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For use in

GENERAL WORSHIP AND SPECIAL
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

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THE MEN BEHIND THE BOOK.

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Each of these whose names here appear had a part in the selection of the songs. We have done this not only to make the best possible book for our own evangelistic meetings, but with a view of raising the standard of present day Gospel music. *There is no book like it in print.* We expect the book to be its own testimony, and pray God's blessing upon its mission.

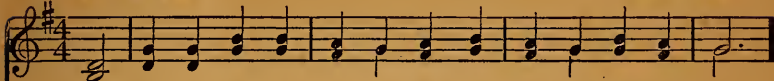
THE COMPILERS.

Make Christ King Combined

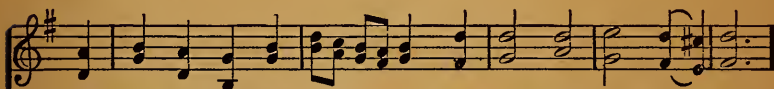
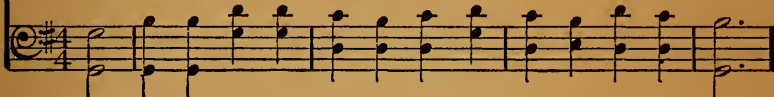
No. 1. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

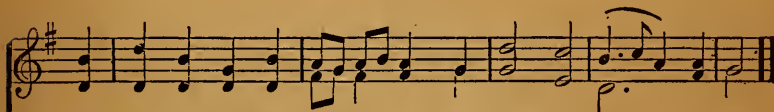
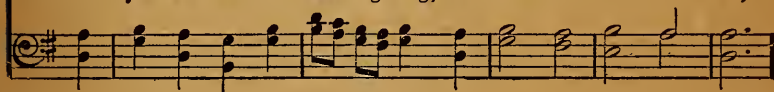
Oliver Holden.



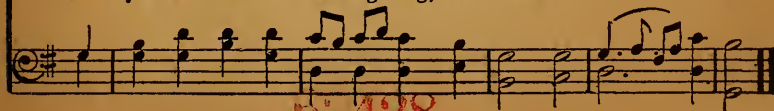
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. 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;
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



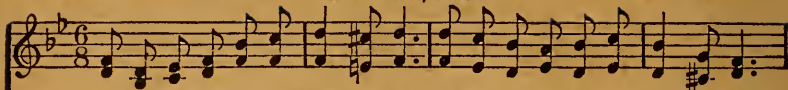
No. 2.

He Included Me.

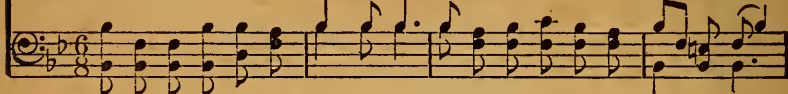
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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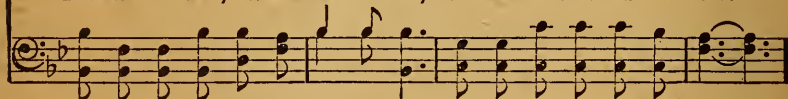
Hamp Sewell.



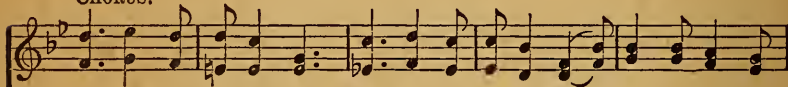
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



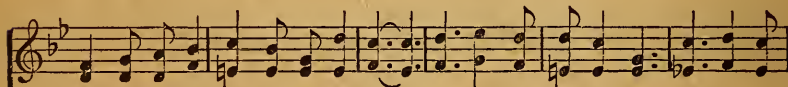
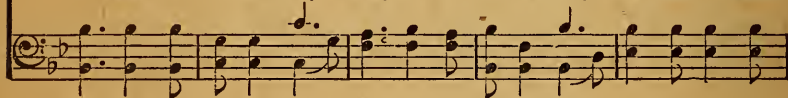
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
 But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.



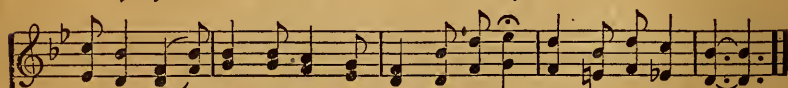
CHORUS.



Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.



No. 3. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless - ed morning clouds will dis - ap - pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor - row past for - ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day.)

When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a - way;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

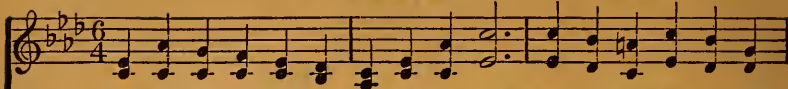
No. 4.

O That Will Be Glory.

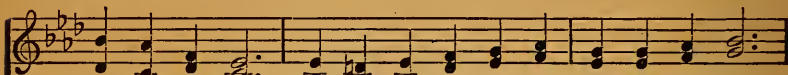
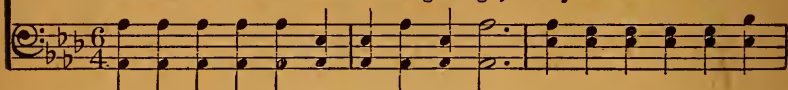
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

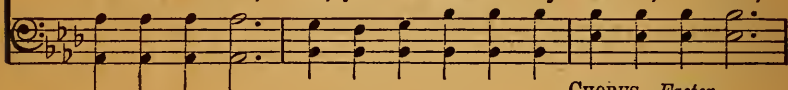
Chas. H. Gabriel.



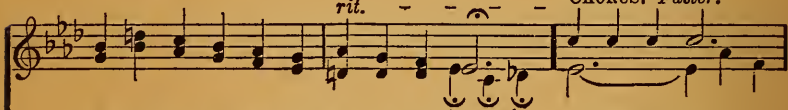
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-



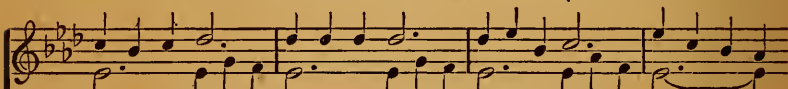
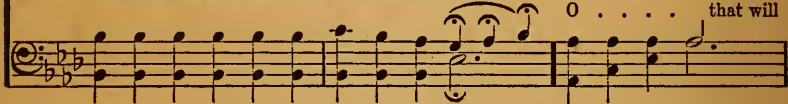
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,



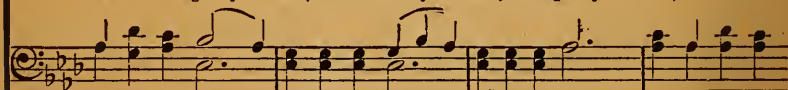
rit. - - - - CHORUS. *Faster.*



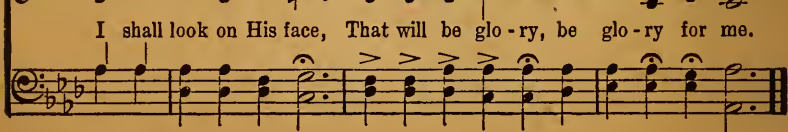
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be
O that will



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.



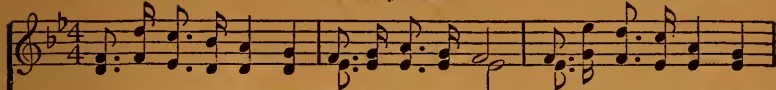
No. 5.

Sweeter As the Days Go By.

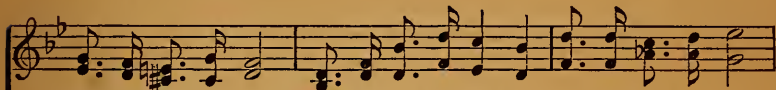
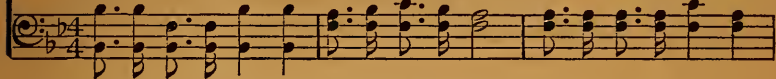
James Rowe.

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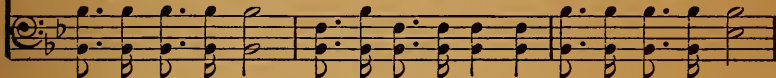
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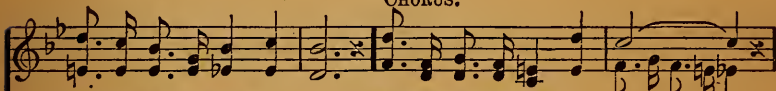
1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shining,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and comfort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als



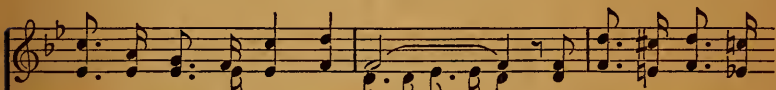
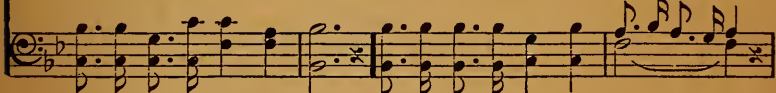
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,



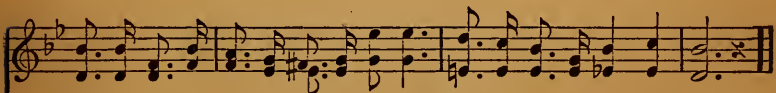
CHORUS.



Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by,
as the days go by,



Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly; He's al - ways drawing
as the mo-ments fly;



near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.



No. 6. 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 no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
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
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

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

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

No. 7.

Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un - der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for - ev - er be,
O - ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

CHORUS.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

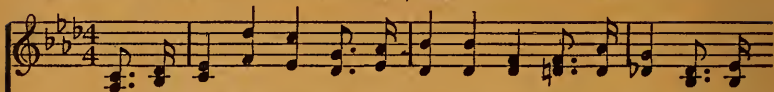
know His great sal - va - tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 8. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

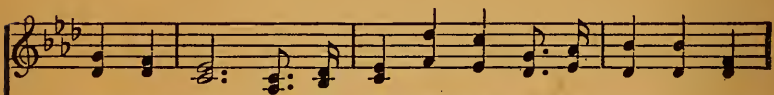
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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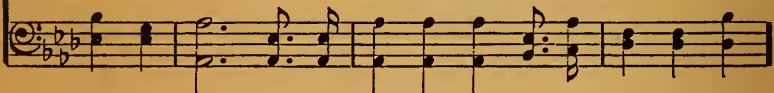
Henry P. Morton.



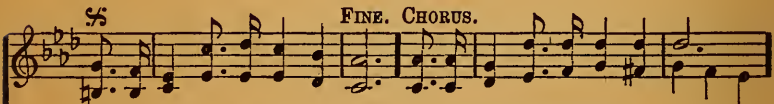
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of



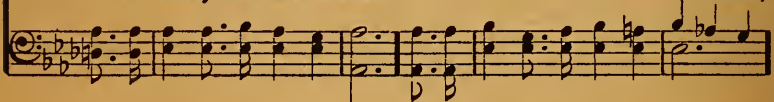
Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



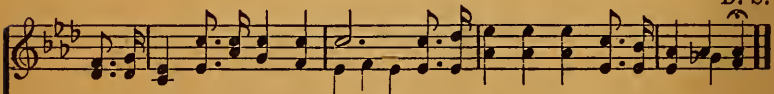
FINE. CHORUS.



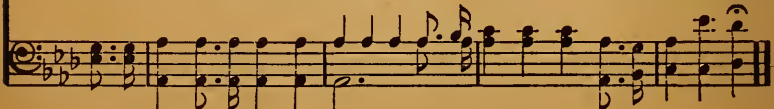
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.* on mine,



D. S.



Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!



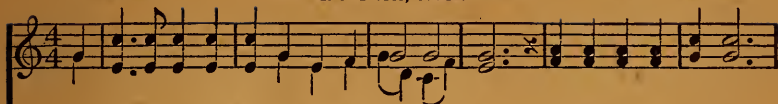
No. 9.

As a Volunteer.

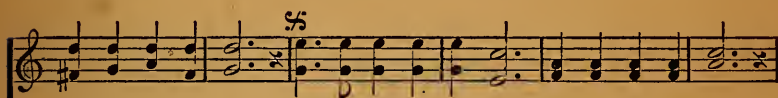
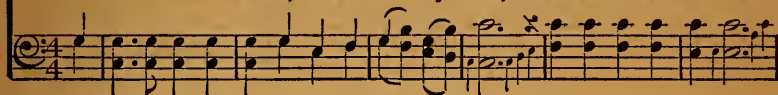
W. S. Brown.

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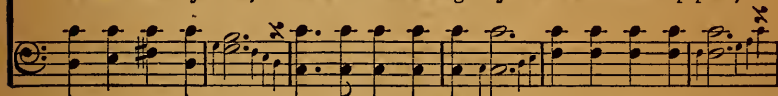
Chas. H. Gabriel.



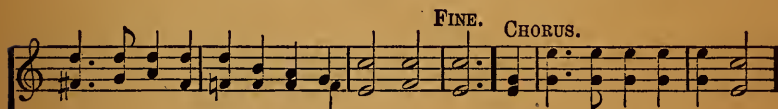
1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won,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



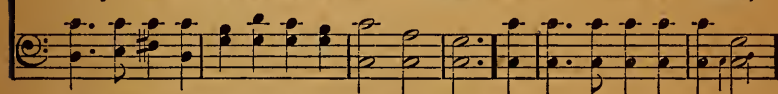
Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



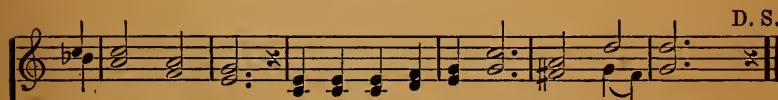
D. S.—Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev - er fear;



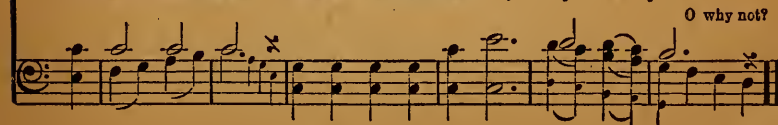
Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol - un - teer for Je - sus,



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



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



O why not?

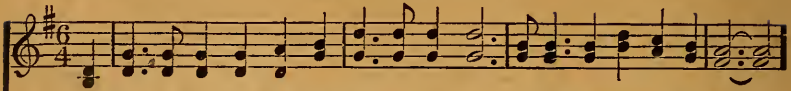
No. 10.

Tell It Wherever You Go.

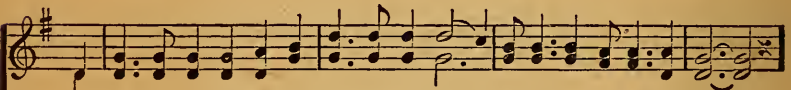
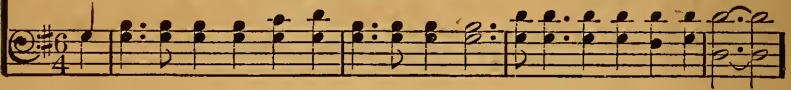
Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

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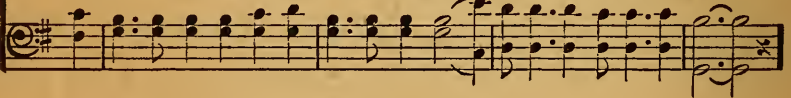
Wm. Edie Marks.



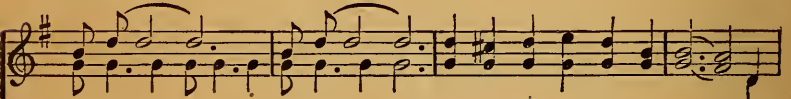
1. If Christ the Re-deem-er has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a mansion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;



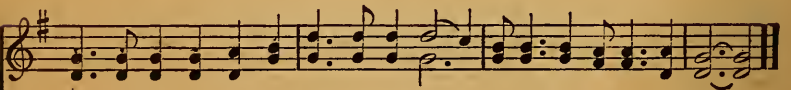
If in-to your darkness His light has shown in, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
 If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
 When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
 Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.



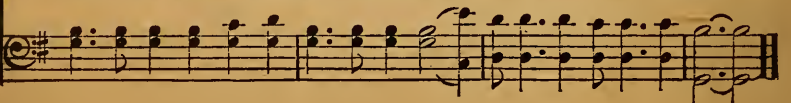
CHORUS.



Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If
 Tell it that others around you may know,



you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!

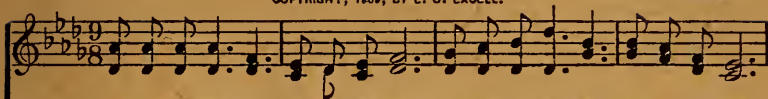


No. 11. Just When I Need Him Most.

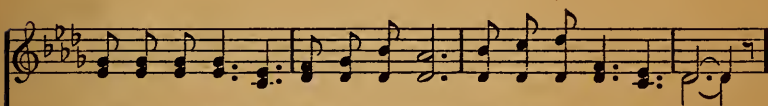
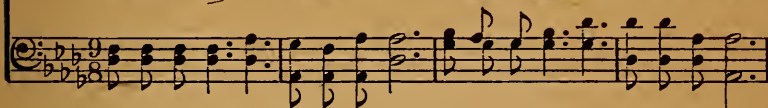
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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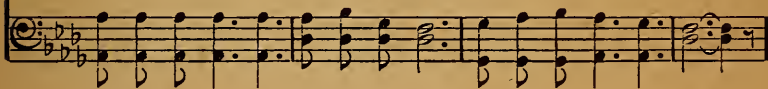
Chas. H. Gabriel.



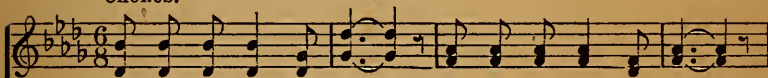
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on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



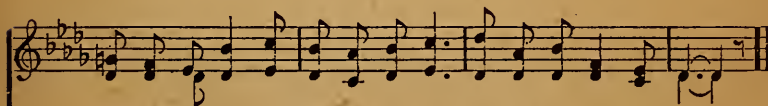
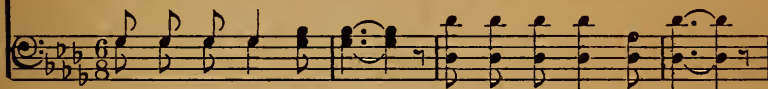
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



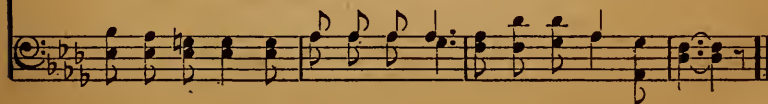
CHORUS.



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



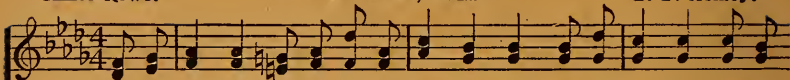
Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



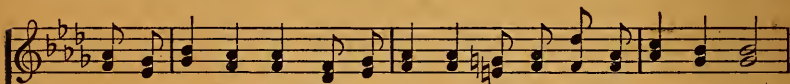
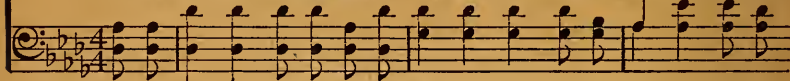
James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

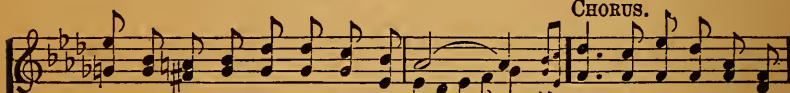
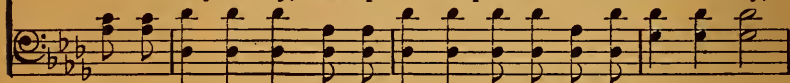
B. D. Ackley.



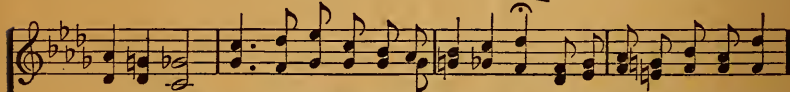
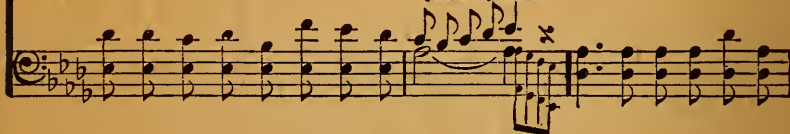
1. If you need up - lift - ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour un - guard - ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de - pend - ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev - er harm you



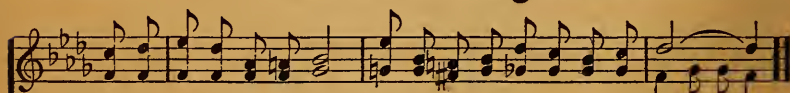
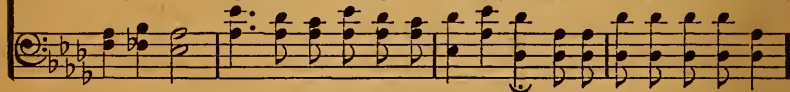
tri - umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
let not cour - age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;



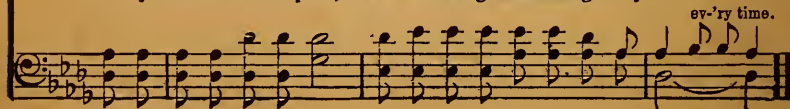
Faith will bring the blessing ev - 'ry time . . . Faith will bring the blessing
yea, ev'ry time.



ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,



Ev - 'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time.



No. 13.

My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
 2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
 3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
 heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
 an - chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

CHORUS.

Since the lov - ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
 Since Jesus saved my soul.

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of

joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 14.

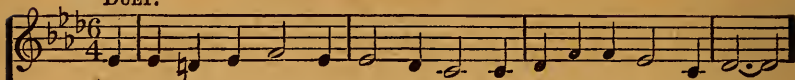
The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

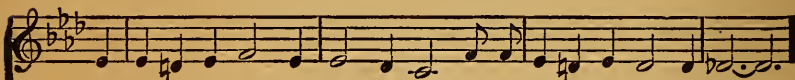
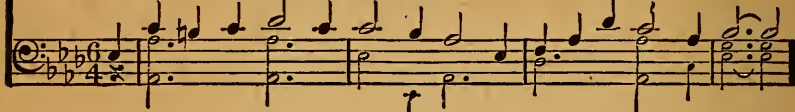
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

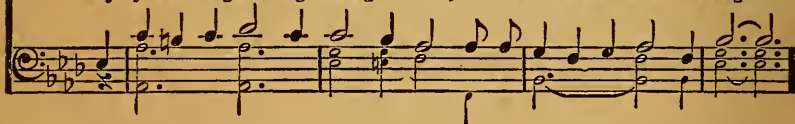
DUET.



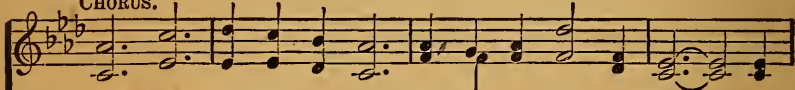
1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweeter is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad-ing of the leaf, The brighter the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold-en light;



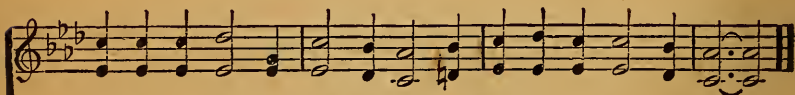
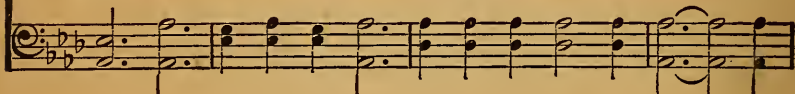
I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shad-ows fall, For the light of the morn-ing glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the waters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal sight.



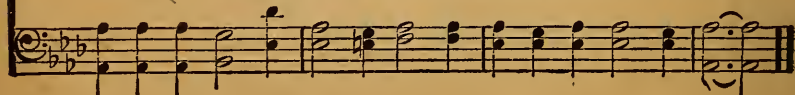
CHORUS.



Home, Home, Heav-en-ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweet-er thou-art to me.



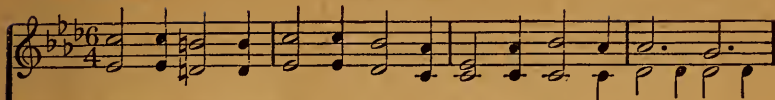
No. 15.

I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe.

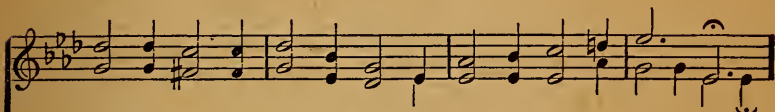
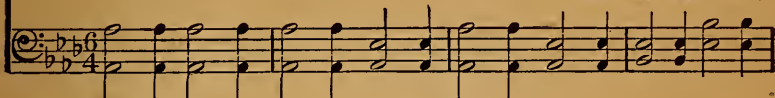
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.



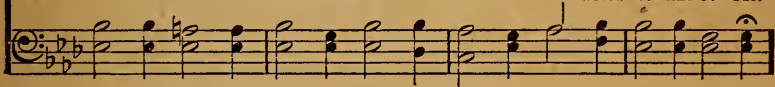
1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

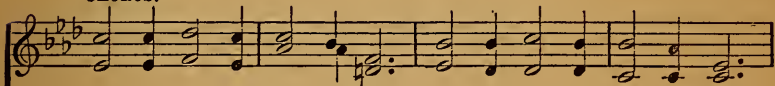


Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
 That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
 That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

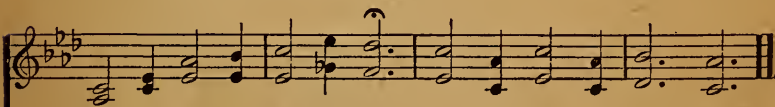
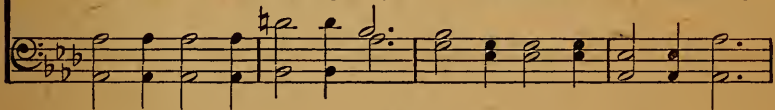
would be like Je - sus.



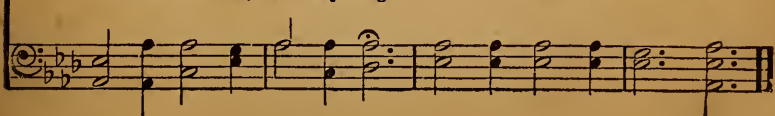
CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;



Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



No. 16.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*
 For He is so pre-cious to me.... For He is so pre-cious to me,.....
 so pre-cious to me,

For He is so pre-cious to me;..... 'Tis Heav-en be-low
 so pre-cious to me;

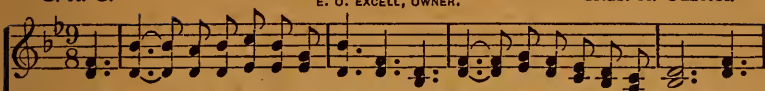
rit.
 My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 17. Growing Dearer Each Day.

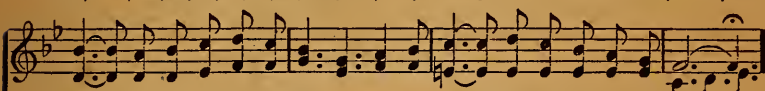
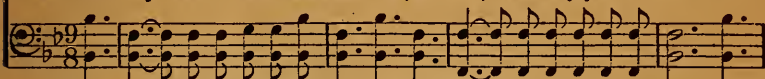
C. H. G.

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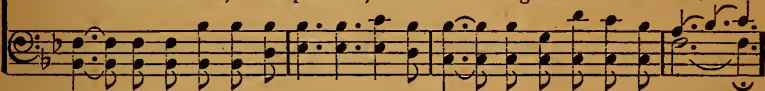
Chas. H. Gabriel.



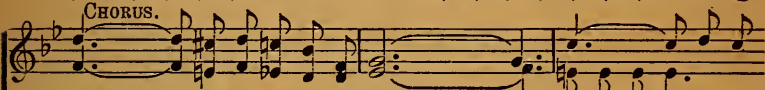
1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To



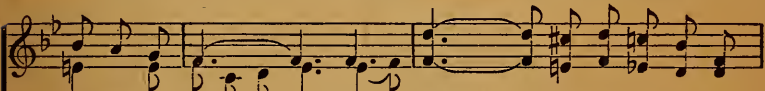
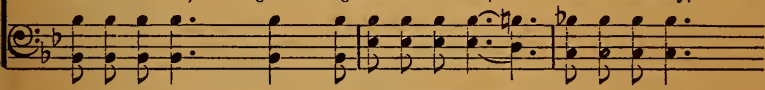
best of it all, it is dai-ly Growing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me.



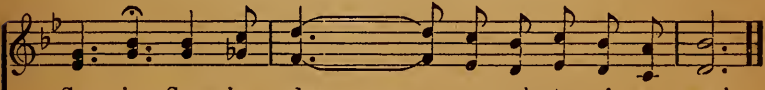
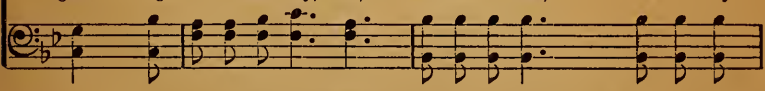
CHORUS.



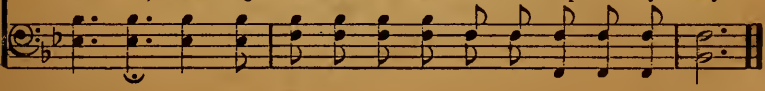
Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, Dear - - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweeter to me, Dear-er each day,



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



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

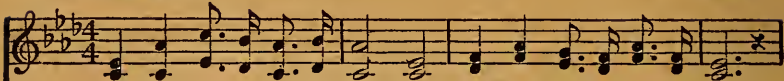


No. 18. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

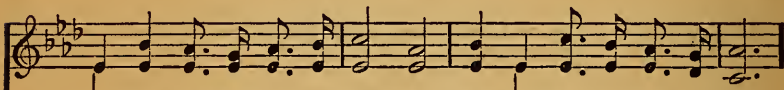
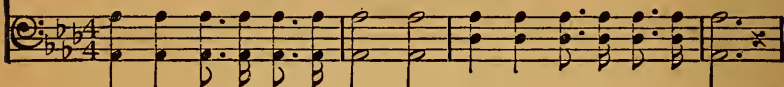
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

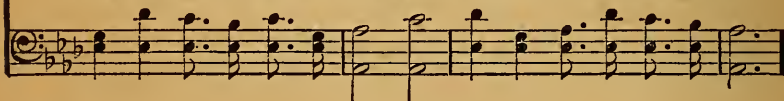
W. H. Doane.



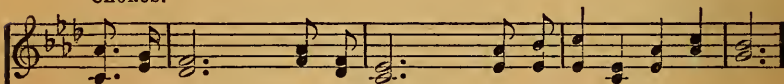
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



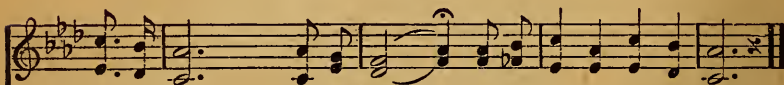
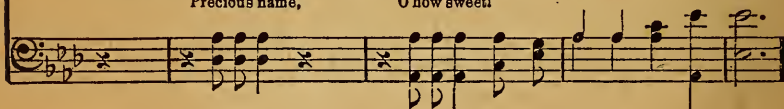
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



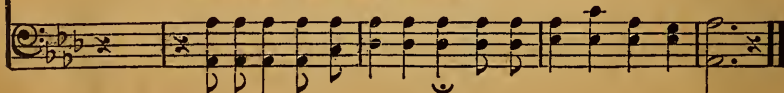
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
 Precious name, O how sweet!



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



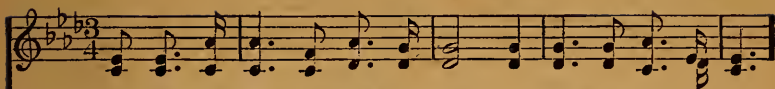
No. 19.

Grace, Enough For Me.

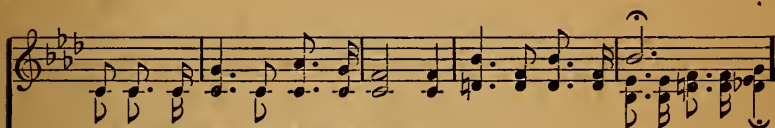
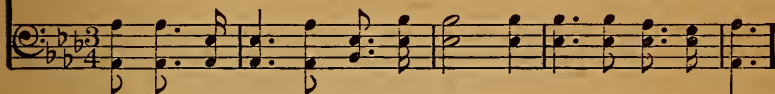
E. O. E.

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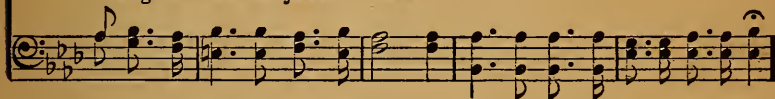
E. O. Excell.



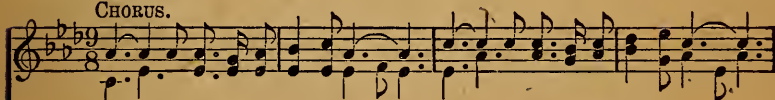
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand - ing there, my trem - bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,



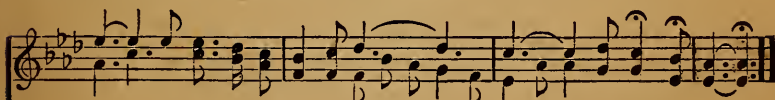
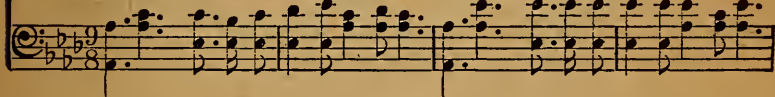
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me.
 I felt a flood go' thro' my soul enough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come



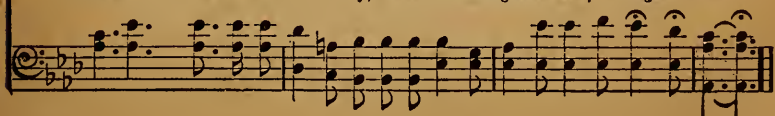
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal - va - ry, . . . Grace as fath - om - less 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, e - nough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, His a - bun - dant grace I see, e - nough for me.



No. 20. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

D. S.

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

No. 21. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E-li-as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing

saints and mar-tyrs have be-fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re-deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-

glo-ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav-ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u-nite His praise to
plex us, which we can-not un-der-stand, In that glorious day of

D. S.—come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-
FINE. CHORUS.

cit-y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be. by and by,

geth-er by and by.

D. S.
When we reach that ho-ly cit-y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

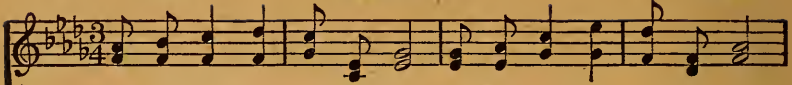
No. 22.

This My Plea.

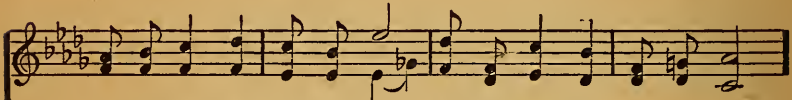
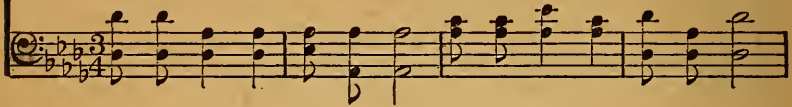
Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

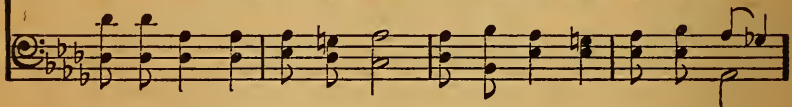
B. D. Ackley.



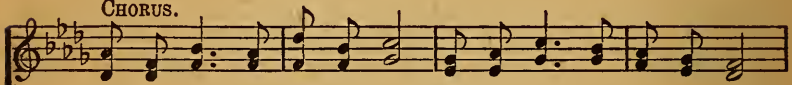
1. What I am, Thine eye can see, Yet I come, O Lord, to Thee:
2. As I am, I seek Thy face, Kneeling at the door of Grace;
3. As I am, O bless-ed Lord, I be-lieve and trust Thy word;
4. Lost, but found, my sins' for-giv'n, Child of God and heir of Heav'n;



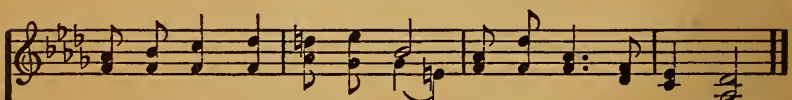
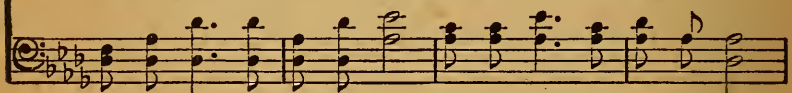
Tho' my sins are crim-son red, Yet for me Thy blood was shed.
O for-give this heart of mine, Cleanse me now and seal me Thine.
Let my soul no lon-ger roam, Take, O take the wan-d'r'er home.
Lost, but found, what joy is mine! Thou dost cleanse and keep me Thine.



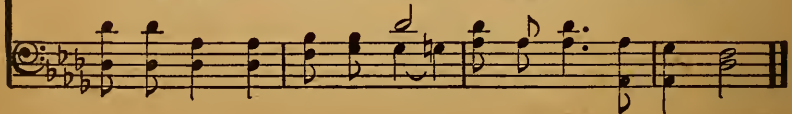
CHORUS.



This my plea, my on - ly plea: Thro' Thy of - f'ring once for me,



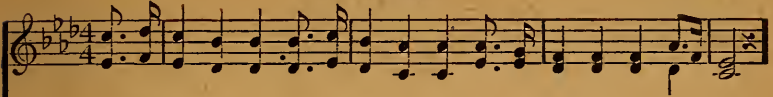
I may cast my - self on Thee, Je - sus, my Re-deem - er.



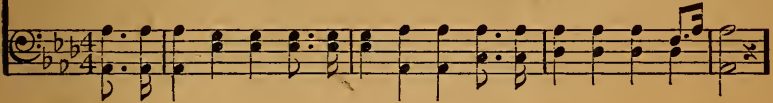
F. J. Crosby.

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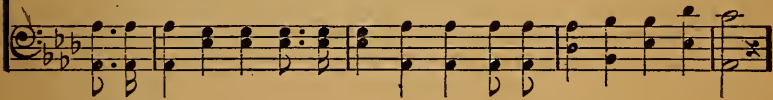
W. H. Doane.



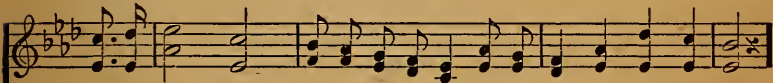
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the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



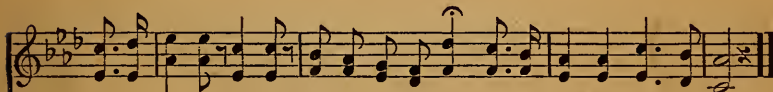
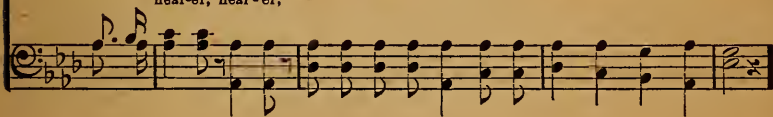
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo - ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with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



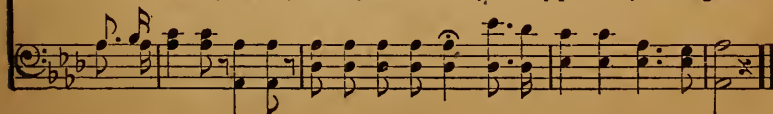
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



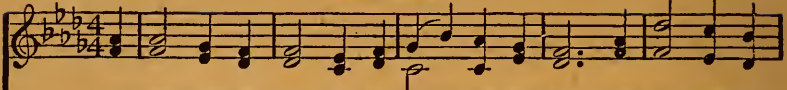
No. 24.

It Is Well With My Soul.

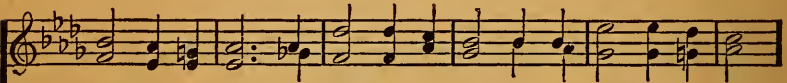
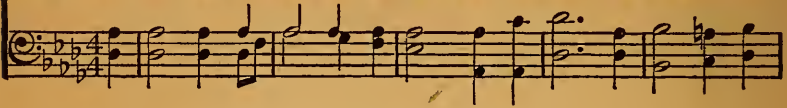
H. G. Spafford.

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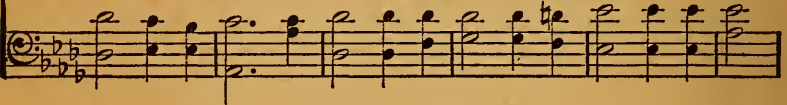
P. P. Bliss.



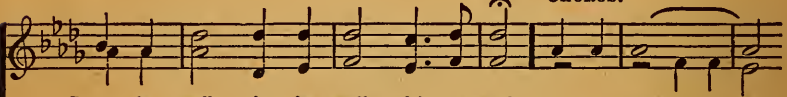
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't - My sin - not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds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



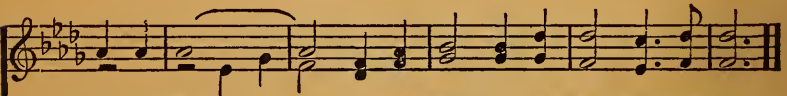
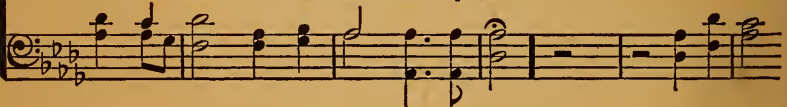
sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend,



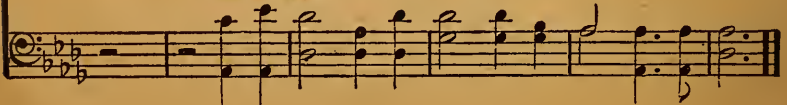
CHORUS.



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



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



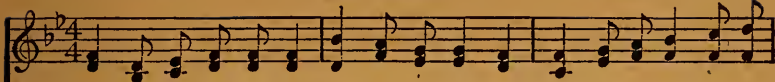
No. 25.

Rescue the Perishing.

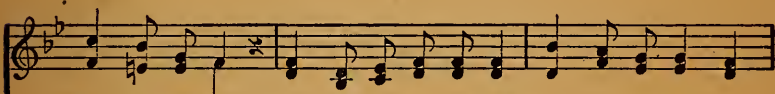
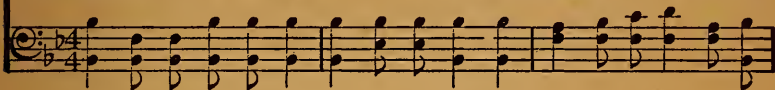
Fanny J. Crosby.

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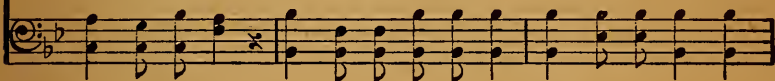
William H. Doane.



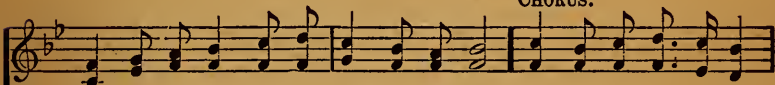
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



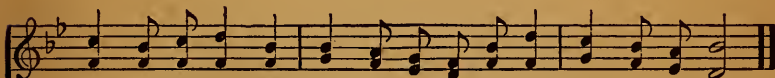
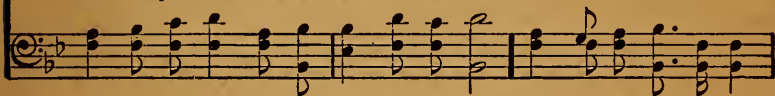
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



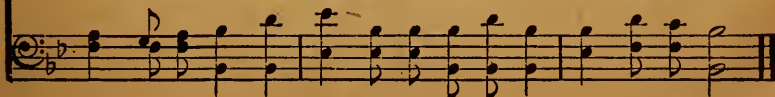
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav-ior has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



No. 26.

Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
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,

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

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while;..... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,

smile;..... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;

No. 27.

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 reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be - hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

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

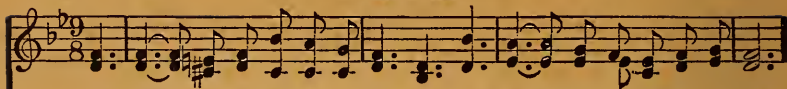
stars in my crown When at evening the sun go - eth down? . . . When I
 go - eth down?

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

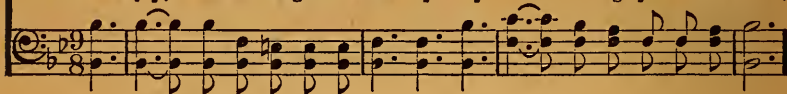
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

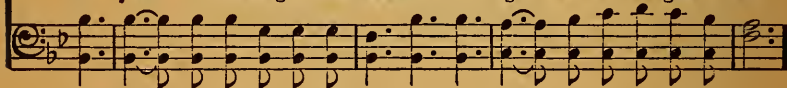
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



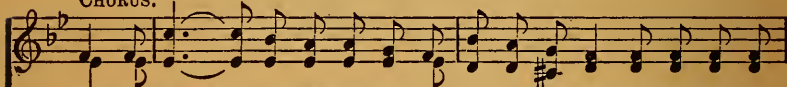
1. I've heard of a beau-ti-ful cit-y Pre-pared in God's kingdom on high;
2. Its walls are all builded of jas-per, Its streets are all golden and fair;
3. They're sing-ing the praises of Je-sus, The Lamb who for sinners was slain;
4. What joy, when the King in His beau-ty My won-der-ing eyes shall be-hold,



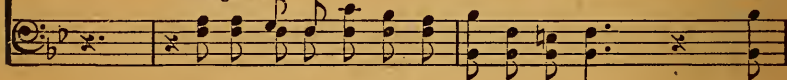
A won-der-ful cit-y of man-sions, Where none ev-er sick-en or die.
The ran-somed and saved of all a-ges For-ev-er are gath-er-ing there.
O'er death and the grave He has triumphed, And liv-eth for-ev-er to reign.
To join in the song of the ransomed Throughout all the a-ges un-told!



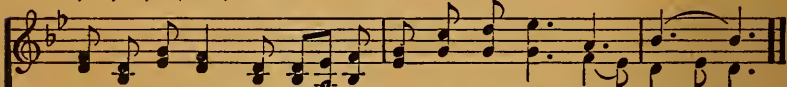
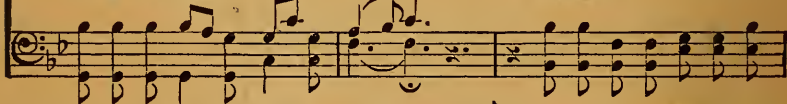
CHORUS.



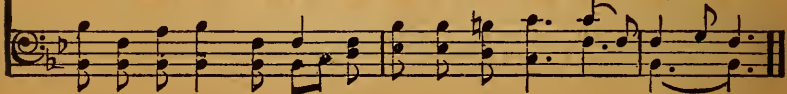
And the gates of that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold Shall nev-er be
The gates Shall



closed at all by day; The Lamb is the light of that
nev-er be closed The Lamb



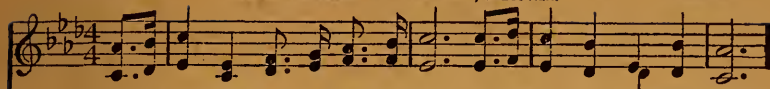
cit-y, we're told; Those glo-ries nev-er shall pass a-way. (a-way.)



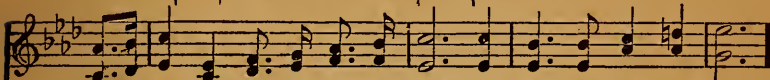
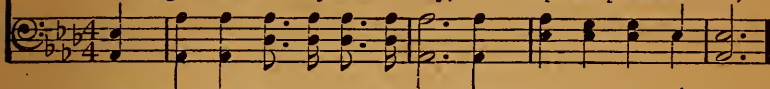
E. E. Hewitt.

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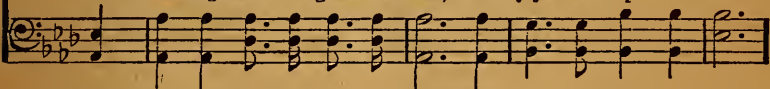
Jno. R. Sweney.



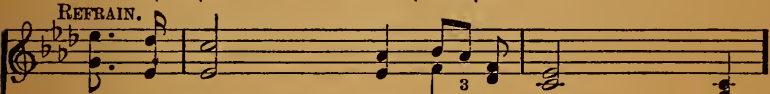
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's spingtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,



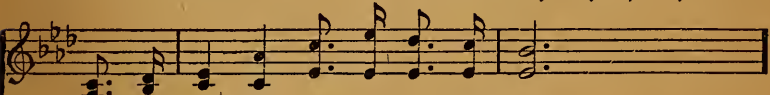
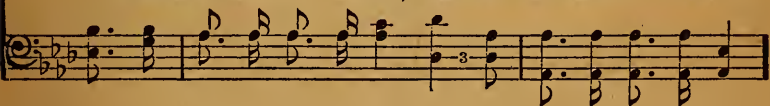
Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



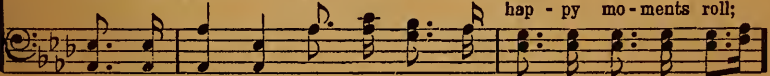
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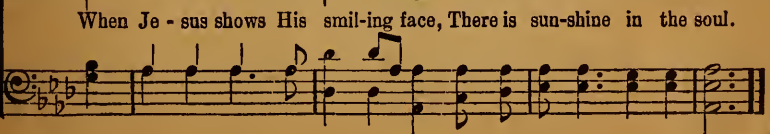
O there's sun - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - shine,
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul.



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



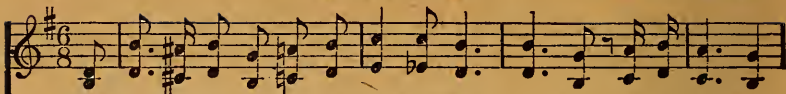
When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



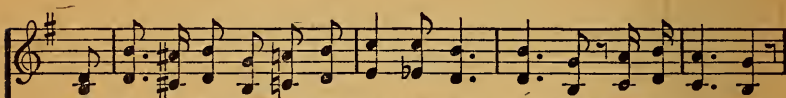
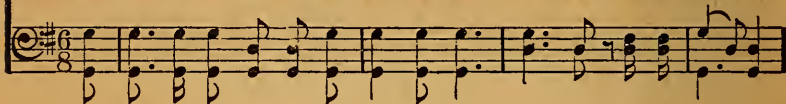
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

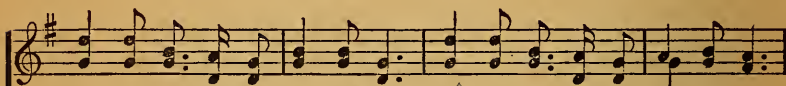
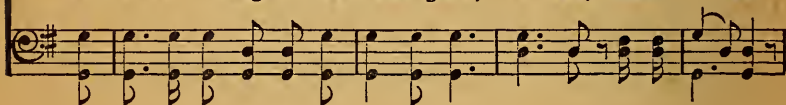
Chas. H. Gabriel.



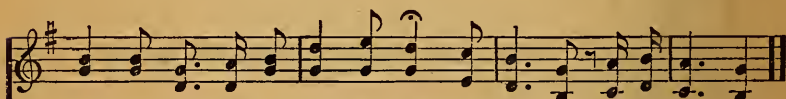
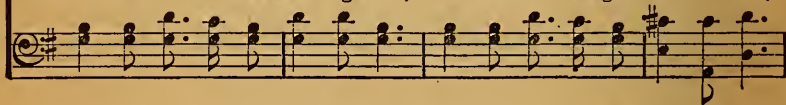
1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;



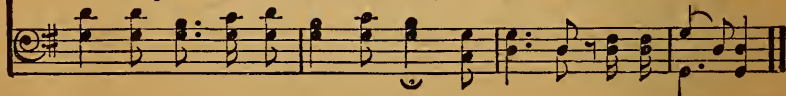
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
 He heal-eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
 His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;



Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
 When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
 When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor-dan we trembling stand,
 There at home on that shin - ingshore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,



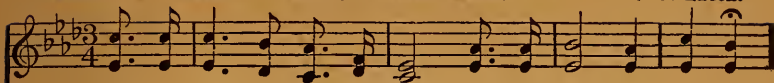
Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
 None can com - fort the break - ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
 He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
 We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.



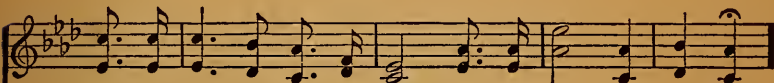
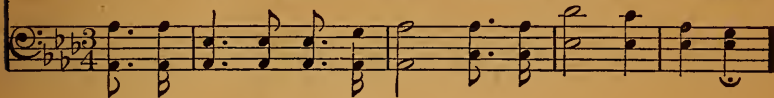
Katharine A. Grimes.

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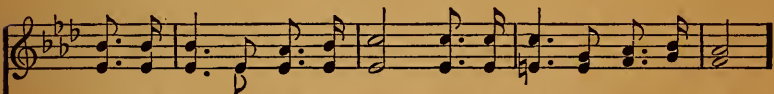
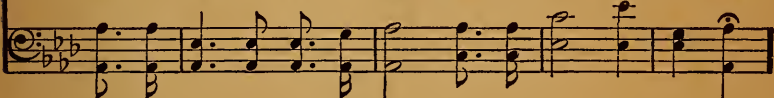
E. O. Excell.



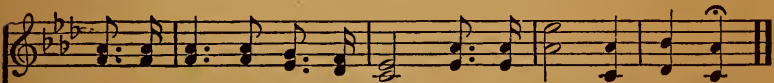
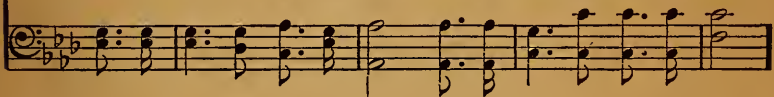
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



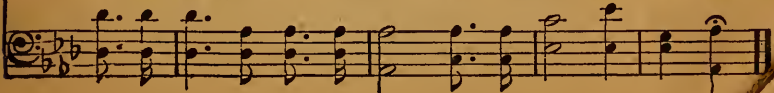
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
 He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
 Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
 Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,



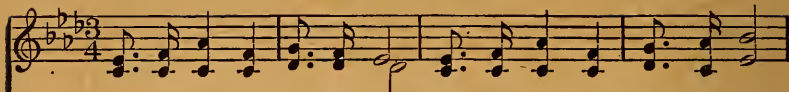
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



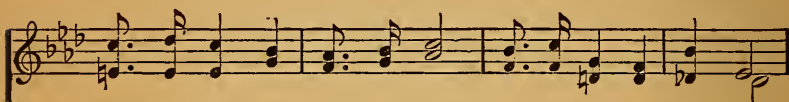
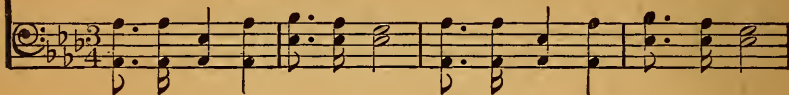
James Rowe.

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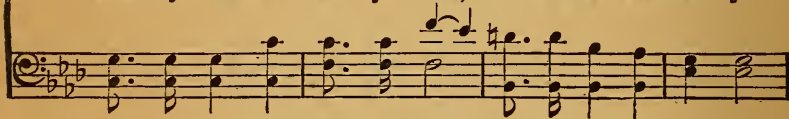
B. D. Ackley.



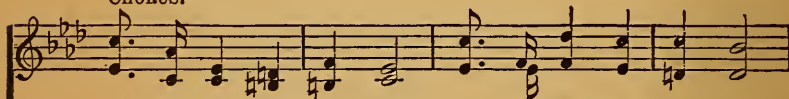
1. Does the world no rest af - ford? Would you have your strength re - stored?
2. Are you tempt - ed by the foe? Has your bur - den laid you low?
3. Are you wear - y of the fray? Have you fall - en by the way?
4. Dark with sin your past may be, Je - sus waits to hear your plea,



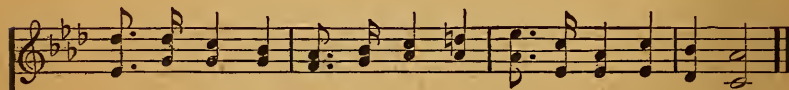
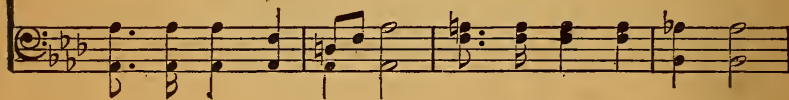
Cast your bur - den on the Lord, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 To the one true Help - er go, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 Make the Sav - ior yours to - day, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 Glad - ly He will set you free; Je - sus will sus - tain you.



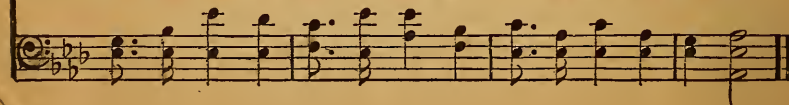
CHORUS.



Je - sus will sus - tain you, Je - sus will sus - tain you;



When you need a Friend to help you, Je - sus will sus - tain you.

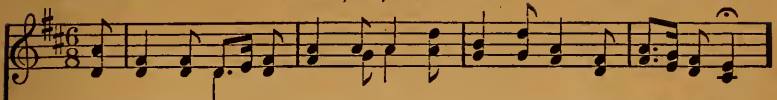


No. 33. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

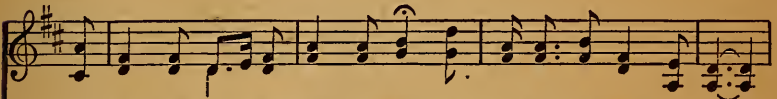
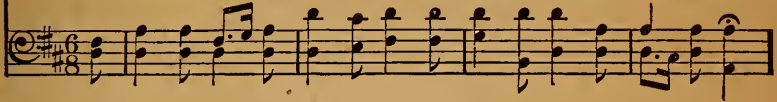
Maud Frazer.

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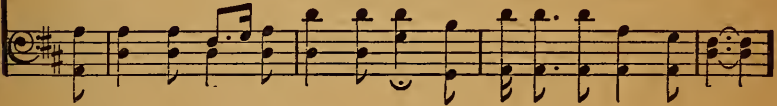
Chas. H. Gabriel.



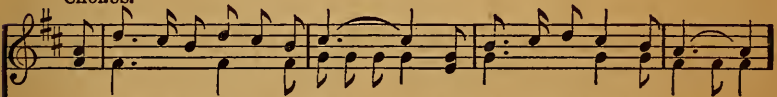
1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-nay I pur-sue,



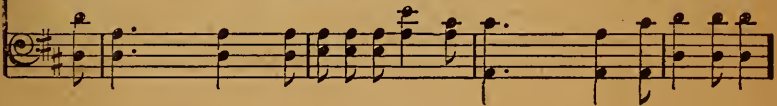
It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.



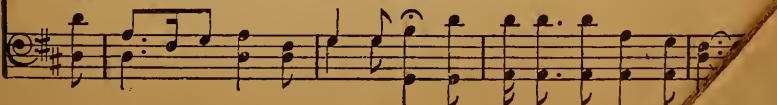
CHORUS.



And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove, . . .
And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,



Where I shall be-hold His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be - hold His face,

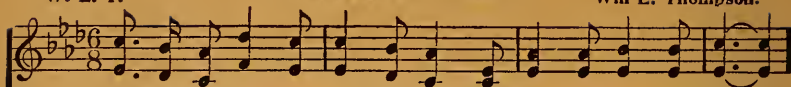


No. 34. Jesus is All the World to Me.

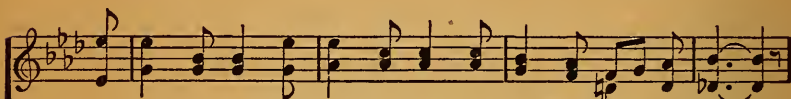
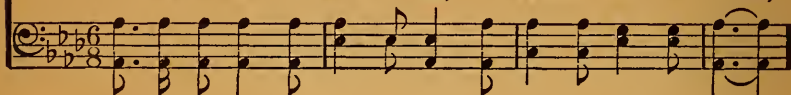
W. L. T.

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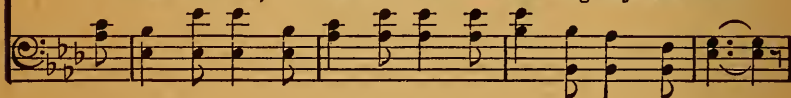
Will L. Thompson.



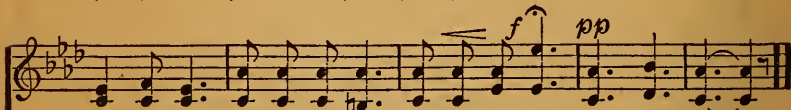
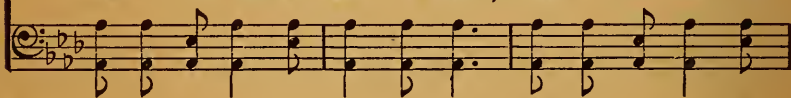
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



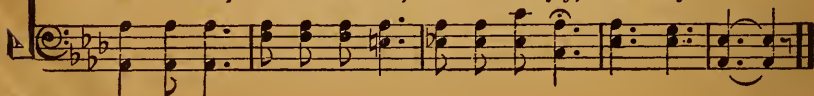
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life' with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that




cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

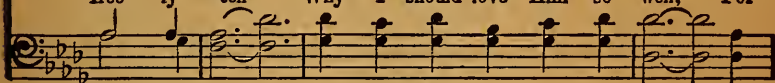




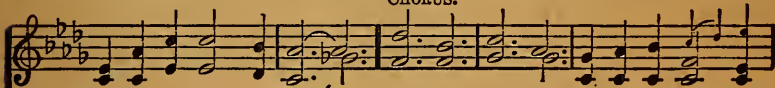
1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-oth I
 3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
 4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

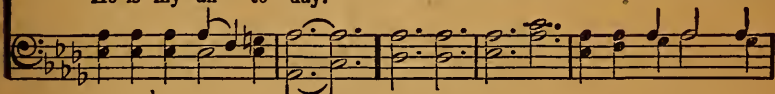
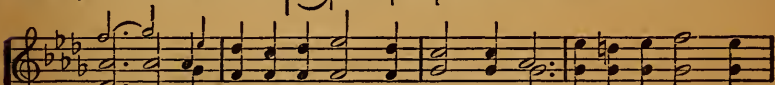
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
 hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant thron! If
 on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
 free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For



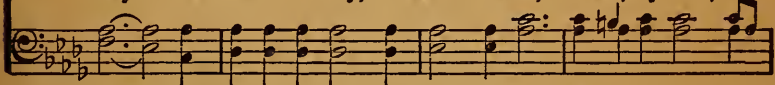
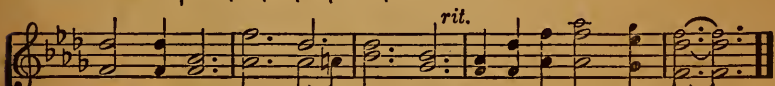
CHORUS.



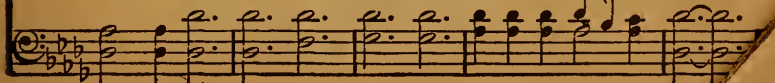
Je-sus should come to-day.
 I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing
 He is "at hand" to - day.
 He is my all to - day.

day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?



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

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

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

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

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

No. 37.

I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

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Ira D. Sankey.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 38.

Beulah Land.

Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
 3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
 4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav - en's bor - der - land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels with the white - robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beau - lah Land, sweet Beau - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore, — My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!

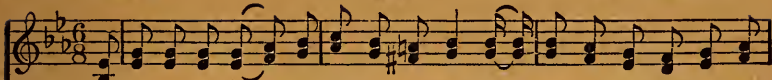
No. 39.

Ye Must Be Born Again.

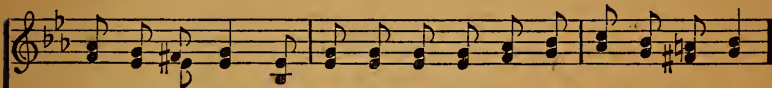
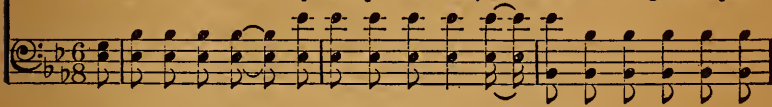
W. T. Sleeper.

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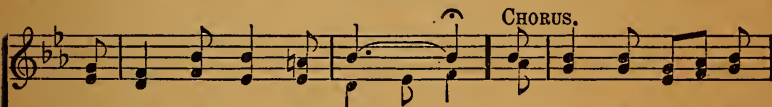
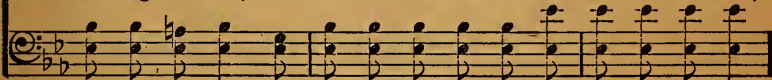
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal-
2. Ye children of men, at-tend to the word So sol-umn-ly ut-tered by
3. Oh, ye who would enter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed men
4. A dear one in Heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may be

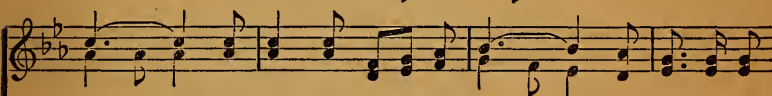
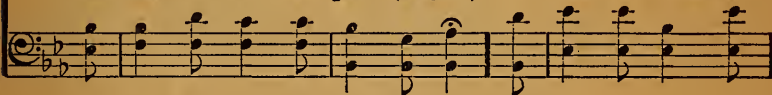


va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
Je-sus, the Lord; And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
song of the blest, The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-umn re-frain,

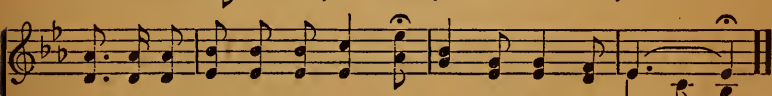


CHORUS,

"Ye must be born a-gain." (a-gain.) "Ye must be born a-



gain," (a-gain.) "Ye must be born a-gain;" (a-gain;) I ver-i-ly,



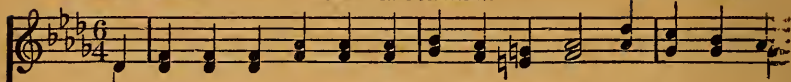
ver-i-ly, say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." (a-gain.)



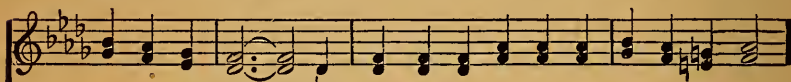
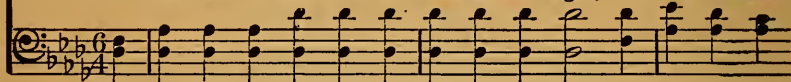
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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B. D. Ackley.



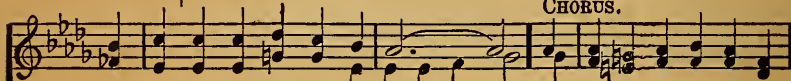
1. How grate-ful the prais-es we of-fer to-day, To Christ the Re-
2. What pa-tience to lift us a-gain and a-gain, Tho' oft-en we
3. O Giv-er of faith that in-creas-es our sight, O Rock that shall



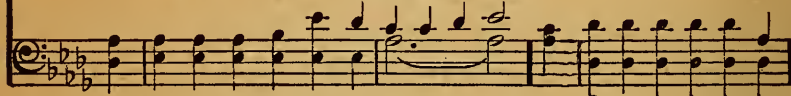
deem-er we prove; Our sins, tho' as scar-let, are ta-ken a-way,
stum-ble and fall; With strength for our weakness, and sol-ace for pain,
nev-er re-move, The en-trance a-bun-dant to Glo-ry and Light;



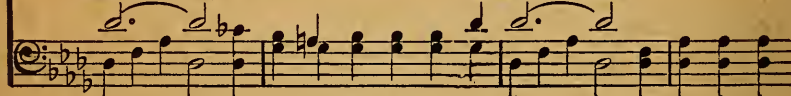
CHORUS.



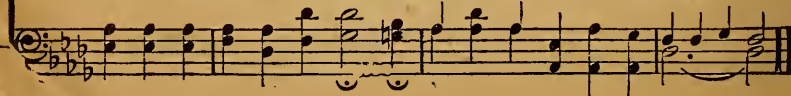
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient for all. . . . For He is a Sav-ior of
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
a Sav-ior of Love.



Love, . . . A won-der-ful Sav-ior of Love; . . . O come and par-
Sav-ior of Love, a Sav-ior of Love;



take of His mer-cy to-day, For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
a Sav-ior of Love.

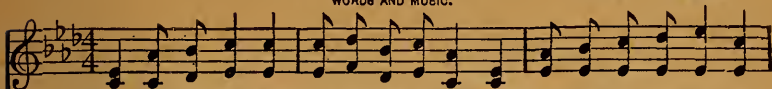


I Will Not Forget Thee.

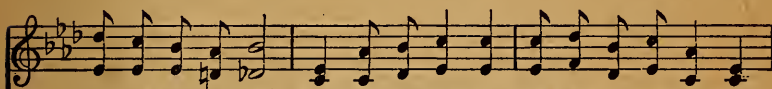
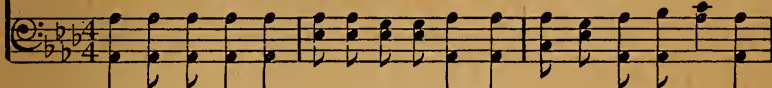
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

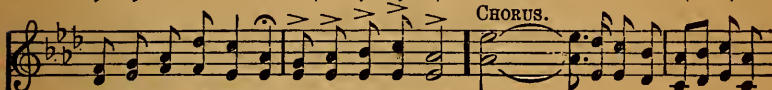
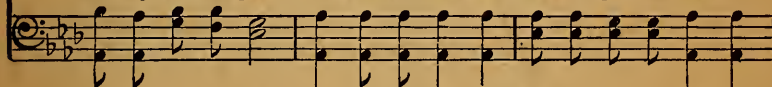
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,



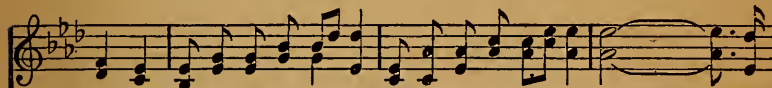
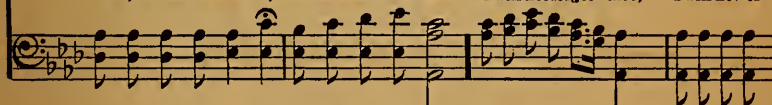
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,



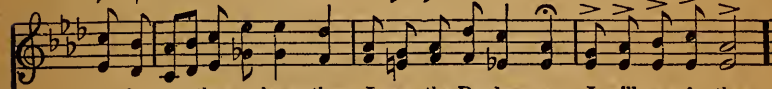
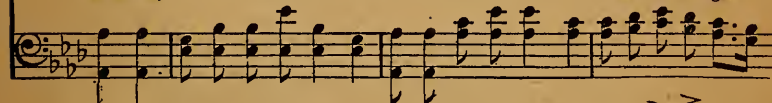
CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.

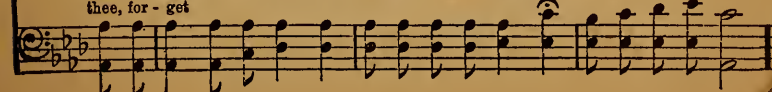
I shall be remembered in my home above. I will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I will
leave thee; I will not for-get



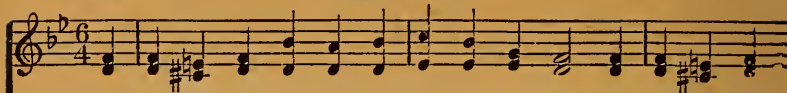
not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for - get



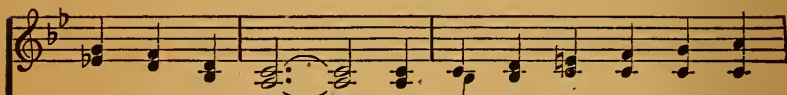
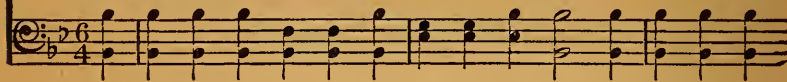
E. E. Hewitt.

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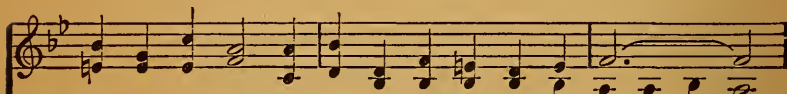
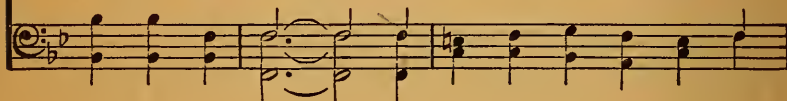
B. D. Ackley.



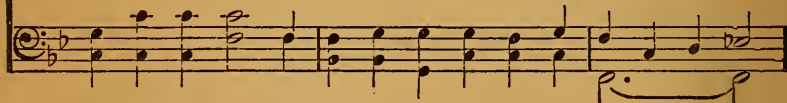
1. We watch for the morn-ing, the beau-ti - ful day That shines in the
 2. The ro - ses bloom on in that won - der - ful land, Un - touched by the
 3. The King in His beau - ty we there shall be - hold; The Lamb is its



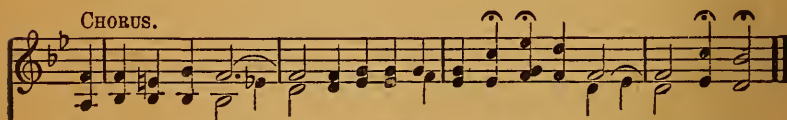
Land of De - light; . . . The shad - ows will flee from its
 fin - gers of blight; . . . And earth's drear - y sor - rows we'll
 glo - ry and light; . . . We'll join the grand cho - rus of



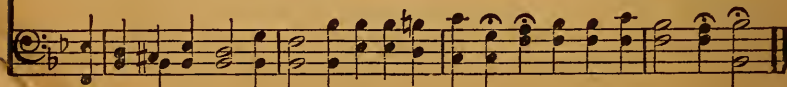
ra - diance a - way; O lis - ten! there com - eth no night. . . .
 there un - der - stand, Re - joic - ing—there com - eth no night. . . .
 rap - ture un - told, For - ev - er—there com - eth no night. . . .
 there com - eth no night.



CHORUS.



There cometh no night, . Where Jesus is dwelling There cometh . . no night.
 no night, no night, no night, no night.



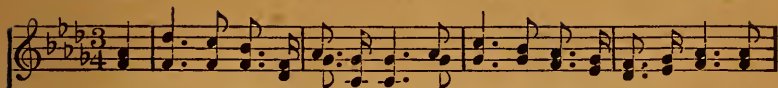
No. 43. To God My Earnest Voice I Raise.

(*MY FATHER KNOWS.)

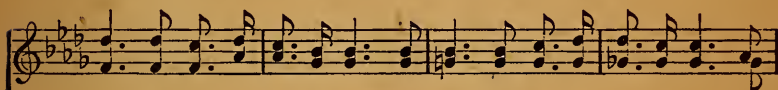
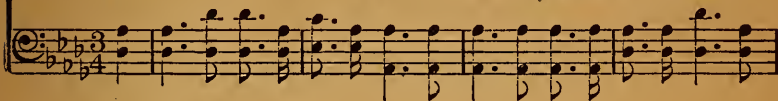
Psalm 142.

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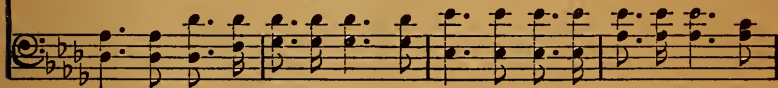
E. O. Excell.



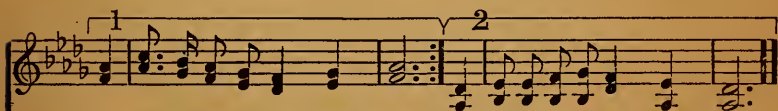
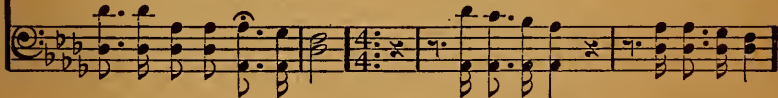
1. To God my earnest voice I raise; To God my voice imploring prays; Be-
2. Where griefs my fainting soul o'er-flow, Thou knowest, Lord, the way I go, And
3. All un-pro-tect-ed, lo, I stand; No friend-ly guardian at my hand, No



fore His face I pour my tears, And tell my sor-row in His ears, And
all the toils that foes do lay To snare Thy serv-ant in his way, To
place of flight or ref-uge near, And none to whom my soul is dear, And



tell my sorrow in His ears. To Thee, To Thee,
snare Thy servant in his way.
none to whom my soul is dear. My Sav-ior now, To Thee I flee,



To Thee, my shelter from the strife; My portion in the land of life.
shelter from the strife; the land of life.

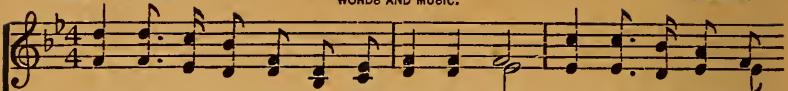


* The popular hymn, "My Father Knows," adapted for the first time to a psalm.

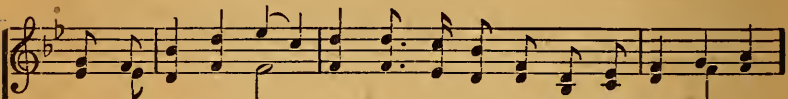
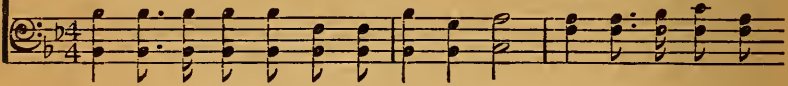
Lizzle DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearls.



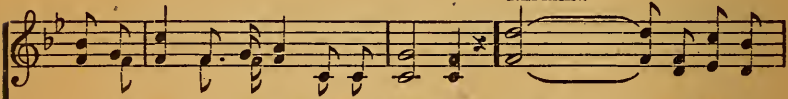
1. High as the mountain tho' the bil-lows roll, In Je-sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith-ful; to the end en-dure, Trust-ing His prom-is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com-fort



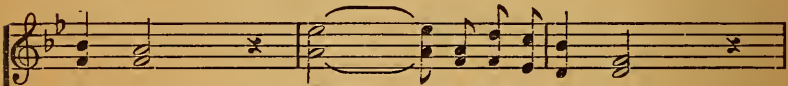
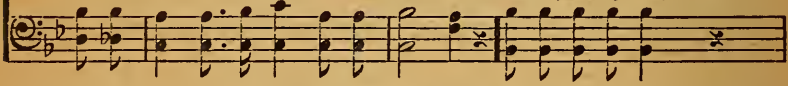
I will trust my soul; He can the rag-ing seas and wind con-trol,
es for-ev-er sure; Kept in the fort-ress of His love se-secure,
me and be my stay; O-ver the riv-er there is end-less day,



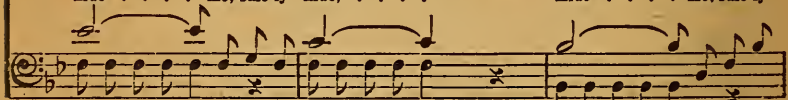
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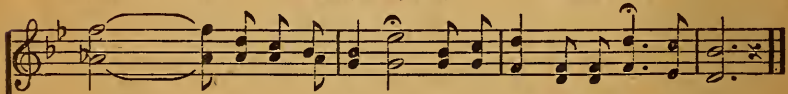
In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly
Hide me, safe-ly hide,



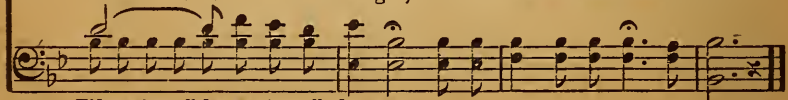
hide me, Hide . . . me, safe-ly hide me,
hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly



hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,



Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.



Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan-ger,

No. 45.

Ye Gates, Lift Your Heads.

(*THE "GLORY SONG.")

Psalm 24.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ye gates, lift your heads and an en-trance dis-play; Ye doors ev-er-
 2. What King of all glo-ry is this that ye sing? The Lord, strong and
 3. The King of all glo-ry high hon-ors a-wait; The King of all

last-ing, wide o-pen the way: The King of all glo-ry high
 might-y, the con-quer-ing King: Ye gates, lift your heads and an
 glo-ry shall en-ter in state! What King of all glo-ry is

hon-ors a-wait, The King of all glo-ry shall en-ter in state.
 en-trance dis-play; Ye doors ev-er-last-ing, wide o-pen the way.
 this that ye sing? Je-ho-vah of hosts, He of glo-ry is King.

CHORUS.

O-pen the way, O-pen the way, O-pen the way, O-pen the way! The
 O - - - pen the way, O-pen the way, O-pen the way! The King of all

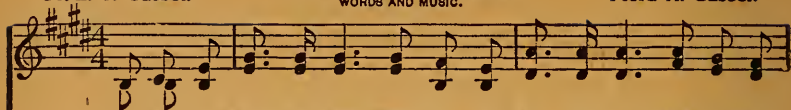
King of all glo-ry high hon-ors a-wait, The King of all glo-ry shall en-ter in state.
 glo - - ry

* The famous "Glory Song," adapted for the first time to a psalm.

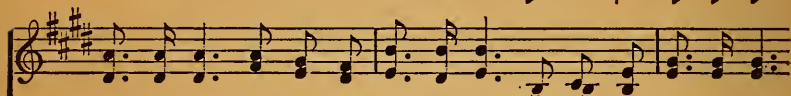
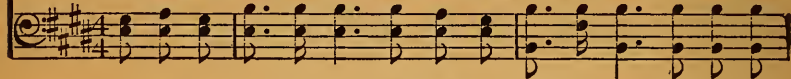
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

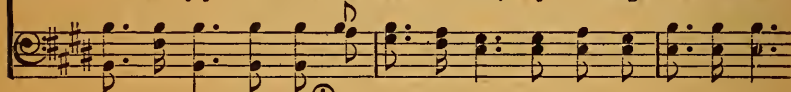
Flora H. Cassel.



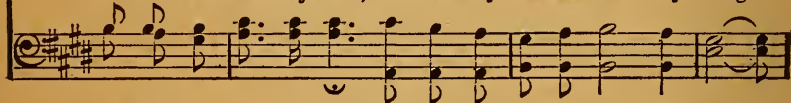
1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal



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



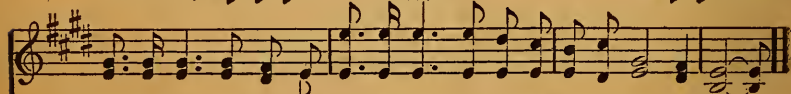
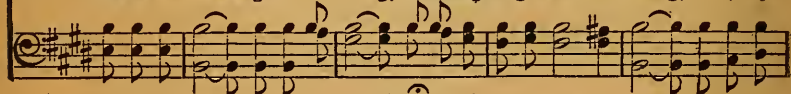
of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



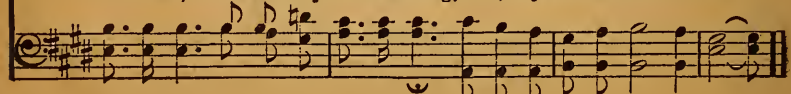
CHORUS.



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



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



No. 47.

Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

rit.
Shel-tered a-bove by His in - fi - nite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 48.

Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

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R. Kelso Carter

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fail, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment

let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
 ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand-ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es,

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

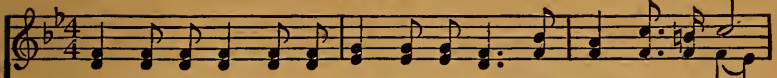
No. 49.

There is Pow'r in the Blood.

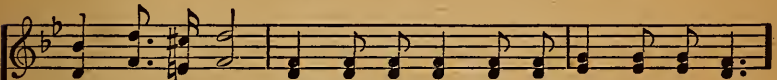
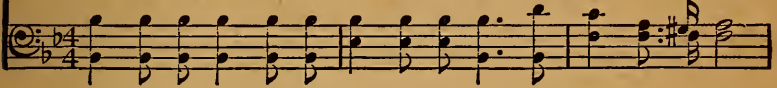
L. E. J.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

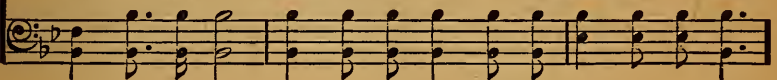
L. E. Jones.



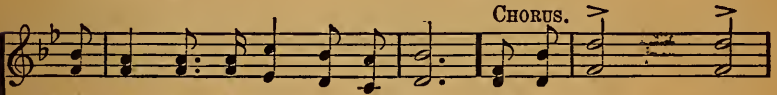
1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



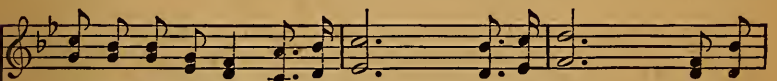
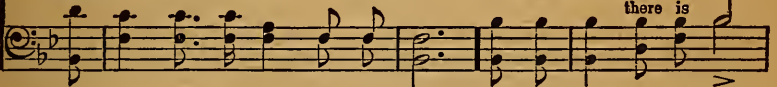
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
 pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?



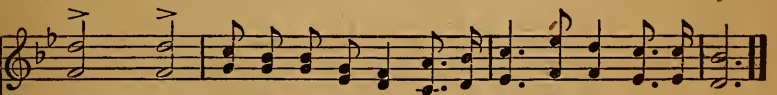
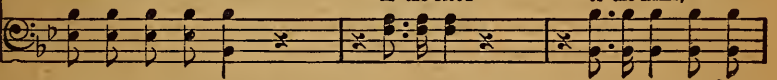
CHORUS.



There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb;



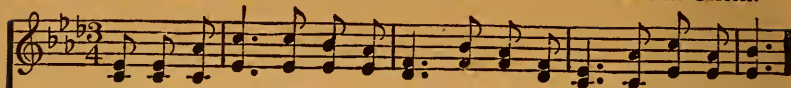
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,



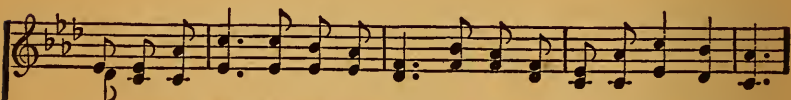
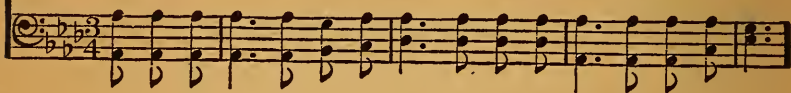
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

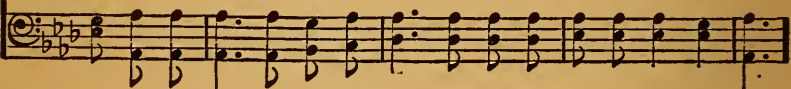
Chas. H. Gabriel.



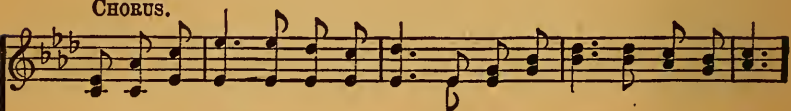
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



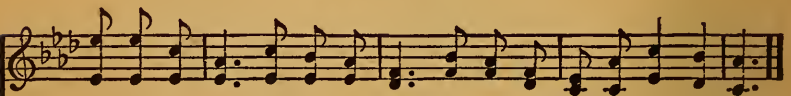
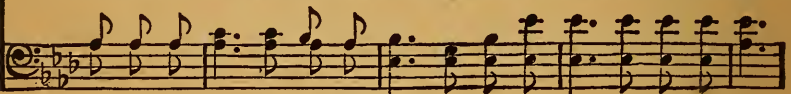
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



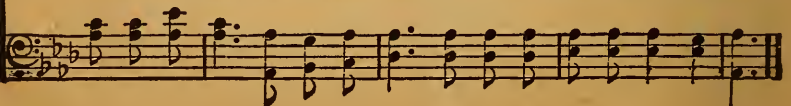
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



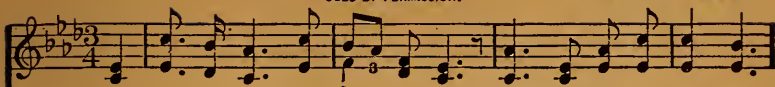
No. 51.

Since I Found My Savior.

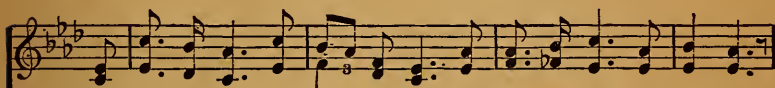
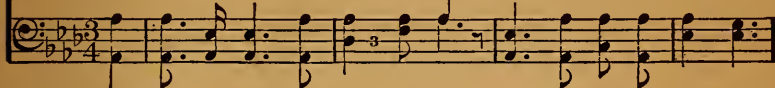
E. E. Hewitt.

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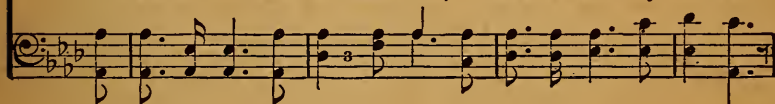
Jno. R. Sweney.



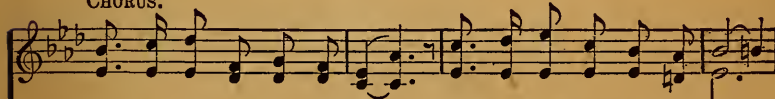
1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;



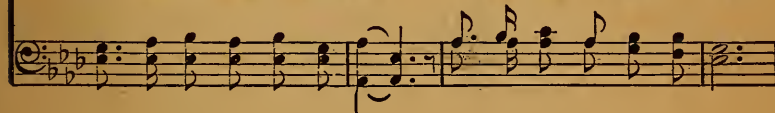
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
 He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - ior.
 But He is with me, tho' un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
 It leads me on - ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav - ior.



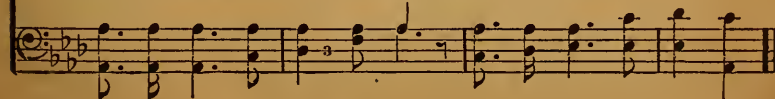
CHORUS.



Gold - en sun - beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



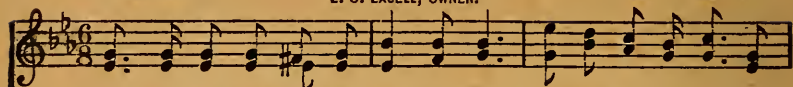
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.



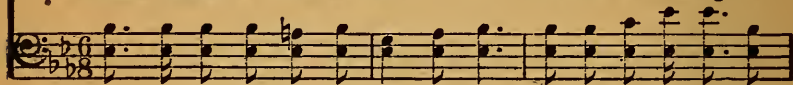
W. M. Lighthall.

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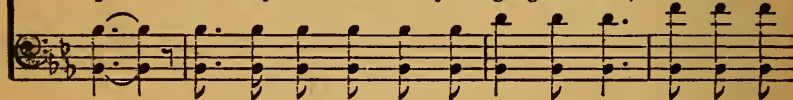
Chas. H. Gabriel.



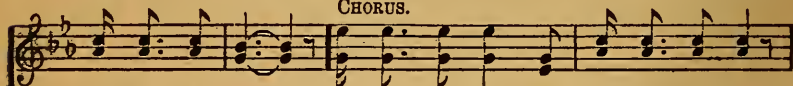
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



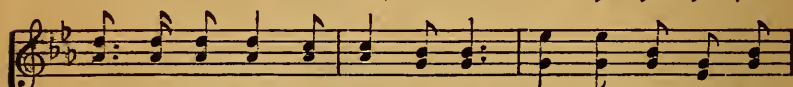
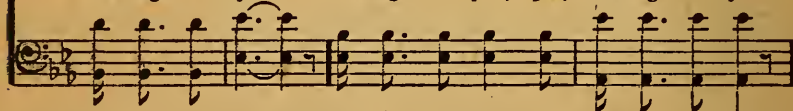
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



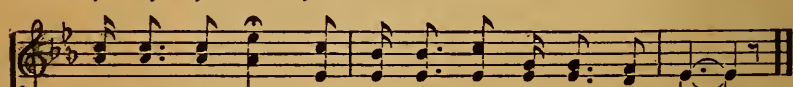
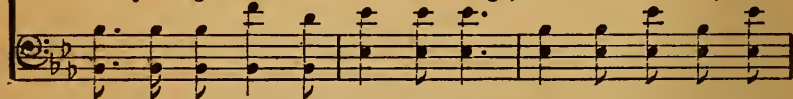
CHORUS.



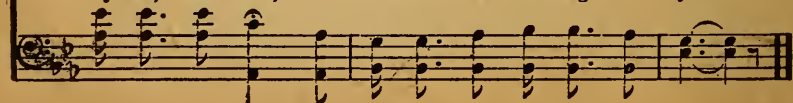
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



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



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



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

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

CHORUS.

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

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
 great Commander; "On!"

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

No. 54. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
 2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
 3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
 4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
 wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
 way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
 weep by the side of the tomb.
 come to the church in the vale.
 way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit - tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

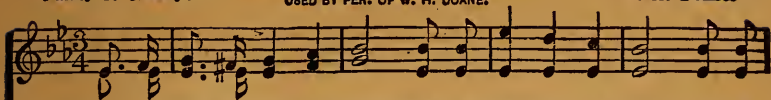
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 55. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

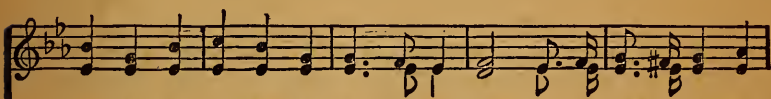
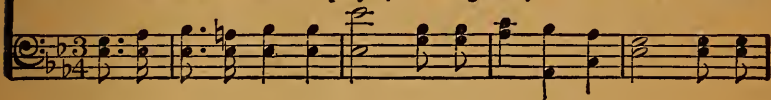
Fanny J. Crosby.

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USED BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

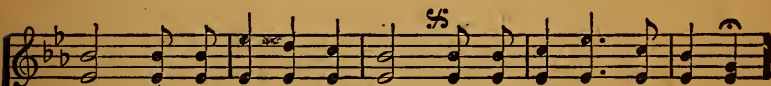
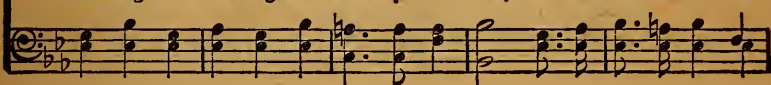
W. H. Doane.



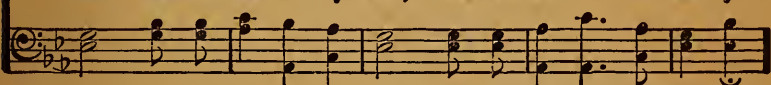
1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That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



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



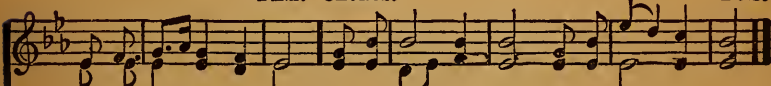
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!



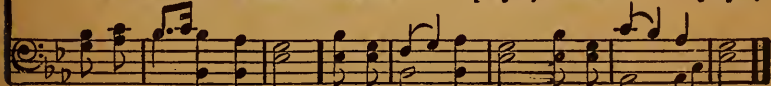
D. S.—What a balm for the wear-y!

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



O how sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of prayer, bless - ed hour of prayer;



O how sweet to be there!

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

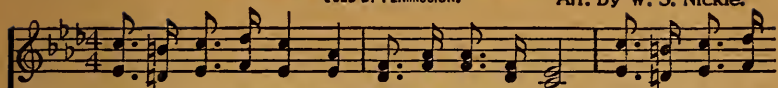
ev-er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The

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

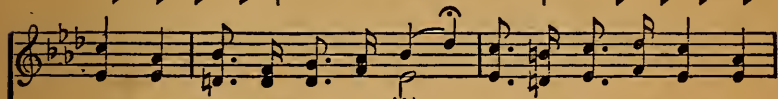
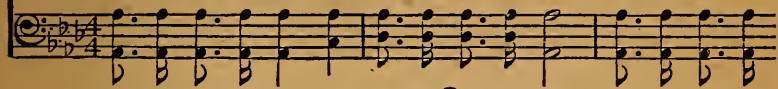
Meet Mother in the Skies.

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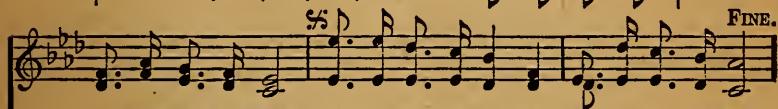
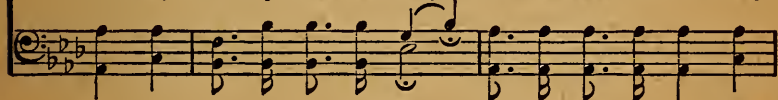
Arr. by W. S. Nickle.



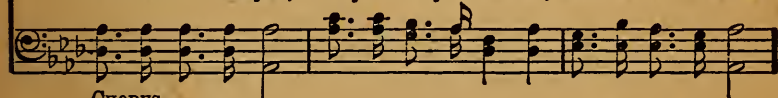
1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee; He who pardoned



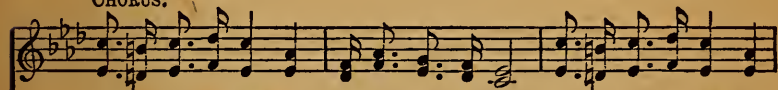
moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-tur-n-ing
 ab-sent-moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,



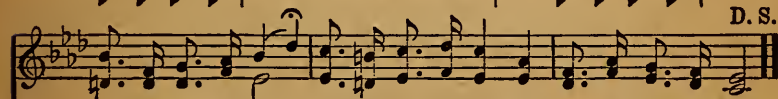
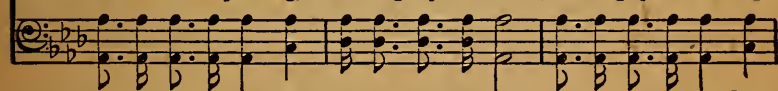
of her tears and sighs,— If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
 pleas-ure nev-er dies,— If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de-spise,— If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.



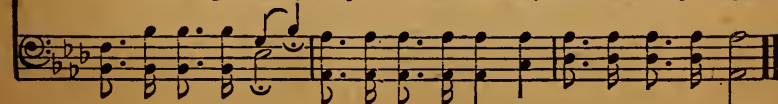
CHORUS.



Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-treat-ing,



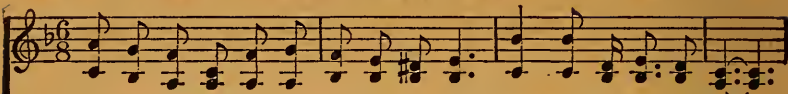
do no lon-ger roam; Let your man-hood waken, heav'nward lift your eyes;



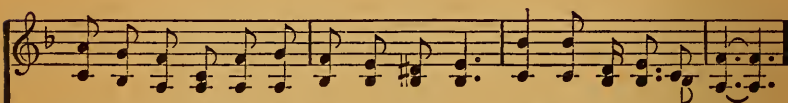
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



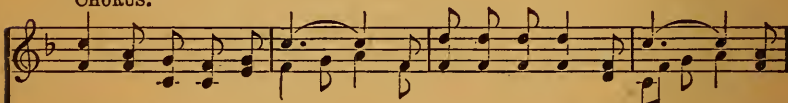
1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



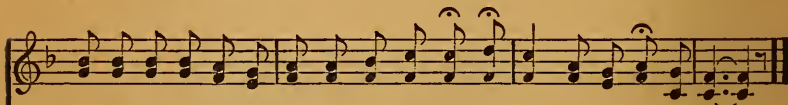
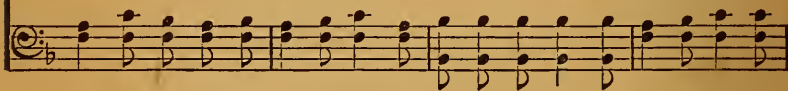
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Some one the jour-ney to Heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



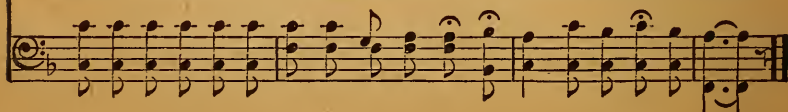
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
 to - day, homeward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

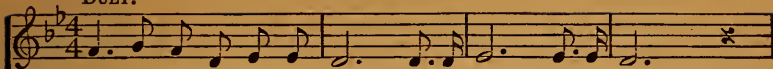


Ina Duley Ogdon.

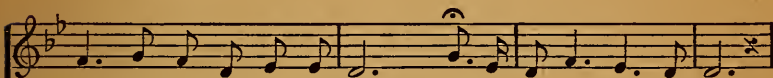
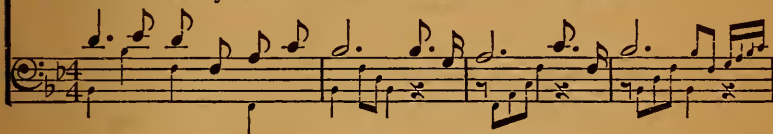
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B. D. Ackley.

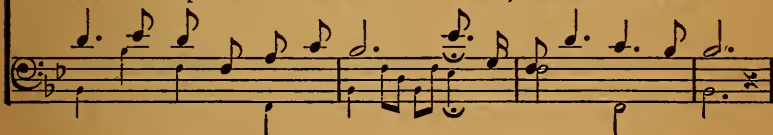
DUET.



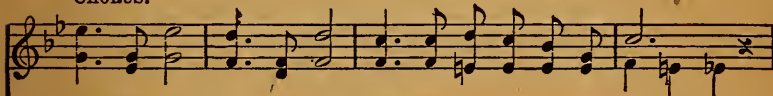
- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Who will o - pen mer - cy's door? | Je - sus will | Je - sus will |
| 2. Who can take a - way my sin? | Je - sus will | Je - sus will |
| 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? | Je - sus will | Je - sus will |
| 4. Who will be my dear - est Friend? | Je - sus will | Je - sus will |



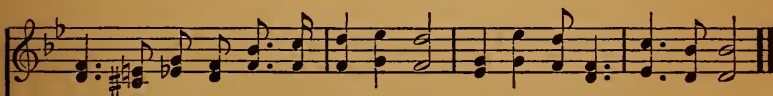
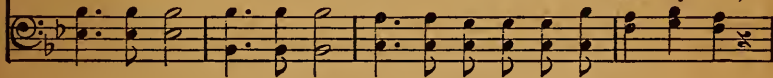
- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| As for par - don I im - plore? | Je - sus, bless - ed | Je - sus will! |
| Make me pure, with - out, with - in? | Je - sus, bless - ed | Je - sus will! |
| Share my joys and dry my tears? | Je - sus, bless - ed | Je - sus will! |
| Love and keep me to the end? | Je - sus, bless - ed | Je - sus will! |



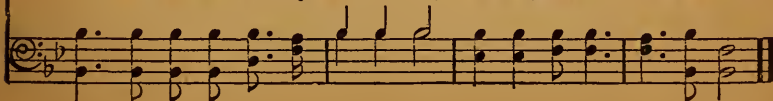
CHORUS.

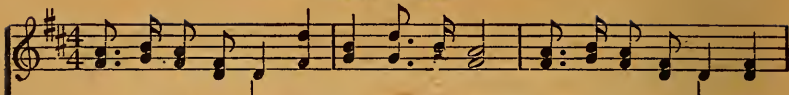


Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;

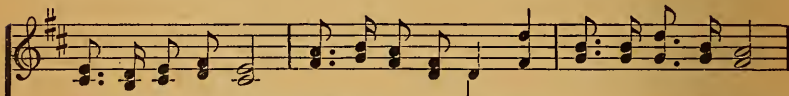
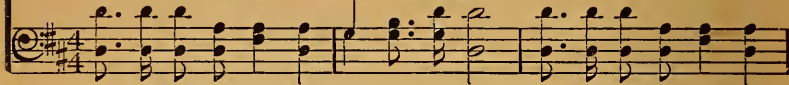


He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!

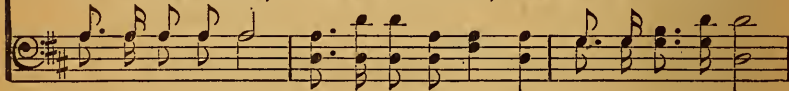




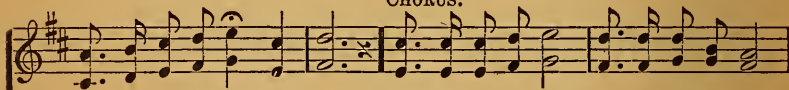
1. “Who - so - ev - er heareth,” shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. “Who - so - ev - er will,” the prom - ise se - cure, “Who - so - ev - er will,” for -



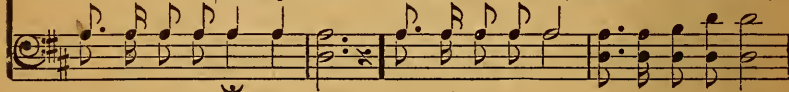
all the world a-round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; “Who - so - ev - er will,” ’tis life for - ev - er - more:



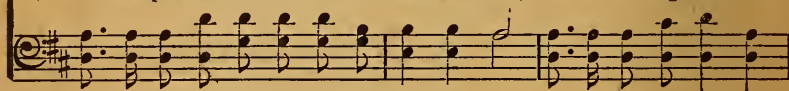
CHORUS.



“Who - so - ev - er will may come.” “Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,”



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



calls the wan - d’rer home: “Who - so - ev - er will, may come.”



No. 61.

It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H.

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Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleasure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
 2. It pays to serve Je-sus what'er may be-tide, It pays to be true what-
 3. Tho'sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to

out an al-loy; 'Tis Heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
 e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
 beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry

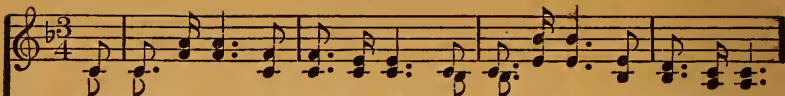
day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
 ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

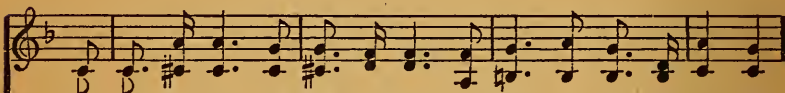
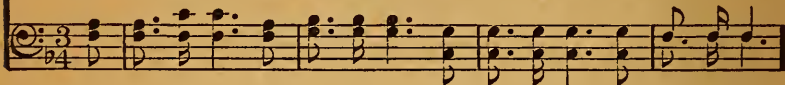
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

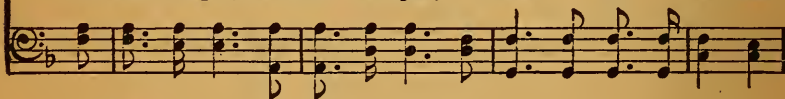
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



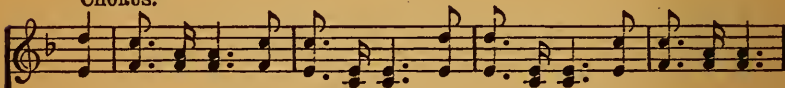
1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al-le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up-on the al-tar lies— A will-ing, liv-ing sac - ri - fice;



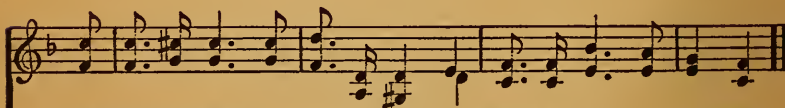
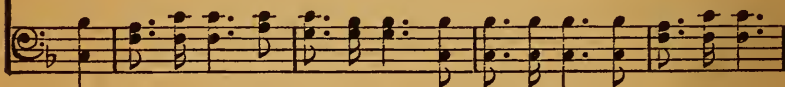
My ran-som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
 And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
 For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
 And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
 Tho' small the gift, He'll not de-spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.



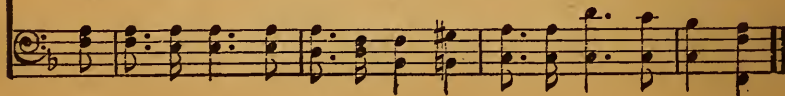
CHORUS.



For me the thorn-y crown He wore, For me the cru - el cross He bore;



He paid my debt, I'll not for-get, I owe it all to Je - sus.



No. 63.

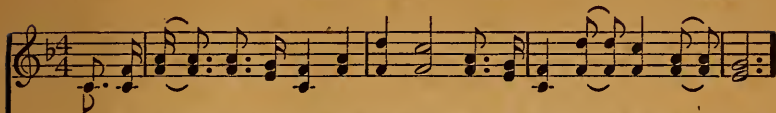
Honey in the Rock.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. 81: 16.

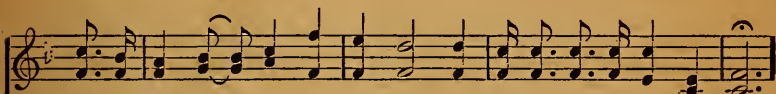
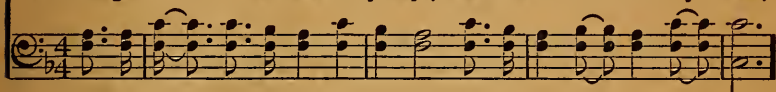
F. A. G.

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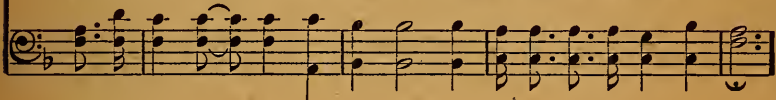
F. A. Graves.



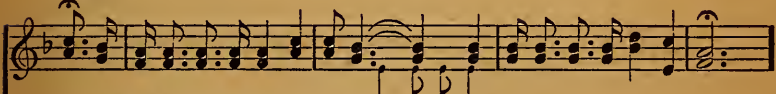
1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-ior, Who is won-drous kind and true?
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious," Do you walk in the way that's new?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Father, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by-ways, Preach the word to the man-y or few;



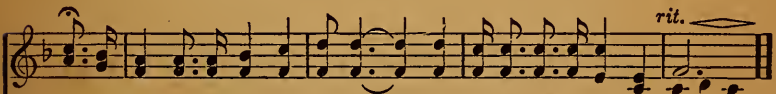
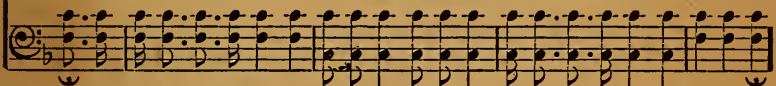
He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!" There's Honey in the Rock for you.
 Have you drank from the liv - ing foun - tain? There's Honey in the Rock for you.
 Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
 Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.



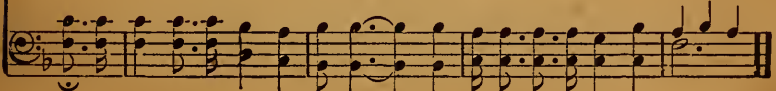
CHORUS.

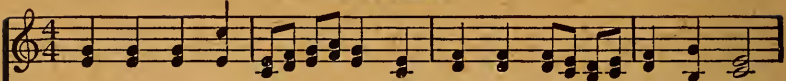


Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you;
 my brother, for you;

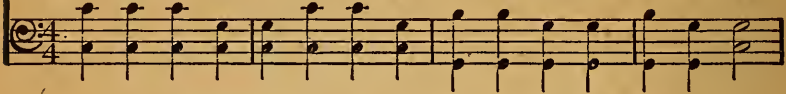


Leave your sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
 for you.





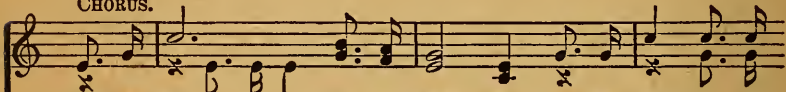
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;



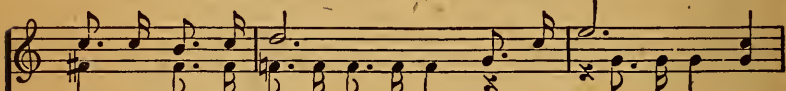
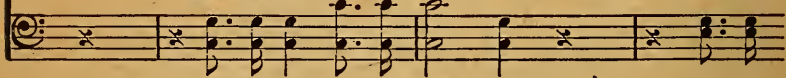
In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav - ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.



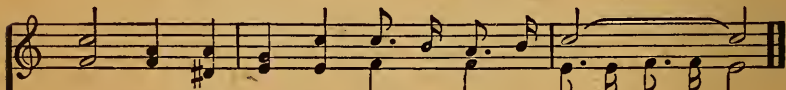
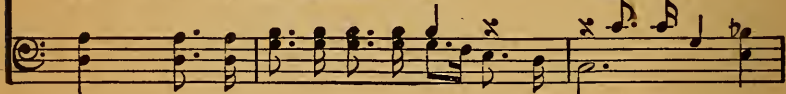
CHORUS.



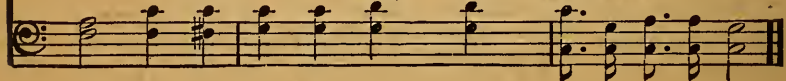
When we all get to Heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a



joic - ing that will bel When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will bel When we all



Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.
shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.



No. 65. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

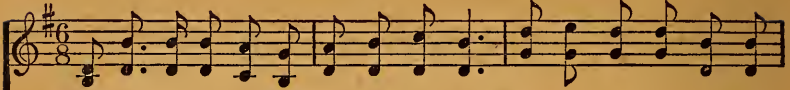
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw

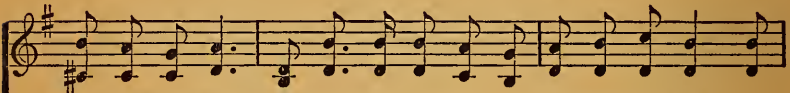
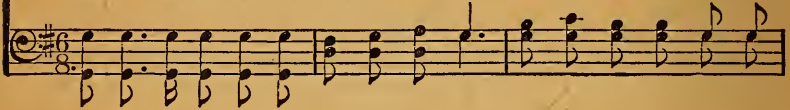
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

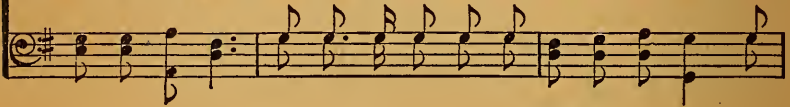
E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



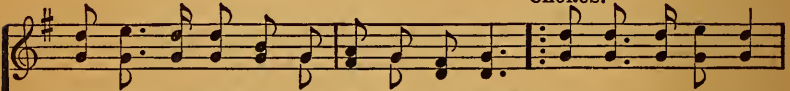
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave; There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



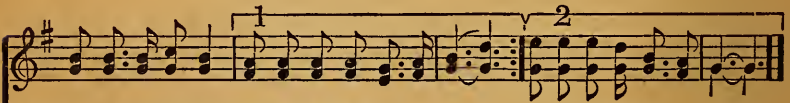
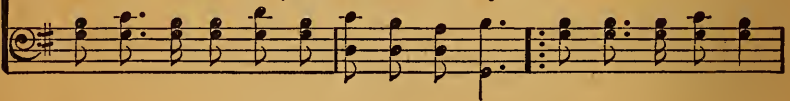
some one should save; Some-body's broth-er! oh! who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See, he is sink-ing; oh, has - ten to - day— And
you've nev - er been; Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



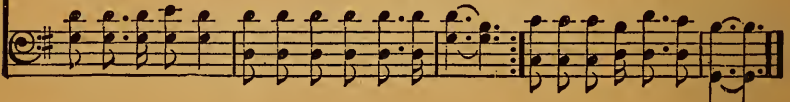
CHORUS.



throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line, and save them to - day.



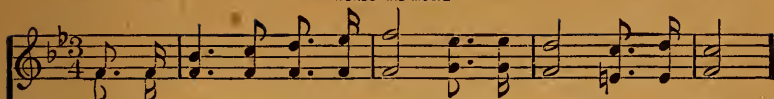
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a - way; Some one is sinking to - day.



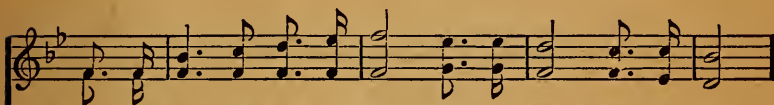
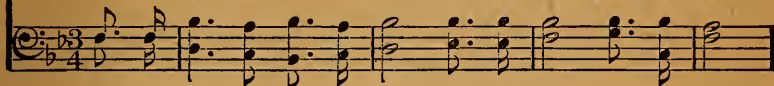
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

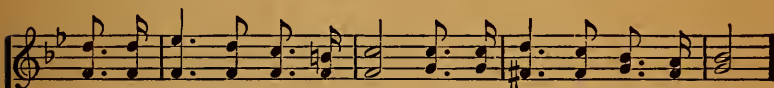
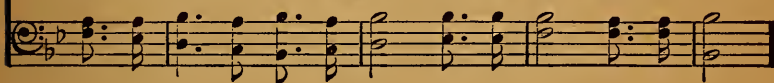
Chas. H. Marsh.



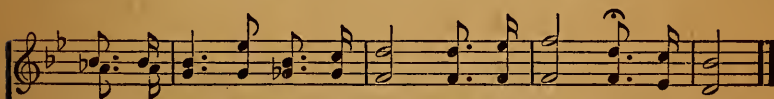
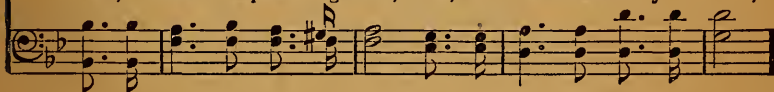
1. Send the news o'er all the earth, Grace is free, grace is free;
2. Send the mes - sage thro' the air, Grace is free, grace is free;
3. Look to Je - sus, look and live, Grace is free, grace is free;
4. Sin - ners, Je - sus will re - ceive; Grace is free, grace is free;



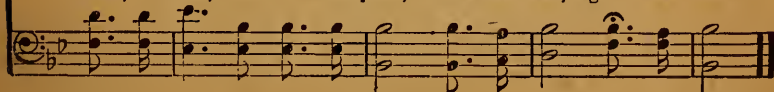
To the world make known its worth, Grace is free, grace is free;
 Hope for mil - lions in de - spair, Grace is free, grace is free;
 Par - don free - ly He will give, Grace is free, grace is free;
 Life a - bun - dant He will give, Grace is free, grace is free;

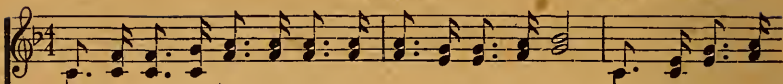


Tell the lost ones, bound by sin, Per - fect free - dom they may win,
 Sing it out in glad re - frain, O - ver moun - tain, o - ver plain,
 On His love you can de - pend, There's no oth - er such a friend,
 Hear, O hear His plead - ing voice, Now, O now make Him your choice,

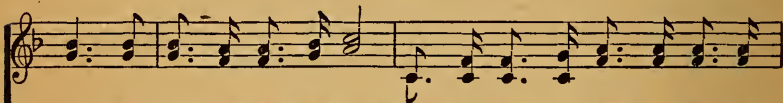


Bring, O bring the wan - d'ers in, Grace is free, grace is free.
 Tell the world that Christ shall reign, Grace is free, grace is free.
 He will keep you to the end, Grace is free, grace is free.
 Come, O come, in Him re - joice, Grace is free, grace is free.

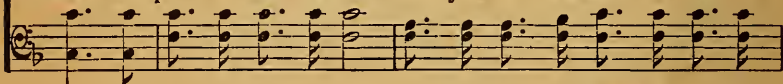




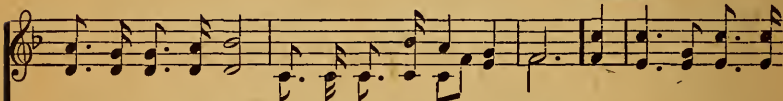
1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



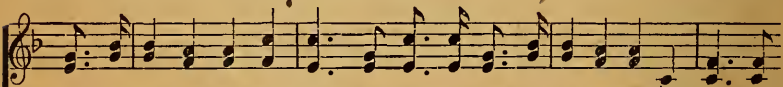
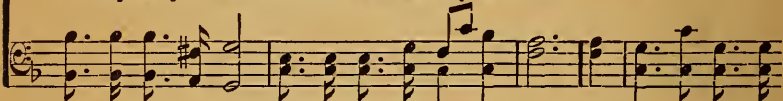
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor



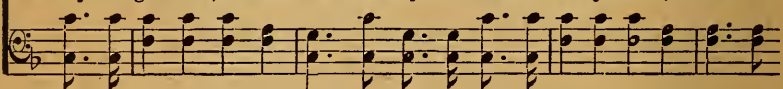
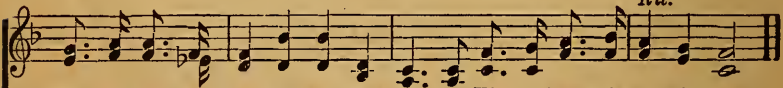
CHORUS.



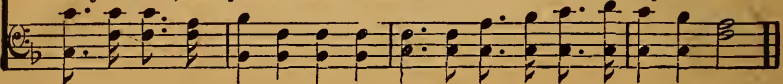
car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

*Rit.*

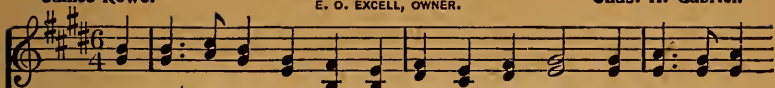
fill your soul, and you will see-'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.



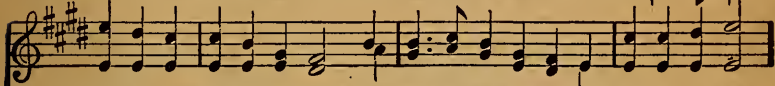
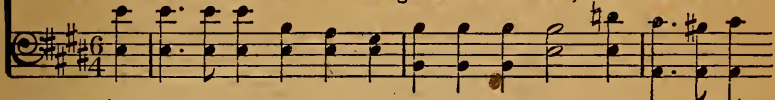
James Rowe.

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

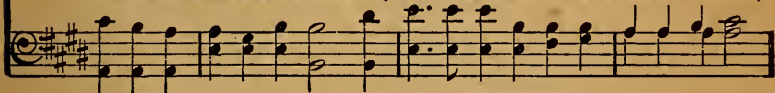
Chas. H. Gabriel.



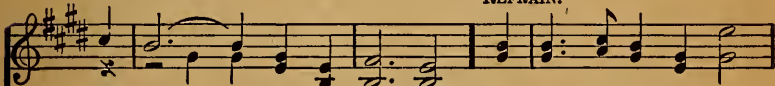
1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a- gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-



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

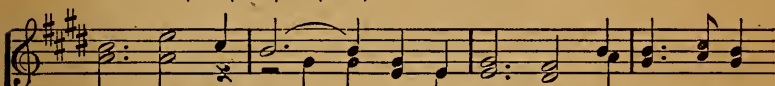
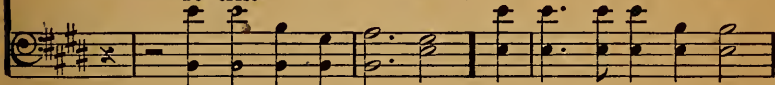


REFRAIN.



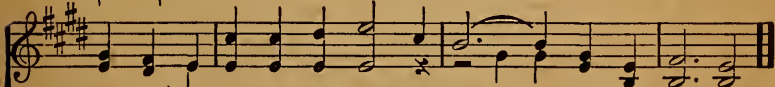
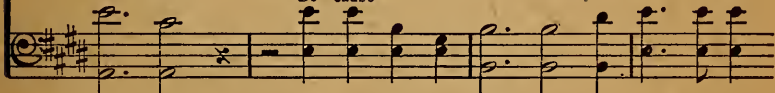
Be-cause I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,

Be-cause



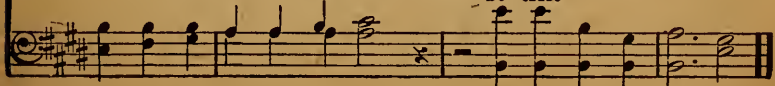
Je-sus, Be-cause I love Je-sus; My soul is at

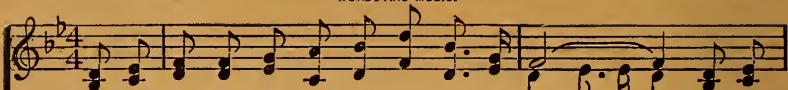
Be-cause



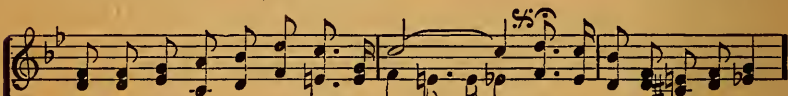
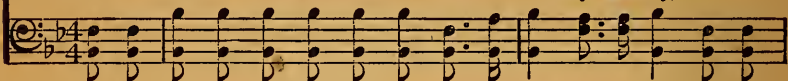
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause I love Je-sus.

Be-cause

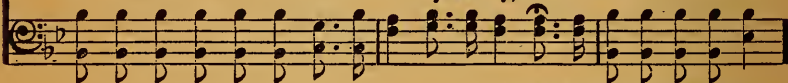




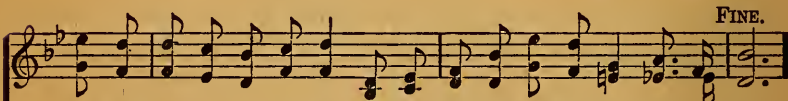
1. We shall all clasp hands in glo - ry By and by; We shall
 2. We shall wake no more to sor - row By and by, In the
 3. We shall cross the si - lent riv - er By and by; We shall
 4. We shall join the an - gel cho - rus By and by, With the
 By and by;



tell redemption's sto - ry By and by; When the voyage of life is past
 smile of end-less mor-row By and by; Where our faith is lost in sight,
 rest and dwell to-geth - er By and by; Palms of vict'ry we shall bear
 dear ones gone be-fore us By and by; In that realm of perfect day,
 By and by;

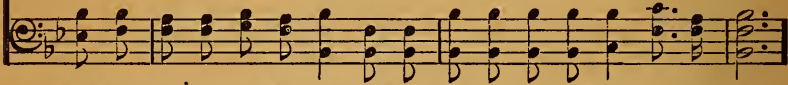


D. S. — We shall see our Savior's face,



FINE.

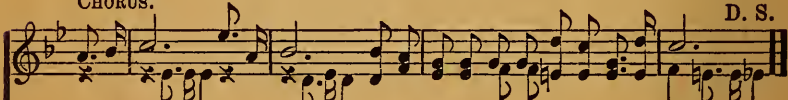
We shall reach the port at last, And our an-chor safe-ly cast By and by.
 Where the Sav-ior is the light, We shall walk with Him in white By and by.
 In that cloud-less re-gion fair, And we'll know each other there By and by.
 Where the sil-ver fountains play, God will wipe all tears a - way By and by.



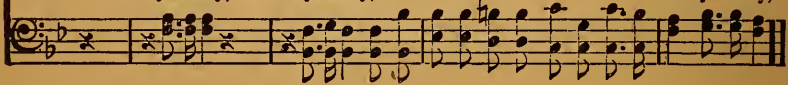
And a-dore His wondrous grace, We shall feel His fond em-brace By and by.

CHORUS.

D. S.



By and by, by and by, We shall all clasp hands in glory By and by;
 By and by, by and by, By and by;



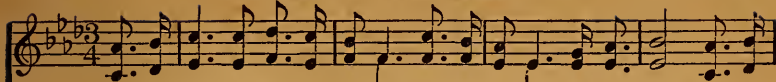
A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

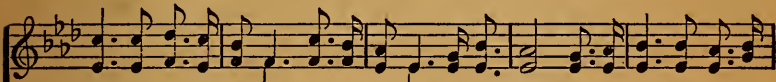
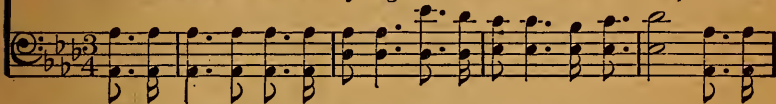
E. O. E.

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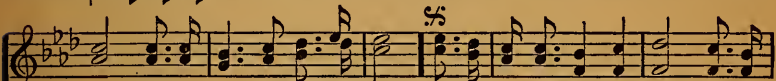
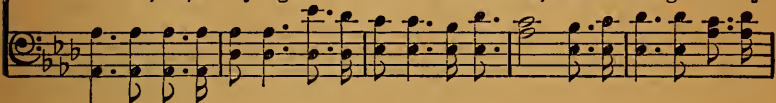
E. O. Excell.



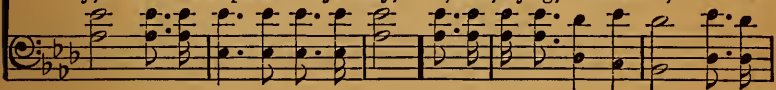
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



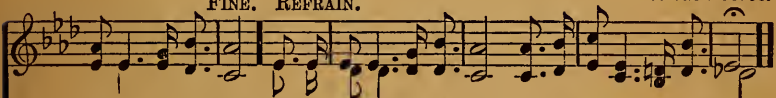
where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly



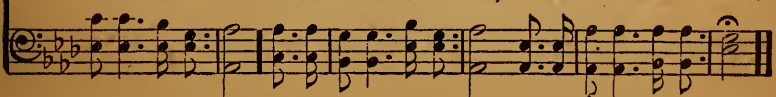
wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

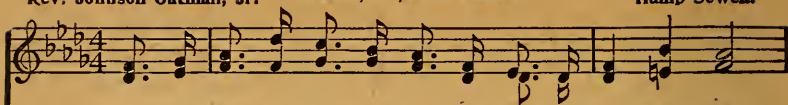


FINE. REFRAIN.

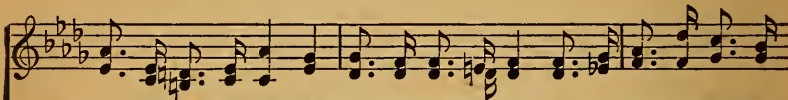
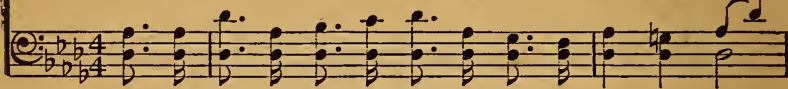
D. S. each verse.

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

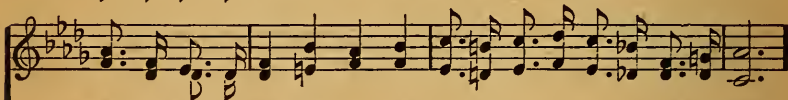
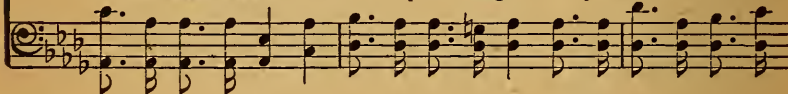




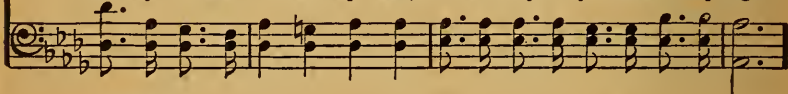
1. You will live a life of glad-ness if your heart keeps right;
2. You'll go sing - ing on life's path-way if your heart keeps right,
3. You will al-ways be a bless - ing if your heart keeps right,



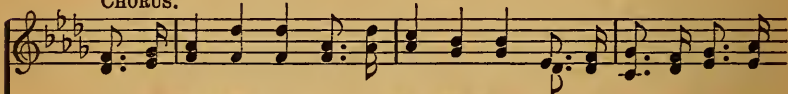
Tho' your foes may gather and your friends may slight, You may find a Friend who's
 Tho' the clouds may deepen in - to shades of night; For, tho' night may do for
 Then the Master's serv-ice will be your delight, And you nev - er will be



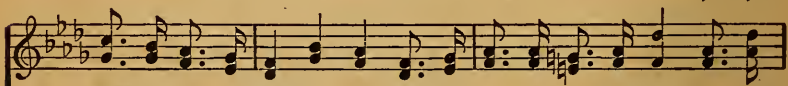
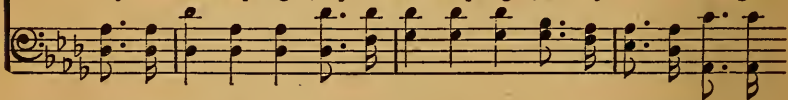
faith - ful and who al-ways conquers; He will help you if your heart keeps right.
 weep-ing, joy will come with morning, Bringing sunshine if your heart keeps right.
 lone - ly for the Lord hath spo-ken, "I'll be with you if your heart keeps right."



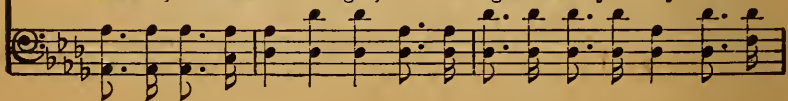
CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, if your heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will change to



sunshine, darkness turn to light; You'll have gladness on your way and a



If Your Heart Keeps Right.

bless - ing ev - 'ry day If the Sav - ior helps you and your heart keeps right.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 73.

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

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

The first system of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains four lines of lyrics corresponding to the four verses listed.

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

The second system continues the musical score with the same key signature and time signature. It contains four lines of lyrics.

REFRAIN.

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

The refrain section of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains one line of lyrics.

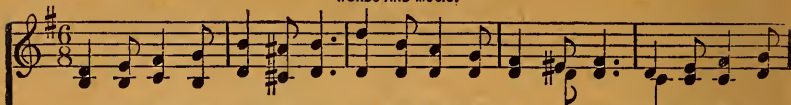
No oth - er Fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

The final system of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains one line of lyrics.

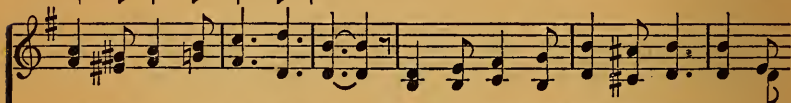
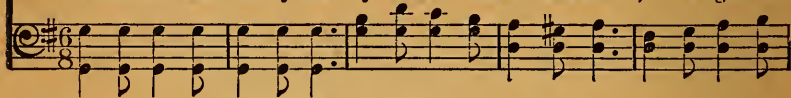
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

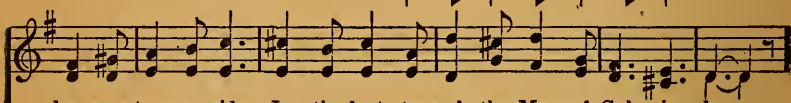
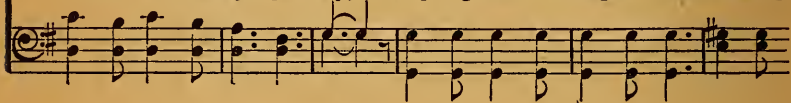
Chas. H. Gabriel.



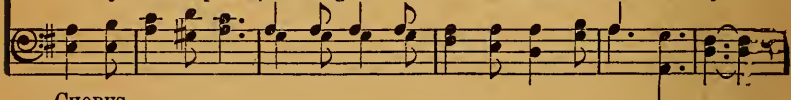
1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle



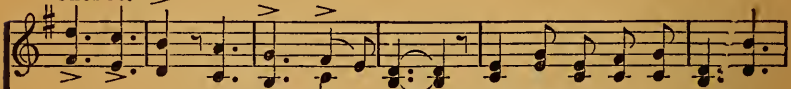
His dis-ci-ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some
touch of hu-man sym-pa-ty; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seek-ing



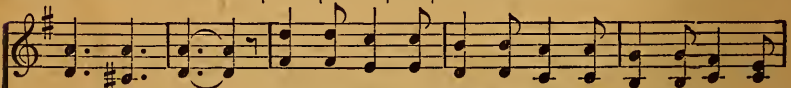
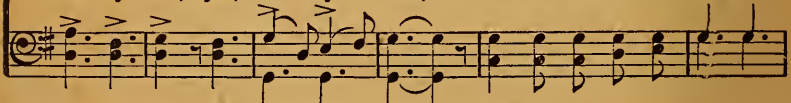
by-ways turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
wear-y, sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand.
on-ly God to please, Pointing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.



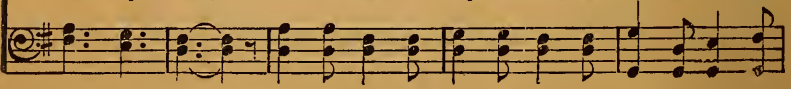
CHORUS.



One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je-sus



one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a-mid the tu-mult



Win Them One By One.

and the strife, We must win them for Je - sus one, by one.

No. 75.

Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
 They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

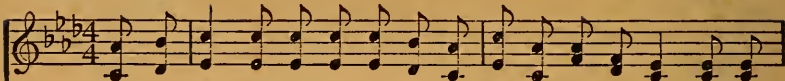
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.

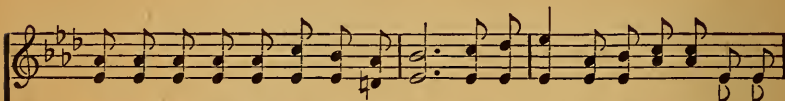
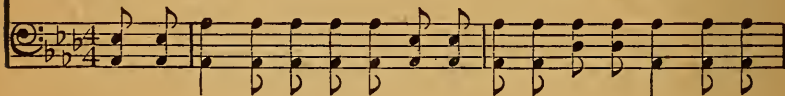
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

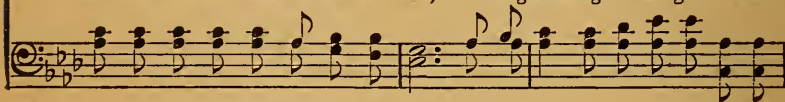
Jno. R. Sweney.



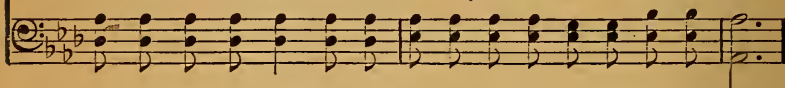
1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will



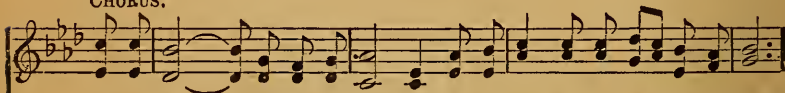
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus - ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a -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



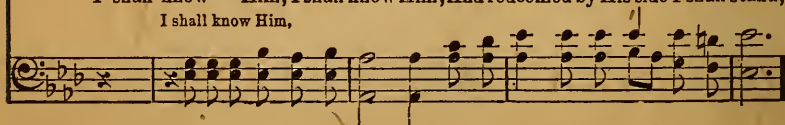
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That prepare for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him,



My Savior First of All.

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

No. 77.

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, beau - ti - ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 78. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "I've anchored my soul in the Ha-ven of Rest;" I've pil-lowed my head on the
 2. Wher - ev - er my lot up-on earth may be cast, Mid storm and mid tempest He
 3. The bil-lows in fu - ry a-round me may beat; The "Cleft in the Rock" is my
 4. And when I have finished life's voyage at last, When safe in the har-bor my

dear Savior's breast; I'm trusting His prom-ise of mer-cy so free; Fear
 hold-eth me fast; No harm can be-tide while His dear face I see, And
 bless-ed re-treat; My Shield and De-fend-er for-ev-er is He, The
 an-chor is cast, The theme of my prais-es for-ev-er shall be, God's

CHORUS.

not, "For my grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
 cling to the hand that was wounded for me. At home or abroad, on the
 Sav - ior whose grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
 grace, — which was always suf-fi-cient for me.

land or the sea, God's wonderful grace is suf-fi-cient for me; I'm find-ing it

true that wher-e'er I may be, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, (for me,)

His Grace Is Sufficient for Me.

For me, for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.
Suf-fi-cient for me, suf-fi-cient for me,

No. 79. Longing Thy Courts to See.

Psalm 84.

(*BEAUTIFUL ISLE.)
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. S. Fearls.

1. Lord God of Hosts, how love - ly The place where Thou dost dwell
2. Blest who Thy house in - hab - it, They ev - er give Thee praise;
3. One day ex - cels a thou - sand, If spent Thy courts with - in;

Thy tab - er - na - cles ho - ly In pleas - ant - ness ex - cel.
Blest all whom Thou dost strengthen, Who love the sa - cred ways.
I'll choose Thy thresh - old rath - er Than dwell in tents of sin.

CHORUS.

Long - ing, Long - ing, Long - ing, O Lord, Thy courts to see;
Long - ing, long - ing Thy courts to see;

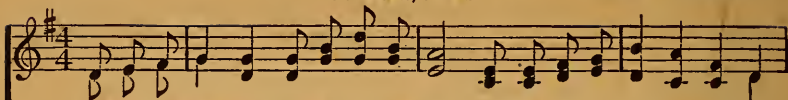
My heart and flesh are cry - ing out, O liv - ing God, for Thee.

*The popular song, "Beautiful Isle," adapted for the first time to a psalm.

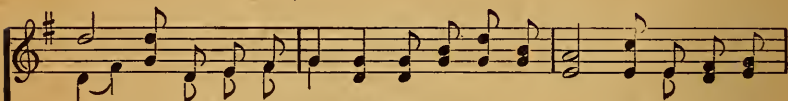
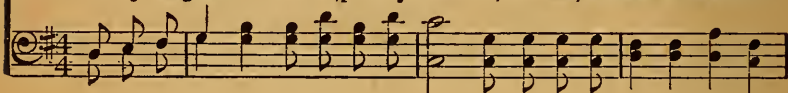
C. H. G.

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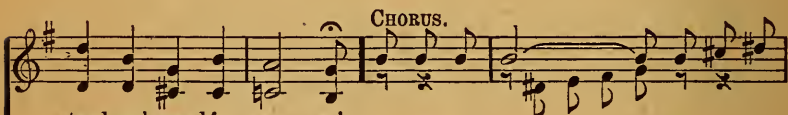
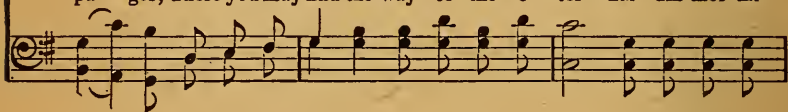
Chas. H. Gabriel.



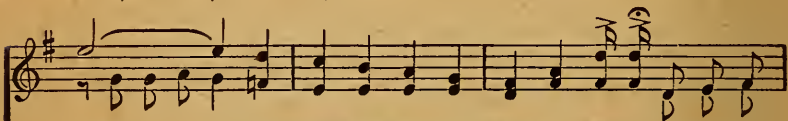
1. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble to the peo- ple! De-ny it or neg-lect it
2. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble and proclaim it The word of God by proph-ets
3. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble of our fa-thers, And send it un- to ev-'ry
4. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble, proudly own it, Believe, and search its sa-cred



nev - er! Un - fail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges, And it shall
spo - ken; His seal im - print - ed glows up - on its pa - ges, And not a
na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in dark - ness, That lights the
pa - ges; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—Im - mor - tal



stand unchanged for - ev - er!
pre - cept can be bro - ken. O bless - ed book, . . . the on - ly
way un - to sal - va - tion.
life thro' end - less a - ges. O bless - ed book,



book, . . . The pow'rs of earth can change it nev - er! The test of
the on - ly book,



*With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

The Grand Old Bible.

fire and flood thro' ages it hath stood, And it shall stand unchanged for-ev - er.

No. 81. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.

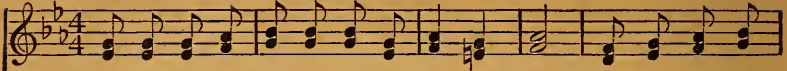
1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho - vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put . . a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.

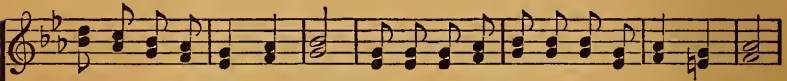
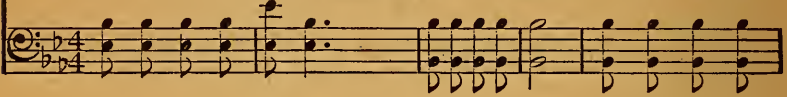
CHORUS.

For as high . . as is the Heav-en Far a - bove . . the earth be-low,
For as high as is the Heav-en Far a-bove the earth be-low,

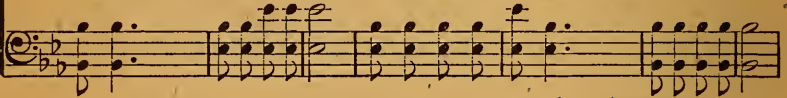
Ever great to them that fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev - er show.



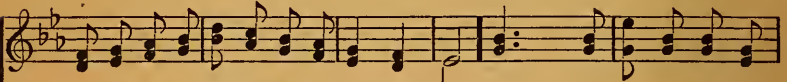
1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be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



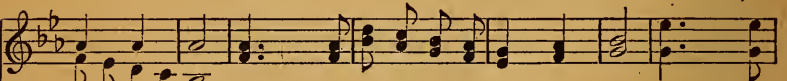
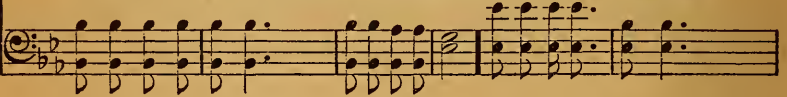
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
 promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money can - not buy
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, angels will at - tend,



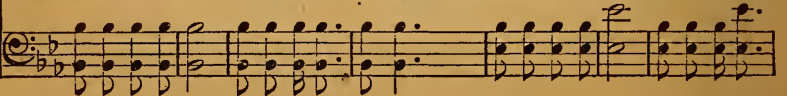
CHORUS.



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



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



Count Your Blessings.

rit.

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

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 83. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

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J. M. Black.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a Heav'n to me;
2. Once Heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Je - sus showed His smil - ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain-top, or in the dell?

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

mf FINE.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis Heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or in man - sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis Heav - en there.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

D. S.—On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis Heav-en there.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves.

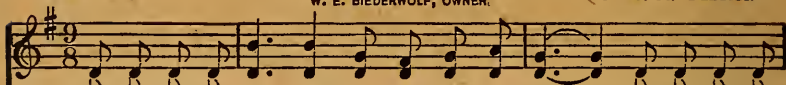
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis Heav'n, 'Tis Heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves.

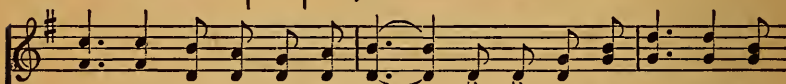
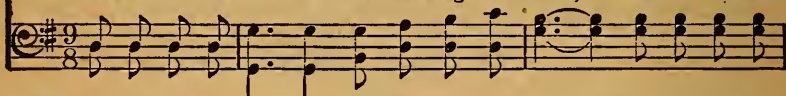
Psalm 24.

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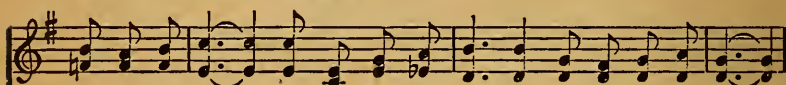
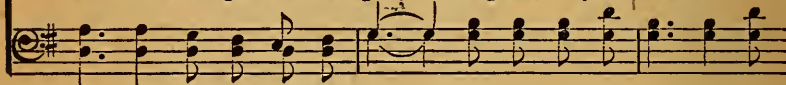
Chas. H. Gabriel.



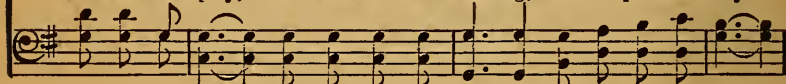
1. The earth and the full - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless - ing re - ceive; The God of sal -



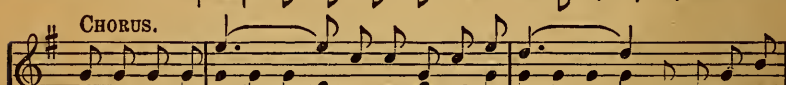
dwel - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun -
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of
va - tion shall right - eous - ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an



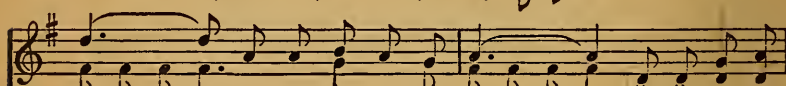
da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
hands without stain, Who swears not to false - hood, nor loves what is vain.
en - trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.



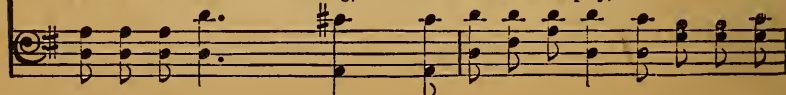
CHORUS.



Be lift - ed, ye gates, to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye doors ev - er -
Be lift - ed, ye gates, to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye



last - - ing, an en - trance dis - play; The King of all
doors ev - er - last - ing, an en - trance dis - play;



The Earth is the Lord's.

glo-ry high honors a - wait, The King of all glo - ry shall en-ter in state.
The King of all glo-ry

No. 85.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

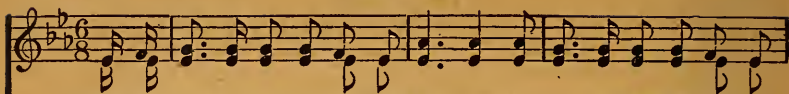
1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song-birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer-don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

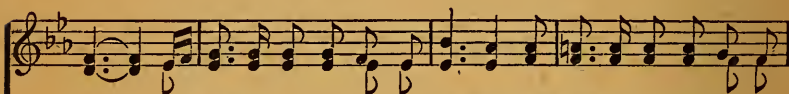
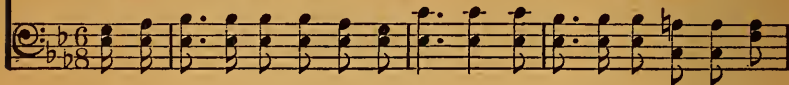
CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,

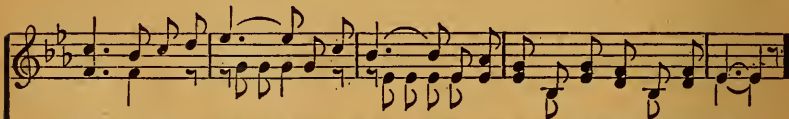
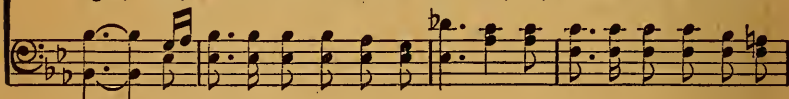
Land of the true, where we live a-new, — Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!



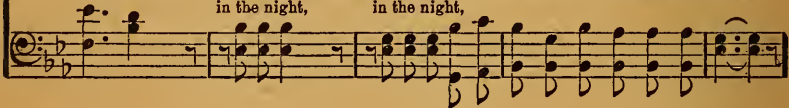
1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gath-ered, And hid-den each star from my
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splen-dor, And sor-row is changed to de-



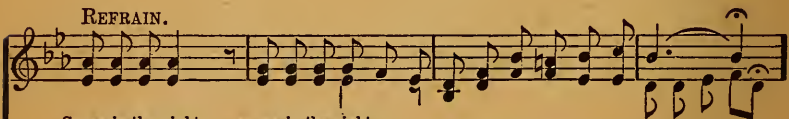
sight, I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my
fright; My heart groweth strong as I lis-ten, My heart groweth strong as I
light, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-



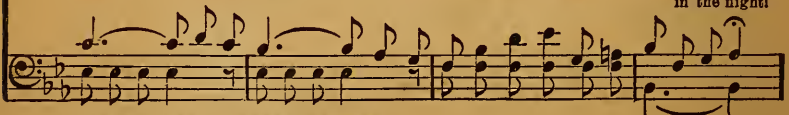
Fa-ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.
lis-ten To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.
mem-ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,



REFRAIN.



Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs..... in the night! ... Oh, how precious the songs in the night!....
in the night!



Songs in the night, songs in the night,

Songs in the Night.

My heart . . run-neth o - ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.
My heart runneth o-ver, runs o - ver,

No. 87.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.
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Will L. Thompson.

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

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

D. S.—*Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!*

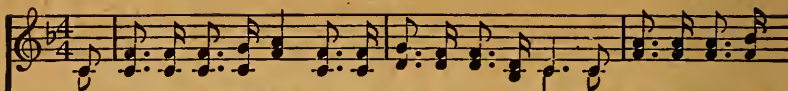
CHORUS.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wear-y, come home,
Come home, come home,

D.S.

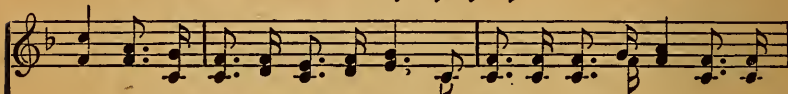
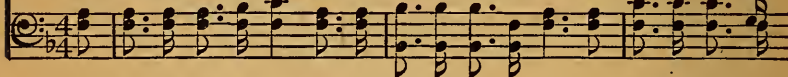
Rev. H. I. Zellej.

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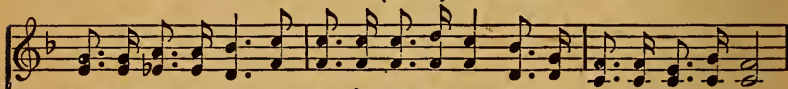
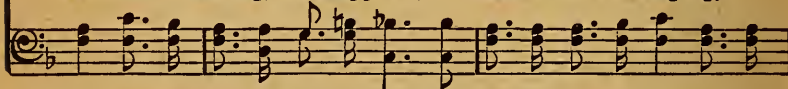
H. L. Gilmour.



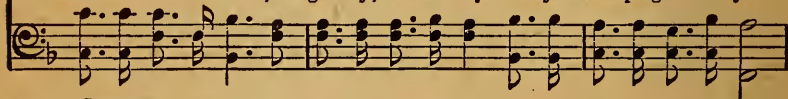
1. My soul to-day is thirsting for liv-ing streams divine, To sweep from highest
2. I see the clouds a - ris - ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That come to bring re-
3. The show'rs of grace are falling, the tide is roll-ing in, The flood-tide of sal-
4. It's coming, yes, it's coming, it's coming down this hour, A tor-rent of sal-



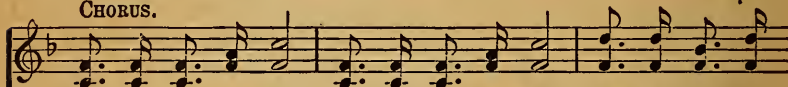
Heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up - on the prom-ise, in
fresh - ing down from the throne a - bove; The ear-nest of the show-er, just
va - tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surg-ing thro' my be - ing and
va - tion in sav-ing, cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows sing-ing, I



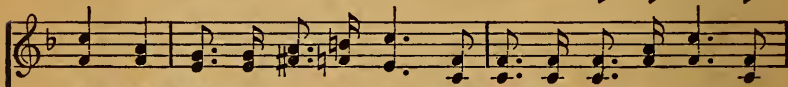
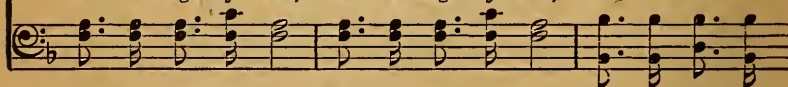
Je - sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to sat - is - fy my need.
now to us is giv'n, And now we wait, expecting the floods of grace from Heav'n.
takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro' all the hap-py day.
see them mount and roll; O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're sweeping thro' my soul.



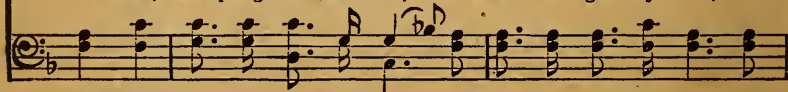
CHORUS.



Like a might - y sea, like a might - y sea, Comes the love of



Je - sus, sweep-ing o - ver me; The waves of glo - ry roll, the



Like a Mighty Sea.

shouts I can't-con-trol, Comes the love of Je - sus, sweep-ing o'er my soul.

No. 89. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

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Robert Lowry, D. D.

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like-ness to Thee, — That each de-
 4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

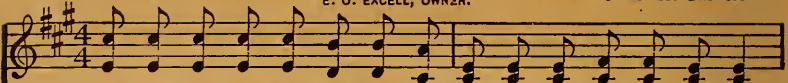
ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

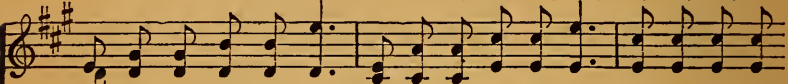
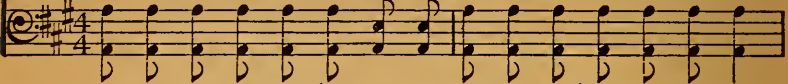
C. H. G.

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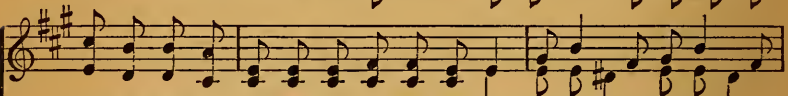
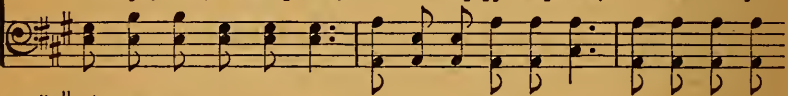
Chas. H. Gabriel.



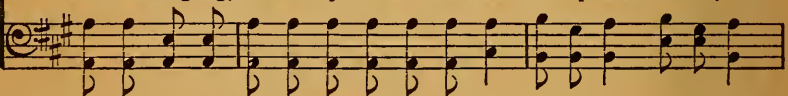
1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-lor and the yield?



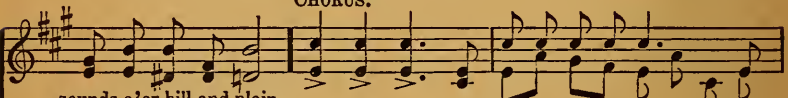
Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your



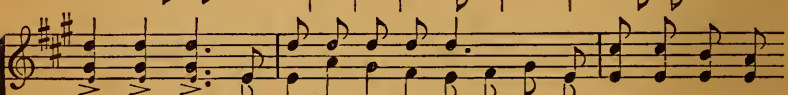
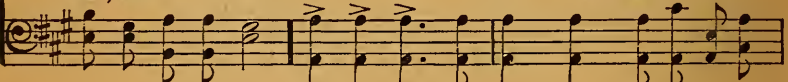
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the rest-less main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows fling-ing, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-



CHORUS.



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



la-lor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lol He is call-ing,
Mas-ter while you may;



Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Has - ten to o - bey, For reap-ers are need-ed to - day.

No. 91.

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful - ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—

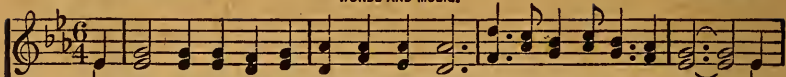
rit.

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

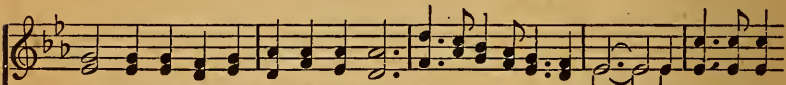
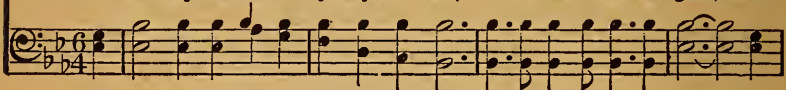
Floy S. Armstrong.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

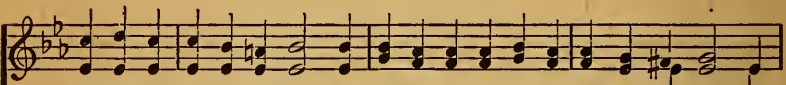
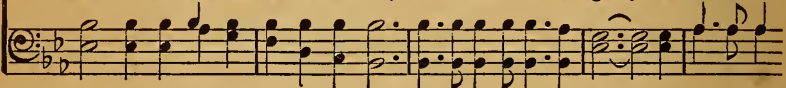
Chas. H. Gabriel.



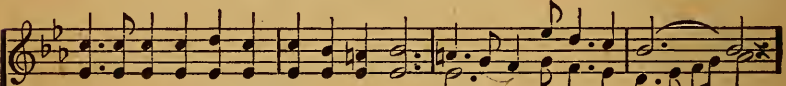
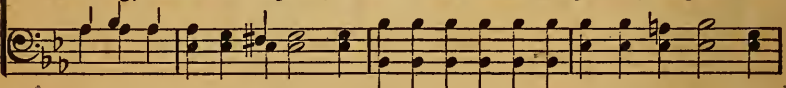
1. How man - y times He has lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re-fus-es to hear, tho' we call O-ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O-ver and o-ver a - gain, The



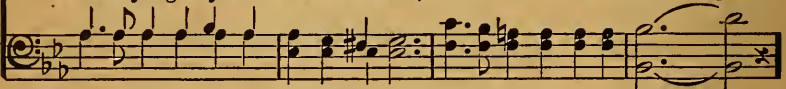
many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessing so free-ly on all, Over and over a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je - sus will bid us come in, Over and over a - gain; Then let us be



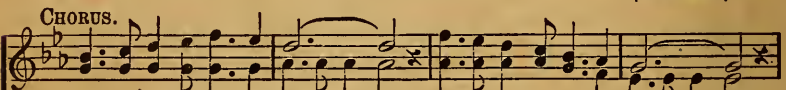
goodness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And



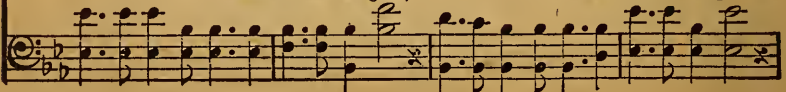
peat the old sto-ry of par-don di-vine, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.....
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glo-ry we'll look on His face, O - ver and o-ver a - gain.



CHORUS.



O - ver and o-ver a - gain,..... O-ver and o-ver a - gain,.....
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,



Over and Over Again.

O what a won-der-ful sto-ry to tell, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.

No. 93. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
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A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;

What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN.

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

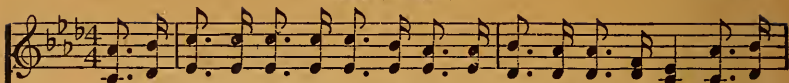
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

No. 94. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

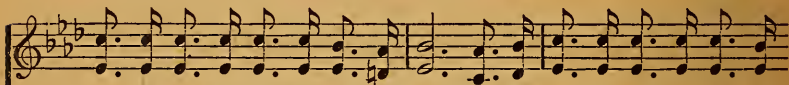
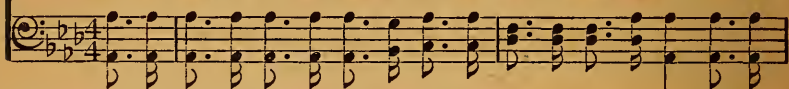
J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
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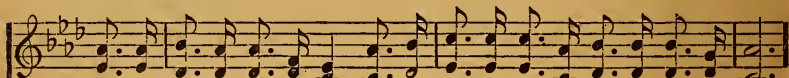
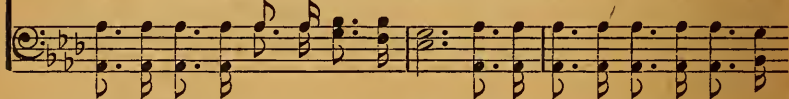
J. M. Black.



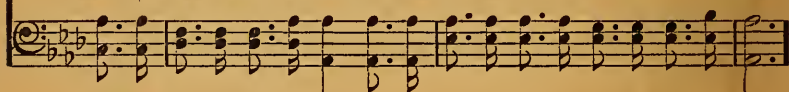
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



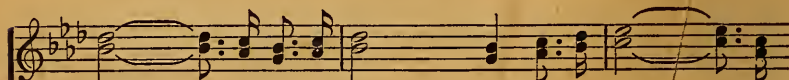
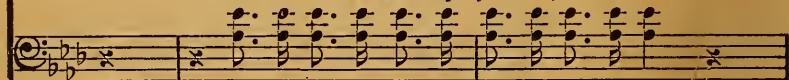
o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



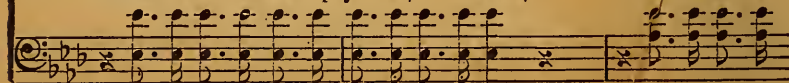
CHORUS.



When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll is called up yon - der, When the roll is
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 95. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of Heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
2. Ring the bells of Heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
3. Ring the bells of Heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels,

soul re - turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him
wan - d'r'er now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued
swell the glad, tri - um - phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings!

D. S.—'Tis a ran - somed ar - my,

FINE.

out up - on the way, Wel - com - ing His wear - y, wand'ring child.
from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransomed child.
bear it far a - way, For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.

like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

CHORUS.

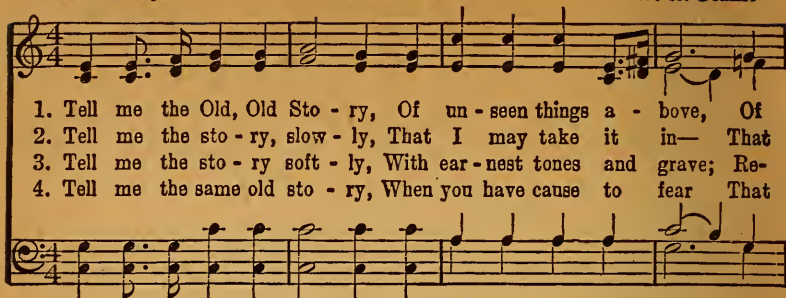
D. S.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

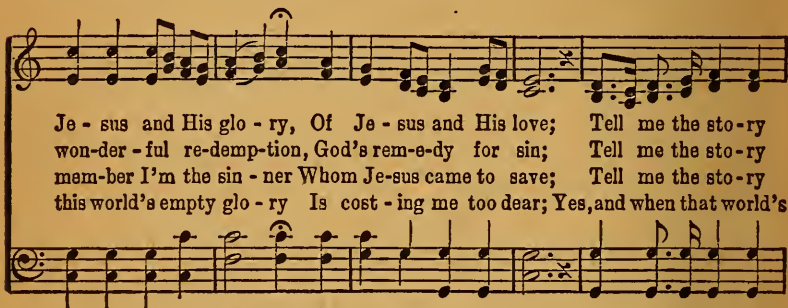
Kate Hankey.

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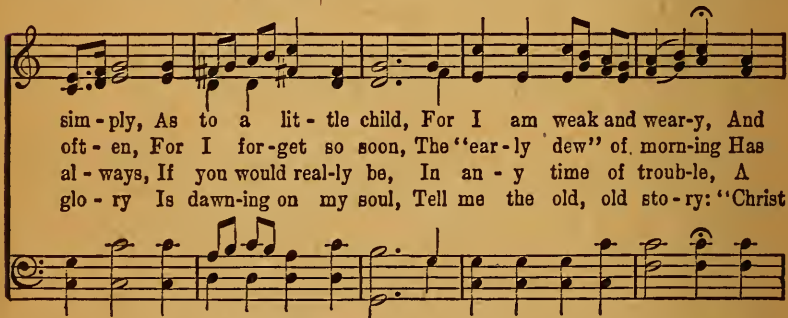
W. H. Doane.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re -
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

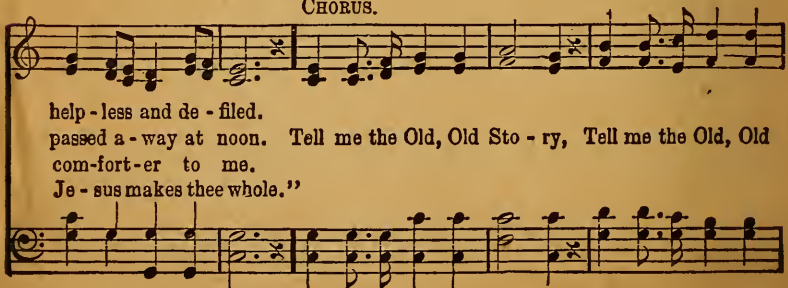


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.
 pass - ed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 97.

Only a Step.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

W. H. Doane.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now He's
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy heart de-
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come and say, "Glad-ly to Thee my

CHORUS.

fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
 wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 cid - ed—The moments fly a - pace? On - ly a step, on - ly a step;
 Sav - ior, I give my - self a - way.?"

Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a

bles - sing; Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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Edna R. Worrell.

LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse, Arr.

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn-ings
 4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn-ings
 4. Now, *now*, now as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

list to His lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Par - don from
 voice to each way - ward child; Heed it! O heed it! Be no more
 sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger But in God
 not your fast melt - ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion Else shall your

list to His call,
 voice to His child;
 toward life more pure;
 not your heart;

sin to all; O come, He gives par - don from sin to all, to all.
 sin - be - guiled, O heed His voice, be now no more be - guiled, be - guiled.
 rest se - cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
 chance de - part; O take it *now*, else shall your chance depart, de - part.

REFRAIN.

Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo - ment takes flight;

Some One's Last Call.

It may be now some one's last call, last call to - night.

No. 99.

The Broken Heart.

As sung by Wm. McEwan.
COPYRIGHT, BY T. DENNIS.

Words and Music by
T. Dennis.

Tenderly.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je - sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Upon His love - ly brow?
3. Have you read how He saved the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree?
4. Have you read that He looked to Heav'n and said, 'Tis finished—'twas for thee?

Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flowed from His wounded side?
When He prayed, For-give them, oh! for-give, They know not what they do.
Who looked with pit - y - ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giv - ing Thy life for me?

CHORUS.

He died of a bro - ken heart for Thee, He died of a bro - ken heart;

Oh, wondrous love! it was for thee He died of a bro - ken heart.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning
 3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my
 4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no

man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom
 blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
 hopes of Heav'n de - pend? Nol when I blush be
 guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no

an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
 light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed.... of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er will be;.....
 A - shamed of Je - sus, a - shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev - er will be;

NOTE.—Tenor and Bass sing the upper large notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

Ashamed of Jesus.

For Je - - sus, my Sav - ior, is not ashamed of me.
 For Je - sus, my Sav - ior, for Je - sus, my Sav - ior,

No. 101.

What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray.

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 HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

W. Owen.

1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Count - ed once a - mong the lost;
2. No an - gel could His place have taken, High - est of the high tho' He;
3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - ior? To His scep - ter hum - bly bow?

Yet, One came down from Heaven's glory, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head three!
 You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son upon the cross? He

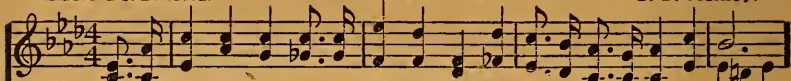
Where is He now? In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
 died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 102. Come Over On the Other Side.

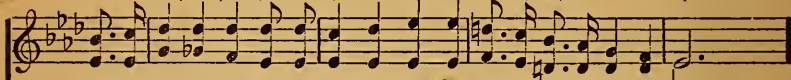
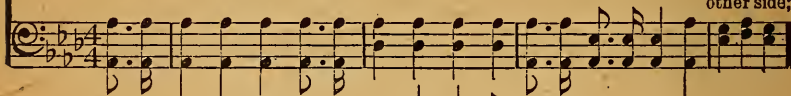
Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. Make a forward move for the Lord to-day, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
2. Take your stand for right in the battle's van, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
3. Soon the light will come, soon the darkness fade, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
4. Make a forward move, Jesus loves you so, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
other side;

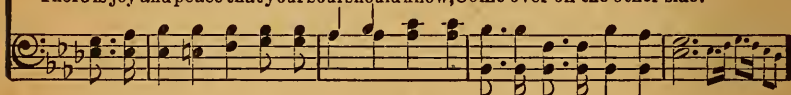


'Tis the King's command, dare you dis-o-bey? Come o-ver on the oth-er side.

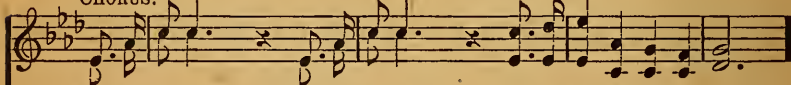
It will try the steel of the bravest man, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.

They will find no hope who have then delayed, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.

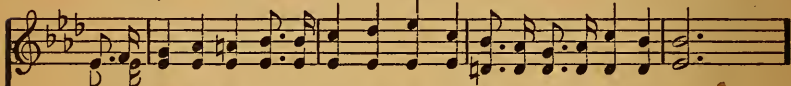
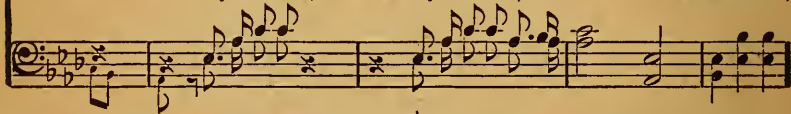
There is joy and peace that your soul should know, Côme over on the other side.



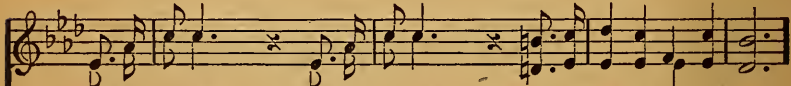
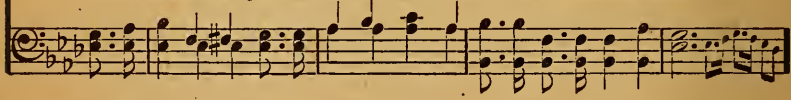
CHORUS.



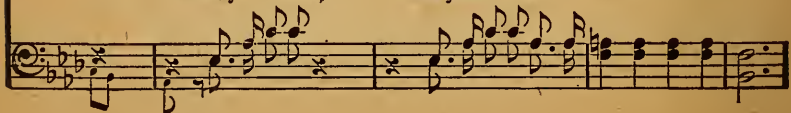
Show your colors, Show your colors, Join His ar-my true and tried;
Show your colors, Show your colors, true and tried;



With the hosts of sin you will nev-er win, Come o-ver on the oth-er side:



Show your colors, Show your colors For the King they cru-ci-fied;
Show your colors, Show your colors



Come Over On the Other Side.

Je-sus leads the way to E - ter - nal Day, Come o - ver on the oth - er side.

No. 103.

To the Field.

James Rowe.

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Wm. McEwan.

1. { There is work for all to do, Then, a - way, ye reap - ers true,
'Tis the har - vest Lord's command, Help the needs on ev - 'ry hand, —

2. { Soon the shades of night will fall, End - ing la - bor - time for all, —
While the sun - shine gilds the earth, To your Mas - ter prove your worth, —

3. { Do not say, "Some oth - er day;" With your sick - le speed a - way
Then when light of earth grows dim You will have some sheaves for Him;

To the field, to the field; To the field, to the field.

To the field, to the field; To the field, to the field.

1. 2. FINE.

CHORUS.

To the field march a - way with the Sav - ior to - day, To your promise be true,

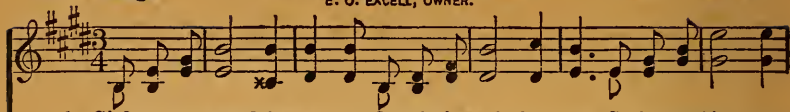
ev - 'ry or - der o - bey; Go and gath - er the grain for the Lord while you may,

D. S.

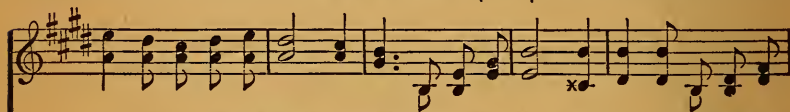
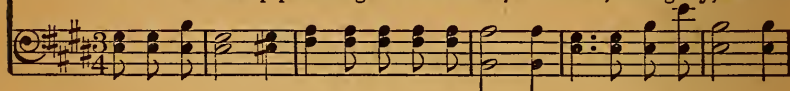
E. M. Bangs.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

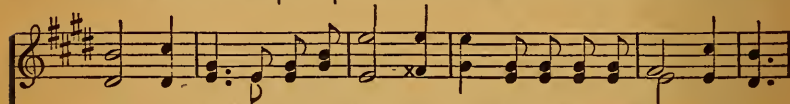
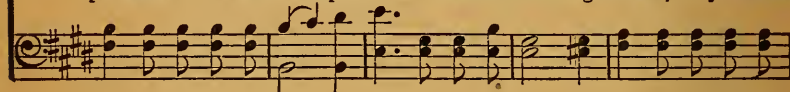
Chas. H. Gabriel.



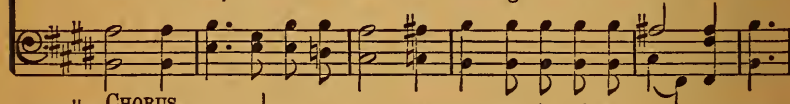
1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to
2. The Gi-ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest
3. The en - e-mies ap-proach-ing Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glor-y, and Im-



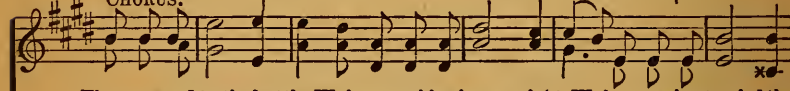
bat-tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's ar -
armor To greet this mighty foe; But our goodsword, Resistance, Will hold and
pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we



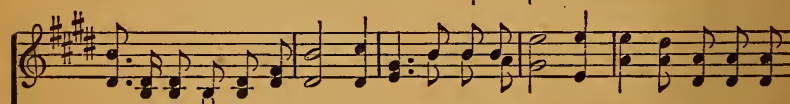
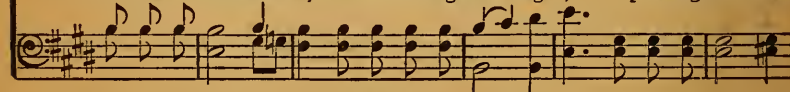
call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.
bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.
fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?



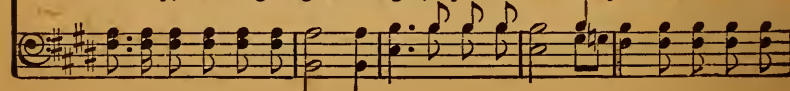
CHORUS.



Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're pressing tow'rd the



vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors



The Banner of the Cross.

now we toss, And o'er our heads shall ever float The Banner of the Cross.

No. 105.

Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

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

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

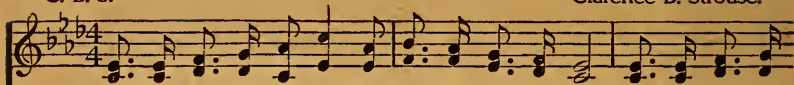
CHORUS.

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

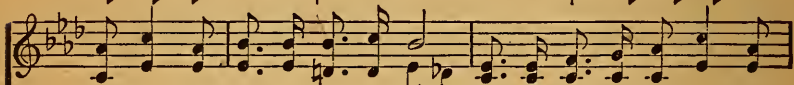
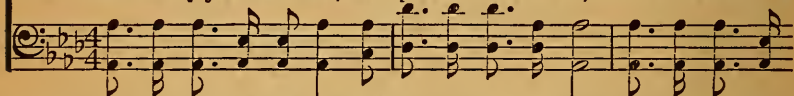
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

C. B. S.

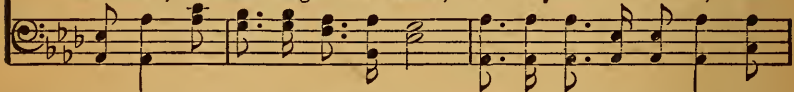
Clarence B. Strouse.



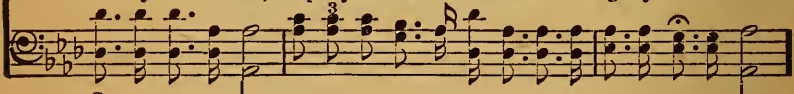
1. If you are discouraged, In dark-ness or in doubt, If you are down-
2. Do you long for com-fort This world has nev-er bro't? Do you car-ry
3. When you're sore-ly tempted, Because of some de-feat, When you have fore-
4. When life's joys and sorrows, Its hopes and fears are o'er, When with those we've



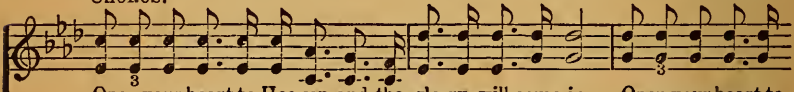
heart-ed, The Lord can bring you out; Don't give o'er the bat-tle, The bur-dens Your man-y sins have wro't? Take it all to Je-sus; Your bod-ings Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not wor-ry, Thy la-bored, We reach the gold-en shore, We'll re-joice for-ev-er, For



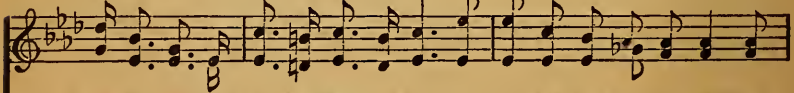
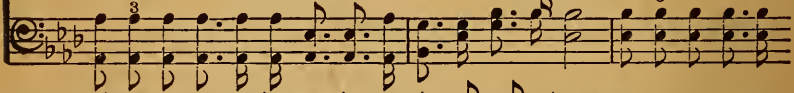
vic-t'ry you can win; Open your heart to Heaven And the glory will come in. Friend He's always been; Open your heart to Heaven And the glory will come in. faith will sure-ly win; Open your heart to Heaven And the glory will come in. vic-t'ry o-ver sin; Open your heart to Heaven And the glory will come in.



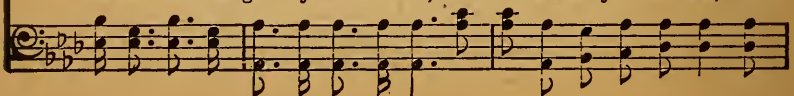
CHORUS.



Open your heart to Heaven and the glo-ry will come in, Open your heart to



Heaven and the glo-ry will come in; Tell Je-sus all your tri-als, He'll



The New Glory Song.

save you from your sin, O-pen your heart to Heaven and the glo-ry will come in.

No. 107. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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Chas. H. Scott.

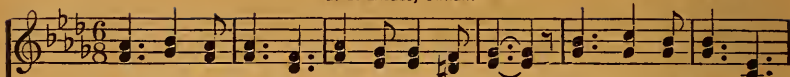
1. O-pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O-pen my ears, that I may hear Voi-ces of truth Thou sendest clear;
3. O-pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad-ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev-'ry-thing false will dis-ap-pear.
O-pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.

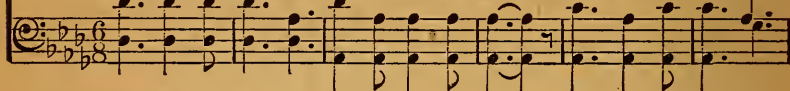
CHORUS.

Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy will to see;

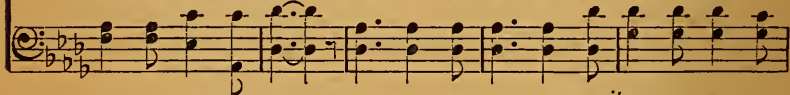
O-pen my { eyes, } il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine!
 { ears, }
 { heart, }



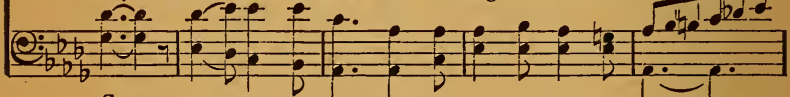
1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meekness,
2. More like the Mas-ter, is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to



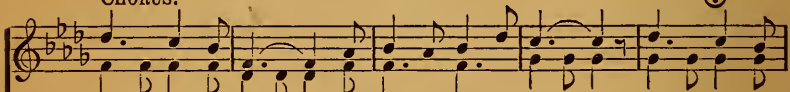
more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more courage to be
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His king-dom
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-



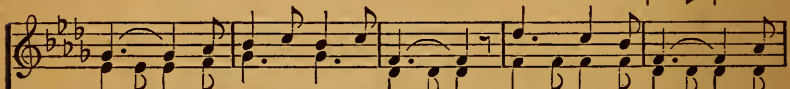
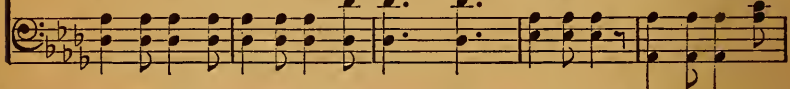
true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.



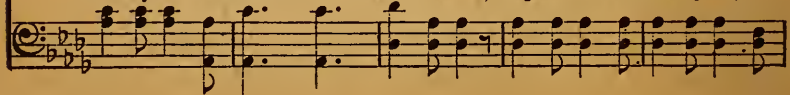
CHORUS.



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



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



More Like the Master.

Lord, I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
 Lord, I now implore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er - more.

No. 109.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

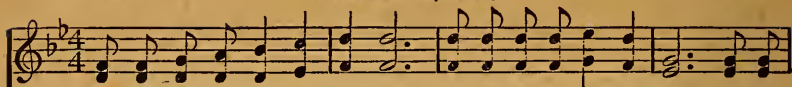
5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home;
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

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

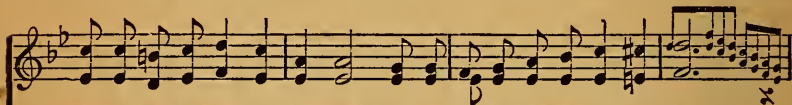
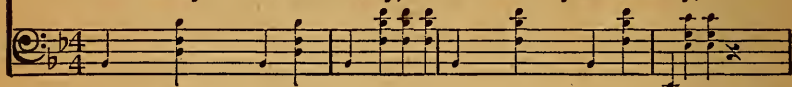
Jennie Ree.

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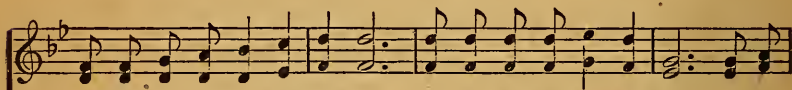
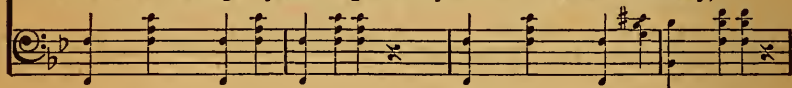
Chas. H. Gabriel.



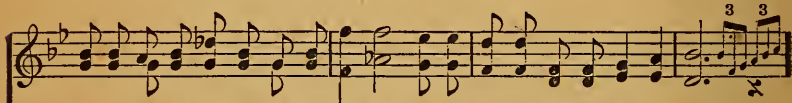
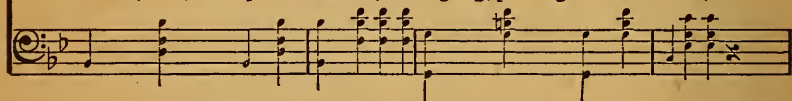
1. Onward, up the King's great highway, Upward to the promised land, We are
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we



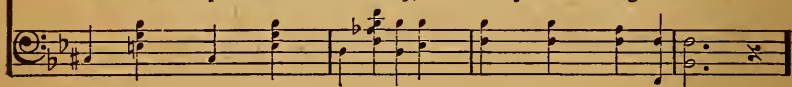
marching with a shout of triumph, For the Lord of hosts is in command;
know the sun is bright-ly shin - ing Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;



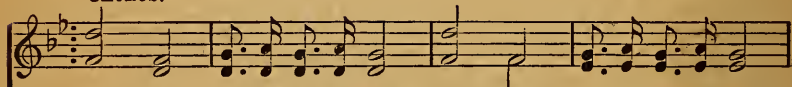
Stead-i - ly, our force in-creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no
Onward, then, and up-ward ev - er, Sing-ing, praising more and more, Till we



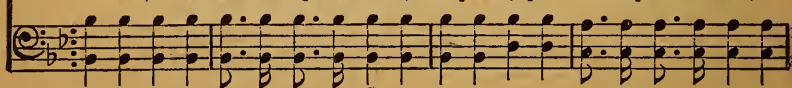
en-e-my shall hold the way be-fore us, Neither shall they frighten or destroy.
reach at last the promised land of beauty, And our days of marching all are o'er.



CHORUS.



On - ward at the King's command, Up - ward to the promised land,
Onward, onward at the King's command, and Upward, upward to the promised land, now



On The Great Highway.

Moves the mighty ar-my of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic-to-ry and

glo-ry o'er the King's highway; Then vic-to-ry and glo-ry o'er the King's highway.

No. 111.

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

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H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten-der-plead-ing; Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not de-ceive you,
 ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whispers to you,

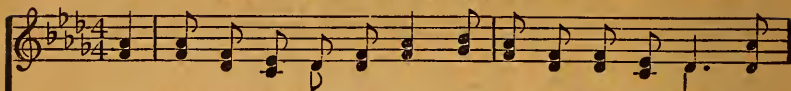
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 112. I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

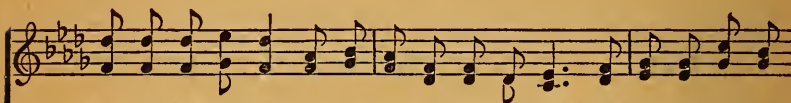
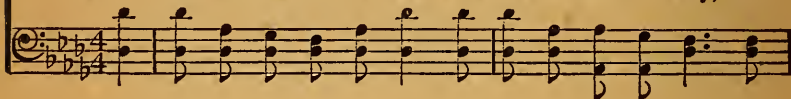
P. H. Dingman.

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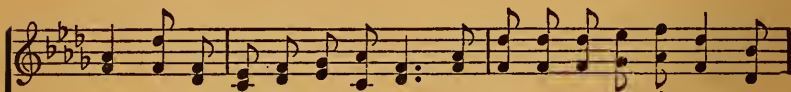
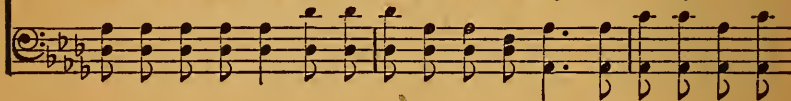
Jno. R. Sweney.



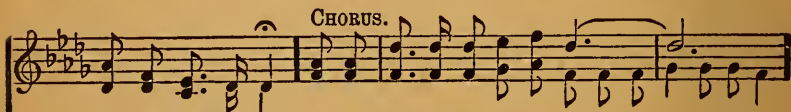
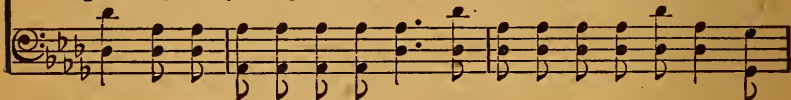
1. You ask what makes me hap - py, my heart so free from care, It
2. I was a friend-less wand'rer till Je - sus took me in; My
3. I wish that ev - 'ry sin - ner be - fore His throne would bow; He
4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay, And



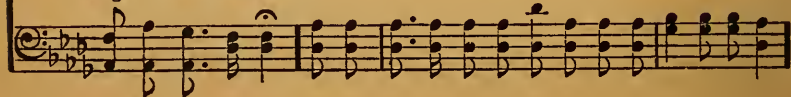
is be-cause my Sav-ior in mer-cy heard my prayer; He bro't me out of
life was full of sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood, so
wants to give them welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the
when His voice shall call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we



dark-ness, and now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov-ing Sav-ior! to
pre-cious, spoke par-don to my soul, Oh, bliss-ful, bliss-ful moment! 'twas
rap-ture that in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and
gath-er, re-joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glo-ry, and



Him the praise shall be.
joy be-yond con-trol. I will shout His praise in glo-ry,
sing His praise with me. So will I, so will I,
sing for - ev - er - more.



I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in Heaven by and by; I will shout His praise in
 glo-ry, And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in Heaven by and by.
 So will I, so will I,

No. 113

A Mighty Fortress.

Martin Luther.

Martin Luther.

1. { A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
 Our help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 2. { Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
 We've not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
 3. { And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Doth ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He! Lord Sabaoth is His
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may
 great, And armed with cru-el hate; On earth is not his e-qual.
 name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
 kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The

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

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

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor

gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
 Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'The Fight is On.' It features two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be' are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and includes the lyrics 'for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!' with 'Vic - t'ry,' written below. The bass line is also present in both systems.

No. 115. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber.

H. F. Henry, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

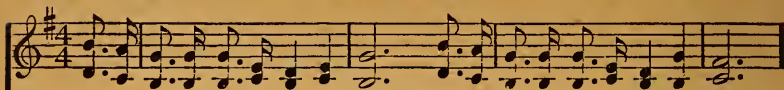
Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'Faith of Our Fathers!'. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The first system includes four numbered verses of lyrics. The second system features the lyrics 'O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word: How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee! And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free. And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.' The third system concludes with the lyrics 'Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.' The score includes both treble and bass staves with musical notation and lyrics.

No. 116. Can the Lord Depend on You?

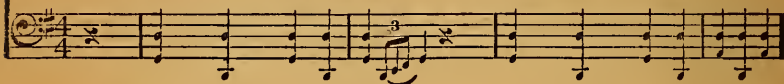
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ARTHUR S. MAGANN,
MADISON, WISCONSIN.

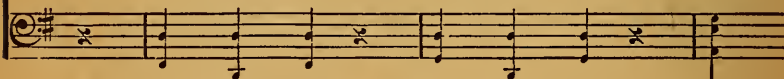
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



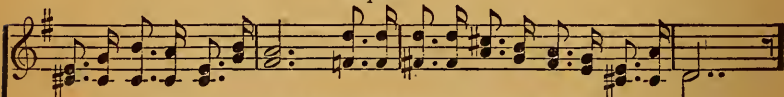
1. In the ar-my of the King of kings There's a call for soldiers brave and true,
2. In the service of the King of kings, Who will at the Master's bidding haste?
3. Loyal ev-er to the King of kings, On His business ev'ry day in-tent,
4. At the bidding of the King of kings, We'll as-sem-ble in the bye and bye,



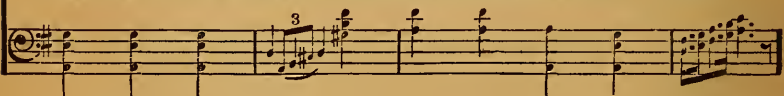
Her-alds of the gos-pel light, At the battle's front to fight; For this serv-ice
There is work that must be done Ere this world for Christ is won; For the want of
Numbered with the faithful few His am-bas-sa-dors are you, Cry-ing out to
With the o-ver-com-ers there Will you meet Him in the air, With the ransomed



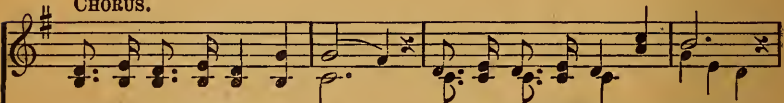
Emphatic.



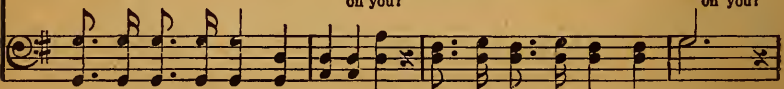
can the Captain count on you? For this service can the Captain count on you?
reapers golden harvests waste, For the want of reapers golden harvests waste.
sinners ev'rywhere, "Repent!" Cry-ing out to sinners ev'rywhere, "Repent!"
reign in glo-ry up on high? With the ransomed reign in glory up on high?



CHORUS.



Can the Lord depend on you? Can the Lord de-pend on you?
on you? on you?



Can the Lord Depend on You?

Ev - 'ry ransomed pow'r en-gag-ing, To your trust be true; (be true;)

Can the Lord de-pend on you?(on you?) Can the Lord de-pend on you?(on you?)

rit.
In the might-y con - flict rag-ing, Can the Lord de-pend on you?

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes the lyrics 'Ev - 'ry ransomed pow'r en-gag-ing, To your trust be true; (be true;)'. The second system includes 'Can the Lord de-pend on you?(on you?) Can the Lord de-pend on you?(on you?)'. The third system includes 'In the might-y con - flict rag-ing, Can the Lord de-pend on you?' and is marked with a 'rit.' (ritardando) above the first measure.

No. 117.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
 3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

FINE. CHORUS. **D. S.**

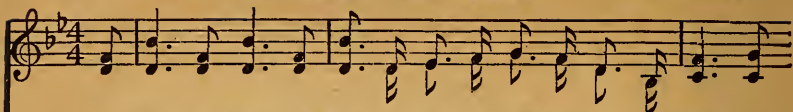
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
 deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
 bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

The musical score for 'Pass Me Not' is in a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The score includes four numbered verses of lyrics. The chorus is marked with 'FINE. CHORUS.' and 'D. S.' (Da Capo). The piano accompaniment includes various chordal textures and melodic lines.

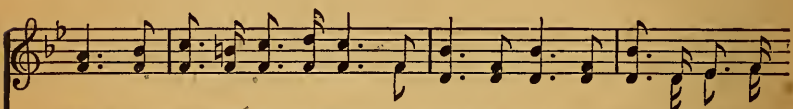
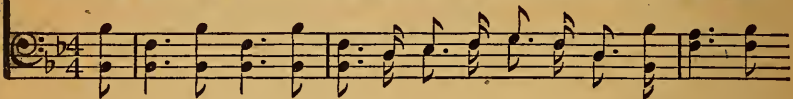
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY

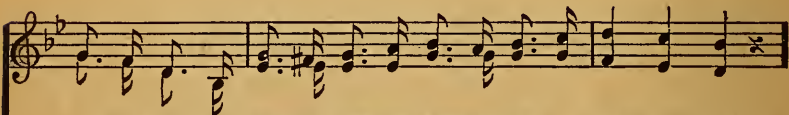
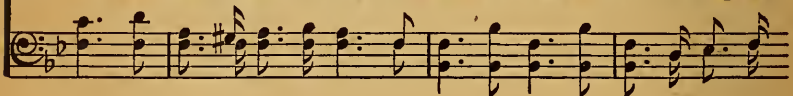
John R. Sweney.



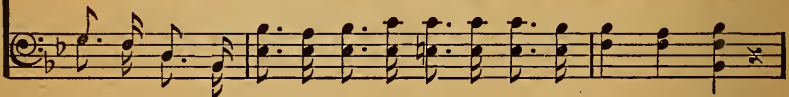
1. A - wakel a - wakel the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - risel a -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To save the
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When all shall



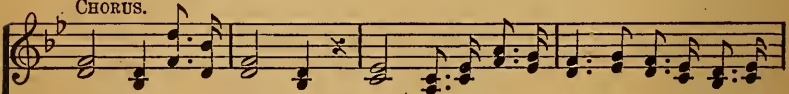
risel and, trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro - claim the year of
comes a - cross the ocean's foam; Then hastel oh, haste to spread the words of
lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail, shall hail the Sav - ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in



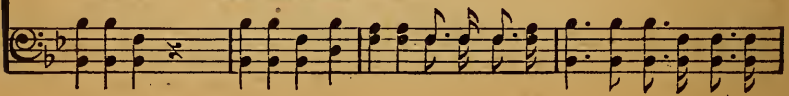
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of Christ 'our Lord.
truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring.



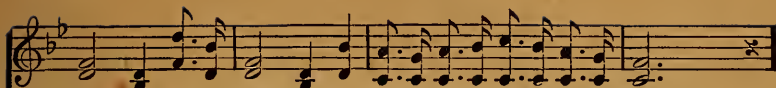
CHORUS.



On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shin - ing o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, on,

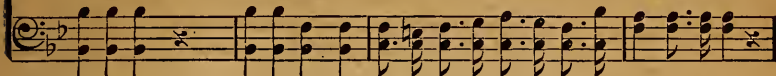


Awake! Awake!

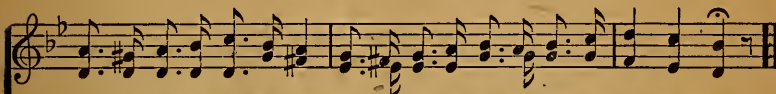
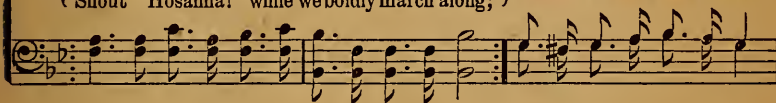


On, on, while be-fore us Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.

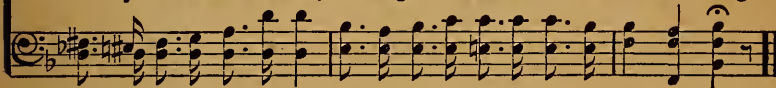
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way.



{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng, } Faithful soldiers here below,
 { Shout "Hosanna!" while we boldly march along; }



On - ly Je-sus will we know; Shouting "Free salvation!" o'er the world we go.

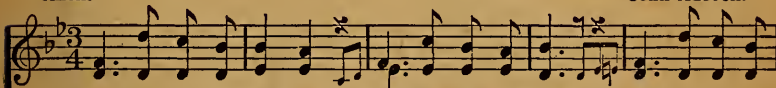


No. 119.

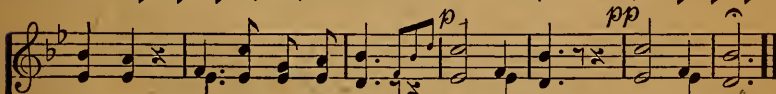
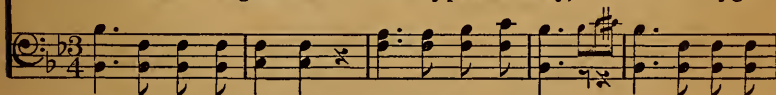
Hear Our Prayer.

Anon.

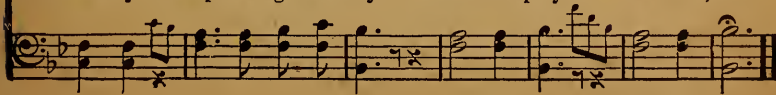
John Adcock.



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



fee-ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer!	Hear our prayer!	Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho-ly will.	Hear our prayer!	Fa-ther, hear!
mer-cy Keep us night and day.	Hear our prayer!	Fa-ther, hear!

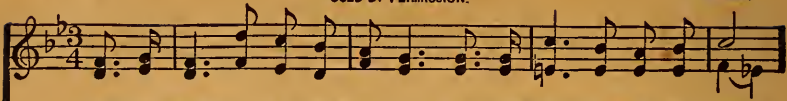


No. 120. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

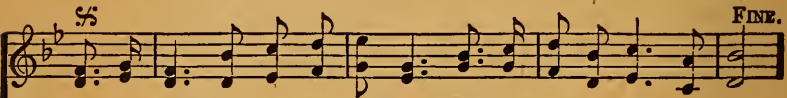
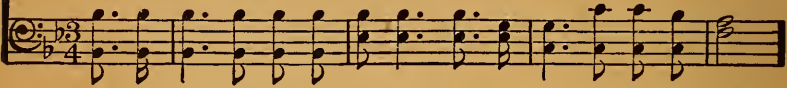
P. P. B.

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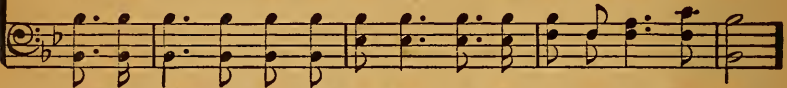
P. P. Bliss.



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



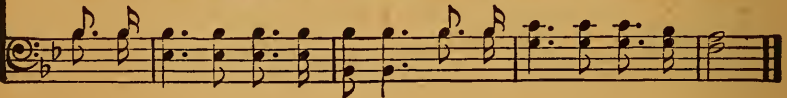
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.



D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.



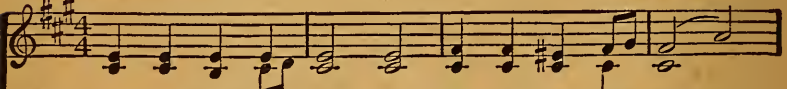
Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



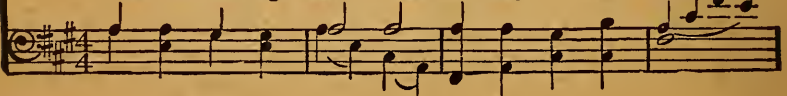
No. 121. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise



Now the Day is Over.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eye - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 122.

Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
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C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
 2. You have wan-dered 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 your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, 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 Jesus now?
 Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

No. 123.

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
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C. R. Dunbar.

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

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

D. C. Chorus.

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

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

No. 124.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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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

"Almost Persuaded."

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

No. 125. God Will Take Care of You.

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

C. D. Martin.

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

W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
 3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
 4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-

CHORUS.

love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
 be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 on His breast, God will take care of you.

O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
 take care of you.

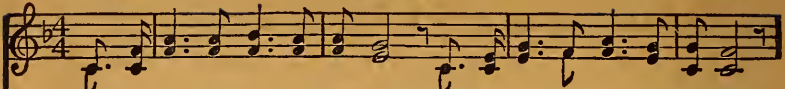
No. 126.

Where He Leads Me.

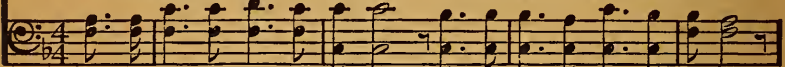
E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY J. B. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

J. S. Norris.

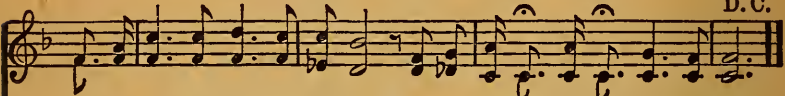


- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, | I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, |
| 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, | I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, |
| 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, | I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, |
| 4. He will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

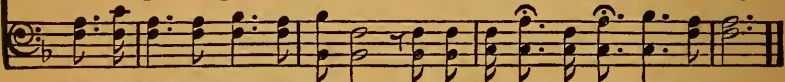


D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C.



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



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

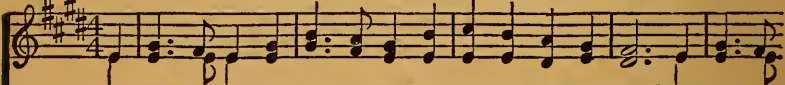
No. 127.

At the Cross.

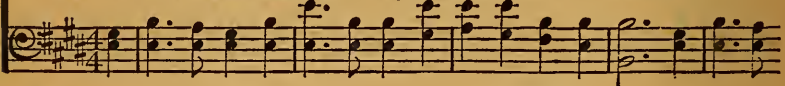
Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

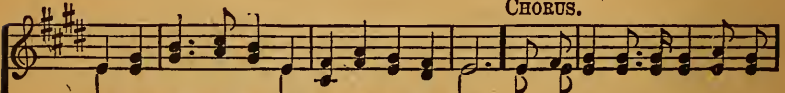
R. E. Hudson.



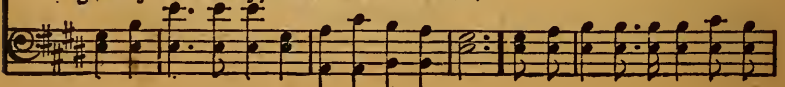
1. A - las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief canne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I



CHORUS.



vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!



At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was
there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

No. 128.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a-larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed away in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

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

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

The musical score for 'I Love Him' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D. S.' (Da Capo).

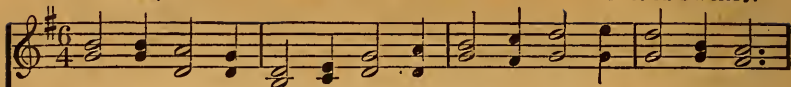
No. 129.

Fill Me Now.

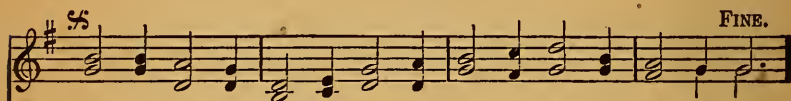
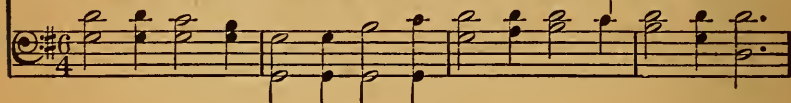
E. R. Stokes, D. D.

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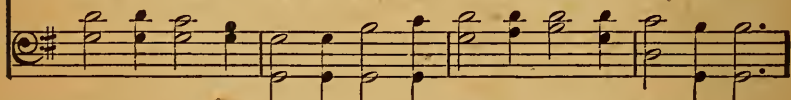
Jno. R. Sweney.



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

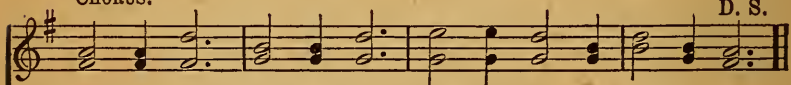


Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill - me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow' and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

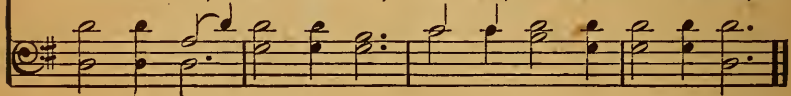


D. S.—Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now.

CHORUS.



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



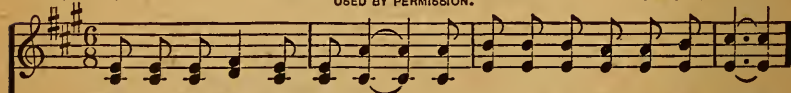
No. 130.

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

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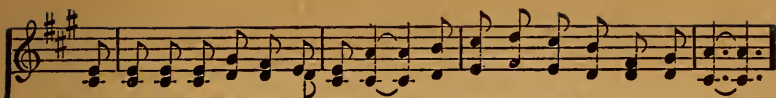
Geo. F. Root.



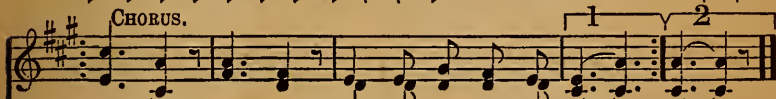
1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er?— The har - vest is pass - ing a - way,



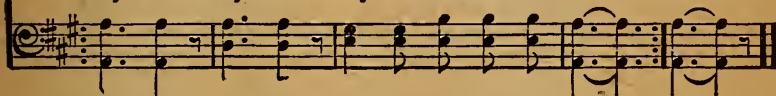
Why Do You Wait



Your Sav-ior is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not accept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
 Your Sav-ior is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.



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

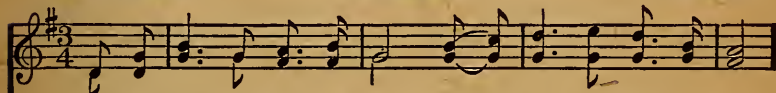


No. 131. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

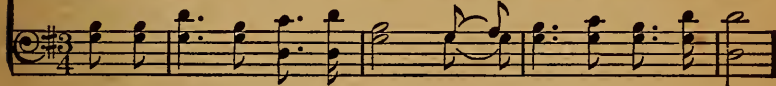
Wm. McDonald.

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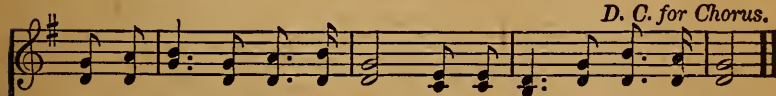
W. G. Fischer.



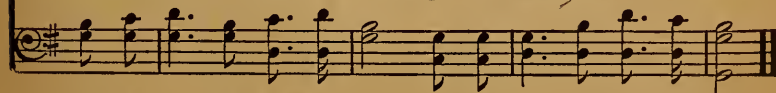
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;



CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



D. C. for Chorus.
 I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, — "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more,



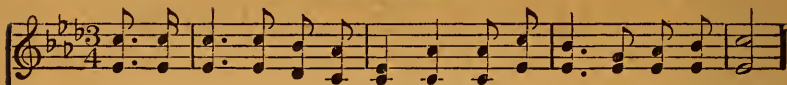
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 132. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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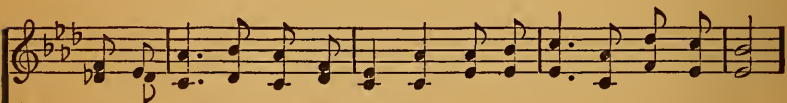
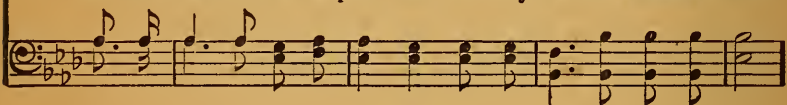
Robert Lowry.



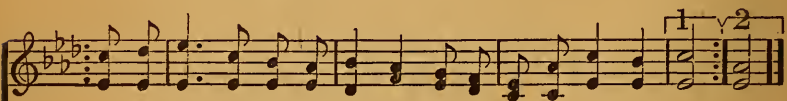
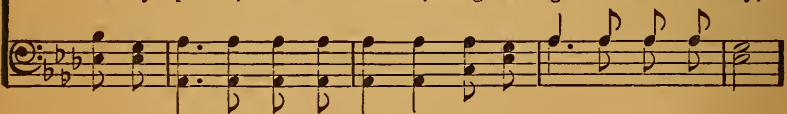
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



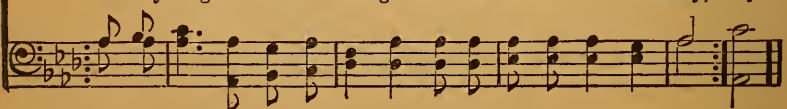
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



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



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



Children's Songs

No. 133.

Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won - der - ful
2. An - gels de - scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant - ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Sav - ior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won - der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav - ior of all; I will love Thee for - ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

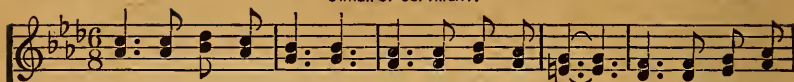
an - gels were watching that morn. } Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
shepherds on Beth - le - hem's plain. } Put with the poor He slumbered se - cure, The
me make Thy bed in a stall.

No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

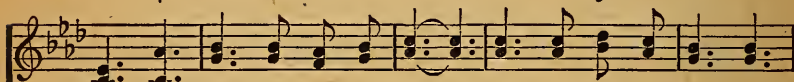
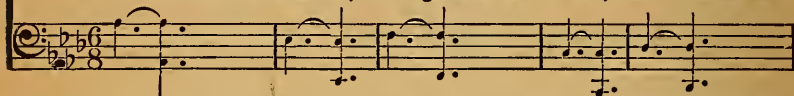
H. R. P.

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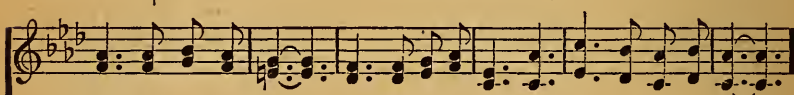
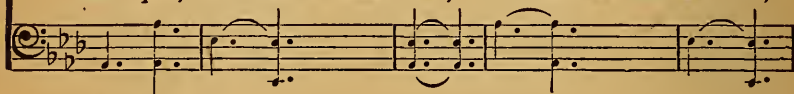
Dr. H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com - pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will



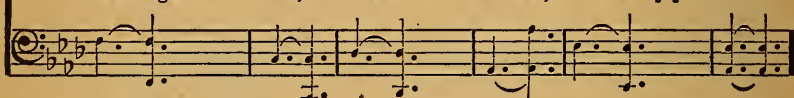
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,



Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.

Kind - heart - ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.

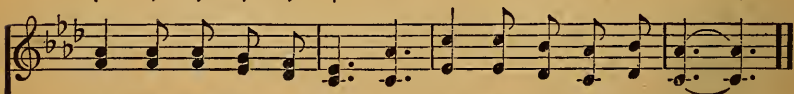
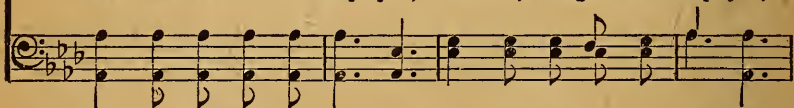
Our strength will re - new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.



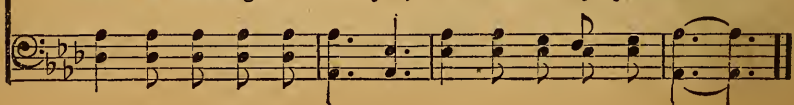
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;



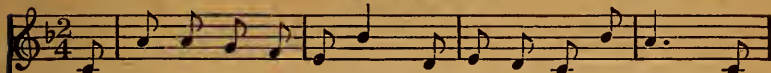
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.




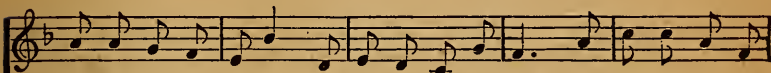
Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

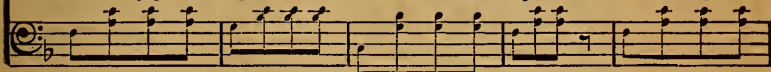
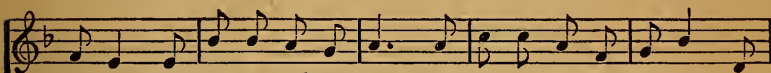
Chas. H. Gabriel.



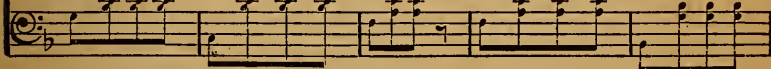
1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go, The
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of Heav-en from our sight, And
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sunbeams day by day, And

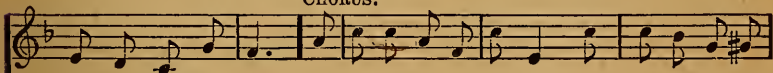
most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
scat-ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's


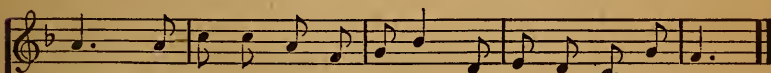
sun-beams Of love and hope and cheer, To brighten up the shadows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers, Of



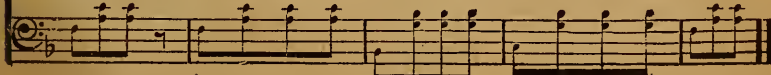
CHORUS.



oft - en gath - er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.

man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

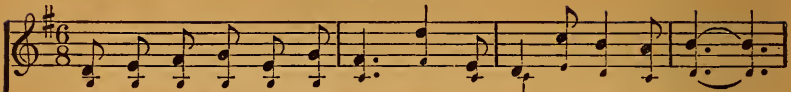


To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

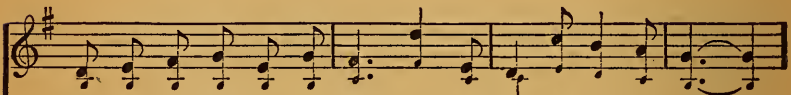
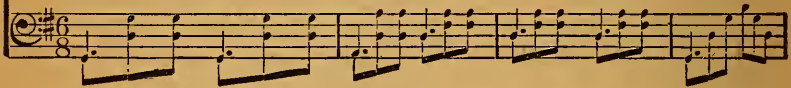
Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

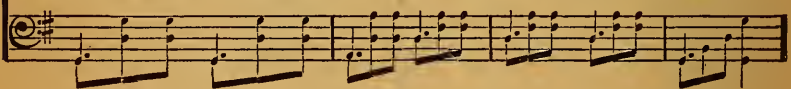
E. O. Excell.



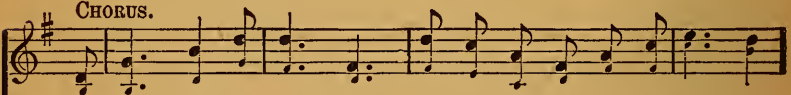
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



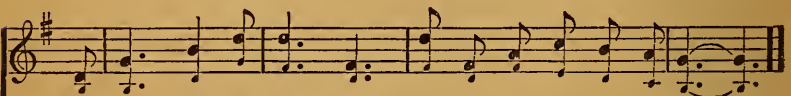
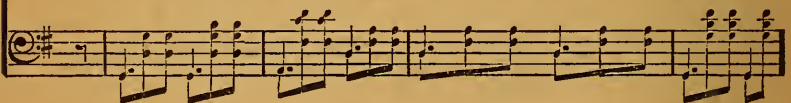
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
 Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
 Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
 Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



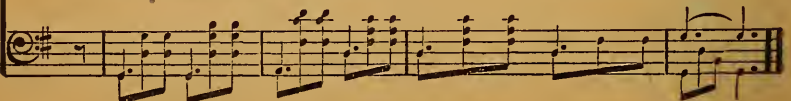
CHORUS.

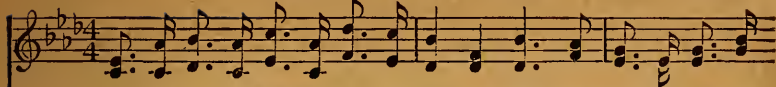


A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

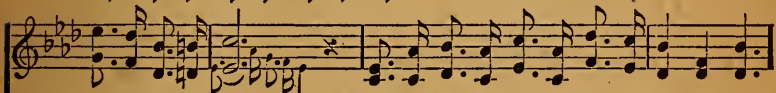


A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

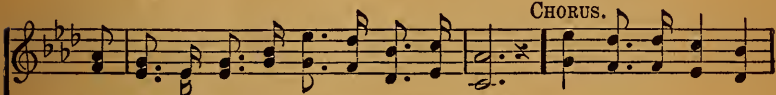
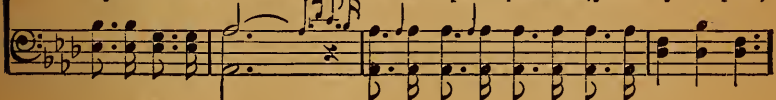




1. Had we on - ly sun - shine all the year a - round, With - out the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun - shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

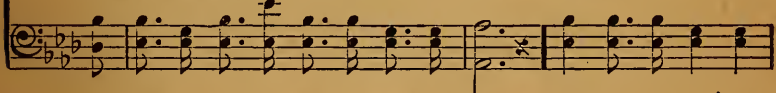


of re - fresh - ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the fallow ground,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de - ny the pain,

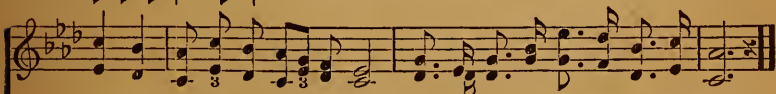
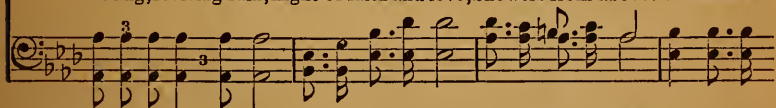


CHORUS.

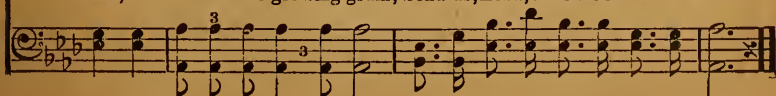
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain, re -
Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and



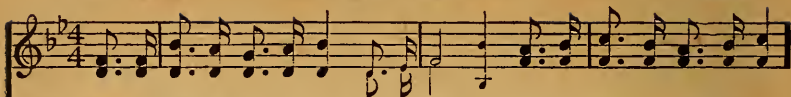
rain, to nour - ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.



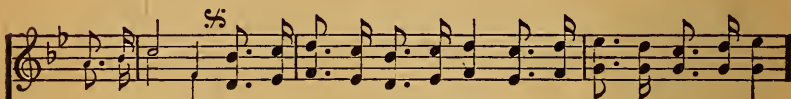
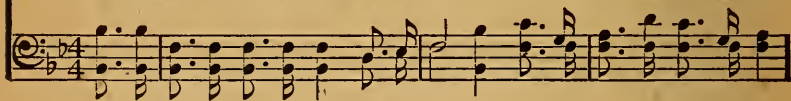
Adam Craik.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

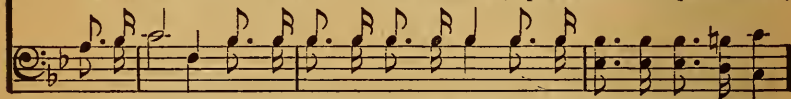
Chas. H. Gabriel.



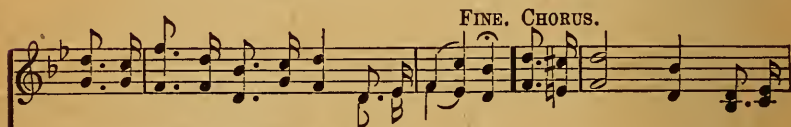
1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Je-sus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

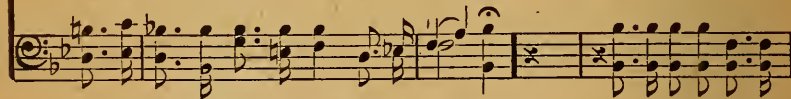


D. S.—On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-mand-er say,



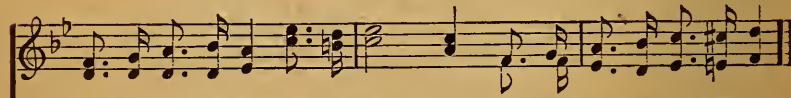
FINE. CHORUS.

Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!



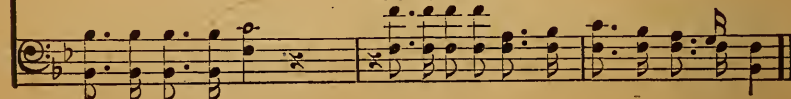
"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.



God and nev - er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;

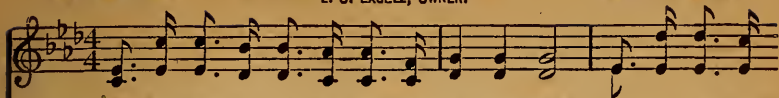
Be a he-ro!



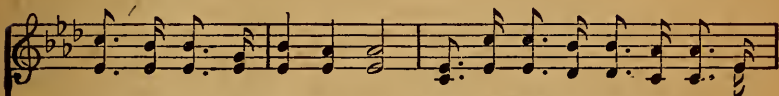
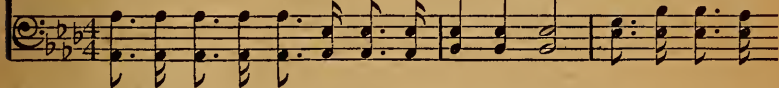
Ada Blenkhorn.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

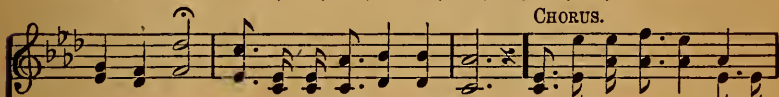
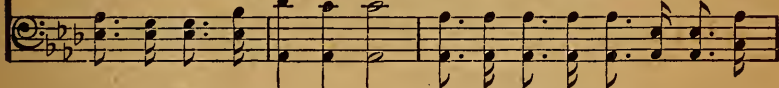
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joicing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of

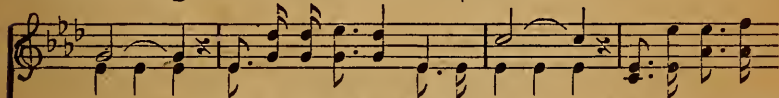
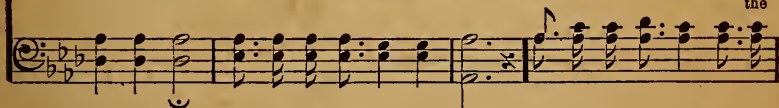


out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen

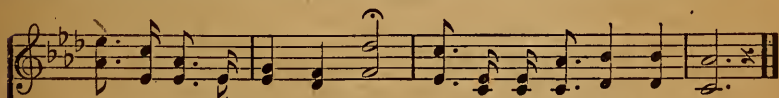
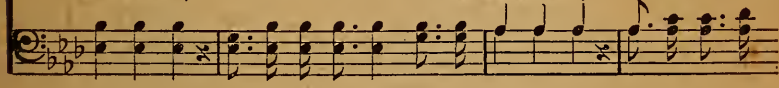


CHORUS.

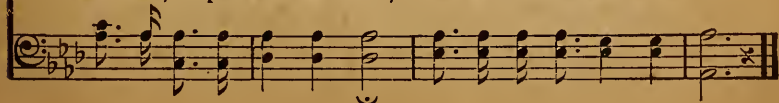
wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine



in, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; Clear the dark-ened
sun - shine in, the sun-shine in;



win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun - shine in.

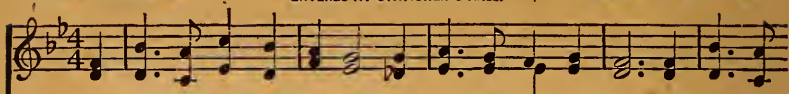


No. 140. It's Just Like His Great Love.

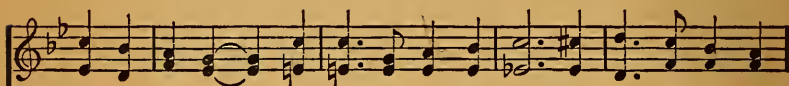
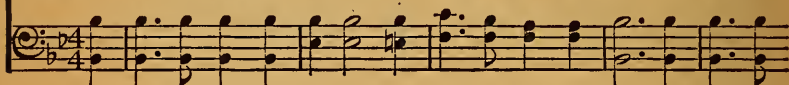
Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

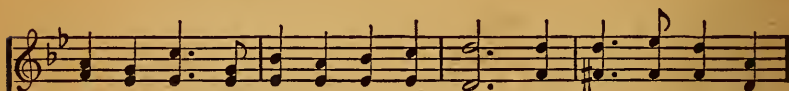
Clarence B. Strouse.



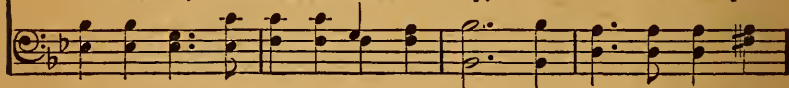
1. A Friend I have called Je-sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His



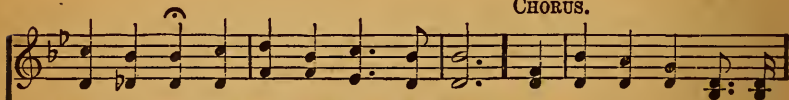
falls how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a - gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His won - drous love; But He, from Heav - en's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and



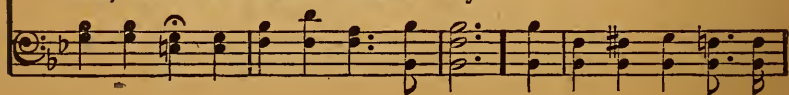
love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers



CHORUS.



guilt to Him, The sin - clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be - tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers Like sun - shine aft - er rain.
"Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.



It's Just Like His Great Love.

roll the clouds a - way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,

The first system of music for 'It's Just Like His Great Love.' It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'roll the clouds a - way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,'

It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.

The second system of music for 'It's Just Like His Great Love.' It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.'

No. 141.

Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

The first system of music for 'Jesus Loves Me.' It consists of a single treble staff in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en'sgate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

The second system of music for 'Jesus Loves Me.' It consists of a single bass staff in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The accompaniment is in the bass staff.

The third system of music for 'Jesus Loves Me.' It consists of a single treble staff in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff.

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

The fourth system of music for 'Jesus Loves Me.' It consists of a single bass staff in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The accompaniment is in the bass staff.

CHORUS.

The fifth system of music for 'Jesus Loves Me.' It consists of a single treble staff in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

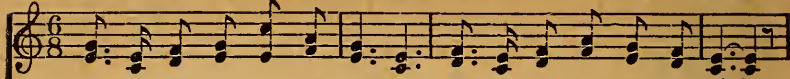
The sixth system of music for 'Jesus Loves Me.' It consists of a single bass staff in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The accompaniment is in the bass staff.

No. 142. Open the Door for the Children.

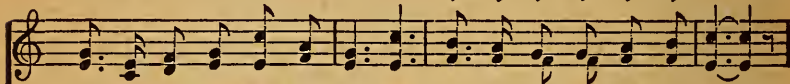
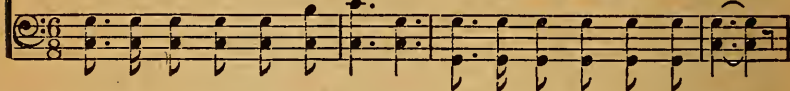
Mary E. Kidder.

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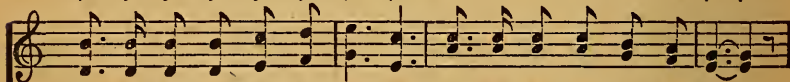
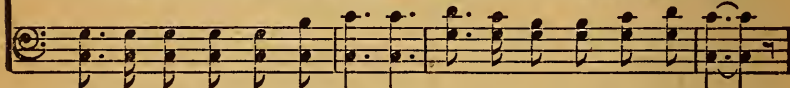
E. O. Excell.



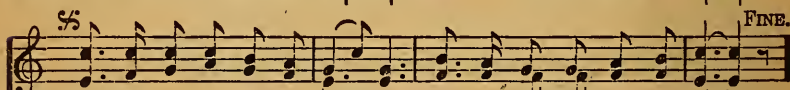
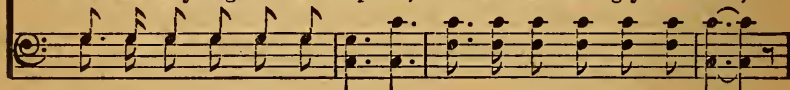
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;



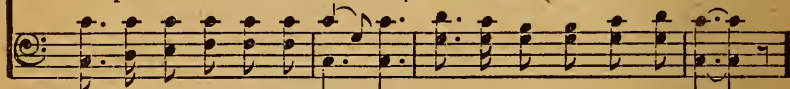
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac-es of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.



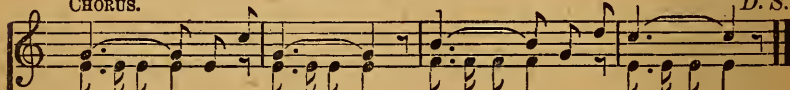
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
 Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
 Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;



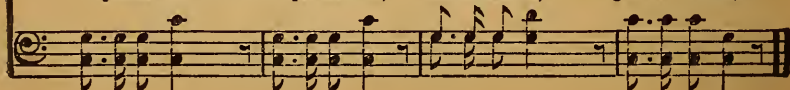
D. S. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.



CHORUS.



O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
 O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,



Solos, Duets and Quartets

No. 143. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

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MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, and a quarter note F2. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and rests.

1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, and a quarter note F2. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and rests.

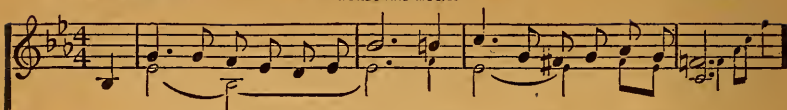
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, and a quarter note F2. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and rests.

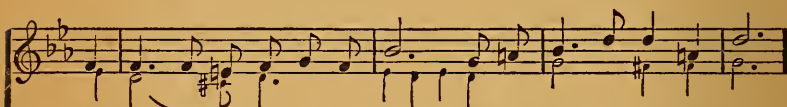
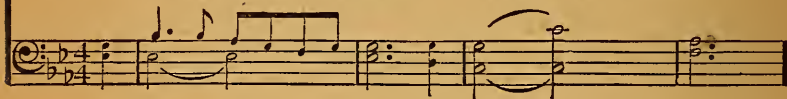
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

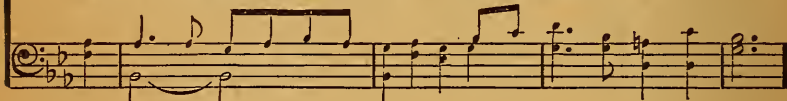
B. D. Ackley.



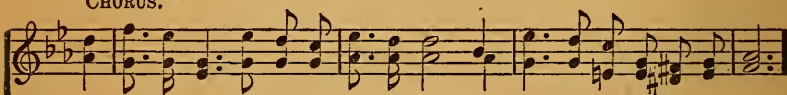
1. When mourning oft your load of guilt, When free from sin you long to be,
2. A bro-ken heart for sac-ri - fice, Bring to the Lord, whose grace is free;
3. His sav - ing pow - er you shall know, Who waits for you so pa-tient-ly;



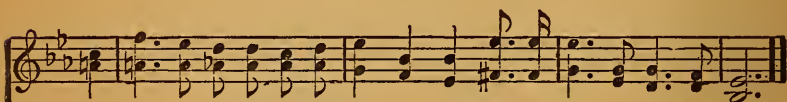
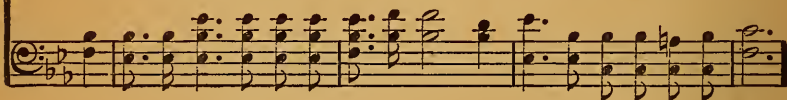
Just rest your soul on Je - sus' love— Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!
 His blood can cleanse each crimson stain; Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!
 Fear not to trust this Friend di - vine; Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!



CHORUS.



O won - der - ful, O glorious Cal - va - ry! O wondrous fountain, flowing free!

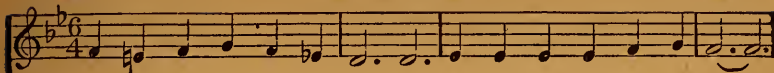


'Twill cleanse your heart from ev'ry stain of sin; Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!

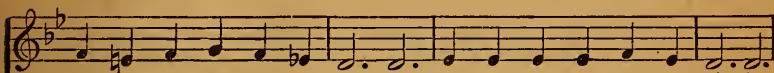
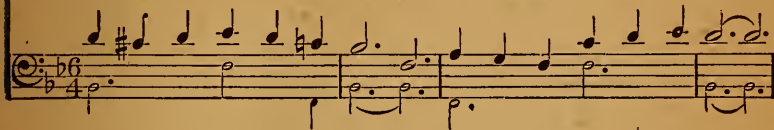


Fanny J. Crosby.

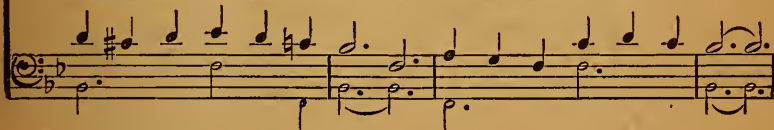
B. D. Ackley.



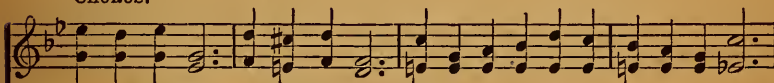
1. Whith-er - so - ev - er Thou go - est Let me Thy foot-steps at - tend;
2. O - ver the snow cov-ered moun-tain, Out on the wild des-ert track,
3. Tell - ing of hope to the friend-less, Cheer-ing the homes where they dwell;
4. Giv - ing re - lief to the stran-ger, Plod-ding his jour-ney a - lone;



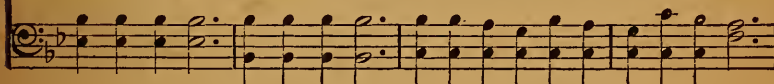
Je - sus, my won-der-ful Sav - ior, Lov - ing Re-deem - er and Friend.
 Seek - ing to res - cue the lost ones, Ten - der - ly call - ing them back.
 Go - ing with light and sal - va - tion In - to the dark pris - on cell.
 Shar - ing the tri - als of oth - ers, Pa - tient - ly bear - ing my own.



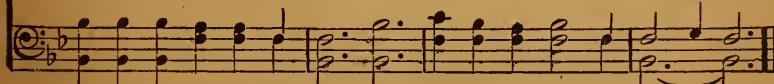
CHORUS.



There would I be, there would I be, Thou who hast labored and sorrowed for me;



Whith-er - so - ev - er Thou go - est, There will I fol - low Thee. . .
 fol - low Thee.



S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-ered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .

I am sure that He loves e-ven me; And His love is so

sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

James Rowc.

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8va.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Some-where, be-yond the hills of life, And all the bounds of sin and
2. Some-where, the an - gels sing His praise, And throngs their glad ho-san-nas
3. Some-where, my life so sweet and fair, His glo - ry I shall al - ways

strife; Where gates are pearl and streets are gold, My
raise; The hands once nailed to Cal - v'ry's tree Will
share; And there with Him and all the blest, For-
sin and strife;

CHORUS.

Sav - ior I shall then be - hold.
be out-stretched to welcome me. Some-where, I know that I shall see,—
ev - er-more my soul shall rest.

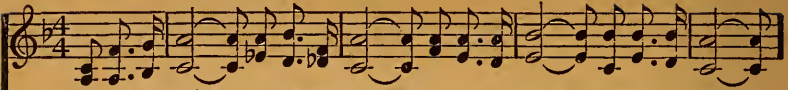
Je - sus,— who gave His life for me; Some-where, when He will

call me, I will go To Him, be - cause He loves me so.

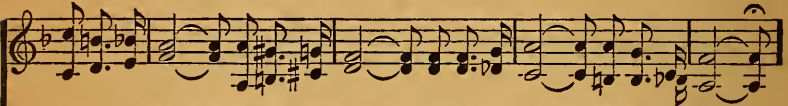
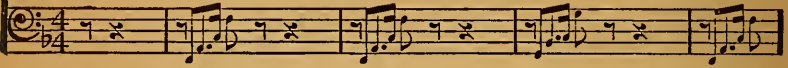
Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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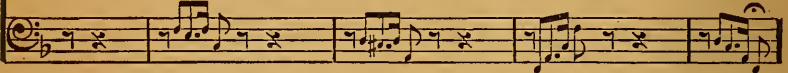
C. M. Davis.



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



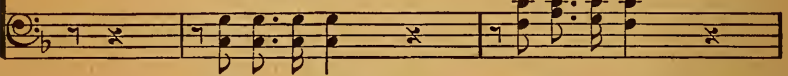
And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic-to-ry.



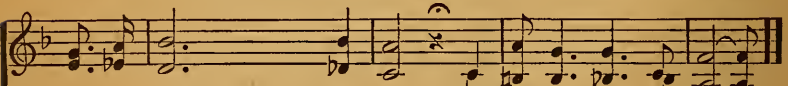
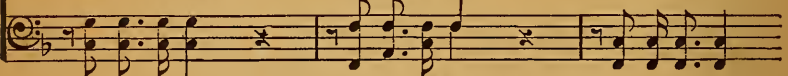
REFRAIN.



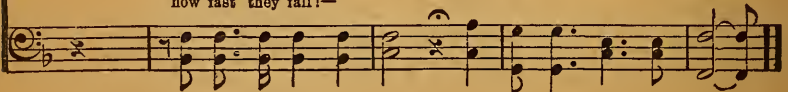
He knows it all, . . . He knows it all, . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,



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



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



No. 149.

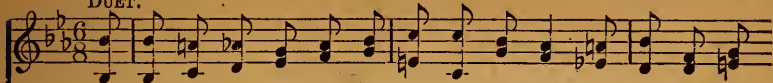
Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks.

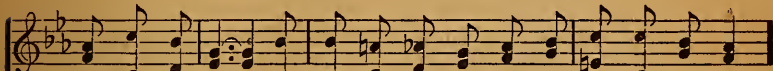
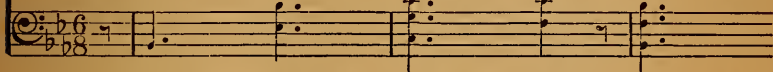
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Louis D. Eichhorn.

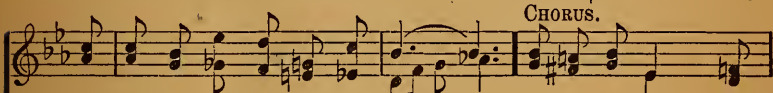
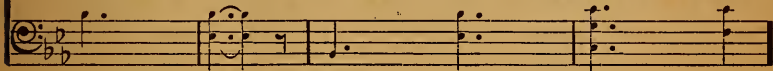
DUET.



1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der-ly
2. For with you the Spir-it, will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

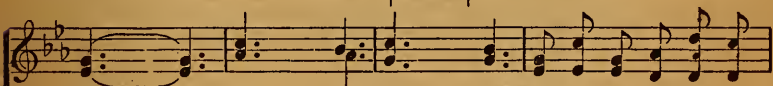
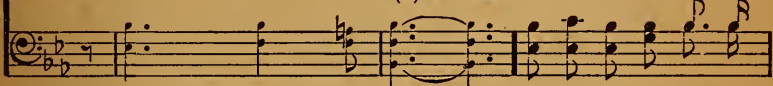


plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-den-ed heart
ject Him to - night! To - mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro-ject you, His Spir - it shall guide,

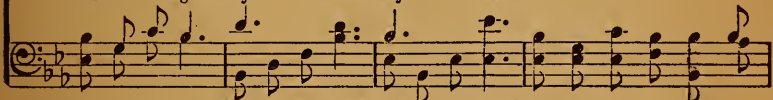


CHORUS.

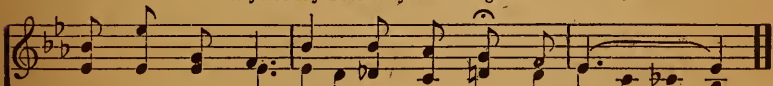
For par-don so full and so free. . . .
Un - bro - ken by heav-en - ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . Why not say Yes to the
(1) so free.



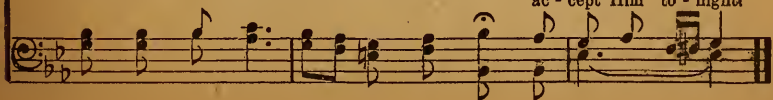
night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen-tly, so
Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!



Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?



ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept . Him to - night!
ac - cept Him to - night



No. 150. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O

> ad lib.

clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.
 love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
 e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
 faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 151.

His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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Fred H. Byshe.

Introduction.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace, flowing boundless and free,
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words, "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;

But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
 So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
 So my sin - blind - ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
 So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .

CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;

Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

Introduction.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so pre-cious to me;
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wan - d'ring a - far from the foild;
 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 bur-den lay down;

His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is Heav-en to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures un-told.
 His Spir - it, to guide and to com - fort, 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 or QUARTET.

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

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

No. 153. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
 2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
 3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
 That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
 Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .

SOLO.

I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Kne-e-ling at Thy feet, I
 In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
 Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry

CHORUS or QUARTET.

pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
 giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
 near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .

world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.

No. 154.

Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

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 de-scent from His throne di-vine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed-ing, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such

grace that so full-y He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, 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.

rit.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
 won-der-ful

die for me! Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to mel
 won-der-ful

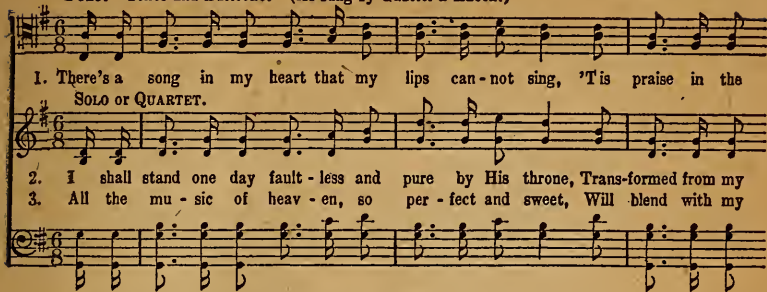
No. 155. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)



1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed 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 mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,
im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,

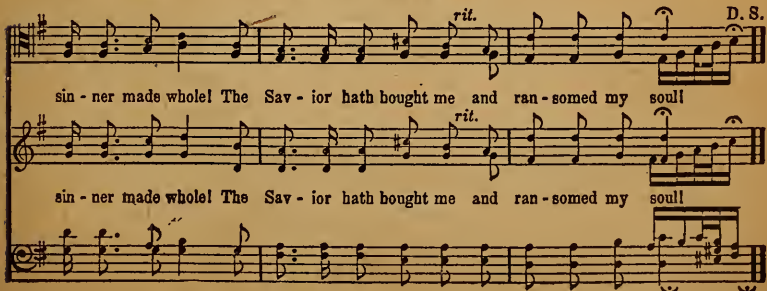


FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

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



sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul

Alfred H. Ackley.

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

B. D. Ackley.

Introduction.

The introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays chords in a 6/4 time signature, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat).

Legato.

The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in a legato style, following the piano accompaniment.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil - lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
3. Wound - ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, supporting the vocal melody.

The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase, including a fermata over the final note.

Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth - er's ca - ress, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, supporting the vocal melody.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

The chorus or quartet section consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand plays a bass line. The melody is repeated in the right hand.

Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows When I am tempt - ed and tried by my foes;

The final part of the chorus or quartet section consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand plays a bass line. The melody is repeated in the right hand.

He is the One who will keep me - Some - bod - y knows - 'tis Je - sus.

No. 157. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

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

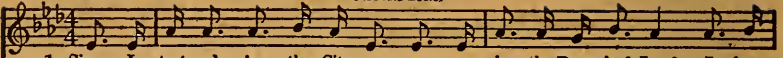
CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

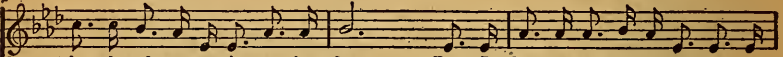
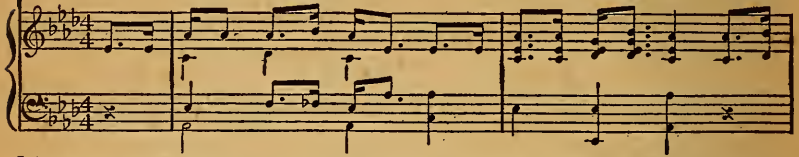
Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

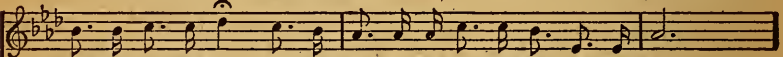
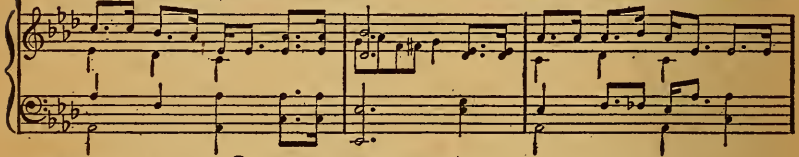
E. O. Excell.



1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Prom-ised Land, I have
2. There are man - y snares and pit - falls all a - long the pil - grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of dark-ness gath-er and the sun-shine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with its cold and chill - ing tide, Je - sus



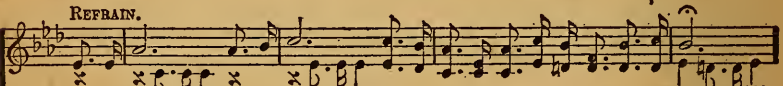
tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed by a
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row, grace-ful
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray; And the bless-ed light of Heav-en o - ver
will be there, my Help-er and my Stay. I will sail a-way triumphant, land my



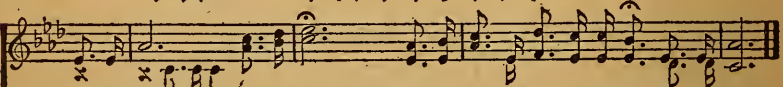
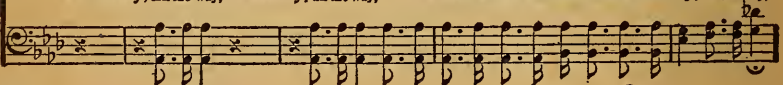
strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
fi - cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
all my path is spread, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.



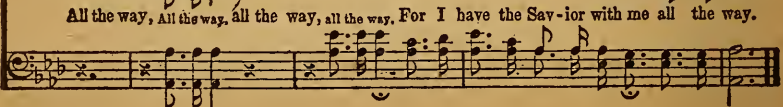
REFRAIN.



All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way; all the way.



All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.



T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the
 2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner
 3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry, — O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are
 4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He

poor is He, No pil-low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In
 hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Eids
 plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His
 re a p-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To

crowds about Him press, — To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief, — What manner of man is this?
 winds and bil-lows cease, — None other man such works hath done, — What manner of man is this?
 Spir - it finds re-lease, — He suf-ered thus for you and me, — What manner of man is this?
 com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight, — What manner of man is this?

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed

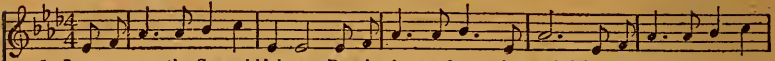
Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry. Introduction. rit. dim.

No. 160. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

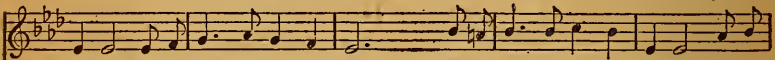
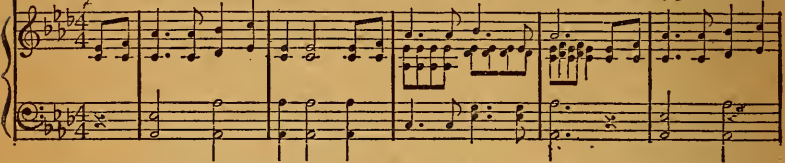
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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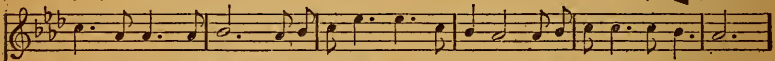
E. O. Excell.



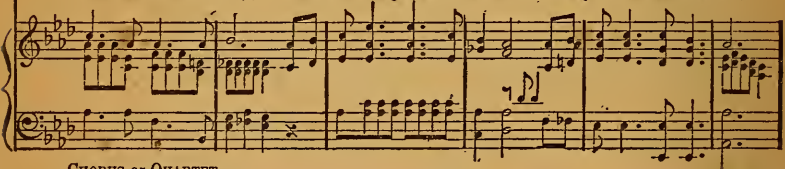
1. I am on the Gos-pel highway, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free; Tho' the way may be called
3. Man-y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-



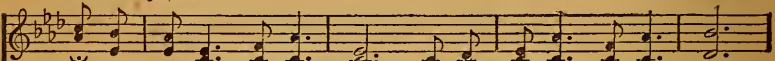
main-eth In the home-land of the soul:	Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a
nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;	It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for
mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;	On this road they fought their battles, Shouting
light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;	When the storms of life are o-ver, And the



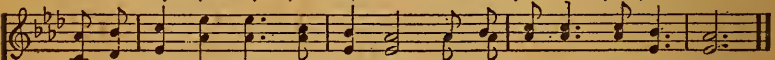
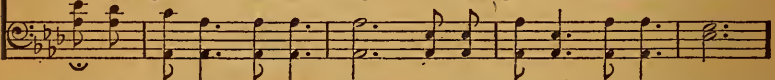
mo-ment to de-lay;	I am go-ing home to glo-ry	In the good old-fashioned way.
Da-vid in his day;	I am glad that I can fol-low	In the good old-fashioned way.
vic-t'ry day by day;	I shall o-ver-come and join them	In the good old-fashioned way.
clouds have rolled a-way,	I shall find the gates of Heav-en	In the good old-fashioned way.



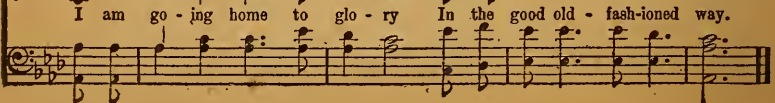
CHORUS or QUARTET.



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.



No. 161. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams.

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E, O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlie D. Tillman,

Introduction.

DUET or SOLO.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un-grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol-ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the

years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
done; The work be - gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
Rock; A - mid the wild - est storm prayer stands un - daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the.

vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de -
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an - swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in - cense burn - ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud - est thun - der shock; She knows Om - nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be

rit. ad lib.

sire, some - time, some - where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some - where.
you, some - time, some - where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some - where.
see, some - time, some - where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some - where.
done, some - time, some - where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some - where."

Lizzie DeArmond.

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

Samuel W. Beazley.

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

white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is
read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath - ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re -
har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro - phies to share. Let no one be i - dly

call - ing, Has - ten! the shad - ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest - field, Gath - er the
ply - ing, La - bor with cour - age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the
dream - ing, Look! look! the har - vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
rest so near, Rest at home. Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng;
help - ing hand, Ere the night.

Forth with joy - ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste!

one and all; On where the har - vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 163. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
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Will L. Thompson.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Oh, tempter, de-part,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tem-pest still is high,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

can it be that a sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

pp Quartet.

come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.

No. 164. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins,

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'T is called "The sweet sto-ry of old;"
 2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
 3. He a-rose and as-cend-ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri-um-phant o'er death and hell;
 4. Oh, that won-der-ful sto-ry I love to re-peat, Of peace and good-will to men;

I hear it so oft-en, wher-ev-er I go That same old sto-ry is told;
 To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow-er of hell;
 He's pre-par-ing a place in that cit-y of gold, Where loved ones for-ev-er may dwell:
 There's no sto-ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a-gain and a-gain,

And I've tho't it was strange that so oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were new;
 That He was despised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view;
 Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
 He in-vites you to come—He will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage He send-eth to you,

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

That Old, Old Story is True.

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true;

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well, — That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 165. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. M. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

REFRAIN

Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art night. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

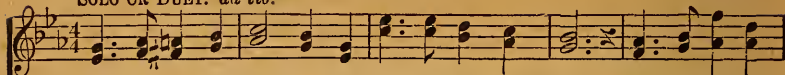
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 166. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

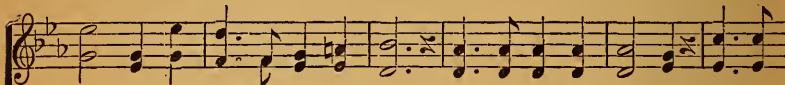
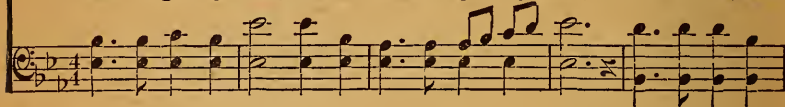
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USED BY PERMISSION.

W. L. T.
SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

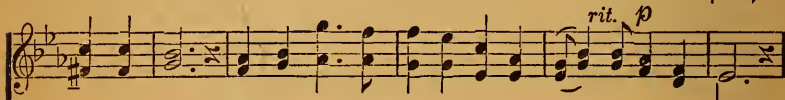
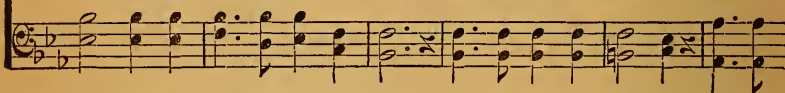
W. L. Thompson.



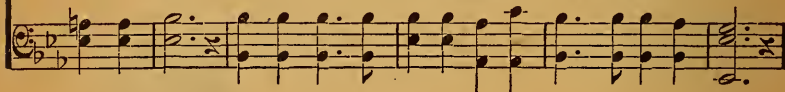
1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen- tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen- tly home, In life's dark-est



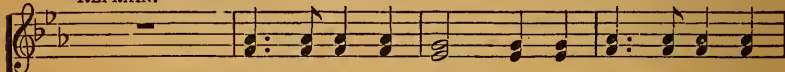
end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from



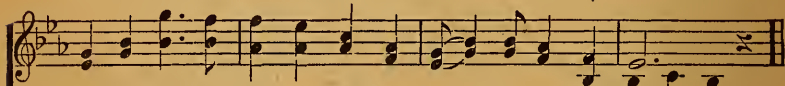
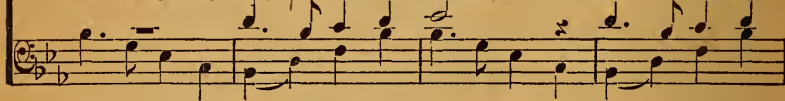
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.



REFRAIN.



Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,



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



No. 167.

No Evil Shall Befall Thee.

(PART-SONG FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.)

Arr. from "Eli"
by E. O. E.

The musical score is written for two staves, likely representing soprano and alto voices. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice, This night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice. Thy God saith they that fear Him Shall heart and soul re - joice; Then sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice; Then sleep, then sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice. . . ." Performance markings include "cres." (crescendo) above the notes "voice." and "re - joice;".

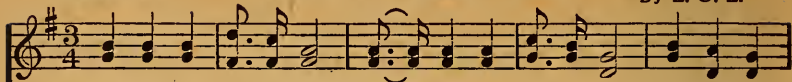
No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice, This
 night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small voice, In a still, small
 voice. Thy God saith they that fear Him Shall heart and soul re - joice; Then
 sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice; Then sleep, then
 sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice, In a still, small
 voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice. . . .

No. 168. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

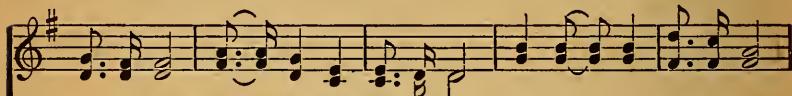
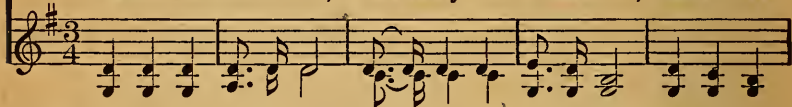
Phoebe Cary.

(PART-SONG FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.)

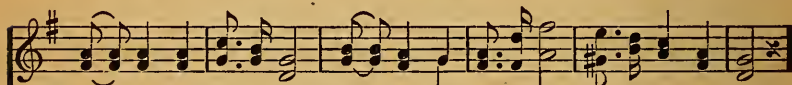
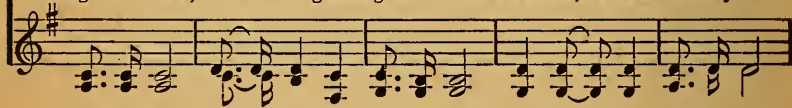
Arr. from Verdi
by E. O. E.



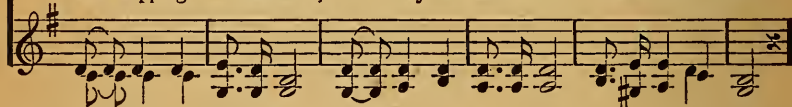
1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—I'm near-er
2. Near-er the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; Near-er leav-



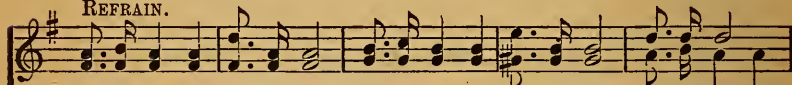
home to-day Than I've ev-er been be-fore. Near-er my Father's house,
ing the cross; Near-er gain-ing the crown. Fa-ther, be near when my feet



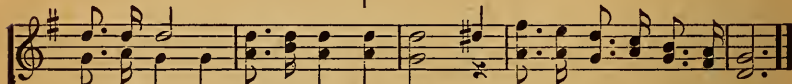
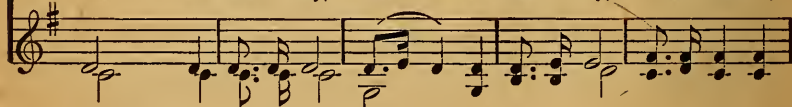
Where the man-y mansions be; Nearer the great white throne; Near'r the crystal sea.
Are slipping o'er the brink; For I may be nearer home—Nearer than I think!



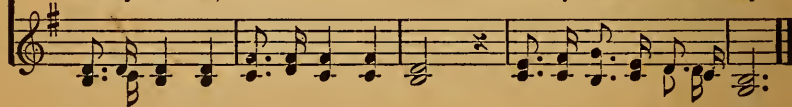
REFRAIN.



I am near-er home to-day, I am near-er home to-day, Near-er home,
Near-er home to-day, Near-er home to-day, I am near-er,



near-er home, Near-er home to-day, I'm one day near-er home to-day.
one day near-er, One day near-er home to-day.

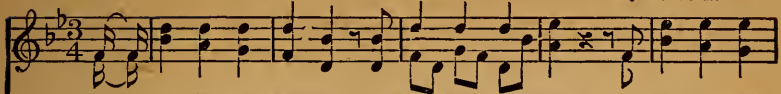


No. 169.

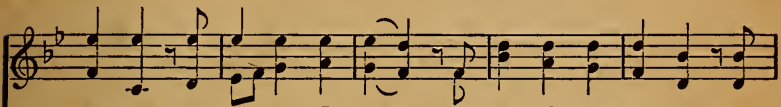
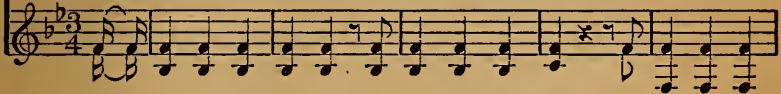
The Lord is My Shepherd.

Psalm 23.

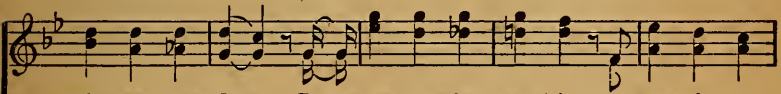
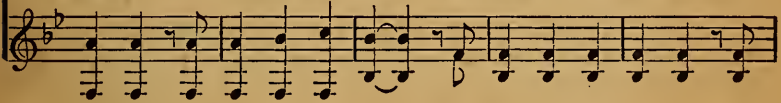
(PART-SONG FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.)

Arr. from Koschat
by E. O. E.

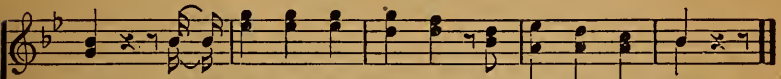
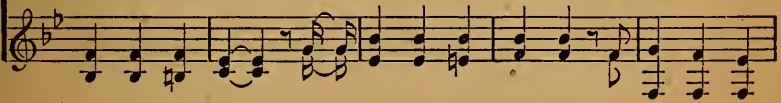
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my coun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



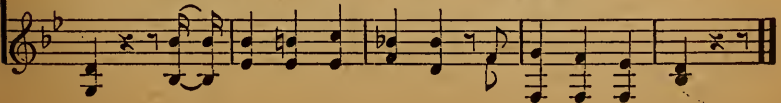
pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op -
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
 noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of



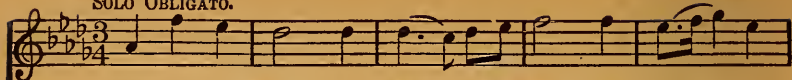
pressed; Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, redeems when op - pressed.
 near; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.



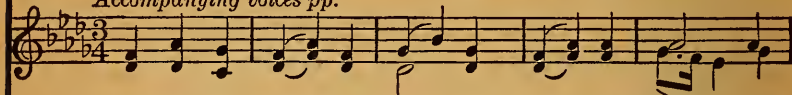
H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

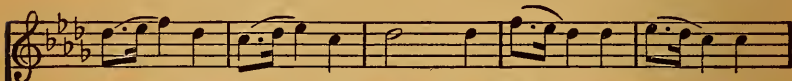
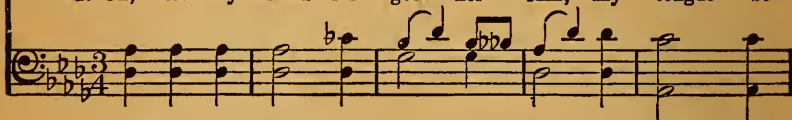
SOLO OBLIGATO.



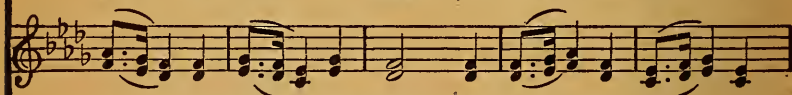
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

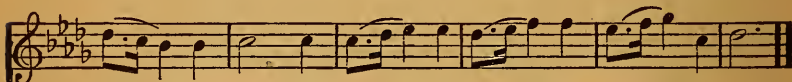
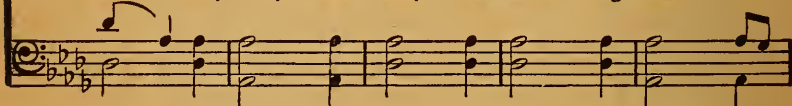
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



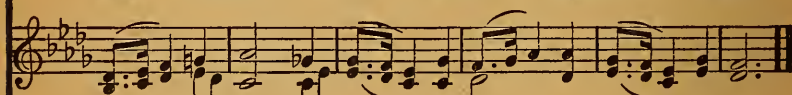
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-



fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-



sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.



faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat!



Chorus Choir Selections



No. 171. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(DIADEM.)

James Ellor.

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

And crown

prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
 from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cibe,
 feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown

And crown Him, crown Him,

. Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

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

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

Wake the song, wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee; . . .
 Wake the song, wake the song, of ju - bi - lee;

Wake the song, . . . wake the song, . . . wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee;
 Wake the song, wake the song,

Let it ech-o o'er the sea, . . . let it ech-o o'er the sea.
 Let it ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech-o o'er the sea.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,
 Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of
 BARITONE OBLIGATO.

of ju - bi - lee; Loud as might-y thun-ders roar,
 ju - bi - lee; . . . Loud as might - y thunders roar, when it

Wake the Song.

Wake the song of ju - bi - lee,
 breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore; Wake the song, Wake the

. . . of ju - bi - lee, let it ech - o
 song, Let it ech - o o'er the sea. See Je - ho - vah's

ban - ner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, now the kingdoms of this
 And now:

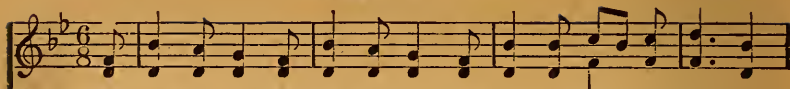
world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

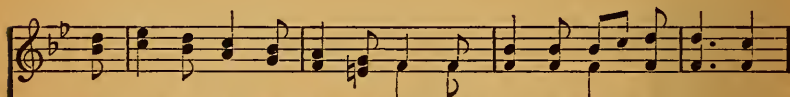
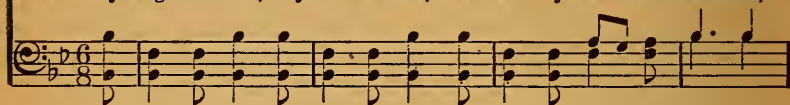
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

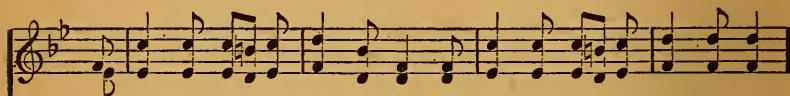
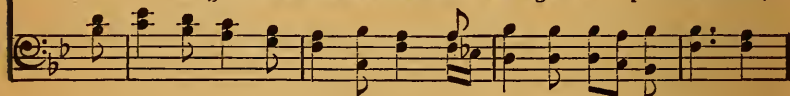
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



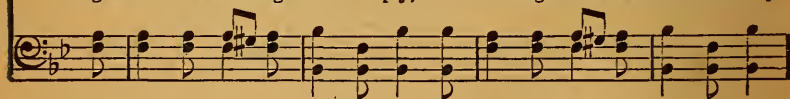
1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - risel the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;



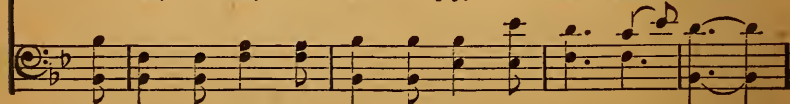
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
 Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
 And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;



He comes the pris - ner to re - lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
 That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre - pare:
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply; the morn - ing breaks! the watchmen cry!



He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
 God's king - dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
 "A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."



Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal - le - lu - jah!

Praise His name whom an - gels in glo - ry a - dore;

Hail, all hail the con - quer - ing Li - on of Ju - dahl

He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er - more;

Hail, all hail the con - quer - ing Li - on of Ju - dahl

He shall reign for - ev - er - more.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

INTRODUCTION.

rit.

1. At Cal - v'ry's cross I met a Friend,....
2. When I am help - less and a - lone,.....
3. And when the Light of Heav - en fills.....

Who touched my bro - ken heart, ...
'Tis then I seek this Guide; ..
My soul with fair - est day,....

My guilt - y soul re - vived, made whole,....
So true and kind I al - ways find.....
I know that He is with me still,.....

O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .

CHORUS.

O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - leel! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - leel

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

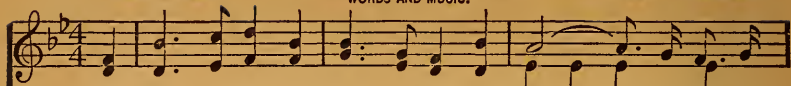
There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

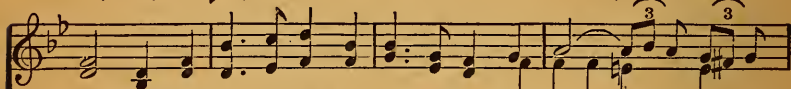
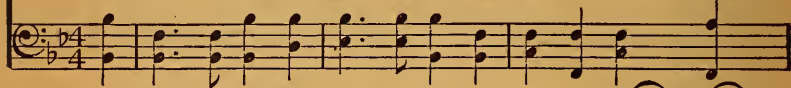
D. R. Van Sickle.

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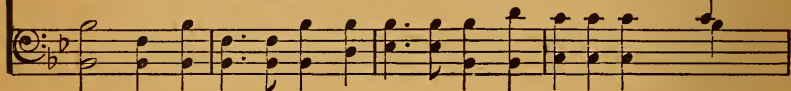
Chas. H. Gabriel.



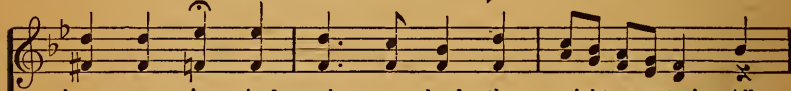
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and



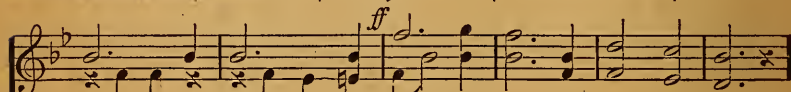
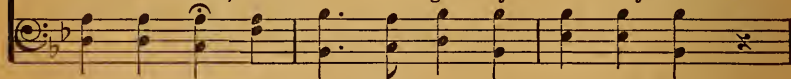
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a -
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-



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

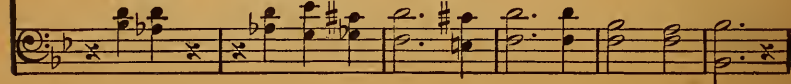


heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All



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

All hail! all hail!



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - ell Hail to the King we love so well.

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

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

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

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

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

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

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

Charlotte G. Homer

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wakel a - wakel and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
2. Ring out! ^{A - wakel} ring out! ^{a - wakel} O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
 Ring out! ring out!

wakel a - wakel and let your song of praise a - rise; A - wakel a -
peat, ^{A - wakel} re - peat ^{a - wakel} a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all ^{A - wakel} the
 Re - peat, re - peat, Till all

wakel the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth ^{a - wakel} shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And light ^{And light} is beam - ing
 the earth, ^{And shout} a - new ^{the}

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

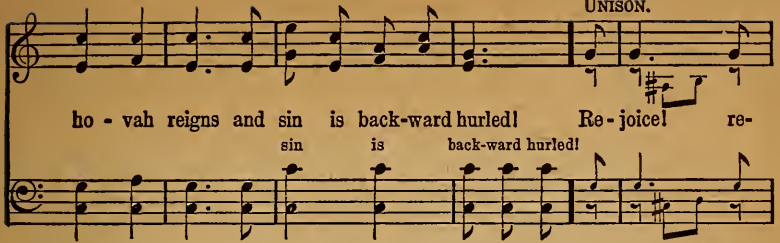
from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re - sound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal -

FULL HARMONY.

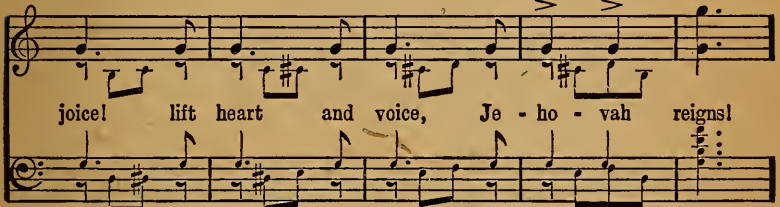
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

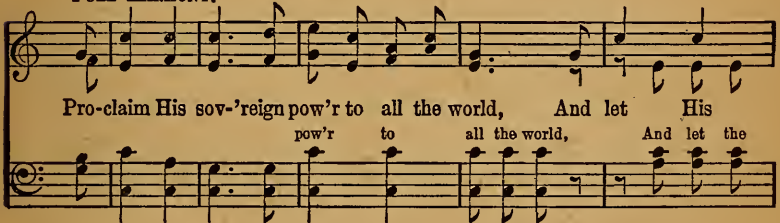


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!




rejoice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the



glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

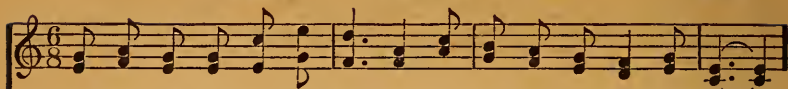


Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

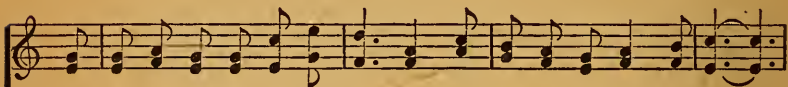
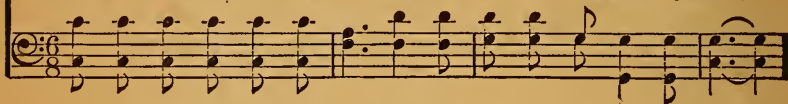
No. 177. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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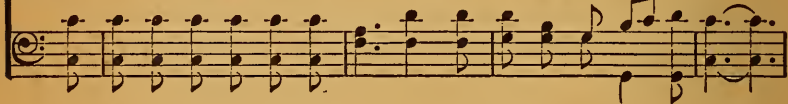
H. R. Palmer.



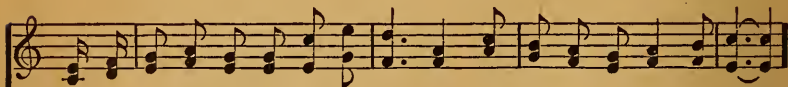
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And Heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



Master, the Tempest is Raging.

CHORUS.

p

pp

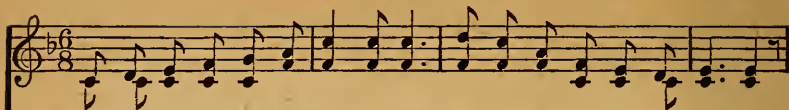
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

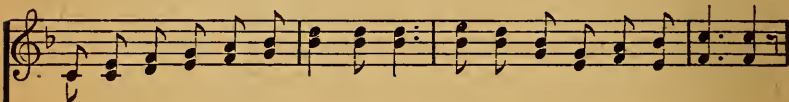
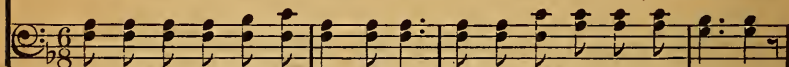
cres.
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

ff *m* *m*
o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

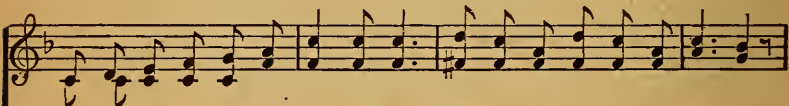
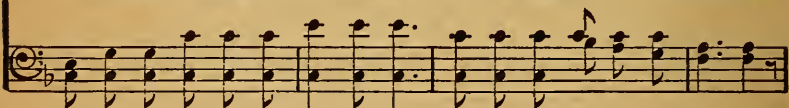
p *p* *pp*
Peace be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!



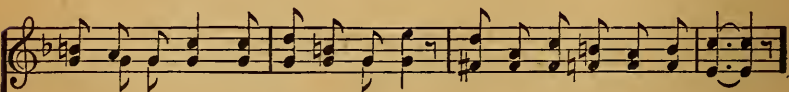
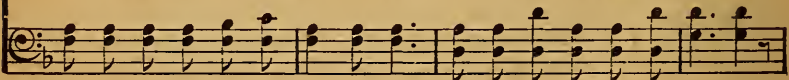
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;



Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dream-ing!



As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!



Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

Far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride,

Does the

field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
.....
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

sun is high in the cloud - less sky; Then a -
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a -

wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har - vest-time is here; A - wake, . . . a -
wake, a - rouse, a - wake, a - rouse, A - wake, a - wake, a -

1st & 2d verses.

After last verse only.

wake, For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

E. E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
 2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
 3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
 Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
 Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
 Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
 Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign
Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-que-ers our ev - 'ry foe!
Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

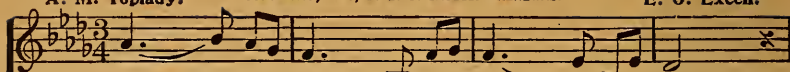
CHORUS.

Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,

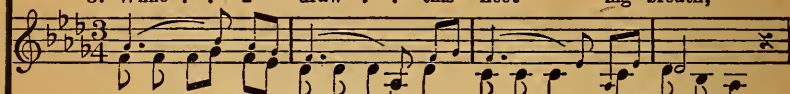
Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

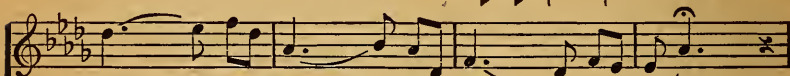
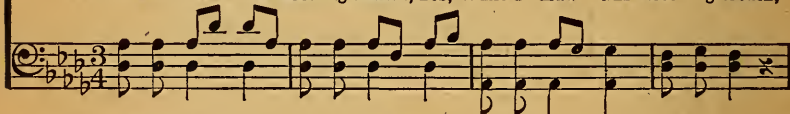
Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!



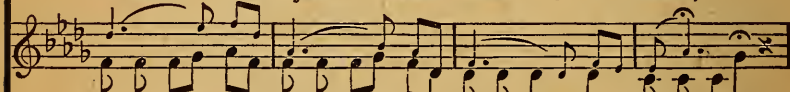
1. Rock . . of A - ges, cleft . . for me,
 2. Could . . my tears . . for - ev - er flow,
 3. While . . I draw . . this fleet - ing breath,



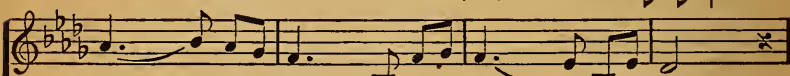
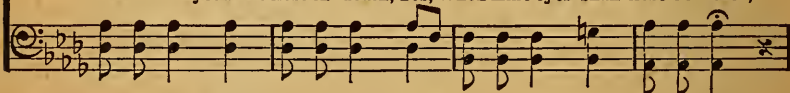
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,



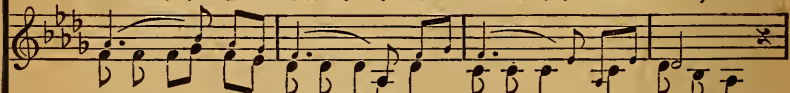
Let . . me hide . . my - self . . in Thee;
 Could . . my zeal . . no lan - guor know,
 When . . mine eyes . . shall close . . in death,



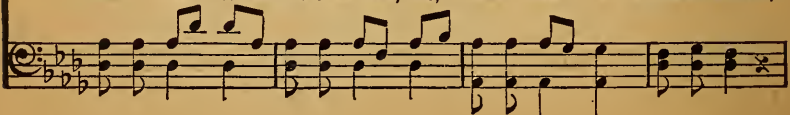
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 Could my zeal no lan-guor know, Oh! Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
 When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,



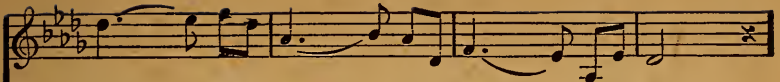
Let . . the wa - ter and . . the blood,
 These . . for sin . . could not . . a - tone;
 When . . I rise . . to worlds . . un - known,



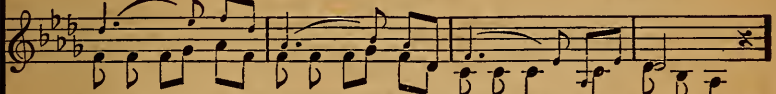
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone;
 When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, When I rise to worlds un-known,



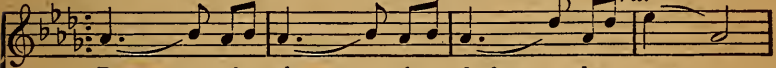
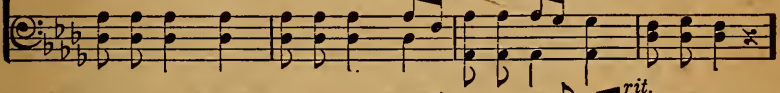
Rock of Ages.



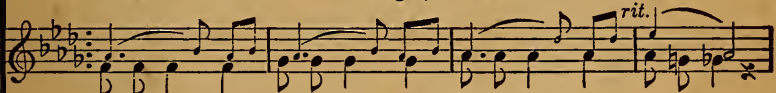
From . . Thy wound - ed side . . which flowed,
 Thou . . must save . . and Thou . . a - lone;
 And . . be - hold . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,



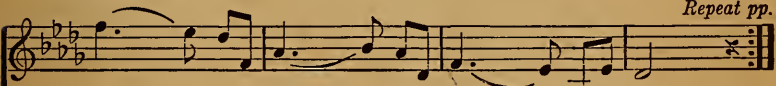
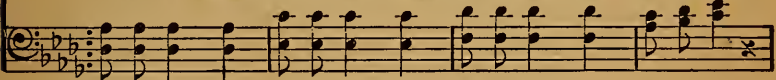
From Thy wound-ed side which flowed, Yes, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone;
 And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



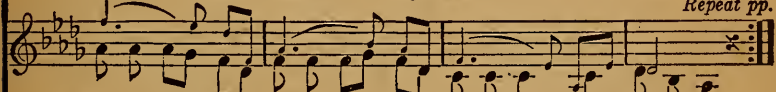
Be . . of sin . . the doub - - le cure,
 In . . my hand . . no price . . I bring;
 Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,



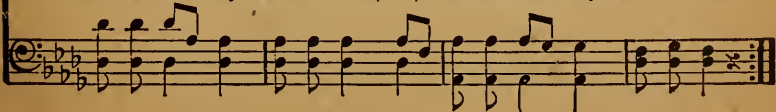
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
 In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring;
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,



Save . . from wrath . . and make . . me pure.
 Sim - - ply to . . . Thy cross . . I cling.
 Let . . me hide . . my - self . . . in Thee.



Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



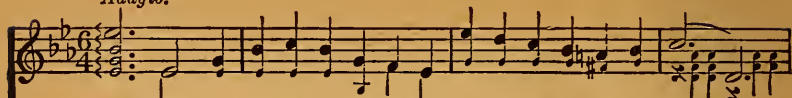
No. 181. Wounded for Our Transgressions.

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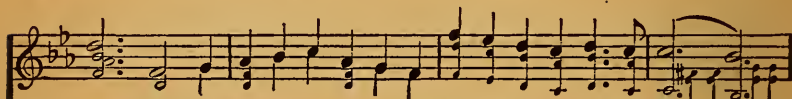
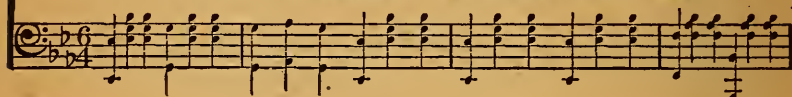
Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

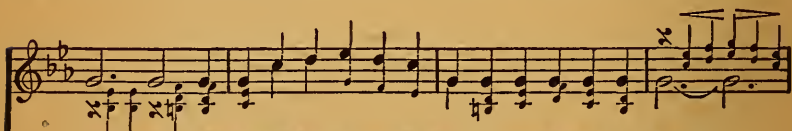
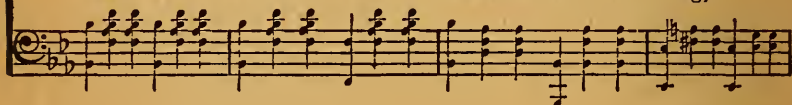
Adagio.



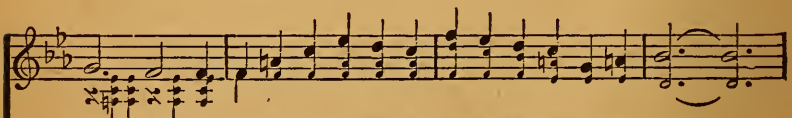
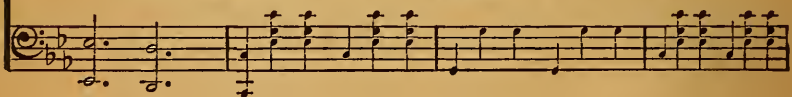
1. Sing we the prais-es of Je-sus, the won-der-ful Savior of men;
2. To Beth - le - hem of Ju - de - a, a Babe in a manger He came;
3. Glo - ry to God in the highest, our glad hearts exultantly sing,



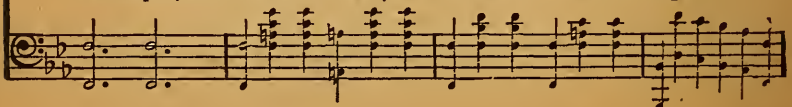
Sing how He died for our ransom, yet liv-eth in glo-ry a - gain;
Lived He a life of the low-ly, en - dur-ing the cross and its shame;
Prais - es for-ev-er and ev-er to Je-sus our Savior and King;



Tell how His grace is suf-fi-cient a world of lost sinners to save;
Tempt-ed in all points as we are, and yet without sin was He found;
No more despised and re-ject-ed, for sin-ners to suf-fer and die,



Tell how who-ev-er be-liev-eth a per-fect sal-va-tion shall have.
God - man, our frailties He knows, and His grace doth to sinners a-bound.
Wor-shipped, enthroned and exalted, He liv-eth for-ev-er on high.



Wounded for Our Transgressions.

CHORUS. *Largo.*

pp rit.

Wounded for our trans-gres-sions, Treading the wine-press a - lone;

p tempo adagio.

Bro't as a Lamb to the slaugh - ter, Je - sus the In - fin - ite

One. . . Shall we not praise Him for - ev - er,

Wor-ship His name and a - dore? He who was slain but now

liv - eth a - gain, Is our Sav - ior for - ev - er - more. . .
ev - er - more.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
 2. And now Christ is read - y your souls to re - ceive, O how can you
 3. Why will you be starv - ing, why will you despair? There's mer - cy in

cres. *dim.* ⊕ *Third verse to Coda.*
 mer - cy is com - ing so nigh, is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in -
 question, if you will be - lieve, if you will be - lieve? If sin is your
 Je - sus, e - nough and to spare, e - nough and to spare; (*Omit and go to Coda*)

And angels are wait - ing to welcome you home;
 'Tis you He bids welcome, He bids you come home;

cres.
 vites you, the Spirit says, "Come," And an - gels welcome you home;
 bur - den, why will you not come? 'Tis you, He bids you come home;

f *dim.* *pp*
 And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home. O turn ye, O
 'Tis you He bids wel - come, He bids you come home.
 And an - gels wel - come you home. O turn ye,
 'Tis you, He bids you come home. O turn ye,

O Turn Ye.

O turn..... ye, for why..... will ye die? D. C.

turn ye, O turn ye, O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?

⊕ Coda. For last verse only.

If still you are doubt-ing, make tri - al and see, And prove that His prove

mer - cy is bound-less and free, And prove that His mer - cy is bound-
..... that His mer - cy, bound-less and

less and free; O turn ye, O turn ye, O turn ye, O turn ye, for
free, O turn ye,

turn..... ye, why will ye die? O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
turn..... ye,

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joi - ces,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King;
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voi - ces,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of Heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle - cry, bat - tle - cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - tle - cry, . . . Un - til the glo - ri - ous

echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be un - furled His

now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful

soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in what - e'er
sol - - dier stands, . . . Glad - ly o - bey - ing in what - so - ev - er He . . . com -

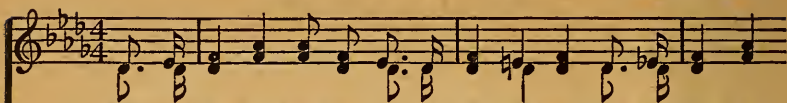
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 184. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

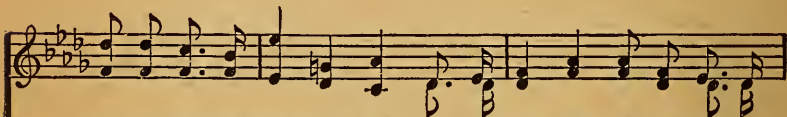
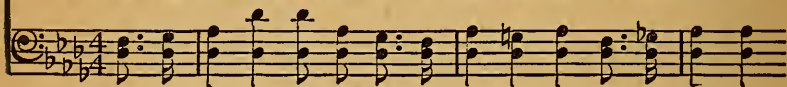
G. H. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Geo. H. Carr.



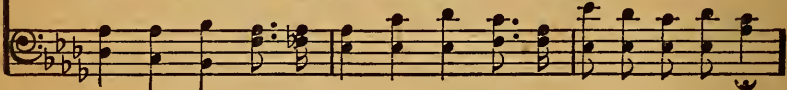
1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e -
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa - ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav - ior's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E - ter - nal Life, Aft - er faith - ful



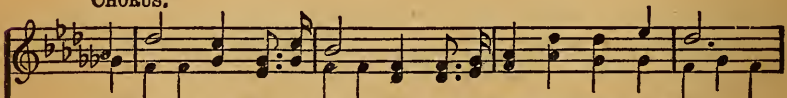
ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re -
 son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom - ise cre - ates
 teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re -
 serv - ice in a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri - umph o - ver



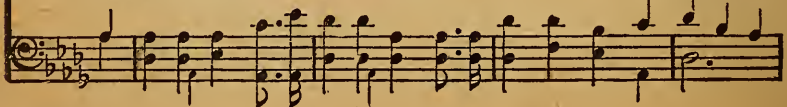
mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
 Hope with - in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev - 'ry sin!
 liened its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con - quer ev - 'ry foe!
 death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of count - less tears!



CHORUS.



The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
 The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!



The Old Book and the Old Faith.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bul-wark of the land!...
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev-'ry clime and na-tion blest;

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (*May be omitted.*)

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

Ida M. Budd.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

INTRO.

SOLO, or all Sopranos.

1. I heard the voice of man-y an - gels Round a - bout the throne; A
2. An-gels in garments pure and spotless, There be - fore the throne, All

mul - ti - tude no man could number, Sing - ing un - to God; And
na - tions, kindred, tongues and peo - ple Swelled the ho - ly song, And

all with - in the highest heav - en, All up - on the earth, Gave
fall - ing down upon their fa - ces, Worshipped God the Lord, All

bles - sing, pow'r and hon - or Un - to the Lamb.
praise to Him a - scrib - ing, And to the Lamb.

The Voice of Many Angels.

CHORUS.

Bless-ing and hon-or, glo - ry and pow'r . . . be un-to Him that
pow'r be un-to Him,

sit-teth on the throne, and un - to the Lamb for-ev - er and ev - er,

UNISON, all voices.
A - men, and A - men. Blessing and honor,

glo-ry and pow'r.. be un-to Him that sitteth on the throne, and un-to the

IN HARMONY.
Lamb for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men and A - men, A - men!

1. I've found a Friend all in all to me, No
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm, Se-
 3. When I was need-y and all a-lone, In

oth-er Friend so true;..... I love to tell how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing now on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come, wear-y one, I will

ran-somed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
 might-y arm, I know He'll guide me all the way.....
 lead you home, To live with Me e-ter-nal-ly.".....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

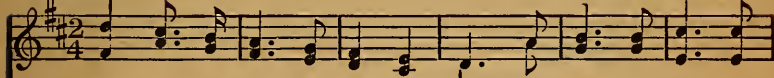
Devotional Hymns

No. 187.

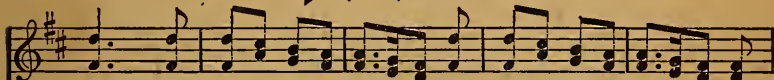
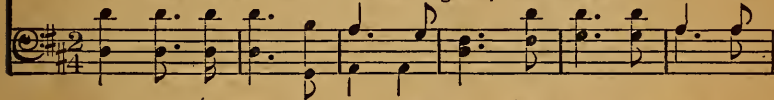
Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts.

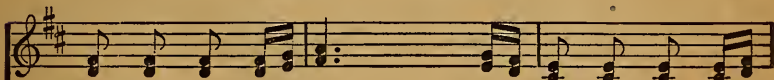
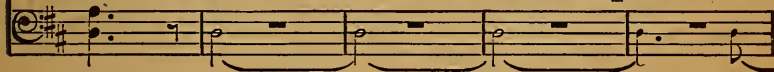
G. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
 2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions

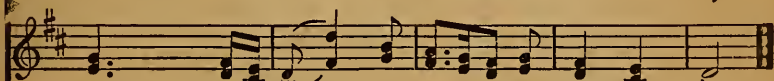
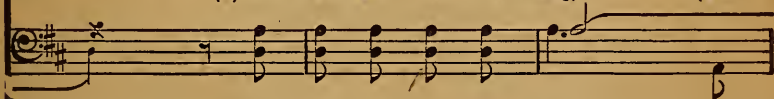


King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And
 ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far
 prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And

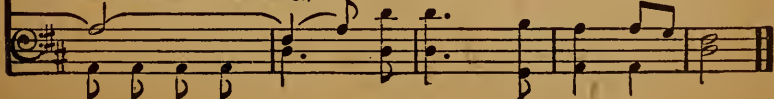


Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture
 as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His

(1) And Heav'n and na-ture sing, (And



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

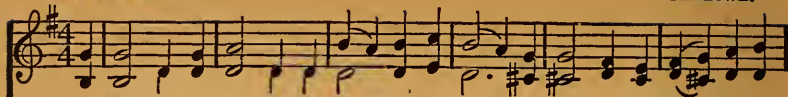


No. 188.

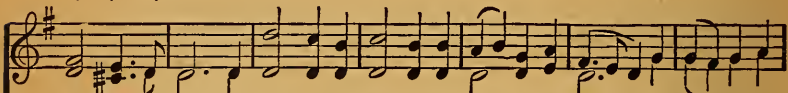
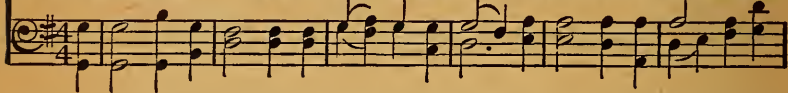
How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

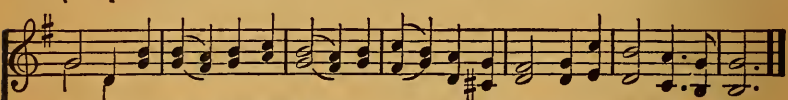
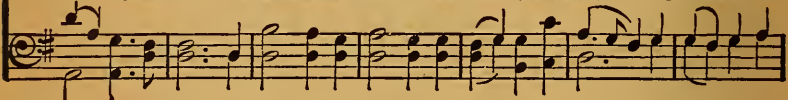
Unknown.



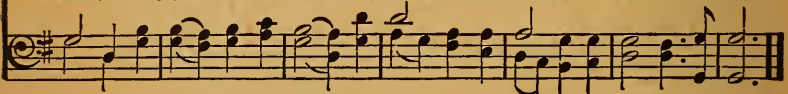
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand. to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress. sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."



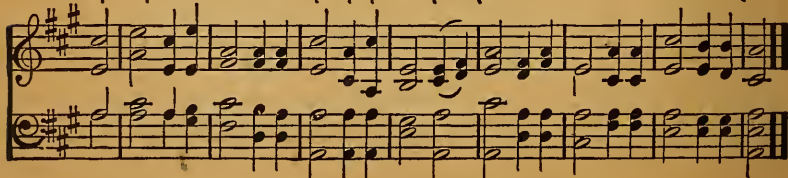
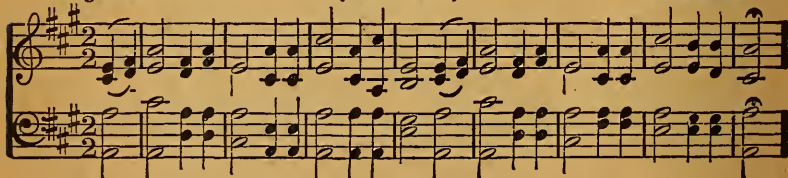
No. 189.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

(Second tune.)

Anne Steele.



No. 190.

Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
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Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will
3. Ere' we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down; Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
walk and worship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er
spir-its will de-liv - er, And provide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er, -
at the riv-er That [Omit] flows by the throne of God.

No. 191.

Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.

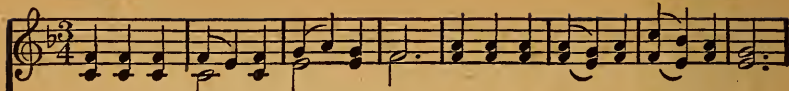
1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

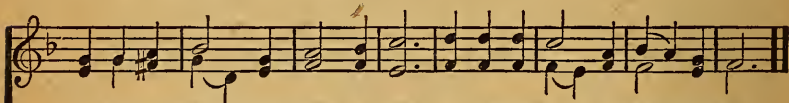
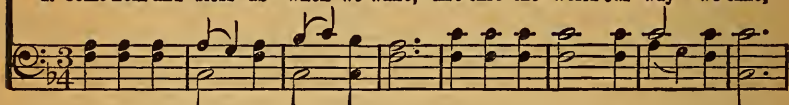
- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.
- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.
- 9 Jesus loves you.
- 10 Only trust Him.

John Keble.

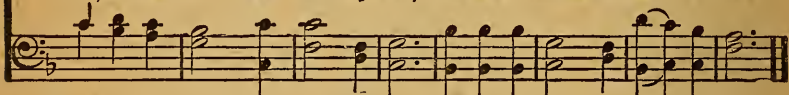
Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

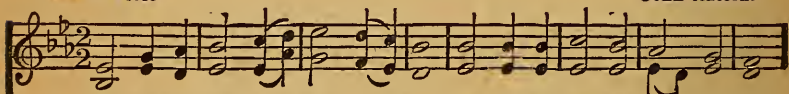


Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

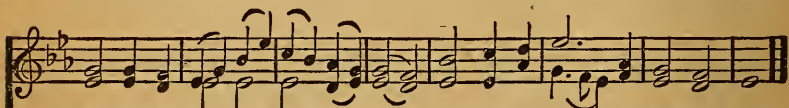
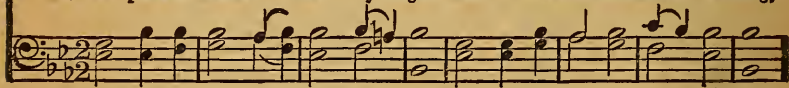


Isaac Watts.

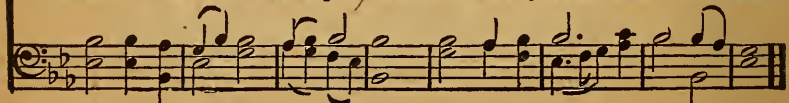
John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,



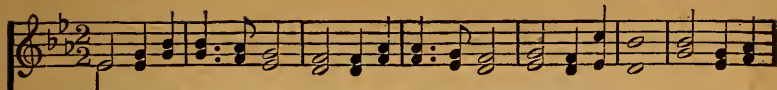
His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
 His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.



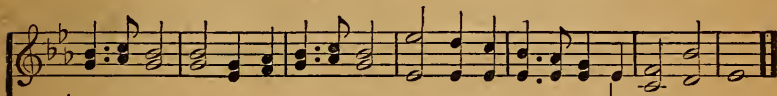
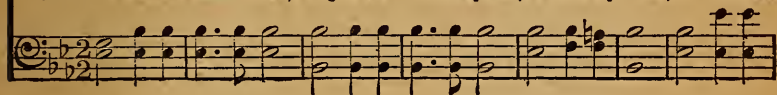
No. 194. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

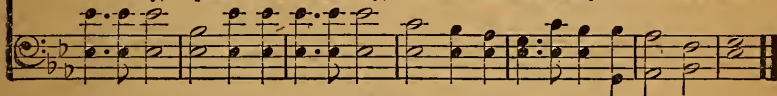
Lowell Mason.



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



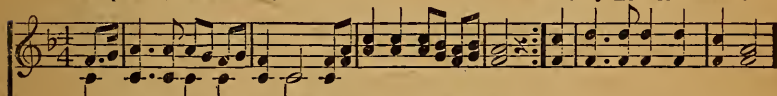
while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A living fire;
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.



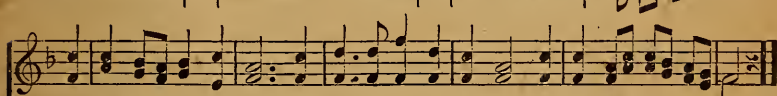
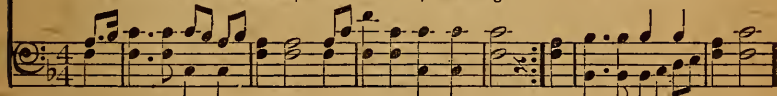
No. 195. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

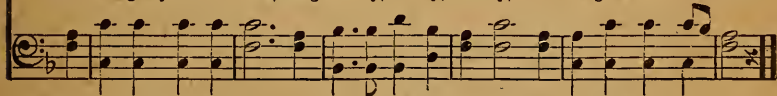
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee, the high and lowly,
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright: }



Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams. |
|--|--|

No. 196.

There is a Fountain.

Cowper.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit]

2 FINE. D. C.
Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 197

Christ Arose.

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

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

CHORUS.

Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, With a mighty triumpho'er His
He a-rose,

Christ Arose.

foes; He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
 He a-rose;

saints to reign: He a-rosel He a-rosel Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ arose!
 He a-rosel He a-rosel

No. 198.

My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweet-est 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. }

REFRAIN.

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,
 Oh, may I then in Him be found;
 Dressed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

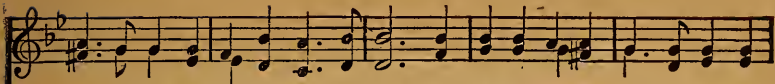
No. 200. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

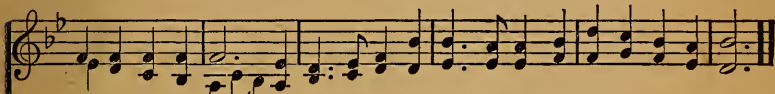
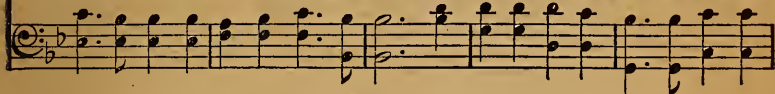
H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A no-ble band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came; Twelve valiant saints, their

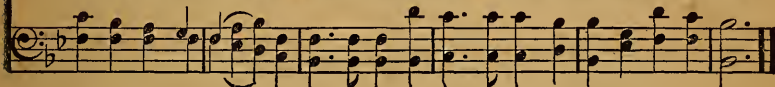
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.



streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The



umphant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross below, — He follows in His train.
midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
li - on's gory mane; They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?



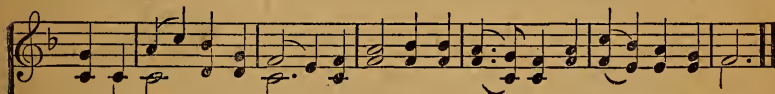
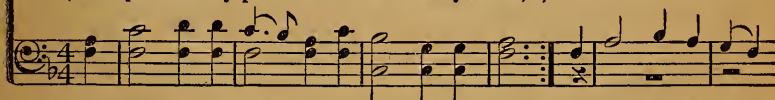
No. 201. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

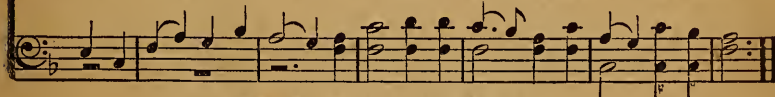
A. J. Gordon.



1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gra - cious Re - deem -
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. { I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, } I love Thee for wear -
And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;



er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



- 3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 202.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D. S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 203. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
 tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

No. 204. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known
 D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

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

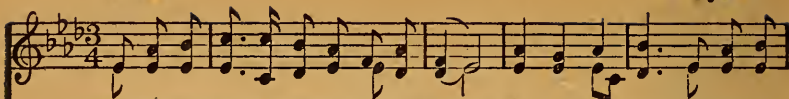
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 205.

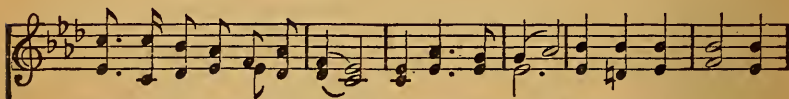
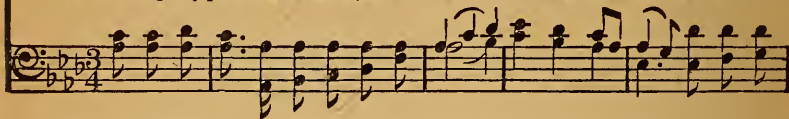
Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

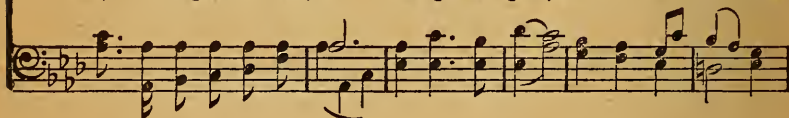
J. B. Dykes.



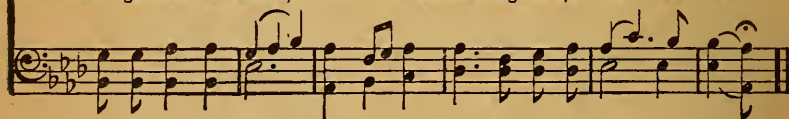
1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis - tant scene, - one step e - nough for me. day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re - mem - ber not past years. an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

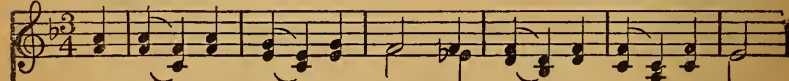


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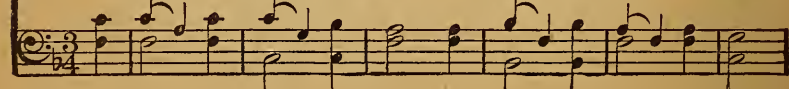
Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegell.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



Blest Be the Tie.

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our nopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 207. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts.

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Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heav'nly King,

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 But children of the Heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
 And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

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

3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful Cit - y of God.
 Zi-on, Zi-on,

4 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground,
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.

No. 208. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
 3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
 Hell's found-a-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voi-c-es, Loud your anthems raise.
 We are not di - vid-ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' count-ess a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 209. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
 3. Thon, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain, art, Free-ly

etern of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceiv'e my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 all un - right - eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 210.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arr. by Gabriel.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise. Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half appears;
2. He ev - er lives a-hove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all- re-deem-ing love His pre-cious blood to plead;

55 *D. S. for Chorus.*

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

CHO. — His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."</p> | <p>4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God,
And tells me I am born of God.</p> | <p>5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardening voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.</p> |
|---|--|---|

No. 211.

All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. { 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 [Omit] Him;
D. C. — Ev - er - more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to [Omit] Him.

D. C.

Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him.</p> | <p>3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him.</p> | <p>4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him.</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 212.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1872, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and

va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

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

No. 213.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 214. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1812, BY S. G. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 215. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

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

No. 216.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign

gle-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word suc-cess: Spir-it of-hol-i-ness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, New rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

No. 217. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 O worship the King all glorious above,
 And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thundercloude form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm,
- 3 Thy beautiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 218. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad His wonderful name;
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
 And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 219.

Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant.

Francis Joseph Hayden.

1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-ri-ous a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love;

Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.

No. 220. 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, I give Thee
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my sick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 221. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 CO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
 no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
 Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 222. Heaven.

Tune below.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saintal
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
 CO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
 I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 223. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

H. R. Bishop.

1. { Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, } A charm from the skies seems to
 { Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like } home; { Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er

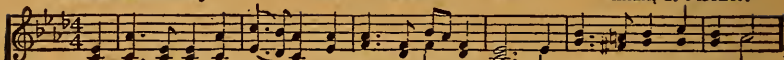
1 2 CHORUS.
 hal - low us there, }
 met with else - - } where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 224. I Love To Tell The Story.

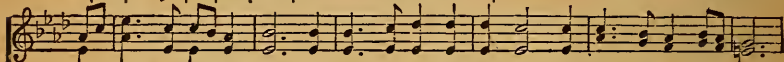
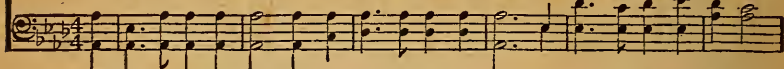
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF Wm. G. FISCHER.

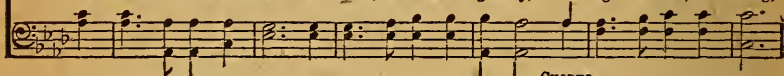
William G. Fischer.



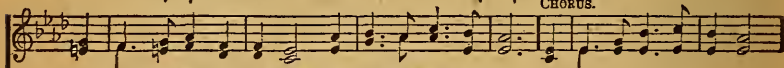
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



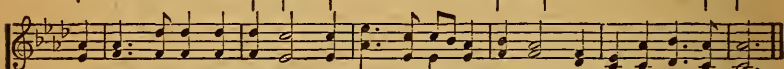
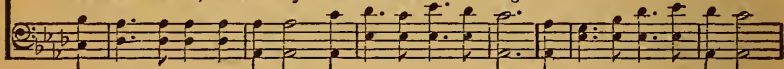
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



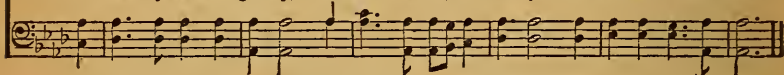
CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



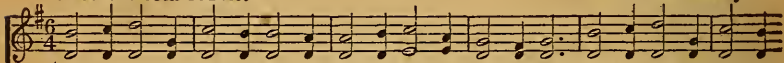
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



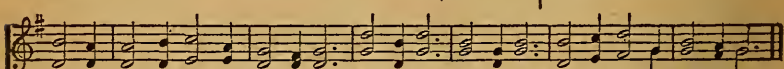
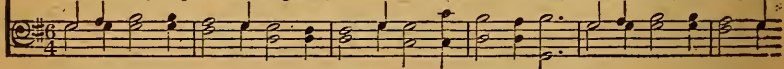
No. 225. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

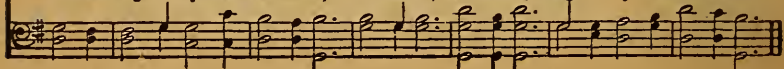
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



No. 226.

Galling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is calling the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
 Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee:] calling still. (calling still.)

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;

Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
 Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
 Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
 Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
 Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 227.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
 He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit] Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

D. S.—Let Him in. D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
 Let Him in;
 If you wait He will depart,
 Let Him in;
 Let Him in, He is your Friend,
 He your soul will sure defend,
 He will keep you to the end,
 Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
 Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
 Let Him in;
 He is standing at your door,
 Joy to you He will restore,
 And His name you will adore,
 Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
 Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast,
 Let Him in;
 He will speak your sins forgiven,
 And when earth-ties all are riven,
 He will take you home to heaven,
 Let Him in.

No. 228.

Geo. Robinson.

Come, Thou Fount.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

1 2 D.C.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
 { Streams of mercy, never ceasing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Song by flaming tongues } e-bove;
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing! Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Song by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'll come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home: Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; [it, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 229. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

D. S.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee, }
 { E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee, }
 D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near - er to Thee.

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

3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that Thon sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!

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

No. 230.

W. A. O.

Look and Live.

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W. A. Ogden. FINE

1. { I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give; }
 { 'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live," }
 2. { I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you; }
 { 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true. }

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

"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my broth-er, live. "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah! Eternal life thy soul shall have; If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah! Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah! To Jesus when He made me whole: 'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah! I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 231.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 232.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou biddest me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

comes to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
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!

No. 233.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

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

CHORUS.

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

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,⁶⁸
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"⁶⁹
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 234.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
 Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
 Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 235. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea; { Un - known waves before me roll,
 D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi - lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
 Over life's tempestuous sea;
 Unknown waves before me roll,
 Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Chart and compass come from Thee
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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

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

No. 236. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the
 { book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit]

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there, On the pages white and fair?

- D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?
- 2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
 But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
 For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
 "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
 With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
 Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
 Where the angels are walking, Is my name written there?

No. 237.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wall.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Gro - ping on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wandering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 238.

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
 Long hath sin without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 239.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ex - er - more shalt be.
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 240.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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.

No. 241. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

1

2

FINE

L. Mason.

1. Work for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

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

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

No. 242 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Second Tune.

Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di-tion,

Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ew-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 243.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 244. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation;
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 245. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Wait, wait, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 246.

O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley.

Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,

{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, }
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings, } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see His face; (home,
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 247.

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer-cy

in His justico, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
with the Savior, There is heal-ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 248.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall the

sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for-sake me; Lol it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

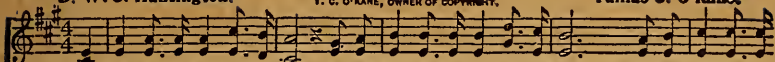
No. 249.

The Home Over There.

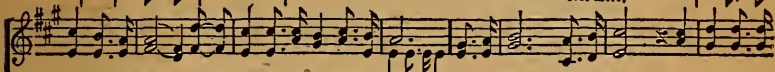
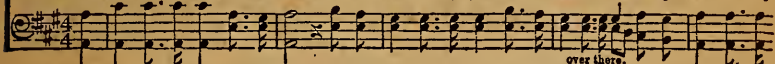
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

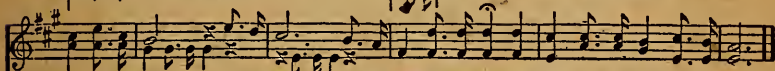
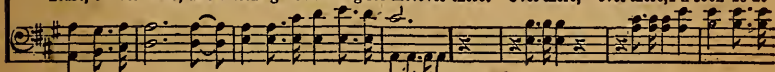
Tullius C. O'Kane.



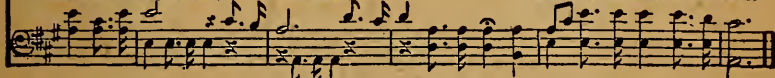
1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my



mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
 breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
 sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
 heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at



home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
 home over there, Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.



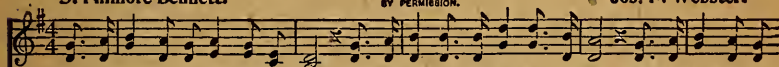
No. 250.

Sweet By-and-By.

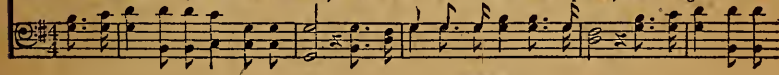
S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

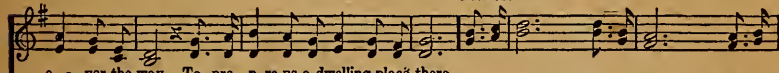
Jos. P. Webster.



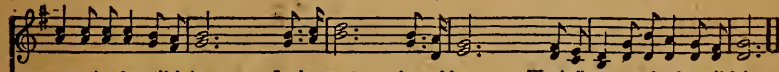
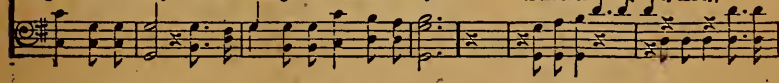
1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous



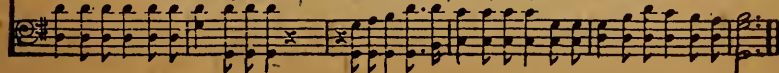
CHORUS.



o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling placé there.
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by.



meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by. In the sweet by-and-by.

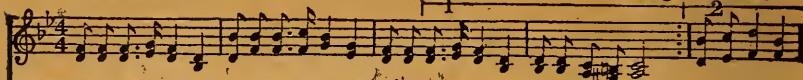


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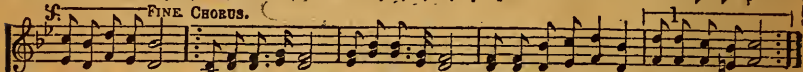
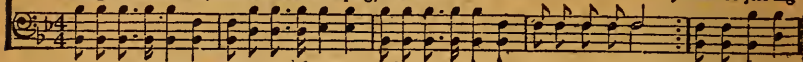
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

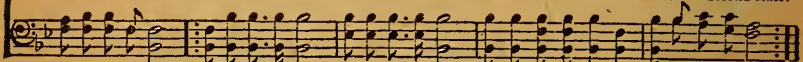
George A. Miner.



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



bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S.—Second time.



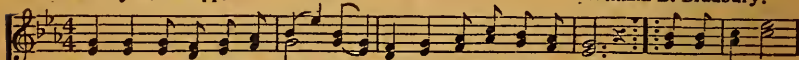
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 252. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

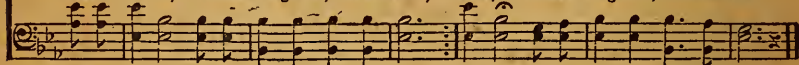
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'ring care: }
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: } Bless-ed Je-sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

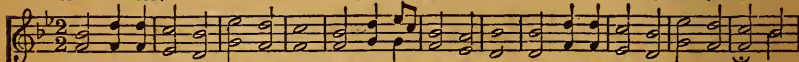
4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 253. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

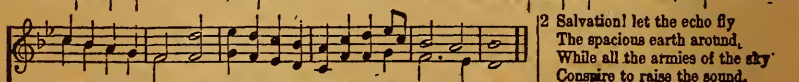
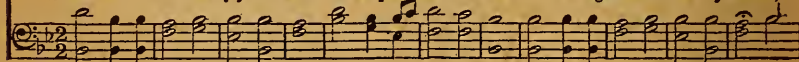
Isaac Watts.

Fourth Tune.

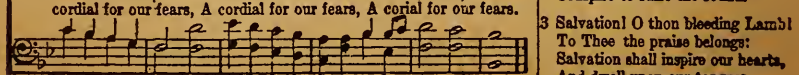
John Randall.



1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A Sovereign balm for ev'-ry wound, A



cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.



2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

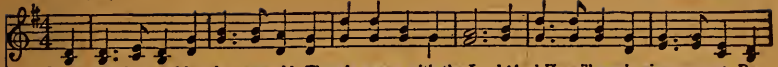
3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belong:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 254.

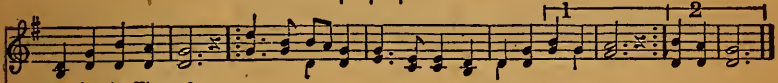
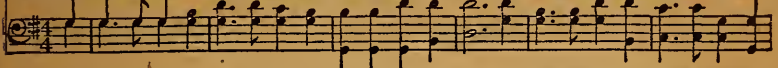
J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

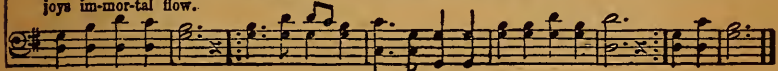


1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, 'And He will surely give you rest. By
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-lestial land, Where



trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful-ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

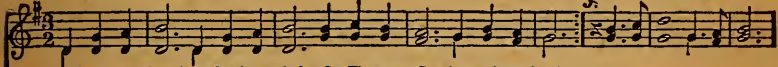


No. 255.

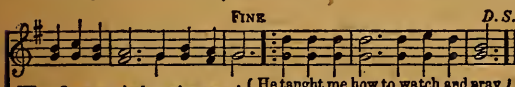
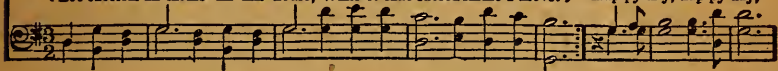
Philip Doddridge.

O Happy Day.

E. F. Rimbault.

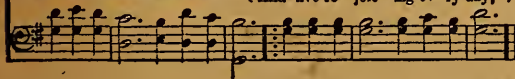


1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
{ Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
{ Let cheerful an-thems fill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



When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }

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



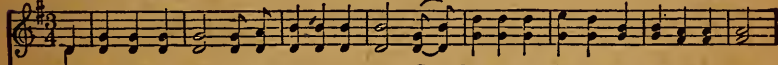
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 256.

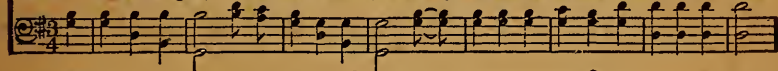
Wm. P. Mackay.

Revive Us Again.

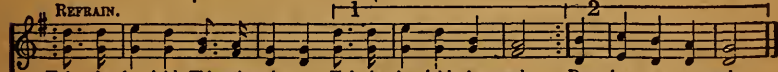
J. J. Husband.



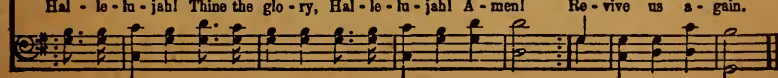
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died And is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo-ry end praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.



REFRAIN.



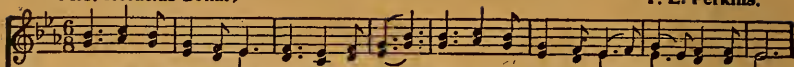
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Re-vive us a-gain.



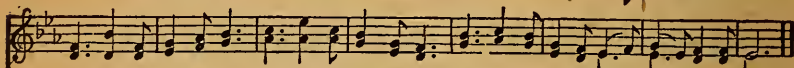
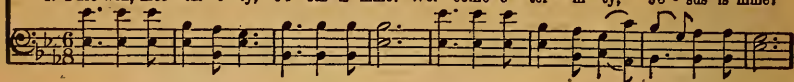
No. 257. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar,

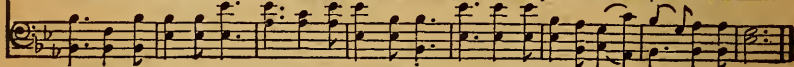
T. E. Perkins.



1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!



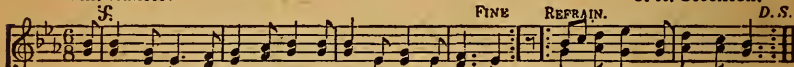
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dia - mal void, Je - sus has eat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and best, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!



No. 258. The Great Physician.

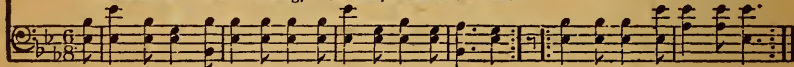
Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in aer - a - ph song, }
- { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }

D. S. — Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, ¹ Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

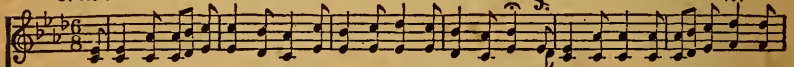


- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus. | 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus. | 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus. |
|--|---|--|

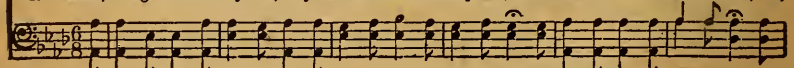
No. 259. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh,



D. S. — Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And



take me as I am. Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am;
 Take me, take me as I am. Take me, take me as I am;



take me as I am.

No. 260.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-hides with-in, } Glory to His name.
 There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D.C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to His name.

No. 261.

Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

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E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; } full sal-va-tion find, Hal-le-lu-jah
 I am counting all but dross; I shall

Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
 Long has evil reign'd within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store,
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 262.

Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name
 2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

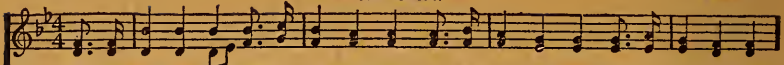
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, | 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, | When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed he etc,

No. 263. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

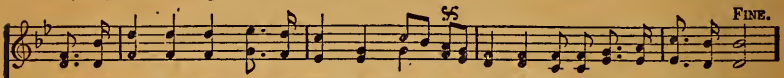
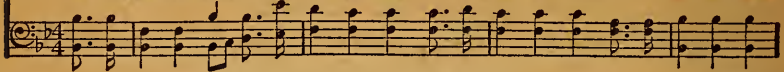
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

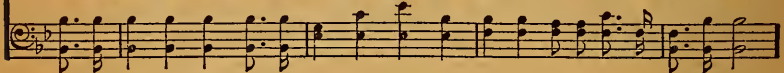
W. A. Ogden.



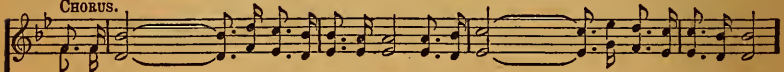
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;



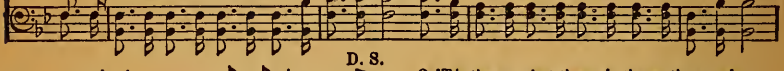
'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee,"



CHORUS.



He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;
a - ble, He is a - ble a - ble, He is a - ble



D. S.



Tho' by sin op-press, Go to Him for rest,



2 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain;—
'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 264.

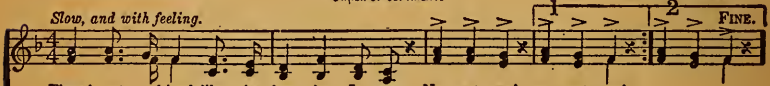
No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

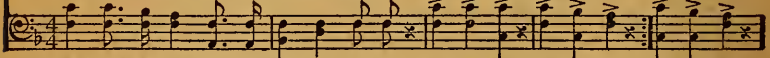
USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



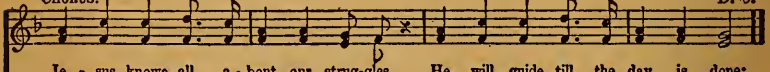
1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
{ None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!



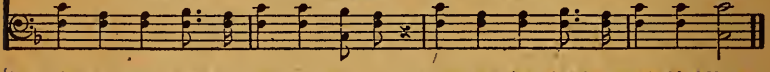
D. C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. C.



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



2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

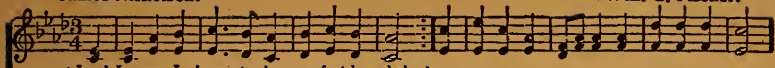
5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 265.

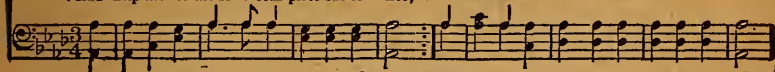
Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

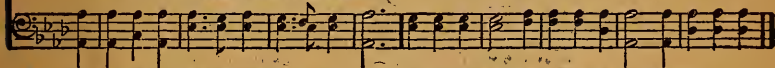
Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole; } Break down ev - ry i - dol, cast out ev - ry foe;
 I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;



Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and D. S. — I shall be whiter than snow.



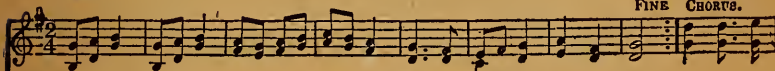
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 266.

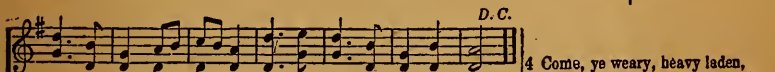
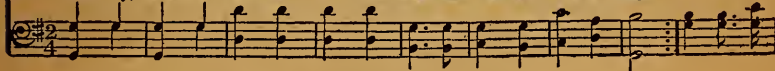
Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.
 FINE CHORUS.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; } Turn to the
 D. C. — Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.
 I Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.



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

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

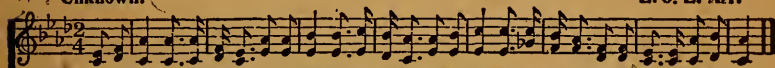
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 267.

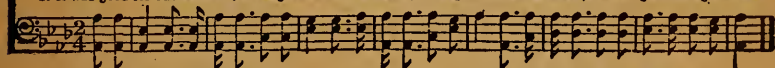
The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.



CHO — 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

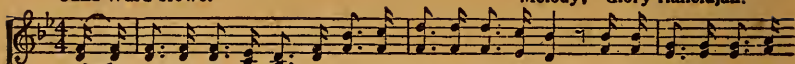


- 2 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

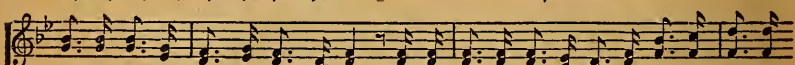
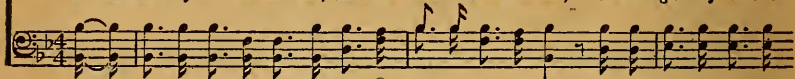
No. 268. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

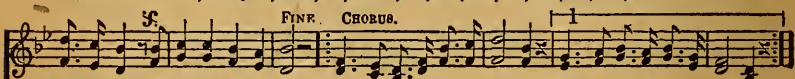
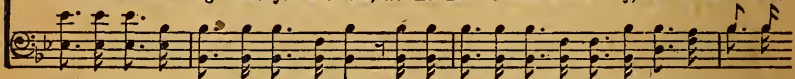
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



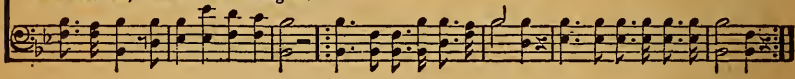
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-
al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-
bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make



ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
fiar-ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

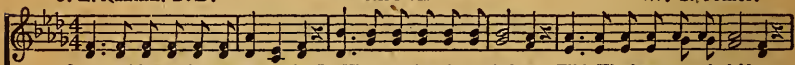


No. 269. God Be With You.

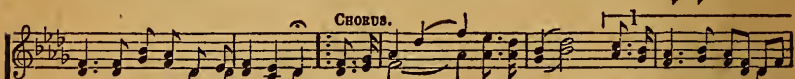
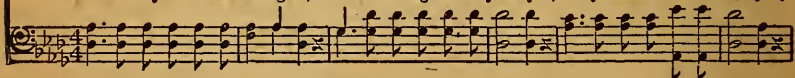
J. E. Rankin. D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

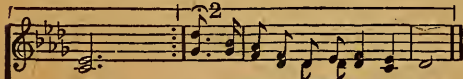
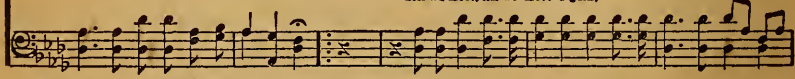
W. G. Tomer.



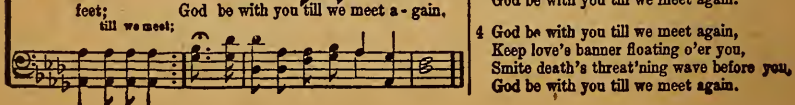
1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di-vide you.



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.



feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain,
till we meet;



- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms un-falling round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Patriotic & Temperance

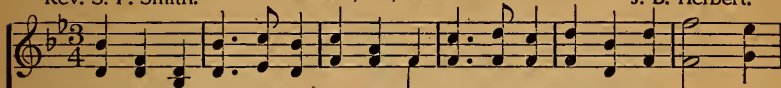
No. 270.

My Country.

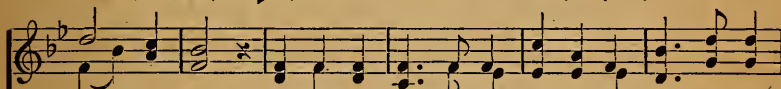
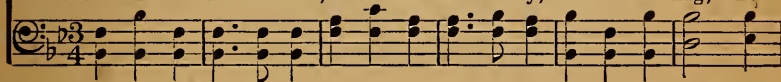
Rev. S. F. Smith.

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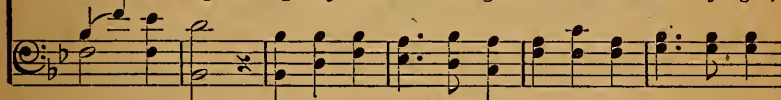
J. B. Herbert.



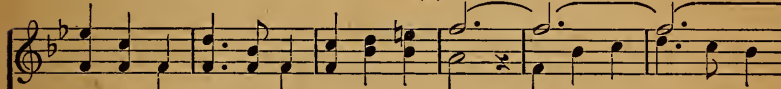
1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, Of
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love, Thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To



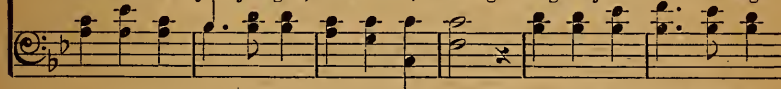
thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride!
 name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
 free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
 Thee, we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;



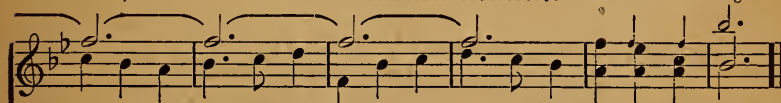
(1) ring!.....



From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring! Land where my fa - thers died!
 My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong. Let mor - tal tongues a - wake;
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright



..... Let free - dom ring!



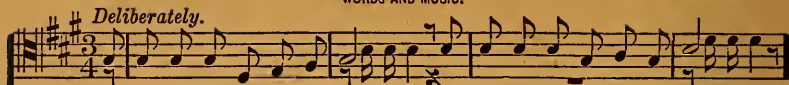
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
 With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



J. B. H.

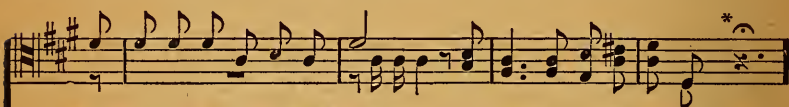
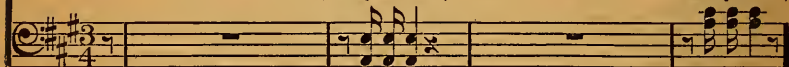
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.



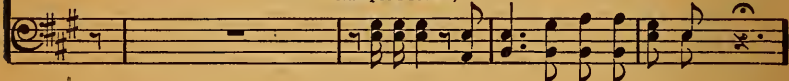
1. The walls of Jer - i - cho fell down, As Israel's host marched boldly 'round,
2. They marched around for seven days, The walls stood si - lent in a - maze;
3. The liquor men are on the run, Their troub - les have but just be - gun;
4. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, We're march - ing on to vic - to - ry;

(1) They fell down, boldly 'round,



Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, And ev - 'ry - bod - y shouted. (Shout.)
Then fell down flat, the Scripture says, When ev - 'ry - bod - y shouted. (Shout.)
It's our turn now to have some fun, Let ev - 'ry - bod - y shout it! (Shout.)
Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? Let ev - 'ry - bod - y shout it! (Shout.)

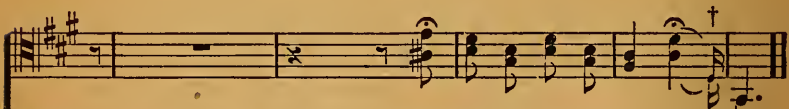
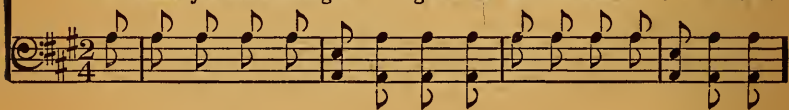
trumpet's sound,



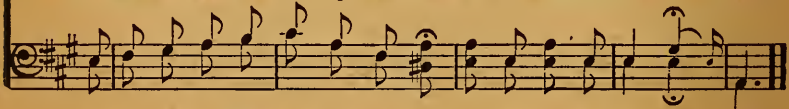
CHORUS. *Very spirited.*



Old whiskey's walls have gct to go Just like the walls of Jer - i - cho!



The rummies won't know where they're at; Their walls must tumble down, down flat.



* Quartet shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

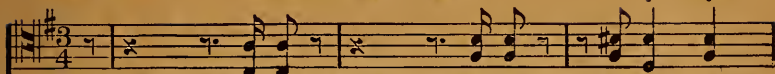
† With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor for the word "flat."

No. 272. They'll Thank Us By and By.

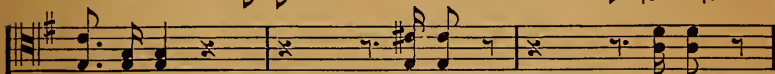
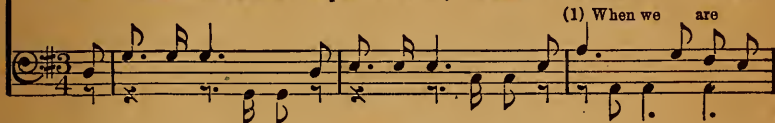
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

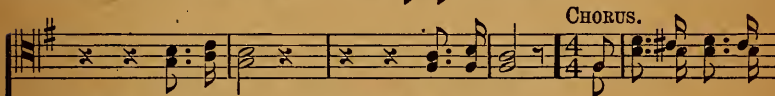


1. The slaves of drink (of drink) who smile and wink (and wink) When we are drawing
2. The ones who brew (who brew) and sell it too, (it too,) Who on the weak re-
3. The li-cense man (the man) his past will scan, (will scan,) For scales will leave his

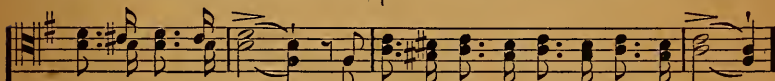
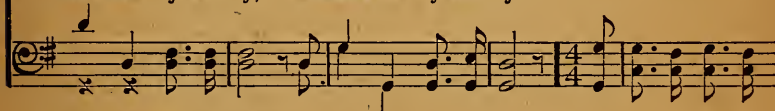


night,
ly,
eye;
draw-ing nigh,

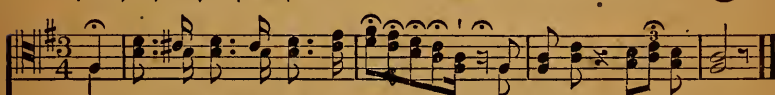
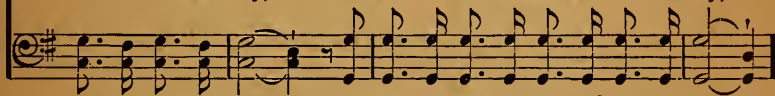
Who hate our ranks (our ranks) and call us cranks (us cranks) Will
Will know that they (that they) have been a-stray, (a-stray,) And
He'll see how blind (how blind) has been his mind, (his mind,) And



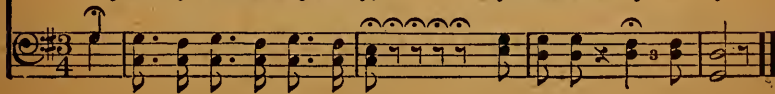
thank us by and by, Will thank us by and by.
thank us by and by, And thank us by and by. When all the land re-
thank us by and by, And thank us by and by.



deemed from drink is dry, When all the land redeemed from drink is dry;



O yes! they'll thank us by and by, . . . They'll thank us by and by.



C. L. St. John.

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H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (Declamatory style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That brid-ges the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the

wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg-es and fruit la-den vines—My fortune! my all! for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li-eth sul-len and chill."
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

* CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowed in

li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span That

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp.* To be sung after last stanza.

bridges the waters so safe-ly for man. That brid-ges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

No. 274.

Sweet Heavenly Bells.

(MALE QUARTET.)

R. G. U.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY RAY G. UPSON.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Ray G. Upson.

1. List to the strains now steal - ing, Borne from the far - off Home;
2. Call - ing to souls now stray - ing Far from the Shepherd's fold;
3. Sweet mel - o - dies are plead - ing, "En - ter the o - pen door;"
4. Come to the feast that's of - fered; Hun - ger, His love dis - pels;

Heav - en - ly chimes are peal - ing,	Bid - ding the wan - d'rer come.
Heav - en - ly mu - sic play - ing,	Call - ing them from the cold.
Loved ones are in - ter - ced - ing,	O - ver on yon - der shore.
Take of the grace that's prof - ered,	List to the heav'n - ly bells.

CHORUS.

Sweet bells, sweet bells, Sweet heav-en-ly bells of love;
Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells,

Sweet bells, sweet bells! Are call-ing from Heav'n a - bove...
Sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells, sweet bells!

C. H. G.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT, COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Arr. by C. H. G.

1. The or - der has gone forth—"Move forward!" Gird on the armor and a - way!
2. From far and near the cry rings—"Help us!" Behold, the moment is at hand
3. Be - fore thine eyes a might - y ar - my Goes marching onward to the grave;

In columns firm and strong ad - vanc - ing, On to the front with - out de - lay!
When ev - 'ry loy - al Christian sol - dier Should hear and heed the Lord's de - mand,
And will ye see them press - ing for - ward, Nor reach a help - ing hand to save,

On to the front! oh, be up and a - way! Let not the din of strife o'er -
Should hear the Lord, for He speaks to command! For Satan's strong - holds must be
Nor reach a hand to de - liv - er and save? From o'er the wa - ters, too, comes

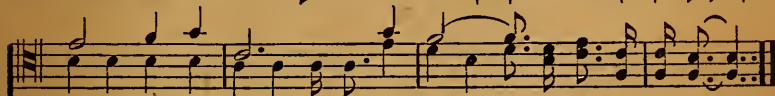
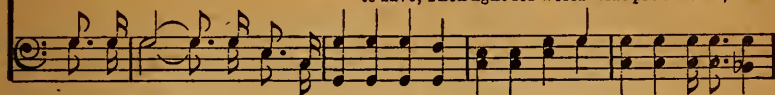
whelm thee; Let not the en - e - my a - larm, For lo, there go - eth on be -
ta - ken; His i - dols must be o - ver - thrown; Let ev - 'ry vol - un - tear a -
ring - ing The pleading Mac - e - do - nian cry; O Christian, rouse ye from thy

fore thee, One a - ble to defend from harm.
waken, And make the temp'rance cause his own. To the front, O soldiers brave,
slumber, And answer "Master, here am I." be brave,

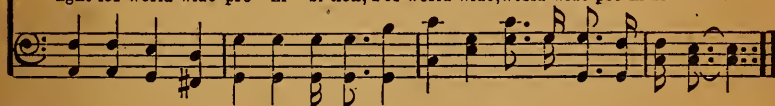
World-Wide Prohibition.



There's a world from drink to save; Then fight for world - wide
to save; Then fight for world-wide prohibition, Then



pro - hi - bi - tion, For world - wide pro - hi - bi - tion.
fight for world-wide pro - hi - bi - tion, For world-wide, world-wide pro-hi-bi - tion.



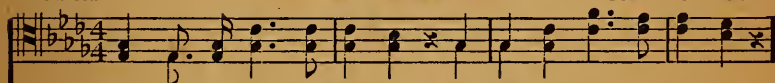
No. 276.

Remember Me.

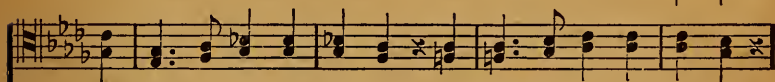
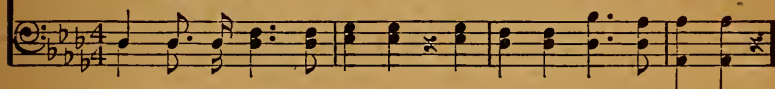
Anon.

USED BY PERMISSION.

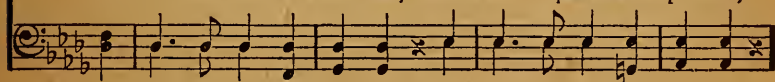
Joanna Kinkel.



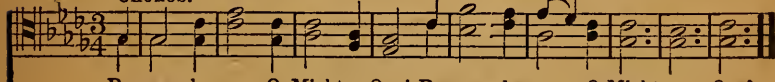
1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone may watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con-trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de - spair dis-tress - es,



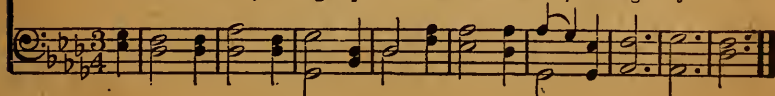
'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempter's voi - ces call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,



CHORUS.

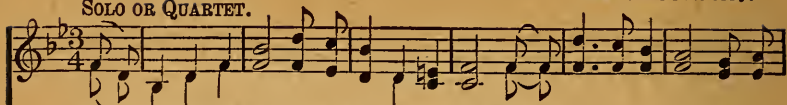


Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might - y One!

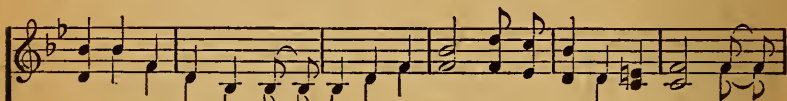
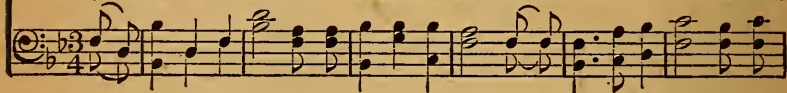


Francis Scott Key.

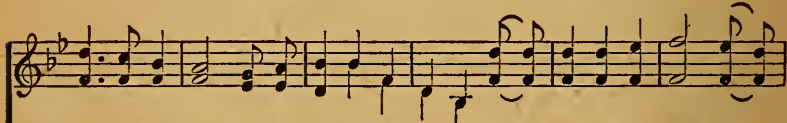
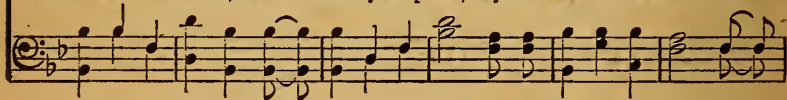
SOLO OR QUARTET.



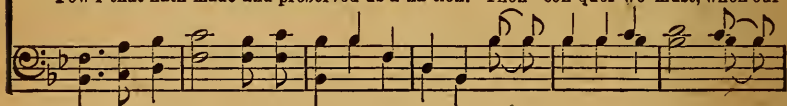
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the



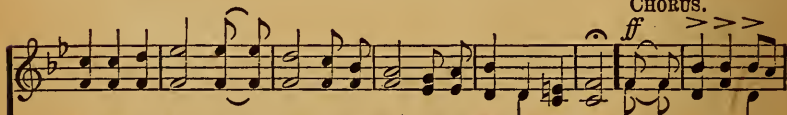
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n - rescued land Praise the



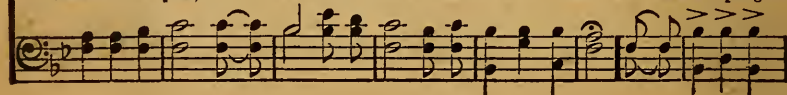
ramparts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref - uge could save the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our



CHORUS.



burst - ing in air, 'Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star - spangled
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star - spangled
 cause. it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star - spangled



The Star-Spangled Banner.

star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 278.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 279.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

2.

3.

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,

God save the King:
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us;
 God save the King,

Through every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King;
 Long may he reign:
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain,

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour;
 Long may he reign:
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

Words arr. by E. O. E.

ARR. OF WORDS AND MUSIC
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Rossini.
Arr. by E. O. Excell.

INTRODUCTION.

1ST TENOR.

1. Flag	of the free,	Sing we
2. Flag	of the free,	Waving
3. Flag	of the free,	May thy

Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah for the flag!

2D TENOR.

1ST AND 2D BASS.

prais - - es to thee;	Shield our homes,
high in the blue,	We will stand
stars ev - er wave	O'er the land

Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah for the flag! Hip, hip, hur-rah.

shield our land,	No - ble flag	of the
for thy rights,	Un - to death	prov - ing
of the free	And the home	of the

hur-rah for the flag! Hip, hip, hur-rah.

*First and second stanzas Tenor solo with humming accompaniment to Refrain. Third stanza Tenor solo with vocal accompaniment, Hip, hip, hurrah, etc.

Beautiful Flag.

free. Em - - blem of peace,
 true. Em - - blem of love,
 brave. Em - - blem of joy,

hur-rah for the flag! Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah for the flag!

wave in tri - - umph, wave.
 wave in tri - - umph, wave.
 wave in tri - - umph, wave.

Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

REFRAIN.

Flag of the free, hail, all hail, hail to thee; Wave o'er
 Beau-ti-ful flag of the free, hail, all hail, hail to thee;

land, wave o'er sea, no-ble flag of the free. ...
 Wave o'er land, wave o'er sea, no-ble flag of the free.

1. O Co-lum-bial the gem of the o-ccean, The home of the brave and the free;
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion, A world offers homage to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-m-y and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.
 When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

D. S.

Order of Service. No. 1.

Prepared by Marion Lawrance, Chicago, Ill.

No. 282.

The Names of Jesus.

Supt.—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be Thy glorious name.

All Rise, Sing.—Music No. 217.

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

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

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Supt.—By how many Names and Titles as Our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

School.—Over two hundred and fifty.

Supt.—What are some of the Names given to Him hundreds of years before He was born?

School.—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Supt.—God has highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.

Minister.—He is the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Officers.—Chiefest among ten thousand.

Senior Dept.—Son of the living God.

Young Men's Dept.—Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

Young Women's Dept.—The Bright and Morning Star.

Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.

Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.

Supt.—Which of all His names is the sweetest?

School.—JESUS.

Sing.—Music No. 318.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

Supt.—Why was He called Jesus?

School.—Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for it is He that shall save His people from their sins.

Minister.—And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.

Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.

Officers.—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.

Young Men's Dept.—He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Young Women's Dept.—The Precious Corner Stone.

Intermediate Dept.—The Friend of Sinners.

Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.

Supt.—But of all His names, which is the sweetest?

School.—JESUS.

Sing.—Music No. 318.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Prayer.

Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

Sing.—Music No. 268.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

(Be Seated.)

Responsive Readings.

No. 283. THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

No. 284. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 285. MATT. 5.

1 And seeing the multitudes he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 286. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dwelt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Responsive Readings.

No. 287. 1 COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

No. 288. 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.

No. 289. JOHN 3:1-18.

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

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 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.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Responsive Readings.

No. 290. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 291. ROMANS 8. 1-17.

1 *There is* therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit.

6 For to be carnally minded *is* death; but to be spiritually minded *is* life and peace.

7 Because the carnal mind *is* enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

8 So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

9 But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

10 And if Christ *be* in you, the body *is* dead because of sin; but the Spirit *is* life because of righteousness.

11 But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

12 Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh.

13 For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

14 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

15 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

16 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

17 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with *him*, that we may be also glorified together.

No. 292. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. (OVER)

Responsive Readings.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

No. 293. JOHN 14. 1-3, 16-21.

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions; if *it were* not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

17 *Even* the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 At that day ye shall know that I *am* in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

No. 294.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX. 3-17.

God spake all these words, saying,

1 Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

2 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

3 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4 Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5 Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6 Thou shalt not kill.

7 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8 Thou shalt not steal.

9 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

10 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

No. 295.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meinke.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

No. 296.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 297.

Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 298. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.
- 4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Index

<p>A Call for loyal... 9 Friend have I who 33 Friend I have... 140 A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.. 71 A MIGHTY FORTRESS ... 113 A ruler once came to... 39 A SAVIOR OF LOVE..... 40 A SINNER MADE WHOLE. 155 A sinner was wandering 163 A SONG OF VICTORY..... 183 Alas and did my Savior 127 ALL FOR JESUS..... 211 ALL HAIL IMMANUEL... 175 ALL HAIL THE POWER (C) 1 ALL HAIL THE POWER (D) 171 ALL PEOPLE THAT ON... 298 ALL THE WAY..... 158 ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR 132 All, yes all, I give to... 211 ALMOST PERSUADED..... 124 AMERICA 278 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.. 210 AS A VOLUNTEER..... 9 As I cling to the hand... 157 ASHAMED OF JESUS..... 100 At Calvary's cross I met 174 AT THE CROSS..... 127 AWAKE, AWAKE 118-176 AWAKENING CHORUS .. 176</p>	<p>BLESSED BE THE NAME.. 262 BLEST BE THE TIE..... 206 BREAK THOU THE BREAD. 234 Brightly beams our... 120 BRINGING IN THE..... 251 BY AND BY..... 70</p> <p>C ALLING THE 226 AN THE LORD..... 116 HRIST AROSE 197 CHRIST SHALL BE KING. 7 CLINGING CLOSE TO HIS. 157 Come every soul by sin 254 Come, oh, come to the.. 98 COME OVER ON THE..... 102 COME, SINNER, COME... 111 COME THOU ALMIGHTY. 216 COME THOU FOUNT..... 228 COME TO JESUS..... 191 Come we that love the. 207 COME YE SINNERS..... 266 COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS. 82 CROWN HIM KING OF.. 179</p> <p>D AY IS DYING IN... 165 DEAR LITTLE STRANGER 133 oes the world no. 32 Down at the cross.... 260 Do you fear the foe... 139 Do you know the world 71 DOXOLOGY 297</p>	<p>FILL ME NOW..... 129 Flag of the free..... 280 FROM EVERY STORMY... 170 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY. 245 From over hill and plain 53</p> <p>G ird on your..... 104 Glad is the song... 178 GLORIA PATRI, No. 1 295 GLORIA PATRI, No. 2... 296 Glory be to the Father.. 295 Glory be to the Father.. 296 GLORY TO HIS NAME... 260 GOD BE WITH YOU..... 269 God is calling the..... 226 GOD SAVE THE KING.... 279 GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF 125 Gone from my heart... 128 GRACE ENOUGH FOR ME. 19 GRACE IS FREE..... 67 GROWING DEARER EACH. 17</p> <p>H ad we only..... 137 Hark to the music.. 162 HARVEST SONG 90 HARVEST-TIME IS HERE. 178 Have you read the story 99 HEAR OUR PRAYER..... 119 Hear us, heavenly Father 119 HEAVEN 222 He comes, He comes... 173 HE INCLUDED ME..... 2 HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER.. 263 HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME 16 HE KNOWS IT ALL..... 148 HE LEADETH ME..... 213 HE LOVES EVEN ME..... 146 HELP SOMEBODY TODAY... 58 High as the mountain... 44 HIGHER GROUND 50 HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT. 78</p>
<p>B ATTL E HYMN OF THE 268 BE A HERO..... 138 e not dismayed.... 125 BEAUTIFUL FLAG 280 BEAUTIFUL ISLE '85 BECAUSE HIS NAME IS.. 143 BECAUSE I LOVE JESUS.. 69 Behold One cometh in. 159 BEULAH LAND 38 BLESSED ASSURANCE ... 212</p>	<p>E arthly pleasures ... 15 EVEN ME, EVEN ME.. 225</p> <p>F ADE, FADE EACH.... 257 FAILING IN STRENGTH 156 FAITH OF OUR..... 115 FAITH WILL BRING THE. 12</p>	

- HIS LOVE FOR ME... 151
 HIS WAY WITH THEE... 68
 Hold up the grand old... 80
 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY... 239
 HOLY GHOST WITH LIGHT 238
 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL... 237
 HOME 221
 HOME, SWEET HOME... 223
 HONEY IN THE ROCK... 63
 Hover o'er me Holy... 129
 How grateful the praises do 40
 How many times has He 92
 How sweet is the love... 17
 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION 188
 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION 189
- I** am a stranger here... 46
I AM COMING LORD... 231
 am coming to the cross 131
 I am coming to the cross 261
 I AM HAPPY IN HIM... 152
 I am on the gospel... 160
 I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.. 37
 I am so happy in Christ 2
 I AM THINE, O LORD... 23
 I am thinking today... 27
 I AM TRUSTING LORD IN. 131
 I can hear my Savior... 126
 I have a Savior..... 37
 I have a song I love to. 214
 I hear the Savior say.. 233
 I hear Thy welcome... 231
 I heard the voice of... 185
 I know my heavenly... 150
 I LOVE HIM..... 128
 I LOVE TO TELL THE... 224
 I love to think my Father 148
 I must needs go home.. 6
 I MUST TELL JESUS... 36
 I OWE IT ALL TO JESUS.. 62
 I stand all amazed..... 154
 I think God gives ther.. 135
 I WILL NOT FORGET THEE 41
 I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE 112
 I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS. 15
 I'LL BE A SUNBEAM..... 136
- I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT 20
 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM..... 123
 I'm pressing on the.... 50
 I've a message from the 230
 I've anchored my soul.. 78
 I've found a Friend.... 186
 I've heard of a beautiful 28
 I've reached the land of 38
 I've wandered far away. 109
 If Christ, the Redeemer, 10
 If you are discouraged 106
 If you are tired of the.. 65
 If you need uplifting... 12
 IF YOUR HEART KEEPS... 72
 In a lonely graveyard... 57
 In looking thro' my tears 19
 In the army of the King 116
 IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK 44
 IN THE CROSS..... 248
 In vain I've tried..... 143
 IS IT THE CROWNING DAY 35
 IS MY NAME WRITTEN... 236
 IT IS JESUS..... 159
 IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL 24
 It may not be on the... 20
 IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS.. 61
 It was good for our.... 267
 It's JUST LIKE HIS GREAT 140
- J**esus and shall it ever 100
JESUS, BLESSED JESUS... 30
JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE 242
JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD 34
JESUS IS CALLING..... 75
 Jesus keep me near the.. 105
JESUS LOVES ME..... 141
JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL. 209
 Jesus may come today.. 35
 Jesus my Lord, to Thee 259
JESUS PAID IT ALL..... 233
JESUS SAVIOR, PILOT ME.. 235
JESUS SHALL REIGN..... 193
 Jesus wants me for a... 136
JESUS WILL 59
JESUS WILL SUSTAIN YOU. 33
JOY TO THE WORLD..... 187
- JUST AS I AM..... 232
 JUST WHEN I NEED HIM. 11
- K**EEP THE HEART.... 26
- L**EAD KINDLY LIGHT.. 205
LEAD ME GENTLY.... 166
 LEANING ON THE.... 93
LET HIM IN..... 227
LET JESUS COME INTO... 65
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS. 120
LET THE SUNSHINE IN.. 139
 Let your light shine... 52
 Life wears' a different.. 51
 LIKE A MIGHTY SEA.... 88
 LITTLE SUNBEAMS..... 135
 List to the strains..... 274
 Lo! JESUS COMES..... 173
 LONGING THY COURTS TO. 79
 Look all around you... 58
 LOOK AND LIVE..... 230
 LOOK AWAY TO CALVARY.. 144
 Look the harvest field... 90
 Lord God of hosts..... 79
 Lord I care not for.... 236
 Lord I hear of showers. 225
 LORD I'M COMING HOME. 109
 LORD JESUS I LONG TO BE 265
 Loudly unto the world.. 183
 LOVE DIVINE..... 199
 Low in the grave He lay 197
 Low in a manger..... 138
 LOYALTY TO CHRIST..... 53
 LYONS, 10s, 11s..... 219
- M**AJESTIC SWEETNESS 203
Make a forward... 102
MASTER THE TEMPEST 177
MEET MOTHER IN THE... 57
 'Mid pleasures and... 221-223
 'MID SCENES OF CONFUSION 222
 'Mid the storms of doubt 184
 Mine eyes have seen... 268

MORE LIKE THE MASTER. 108	ONWARD CHRISTIAN . . . 208	Sowing in the morning.. 251
MY COUNTRY 270	Onward up the King's.. 110	SPEND ONE HOUR WITH.. 31
My country 'tis of thee.. 278	OPEN MY EYES THAT I.. 107	STANDING ON THE. 48
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO.. 194	OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE 142	STAND UP FOR JESUS. . . . 243
MY FATHER KNOWS. . . . 150	OVER AND OVER AGAIN. . . 92	SUN OF MY SOUL. 192
MY HEART KEEPS RIGHT.. 13		SUNSHINE AND RAIN . . . 137
MY HOPE IS BUILT. 198		SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.. 29
My hope of heaven. 62	P ASS ME NOT. 117	SWEET BY AND BY. 250
MY JESUS I LOVE THEE.. 201	raise God from. 297	SWEET HEAVENLY BELLS.. 274
My life, my love I give 123		SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. 204
My path may be lonely.. 69		Sweet is the promise. . . . 41
MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL 76		SWEETER AS THE DAYS GO 5
My soul is so happy. . . . 152	R AISE ME JESUS TO.. 153	
My soul today is thirst. 88	REAPERS ARE NEEDED. 162	
	REMEMBER ME. 276	
	RESCUE THE PERISHING.. 25	
	REVIVE US AGAIN. 256	
	RING THE BELLS OF. 95	
	ROCK OF AGES. 180	
	ROCK OF AGES. 240	
		T AKE ME AS I AM. 259
N EAR THE CROSS. 105		TAKE THE NAME OF.. 18
NEARER MY GOD TO.. 229		ELL IT WHEREVER.. 10
NO EVIL SHALL BEFALL 167		TELL ME THE OLD, OLD.. 96
NO NOT ONE. 264		THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS.. 164
NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD 73		THE BANNER OF THE. . . . 104
NOW THE DAY IS OVER. . . 121		THE BROKEN HEART 99
		THE CHURCH IN THE. . . . 54
		The earth and the. 84
O Columbia the gem. 281	S ALVATION O THE. 253	THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S 84
COULD I SPEAK. 246	SATISFIED 47	THE FIGHT IS ON. 114
DAY OF REST AND.. 195	AVED, SAVED. 186	THE GATES NEVER CLOSE. 28
O for a thousand tongues 262	SAVIOR LIKE A SHEPHERD 252	THE GLORY SONG 4
O HAPPY DAY. 255	Savior Thy dying love. . . 89	THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED. 160
O HOW I LOVE HIM. 174	Send the news o'er all the 67	THE GRAND OLD BIBLE. . . 80
O listen to our wondrous 101	SHALL WE GATHER. 190	THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. . . 258
O LOVE THAT WILT NOT. 220	Since Christ my soul. . . 83	THE HOME OVER THERE.. 249
O my brother do you. . . 63	SINCE I FOUND MY SAVIOR 51	THE KING'S BUSINESS. . . . 46
O MY SOUL BLESS THOU. 81	SINCE I HAVE BEEN. 214	THE LORD IS MY. 169
O sweet is the story. . . . 56	Since I lost my sins. . . . 215	THE MORNING LIGHT IS.. 244
O THAT WILL BE GLORY.. 4	Since I started for the.. 158	The nearer I reach the.. 14
O the love of Jesus. . . . 5	Sing them over again to 77	THE NEARER, THE SWEETER 14
O think of the home. . . . 249	Sing the wondrous love. 64	THE NEW GLORY SONG. . . 106
O TURN YE. 182	Sing we the praises. 181	THE OLD BOOK AND THE. 184
O why not say yes. 149	SOFTLY AND TENDERLY. . . 87	THE OLD TIME RELIGION. 267
O WORSHIP THE KING. 217-219	SOMEBODY DID A GOLDEN. 91	The order has gone forth 275
OH, IT IS WONDERFUL. . . 154	SOMEBODY KNOWS 156	THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE 281
Oh say can you see. 277	SOMEONE IS LOOKING TO.. 52	The service of Jesus. . . . 61
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN. . . 168	SOMEONE'S LAST CALL. . . . 98	THE SINNER AND THE. . . 163
ONLY A STEP. 97	SOMETHING FOR JESUS. . . 89	The slaves of drink. 272
ONLY TRUST HIM. 254	SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.. 161	THE SON OF GOD GOES. . . 200
On the battle field of life 138	SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE. 147	THE STAR-SPANGLED 277
ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY. 110	Somewhere the sun is.. 85	THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND 8
	SONGS IN THE NIGHT. . . . 86	
	So precious is Jesus. . . . 16	

THE VOICE OF MANY....	185	U	nanswered yet	161	WHEN WE ALL GET TO..	64
THE WALLS OF JERICO..	271		NDER THE CROSS...	261	WHERE HE LEADS ME....	126
THE WAY OF THE CROSS..	6				WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS...	83
THE WAYSIDE CROSS.....	273				Which way shall I take..	273
THE WONDERFUL STORY..	56	W	AKE THE SONG... 172		While Jesus whispers to	111
There are days so dark..	8		e are traveling.. 21		While we pray and while	122
THERE COMETH NO NIGHT	42		e may lighten.. 26		WHITER THAN SNOW....	265
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN...	196		We must win them one	74	Whithersoever thou goest	145
THERE IS GLORY IN MY..	215		We praise Thee O God.	256	WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN	33
THERE IS POWER IN THE.	49		We shall all clasp hands	70	Whosoever heareth	60
There is work for all to	103		WE SHALL SEE THE KING	3	WHOSOEVER WILL	60
THERE WILL I FOLLOW... 145			We watch for the morn.	42	Who will open mercy's..	59
There's a church in the.	54		WE WILL TALK IT O'ER.	21	WHY DO YOU WAIT.....	130
There's a land that is..	250		Weary soul by sin opprest	31	WHY NOT NOW.....	122
There's a song in my... 155			WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION	207	WHY NOT SAY YES.....	149
There's a song of joy... 13			What a fellowship.....	93	WILL THERE BE ANY STARS	27
There's a stranger at the	227		WHAT A FRIEND	202	WIN THEM ONE BY ONE..	74
THERE'S A WIDENESS.... 247			What can wash away my	73	WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE	77
There's a wonderful ... 164			WHAT DID HE DO.....	101	WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS.	241
There's not a friend... 264			What I am Thine eye.	22	WORLD-WIDE PROHIBITION	275
There's one who can ... 30			When all my labors and	4	Would you be free from	49
There's sunshine in my.	29		When I have finished my	47	Would you live for Jesus	68
THEY'LL THANK US BY... 272			When I think of my... 146		WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANS.	181
THIS MY PLEA.....	22		When mourning oft 144			
Tho, the way we journey	3		When my life work is.. 76		Y	E GATES LIFT YOUR 45
THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE	66		When peace like a river	24		E MUST BE BORN... 39
'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR.. 55			When storms around are	276		E SERVANTS
'Tis the grandest theme.	263		When the clouds of... 86		YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION	134
To GOD MY EARNEST VOICE	43		WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED	94	You ask what makes me	112
To THE FIELD.....	103		When the trumpet of the	94	You have heard of the.	151
			When upon life's billows	82	You will live a life of..	72

Responsive Readings

AND SEEING THE MULTITUDES (Matt. 5)	285	THE NAMES OF JESUS.....	282
BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL (Psalm 103)	286	THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Exodus XX.	
HE THAT DWELLETH (Psalm 91).....	292	3-17)	294
HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH		THERE IS THEREFORE NOW (Romans	
(Isaiah 55)	290	8:1-17)	291
I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER (The		THERE WAS A MAN OF THE PHARISES	
Apostles' Creed)	283	(John 3:1-18)	289
LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED		THOUGH I SPEAK WITH THE TONGUES	
(John 14:1-3, 16-21)	293	(1 Cor. 13)	287
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD (Psalm 23).	284	WHO HATH BELIEVED OUR REPORT?	
		(Isaiah 53)	288

