty like Thine? When o'er the dark mountains Thy

pil - low Thy breast, Is ful - ness of bless - ing and in - fi - nite rest! drops from the comb, And they com - fort my soul like a message from home! pearls from the sea, More fair in Thy beau - ty, and dear - er to mel ra - di - ance fling, Bright Star of the Morn - ing, my Bridegroom, my King?

Will There be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing

reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my
watch as a win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down! It would sweet-en my bliss in the

Sav-iour I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
glo-ri-ous day When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls.
cit-y of gold Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown When at

ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?

Will There be Any Stars?

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

77

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. Troubles al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day,

I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!
 Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!
 But in Christ I can be bold— I've an an - chor that shall hold!

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est

gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.

fail; For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds!
 For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

79

At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
 4. O the love that drew sal - va-tion's plan! O the grace that brought it

cru-ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
 law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt - y soul im-plor - ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
 as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
 down to man! O the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry!

Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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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; O re-tur-n 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.

O wea - - - ry prod-i-gal, come! . . .
 Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come. wea-ry prod-i-gal, come!

81

Somebody.

JOHN B. CLEMENTS.

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 E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said: "I'm glad to give";
3. Some-body i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs;
4. Some-body filled the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long—
 Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right—
 Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain—
 Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease—

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

Singing Glory!

L. R. M.

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L. R. MINOR.

1. I've something in my heart that Je - sus gave to me, It makes me
 2. My Sav-iour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise; Since then I
 3. My Sav-iour took my feet from out the mir - y clay; Since then I
 4. O wea - ry heart, and sad, O heav - y - la - den soul, If you would

feel like sing - ing glo - ry all the day; He found my cap - tive soul
 have been sing - ing glo - ry all the day; I love to tell the lost
 have been sing - ing glo - ry all the day; He placed them on the Rock
 feel like sing - ing glo - ry all the day, Just let the Sav-iour in,

and gave me lib - er - ty, And now I feel like sing - ing glo - ry!
 of Je - sus and His ways, And oh, it keeps me sing - ing glo - ry!
 that shall not pass a - way— I can-not keep from sing - ing glo - ry!
 and let Him take con-trol: Then you will feel like sing - ing glo - ry!

CHORUS.

He makes the path grow bright-er ev - 'ry pass - ing day, He makes the

bur - den light - er all a - long the way; His Word is my de-light,

Singing Glory!

His will I now o-bey, And all the time I'm sing-ing glo - ry!

83

O Could I Speak!

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

ARIEL.

Arr. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-
4. Well, the de-lightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And

in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweet-est praise I would to I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al - most di-vine! perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ev - er shine! ev-er-lasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known! ter-ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace!

The Ascending King.

CHARLES WESLEY FLETCHER.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. On Ol - i - vet the Vic - tor stands, The King of Glo - ry now; His
2. In cloud - y car of white and gold He rides in maj - es - ty, And
3. His train draws near, Swing wide the gates, His tri - umph has be - gun! This
4. Ye wist - ful watch - ers, some glad day Your King will come a - gain As

blood has met the law's demands, Rich blessings fall from outstretched hands His
leads in chains, as long fore - told, Both sin and death, our foes of old, To
day all heav - en cel - e - brates; The Fa - ther on His throne a - waits The
ye have seen Him go a - way, His scap - tre all the earth to sway—Will

ad lib. CHORUS. *Moderato.*

peo - ple to en - dow.
their cap - tiv - i - ty. Af - ter the shock of the bat - tle, Af - ter the
com - ing of His Son.
you be read - y then?

fall of the foe, Crowned with the glo - ry of con - quest, Back to His

throne doth He go; An - gels with sil - ver trum - pets Fling the glad echoes a -

The Ascending King.

ad lib.

far, Her-ald His com-ing to heav-en, Tell it from star un-to star!

85

Arise and Shine!

CARRIE E. BRECK.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! The Lord hath made thee free;
2. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Let sin and sor-row hide;
3. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Thy God thy glo - ry is;
4. A - rise and shine, thy light is come, And night shall be no more;

The chains of darkness bind no more; Go forth in lib - er - ty!
Go forth and show to all the world That light and life a - bide!
Show forth the won-ders of His love, And let all praise be His!
Shine till the glo - ry of the Lord Is known from shore to shore!

CHORUS.

A - rise and shine, thy light is come! A - rise, a - rise and shine! With

love's bright a-dorn-ing, Shine forth as the morning, A-rise, a-rise and shine!

My Saviour First of All.

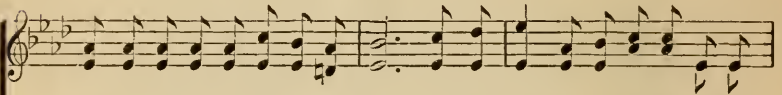
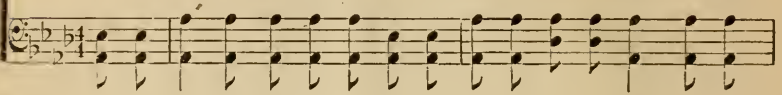
FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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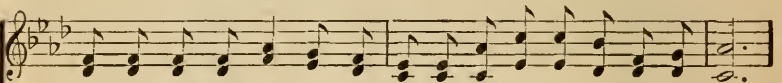
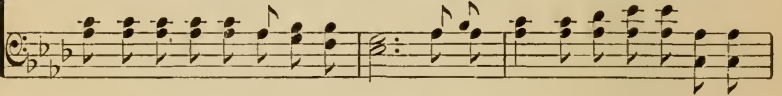
JNO. R. SWENEY.



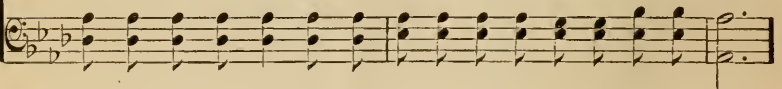
1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



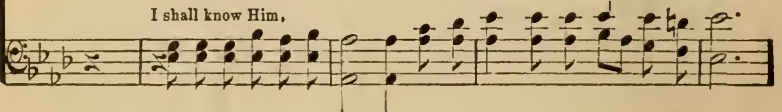
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer-cy, love and grace That prepared for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.



CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him,



My Saviour First of All.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

87

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!

HELEN D. SYLVESTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. L. GILPIN.

WM. L. GILPIN.

1. My light and my sal - va - tion, O Lord of life, art Thou; Ac - cept
 2. O God of my sal - va - tion, Thou art be - come my song; Un - ceas -
 3. To all Thy king - ly splen - dor, To Thy re - deem - ing love, What trib -

my con - se - cra - tion, To Thee I pay my vow. Thou art the King of
 ing ad - o - ra - tion And love to Thee be - long. Thro' all the hoar - y
 ute shall I ren - der, My loy - al - ty to prove? O Sav - iour, high and

glo - ry, Thy love hath set me free; O sweet and bless - ed sto - ry, The
 a - ges Thy Word has still been true; To - day its bless - ed pag - es My
 ho - ly, In all Thy love and might, With - in my heart so low - ly, Be

CHORUS.

Sav - iour died for me!
 hope and strength re - new. O Lord, my life and
 Thou my life and light! O Lord, my life, my life and light,

O Lord, my life, my life and light, my

my sal - va - tion, I love Thee and a - dore; I rest on
 my life and my I rest on Thee,
 life and my sal - va - tion, I rest on Thee, I

My Light and My Salvation.

Thee, the true foun-da-tion, I rest for-ev-er-more!
 I rest on Thee, on Thee, the true
 rest on Thee, on Thee, The true

89 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail-or, tem-pest-toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost!

CHORUS.

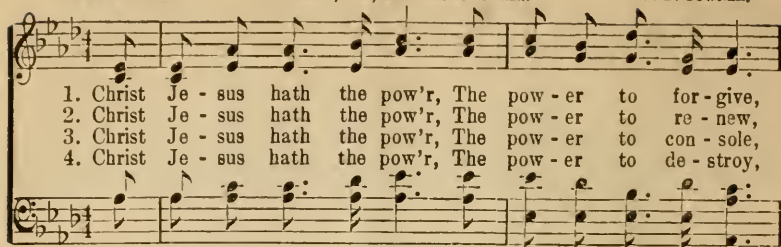
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save!

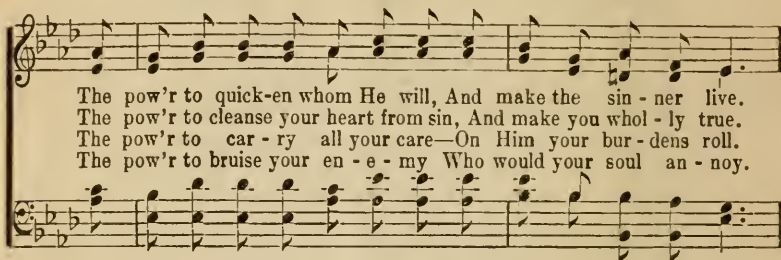
JAMES M. GRAY.

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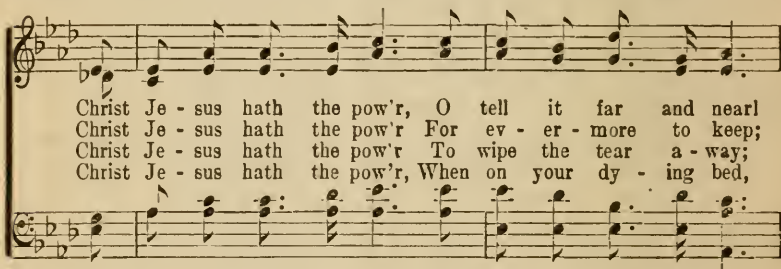
D. B. TOWNER.



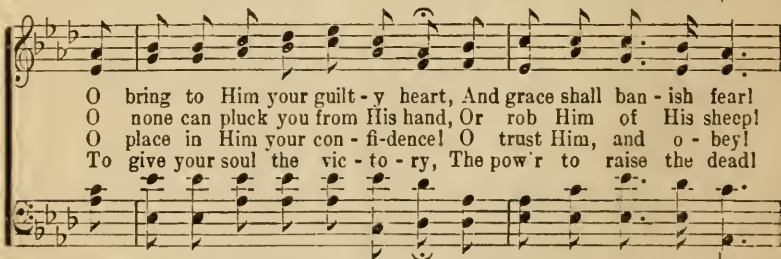
1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for - give,
 2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re - new,
 3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con - sole,
 4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de - stroy,



The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin - ner live.
 The pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you whol - ly true.
 The pow'r to car - ry all your care—On Him your bur - dens roll.
 The pow'r to bruise your en - e - my Who would your soul an - noy.

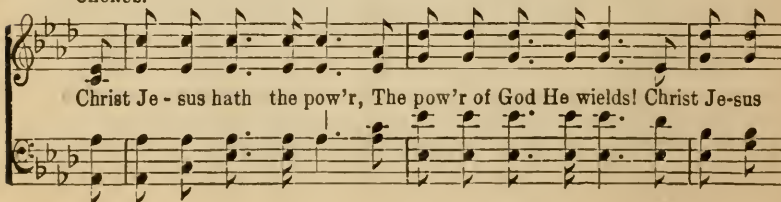


Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, O tell it far and near!
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, For ev - er - more to keep;
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, To wipe the tear a - way;
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, When on your dy - ing bed,



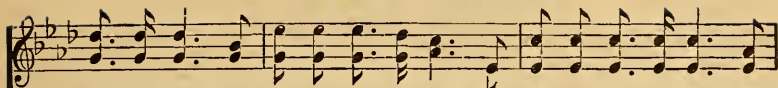
O bring to Him your guilt - y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear!
 O none can pluck you from His hand, Or rob Him of His sheep!
 O place in Him your con - fi - dence! O trust Him, and o - bey!
 To give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!

CHORUS.

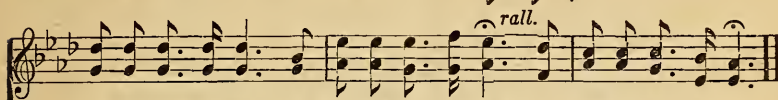
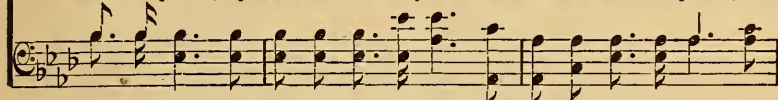


Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God He wields! Christ Je - sus

Christ Jesus Hath the Power.



hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren-der yields! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I



trust Him ev-er-more! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I wor-ship and a-dore!



91

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



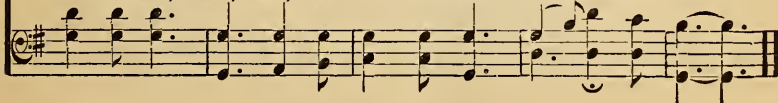
1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—come, come to - day! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—



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



go Thy way; Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al-most—but lost!"

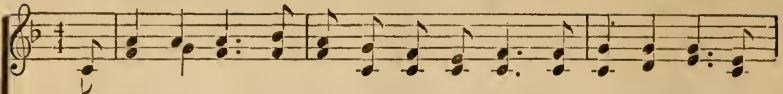


Would You Believe?

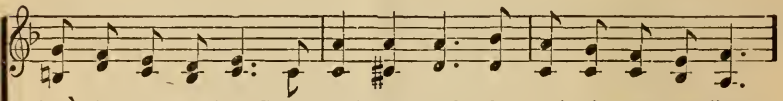
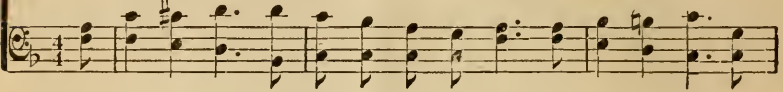
CAROLINE SAWYER.

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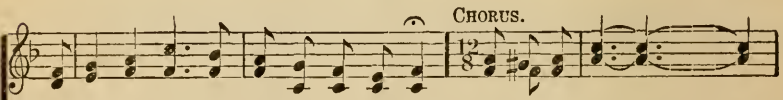
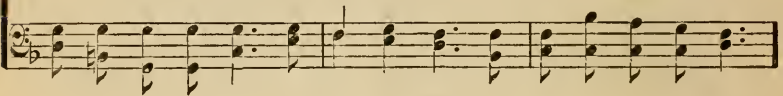
D. B. TOWNER.



1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to - night, His thorn-crown'd head and
 2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
 3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side you

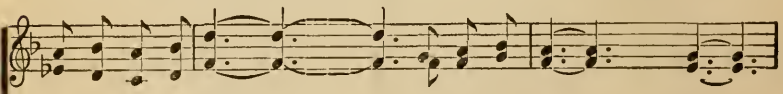
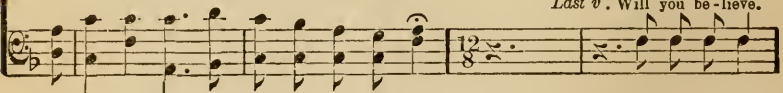


piercèd hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
 on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail - prints in His ten - der feet,
 in your nar - row pew; If you will list - en you will hear Him say



And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you"—Would you be-lieve,
 And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you" *Last v.*
 In lov - ing tones—"Beloved, 'twas for you"—Will you be-lieve,

Would you be-lieve,
Last v. Will you be-lieve.



and Je - sus re - ceive If He were stand - - ing
 and Je - sus re - ceive For He is stand - - ing

and Je - sus re - ceive? If He were stand - ing
 and Je - sus re - ceive? For He is stand - ing



Would You Believe?

here? Would you be - lieve and Je - sus re - here; Will you be - lieve and Je - sus re - here, were stand - ing here? Would you be - lieve here, is stand - ing here; Will you be - lieve

ceive If He were stand - ing here? ceive? For He is stand - ing here. and Je - sus re - ceive? If He were stand - ing, If He were stand - ing here? and Je - sus re - ceive? For He is stand - ing, For He is stand - ing here.

93

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

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

D. C.

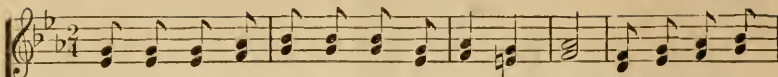
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Count Your Blessings!

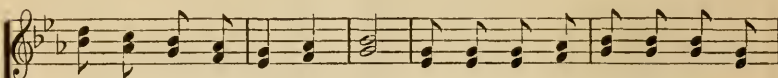
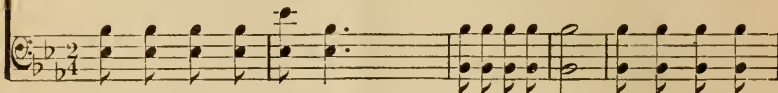
J. OATMAN, JR.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

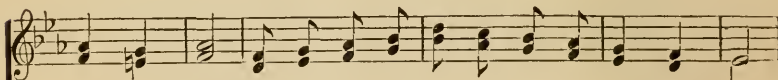
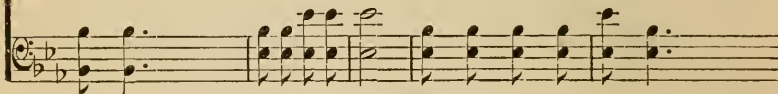
E. O. EXCELL.



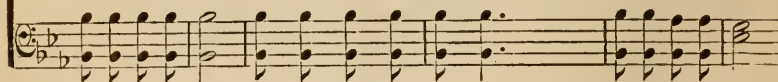
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -



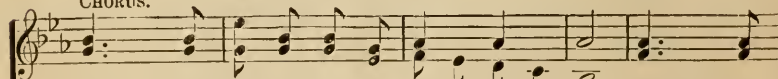
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man - y blessings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y blessings, - ev - 'ry
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man - y blessings mon - ey
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y blessings, an - gels



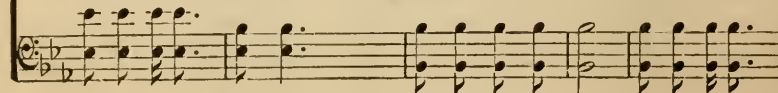
one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy - Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



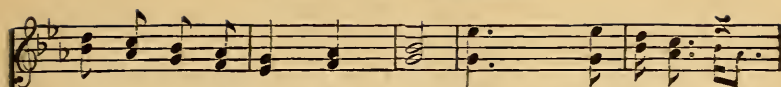
CHORUS.



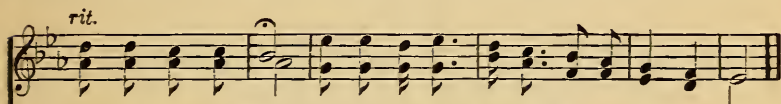
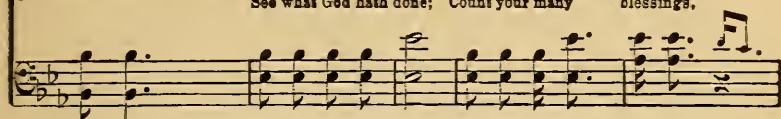
Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man - y bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man - y



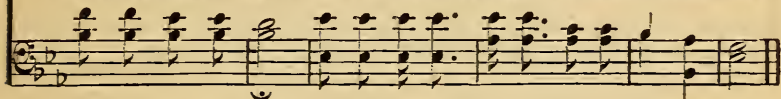
Count Your Blessings!



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
See what God hath done; Count your many blessings.



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

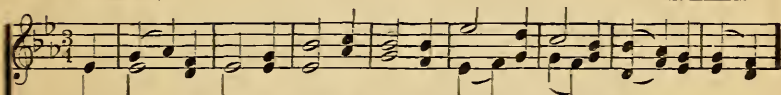


95

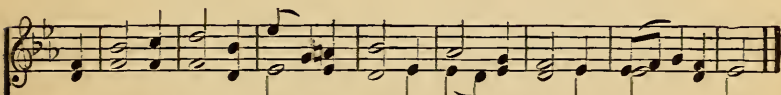
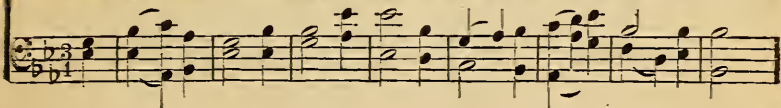
When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS.

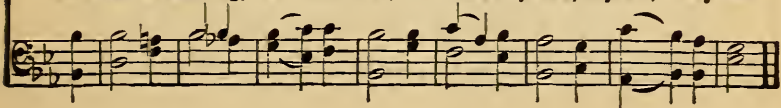
E. MULLER.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ my God!
3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an off-'ring far too small;



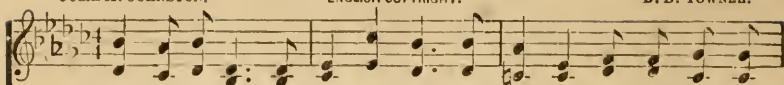
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!



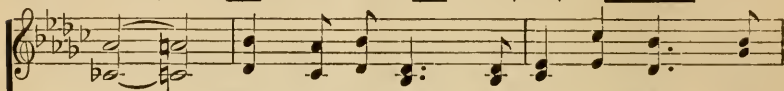
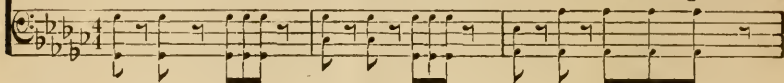
JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

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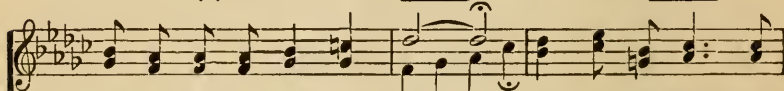
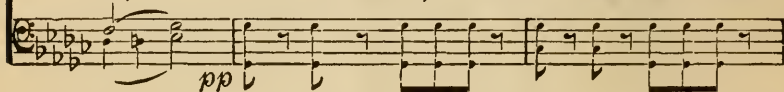
D. B. TOWNER.



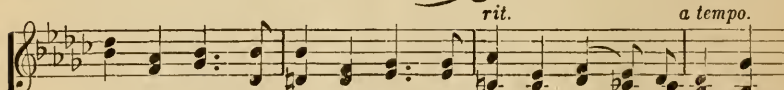
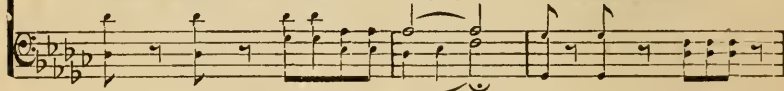
1. O golden day when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my jour-ney's end, But well I know who guid-eth



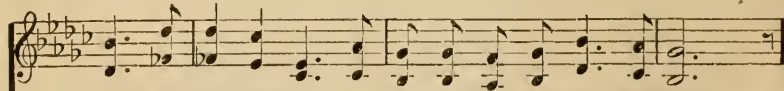
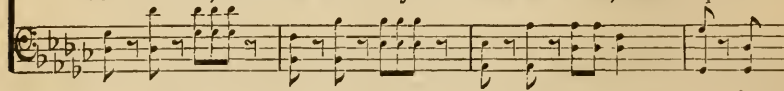
fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall
place Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose



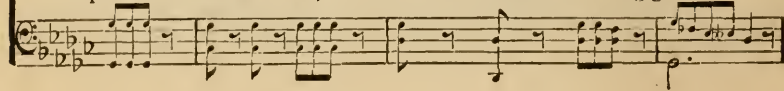
ope for me the gates of gold! . . . Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-
matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I



soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The grace that
long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The conqu'ror's



saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
glo-rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.



Saving Grace.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete be-fore the throne;

Then I shall see my Sav-iour's face, And all my song be "Saving grace!"

97

Fairest Lord Jesus.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.

Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, fair - er still the moon - light,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twink-ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright-er,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown!
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast!

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 - iour, 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 -
 voc - 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!

99

Fling Out the Banner!

GEORGE W. DOANE.

J. BAPTISTE 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-i-ous si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-ri-ous sight,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
5. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine;

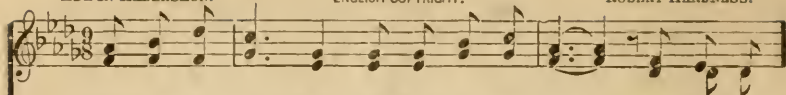
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-i-our died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won - der of the love di-vine.
And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign.

Oh, What a Change!

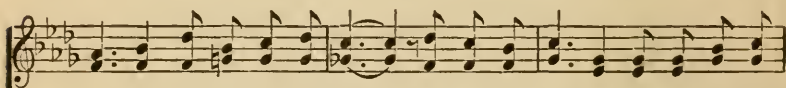
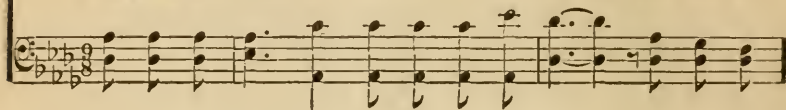
ADA R. HABERSHON.

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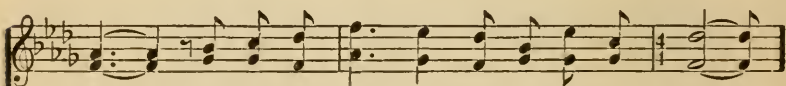
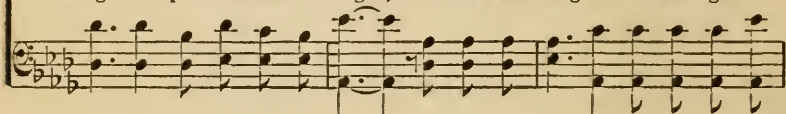
ROBERT HARENESS.



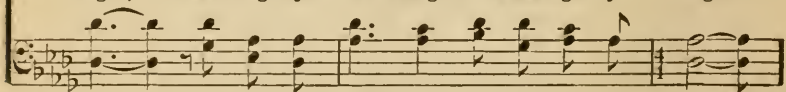
1. Soon will our Sav- iour from heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - u - nion com - plete, Ab - sence ex -
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weak-ness will change to mag - ni - fi - cent strength, Fail - ure will



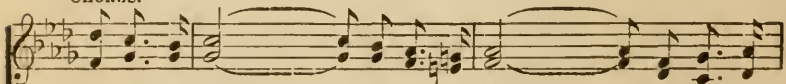
hope and its pow-er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
 changed for a place at His feet, Sleep-ing ones raised in a mo-moment of
 changed to the brightness of day, Tempests will change to in - ef - fa - ble
 change to per-fec-tion at length, Sor-row will change to un-end-ing de-



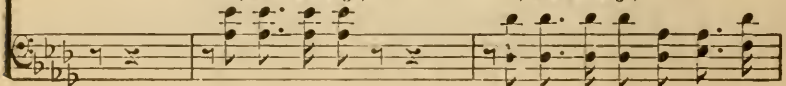
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
 time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
 calm, Weep - ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
 light, Walk - ing by faith change to walk - ing by sight!



CHORUS.



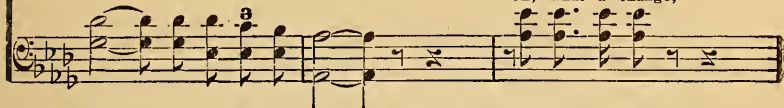
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change, When I shall
 Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,



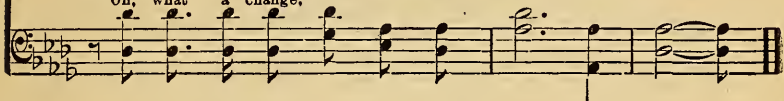
Oh, What a Change!



see His won-der-ful face! Oh, what a change, . . . Oh, what a
Oh, what a change,



change, When I shall see His face!
Oh, what a change,

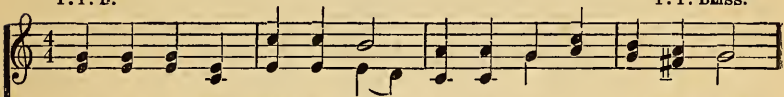


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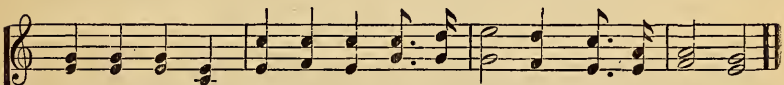
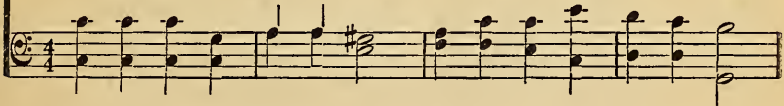
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. "Man of Sorrows"—what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die; "It is fin-ished!" was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,



Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Full a-tone-ment—can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: "Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!"



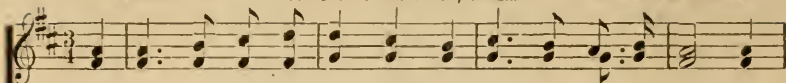
My Soul is Filled with Singing.

W. C. MARTIN.

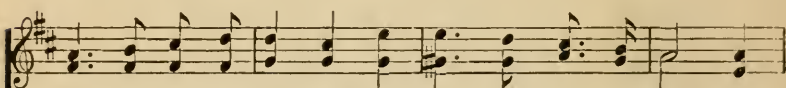
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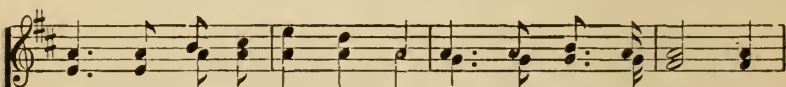
EDWARD M. FULLER.



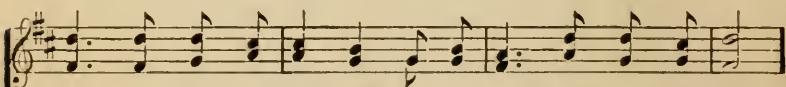
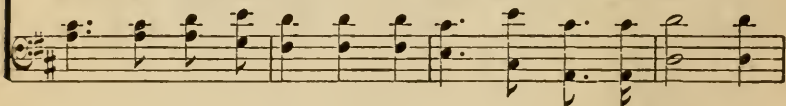
1. Be - fore I found my Sav - iour I had a load of care, No
2. Since I have found the Sav - iour My heart is free and light, My
3. I'm ev - er look - ing home - ward Where per - fect bliss a - waits, Where



com - fort in my sor - row, No help my yoke to bear; But
 days no more are drear - y, No sad - ness comes with night; But
 crowns a - wait our com - ing, Be - yond the pearl - y gates; My



now that I know Je - sus, And all my cares are gone, My
 joy is mine un - ceas - ing, And sun - shine floods my way— I'm
 heart is filled with long - ing To pass those por - tals fair, And

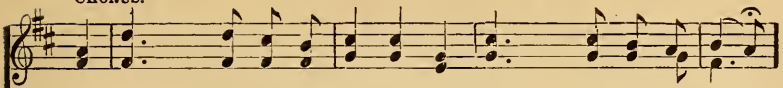


soul is filled with sing - ing, And my lips are filled with song!
 on the road to heav - en, And to ev - er - last - ing day!
 greet the friends and an - gels Who a - wait my com - ing there.

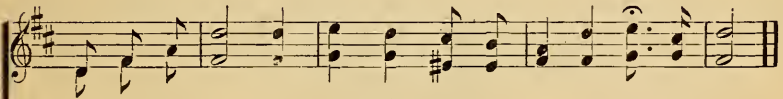


My Soul is Filled with Singing.

CHORUS.



My soul is filled with sing-ing, My days are bright with love,
 My soul My days



I'm hap - py here, and wait - ing For the per - fect bliss a - bove!



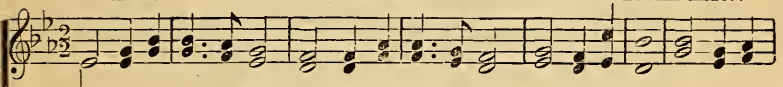
103

My Faith Looks Up to Thee!

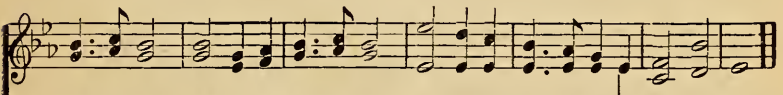
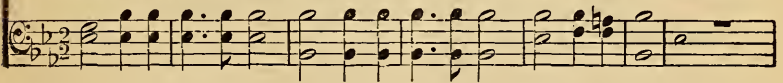
RAY PALMER.

OLIVET.

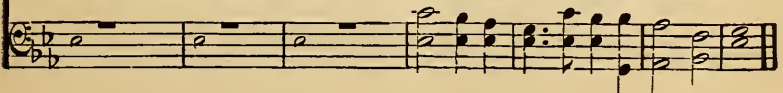
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side!
 then in love Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul!



LAURA E. NEWELL.

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L. B. CHAPMAN.

1. A light shines on my pil-grim way, That once to me was dim,
2. Oh, bound-less is His love di-vine, A-maz-ing is His grace;
3. At morn, or noon, or yet at night, Per-chance His voice shall call;

And earth seems bright wher-e'er I stray Since I am led by Him,
Lo, I am His, and He is mine, And I shall see His face!
And when my spir-it takes its flight To where no tears shall fall,

By Him in whom I place my trust; For shel-ter now I flee
Oh, bless-ed thought, When day is done My spir-it shall be free;
Still trust-ing in the love di-vine, Through all e-ter-ni-ty,

To Him who knows I am but dust— Je-sus who died for me!
Through Him the vic-t'ry shall be won, For Je-sus died for me!
I'll sing His praise, whose peace is mine, For Je-sus died for me!

CHORUS.

Oh, wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, When Jesus died.
Oh, wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, When Je-sus died

Oh, Wondrous Love!

on Cal - va - ry!..... In Him I trust,..... to Him I
 on Cal - va - ry! In Him I trust,

flee,..... And 'tis e-nough,..... He died for me!..... *rit.*
 to Him I flee, And 'tis e-nough, He died for me!

105

Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise And put your ar - mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
4. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
5. Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sol - diers: "Come,"

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son!
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more . than con - quer - or!
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God!
 Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well - fought day!
 Till Christ the Lord de - scends from high, And takes the con - quer'ors home!

M. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you
 2. Darkest night will al-ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
 3. God is might-y— He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust upon you
 lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has promised
 vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try-ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sorrow

ad lib.

make you trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic-t'ry gain? . . .
 to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al-owed. . .
 be de - feat-ed By our faith in God's al-might-y conqu'ring pow'r. . .

vic - t'ry gain?
His love al-owed.
conqu'ring pow'r,

CHORUS.

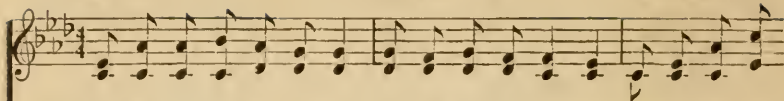
Have faith in God, . . . the sun will shine, . . .
 Have faith in God, the sun will shine.

Tho' dark the cloud . . . may be to - day; . . .
 Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day;

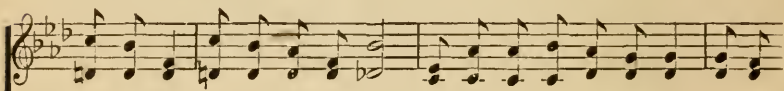
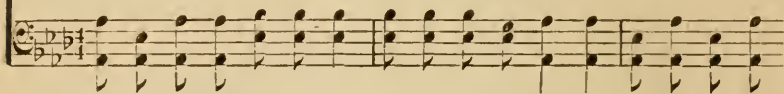
G. M. BILLS.

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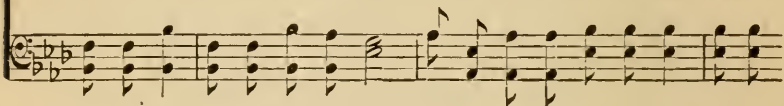
M. L. MCPHAIL.



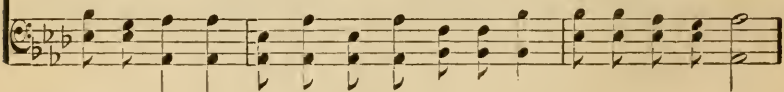
1. Like a chime of sil-ver bells In the dark-ness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag-ic sto-ry That can charm a-
3. Lo! the tempt-er doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness, Then he mocks you



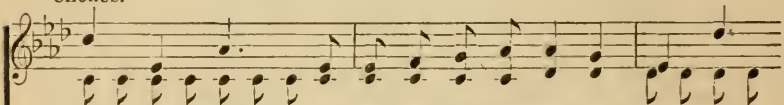
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wand'rer from the fold Love is
way your fears When earth's joys depart? Shall the spell of evil hide From your
while you grieve, Pointing to despair; From his fet-ters break away, Seek the



ev - er bring-ing Ti-dings from the gates of gold, Of a welcome there.
eyes the glo - ry That for - ev - er will a - bide With the pure in heart?
path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleas-ures that de-cay, Of their sting be-ware.



CHORUS.



"Fol - low Me," O hear the Shep-herd say-ing; "Seek the
"Fol - low, fol-low, fol-low Me," "Seek the door to



Follow Me!

door to pas-tures ev - er fair''; Heed, O heed thy
pastures fair, to Heed, O heed thy Sav-iour's voice, O

Saviour's tender plead-ing, Fol - low Him and find a welcome there!
heed His Fol-low in His footsteps, Find a bless-ed wel-come there!

109

The Mercy-Seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

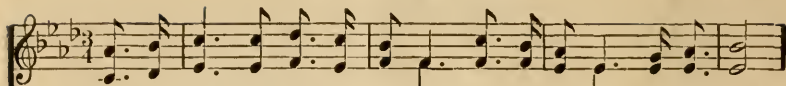
1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on ea-gle's wing we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, -'Tis found be - neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all be-side more sweet, -It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat!

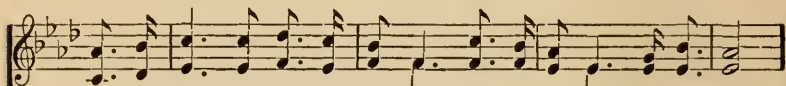
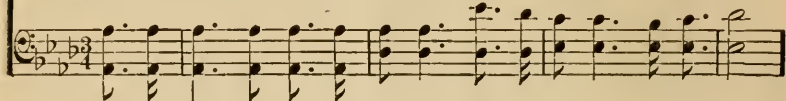
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E. O. E.

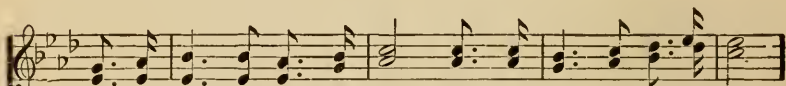
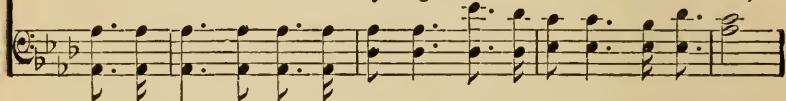
E. O. EXCELL.



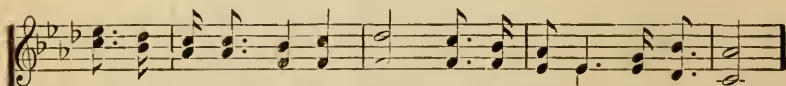
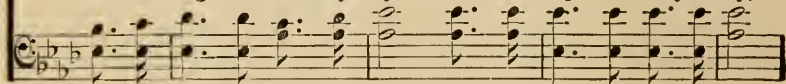
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



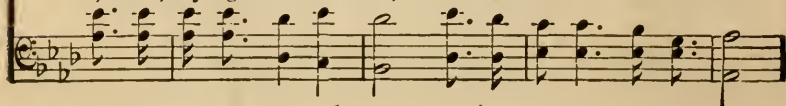
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



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;

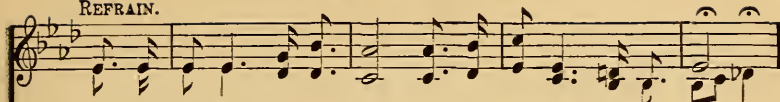


They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love!
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love?
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing: "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love!

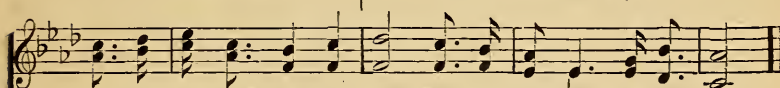
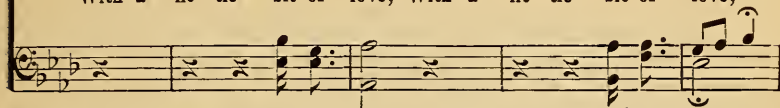


A Little Bit of Love.

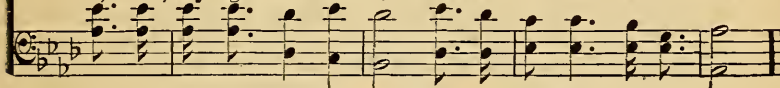
REFRAIN.



For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,



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!



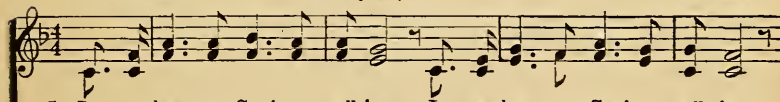
111

Where He Leads Me.

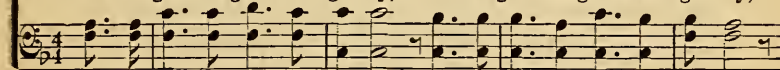
E. W. BLANDLY.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. MORRIS.

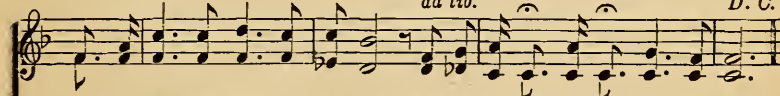
J. S. MORRIS.



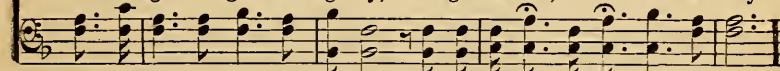
1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, I can hear my Saviour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,



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



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

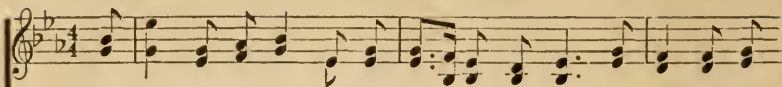


Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

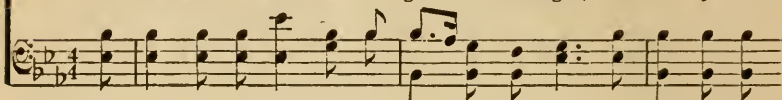
FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

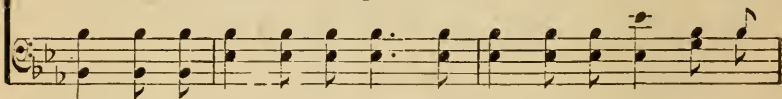
JNO. R. SWENEY.



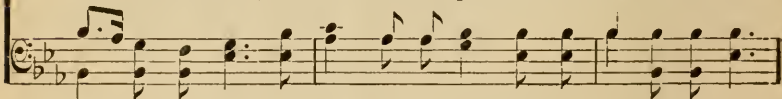
1. Be strong and cour-a-geous what - e'er may be - fall, We know our Re-
2. His cup of af - flic - tion was filled to the brim, And are we not
3. This life is a con - flict, a bat - tle with sin, Yet trust - ing in
4. Tho' friends that are dear - est have gone from our sight, 'Tis on - ly to



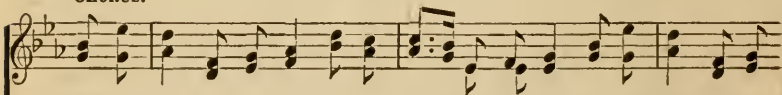
deem - er will an - swer our call; Tho' sor - row and tri - als are
will - ing to suf - fer for Him? The robe of His glo - ry for
Je - sus thro' grace we shall win; The world may op - pose us, the
en - ter the man - sions of light; Their war - fare is o - ver, their



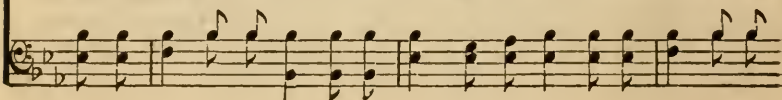
weigh - ing us down, Yet hope looks a - way from the cross to the crown.
us He laid down, To show us the path from the cross to the crown.
tempt - er may frown, Yet faith lead - eth on from the cross to the crown.
bur - dens laid down, How short was their path from the cross to the crown!



CHORUS.



From the cross to the crown let us fol - low our Lord, From the cross to the



From the Cross to the Crown.

crown let us cling to His Word; Tho' sor - row and tri - als are
 weigh - ing us down, Yet faith leads us on from the cross to the crown!

113

March On, March On!

MARY THOMPSON.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. March on, march on to vic - t'ry, O ar - my of the Lord; Take up the
2. March on, march on with firm - ness, Your peerless ranks dis - play Tho' le - gions
3. March on, the Lord is with you, His arm your strength and shield; Not all the
4. March on, march on with boldness, Lay not your ar - mor down Till ev - 'ry

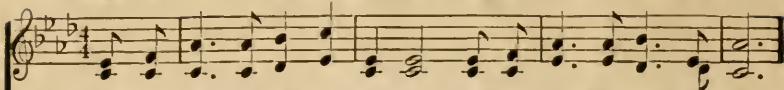
CHORUS.

Gos - pel ban - ner, Gird on the Spir - it's sword!
 rise a - gainst you In bat - tle's dread ar - ray! March onward, march onward, And
 pow'rs u - nit - ed Can drive you from the field!
 foe is con - quered, And faith receives her crown!
 thro' the world be - low To Je - sus your Redeemer Shout glo - ry as you go!

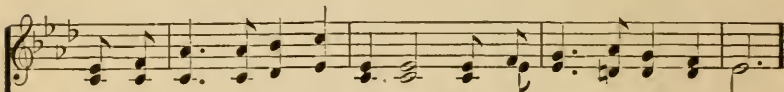
J. OATMAN, JR.

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

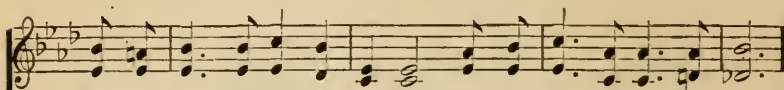
E. C. EXCELL.



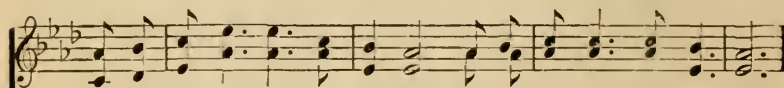
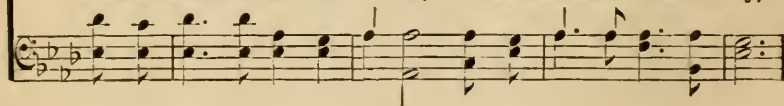
1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar - mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam,



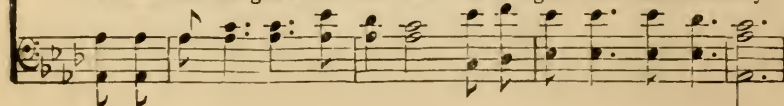
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul;
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw - ing near - er home;



Ev - 'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de - lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da - vid in his day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout - ing vic - t'ry day by day;
When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a - way,



I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall o - ver - come and join them In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav - en In the good old - fash-ioned way.



The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way!

D. C.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear!

CODA.

115 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHEURY.

BY PER. OF BISHOP VINCENT, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;

Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my Peace, My All in all!

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! De-fy - ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! Its tri-umph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! Our sins on

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
 Je - sus laid, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

Cres. *ff*

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

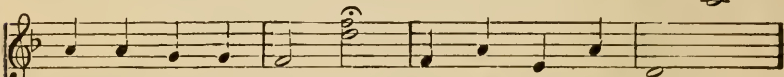
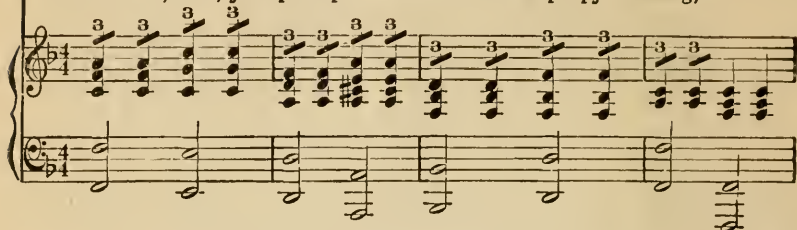
SOLO. *Sop. or Ten. of Duet.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.*
 CHO. *mp.* Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 TENOR AND BASS.

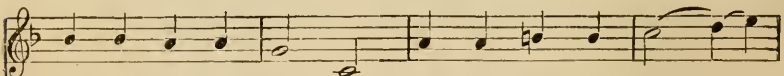
* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.



1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee;
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God;
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry!
 Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
 Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph song;



Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



Onward, Christian Soldiers!

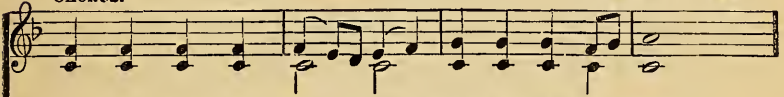


For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners gol
Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

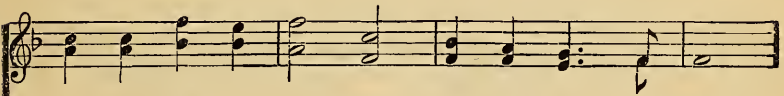
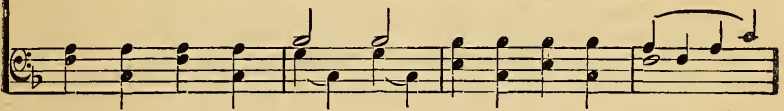


CHORUS.

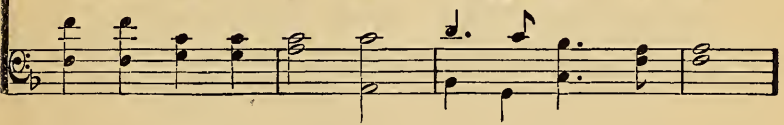
Arthur S. Sullivan.



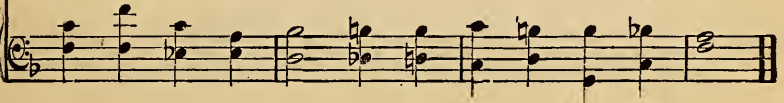
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



INTERLUDE.



A. C. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY P. W. BLACKMER.

Mrs. A. C. BLODGETT.

Introduction and Interlude.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp! O hear us com-ing,
2. O - ver vale and hill re - sound-ing,
3. Je - sus is our might-y Cap-tain,

Lit - tle sol - diers of the King; Flags un-furl'd and ban-ners fly-ing,
 Chil-dren, hear the might-y call; Come and join the roy - al ar-my,
 His com-mand we must o - bey; For-ward march, and nev - er fal-ter,

CHORUS.

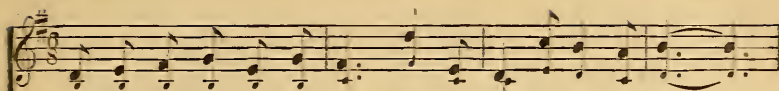
Loud-ly let our watch-word ring!
 In our ranks there's room for all! Onward, forward, Let us march a-
 We shall sure-ly win the day!

gainst the foe! In our Leader's name ad-vanc-ing, On to vic-t'ry we will go!

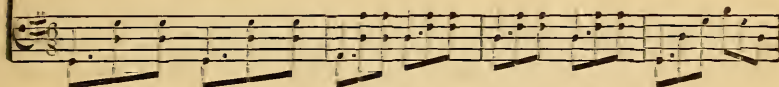
NELLIE TALBOT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.



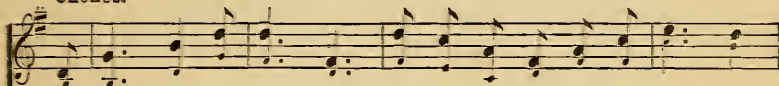
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



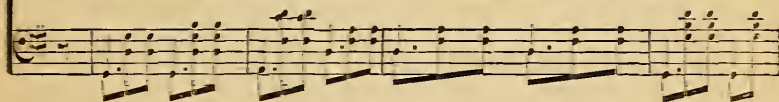
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



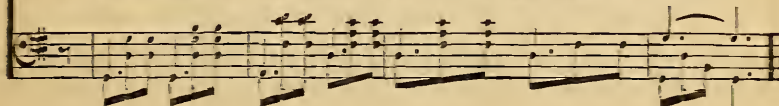
CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



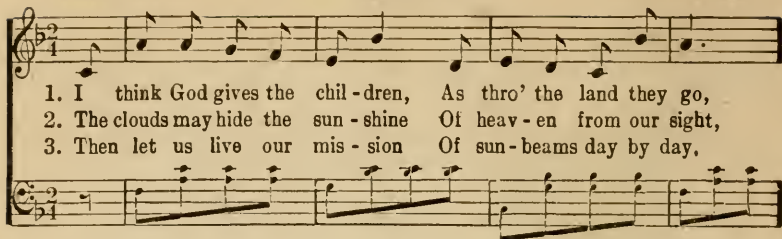
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.



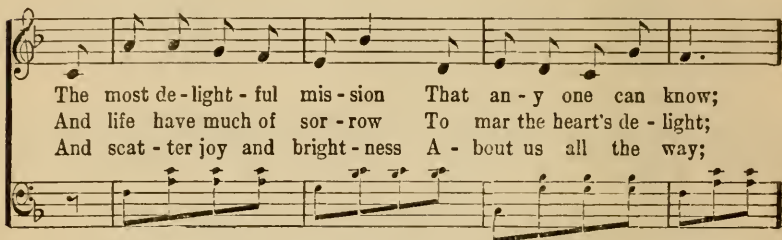
ESEN E. REXFORD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

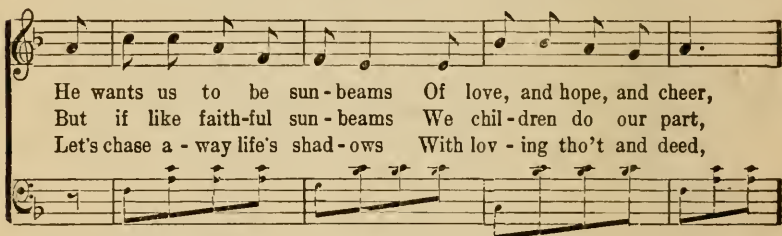
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



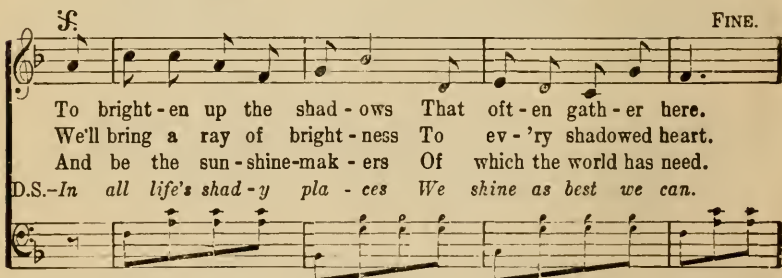
1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,



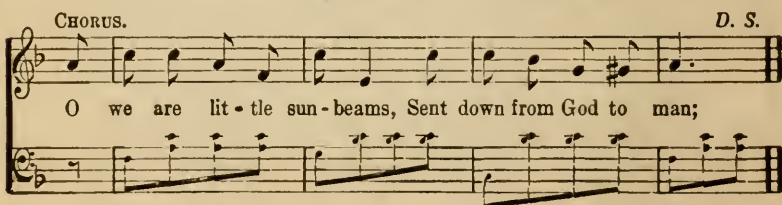
The most de-light-ful mis-sion That an-y one can know;
And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's de-light;
And scat-ter joy and bright-ness A-bout us all the way;



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.



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

JESSIE H. BROWN.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where He
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep When the dark'ning

leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where with - out Him dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 shadows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er

joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 drear - est ways, An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An - y - where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

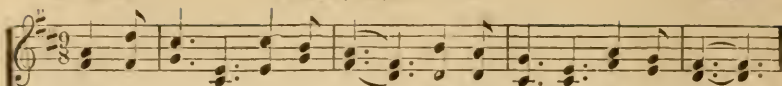
An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can not know;

An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

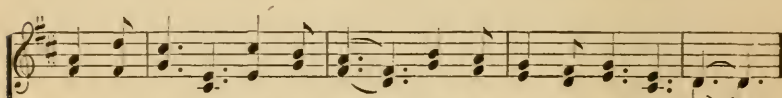
EL NATHAN.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.

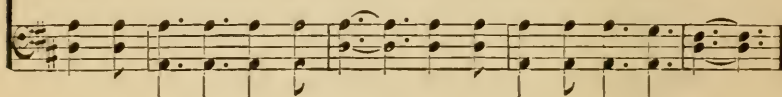
C. C. CASE.



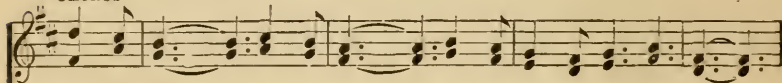
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



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.



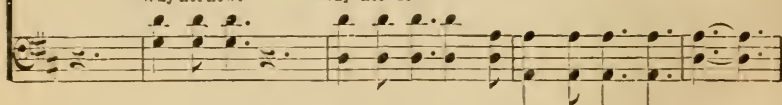
CHORUS



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

Why not now?

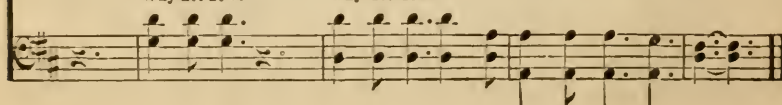
why not now?



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

Why not now?

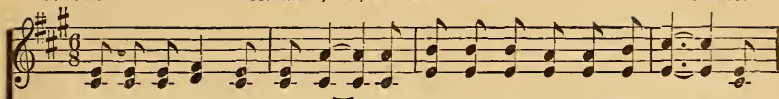
why not now?



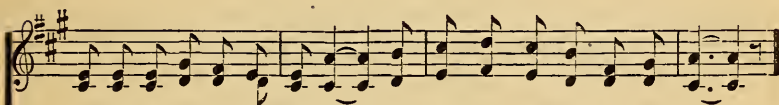
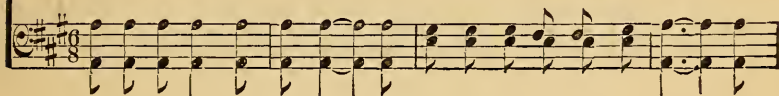
G. F. R.

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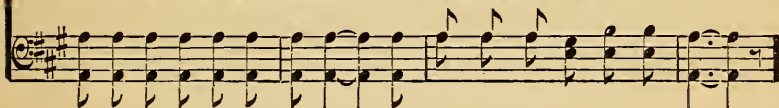
GEO. F. BOOT.



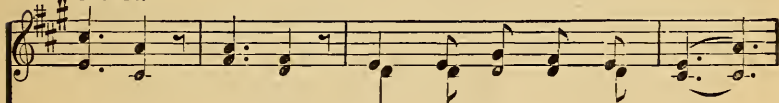
1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your



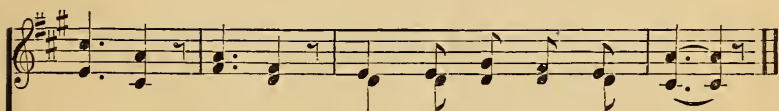
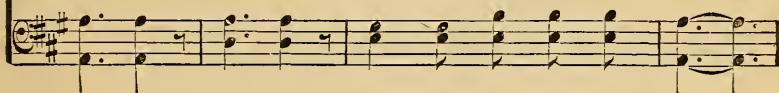
Saviour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
 Saviour is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.



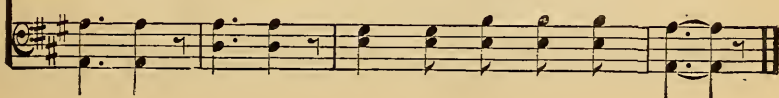
CHORUS.



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



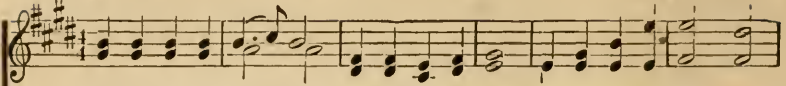
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



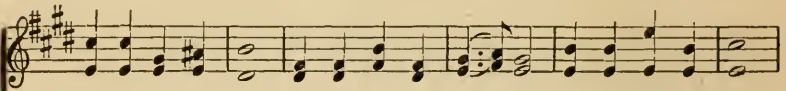
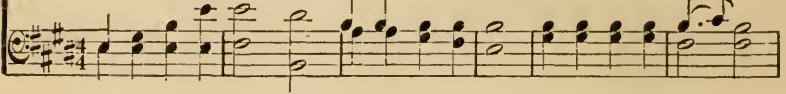
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



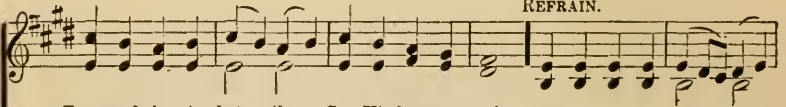
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es



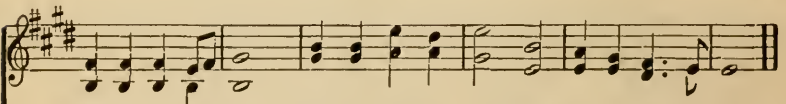
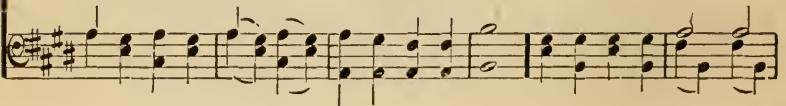
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,



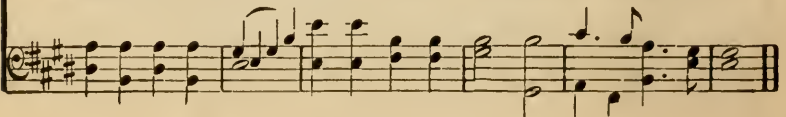
REFRAIN.



For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners 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.



125 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET.

DIADEM.

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

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,

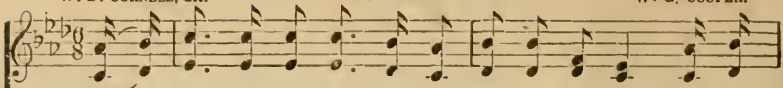
all; crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
 crown Him,

. Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

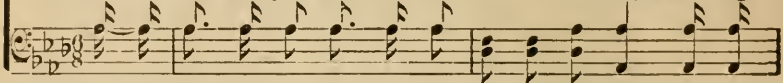
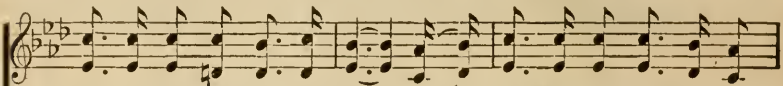
W. D. CORNELL, alt.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

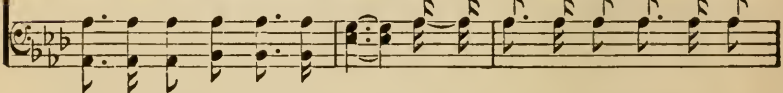
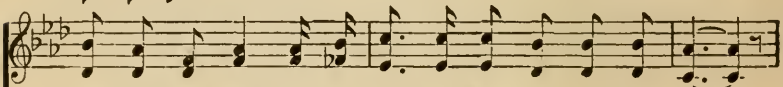
W. G. COOPER.



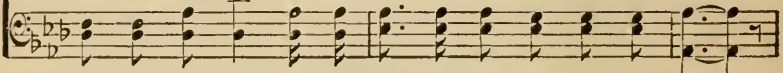
1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah soul are you here with - out com - fort and rest, March - ing

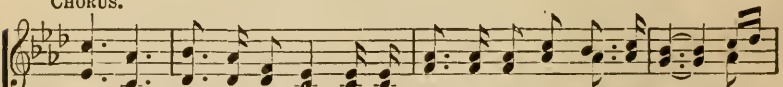
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

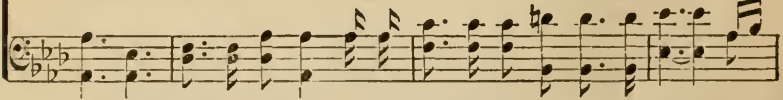
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
 ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!



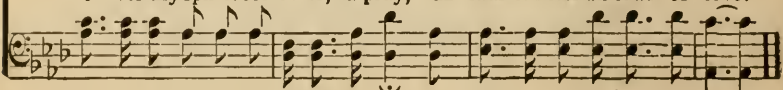
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep



o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love!

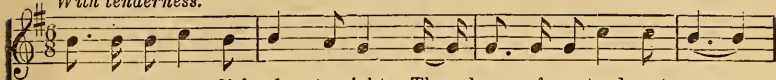


Where is My Boy Tonight?

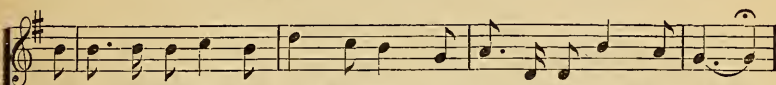
R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PER.

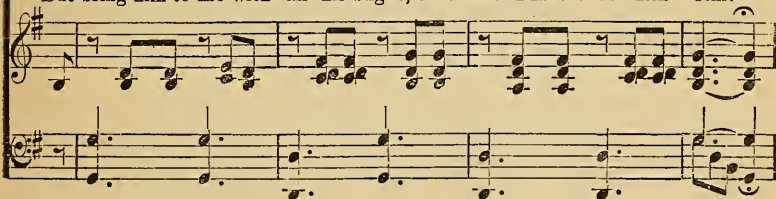
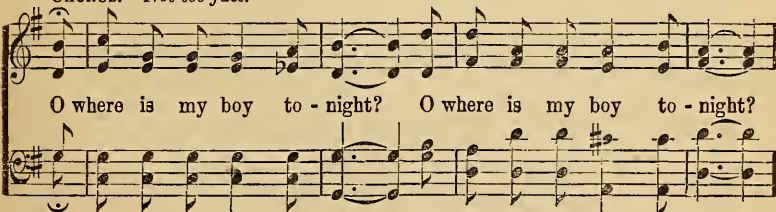
ROBERT LOWRY.

With tenderness.

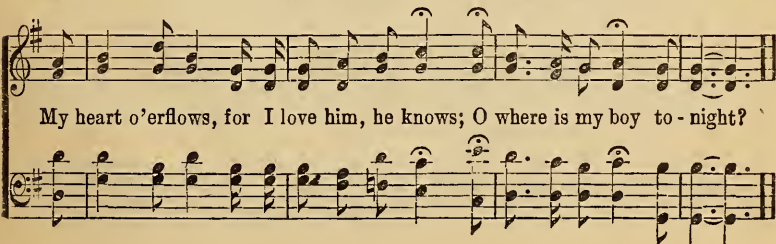
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night, The boy of my tenderest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time
4. Go for my wandering boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;



The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still!

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?



My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

FANNY 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
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 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-iour all the day long; This is my

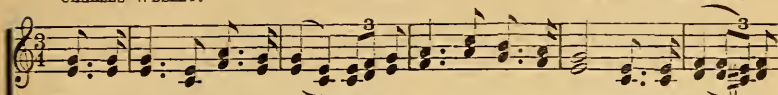
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long!

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

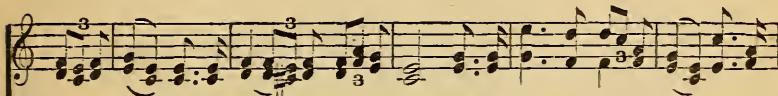
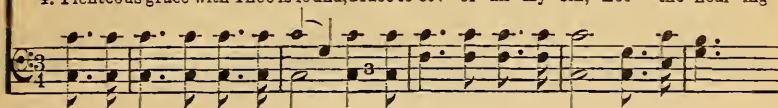
CHARLES WESLEY.

REFUGE.

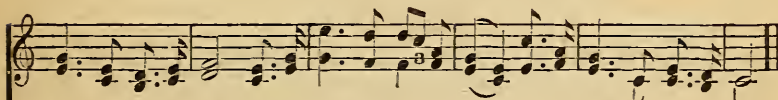
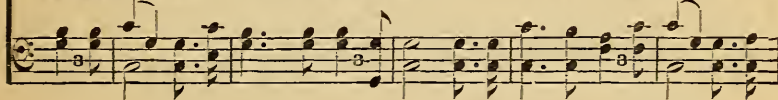
JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



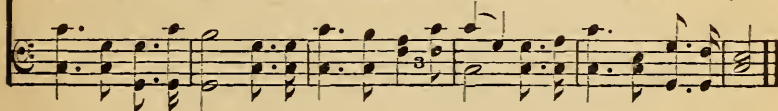
1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly While the near-er
 2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find! Raise the fal-len,
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin; Let the heal-ing



wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide Till the
 not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am
 streams about, Make and keep me pure within; Thou of life the fountain art. Free-ly



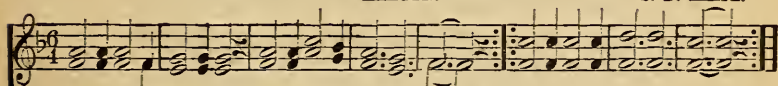
storm of life is past; Safe in-to the hav-en guide; O re-ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing!
 all un-right-eous-ness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

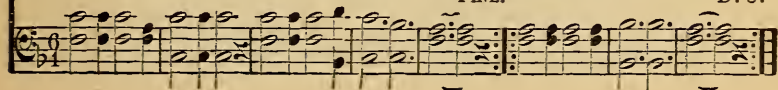
MARTYN.

S. B. MARSH.



FINE.

D. C.



E. R. STOKES.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow,
 2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow!

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now!
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, O come and fill me now!
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now!
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now!

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now!

132 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy!

J. HART.

E. O. E. Arr.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore! }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

D.C.—Glory, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign!

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy!

CHORUS.

D. C.



Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name!



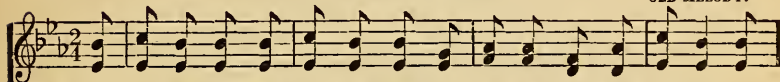
2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

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

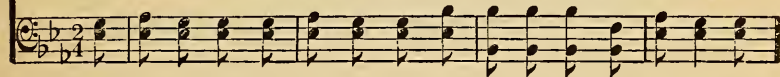
133

At the Fountain.

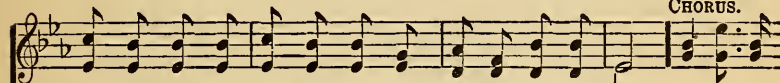
OLD MELODY.



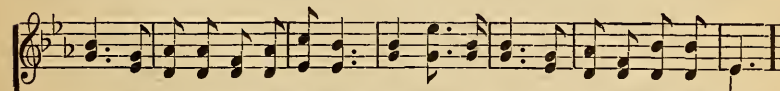
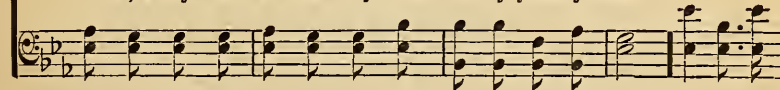
1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring—I'm at the fountain drinking! I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n—I'm at the fountain drinking! Ask,
3. Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul—I'm at the fountain drinking! Je-
4. Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move—I'm at the fountain drinking! I
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly—I'm at the fountain drinking! I



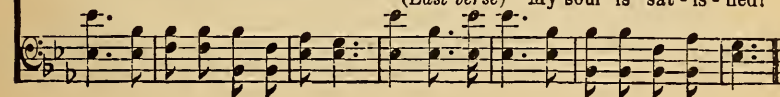
CHORUS.



could for - ev - er think and sing—I'm on my journey home!
and He turns your hell to heav'n—I'm on my journey home! **Glo - ry to**
sus, Thy balm will make me whole—I'm on my journey home!
meet the ob - ject of my love—I'm on my journey home!
drink, and yet am ev - er dry—I'm on my journey home!



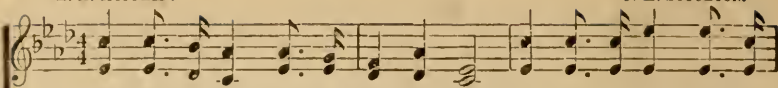
God, I'm at the fountain drinking! Glory to God, I'm on my journey home!
(Last verse)—My soul is sat - is - fied!



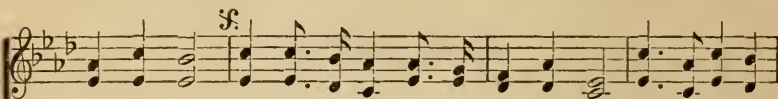
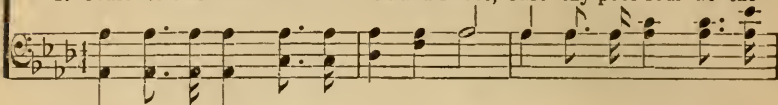
Glory to His Name!

E. A. HOFFMAN.

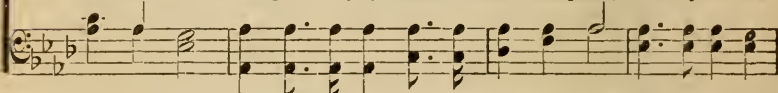
J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin,— Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the

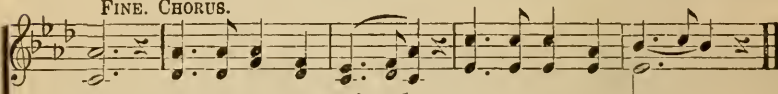


sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied— Glo-ry to His
 bides with-in,—There at the cross where He took me in,— Glo-ry to His
 en-tered in; There Je - sus saved me and keeps me clean—Glo-ry to His
 Sav-iour's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete,—Glo-ry to His

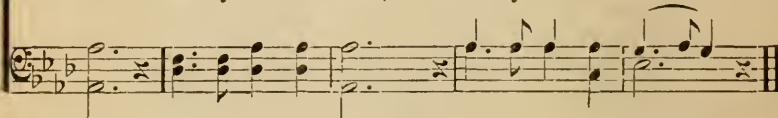


D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied—Glo-ry to His

FINE. CHORUS.



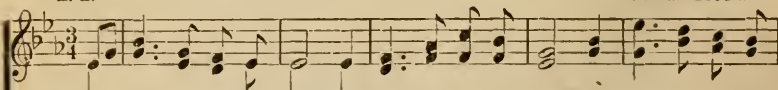
name! Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name!



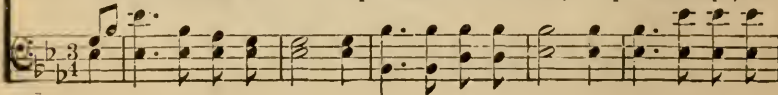
I am Coming, Lord!

L. H.

L. HARTSOUGH.



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



I am Coming, Lord!

CHORUS.

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

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

136

Jesus Paid it All.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow!

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;

D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
With such I hast-en to the place Where God, my Sav-iour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,

139 What a Friend we have in Jesus!

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref-uge, - Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.-All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
D. S.-Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D. S.-In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

O Love that Wilt not Let Me Go!

GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-ccean depths its flow
My heart restores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be!

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be!

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

CHARLES WESLEY.

CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Be-dee-mer's praise, The glories of my
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the

God and King, the triumphs of His grace!
earth a-broad The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,

FINE. D. S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

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,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS GEORGE NÆGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
2. Be-fore our Father's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

kindred minds Is-like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

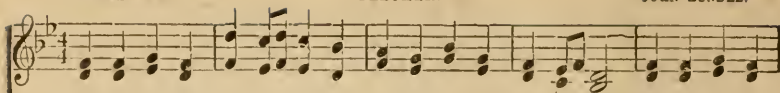
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

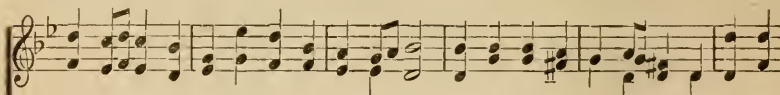
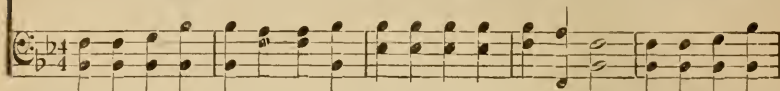
CHARLES WESLEY.

BEECHER.

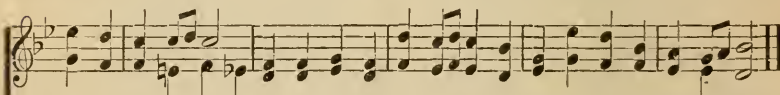
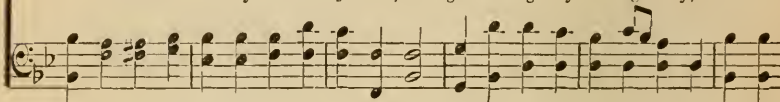
JOHN ZUNDEL.



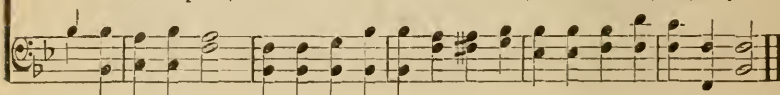
1. Love di - vine, all love ex-cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down. Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry true - led breast! Let us all in
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive, Sud - den - ly re -
4. Fin - ish then Thy new - crea - tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our



humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, un -
Thee in - her - it, Let us find the promised rest; Take a - way the love of sinning; Al - pha
turn, and never, Never more Thy temples leave; These we would be always blessing, Serve Thee
whole sal - va - tion Perfectly secured by Thee; Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in

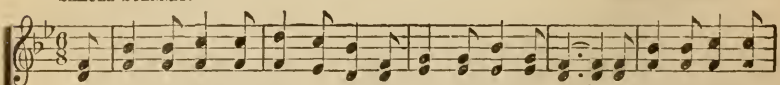


bound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, Enter ev - 'ry trembling heart!
and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
as Thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy per - fect love!
heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

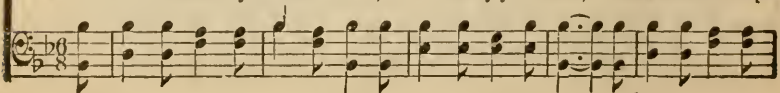


SAMUEL STENNET.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is He than
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph



Majestic Sweetness.

glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
 shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

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The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }
 2. { When darkness veils His love-ly face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; }
 { In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale My an-chor holds with-in the veil. }

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand: All oth-er ground is
 sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

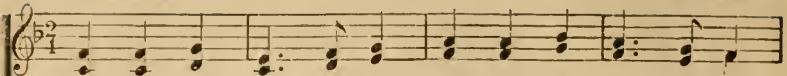
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
 O may I then in Him be found,
 Dressed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the thronel

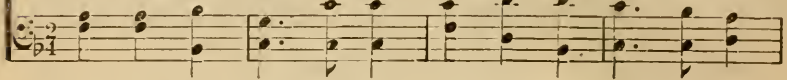
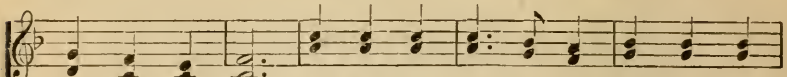
S. F. SMITH.

AMERICA.

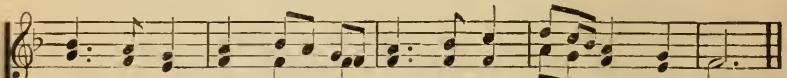
H. CAREY.



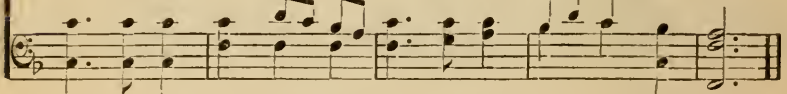
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fath - ers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

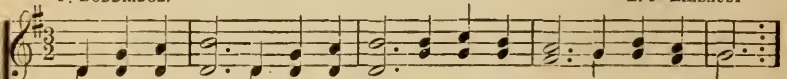



pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove!
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long!
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

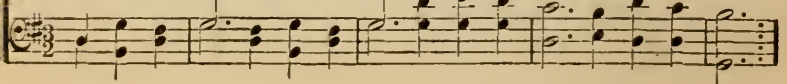


P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT



1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }



O Happy Day!

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

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.

{ He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

149

Come, Holy Spirit!

ISAAC WATTS.

ARLINGTON.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these tri-ling toys!
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate—
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours!
Our souls can neith-er fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours!

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
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y, All Thy works shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, 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 pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

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R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would He devote that sa - - - - - cred head For such a worm as I?
 2. { Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd upon the tree?
 A - - - - - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown And love beyond degree!

At the Cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-

way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!
roll'd a-way,

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do!

152 Safely through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. { Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in His courts today;
2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed face, Take away our sin and shame;

Day of all the week the best. Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
From our worldly cares set free. May we rest this day in Thee; Rest this day in Thee!

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 Let 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.

There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

FINE.

And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
 When this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

D. S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave:

Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive journeys run;
 2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
 3. People and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 4. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns, The' prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
 5. Let ev-'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe-cul-iar hon-ors to our King,

Jesus Shall Reign.

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
 The wea-ry find e-ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An-gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth re-peat the loud A-men!

155 We Praise Thee, O God!

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,
 4. Re-vive us a-gain, fill each heart with Thy love,

For Je-sus who died and is now gone a-bove!
 Who has shown us our Sav-iour and scat-tered our night!
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev-'ry stain!
 May each soul be re-kin-dled with fire from a-bove!

CHORUS.

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

My Jesus, I Love Thee!

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
 cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"
 crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"

157

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
 2. No more let sin and so - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries

Joy to the World!

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous - ness And won - ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

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

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My Shepherd is the Lord.

ANON.

LOUVAN.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be sup - plied;
2. He in His mer - cy doth re - store My soul, when sink - ing in dis - tress;
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no e - vil will I fear;
4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Pre - pared be - fore the face of foes;

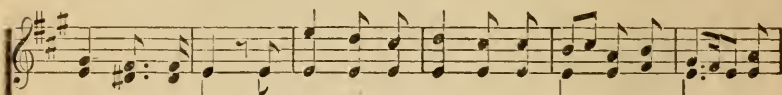
In past - ures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gen - tly glide.
For His name's sake He ev - er - more Leads me in paths of right - eous - ness.
Be - cause Thy presence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
With oil Thou dost a - noint my head, My cup is fill'd, and o - ver - flows.

GEORGE KEITH.

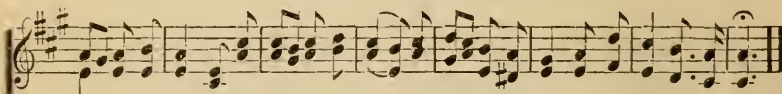
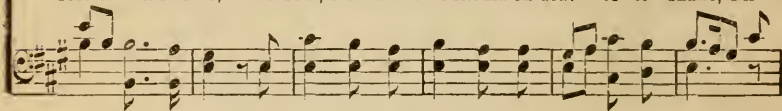
M. PORTOGALLO.



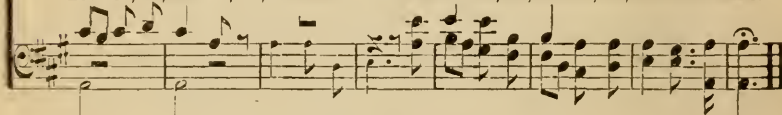
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re- pose, I will not, I will not de-



ex- cel- lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-
 not o- ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy troub- le to bless, And
 sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav- or to shake, I'll

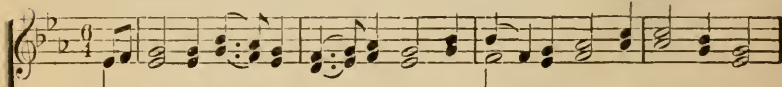


you who for refuge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for refuge to Je-sus have fled.
 held by My gracious, omnip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gracious, omnip-o-tent hand."
 sanc-ti- fy to thee thy deepest distress, And sanc-ti- fy to thee thy deepest distress."
 nev- er, no, nev- er, no, nev- er for-sake! I'll nev- er, no, nev- er, no, nev- er for-sake!"

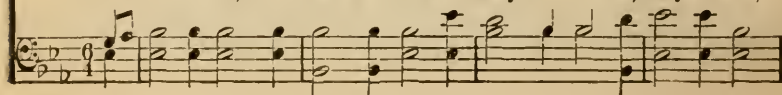


CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with- out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait- ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a- bout With many a con- flict, many a doubt,



Just As I Am.

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight - ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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!

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Only Trust Him!

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

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

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

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now! }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit.) } save you now!

Take My Life, and Let it Be!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. H. C. MALAN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa -
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
 5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no
 6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
 ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways,
 ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a
 end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
 long - er mine; Take my heart, — it is Thine own! It shall
 treas - ure store; Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er,

im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love!
 on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King!
 mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold!
 pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose!
 be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne!
 on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!

Nearer, My God, to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

Nearer, My God, to Thee!

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be—
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me
ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise, So by my woes to be
stars for-got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be—

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

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The Old Time Religion.

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CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-li-gion, 'Tis the old time re-li-gion,
1. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
2. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
3. It has saved our fa-thers, It has saved our fa-thers,

'Tis the old time re-li-gion, And it's good e-nough for me!
Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, And it's good e-nough for me!
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e-nough for me!
It has saved our fa-thers, And it's good e-nough for me!

- 4 Makes me love the good old Bible,
And it's good enough for me!
5 It will lead me to Jesus,
And it's good enough for me!

- 6 It will do when I'm dying,
And it's good enough for me!
7 It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me!

Topical Responsive Readings

165 Confession and Cleansing

1 JOHN 1:5 TO 2:2

5 This then is the message which we have heard of Him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

6 If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

7 But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

9 If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

10 If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us.

1 My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:

2 And He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for our's only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

166 Christ our Sin-bearer

ISAIAH 53

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.

4 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare His generation? for He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was He stricken.

9 And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death; because He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied: by His knowledge shall My righteous Servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death: and He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

167 Regeneration and Salvation

JOHN 3:1-17

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rabbi,

we know that Thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto Him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9 Nicodemus answered and said unto Him, How can these things be?

10 Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

15 That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

16 For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.

1 Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth Him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of Him.

2 By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep His commandments.

3 For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments: and His commandments are not grievous.

4 For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

5 Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

9 If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son.

10 He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.

11 And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.

12 He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

13 These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

14 And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us:

15 And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.

169 When Lord Jesus Returns

1 THESSALONIANS 4:13-18

13 But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them

also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16 For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

170 The Work of the Holy Spirit

JOHN 16:7-15

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.

8 And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

9 Of sin, because they believe not on Me;

10 Of righteousness, because I go to My Father, and ye see Me no more;

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

13 Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come.

14 He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.

15 All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.

1 And it came to pass, that, as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2 And He said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

3 Give us day by day our daily bread.

4 And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5 And He said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

6 For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

7 And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8 I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9 And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11 If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12 Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?

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