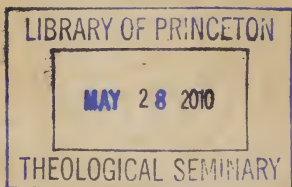




Praiseworthy



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New praiseworthy for the
church
and Sunday school /





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The New Praiseworthy

For the
Church and Sunday School

Edited and Compiled by
E. O. EXCELL

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Songs, Responsive Readings,
Solos and Choruses

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E. O. EXCELL, PUBLISHER
814 The Fine Arts Building
CHICAGO

ORDERS OF SERVICE

8 YAU His Holy Temple.

(At the sound of the piano all stand and sing.)

Musical score for "His Holy Temple" in G major, 4/4 time. The score is for piano and voice. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*. The piece ends with the initials "E. O. E." in the upper right corner.

The Lord is in His holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before Him. A-MEN.

All repeat: (With bowed heads and closed eyes.)

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

Silent Prayer.

All repeat: (With bowed heads and closed eyes.)

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Leader—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Response—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love Thee.

L.—Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.

R.—Serve the Lord with gladness and come before His presence with singing.

L.—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.

All sing:

O Worship the King.

(See Music No. 300.)

Musical score for "O Worship the King" in G major, 3/4 time. The score is for piano and voice. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody. The piece ends with the initials "E. O. E." in the upper right corner.

1. O worship the King. A - MEN.

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. Amen.

All repeat:

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 again 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.

All sing:

Gloria Patri.

(See Music No. 372.)

Musical score for "Gloria Patri" in G major, 4/4 time. The score is for piano and voice. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody. The piece ends with the initials "E. O. E." in the upper right corner.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther.

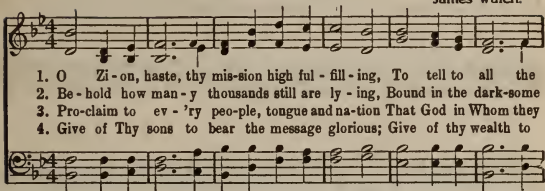
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

Praiseworthy

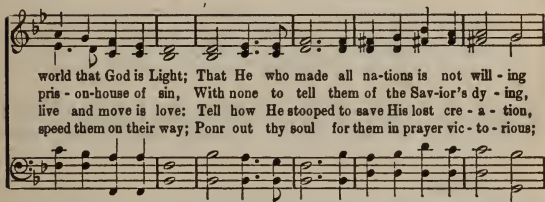
No. 1.

O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.

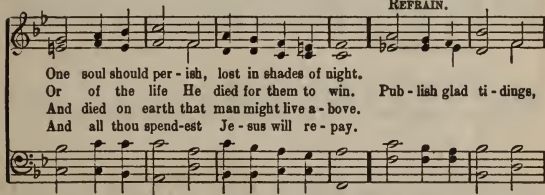


1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thousands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to

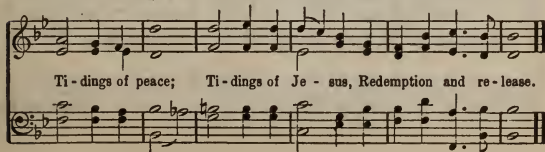


world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way; Ponr out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-ri-ous;

REFRAIN.



One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Redemtion and re-lease.

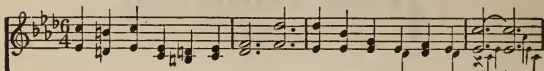
No. 2.

Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

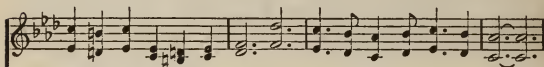
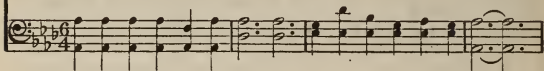
Lizzie DeArmond.

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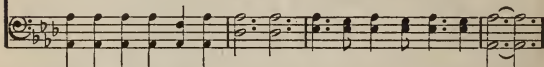
B. D. Ackley.



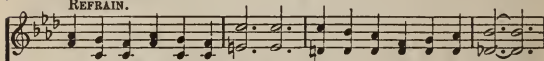
1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won - der - ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,



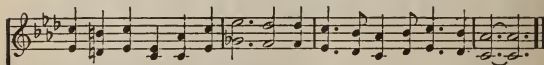
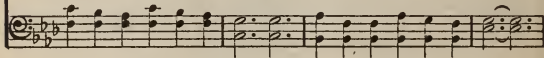
Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur - den He bore.
 Tell how the blood of a - tone - ment Wash - es my guilt all a - way.
 Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
 Tell how, when lost in the dark - ness, Je - sus came seek - ing for me.



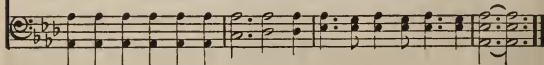
REFRAIN.



Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,



Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre - cious to me.



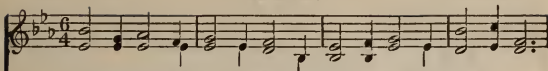
No. 3.

Friend of Friends

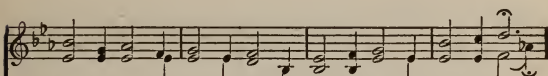
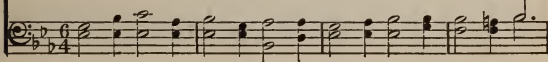
J. P. S.

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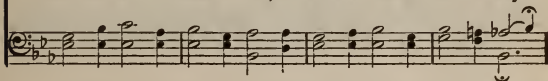
J. P. Scholfield.



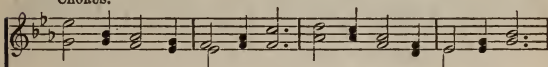
1. Tho' all oth - ers may forsake, There's One whose faith - ful - ness is sure;
2. Dark - ness comes, I lose my way, Un - con - scious - ly a - far I roam;
3. When the storms beat round my soul, And I would per - ish in de - spair,
4. When at last I leave this shore And face the land of cloud - less day,



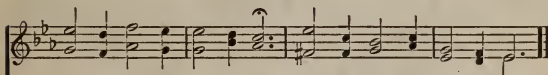
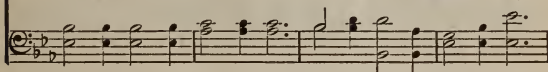
Naught my faith in Him can shake, For in His care I am se - cure.
Then I hear my Shep - herd say: "Fear not, My child, I'll guide you home."
Je - sus comes and takes con - trol And guides me safe - ly ev - 'ry - where.
When the fear - ful break - ers roar, He will be near to lead the way.



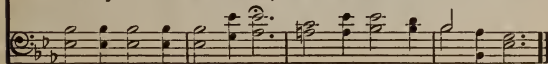
CHORUS.



Je - sus is the Friend for me, Ev - er true to Him I'll be;



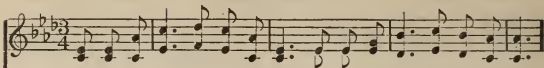
He's my Pi - lot o'er life's sea, He's the Friend of friends to me.



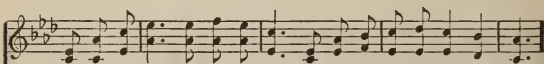
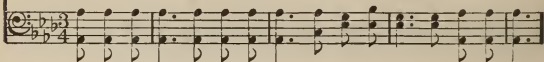
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



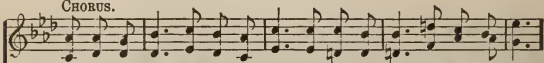
1. It was His love that reached my soul, It was His grace that made me whole,
2. It was His love, so boundless, free, That moved the Lord to par-don me
3. It was His love impelled my heart To turn from self and sin a part,
4. It was His great a - maz - ing love So well displayed from Heav'n a - bove,



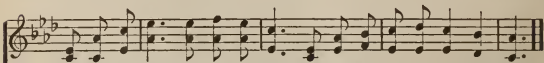
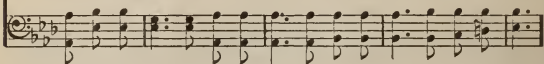
And now He keeps me day by day, And safe - ly leads me all the way.
 And own me for His ransomed child, Redeemed, renewed and rec - on - ciled.
 And find in Him the wondrous power A Christian life to live each hour.
 That bro't to me such peace and rest, And made me so su - preme - ly blest.



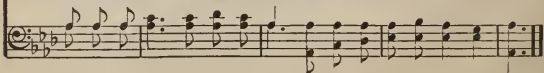
CHORUS.



O wondrous and a - maz - ing love! O grace that saved and ransomed me!



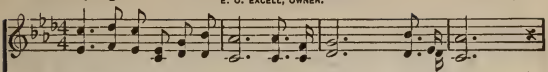
My heart and life shall sing of Thee In time and in e - ter - ni - ty.



Ina Duley Ogdon.

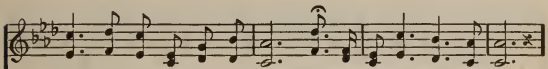
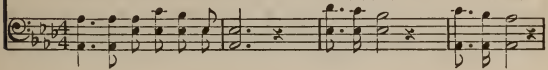
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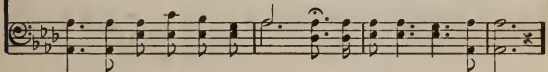


1. Who will o - pen mercy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will
 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will
 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will
 4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will

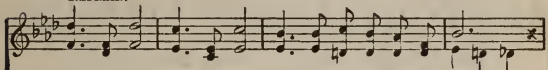
Je - sus will! Je - sus will



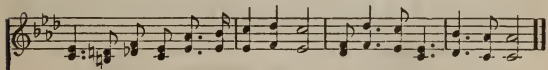
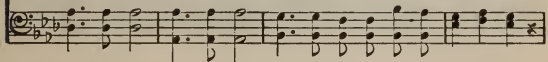
- As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will
 Make me pure, with - out, with - in? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will
 Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will
 Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will



REFRAIN.



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!



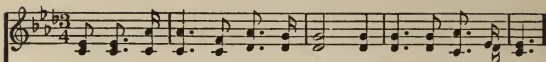
No. 6.

Grace, Enough For Me.

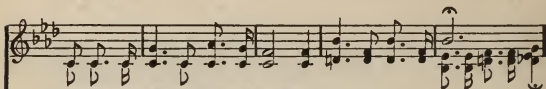
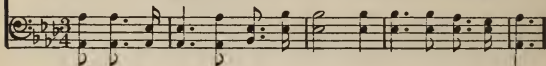
E. O. E.

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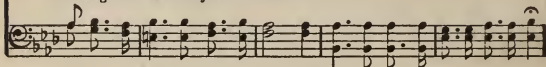
E. O. Excell.



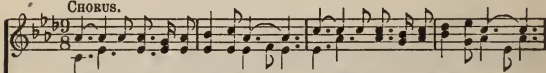
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand - ing there, my trem - bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,



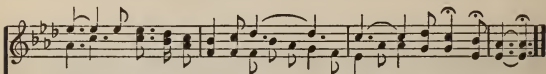
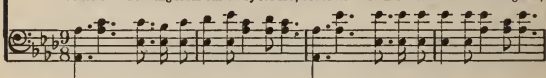
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me.
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul
 To sing thro' all the years to come enough for me.



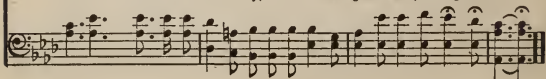
CHORUS.



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,



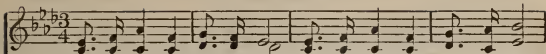
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, Grace, e - nough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, His a - bun - dant grace I see, e - nough for me.



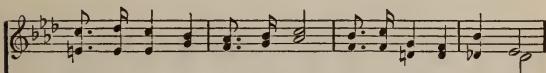
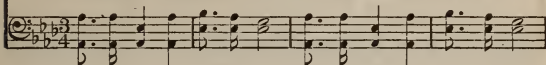
James Rowe.

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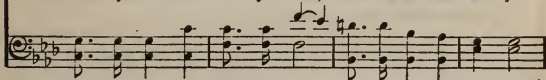
B. D. Ackley.



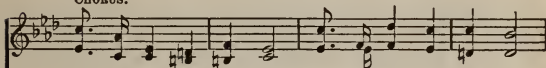
1. Does the world no rest af - ford? Would you have your strength re-stored?
2. Are you tempt-ed by the foe? Has your bur - den laid you low?
3. Are you wear-y of the fray? Have you fall - en by the way?
4. Dark with sin your past may be, Je - sus waits to hear your plea,



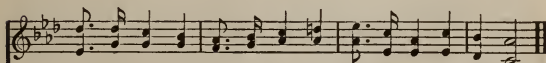
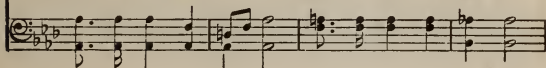
Cast your bur - den on the Lord, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 To the one true Help - er go, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 Make the Sav - ior yours to - day, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 Glad - ly He will set you free; Je - sus will sus - tain you.



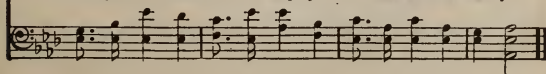
CHORUS.



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



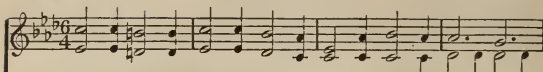
When you need a Friend to help you, Je - sus will sus - tain you.



James Rowe.

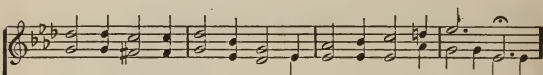
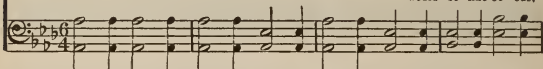
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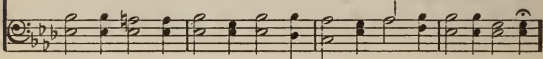
1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

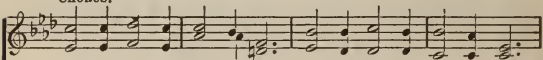


Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
 That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
 That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

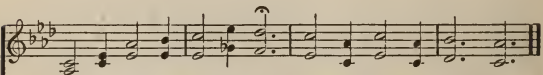
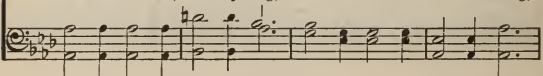
would be like Je - sus.



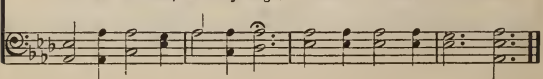
CHORUS.



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.

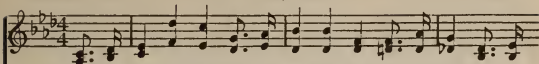


No. 9. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

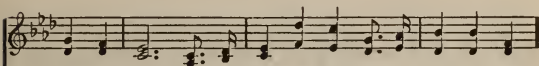
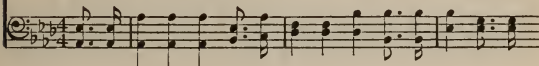
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

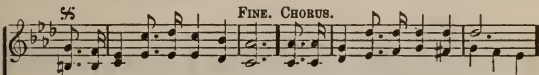
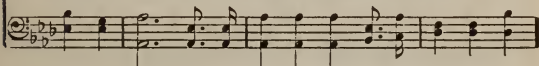
Henry P. Morton.



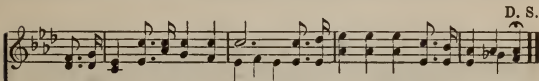
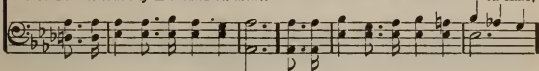
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of



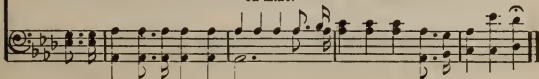
Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



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,



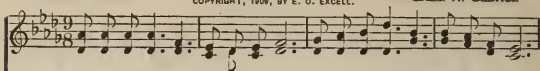
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!



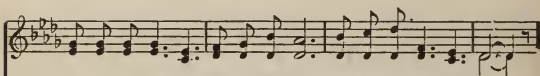
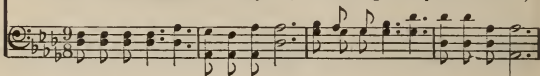
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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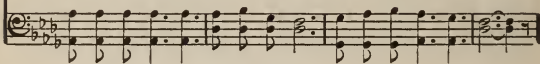
Chas. H. Gabriel.



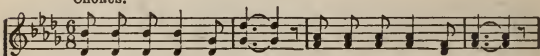
1. Jnst when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Jnst when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sns is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on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



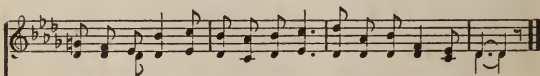
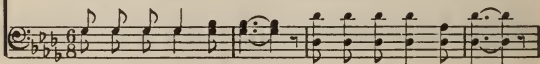
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Jnst when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Jnst when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Jnst when I need Him most



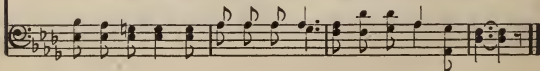
CHORUS.



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



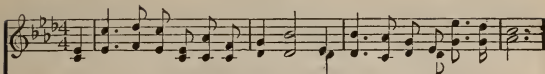
Je-sns is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



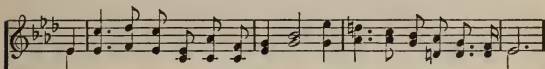
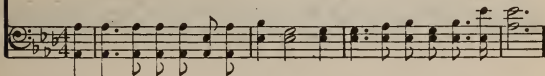
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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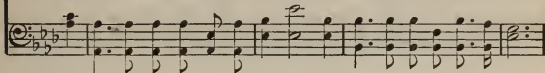
B. D. Ackley.



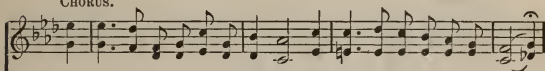
1. I need not trouble for the mor-row, For I am in my Fa-ther's care;
2. I need not ei-ther thirst or hun-ger; His grace will nev-er be de-nied;
3. I need not an a-bid-ing cit-y, For "I can tar-ry but a night;"
4. O may my faith in-crease be-fore Him, My serv-ice here His blessing gain;



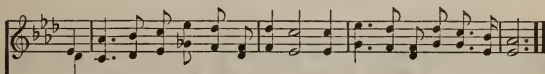
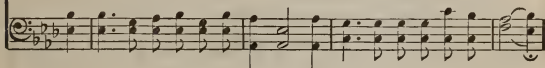
He will go with me as I jour-ney, For all my need He will pre-pare.
He leads me to the liv-ing wa-ters; His dai-ly man-na is sup-plied.
My heart, my treas-ures, are in Heav-en, My rai-ment is a robe of white.
Let me seek first my Fa-ther's king-dom, For all be-side must be in vain!



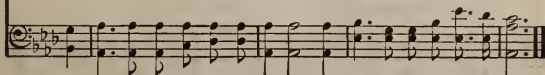
CHORUS.



I know that He provides the lil-ies, His eye each fall-ing spar-row sees;



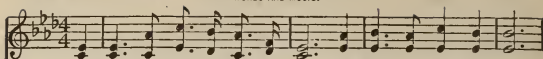
And so my soul will fear no e-vil, For I am more to Him than these.



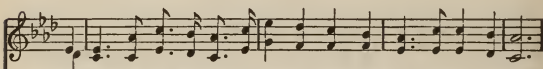
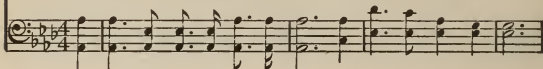
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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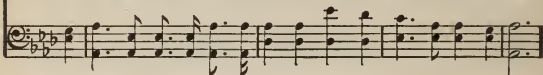
E. O. Excell.



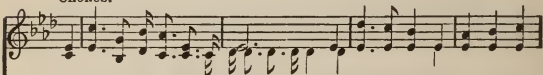
1. His gifts are great - er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be - side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With - in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su - preme;



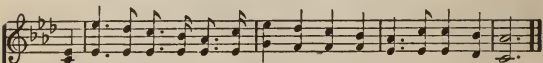
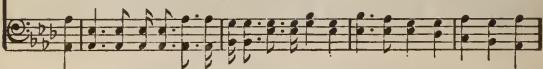
As count - less as the sun - set's gold - en beams, As bound - less as the sea.
His lov - ing - kind - ness o - ver - flows my soul, In - rush - ing as the tide.
His hand is ev - er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor - row cease.
My voice will ev - er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.



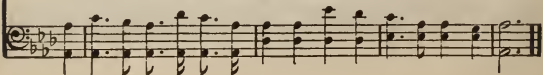
CHORUS.



His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great - er, they are greater than my dreams.



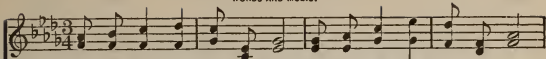
And more and more a - bun - dant dai - ly seems The grace of God to me.



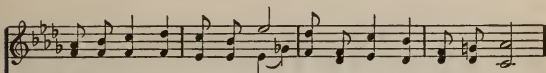
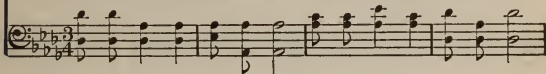
Fanny J. Crosby.

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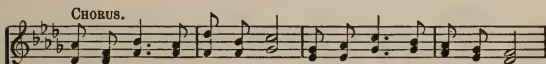
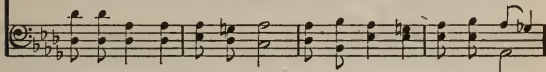
B. D. Ackley.



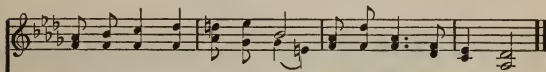
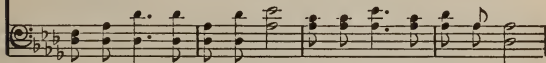
1. What I am, Thine eye can see, Yet I come, O Lord, to Thee;
2. As I am, I seek Thy face, Kneel-ing at the door of Grace;
3. As I am, O bless-ed Lord, I be-lieve and trust Thy word;
4. Lost, but found, my sins for-giv'n, Child of God and heir of Heav'n;



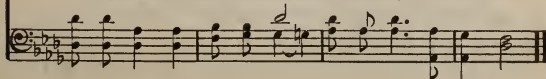
Tho' my sins are crim-son red, Yet for me Thy blood was shed.
O for-give this heart of mine, Cleanse me now and seal me Thine.
Let my soul no lon-ger roam, Take, O take the wan-d'rer home.
Lost, bnt fonnd, what joy is mine! Thou dost cleanse and keep me Thine.



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



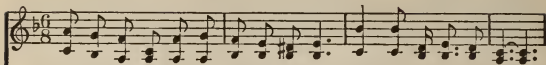
I may cast my - self on Thee, Je - sus, my Re-deem - er.



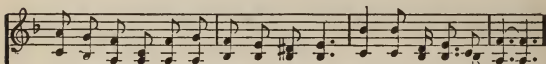
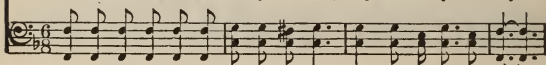
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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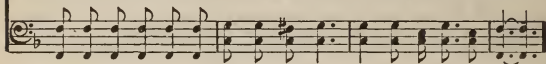
Chas. H. Gabriel.



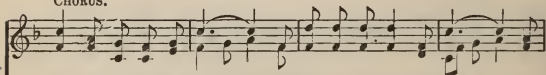
1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



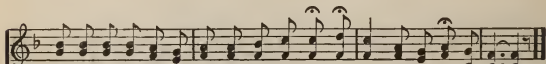
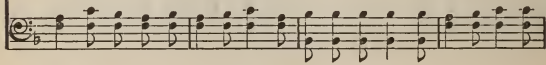
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Some one the jour-ney to Heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



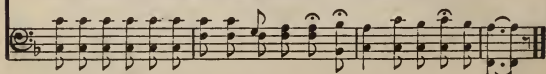
CHORUS.



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!

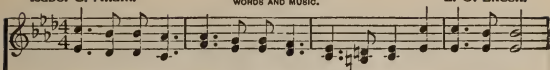


No. 15. Your Best Friend is Always Near.

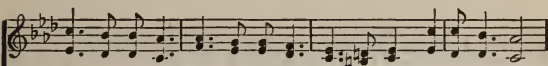
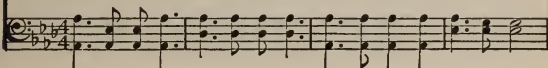
Isabel C. Allam.

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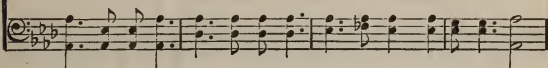
E. O. Excell.



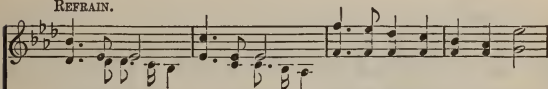
1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fond-est hopes have perished, When so free-ly falls the tear,
4. When the val-ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;



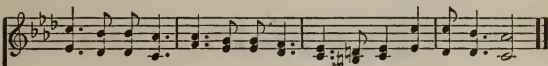
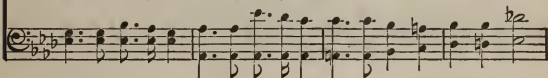
In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



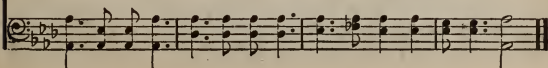
REFRAIN.



Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,



In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near.



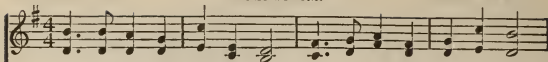
No. 16.

Coming Home.

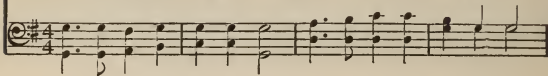
J. P. S.

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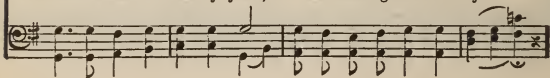
J. P. Scholfield.



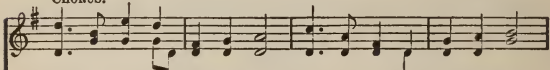
1. Tired of wast-ing pre-cious days, I'm re-turn-ing, ne'er to roam;
2. Griev-ing o-ver all my guilt, Now I look to Cal-va-ry,
3. Oh, the joy that fills my soul, Now that grace hath made me free;
4. Oh, the mis-er-y and tears As I've trav-eled Sa-tan's way;



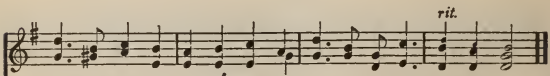
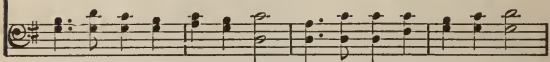
Wear-y of my sin-ful ways, Sav-ior, I am com-ing home.
 Where Thy precious blood was spilt,— I am com-ing home to Thee.
 Yield-ing to Thy full con-trol, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee.
 Tho' I've wandered man-y years, I am com-ing home to-day.



CHORUS.



Je-sus, I have gone a-stray, Now I seek Thy right-eous way;



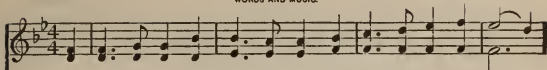
I can-not such love be-tray—so I am com-ing home to-day.



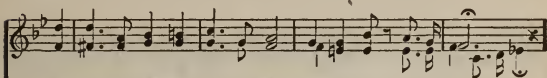
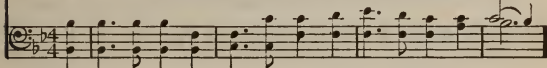
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

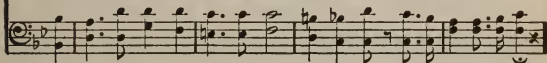
Albert C. Fisher.



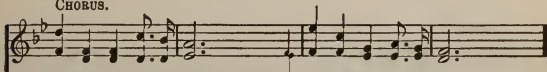
1. I nev - er fear when night is near And hard the hill to climb;
2. As - sured that He will care for me, I'll trust His love sub - lime,
3. His way I choose and shall not lose The path to that fair clime,
4. My trust - ing soul will reach the goal, And hear the home bells chime,



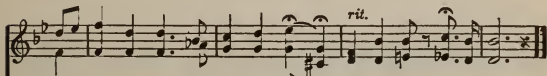
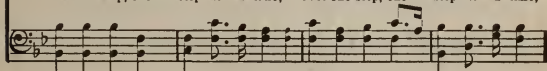
E - nough for me if I but see
 And press a - long, with sigh, or song, Just one step at a time.
 For He will show the way to go, Just one step, just one step at a time.
 Tho' I but see, made bright for me,



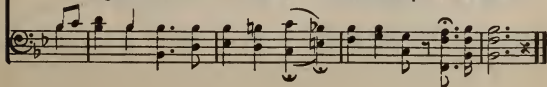
CHORUS.



Just one step at a time, Just one step at a time;
 Just one step, one step at a time, Just one step, one step at a time;



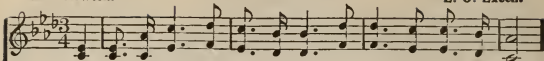
E - nough for me if I but see Just one step at a time.



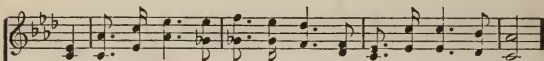
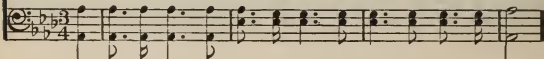
John Newton.

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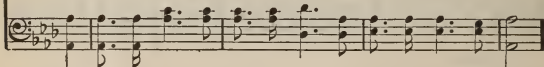
E. O. Excell.



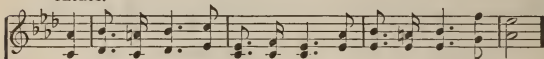
1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did, — But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:



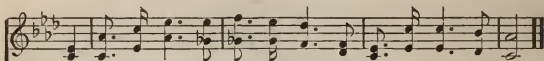
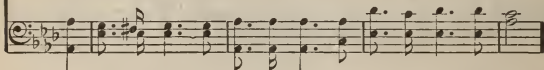
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
 Where shall my trem - bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
 This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."



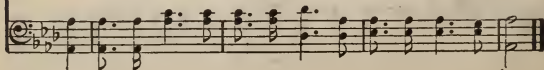
CHORUS.



What wondrous love! Thy life to give That I might ran - somed be;



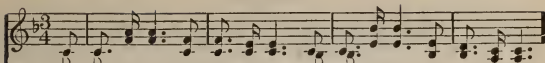
Had I a thou - sand lives to live I'd live them all for Thee.



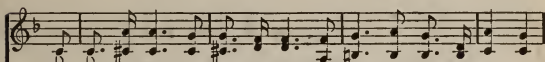
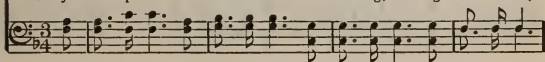
Mrs. C. H. M.

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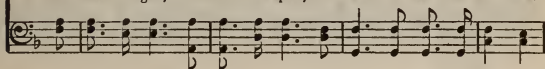
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



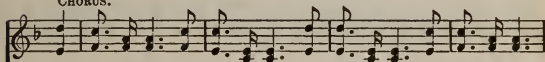
1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al-le-giance to Him swear,
5. My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



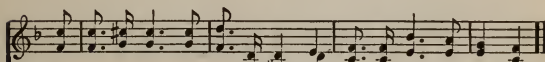
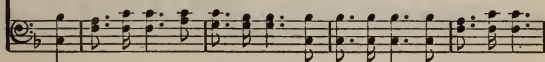
My ran-som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
 And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
 For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
 And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
 Tho' small the gift, He'll not de-spise; I owe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



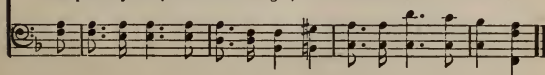
CHORUS.



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



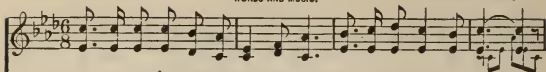
He paid my debt, I'll not for-get, I owe it all to Je - sus.



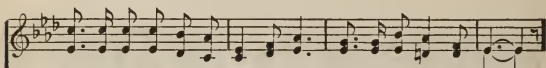
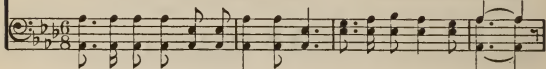
Fanny J. Crosby.

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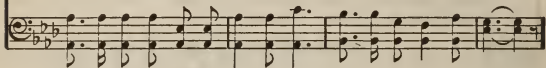
Jno. R. Swency.



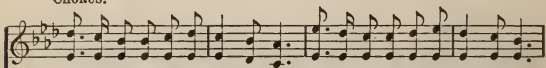
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



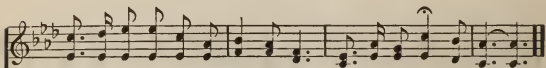
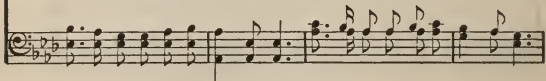
Welcome the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Grace for the wear - y, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Love in its full - ness the heart o'er - flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



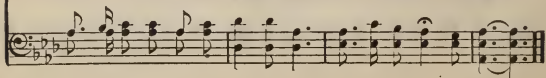
CHORUS.



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



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

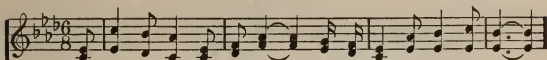


No. 21. How Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

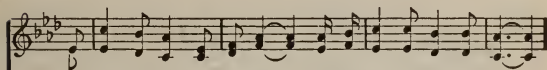
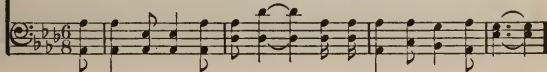
Dr. M. Victor Staley.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



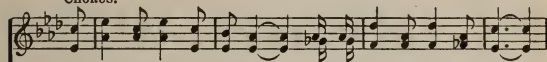
1. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, In the hour of bit - ter need;
2. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, With our ev - 'ry doubt and fear,
3. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, In temp - ta - tion's try - ing hour;
4. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, What - so - ev - er be our care;



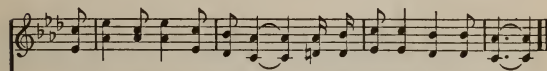
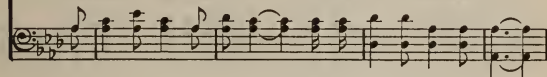
To walk in peace be - side Him, Where - so - ev - er He may lead.
To know that in the Sav - ior, We have still a help - er near.
To tell Him of our weak - ness, And to feel His love and pow'r.
He nev - er will for - sake us, In the hour of deep de - spair.



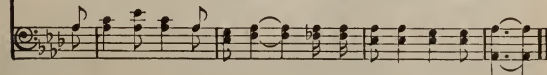
CHORUS.



How sweet to trust in Je - sus; Oh, what joy it doth af - ford,



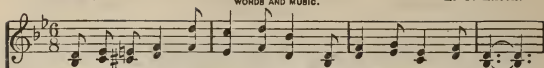
Con - fid - ing in His good - ness, Just re - ly - ing on His word.



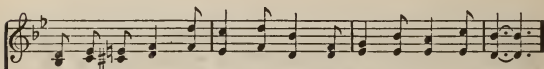
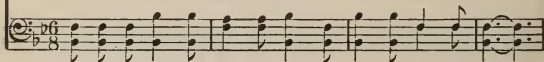
B. Barton.

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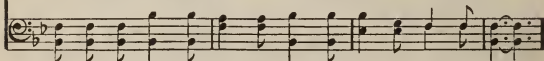
E. O. Excell.



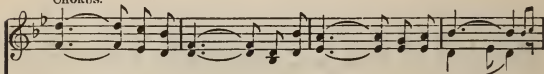
1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts,



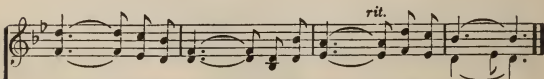
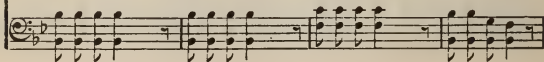
Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms be-yond the sky:
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'n - ly teach-ings turn With sim - ple, child-like hearts.



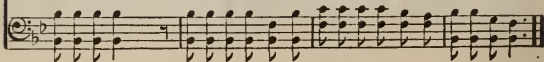
CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful Lamp, . . . brightly shine . . . on the way, . . .
Beau-ti - ful Lamp, beau-ti - ful Lamp, shine on the way, shine on the way,



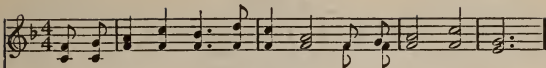
Guid - ing the soul . . . to the man - sions of day. . . .
Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.



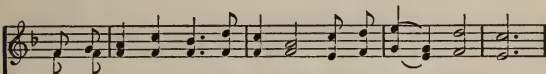
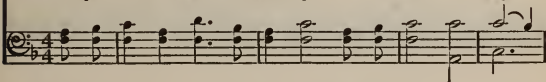
J. P. S.

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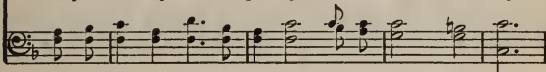
J. P. Scholfield.



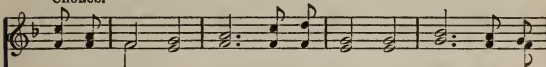
1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
 2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
 3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
 4. Will you tell the won-drous sto - ry In the same old way?



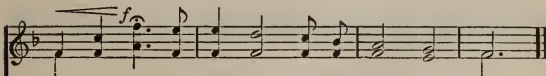
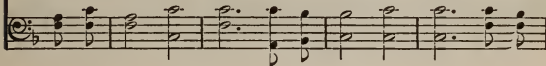
He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
 Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
 He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
 That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?



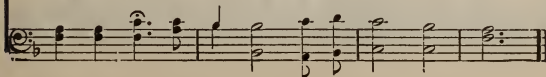
CHORUS.



In the same old way, In the same old way; God will



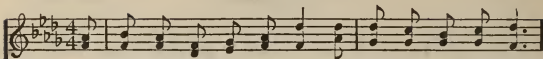
bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way.



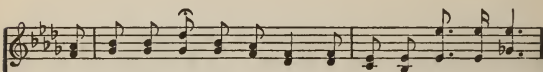
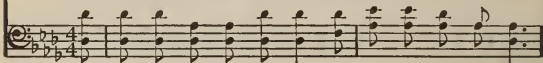
James Rowe.

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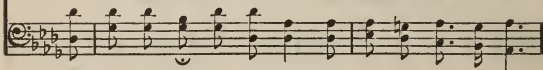
B. D. Ackley.



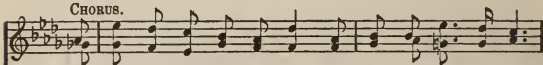
1. The bells of joy are ring - ing, Since I my Sav - ior know;
2. Some - times a bur - den bends me, But still my car - ol rings,
3. The storm will oft be sweep - ing, Temp - ta - tion will be strong,
4. Some - time, when I the sto - ry Shall sing no more be - low,



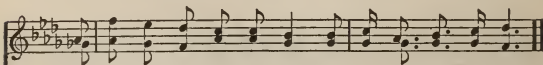
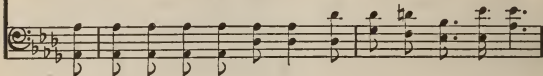
His love just keeps me sing - ing, As on my way I go.
 For strength and cheer He sends me From life's e - ter - nal springs.
 But I am in His keep - ing, And shall not lose my song.
 I'll sing in realms of glo - ry Of Him who loves me so.



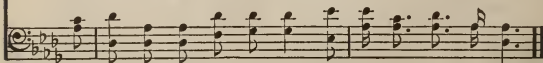
CHORUS.

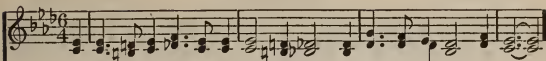


Glad prais - es I am bring - ing, That sin - ners all may know

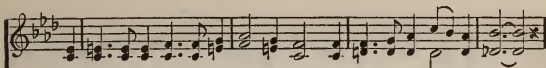
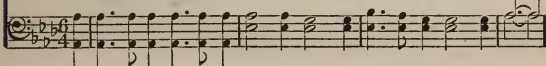


That Je - sus keeps me sing - ing And hap - py here be - low.

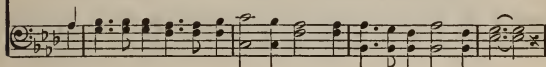




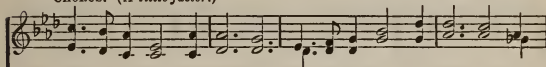
1. Oh, who has not felt that the cares of earth Were more than man's strength could bear,
2. Oh, who has not felt the dark stain of sin Like crim-son up - on his soul,
3. When those that we love have been snatched away, And walk no more by our side,
4. Thou Friend of the friendless, so kind and true, Thou Sav-ior of sin - ners lost,



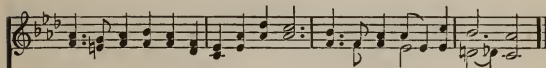
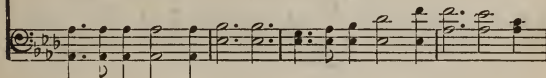
And longed for a friend who could understand, And all of life's bur-dens share?
 And sought for a friend who had pow'r to free From passions which held control?
 Oh, where is the One who will dear-er be Than all of earth's friends be-side?
 Pro-tect us and guide us life's journey thro' Till safely death's stream we've crossed.



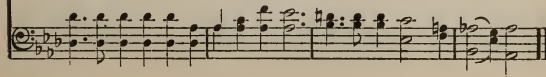
CHORUS. (*A little faster.*)



Just such a Friend is Je - sus, Just such a Friend is Je - sus: His



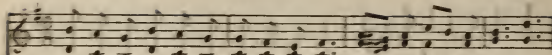
grace doth for-ev-er to sin-ners a-bound; Just such a Friend is Je - sus.



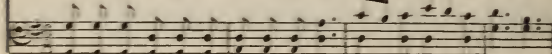
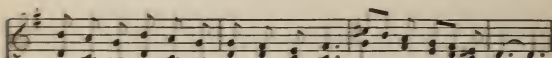
Mrs. C. H. W.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

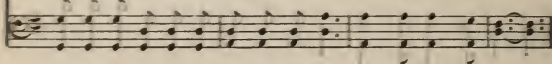
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



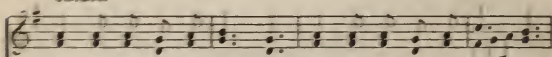
1. Qui-est may choose this vain world if they will, I will fol - low Je - sus;
 2. Ful - y and free-ly the choice I have made, I will fol - low Je - sus;
 3. Walk-ing by faith where my eyes can-not see, I will fol - low Je - sus;
 4. Far-est of all in ten thousand is He, I will fol - low Je - sus;

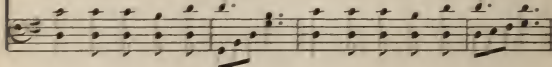
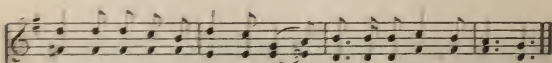
All else for - sak-ing, will cleave to Him still, I will fol - low Him.
 All on the al - tar for Him I have laid, I will fol - low Him.
 Hold-ing the hand that was wound-ed for me, I will fol - low Him.
 Till in His glo - ry the King I shall see, I will fol - low Him.



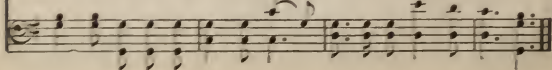
CHORUS.



When - so - ev - er He needs me, Where - so - ev - er He leads me,

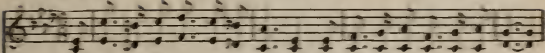
What - so - ev - er He bids me do, I will be true to Je - sus.



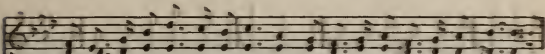
Mrs. F. A. Breck.

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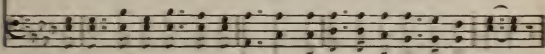
E. O. Excell.



1. How man-y are lost in the darkness, With spirits whose sorrow a - ber-dows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je - sus' own love.
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; Yet surely will hap - pen to go.
4. Where - ev - er are sin - ners a - round you, By wit or temptation o'er - thrown,



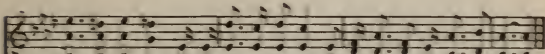
They know not of Christ or salvation. — Ah! some one must tell them who knows,
And win them to share in His king - dom, Of glo - ri - ous and glo - ry a - bows.
And teach them of life ev - er - last - ing, The wonder - ful Gos - pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Jesus the Com - fort - er know.



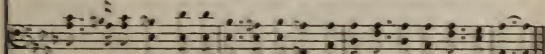
Chorus.



Some one must tell them who knows The mer - cy that Je - sus be - shows: Oh,



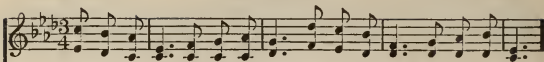
let the Light shine, tell the message di - vine. For some one must tell them who knows.



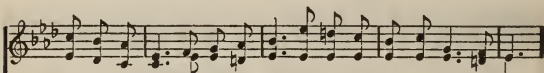
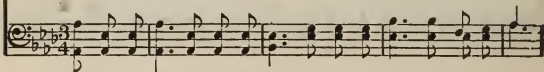
Maude Frazer.

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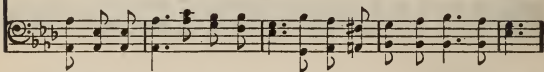
Chas. H. Gabriel.



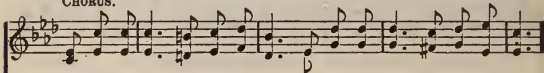
1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall,
2. Thy pleading eyes have looked on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "Child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail,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



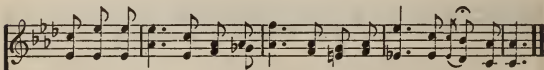
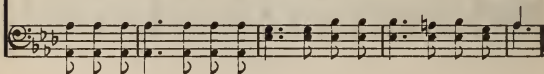
And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



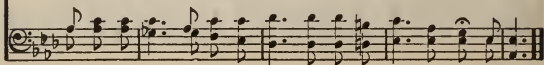
CHORUS.



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



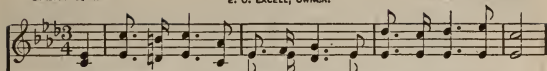
For - ev - er - more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



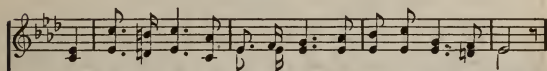
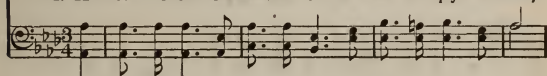
James Rowe.

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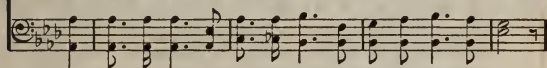
Chas. H. Gabriel.



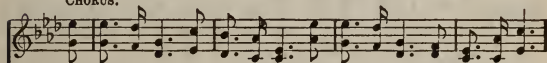
1. The love of Je - sus fills my soul, And makes me sing for joy;
2. The love of Je - sus is my light, My guide from day to day;
3. The love of Je - sus is my shield When en - e - mies as - sail;
4. The love of Je - sus draws me on To rest and joys un - told,



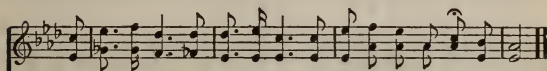
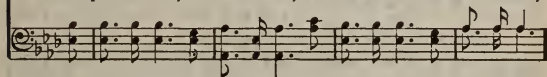
It helps me bear with pa-tience all The troub-les which an - noy.
My com-fort in the cheer-less night, My song a - long the way.
It gives me strength the sword to wield, And helps me to pre - vail.
To that blest land of fade-less dawn, Be-yond the gates of gold.



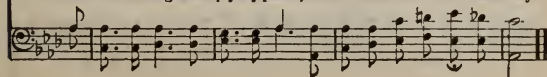
CHORUS.



O pre-cious love, O love di-vine, A - bide with-in this soul of mine,



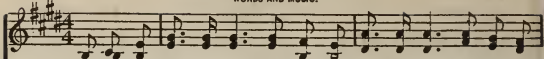
And I will sing with joy thy praise, Still more and more thro' endless days.



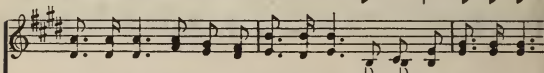
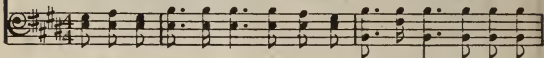
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

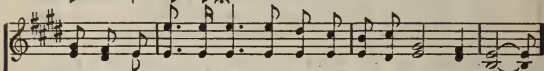
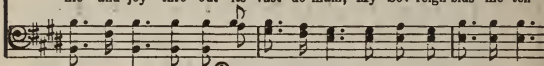
Flora H. Cassel.



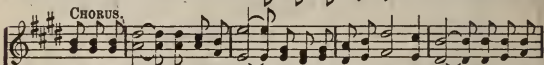
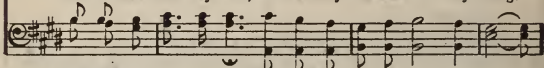
1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is
 2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
 3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal



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

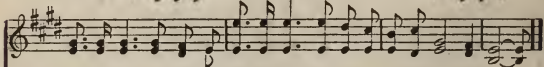
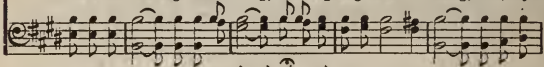


of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on busi-ness for my King.
 with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my busi-ness for my King.
 how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my busi-ness for my King.

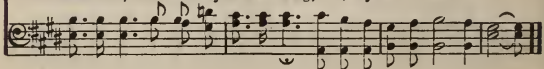


CHORUS.

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



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



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.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Hamp Sewell.

1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;

When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.

CHORUS.

Love won my heart, . . . Christ did im-part, . . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,

love of God, Love won my heart; . . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,

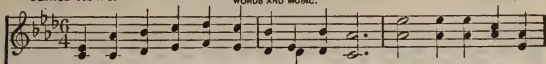
deep as the sea, . . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea,

No. 33. Make the Most of Your Blessings.

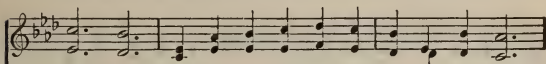
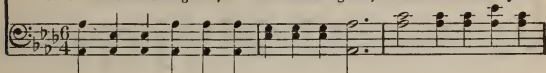
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

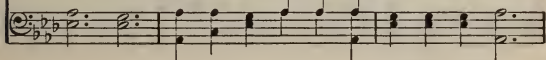
B. D. Ackley.



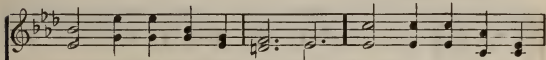
1. As you go on-ward with Je-sus each day, Make the most of your
2. Since they are sent to your heart from a-b-ove, Make the most of your
3. Oth - ers to strengthen, to comfort and guide; Make the most of your



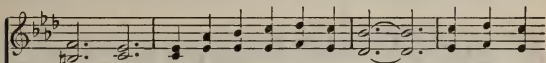
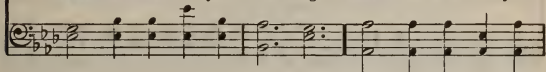
bles - ings; Use them and help un - to oth - ers con - vey,
bles - ings; Use them for God in re - turn for His love,
bles - ings; Do - ing His will, walk - ing close by His side,



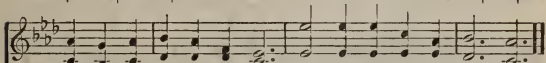
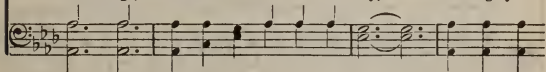
CHORUS.



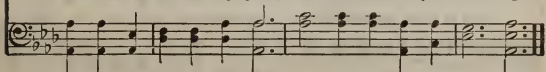
Make the most of your bless - ings. Make the most of your



bles - ings, Use them for Je - sus each day; Do - ing your



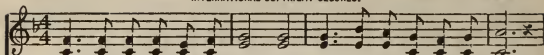
best for the lost and op - prest, Make the most of your bless - ings.



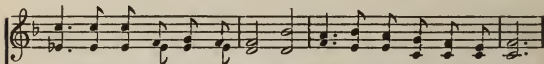
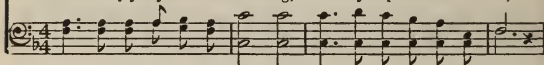
C. H. M.

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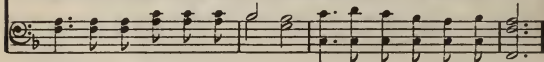
Mrs. C. H. Morris-



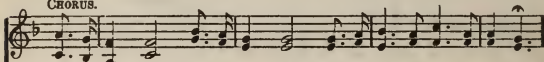
1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
 2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
 3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;



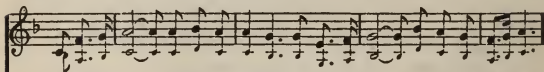
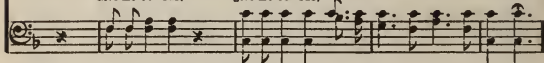
May His pres - ence now re - fresh us Like the morn - ing dew from heav'n!
 All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
 Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.



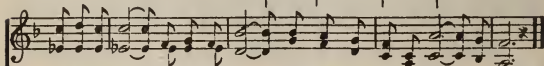
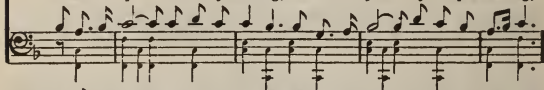
CHORUS.



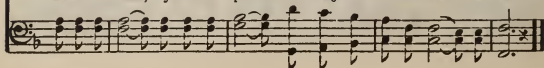
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
 Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,



To sat - is - fy with ev - 'ry bless - ing, His love and peace my soul pos - sess - ing;



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



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.

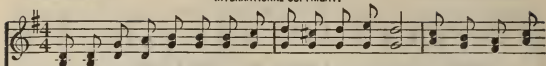
Je - sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un - der His control; With songs of

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

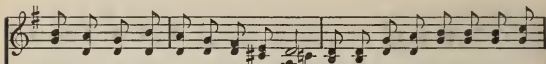
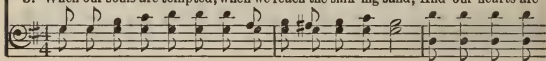
James Rowe.

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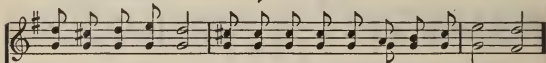
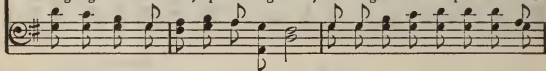
B. D. Ackley.



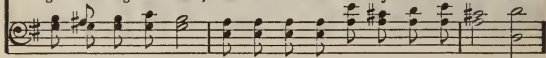
1. In the hour of trouble, it is sweet to have a friend, Some one who is
2. When the storm is sweeping, and the world seems most unjust, When some great mis-
3. When our souls are tempted, when we reach the sink-ing sand, And our hearts are



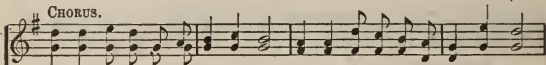
al - ways glad a help-ing hand to lend; One up-on whose faith-ful-ness we
for-tune comes and fail you think you must, There's a strong De-fend-er we may
long-ing for a kind, up-lift-ing hand, Look-ing for a Help-er who will



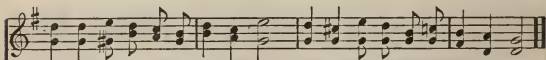
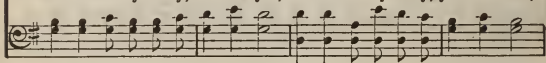
ev - er may de-pend; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
safe-ly, sure-ly trust; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
give us strength to stand; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.



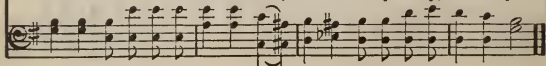
CHORUS.



He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, you should too;



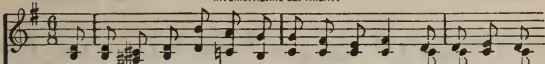
There will nev-er be a friend more true; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you.



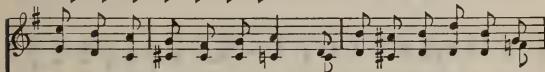
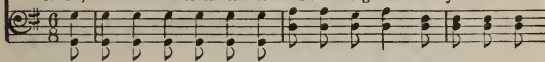
Mrs. C. H. M.

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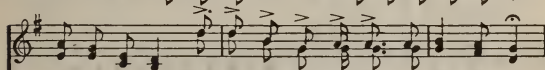
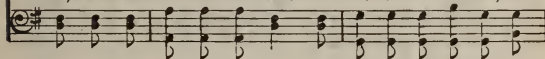
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



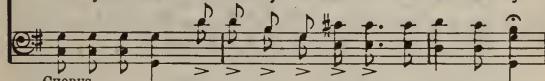
1. By sin's con-dem-na-tion my heart was op-pressed, No peace could I
2. I plunged in the foun-tain, the rem-e-dy sure For sin and un-
3. Oh, won-der-ful cross with its arms stretching wide For you and for



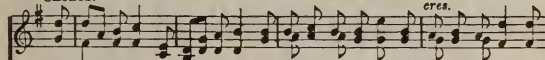
find, and no com-fort, no rest, Till Je-sus' voice whis-pered so
clean-ness,—the un-fail-ing cure: My bur-den fell off,—and to-
me, and the whole world be-side: No one is ex-clud-ed, and



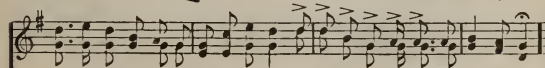
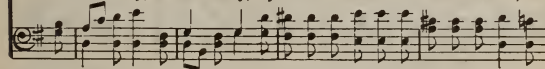
sweet-ly to me, "Come lay down your bur-den at Cal-va-ry."
day I can see There's per-fect sal-va-tion at Cal-va-ry.
mer-cy is free For ev-'ry lost sin-ner at Cal-va-ry.



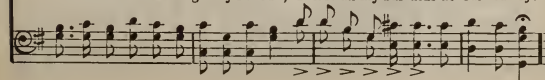
CHORUS.



At Cal-va-ry, at Cal-va-ry, My bur-dens fell off and from sin I was free; To



Je-sus for-ev-er the glo-ry shall be; I lost all my bur-dens at Cal-va-ry.



C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a might-y Help-er at my side to - day, One who keeps me sing-ing
2. When the storm was sweeping o'er my lone - ly soul, When of self, de-spair-ing,
3. There is some One hold-ing out His arms to you, One who wants to help you

all a - long the way, One who plead-ed with me when I went a - stray;
I had lost con-trol, Je - sus whis-pered peace to me and made me whole;
to be good and true, There is One who wants to make me hap - py too;

CHORUS.

That's the kind of Sav-ior I have found.... That's the kind of Sav-ior I have
I have found.

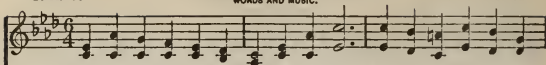
found,.. And with joy I spread the news a - round,..... Of the One who
have found. news a - round,

died that we might ev-er live; That's the kind of Sav-ior I have found.....
I have found.

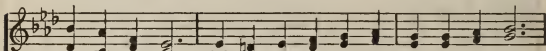
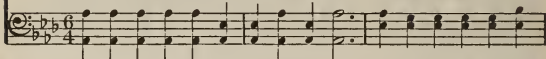
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

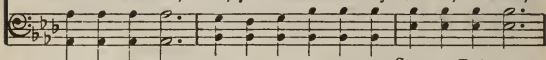
Chas. H. Gabriel.



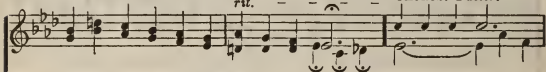
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-



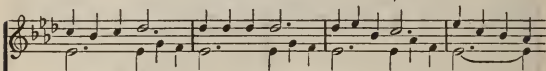
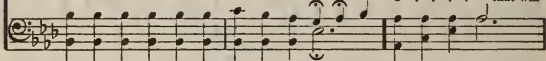
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,



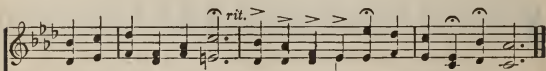
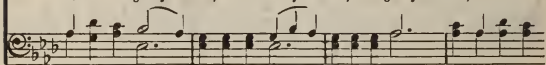
rit. — — — CHORUS. *Faster.*



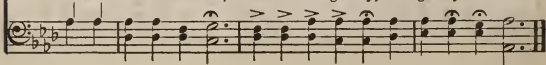
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be
O that will



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.



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;

CHORUS.

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

Lanta Wilson Smith.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song; Meet the world's re-

need-y And the sad and lone, How much joy and com-fort
dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed

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

CHORUS.

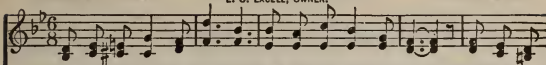
Scat-ter sun-shine all a-long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o-ver the way,

bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;

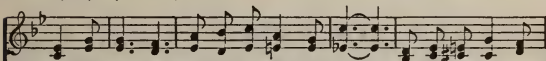
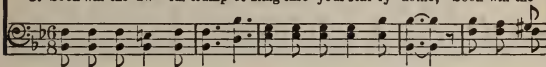
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

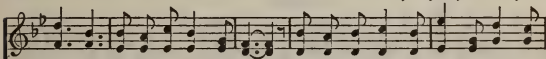
Hamp Sewell.



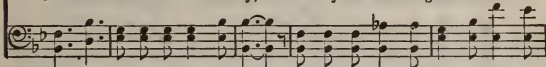
1. Now is the au-tumn coming, Now is the win-ter near, What have you
2. Swift-ly your day is go-ing, Think ere the shad-ows creep; What you have
3. Soon will the aw - ful trump-et Ring thro' your star-ry dome; Soon will the



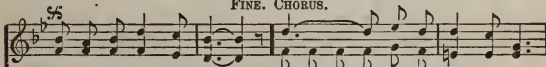
gained as har-vest Out of the wan-ing year? Where are your sheaves, my
long been sow-ing, That must ye al - so reap. Did you sow seeds of
an - gel reap - ers Gath-er the har-vest home; Then will they glean for



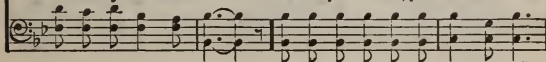
broth-er? What will the Master see When He shall come to view the reap-ing?
kindness, Seed that from sin was free? When you at last your crop must gather,
Je - sus Sheaves for e-ter - ni - ty;— Will they be sheaves of good or e - vil?



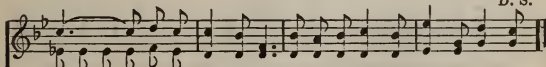
FINE. CHORUS.



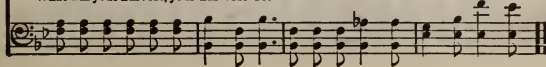
What will your har-vest be? What..... will your har-vest be?
D.S.—What will your harvest be? What will your harvest, your har-vest be?



D. S.



What..... will your har-vest be? In-to life's fur-row seeds are fall-ing;
What will your harvest, your har-vest be?



W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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,

rit. > > > > > 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 prais-es 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.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. In the light and glo - ry of His life and sto - ry There is
2. O my bless - ed Sav - ior! He is mine for - ev - er, And will
3. Oh, the peace and pleas - ure, oh, the price - less treas - ure Of the

ev - 'ry-thing that I can need; That is why I'm cling - ing and His
be my near - est, dear - est Friend; That is why I love Him, hav - ing
love of Him who died for me! Thro' that day e - ter - nal, in the

CHORUS.

prais - es sing - ing, As the lost to Him I lead.
naught above Him, And shall trust Him to the end. In His sunlight, His precious
world su - per - nal, Love Di - vine my song shall be.

sun - light, I am al - ways hap - py, yes, in - deed! In His sun - light,

His pre - cious sun - light, There is ev - 'ry-thing I need.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, To hear Him whis - per, I am His!
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, To hide in such a safe re - treat!

The love that ev - 'ry want sup - plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de - stroy, My Savior's love is still my joy;

rit. His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to mel

More won - der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid;

rit. My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 47. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

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, nn - 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; Sweet-er and the
as the mo-ments fly;

dear-er as to me He draweth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
 2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
 3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is

rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the
 pass-eth un - der-stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the
 joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo - ry; In the

shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings
 shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings
 shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings

CHORUS.

There is rest (sweet rest). There is rest, There is peace, There is
 There is peace (sweet peace).
 There is joy (glad joy). sweet rest, sweet peace,

joy, glad joy. In the shad-ow of His wings; shad-ow of His wings.

No. 49. I Would Not Live Without Him.

A. W. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Arthur Willis Spooner.

1. Je - sus is a Friend so kind, Tru - er Friend you can-not find; O, I
 2. If you turn this Friend a-way, He will fol - low you each day; O, I
 3. When your head is bowed with grief, Then this Friend will bring relief; O, I

would not live with-out Him if I could;—He will help you to the end,
 would not live with-out Him if I could;—When you fall, this Friend is near,
 would not live with-out Him if I could;—When you stand before the throne,

D. S.—He is lov - ing, ten - der, kind,

On His love you may de - pend; O, I would not live with-
 Call on Him, you need not fear; O, I would not live with-
 He will claim you for His own; O, I would not live with-

Tru - er Friend you can - not find; O, I would not live with-

FINE. CHORUS.

out Him if I could. O, I would not live with - out Him if I
 out Him if I could.

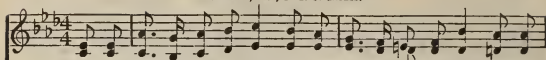
D. S.

could, if I could, O, I would not live with - out Him if I could;—

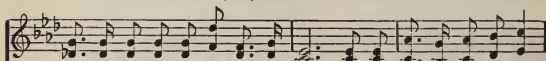
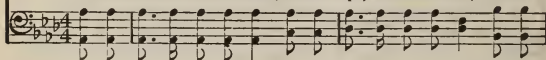
C. H. G.

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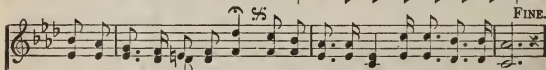
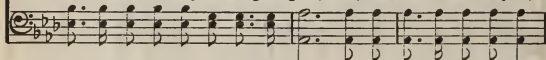
Chas. H. Gabriel.



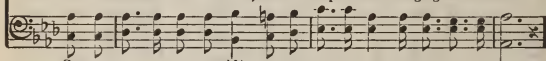
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



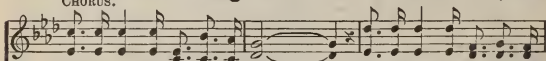
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



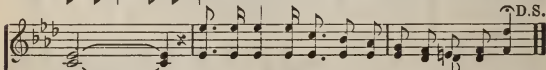
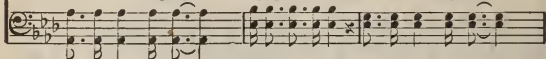
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



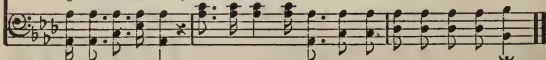
CHORUS.



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 ring-ing! lone - ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;



No. 51.

There Cometh No Night.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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.

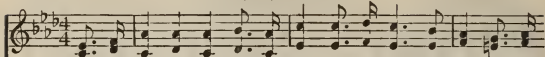
There cometh no night, . . . Where Jesus is dwelling There cometh . . . no night.
 no night, . . . no night, no night.

No. 52. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

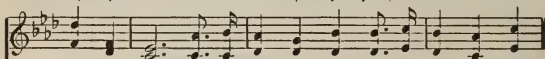
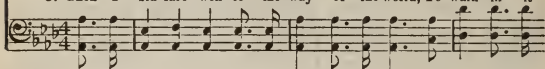
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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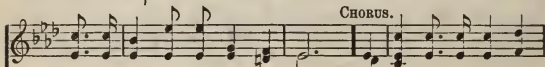
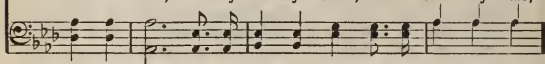
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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

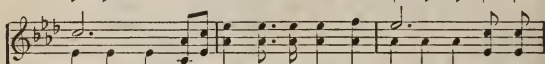
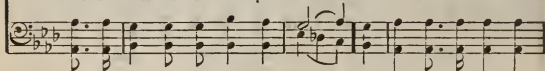


way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

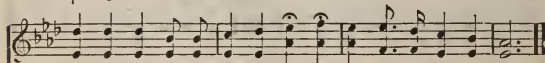
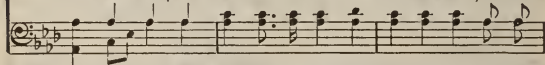


CHORUS.

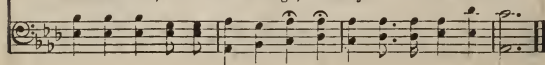
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

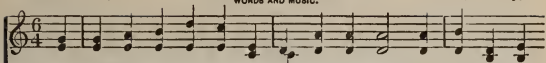


home, leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is leads home;

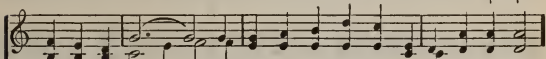
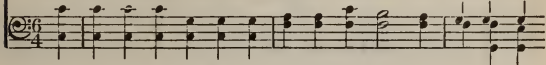


sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

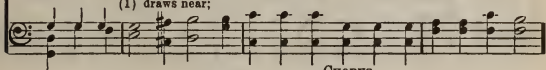




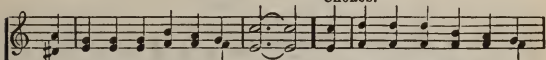
1. Sometimes, to my heart comes a vi - sion of joy, When Je - sus my
2. How blest are the moments when faith can be - hold The foot-steps of
3. How sweet the com - mun-ion we have with Him here; Un - seen, yet so



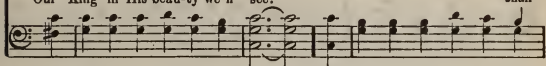
Sav - ior draws near;..... He gives me the peace that no ill can de-destroy;
Christ in the way!..... But O, we look for-ward to rap-ture un-told,
pre - cious is He;..... Some day, face to face, where there cometh no tear,
(1) draws near;



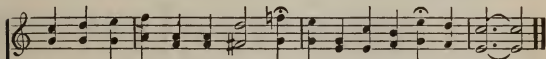
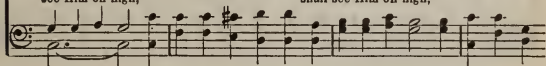
CHORUS.



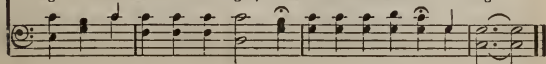
His voice I seem almost to hear. I know I shall see Him on
Where shin-eth the shad-ow-less day!
Our King in His beau-ty we'll see. shall



high;..... I know I shall see Him on high;..... When faith yields to
see Him on high, shall see Him on high;



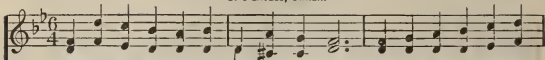
sight in the land of de - light, I know I shall see Him on high.



A. H. Ackley.

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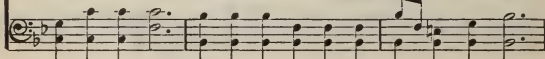
B. D. Ackley.



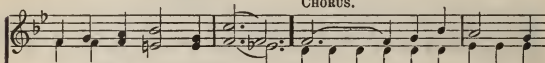
1. When I have finished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er-fail-ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by



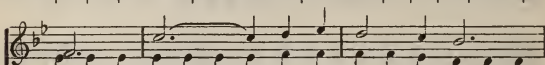
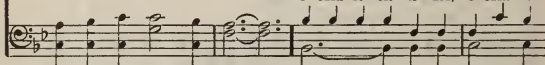
ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,



CHORUS.



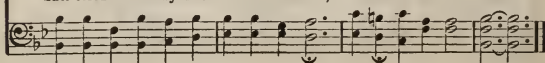
I shall be sat-is-fied.

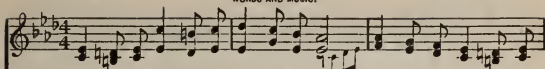
I..... shall be sat-is-
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be

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

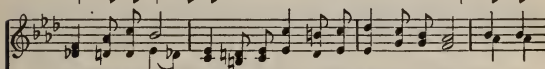
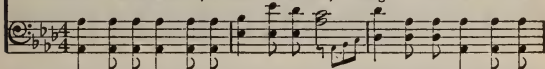


Shel-tered a-bove by His in-fi-nite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

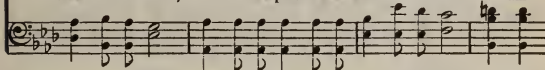




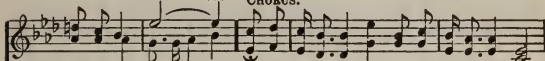
1. On my Re-deem-er my sins I have cast, Fet-ters are bro-ken and
2. Vain are the calls that al-lure me to sin; Nev-er a-gain shall the
3. Soon I shall see Him, the One I a-dore, Sing of His love on "The



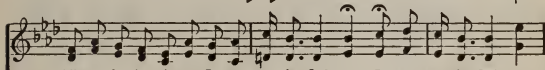
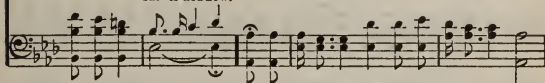
wand'rings are past; Good-ness and mercy o'er-came me at last,— I am
e - vil one win; Sweet-ly the Spir-it a - bid - eth within; I am
Beau-ti-ful Shore," There in His presence a - bide ey - er-more— I am



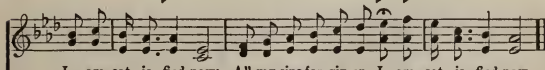
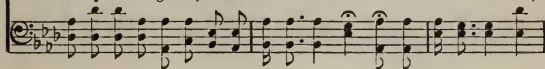
CHORUS.



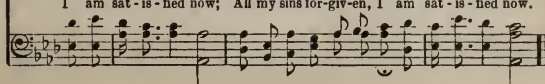
sat-is-fied now..... I am sat-is-fied now, I am sat-is-fied now;
sat-is-fied now.



All my sins for-giv-en, I am sat-is-fied now: I am sat-is-fied now,



I am sat-is-fied now; All my sins for-giv-en, I am sat-is-fied now.



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 - joi - cing 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 ^{the}

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.

Drive It Away With a Song.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. What tho' a cloud should sweep o-ver your sky, Veil - ing the sun-beams that
 2. Has some resentment wrought strife and ill-will? Love and for-give-ness work
 3. Sing of the bless-ings, so man-y and sweet, Like heav'nly blos-soms that

spark-le on high?— Fear not, the shad-ow will pass by and by;
 mir - a - cles still; Let no wrong-feel-ing your cup of life fill,
 smile 'round your feet; And if some grievance per-chance you may meet,

CHORUS.

Drive it a - way with a song..... Drive it a - way,
 a song.

drive it a - way, Love will the ech-oes pro - long; Sing on with

glad-ness, ban-ish your sad-ness, Drive it a - way with a song.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. It was be-cause He loved me so, When lost in sin and steeped in
2. He washed my sin-stains all a-way, And turned my night to bright noon-
3. In lov-ing-kind-ness none can tell He deigns with-in my heart to

woe, Christ did for me a-tone; He cast a pity-ing glance on
day By His own blood ap-plied; The long-ing in my heart was
dwell, This Friend so kind and true: I want the whole wide world to

me And said, "My child, I died for thee, To claim thee for My own."
stilled, The ach-ing void His presence filled And full-y sat-is-fied.
know My Sav-ior who has charmed me so, Then they will love Him, too.

CHORUS.

I love Him so, I love Him so, I want the whole wide world to know

The full-ness of His grace di-vine, Since I am His and He is mine.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Do you oft - en wear - y and dis - cour - aged grow With the bur - dens
2. Does the jour - ney oft seem wear - i - some and long Ere at last you
3. Just a few more toil - ing days for you and me, Till our life's work

you are called to bear? Do you sometimes long de - liv - er - ance to know
reach the shin - ing goal? Do you sometimes long to join the blood - washed throng
here on earth be done; Crowded full of will - ing serv - ice let them be,

CHORUS.

From the sorrows and the heartaches here?
In the bless - ed homeland of the soul? By and by a - round the throne we'll
Till we hear the Master's blest "Well done."

By and by, yes, by and

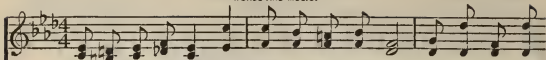
sing End - less prais - es to our Lord and King, Who in mer - cy
by, By and by, yes, by and by,

sought us, And thro' grace has bro't us To our Father's home on high.

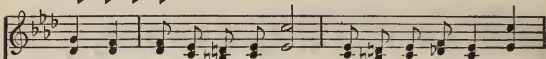
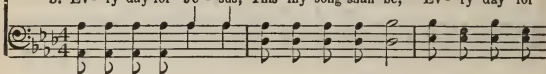
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

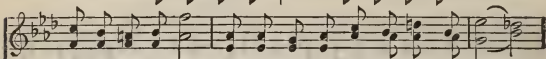
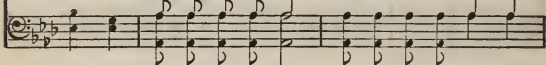
B. D. Ackley.



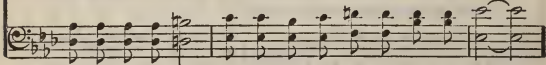
1. Ev-'ry day the Sav-ior Sends me bless-ings new; Ev-'ry day He
 2. Ev-'ry day His glad-ness Fills and thrills my soul, When I let the
 3. Ev-'ry day for Je-sus, This my song shall be; Ev-'ry day for



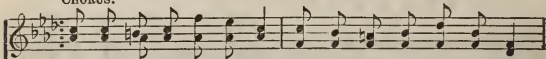
cheers me With His prom-ise true; Ev-'ry day He guides me,
 Sav-ior Have com-plete con-trol; So my heart is ring-ing
 Je-sus, Who has ran-somed me; Work-ing for the Mas-ter



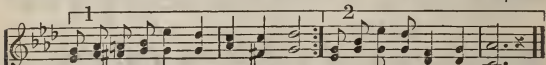
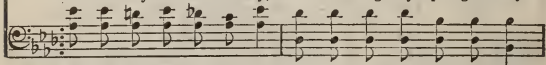
Lest my feet should stray, As I fol-low Je-sus Ev-'ry day.
 With its sweet-est lay, And its trib-utes bring-ing Ev-'ry day.
 All a-long the way, I will live for Je-sus Ev-'ry day.



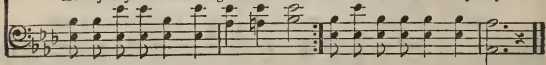
CHORUS.



{ Ev-'ry day His bless-ings new Fall a-round me like the dew;
 { On life's way the vic-to-ry; So a-long my pil-grim way



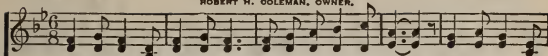
Ev-'ry day the Sav-ior gives to me I will serve Him ev-'ry day.



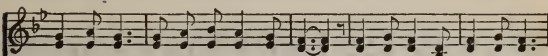
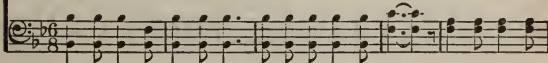
James Rowe.

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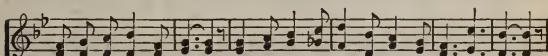
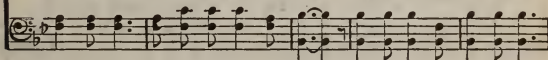
Howard E. Smith.



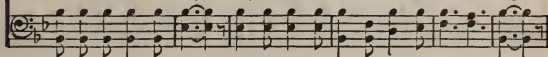
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a - bove, Je - sns completely saves; He will lift you



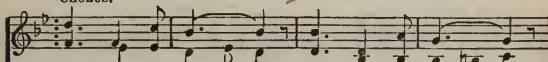
stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; Bnt the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might - y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



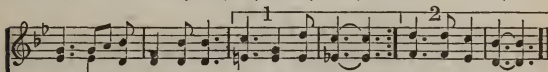
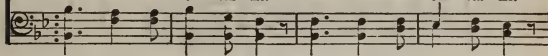
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil-lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.



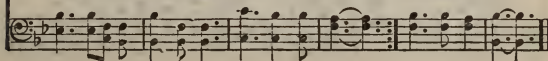
CHORUS.



Love lift - ed mel..... Love lift - ed mel.....
o - ven mel o - ven mel



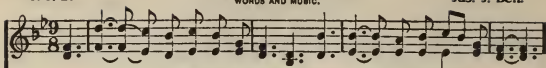
.When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.



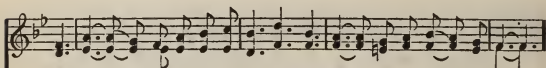
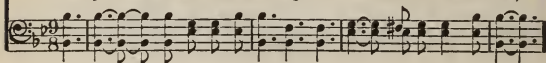
J. J. B.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

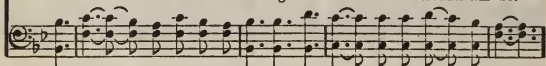
Jas. J. Bell.



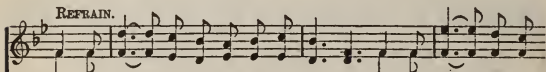
1. I love.... to sing of the Sav-ior, Who wait - eth in Heav'n for me,
 2. I love.... to sing of His com-ing, Once more to the earth to dwell,
 3. How pre-cious the tho't He was willing To die on the cross for me;



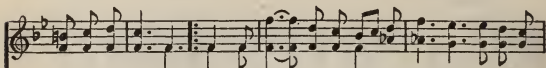
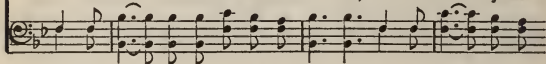
The home.. prepared for His chil-dren To live in e - ter - nal - ly.
 And think of the won-der-ful glo-ries Of Heav - en that He will tell.
 To of - fer a life ev - er - last - ing To all whom His servants will be.



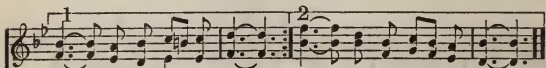
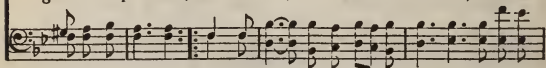
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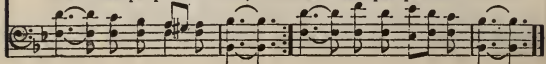
For His love I will ev - er a - dore Him; For His mer - cy and



grace I im - plore Him; And I know, when I stand be - fore Him, I have a



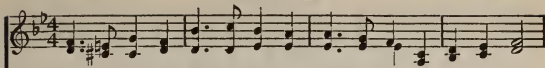
man - sion pre - pared for me; man - sion pre - pared for me.



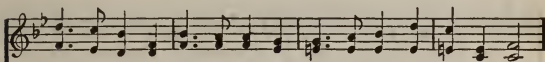
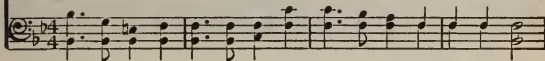
Mrs. C. H. M.

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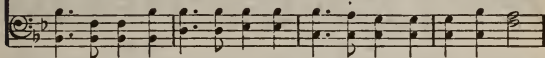
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



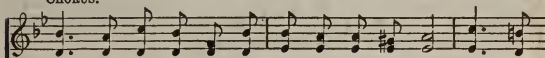
1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my pathway leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas - ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;



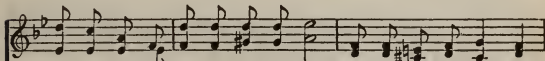
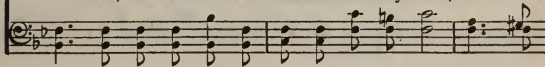
So what - ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand - clasp Of a Fa - ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.



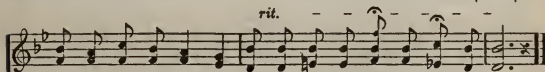
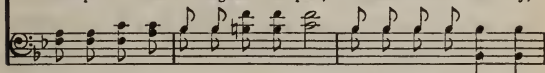
CHORUS.



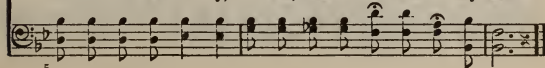
Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus Dwells with - in my heart, In the



tem - ple for His dwell - ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly,



I have Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart.



Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just a lit - tle lon - ger to work for Je - sus, Days for earth - ly
 2. Just a lit - tle lon - ger the seed to scat - ter Out up - on the
 3. Just a lit - tle lon - ger to lift the fall - en, Pre - cious, nev - er

toil are short and few; Just a lit - tle lon - ger to fight life's bat - tles,
 har - vest - fields so wide; Just a lit - tle lon - ger the sheaves to gath - er,
 dy - ing souls to save; Just a lit - tle lon - ger to tell the sto - ry,

CHORUS.

And to prove thy - self a sol - dier brave and true.
 Com - ing with re - joic - ing at the e - ven - tide. Just a lit - tle lon - ger,
 And to speed the mes - sage o'er the o - cean wave.

just a lit - tle lon - ger, O my soul, be patient, to the end en - dure; Just a

lit - tle lon - ger the cross to bear, Then a long e - ter - ni - ty the crown to wear.

No. 65. When The Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Homer F. Morris.

1. I could feel the bur - den roll from my wear - y, sin - ful soul,
2. I was lost in dark - est night, but my soul be - held the light,
3. When I heard His wel - come voice, how it made my heart re - joice,

When the hand of love touched me; And my heart that had been sad
When the hand of love touched me; Great de - spair had filled my heart,
When the hand of love touched me; When thro' grace He made me whole

found a song that made it glad, When the hand of love touched me.
but how soon it did de - part, When the hand of love touched me.
how His glo - ry filled my soul, When the hand of love touched me.

CHORUS.

When the hand of love touched me, When the hand of love touched me, I could
touched me, touched me,

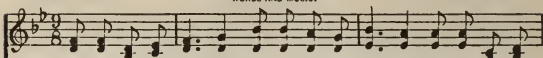
feel the burden roll from my weary, sinful soul, When the hand of love touched me.

No. 66. Keep Passing Your Blessings Along.

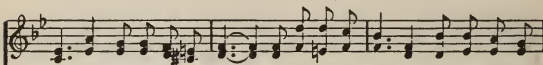
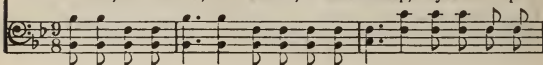
Mrs. C. H. M.

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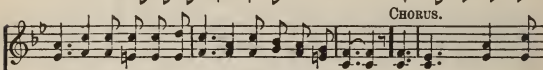
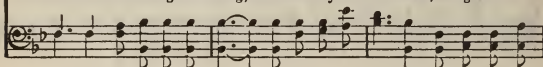
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. O how much of good we thro' grace might be do - ing, While here in - ter -
2. If sun - shine to - day has your pathway been flood - ing, Your heart o - ver -
3. A word, or a look, or a smile, or a hand - clasp, May save some poor

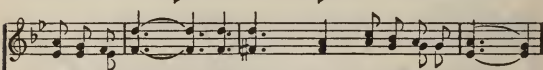
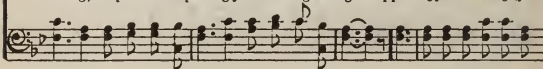


mingling with earth's busy throng, If true to our trust while life's mission pur -
flow - ing with gladness and song, A brother be - side you some comfort is
broth - er from do - ing the wrong; From out of your store - house, with grace o - ver -

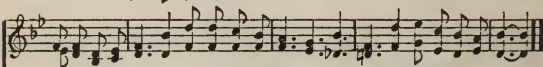
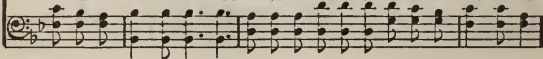


CHORUS.

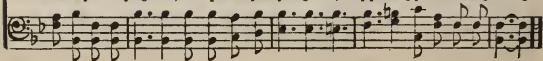
su - ing, We would but keep passing our blessings a - long. Keep pass - ing your
needing; Divide your good cheer, pass your blessings along.
flow - ing, Keep evermore passing your blessings along. Keep passing your blessings, your



blessings a - long, Keep pass - ing your blessings a - long;
bless - ings a - long, a - long, Keep passing your blessings, your blessings a - long, a - long;



Some woe you may lighten, some pathway may brighten, Keep passing your blessings along.



No. 67. 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-tys 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,

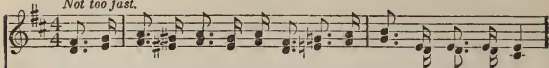
geth - er by and by.

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

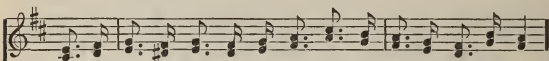
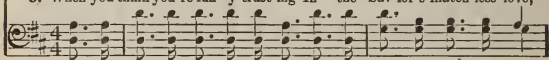
Almeda Hall Tarrant.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

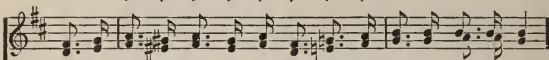
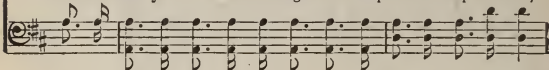
E. O. Excell.

Not too fast.

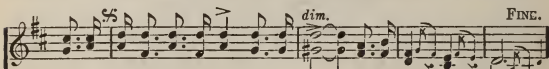
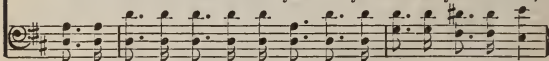
1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau-ty bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full - y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,



You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap-py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov-ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi-ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo-ing Of com-pan-ion-ship a-bove,

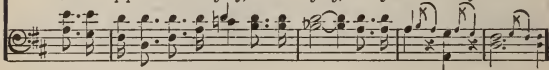


If af-lic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you,
If you meet with sad re-vers-es And the tempt-er fa-ces you,
If the clouds of doubt as-sail you Will you look be-yond the blue,

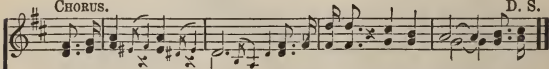


When the clapper strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?

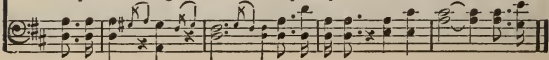
D. S.—clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?



CHORUS.

D. S.

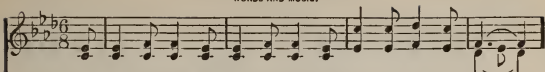
Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the



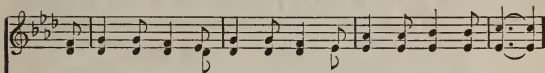
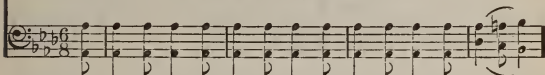
Rev. Henry Moser.

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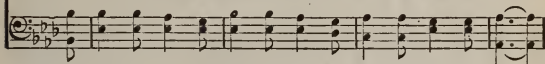
E. O. Excell



1. In songs of praise and glad re - frain We lift our hearts to - day,
2. The ten - der mer - cies of our God, The rich - es of His grace,
3. Let all u - nite on this glad day, And sing with one ac - cord;

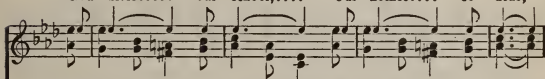


And hon - or Him who thro' the year Hath been our guide al - way,
Have sat - is - fied our long - ing souls, And tuned our hearts to praise.
Let in - cense of thanks - giv - ing rise Un - to our Sav - ior, Lord.

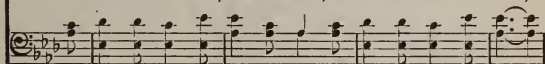


CHORUS.

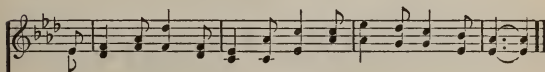
*God bless..... our school,.... Our homes.... so dear;



God bless our loved ones, bless our school, God bless our homes so dear;



*A few voices in obbligato.



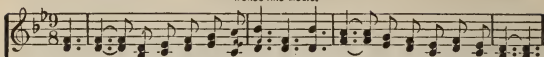
And may this day bring to us all A store of hope and cheer.



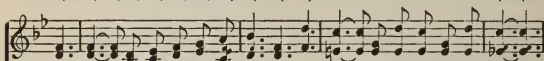
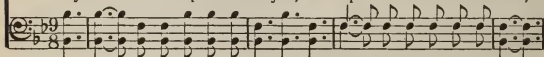
Fanny J. Crosby.

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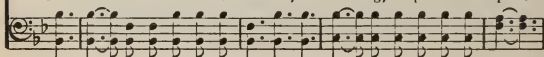
E. O. Excell.



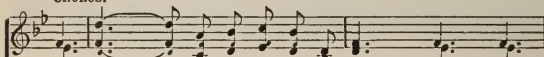
1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;



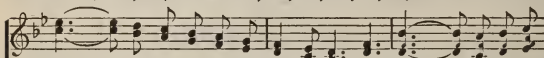
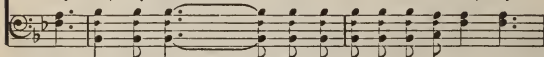
The Sav - ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
 If, glad - ly His mercy ac - cept - ing, You tru - ly repent and be - lieve.
 It tell - eth of rest for the wear - y, Thro' Je - sus, the low - ly and meek.
 O haste to the blessed Re - deem - er, The lov - ing, the perfect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



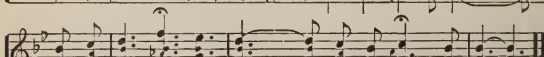
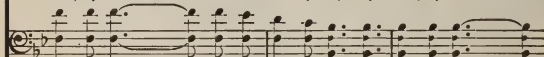
CHORUS.



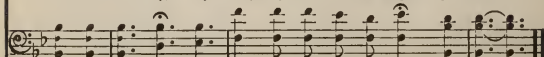
Lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay
 Lay hold, lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay



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



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



E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When a con-trite sin-ner to the Lord I came, Peace I found be-
 2. In the dai-ly war-fare that I wage with sin, He hath pow'r to
 3. In my lack of wis-dom, as His work I do, Look-ing to my
 4. Sometimes ros-es spark-le with the dew-drops bright; Sometimes rain-drops

liev-ing in His precious name; Now I'm ev-er proving when for strength I plead,
 give me vic-to-ry with-in; In His might-y Spir-it there is strength in-deed;
 Savior brings me guidance true; Rich-ly will He bless me, as I sow the seed,
 fall a-mid the chill-y night; Thro' the shade and sunshine He will gen-tly lead,

FINE.

There is al-ways grace to help me in my time of need.

D.S.—There is al-ways grace to help me in my time of need.

CHORUS.

Grace to help me, O how rich and sweet! Grace to help me at the

D. S.

mer-cy-seat! When the name of Je-sus at the throne I plead,

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS

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

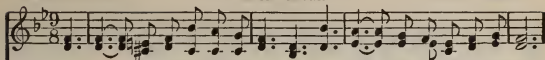
gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

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

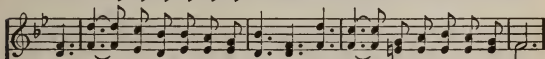
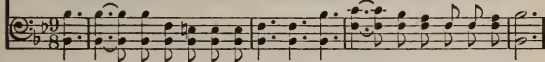
Mrs. C. H. M.

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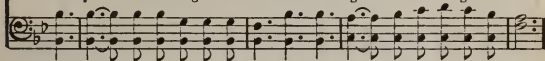
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



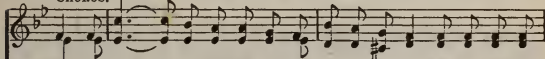
1. I've heard of a beau-ti-ful cit - y Pre - pared in God's kingdom on high;
2. Its walls are all builded of jas - per, Its streets are all golden and fair;
3. They're sing - ing the praises of Je - sus, The Lamb who for sinners was slain;
4. What joy, when the King in His beau-ty My won - der-ing eyes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



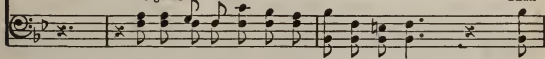
A won - der-ful cit - y of man-sions, Where none ev - er sick-en or die.
The ran-somed and saved of all a - ges For - ev - er are gath-er-ing there.
O'er death and the grave He has triumphed, And liv - eth for-ev-er to reign.
To join in the song of the ransomed Throughout all the a - ges un-told!



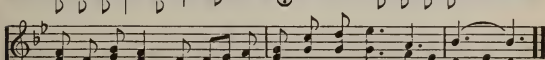
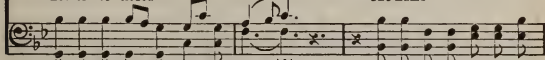
CHORUS.



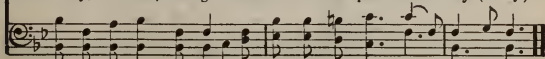
And the gates of that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold Shall nev - er be
The gates Shall



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.)



James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. What is mak - ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je - sus,
 2. What af - fords me shel - ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je - sus,
 3. What will help me tri - umph in this earth - ly strife? Just the love of Je - sus,
 4. What will lead me safe a - cross the si - lent sea? Just the love of Je - sus,

just the love of Je - sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
 just the love of Je - sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e - vil keeps?
 just the love of Je - sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
 just the love of Je - sus! What will be my song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty?

CHORUS.

Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Just the love of Je - sus,

O how sweet! Just the love of Je - sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my

soul to that safe re - treat? Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior!

James Rowe.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
 soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'Twill 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

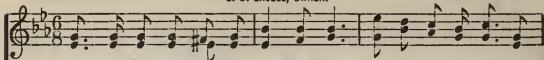
Je-sus, Be-cause I love Je-sus; My soul is at
 Be-cause

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

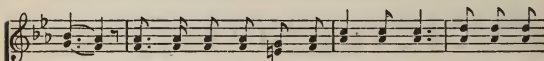
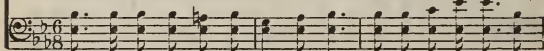
W. M. Lighthall.

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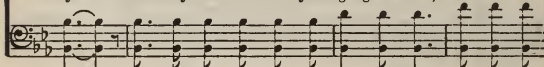
Chas. H. Gabriel.



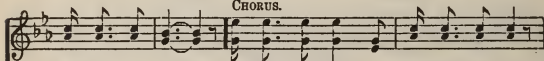
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



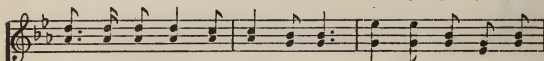
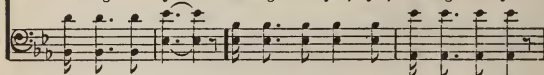
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



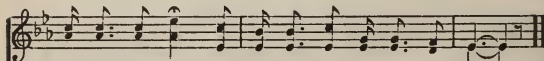
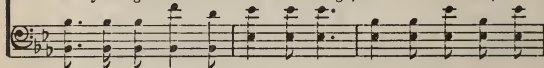
CHORUS.



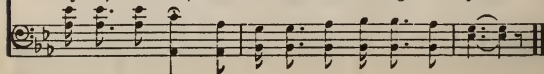
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



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



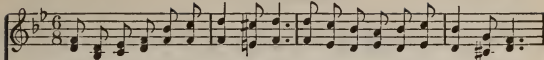
loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!



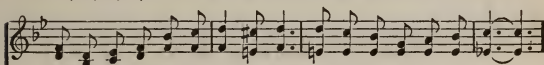
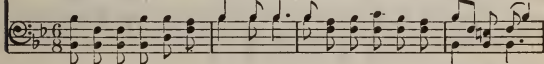
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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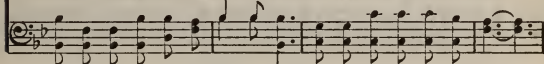
Hamp Sewell.



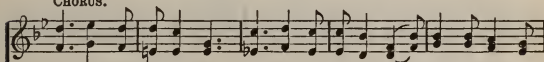
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they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



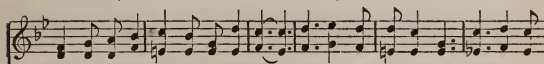
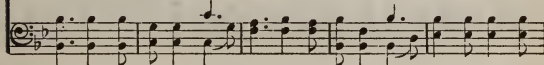
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
 But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev - er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.



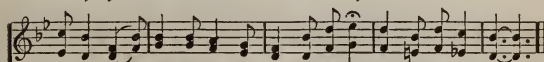
CHORUS.



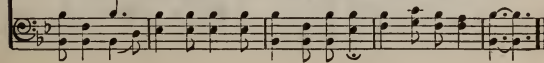
Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"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.



Ina Duley Ogdon.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. A vi - sion goes be - fore me, day by day, Je - sus, bless - ed
2. And when I see Him there in ag - o - ny, Je - sus, bless - ed
3. For me He came from glo - ry to the grave, Je - sus, bless - ed
4. Hence - forth that I my grat - i - tude may prove, Je - sus, bless - ed

Je - sus on the cross! It keeps me in the straight and nar - row way,
Je - sus on the cross! I mar - vel at His sac - ri - fice for me,
Je - sus on the cross! To save my soul His life for me He gave,
Je - sus on the cross! I con - se - crate to Him my heart of love,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus on the cross! I see my lov - ing Sav - ior thro' my

tears; (thro' my tears;) His mem - o - ry I cher - ish all the years; (all the years;) My heart no

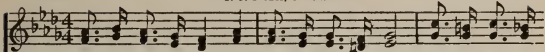
lon - ger fears, since His sac - ri - fice ap - pears, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus on the cross!

No. 79. We Shall See the King Some Day.

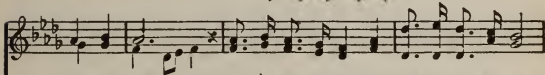
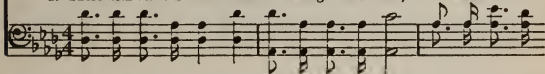
L. E. J.

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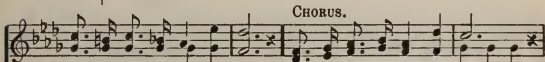
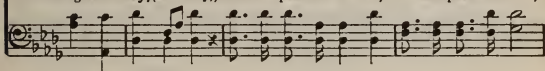
L. E. Jones.



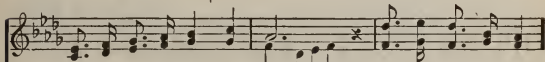
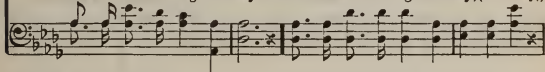
1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal-ties won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the



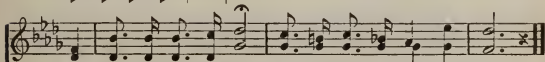
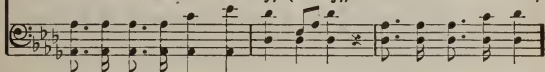
King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful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



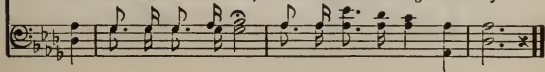
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)



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



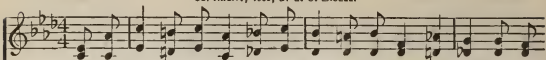
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.



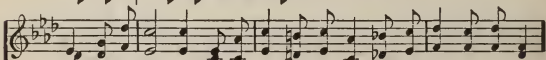
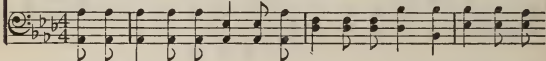
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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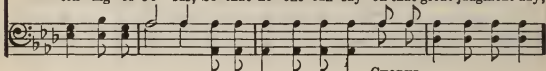
Chas. H. Gabriel.



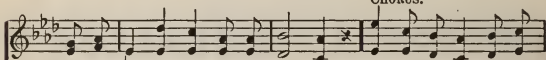
1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no lon-ger! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the



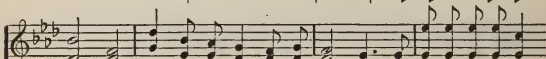
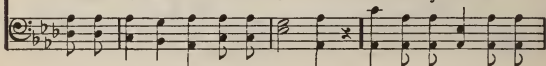
told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say,
bro't un-to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him,
tell - ing of Je - sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



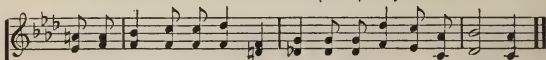
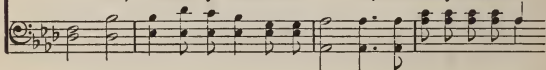
CHORUS.



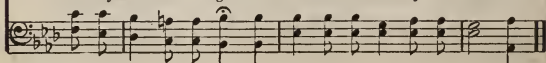
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of

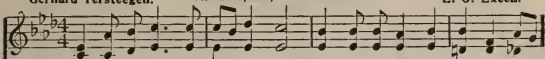


Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So man - y I have met -

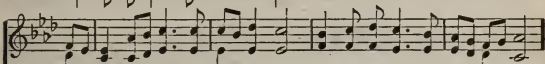
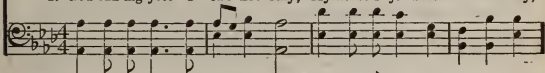


but they seemed to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

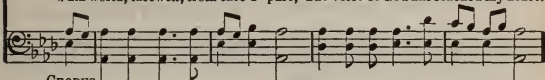




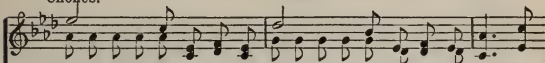
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay;



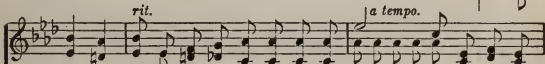
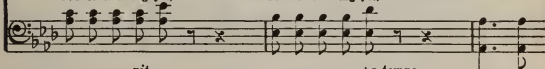
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



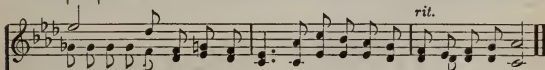
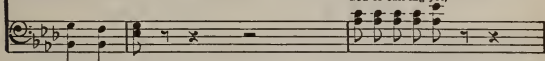
CHORUS.



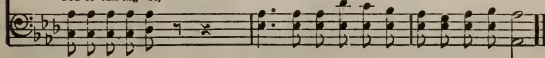
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet.



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



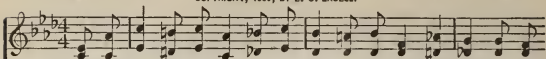
call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.
 God is call-ing yet.



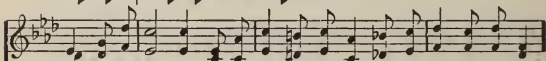
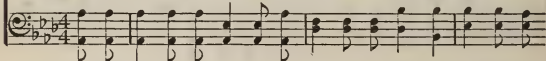
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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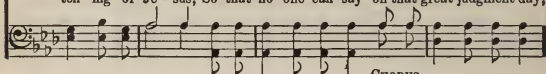
Chas. H. Gabriel.



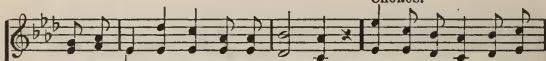
1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no lon-ger! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the



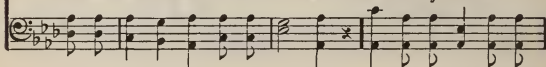
told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say,
bro't un-to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him,
tell - ing of Je - sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



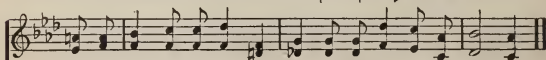
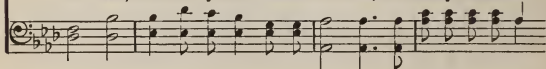
CHORUS.



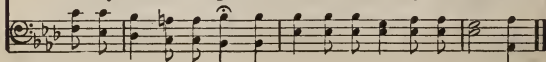
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of

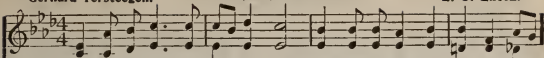


Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So man - y I have met -

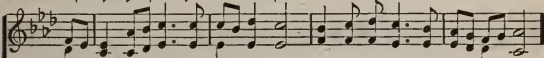
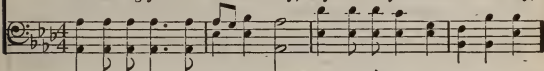


but they seemed to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

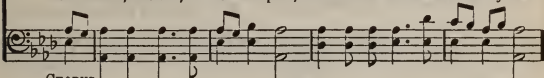




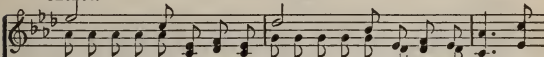
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo - ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de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



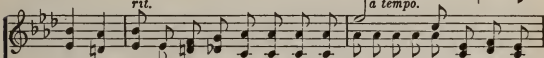
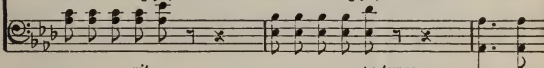
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



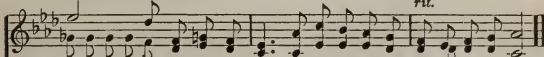
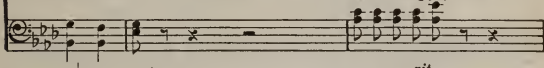
CHORUS.



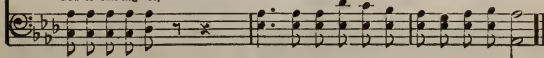
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet.



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



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



No. 82. No Crown Without the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.

1. "If thou wouldst My dis-ci - ple be, Take up thy cross and fol-low Me;"
 2. If lone - ly seems the way I take, If foes de-ride and friends for-sake,
 3. For us the cru-el cross He bore, For us the thorn-y crown He wore,
 4. Then joy - ful - ly the cross I take, And hum-bly bear it for His sake

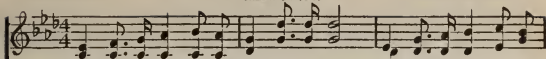
And where the Lord be-fore has gone, Fear not, my soul, to fol-low on.
 I'll think of Him who prayed for me A - lone in dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
 That crowns of glo-ry ours might be Throughout a long e - ter - ni - ty.
 Un - til in death I lay it down, And go to claim my gold-en crown.

CHORUS.

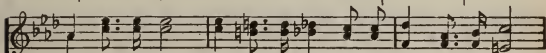
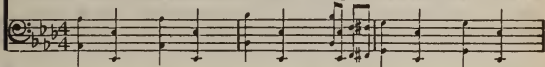
There is no crown..... without the cross,..... No victor's palm
 There is no crown without the cross,

rit.....
 with-out the cross;.....If I at last..... the crown would
 with-out the cross; If I at last

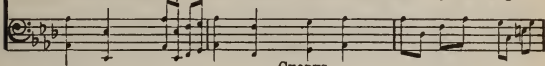
wear,..... Then I the cross..... must surely bear.....
 the crown would wear, Then I the cross, the cross must surely bear.



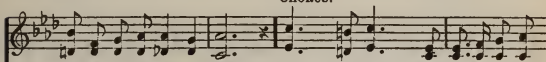
1. Out in the con-flict with Sa - tan to - day Mil - lions as - sem - ble in
2. Fling wide the ban - ner, a - far let it wave; Stand like a he - ro, cou -
3. Trust in the arm of Je - ho - vah a - lone, His is the bat - tle and
4. Less than our best shall we of - fer our King? Less than our best to His



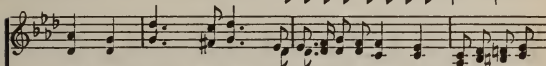
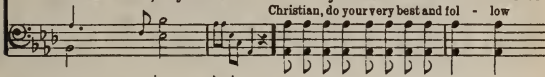
bat - tle ar - ray; Fol - low your Lead - er and haste to the fray;
ra - geous and brave; Strong in the strength of the "Might - y to save,"
we are His own; Hard - ness en - dure, nor the ar - mor lay down;
feet shall we bring? Till in the Home - land the vict - ry we sing,



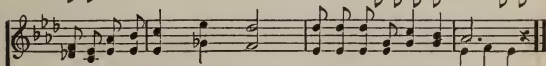
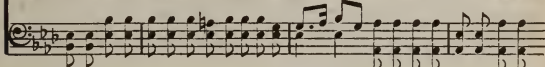
CHORUS.



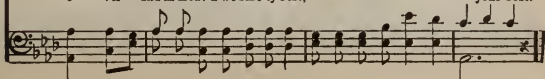
Christian soldier, do your best. Do your best and follow where He
Christian, do your very best and fol - low



leads you; Do your best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
where He leads you; Christian, do your very best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's



o - ver and in Heav'n we rest, Christian soldier, do your best.
o - ver and in Heav'n we safe - ly rest, your best.



No. 82. No Crown Without the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.

1. "If thou wouldst My dis-ci - ple be, Take up thy cross and fol-low Me;"
 2. If lone - ly seems the way I take, If foes de-ride and friends for-sake,
 3. For us the cru - el cross He bore, For us the thorn-y crown He wore,
 4. Then joy - ful - ly the cross I take, And hum-bly bear it for His sake

And where the Lord be-fore has gone, Fear not, my soul, to fol-low on.
 I'll think of Him who prayed for me A - lone in dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
 That crowns of glo-ry ours might be Throughout a long e - ter - ni - ty.
 Un - til in death I lay it down, And go to claim my gold-en crown.

CHORUS.

There is no crown..... without the cross,..... No victor's palm
 There is no crown without the cross,

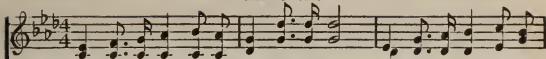
rit.....
 with-out the cross;.....If I at last..... the crown would
 with-out the cross; If I at last

wear,..... Then I the cross..... must surely bear.....
 the crown would wear, Then I the cross, the cross must surely bear.

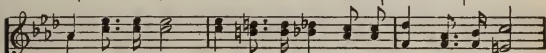
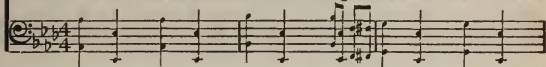
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

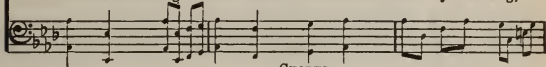
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



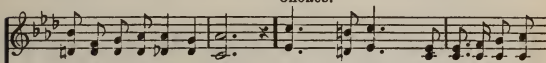
1. Out in the con-flict with Sa - tan to - day Mil - lions as - sem - ble in
2. Fling wide the ban - ner, a - far let it wave; Stand like a he - ro, cou -
3. Trust in the arm of Je - ho - vah a - lone, His is the bat - tle and
4. Less than our best shall we of - fer our King? Less than our best to His



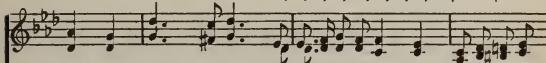
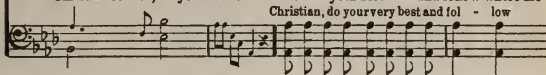
bat - tle ar - ray; Fol - low your Lead - er and haste to the fray;
ra - geous and brave; Strong in the strength of the "Might - y to save,"
we are His own; Hard - ness en - dure, nor the ar - mor lay down;
feet shall we bring? Till in the Home - land the vict - ry we sing,



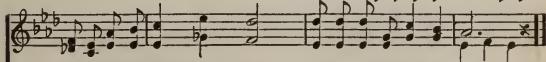
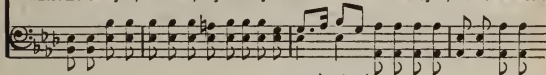
CHORUS.



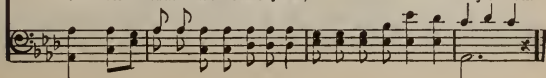
Christian soldier, do your best. Do your best and follow where He
Christian, do your very best and fol - low



leads you; Do your best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
where He leads you; Christian, do your very best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's



o - ver and in Heav'n we rest, Christian soldier, do your best.
o - ver and in Heav'n we safe - ly rest, your best.



Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Roger Cox.

1. Make Thy dwell-ing in my heart, Christ who died for me;
2. I would make my heart, dear Lord, Thine a - bid - ing - place;
3. Were my heart Thy dwell - ing - place It would o - ver - flow;
4. Lord, if Thou my Guide will be, Then no ill can come;

And set the place a - part, Lord, for on - ly Thee.
From Thee I find re - ward, By Thy love and grace.
The sun - shine of Thy face, Heav'n be - gin be - low.
If I am led by Thee, I will reach my home.

CHORUS.

Lo, at my heart's door Some One knocketh ev - er; I pray Thee,

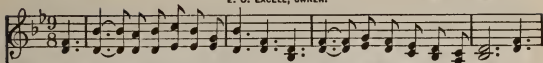
Lord, to en - ter in, And drive a - way my ev - 'ry sin;

Leave, oh, leave me nev - er, Leave, oh, leave me nev - er.

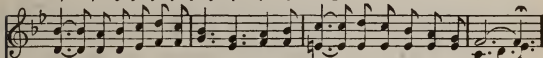
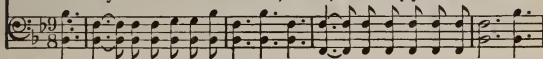
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

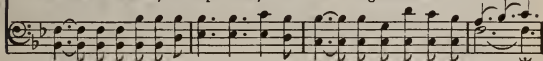
Chas. H. Gabriel.



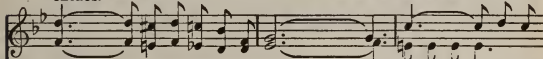
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E-ter-ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev-er He leads I will fol-low, Thro'sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To



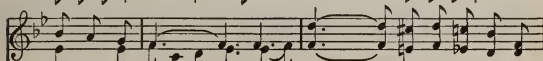
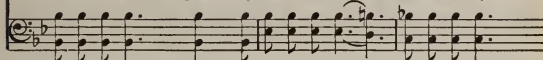
best of it all, it is dai-ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev-er grow sweeter to me!



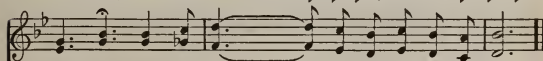
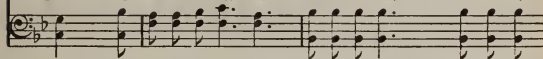
CHORUS.



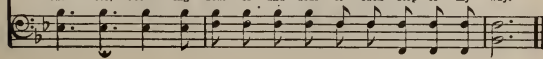
Sweet-er and sweeter to me, Dear-er and
Sweet-er to me, grow-ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,

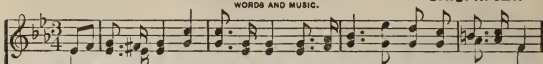


dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won-der-ful love of my
grow-ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

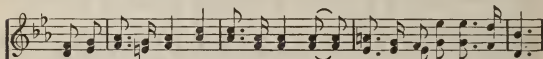
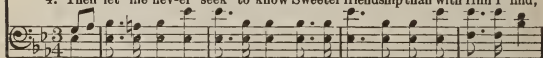


Sav-ior, Grow-ing dear-er each step of my way!
Sav-ior, Grow-ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

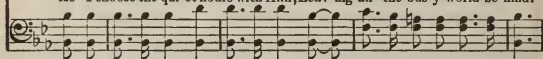




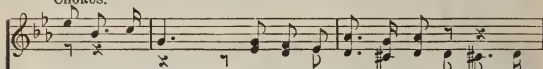
1. I love to be a-lone with God, And to lis - ten to His lov - ing voice;
2. I tell Him of my doubts and fears, And He stills the tempest in my breast,
3. I tell Him of my weak-ness-es, Of my sins, my hopes, my fond de-sires;
4. Then let me nev - er seek to know Sweeter friendship than with Him I find,



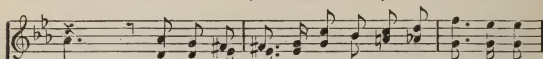
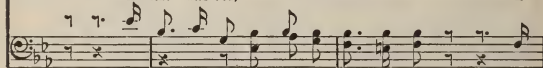
As He bids my ev' - ry care depart, How His pres - ence makes my heart re - joice!
Bids the raging storms of pas - sion cease, Calms my anx - ious tho't with quiet rest.
And He cheers my heart to on - ward press To gain the goal my soul as - pires.
As I choose the qui - et hours with Him, Leav - ing all the bus - y world be - hind.



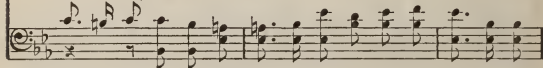
CHORUS.



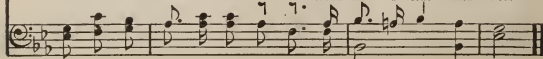
A - lone with God, No oth - er friend so dear, A - lone with
A - lone with God, A - lone with A -

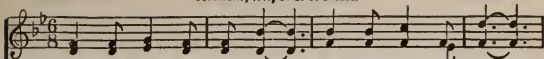


God, What joy when He is near! My heart with rap - ture thrills,
A - lone with God,

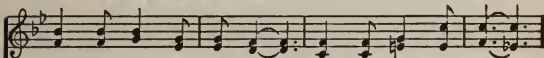
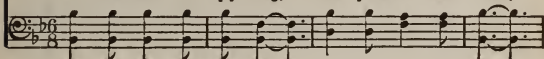


My cup of bless - ing fills, When all a - lone with God.
When all a - lone with God.

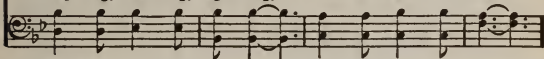




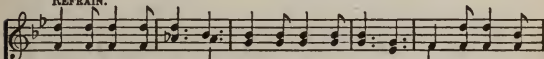
1. Toss - ing on the bil - low, Rock - ing in the blast,
 2. Skies all clad in sa - ble, Storm-clouds fly - ing past,
 3. Gone each earth - ly treas - ure, Cut a - way each mast,
 4. Sor - rows mul - ti - ply - ing, Pros - pects o - ver - cast,



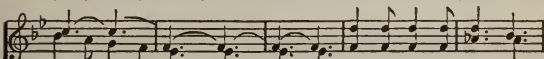
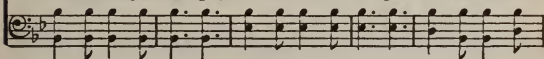
Faint - ing on the pil - low, Ver - ging tow'rd the last.
 Cling - ing to the ca - ble, I am an - chored fast.
 Van - ish ev - 'ry pleas - ure— I am an - chored fast.
 Weep - ing, moan - ing, sigh - ing, I am an - chored fast.



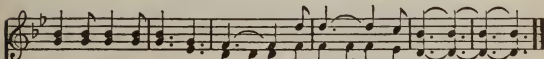
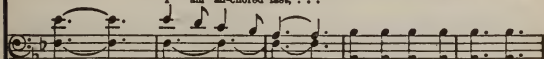
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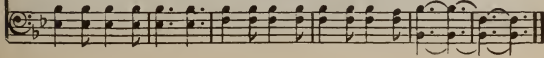
While the tem-pest ra - ges, To the Rock of A - ges I am an-chor'd



I am an - chored fast;
 fast; While the tem-pest ra - ges,
 I am an-chor'd fast; . . .



To the Rock of A - ges I am an - chored fast.
 I am an-chor'd, I am an-chor'd fast.



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.

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;

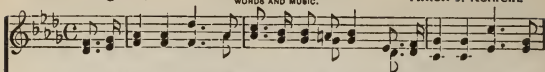
rit.

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

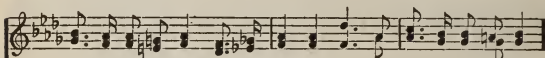
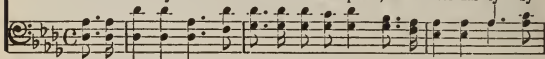
Avis M. Burgeson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

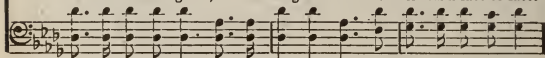
Anton J. Kehrlein.



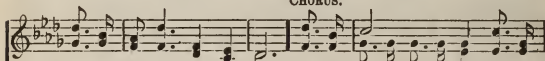
1. There's a song my soul keeps singing o'er and o'er, As I trav-el on-ward
2. I was blind, but Je-sus brought me to the light, And His tender touch of
3. I am trav-'ling on with Je-sus hand in hand, Ev-er draw-ing near-er
4. When at last my soul shall reach that blissful place, Saved e-ter-nal-ly by



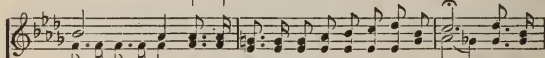
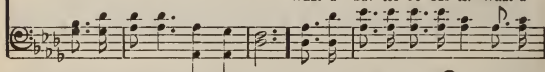
to the Golden Shore;—I shall sing it o-ver there for-ev-er-more:
love restored my sight; Now my ransomed soul keeps sing-ing day and night:
to the gold-en strand; I will sing un-til I reach the Glo-ry-land:
His un-bound-ed grace, I shall sing while I be-hold Him face to face:



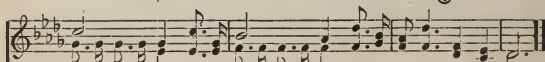
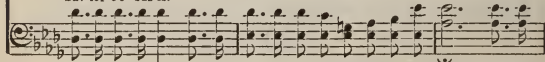
CHORUS.



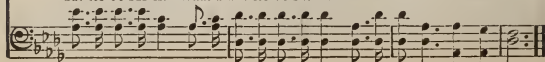
What a Sav-ior Je-sus is! What a Sav-ior! What a
What a Sav-ior Je-sus is! What a



Sav-ior! What a Sav-ior since I know that I am His! What a
Sav-ior Je-sus is!



Sav-ior! What a Sav-ior! What a Sav-ior Je-sus is!
Sav-ior Je-sus is! What a Sav-ior Je-sus is!



Colln Sterne.

H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
 3. We've a mes - sages to give to the na - tions, That the
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the

turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
 lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil
 Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
 path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 And shat - ter the spear and sword And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

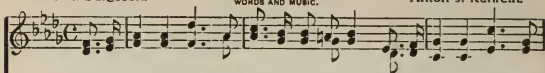
For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noon - day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king - dom of love and light.

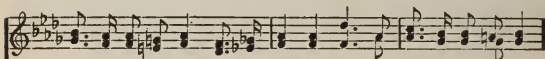
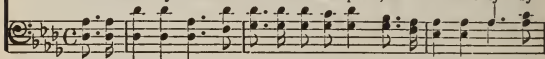
Avis M. Burgeson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

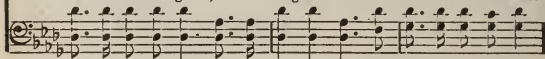
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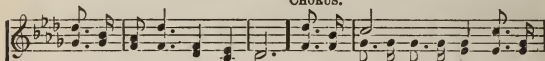
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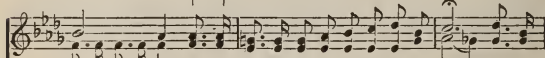
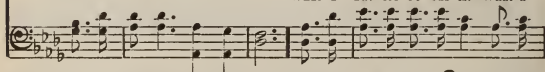
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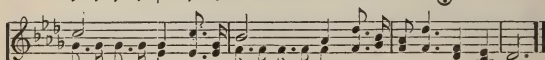
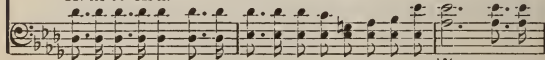
CHORUS.



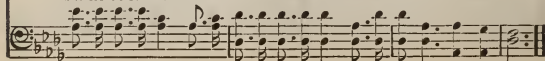
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REFRAIN.

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W. C. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Upl in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that eu - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and

doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in
har - vest; thrust the sick - le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is
er - ring as He sought for you! Al - ways re - mem - ber what in
ev - er - last - ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall

gold - en beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.
burn - ing o'er thee, — Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
love He gave you, And be a serv - ant, loy - al, brave, and true.
be a - ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

CHORUS.

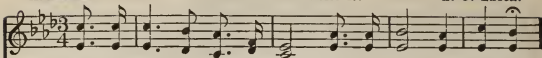
Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,

la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

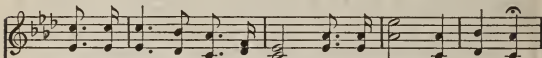
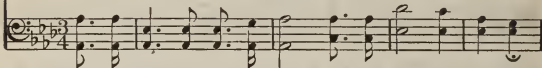
Katharine A. Grimes.

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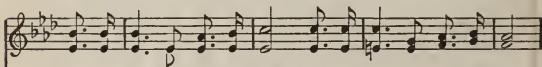
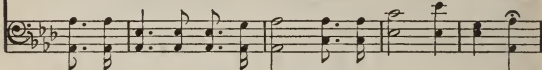
E. O. Excell.



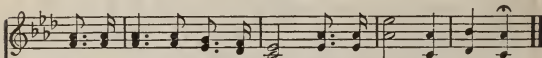
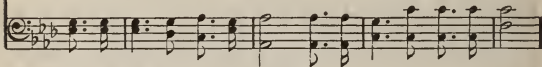
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



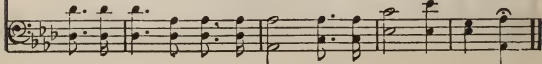
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



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,



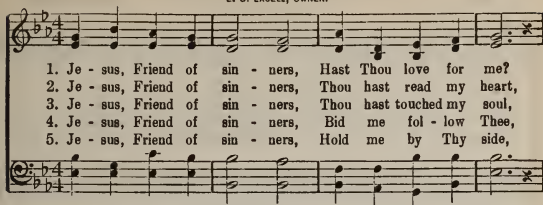
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



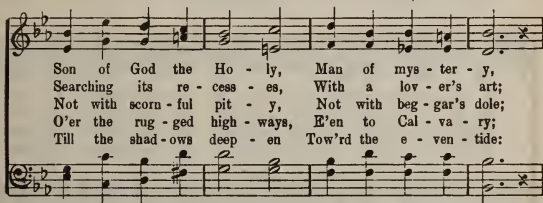
Charles Irvin Junkin.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

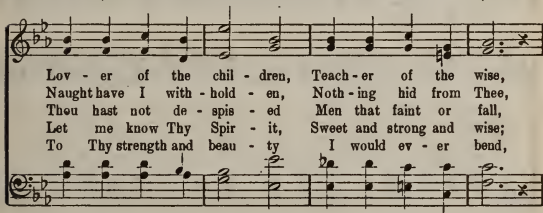
Geo. C. Stebbins.



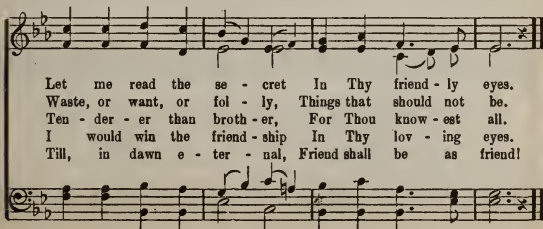
1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
 2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
 3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
 4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
 5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,



Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
 Searching its re - cess - es, With a lov - er's art;
 Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
 O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
 Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:



Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
 Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,
 Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
 Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet and strong and wise;
 To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,

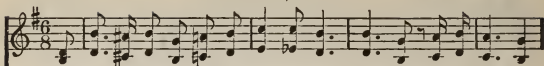


Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend - ly eyes.
 Waste, or want, or fol - ly, Things that should not be.
 Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
 I would win the friend - ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
 Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as friend!

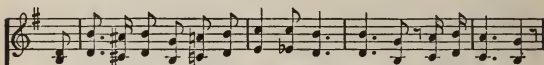
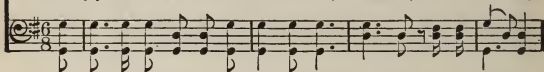
C. H. G.

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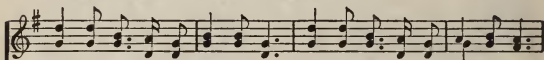
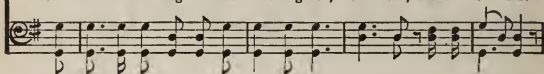
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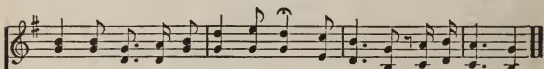
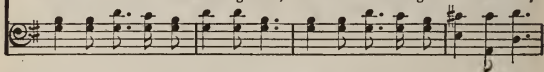
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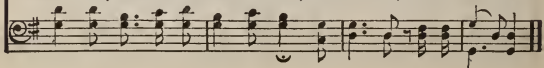
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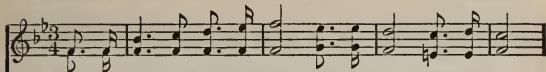
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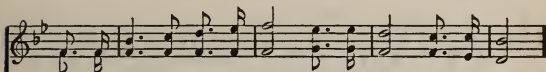
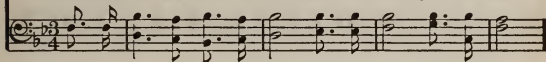
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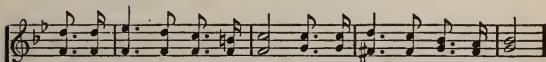
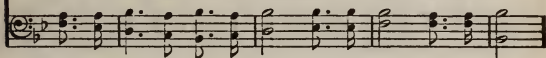
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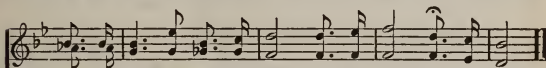
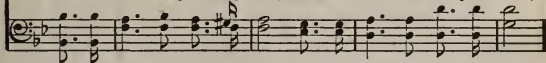
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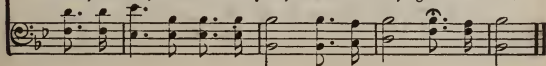
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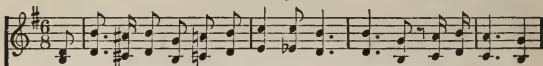
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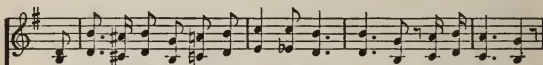
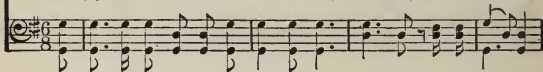
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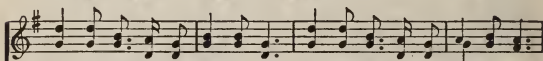
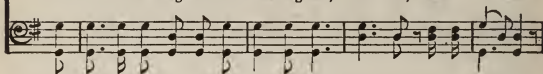
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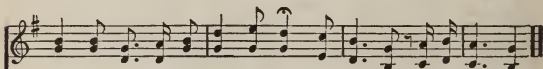
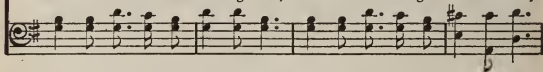
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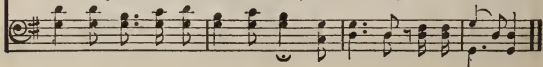
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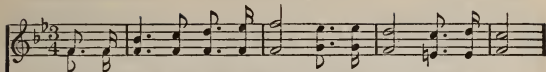
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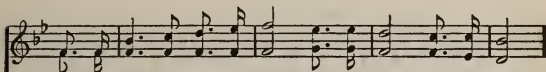
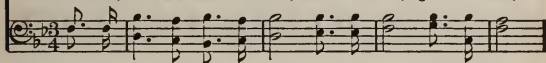
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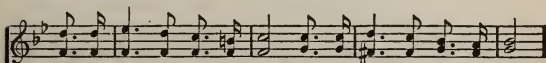
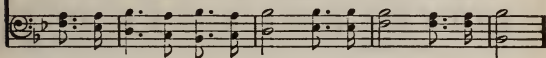
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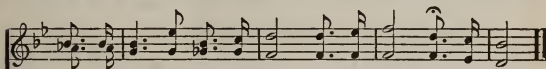
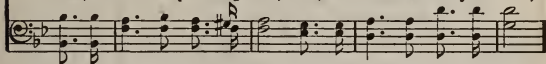
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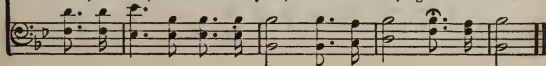
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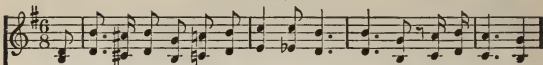
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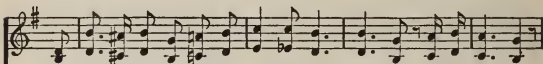
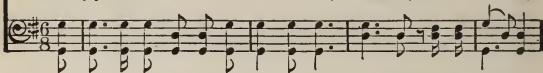
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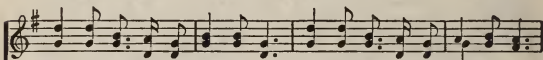
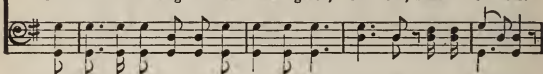
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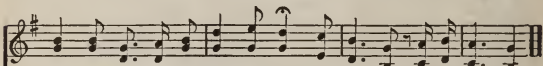
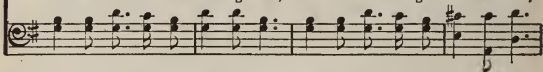
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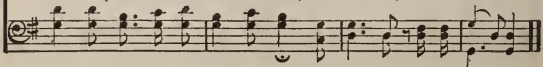
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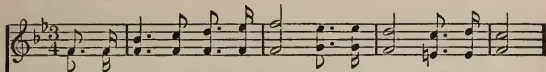
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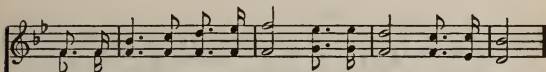
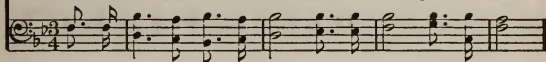
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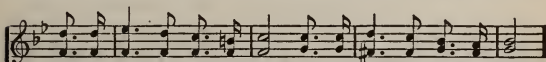
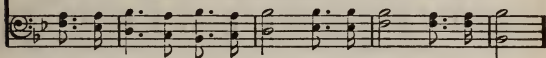
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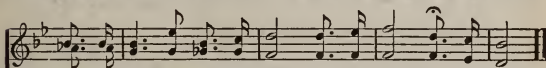
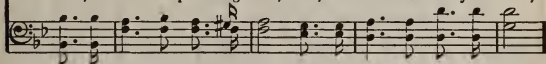
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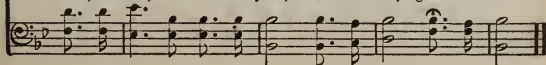
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1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me!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

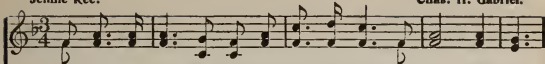
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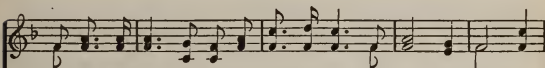
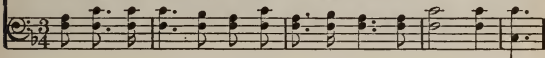
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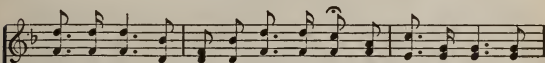
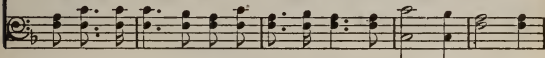
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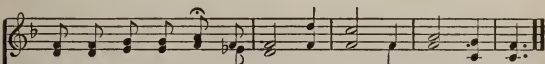
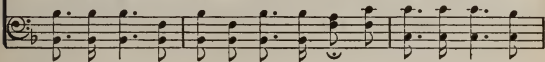
1. A lit - tle while and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas - es not in sun - shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;



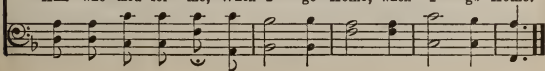
'T is lone - some win - ter now, but 't will be May, When I go Home; Be -
 But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home; And
 The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home; There
 And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home; Oh,



yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel - come warm of
 when the night - wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
 will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The llight that nev - er
 what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of



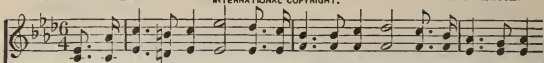
those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
 dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
 was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
 Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.



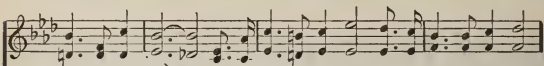
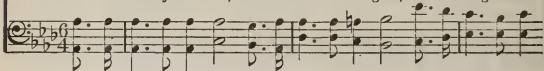
Sophie E. Morgan.

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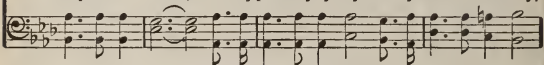
E. O. Excell.



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2. When o'er-come by my grief, noth-ing brings such re-lief As the touch of His
3. When my friends all for-sake, and my sad heart would break, I reach out to His
4. Wheth - er wear - y or sad, whether cheer-ful or glad, I will cling to those



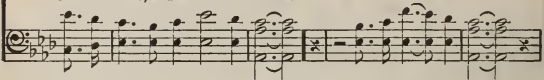
place in His hands; Ev-'ry sor-row I bear, ev-'ry heart-breaking care,
com-fort-ing hands; Ev-'ry bur-den He bore for my sins o'er and o'er,
beck-on-ing hands; They were wounded for me, that thro' faith I might see,
nail-pierc-ed hands; For they point day by day to my Home far a-way,



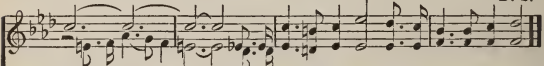
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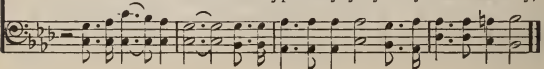
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Je-sus knows, and He un - der-stands. And He un - der - stands,

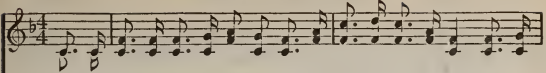


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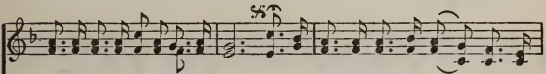


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And He un - der - stands; For they point day by day to my Home far a-way,





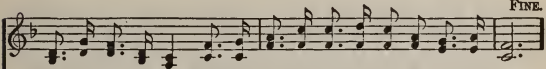
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4. Ye vic-to-rious hosts of Je-sus, shout a-loud the joy-ful strain, We will



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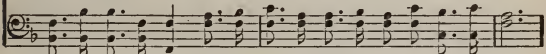


D. S.—There in robes of spot-less white, in the

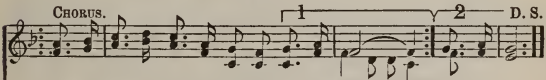


FINE.

lives for - ev - er - more, We will gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there.
reach that hap-py land, When we gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there.
sin - ner saved by grace, When we gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there.
sing the glad re-frain, We will gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there.

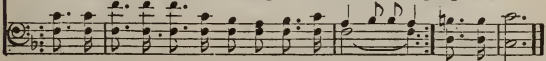


ct - y of de-light, We will gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there.



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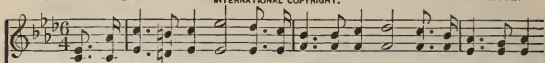
{ We will gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there, (over there.)
{ Where the tree of life is bloom-ing [*Omit*.....] bright and fair;



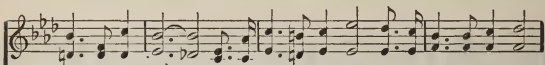
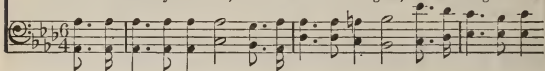
Sophie E. Morgan.

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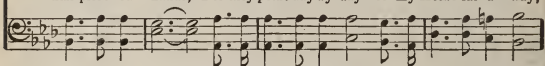
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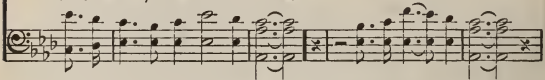
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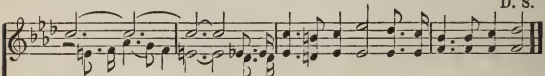
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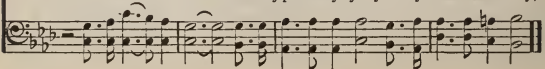
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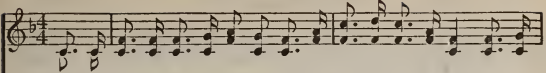


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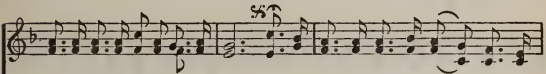


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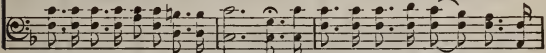




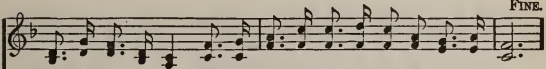
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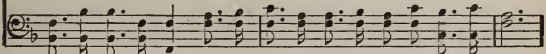


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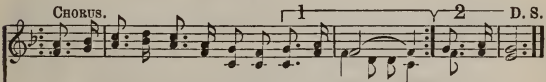


FINE.

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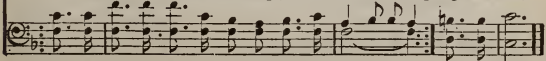
ct - y of de-light, We will gath-er by the riv-er o - ver there.



CHORUS.

D. S.

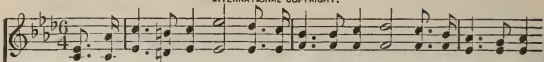
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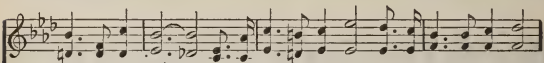
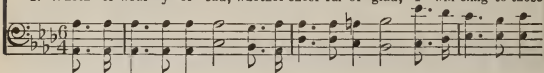
Sophie E. Morgan.

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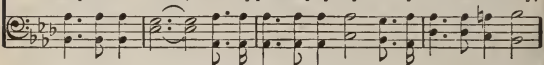
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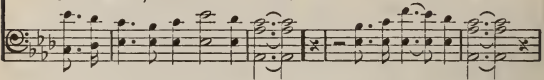
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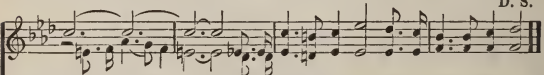
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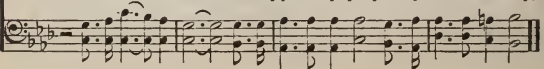
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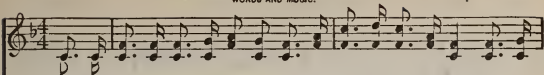


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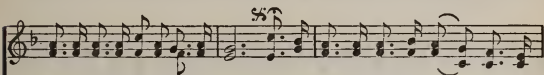


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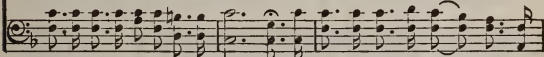




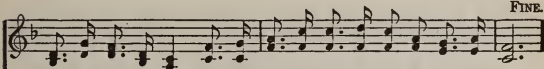
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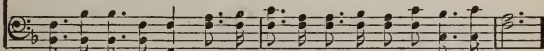
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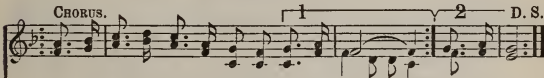
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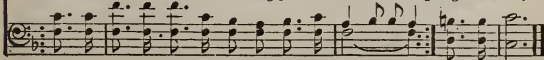
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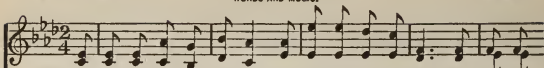


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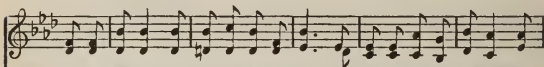
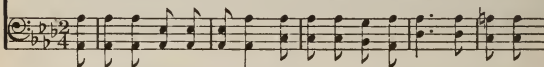


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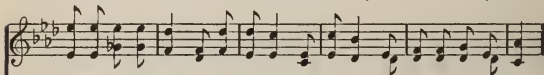
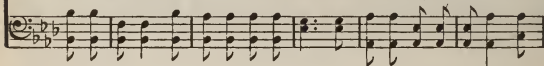




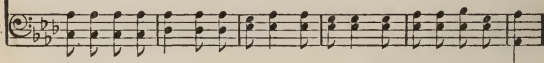
1. Be - fore I came to Je - sus, My heart was full of sin, My soul was
 2. Tho' pleasures oft would tempt me To turn from Christ away, Tho' tri - als
 3. Some day I'll reach the val - ley When thro' my journey here, And with the
 4. When I be-hold His glo - ry With-in the jas - per walls, Where one e -



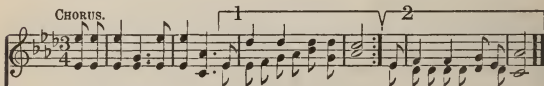
lost in darkness, No sunshine beamed within; But since the hand of Jesus My
 would impede me, Or Sa-tan bid me stray, Yet I am still de-ter-mined To
 Sav-ior near me, The shad-ow I'll not fear, But shout, when underneath me The
 ner-nal sunlight For - ev - er on me falls, I'll sing thro' all the cit - y, While



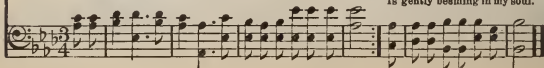
guilt a-way did roll, O the Sunlight of Heav-en Is beaming in my soul.
 reach the heav'nly goal; O the Sunlight of Heav-en Is beaming in my soul.
 waves of Jordan roll, "O the Sunlight of Heav-ens Is beaming in my soul."
 end - less a - ges roll, "O the Sunlight of Heav-en Is beaming in my soul."



CHORUS.



O the Sunlight is beaming Since Jesus made me whole;
 Since Jesus spoke and made me whole;
 O the Sunlight of Heaven [Omit] Is beam-ing in my soul.
 Is gently beaming in my soul.



No. 103 God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

Lotta B. White.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. B. Morton.

1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,

When earth's night has passed a-way, By and by, by and by;
In that res - ur - rec - tion day,
All earth's sor - rows will re - pay,
We shall sing His praise for aye, By and by, by and by;

In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sns is the light,
In that land so bright and fair, With our loved ones we shall share
No more part - ings, no more tears, No more sigh - ing, no more fears,
We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor bur - den bear,

rit. e dim.
We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
All the glo - ries o - ver there,
Spend with Christ the hap - py years,
Al - ways hap - py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
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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.

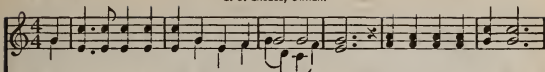
D. S.

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;

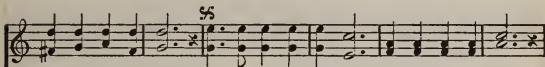
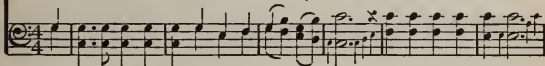
W. S. Brown.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

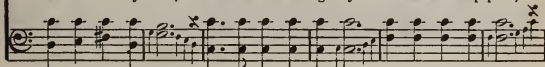
Chas. H. Gabriel.



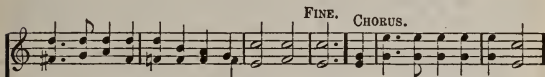
1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won,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



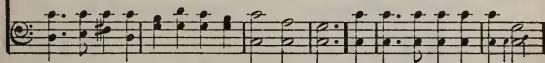
Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



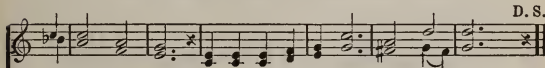
D. S.—Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev - er fear;



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



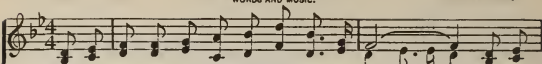
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-ter?



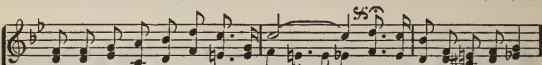
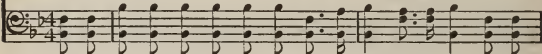
A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?



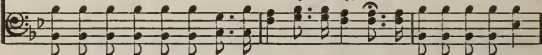
O why not?



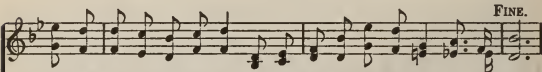
1. We shall all clasp hands in glo - ry By and by; We shall
2. We shall wake no more to sor - row By and by, In the
3. We shall cross the si - lent riv - er By and by; We shall
4. We shall join the an - gel cho - rus By and by, With the
By and by;



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;

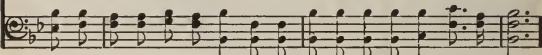


D. S.—We shall see our Savior's face,



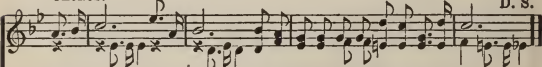
FINE.

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.



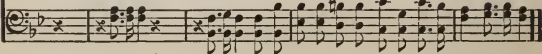
And a-dore His wondrous grace, We shall feel His fond em-brace By and by.

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;

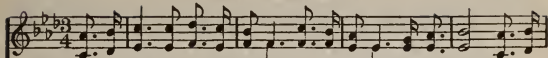


To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

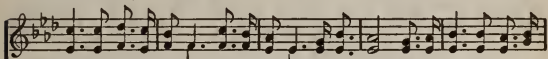
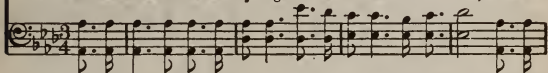
E. O. E.

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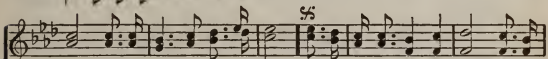
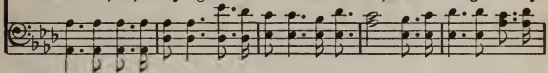
E. O. Excell.



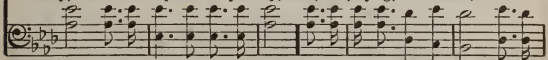
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



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 longer i-dly

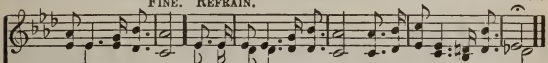


wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

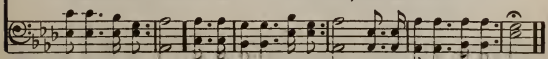


FINE. REFRAIN.

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.

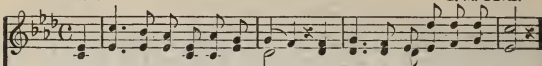


No. 108. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

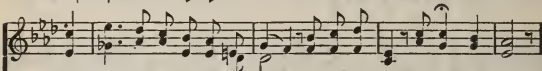
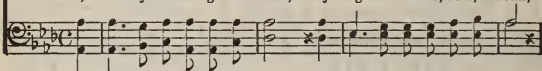
H. Stowell.

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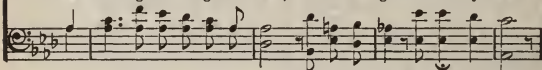
C. M. Davis.



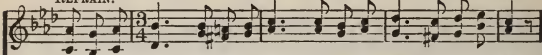
1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still,



There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'T is found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
 Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one com-mon mer-cy - seat.
 This bounding heart forget to beat, If I for - get the mer-cy - seat.

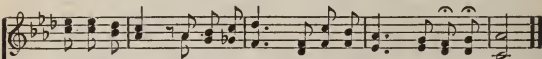
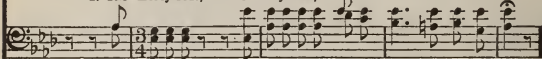


REFRAIN.



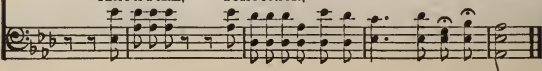
The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, 'T is found beneath the mer-cy-seat;
 The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat;
 The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat;
 The mer-cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, If I for - get the mer-cy-seat;

1. The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'T is found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
 Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one com - mon mer-cy - seat.
 This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for - get the mer-cy - seat.

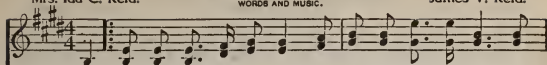
There is a calm, a sure retreat,



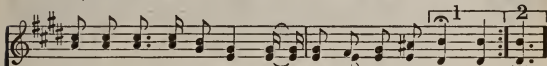
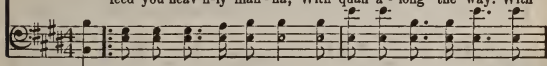
Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

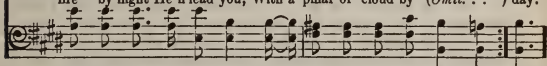
James V. Reid.



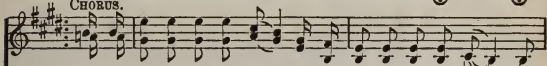
1. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, Don't die in E-gypt's sand; There's
use to live in bond-age, There's freedom for us all; If
2. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, A - rise, make up your mind! He's
feed you heav'n-ly man-na, With quail a - long the way: With



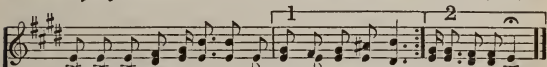
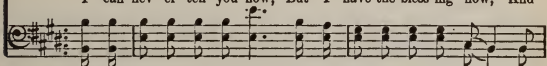
bread and milk a - bun - dant In that bright, hap - py land. No
you would take pos - ses - sion, Oh, heed the Lead - er's (*Omit. . .*) call.
faith - ful who has prom - ised, "Not a hoof be left be - hind." He'll
fire by night He'll lead you, With a pillar of cloud by (*Omit. . .*) day.



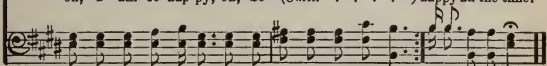
CHORUS.



I re - mem - ber well the day When He washed my sins a - way, And
I can nev - er tell you how, But I have the bless - ing now; And



led me from the wil - der - ness To Canaan's blissful clime;
oh, I am so hap - py, oh, So (*Omit. . . .*) happy all the time.



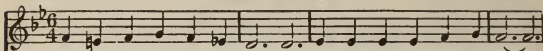
3 Don't fear the road to travel,
The sea will open wide;
The Lord will safely land you
Upon the other side.
Although you may find giants,
"The Lord will fight for you;"
Just keep your eyes upon Him,
He'll take you safely through.

4 Oh, Canaan is a good land,
A land of running brooks,
Of fountains in the valleys,
Of rills in shady nooks;
A land of wheat and barley,
Pomegranates, rich and fine,
With olive-oil and honey, —
Praise God, these all are mine!

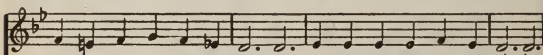
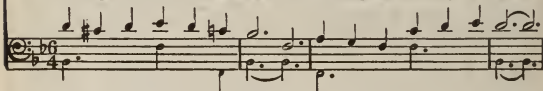
Fanny J. Crosby.

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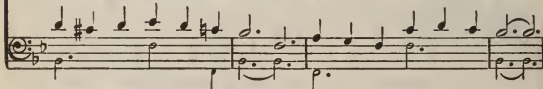
B. D. Ackley.



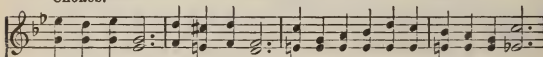
1. Whith-er - so - ev - er Thou go - est Let me Thy foot-steps at - tend;
2. O - ver the snow cov-ered moun-tain, Out on the wild des-ert track,
3. Tell - ing of hope to the friend-less, Cheer-ing the homes where they dwell;
4. Giv - ing re - lief to the stran-ger, Plod-ding his jour-ney a - lone;



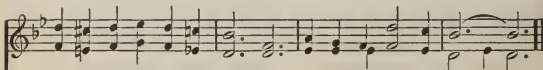
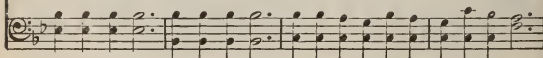
Je - sus, my won - der - ful Sav - ior, Lov - ing Re - deem - er and Friend.
 Seek - ing to res - cue the lost ones, Ten - der - ly call - ing them back.
 Go - ing with light and sal - va - tion In - to the dark pris - on cell.
 Shar - ing the tri - als of oth - ers, Pa - tient - ly bear - ing my own.



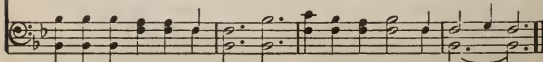
CHORUS.



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.



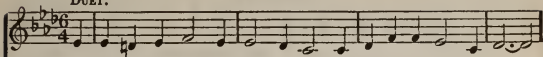
No. 111. The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

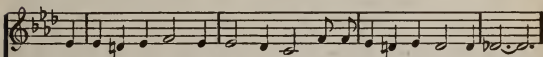
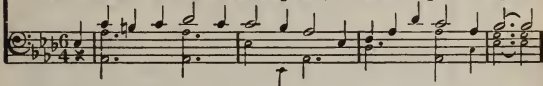
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B. D. Ackley.

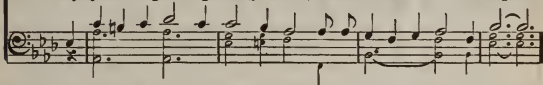
DUET.



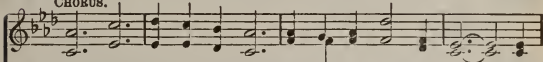
1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweeter is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez - es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold - en light;



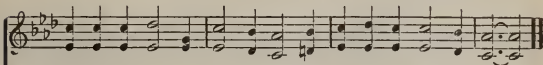
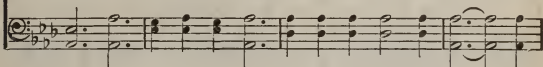
I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shad-ows fall, For the light of the morn-ing glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the waters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal sight.



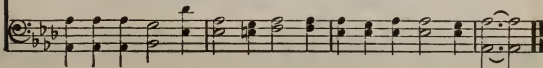
CHORUS.



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.



Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. As the bra - zen ser - pent in the wil - der - ness, Mos - es once up -
 2. Ad - am's sin - ful fall has ru - ined all our race, And the world needs
 3. To our great com - mis - sion we will dare be true, Preach - ing full sal -

lift - ed, dy - ing souls to bless: So we lift up Je - sus
 Je - sus and His sav - ing grace; Needs the peace and com - fort
 va - tion as He'd have us do: He a - lone can save and

to the sons of men, Bid - ding dy - ing sin - ners look and live a - gain.
 which He can be - stow, Needs the blood which wash - es whit - er than the snow.
 whol - ly sanc - ti - fy, So we lift up Je - sus as the days go by.

CHORUS.

We will lift up Je - sus to a dy - ing world, Tho' the darts of
 We will lift up Je - sus to a dy - ing world, Tho' the darts of

Sa - tan 'gainst us may be hurled; For the bread of heav - en mil - lions
 Sa - tan 'gainst us may be hurled; For the bread of heav - en

We Will Lift Up Jesus.

starve and die, We will lift up Je - sus as the days go by.
mil-lions starve and die, We will lift up Je - sus as the days go by.

No. 113.

More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

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J. M. Stillman.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol-low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev-'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro-ken-heart - ed With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

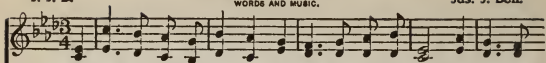
REFRAIN.

More and more like Jesus, I would ever be; . . . My Sav-ior who died for me.
I . . . ever would be;

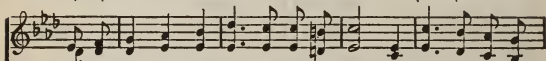
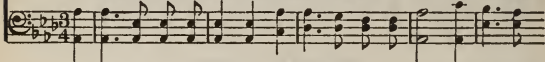
J. J. B.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

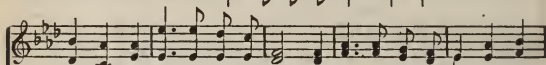
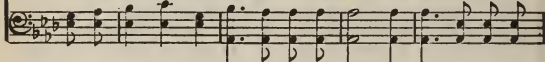
Jas. J. Bell.



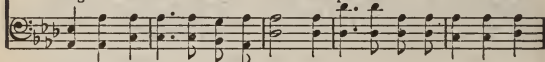
1. My soul is filled with gladness; A song is in my heart; No blind-
ing
2. How can the day be drear-y? How can the shadows fall? I know that
3. How can I e'er re-pay Him For all His love to me? I can but



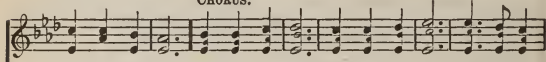
tears of sad-ness Can from my eye-lids start. By faith I now am
He will guide me, He hears me when I call. What tho' the storms may
lift His ban-ner, That oth-ers, too, may see, And dai-ly strive to



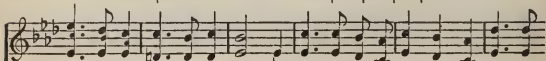
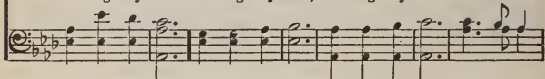
trust-ing This Christ who made me whole, The precious love of Je-sus Is
threaten? What tho' the ills be-tide? The precious love of Je-sus Is
bring some Poor wand'rer to the fold: The precious love of Je-sus Is



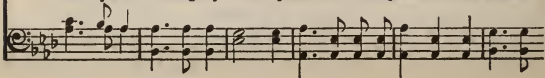
CHORUS.



fill-ing my soul. Fill-ing my soul, fill-ing my soul! Riv-ers of



mer-cy are fill-ing my soul. My voice I lift in praise For His kind and



His Love Is Filling My Soul.

lov-ing ways, As the pre-cious love of Je - sus Is fill - ing my soul.

No. 115.

Jessie B. Pounds.

Beautiful Isle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearls.

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.

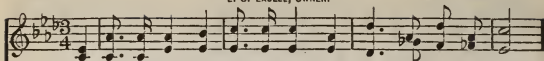
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,

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

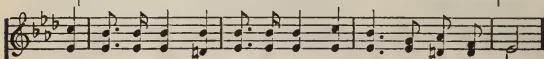
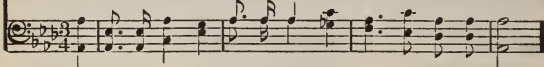
Effe S. Black.

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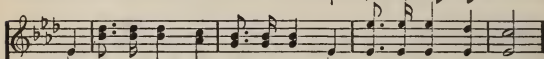
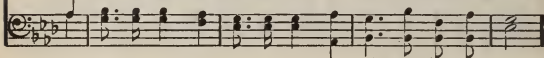
Chas. H. Gabriel.



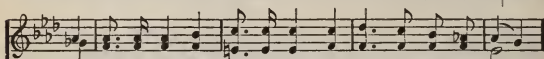
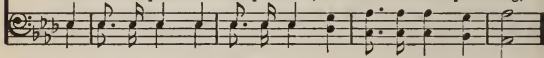
1. O sol-diers of the liv-ing God, Press on, His vic-t'ries win!
 2. O sol-diers of the liv-ing God, Pray on! prayer is the pow'r
 3. O sol-diers of the liv-ing God, Fight on, nor fear the foe;



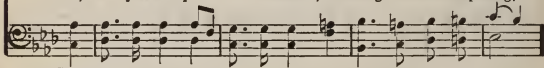
Tho' prin-ci-pal-i-ties and pow'rs You fight with-out, with-in.
 That nerves the heart with brav-er-y In each un-guard-ed hour.
 Led by a might-y Con-quer-or, De-feat you can-not know.



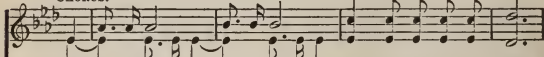
A blood-stained ban-ner goes be-fore, Once borne by mar-tyred throng;
 When Sa-tan and his might-y host Their toils a-round you fling,
 Go forth His pow-er to pro-claim, To bat-tle for your King;



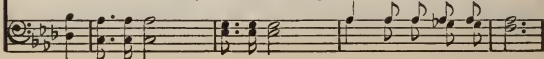
And, while a cross of shame they bore, Their lips proclaimed the song
 Mount on the wings of faith and prayer, Tri-um-phantly to sing
 And, as you con-quer in His name, The song of tri-umph sing,



CHORUS.



Of "vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" Loud let the ech-oes ring;
 Of..... "vic-to-ry!..... vic-to-ry!"



Soldiers of God.

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry Thro' Je - sus, Im-man - u - el.
 Vic - - to - ry!

rit.

No. 117.

I've Found a Friend.

Rev J. G. Small.

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Aug. Halter.

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
 2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of love, But His own life He gave me.
 So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might-y a De - fend - er.

CHORUS.
 I love to sing of such a Friend, Whose love no pow'r can sev - er;

rit.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.

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. 119 Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and

word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev-'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear

ear - nest plea, So that Thou draw-est me Clos - er each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean - ing up - on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
Sav - ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace."

No. 120 Watching for the King's Return.

E. E. Hewitt.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. O, to be more faith-ful, work-ing day by day, Watch-ing for the
 2. O, to be more lov-ing, truth-ful, brave and pure, Watch-ing for the
 3. O, to res-cue oth-ers from the night of sin, Watch-ing for the
 4. Trusting in His mer-cy, joy-ful in His grace, Watch-ing for the

King's re - turn! Pray-ing for the king-dom, Liv-ing as we pray,
 King's re - turn! Seek-ing heav'n-ly treas-ures, rich-es that en-dure,
 King's re - turn! To our Sav-ior's glo-ry, bright-est stars to win,
 King's re - turn; Till we see His beau-ty, meet-ing face to face,

rit. CHORUS.
 Watch-ing for the King's re - turn. Watch - ing
 for the King's re - turn. Ev - er watch - ing,

ev - er, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn; Watch - ing
 watch - ing ev - er, Ev - er watch - ing,

Watching for the King's Return.

ev - er, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn. . . .
 watch-ing ev - er, the King's re - turn.

No. 121

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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 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;

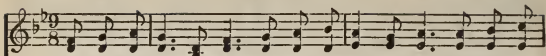
Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
 Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
 Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
 Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—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

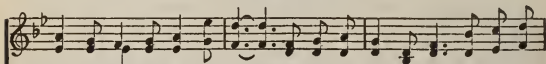
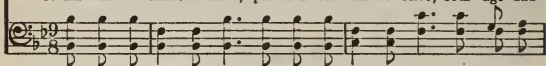
James Rowe.

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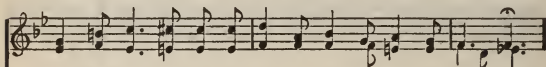
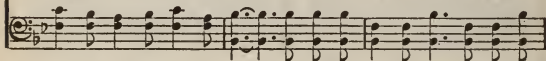
Homer F. Morris.



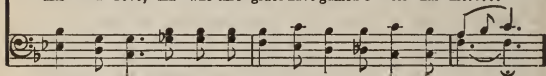
1. Je - sus the King di - vine, seek - ing your soul and mine, Came from His
2. Out of the grave He came, mak - ing His earth - ly name Glo - ri - ous
3. All who in Christ be - lieve, par - d - n for sin re - ceive, Cour - age and



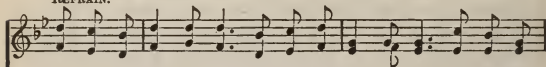
throne and home of joy a - bove; Froe - ly His life He gave, sin - ners from
and e - ter - nal by His might; Con - quer - ing death and sin, wan - der - ing
strength to triumph in the strife; And, if they trust His love, they shall be



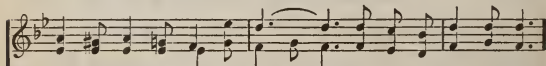
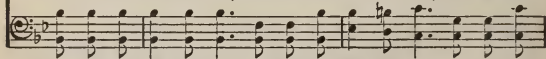
death to save, Show - ing to all the world His might - y love.....
hearts to win, Fill - ing the drear - y world with wondrous light.....
His a - bove, All who thro' grace have gained e - ter - nal life.....



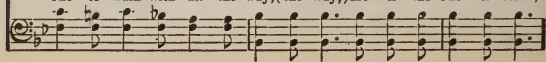
REFRAIN.



He is the One to love; He is the One to trust; He is the



One to walk with all the way; (the way;) He is the One to serve;



He Is the One.

He is the One to praise; He is the One to fol-low ev-'ry day.

No. 123.

Loyal to Jesus.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In this world there is so much to do,— Work for me, and
2. In - to homes all dark with want and woe, Where the tares of
3. In the strength He gives us from a - bove, Ev - 'ry - where we

du - ties large for you; Let us go with pur - pose firm and true,
sin and sor - row grow, Speak - ing kind - ly words of love, we go,
tell His won - drous love To the world, by dai - ly liv - ing, prove

D. S.—To the cross of Cal - va - ry we cling,
FINE. CHORUS.

Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King! In His name, with

Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King!

D. S.

ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, Go we forth to her - ald His sal - va - tion!

H. D. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. The sto - ry of the cross where Je - sus died Has oft - en been pro -
2. No oth - er theme can boast such deathless fame, And by no oth - er
3. A thousand times and more I've heard it told, But still I love to

claimed as ti - dings glad to all; But He who there for me was
truth have souls been so in - spired; The glo - ries of the cross to
hear its mu - sic fill the air; To all the er - ring race the

cru - ci - fied Is pre - cious as when first the news I heard.....
Christ ac - claim The right of way in ev' - ry heart and realm.....
cross shines bold, And points the way to life and back to God.....

CHORUS.

The sto - ry of the cross where Je - sus died, The sto - ry of the

cross has not lost its charm for me; I tell it ev' - ry day, it

The Story of the Cross.

cheers me on my way, The sto - ry of the cross has not lost its charm for me.

No. 125.

Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

FROM "CAROLS OF JOY,"
USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;
lest I stray;

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

No. 126. The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If I reach that land of light, where the saints are robed in white And there
2. "Would ye My dis-ci-ple be," said the Man of Gal-lee, "Ev-er-
3. With the heav'nly prize in view, here I bid the world a-dieu For a

shin-eth one e-ter-nal day; If be-fore the throne I stand, with the
more thy-self de-ny day by day; Take thy cross and fol-low Me, e-ven
cross up-on a hill lone and gray; Glo-ry crowns the way I take, as this

saved at God's right hand, I must walk with Him the nar-row way. . . .
un-to Cal-va-ry, For sal-va-tion 'tis the on-ly way. . . .
choice I free-ly make; I will take with Christ the lone-ly way. . . .

CHORUS.

'Tis the bless-ed old way of the cross, (the cross,) With its pain, self-de-

ni-al and loss; (and loss;) 'Tis the way the Sav-ior trod, and it

The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.

lead-eth home to God, 'Tis the bless-ed old way of the cross.

No. 127. Anywhere With Jesus.

John R. Clements,

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E. O. Excell.

1. I'll go an - y-where, my Sav-ior, If Thou wilt make it clear; I will
2. I'll do an - y-thing, my Sav-ior, That hon - or brings to Thee; I will
3. I'll be an - y-thing, my Sav-ior, In sta-tion high or low; I will
4. I'll hold ev-'ry-thing, my Sav-ior, A sa-cred trust of Thine; And the

CHORUS.

tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry To lost ones far and near.
fol - low close Thy lead - ing, Wher - e'er it tak - eth me. An - y - where, my
toil, or wait, or suf - fer, If Thou dost will it so.
tal - ents to me giv - en, I'll count them not as mine.

Savior, An - y - where with Thee, Anywhere and ev'rywhere, As Thou ledest me.

Rev. M. S. Brown.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ev - 'ry sky that glis - tens with the gold - en day, Has its cloud of
2. Sun - shine would be bright - er for us day by day, If the clouds of
3. There are souls in dark - ness, long - ing for the light; We who are God's
4. Let us then look up - ward for a gold - en gleam Out of Heav - en's

sor - row drift - ing o'er the way; If we are the sun - shine, clouds will
dark - ness all were swept a - way; Why not be the sun - light, fill - ing
chil - dren should be shin - ing bright; There are hearts all shad - owed o'er by
sun - light till our fa - ces beam; Then with hearts of kind - ness let us

quick - ly flee, And the souls that meet us will be light and free.
hearts with cheer, Driv - ing far a - way the sor - row met with free.
sin and shame, Wait - ing for a sun - beam giv - en in His name.
make, while here, Lives of oth - ers bright - er with our sun - shine cheer.

CHORUS.

Are you cloud or sun - shine in the world to - day? Are you spread - ing

dark - ness, or a gold - en ray? Has some heart been dark - ened

Cloud or Sunshine.

by your cloud of sin? Have you been the sun-shine, help-ing oth-ers win?

No. 129 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.

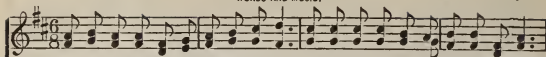
1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho - vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev-er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put . . a - way our sins;

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.

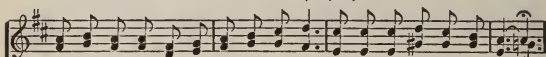
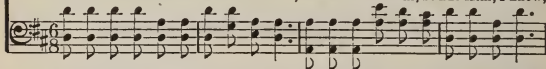
CHORUS.

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,

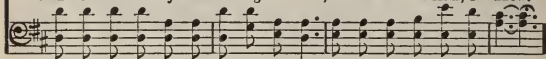
Ever great to them that fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev - er show.



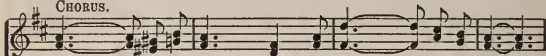
1. If I am faithful to Je-sus my King, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
2. If I make known all His glorious love, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
3. If I but trust Him till glo-ry be won, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
4. If on the Cru-ci-fied One I be-lieve, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;



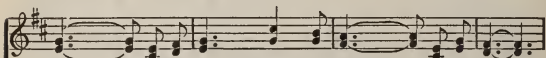
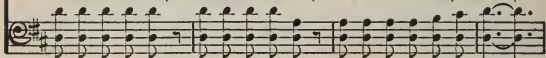
When in His pres-ence His prais-es I sing, I shall be like Him, I know.
 If I am true till He calls me a - bove, I shall be like Him, I know.
 If I press on-ward till du - ty is done, I shall be like Him, I know.
 Clad in His beau-ty His bless-ing re - ceive, I shall be like Him, I know.



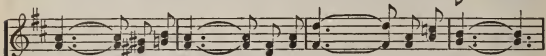
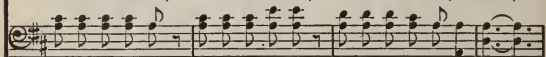
CHORUS.



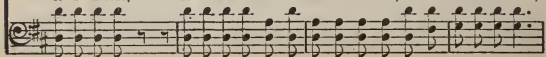
I . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know,
 I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know,



I . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know;
 I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know;



If . . . I a - bide . . . Ev-er close . . . to His side, . . .
 If I a-bide, If I a-bide Ev-er close to His side, Ev-er close to His side,



I Shall Be Like Him.

I . . shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know. . . .
be like Him, I know.

No. 131.

Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

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

FINE.

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
'T was believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed, and He saved my soul.

D. S.—'T is recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

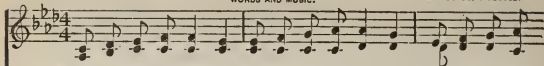
D. S.

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

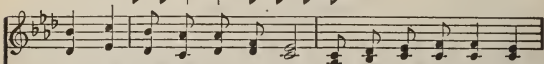
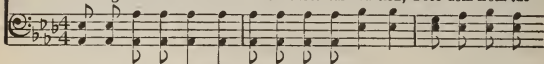
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

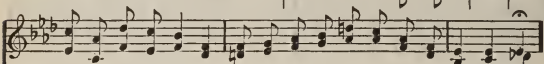
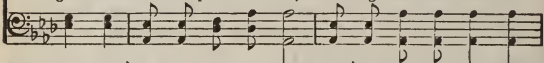
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



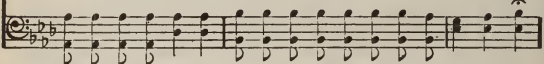
1. I have nev - er found an - oth - er friend like Je - sus; Such un - dy - ing
2. Filled to o - ver - flow - ing is my cup of bless - ing, Walking with my
3. Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, how my heart keeps singin'! Since I en - tered
4. Tell - ing to the world of ut - ter - most sal - va - tion; Free - dom from the



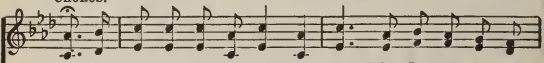
love this world has nev - er known; Al - tho' I had sinned, He
Sav - ior in the nar - row way: "Fair - est 'mong ten thou - sand" -
Ca - naan, oh, what joy is mine! Drink - ing at the foun - tain,
guilt and from the pow'r of sin, Preaching to the lost of



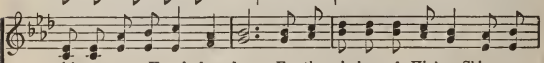
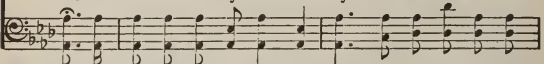
jus - ti - fied me free - ly, And He calls me His be - lov - ed and His own.
"Lil - y of the Val - ley," He is all in all to me my heart can say.
from His bounty feast - ing On the grapes and honey, corn, and milk and wine.
ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, We have Heaven here, to go to Heav - en in.



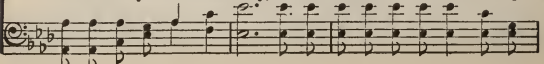
CHORUS.



There is Heav - en in my soul to - day With Je - sus ev - er



with me on my Heav'n - bound way; For the rain - bow of His love Shines up -



There's Heaven In My Soul.

on me from a - bove, And there's Heav-en in my soul to - day.

No. 133.

The Offering.

John J. McLaurin.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lord, take my all,— The gift is small For Thee, for Thee;
2. Dare I re - fuse My life to use For Thee, for Thee,
3. Would I had more, Earth's rich - est store, For Thee, for Thee;
4. By grace di - vine, Seal what is mine For Thee, for Thee,
5. Lord, here am I, To live or die For Thee, for Thee;

What hast Thou done, O bless - ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans - ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound - less debt, For me, for me;
Who suf - ered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me;
Thy sac - ri - fice Has paid the price For me, for me;

What hast Thou done, O bless - ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans - ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound - less debt, For me, for me.
Who suf - ered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me.
Thy sac - ri - fice Has paid the price For me, for me.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. In a dream I saw a cit - y, A cit - y long a - go; I
 2. In my dream I saw a hill - side, Be - yond the cit - y's gate; I
 3. In my dream I saw my Sav - ior, With pierc - ed hands and side; And

faster.
 saw the thronging mass - es Go pass - ing to and fro; They seemed like mighty
 watched the rushing people, Some moved by bitter hate; But He who walked a -
 from His heart, now broken, There flowed a crimson tide; No more the thronging

a tempo.
 bil - lows That, rest - less, roll and toss, And 'mid them, meek and low - ly, Was
 mong them, That patient face, so true, Still on - ward pressed in sor - row, The
 peo - ple, For darkened was the sun, And earth in an - guish trembled—The

CHORUS.

One who bore a cross.
 Fa - ther's will to do. O sa - cred head, so low - ly bowed, A -
 sac - ri - fice was done.

mid that wild and toss - ing crowd; To bend be - neath that cross for

One Who Bore a Cross.

me, that cross for me, That I might live. That I might live e - ter - nal - ly.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower 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. 135.

'Tis for You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a par - don full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
2. There's a help for ev - 'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
3. There's a robe of snow - y white, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;

The musical score for the first three verses is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

Bless - ed rest at Je - sus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
Joy and bless - ing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
There's a home of glo - ry bright, 'Tis for you and me.

This section continues the musical score with the same key signature and time signature as the previous verses.

CHORUS.

All for you, if you be - lieve, If sal - va - tion you'll re - ceive;

The chorus is written in the same musical notation as the verses.

There's a wel - come, warm and true, All for you, all for me.

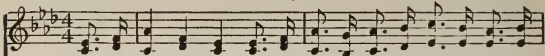
The final verse concludes the piece with the same musical notation.

No. 136. When the Saints Are Gathered Home.

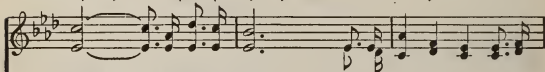
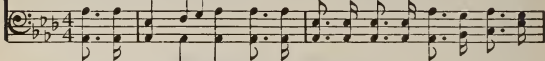
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

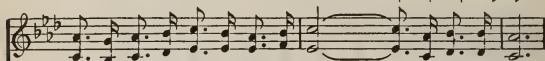
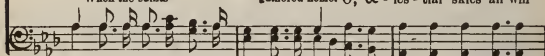
Hamp Sewell



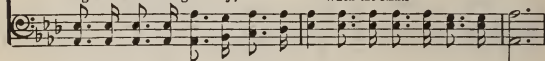
1. What a song will rise on that bright, e - ter - nal morning, When the
2. With en - rap - tured eyes we shall view the crys - tal riv - er,
3. On the streets of gold we shall tell and sing the sto - ry,



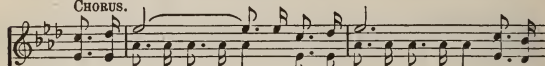
saints . . are gathered home! Love di - vine will be ev - 'ry
Near the great white throne we shall
When the saints gathered home! O, ce - les - tial skies all will



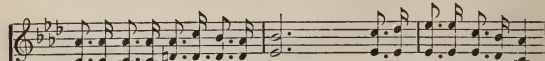
hap - py soul a - dorn - ing, When the saints . . . are gathered home.
live and sing for - ev - er,
ring with shouts of glo - ry, When the saints



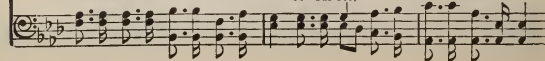
CHORUS.



When the saints . . . are gathered home, When we
When the saints are gath - ered home, When the saints are gath - ered home,



reach that sinless land and Jesus see, Oh, what happy songs will ring
Je - sus see,



When the Saints are Gathered Home.

thro' the pal-ace of the King, When the saints . . . are gathered home!
When the saints

No. 137. The Song-Land of My Soul.

Jesse Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Victor H. Benke.

1. There are storms the world o'er-sweeping, I can hear their thun-d'ring roll;
2. There is war the world o'er-spreading; I can hear its cries of dole;
3. I can hear the glad E-van-gels Of a bet-ter day to be;

But my God His calm is keep-ing, In the song-land of my soul.
But no strife I need be dread-ing, In the song-land of my soul.
In my song-land with the an-gels, There my Fa-ther dwells with me.

CHORUS.

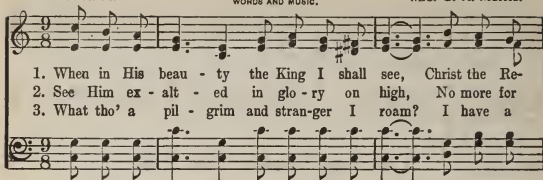
In the song-land, bless-ed song-land! In the song-land of my soul;
In the song-land, bless-ed song-land! In the song-land of my soul;

God His ho-ly calm is keep-ing, In the song-land of my soul.
In the song-land of my soul.

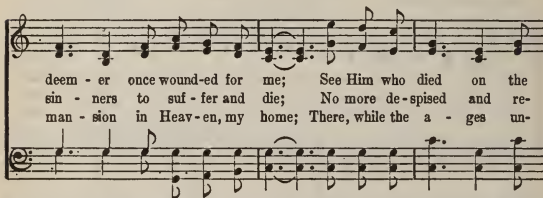
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

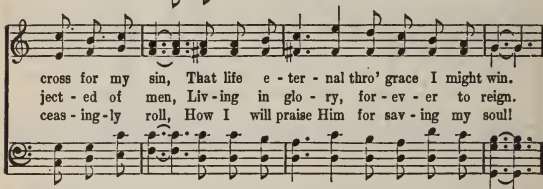
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. When in His beau - ty the King I shall see, Christ the Re-
 2. See Him ex - alt - ed in glo - ry on high, No more for
 3. What tho' a pil - grim and stran-ger I roam? I have a

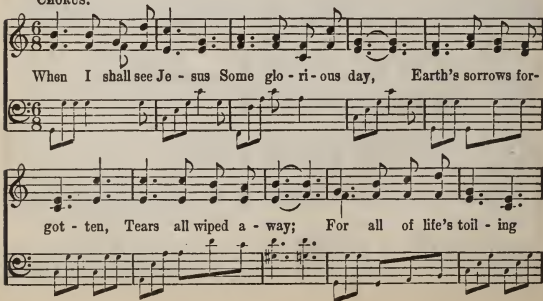


deem - er once wound-ed for me; See Him who died on the
 sin - ners to suf - fer and die; No more de - spised and re -
 man - sion in Heav-en, my home; There, while the a - ges un -



cross for my sin, That life e - ter - nal thro' grace I might win.
 ject - ed of men, Liv - ing in glo - ry, for - ev - er to reign.
 ceas - ing - ly roll, How I will praise Him for sav - ing my soul!

CHORUS.



When I shall see Je - sus Some glo - ri - ous day, Earth's sorrows for -
 got - ten, Tears all wiped a - way; For all of life's toil - ing

When I Shall See Jesus.

Parts.

'Twill rich-ly re-pay, When I shall see Je - sus Some glo-ri-ous day.

No. 139.

Wonderful Savior.

J. W. MacOlliv.

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Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
 2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
 3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
 4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

loved me, I can - not tell why; He came to res - cue
 saved me, I can - not tell how; But this I do know,
 lead me, I can - not tell where; . . . So I will fol - low
 crown me, I can - not tell when; . . . White throne of splen-dor

sin - ners un - wor - thy, My heart He conquered, for Him I would die.
 He came, my rân - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry, with thorns on His brow.
 thro' joy or sor - row, Sun - shine or tempest, since He leads me there.
 hail I with gladness, Crowned in the pres - ence of an - gels and men.

C. H. G.

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

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

CHORUS.

stand un-changed 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. 141.

Precious Word.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

- Lamp to my feet wher-ev-er I stray; Gñide nev-er-fail-ing from day to day;
- Bread to my soul when famine is near; Wa-ter of Life, cool, refreshing, clear;
- Comfort when sorrows o-ver me roll; Hope all-sustaining un - to my soul;

Lead-ing me homeward un-to my Lord—Counsel of wisdom, God's precious Word.
Strength in my weakness, never to fail; Safe-ty when tri-al and doubt as-sail.
Shel-ter that for all time shall endure, An-chor e-ter-nal, un-fail-ing, sure.

CHORUS.

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

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.

Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. O Thou our King, enthroned in realms on high, To Thee to-
 2. O Might-y One, who sent Thy Son to be The Sav-ior
 3. God of all men, as mer-ci-ful as just, Guide Thou the

day our of-fer-ing is brought; And though so small, Thou wilt not
 of a world grown sick with sin, We thank Thee for the love that
 feet that oft-en go a-stray, Un-til our souls shake off their

pass it by, This gift of love with grate-ful hom-age fraught.
 set us free, And longs to wel-come all earth's chil-dren in.
 mor-tal dust And find their home with Thee some hap-py day.

CHORUS.

Might-y to de-liv-er, mer-ci-ful and kind, Save from sin's

Save from

pit-falls the wayward and the blind; Lead from its dark-ness to Thy

Mighty to Deliver.

glo-rious light, Might-y to de-liv-er, our King, the Lord of all.

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

No. 143. The Beacon of the Cross.

Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Sometimes the mists of doubt and sin Will gath-er round the way we tread,
2. When groping blind-ly thro' the dark, "Lord, we have lost the way," we cry;
3. O bea-con, burn for-ev-er-more Above sin's dang'rous reef and shoal,—

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

Un - til such darkness shuts us in; We can - not see the path a-head.
Then lol the heav'nward path to mark, His cross stands out a-gainst the sky.
Flash earth-ward from the heav'nly shore—The land-mark of the Christian soul.

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

CHORUS.

O sin-ner, look to Calv'ry's hill, The cross of Christ is stand-ing still—

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

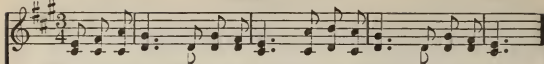
Will stand for-ev-er-more, to show Earth's wand'ring children where to go.

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

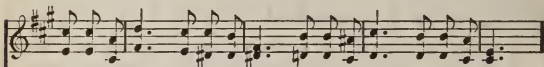
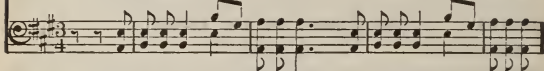
Mrs. C. H. M.

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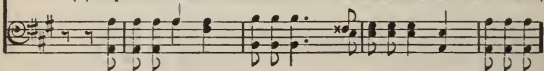
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



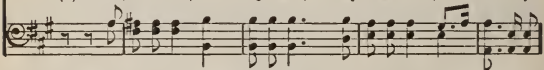
1. The Christian's hope, O how it cheers, While passing thro' this vale of tears;
 2. It whispers of un-fail-ing joy, E-ter-nal bliss with-ont al-loy;
 3. It whispers of a land on high Where never-more we'll say "Good-bye,"
 4. What tho' I can - not un-der-stand The way for me my Lord hath planned?
- (1) The Christian's hope, O how it cheers, While passing thro' this vale of tears;



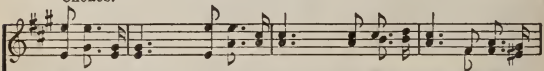
- It spans the dread unknown between This land and that fair land unseen,
Of tears for - ev - er wiped a-way, No night, but one un-clond-ed day;
Where those we've loved and lost have gone, And thitherward us beck-on on.
What tho' the cares of earth may throng, The waiting times seem hard and long?
- (1) It spans the dread un - known between This land and that fair land unseen,



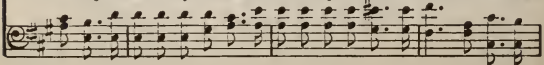
- Where, face to face, the King I'll see, And spend with Him, e - ter-ni - ty.
Of rest be-side life's crystal sea Thro'-ont thy years, e - ter-ni - ty.
Where re - u - nit - ed we shall be, Thro'-out a long e - ter-ni - ty.
Hope then shall full fru - i - tion be Thro'-ont thy years, e - ter-ni - ty.
- (1) Where, face to face, the King I'll see, And spend with Him, e - ter-ni-ty.



CHORUS.



- E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! O Sav-ior mine, What will it
A long e - ter - ni - ty! A blest e - ter - ni - ty! What



The Christian's Hope.

be? From earthly care and sorrow free, To spend with Thee e-ter-ni - ty!
will it be?

rit.

No. 145.

All Thine Own.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sav - ior, our hearts shall be Thy throne, Our love shall be Thy crown;
2. Sav - ior, our hearts shall be Thy throne, Our lives shall be Thy praise;
3. Hum-bly we make the of - fer - ing, Come, reign up - on Thy throne;

Here at Thy sa - cred, pierc - ed feet Our of - f'ings lay we down.
And for Thy glo - ry we will live Thro' all our fu - ture days.
Kneeling be - fore the mer - cy-seat, Lord, seal us all Thine own.

CHORUS.

All Thine own, all Thine own, Take us, dear Lord, to be Thine own;

All Thine own, all Thine own, Our hearts to be Thy throne.

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-mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, 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 repressing 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. 147

Trusting.

Laurene Highfield.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. Marsh.

1. Ev-'ry day I trust Thee more, Fa-ther, than I did be-fore;
2. Ev-'ry day I seem to lean Hard-er on the arms un-seen;
3. Ev-'ry day new truths I trace In the gos-pel of Thy grace;
4. Ev-'ry day Thy lov-ing care Helps me heav-y loads to bear,

Not that skies are al-ways bright, But when clonds be-dim my sight
Dis-ap-point-ments come, and care, Griefs I find full hard to bear;
For Thy Word is meat in-deed, It my hnn-gry soul can feed,
And tho' days be good or ill, Grace will be vouch-safed me still;

Then this prom-ise com-forts me: "As thy days thy strength shall be."
In this thought di-vine I rest: Thou art God, and God knows best.
And my blind-ed eyes still see That its bless-ings are for me.
Faith and hope re-peat for me, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Brother, keep straight on in the Christian's race, With your eyes on the heav'nly goal,
2. Brother, keep straight on in the old-time way Which our fathers be-fore us trod;
3. Brother, keep straight on, to the end - dure, And the goal shall at last be won;

Where a rest re-mains for the tried and true In the home-land of the soul.
Tho' the way be long, rough and toilsome, too, And is stained with martyr's blood.
Till your weary feet tread the golden street, And you hear your Lord's "Well done."

CHORUS.

The Christian's race is set be-fore you, Lay ev'ry weight and sin a - side;

Keep ev - er on-ward, upward pressing, The Lord Himself will be your guide;

A cloud of wit-ness-es sur-round you, The promised land before you lies;

The Christian's Race.

Harmony.

Keep ev - er on - ward, up - ward press - ing, Tow'rd the mark for the prize.

No. 149.

Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. Kieffer.

USED BY PERMISSION.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Should the Death Angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night,
 2. Man - y sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
 3. Man - y redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing, O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read - y? O are you read - y? If the Death Angel should call,
 should call,

Say, are you read - y? O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I am think-ing to - day of that glo - ri - ous time When my soul shall have
2. On - ly sin - ners re - deemed by the blood of the Lamb, On - ly those who thro'
3. So I long for the day when His face I shall see, And from earth's slim-i-

en - tered that Heav - en - blest clime, And the song of the ran - sored shall
great trib - u - la - tion have come, Have a part in the song which shall
ta - tions my soul shall be free; With no dis - cord - ant note when His

fall on my ear, Which sometimes I am heart - sick and home - sick to hear.
ring thro' the skies As the shouts of the ran - sored in tri - umph a - rise.
prais - es I'll sing— Hal - le - lu - jahs for - ev - er to Je - sus my King!

CHORUS.

Some day, some glo - ri - ous day, When my soul shall be
Some beau - ti - ful day,

free from this cum - ber - some clay, I shall join the glad song of the

Some Day.

glo - ri - fied through ° To praise my Re-deem-er, some day, some day.

f *rit.*

No. 151. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Oh, Pil-grim bound for the heav'n-ly land, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
2. When-e'er you're tempted to go a-stray, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
3. Tho' dark the path-way may seem a-head, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
4. When death is knock-ing out-side the door, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

FINE

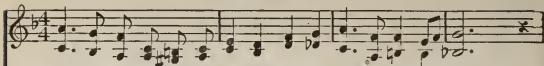
He'll lead you gen - tly with lov - ing hand, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 Press on - ward, up - ward, the nar - row way, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 "I will be with you," His word hath said, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 Till safe - ly land - ed on Canaan's shore, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

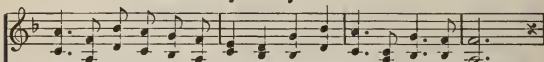
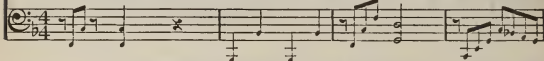
CHORUS.

D. S.

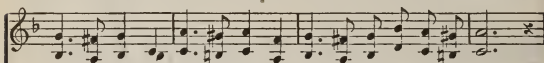
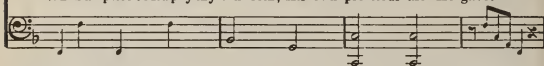
Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;



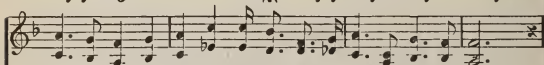
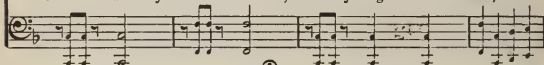
1. Long by sin my eyes were blind-ed, And no beau-ty could I see
2. Mil-lions to His feet are com-ing, Just as in the long a - go,
3. Do you won-der that I love Him, When He died my soul to save?



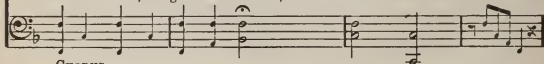
In the wondrous "Man of Sorrows," Who once walked in Gal-i-lee;
When the mul-ti-tudes so thronged Him, Of His wondrous grace to know.
When no price could pay my ran-som, His own pre-cious life He gavel!



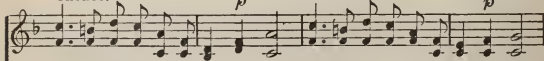
By His gra-cious touch of heal-ing He has made my eyes to see,
He is still the bur-den-bear-er Of sin-strick-en hu-man kind;
He has won my heart for-ev-er, And my song shall ev-er be,



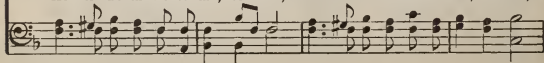
And the "Man, de-spised, re-ject-ed," Now is all the world to me.
Ad-am's ev-'ry son and daughter May a full de-liv-'rance find.
"Take the world, but give me Je-sus," He is all in all to me.



CHORUS.



He is all in all to me, to me; He is all in all to me, to me;



He is All in All to Me.

Christ has won my heart for-ev-er, (for-ev-er), And is all in all to me.

No. 153 Hold Up Your Hands For Jesus.

H. L. D.

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J. H. Rosecrans.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve,
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day, Hold up your hands for Je-sus;
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past,

SOLO.

CHORUS.

"Al-most per-suad-ed" Christ to re-ceive,
"Al-most per-suad-ed," turn not a-way, Hold up your hands for Je-sus.
"Al-most per-suad-ed," dawn comes at last,

CHORUS.

Hold up your hands while He is passing by; Hold up your hands, for He is drawing nigh;

Hold up your hands, for why will ye die? Hold up your hands for Je-sus.

No. 154. Homeward, Heavenward Bound.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. This earth is not my a - bi-ding-place, this world is not my home,
2. A won-der-ful cit - y of pal - a - ces He doth for us pre - pare,
3. My Sav-ior's hand all the voy-age thro' holds stead-y at the helm,

I'm go - ing home to be with Je - sus, A lit - tle while to be
I'm go - ing home to be with Je - sus, Where all the faithful shall
I'm go - ing home to be with Je - sus; The har - bor bless-ed by

tem - pest-tossed up - on the bil - low's foam, I'm go - ing home to
rest at last and in His glo - ry share, I'm go - ing home to
faith I view, the new Je - ru - sa - lem, I'm go - ing home to

CHORUS.

be with Je - sus. We are home - ward bound, we are
We are sail-ing, sail-ing home, O yes, we are

home - ward bound, We are sail - ing o'er a wild, tem-pes-tuous
sailing, sailing, home-ward bound,

Homeward, Heavenward Bound.

sea;..... We are home - ward bound, we are
We're sail - ing, ev - er sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, home, O yes,

Heav'nward bound, Where a welcome waits for you and me.....
you and me.

No. 155. Too Soon, Too Late.

Kathleen Wheeler Ross.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Geo. F. Rosche.
rit.

1. Too soon for work to cease, Too soon to long for peace, Too soon, too soon!
2. Too soon to choose God's side, Too soon to part with pride, Too soon, too soon!
3. Too soon that mercy's door Close fast, for - ev - er - more, Too soon, too soon!

rit.
Too late to do some deed, Too late to fill some need, Too late, too late!
Too late to speak the truth, Too late to atone for youth, Too late, too late!
Too late, for all but this, God's peaceful way to bliss, Not yet too late!

CODA.

Not yet too late to pray, God's love to us would say, Not yet too late to pray.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus, the ten-der Shep-herd, Needs you the lost to seek, Needs you to
2. Needs you to feed the hun-ry, From His a - bun-dant store; Bind up the
3. Needs you to tell the sto - ry, Old, and yet al-ways new; Some one will

lift the fall - en, Strengthen and help the weak. Some of His lambs are wand'ring
bro-ken-hearted; Vis - it the sick and poor: Needs you to scat-ter sun - shine,
fail to hear it, Un-less 'tis told by you; Read-y for an - y serv-ice,

Out on the hills a - stray; To gath-er them in from the fields of sin,
All a - long life's rough way; Some hearts to make glad, that are lonely and sad,
Close by His side to stay; The sick - le to wield in life's har - vest-field,

CHORUS.

Je - sus needs you to - day. Je - - - sus needs you to - day,
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day,

Je - - - sus needs you; . . . Not some oth-er, but you, my broth-er, A -
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day;

Jesus Needs You To-day.

rise, and a - way! Je - sus needs you, Je - sus needs you;
Je - sus needs you, needs you,

Not some oth-er, but you, my brother, Yes, Je - sus needs you to - day.

No. 157.

Sunbeams.

Mrs. J. D. Jones.

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WORDS AND ARR. OF MUSIC.

Arr. E. O. E.

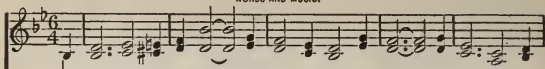
1. We are lit-tle sun-beams, Shining day by day, Shin-ing for the Sav-ior,
2. Like the Star of Bethlehem, Shining thro' the night, We would guide earth's pilgrims
3. Dark would be the shadows And the pathway drear, If we did not scat-ter
4. Clouds may sometimes gather, But will flee a - way If we keep on shin - ing
5. Lov-ing, help-ful sun-beams We will ev - er be, Shin-ing, al-ways shin - ing,

At our work and play; Shin-ing for the Sav-ior At our work and play.
To the Land of Light; We would guide earth's pilgrims To the Land of Light.
Sun-beams far and near; If we did not scat-ter Sunbeams far and near.
Bright-er ev - 'ry day; If we keep on shin-ing Brighter ev - 'ry day.
Dearest Lord, for Thee; Shin-ing, always shin-ing, Dearest Lord, for Thee.

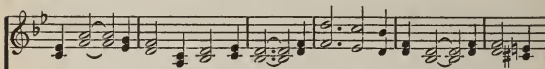
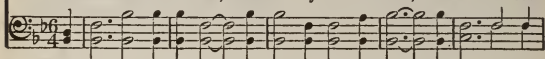
Mrs. C. H. M.

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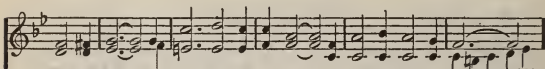
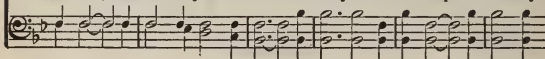
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



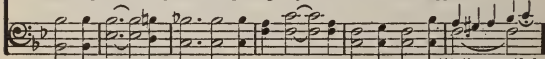
1. The world knew not Je-sus when down to earth He came To pur-chase re-
2. The world knew not Je-sus and knows Him not to - day, For still men are
3. The world will know Je-sus, and ev - 'ry knee shall bow, And all men con-



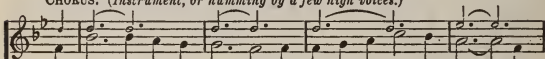
demption, to bear our sin and shame; They scorned and re-viled Him, their Lord and cry - ing, "A-way with Him, a - way!" Re-ject-ing the par - don He purchased fess Him, the Christ they know not now. The day of His tri - umph is swift-ly



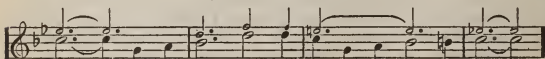
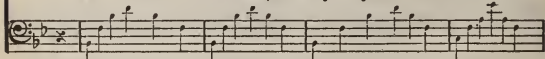
King de - nied; The world knew not Je-sus, and Him they cru-ci-fied.....
with His blood, A - fresh cru - ci - fy - ing the bless-ed Son of God.....
drawing near, In pow'r and great glo-ry He shall in clouds appear.....



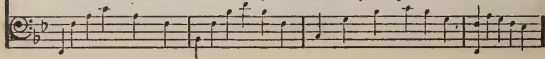
(1) they crucified.

CHORUS. (*Instrument, or humming by a few high voices.*)

To know Him is to love Him, then why will you not be - lieve? To



know Him is to love Him, sal - va - tion, will you re - ceive?



The World Knew Not Jesus.

TUTTI.

He's won my heart for-ev - er, His prais-es I'll glad - ly sing;.....
I will sing;

'Tis Heav-en be - low, this Je - sus to know, Re - deem - er and Lord and King.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'He's won my heart for-ev - er, His prais-es I'll glad - ly sing;.....' followed by a short phrase 'I will sing;'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system of the score contains the lyrics ''Tis Heav-en be - low, this Je - sus to know, Re - deem - er and Lord and King.'

No. 159.

Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

Detailed description: This is the first system of the musical score for 'Close to Thee'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains three numbered lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

D.S. All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S. Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S. Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score for 'Close to Thee'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains three lines of lyrics, each preceded by 'D.S.'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee.

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical score for 'Close to Thee', which is the refrain. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains the lyrics 'Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

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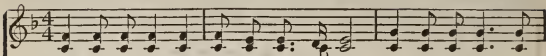
Life's Twilight Hour.

(To Bethany.)

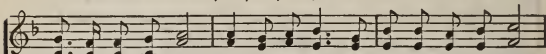
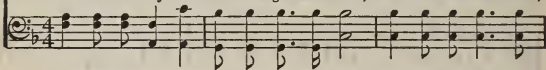
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Winifred Wirts Daque.

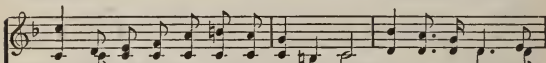
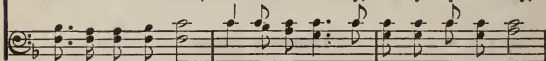
J. L. Molloy. Arr.



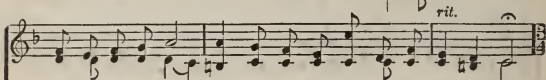
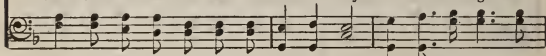
1. When in the twi-light, think-ing of the past, How in this life the
 2. We think to-day of loved ones gone be-fore, Safe in the Home-land,



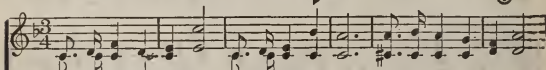
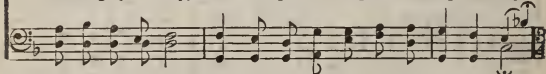
shad-ows fall so fast, We see the hope that helps to make us strong,
 safe for-ev-er-more; So be not lone-ly, wear-y by the way,



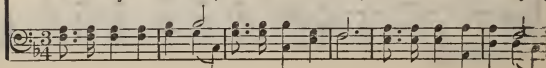
His prom-ise cheers us when the day seems long. Vi-sions of glo-ry
 There'll be re-un-ion at the close of day. E'en tho' thro' gloom of



burst up-on our sight; He says, "At eve-ning-time there will be light."
 earth we grope our way, Life's Twi-light Hour be-gins Heav'n's glorious day.



Light will come to bright-en All life's darkened way; He will send you sun-shine
 Just a ray of sun-shine, At the e-ven-tide, From the One who leads you,



Life's Twilight Hour.

At the close of day; When your trials are o-ver, And your strug-gles cease,
Walking by your side; He is ver - y near you, Giving strength and pow'r—

You will find at eve-ning He will speak "Peace"—He will speak "Peace".
He'll send light to bright-en Life's Twilight Hour, Life's Twi - light Hour.

No. 161.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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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,

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

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

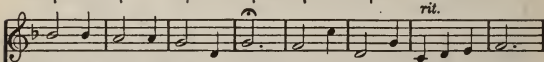
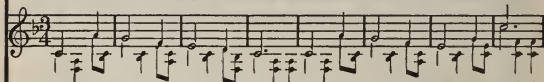
John Burton.

COPYRIGHT 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

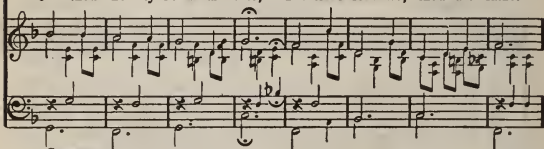
E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

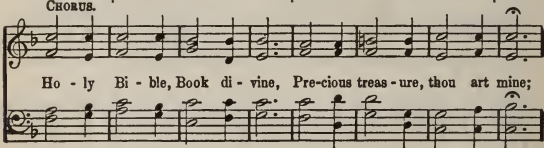
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:



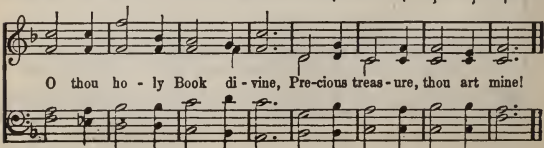
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



CHORUS.



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



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

Children's Songs

No. 163.

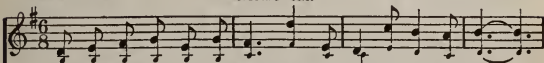
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

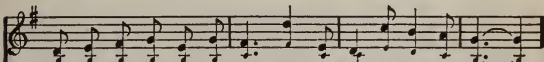
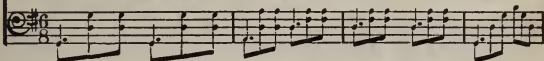
Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

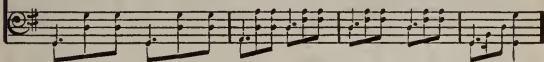
E. O. Excell.



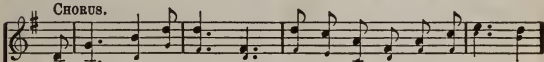
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



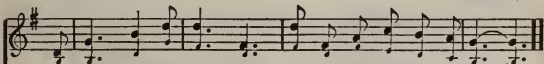
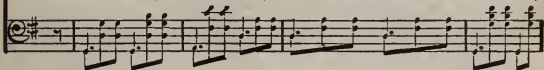
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



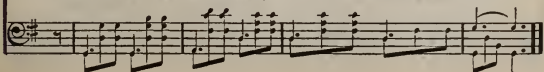
CHORUS.



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



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

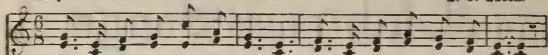


No. 164. Open the Door for the Children.

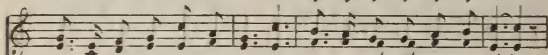
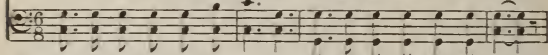
Mary E. Kidder.

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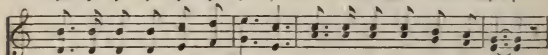
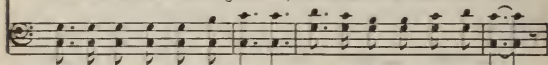
E. O. Excell.



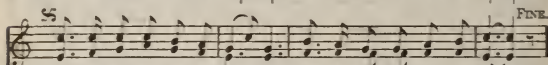
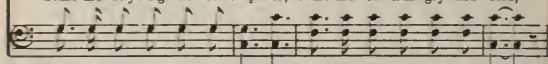
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;



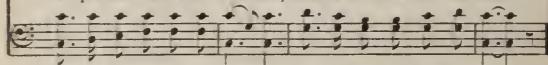
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac-es of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.



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;

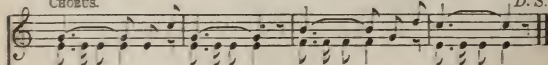


D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

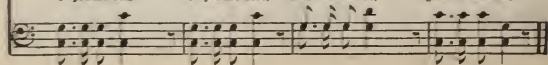


CHORUS.

D. S.



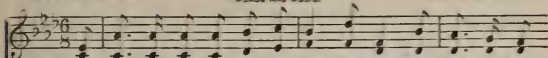
O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
 O - pen the door o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,



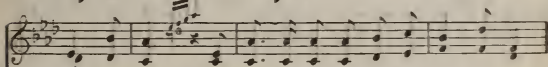
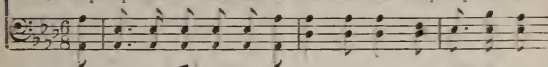
Jesse H. Brown.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

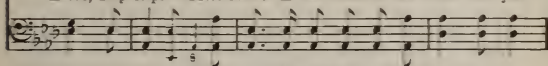
Chas. H. Gabriel.



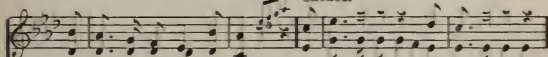
1. Keep step in the march for the truth and right—Keep step in the
2. Keep step at the front of the mov - ing line—Keep step in the
3. Keep step with a tread that is firm and true—Keep step in the



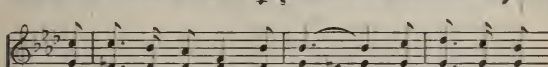
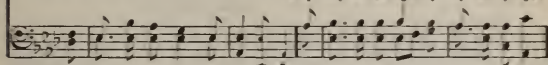
march, keep step! Be strong in the strength of the Lord, our might—
march, keep step! Keep step where the cross is the blaz - ing sign,—
march, keep step! There's need in the ranks of the Lord for you—



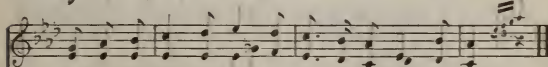
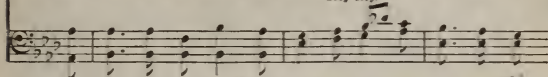
CHORUS.



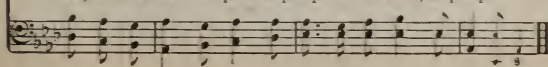
Keep step in the march, keep step! Keep step! keep step!
Keep step for the right, by day and by night.



Keep step in the march, keep step! . . . Turn nev - er a -
keep step!



side, but with zeal and pride Keep step in the march, keep step!



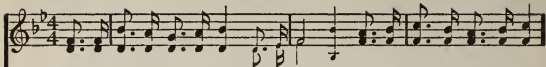
No. 166.

Be a Hero.

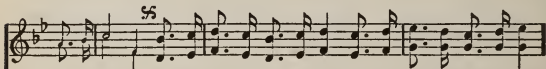
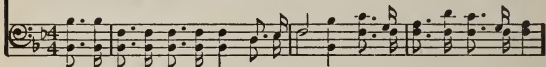
Adam Craig.

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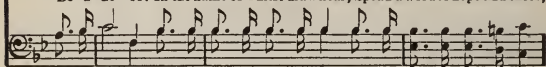
Chas. H. Gabriel.



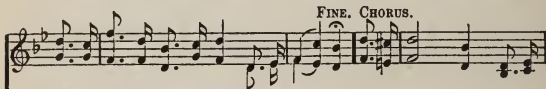
1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Je-sus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



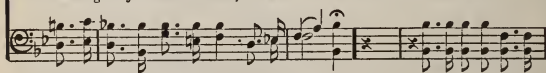
Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,



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

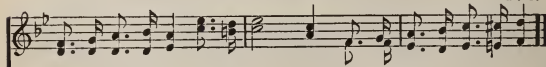


Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!



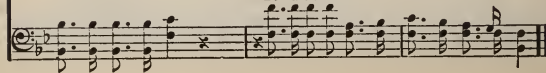
"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.



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

Be a he-ro!



No. 167. For the Glory of His Name.

A. M. Hendee.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Marsh.

Unison.

1. Christ is calling for His soldiers, Who will bear the battle's brunt; Those who will in
 2. We are soldiers in His serv-ice, We are battling for the King; Ev'ry heart must
 3. There is need for con-se-cra-tion, There is need for hearts sincere, There is need for

ev - 'ry con-flict Keep the col-ors well in front; Who will nei-ther shirk nor
 hold His im-age, Ev-'ry tongue the watchword sing. We must all have grace and
 souls cou-ra-geous Who will nev-er have a fear. We will take our place as

D. S. — *We will nei-ther faint nor*

falter, Who will face e'en death and shame; Who will keep the banner waving For the
 courage, Keep the camp-fires all a-flame, We are bea-con-lights in darkness For the
 soldiers, And with shouts of glad acclaim, Charge the hosts of sin and Sa-tan For the

fal-ter, We will face e'en death and shame, We will keep the banner waving For the

FINE. CHORUS.

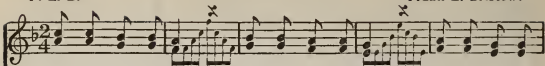
D. S.

glo-ry of His name. For the glory of His name, For the glo-ry of His name;
glo-ry of His name. His name, His name;

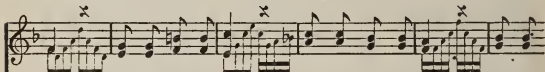
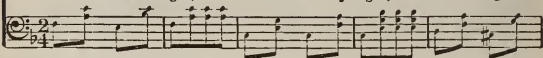
F. L. B.

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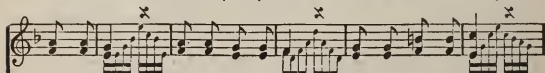
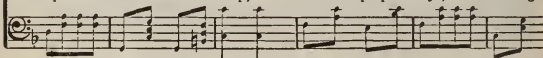
Frank L. Bristow.



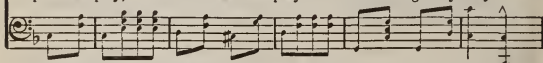
1. Sing with tune-ful lay, Je - sus is the Way To the gold-en
 2. In the days of youth, Je - sus is my Truth! Fol-l'wing by His
 3. In the shades of night, He will be my Light, He will vig-il



strand Of the hap-py land. I can nev-er stray From that
 side, He shall be my Guide; By the wa-ters sheen, In-to
 keep O'er me when a-sleep; Then when 'peeps o' day', Round-ing



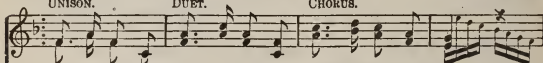
pleas-ant way, While I faith-ful stand, Hold-ing to His hand.
 pas-tures green, Man-na un-for-seen Dai-ly He'll pro-vide.
 pil-lows play, Ev-er will I pray Truth to Light my Way.



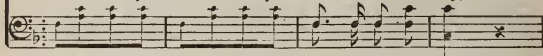
UNISON.

DUET.

CHORUS.



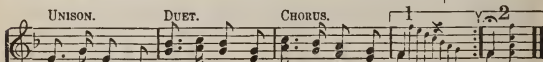
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am in the way,



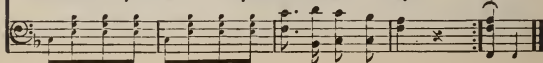
UNISON.

DUET.

CHORUS.



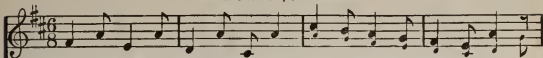
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je - sus saves to-day. day!



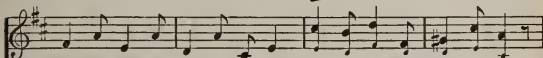
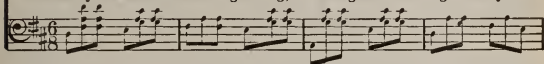
Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

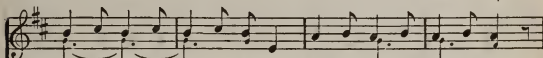
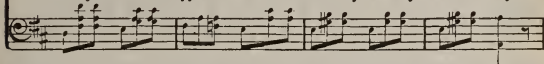
Chas. H. Gabriel.



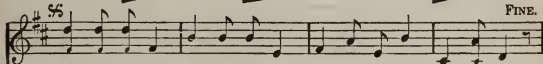
1. Have you seen the sunbeams shin-ing, Shin-ing all a-long the way?
2. Have you heard the wild birds sing-ing, Sing-ing all a-long the way?
3. Have you seen the flow-ers grow-ing, Grow-ing all a-long the way?



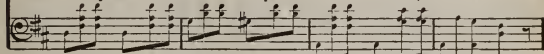
Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?
 Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?
 Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?



Ev-'ry beam of beau-ty gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;
 Ev-'ry lit-tle song-ster gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;
 Ev-'ry pret-ty blos-som gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;



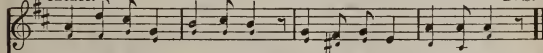
Ev-'ry lit-tle sunbeam whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev-'ry lit-tle wild bird whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev-'ry lit-tle flow-er whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.



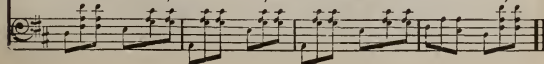
D. S. — *May the children's hearts re-echo: God is wis-dom, God is love.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



God is wis-dom, God is love; Read it in the stars a-bove;



Martin Luther.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

rit. *a tempo.*

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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-bont 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.

Ida L. Roed.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad-ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a -
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through

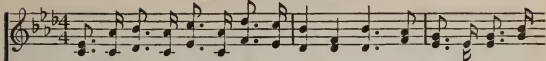
morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand - ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

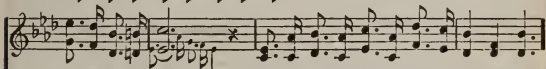
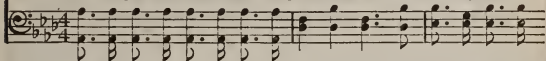
Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.

Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

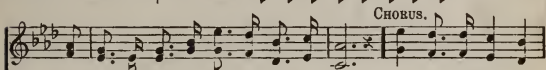
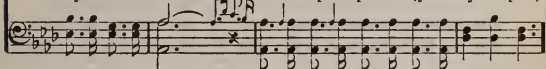
steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!



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

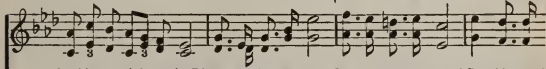
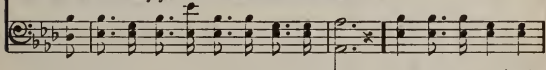


of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
bnr-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasres, yet de-ny the pain,

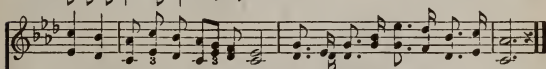
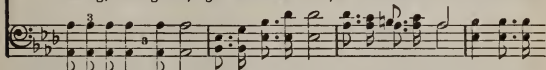


CHORUS.

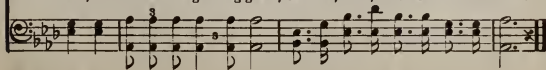
And hope to gath-er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
Or e-ven strive e-ter-nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain, re-
Or share the joys of life with-ont the tear?



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.



Rev. Wm. C. Pool.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Back of ev-'ry drop of rain, Fall-ing gen-tly o'er the land,
2. Back of ev-'ry flake of snow, Mak-ing earth so spot-less white,
3. He who notes the sparrow's fall, Sees the rain-drops and the snow,

Are the gold-en sheaves of grain, And a lov-ing Fa-ther's hand.
Shielding from the winds that blow, Is a lov-ing Fa-ther's might.
Will not fail me when I call,— He can hear me whis-per low.

CHORUS.

Watching o-ver all, God is watching o-ver all; He sees the ten-der

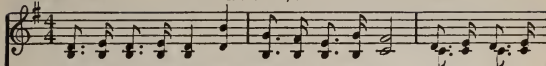
grass-es, And notes the sparrow's fall; He clothes the fragrant lil-ies, He

hears the children call; God in lov-ing kindness is watching o-ver all.

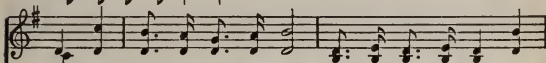
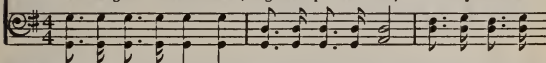
Isaac Naylor.

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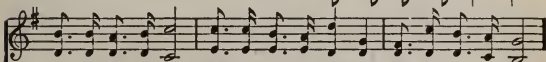
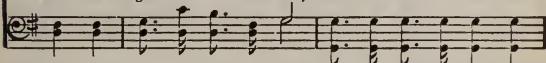
Chas. H. Gabriel.



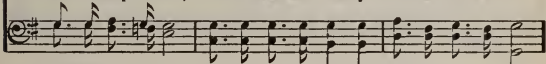
1. Be a gold - en sun - beam, ra - di - ant and bright, Chas - ing from life's
2. When the way is gloom - y, cheer it with a song, — Ban - ish mist and
3. Be a gold - en sun - beam, bright and pure and fair; With thy smiles and



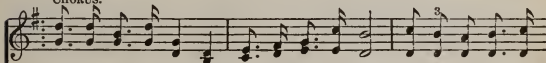
path - way sor - row's frown - ing night; With thy gold - en sun - light
shad - ow as you march a - long; In the place of bri - ers
son - nets light - en hu - man care; With the sweet - est mu - sic



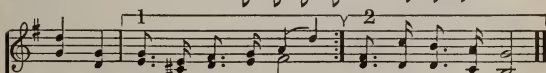
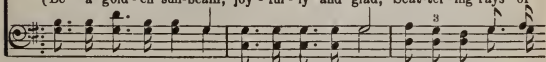
dry the dew - y tear, Scat - ter from the sad heart all its doubt and fear.
strew the fairest flow'rs, Wreathing brows with roses plucked from heav'nly bow'rs.
from the harp of love, Lure the sad and wear - y to our home a - bove.



CHORUS.

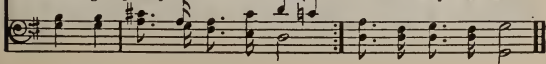


{ Be a gold - en sun - beam, beau - ti - ful and bright, Scat - ter - ing clouds and
{ Be a gold - en sun - beam, joy - ful - ly and glad, Scat - ter - ing rays of



dark - ness with thy shin - ing light:
sun - light [Omit]

when the way is sad.



Charlotte G. Homer.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un-to this

Waltz time.

rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

REFRAIN.

{ Rose, rose, rose, Pret-ti - est flow'r that grows, Emblem of
{ Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

1

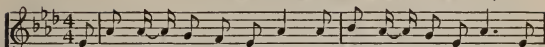
love that came from Heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

2

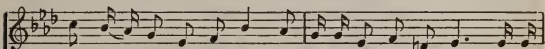
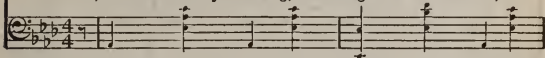
Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

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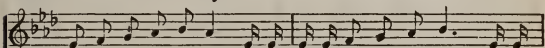
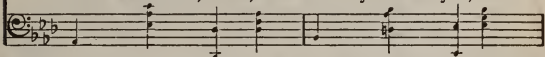
James McGranahan, Arr.



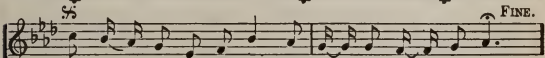
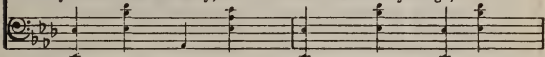
1. Hang up the ba-by's stocking, Be sure you don't for-get, The
2. Dear, what a ti-ny stocking! If does-n't take much to hold Such
3. I know what we'll get the ba-by, I've tho't on the very best plan; I'll
4. Write, "This is the ba-by's stocking, That hangs in the cor-ner here, You



dear lit-tle dim-pled dar-ling, She nev-er saw Christmas yet; But I've
lit-tle pink toes as ba-by's A-way from the frost and cold; But then
bor-row a stocking from grand-ma, The longest that ever I can; And you'll
nev-er have seen her, San-ta, For she on-ly came this year; But she's

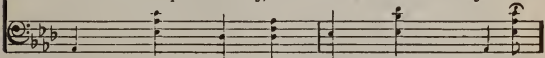


told her all a-bout it, And she o-pened her big blue eyes; And I'm
for the ba-by's Christmas It will nev-er do at all, Why
hang it by mine, dear mother, Right here in the cor-ner so— And
just the blessedest ba-by, And now be-fore you go, Just



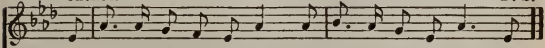
sure she un-der-stands me, She looked so fun-ny and wise.
San-ta wouldn't be look-ing For an-y-thing half so small.
write a letter to San-ta, And fas-ten it on to the toe.
cram her sock with good-ies, From the top clean down to the toe."

D. S.—*dear lit-tle dim-pled dar-ling, She nev-er saw Christ-mas yet.*

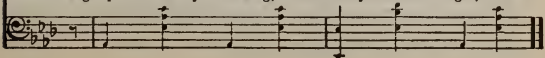


CHORUS.

D. S.



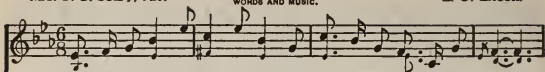
Hang up the ba-by's stocking, Be sure you don't for-get, The



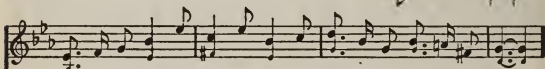
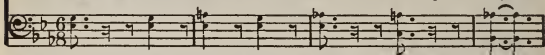
Mrs. B. B. Selby, Arr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

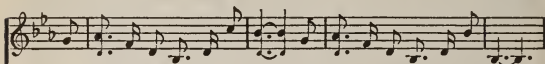
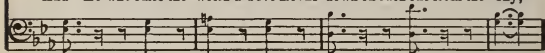
E. O. Excell.



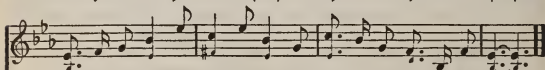
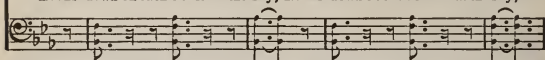
1. ¹High in the tree-top's leaf-y bough The bird-ies are build-ing a nest;
2. ²This is the lit-tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. ³This is the moth-er bird who brings The wee ⁴lit-tle bird-ies their food;
4. ⁶These are the lit-tle birds we love, Who live ⁷in the tree-top so high,



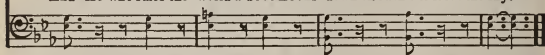
¹'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie, his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a - by - by;
This is the ⁴fa-ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the ⁸world a-bove Looks ⁹down on each one from the sky;



To build, ev-'ry bird - ie, his best, To build, ev-'ry bird - ie, his best;
The leaves sing their lull-a - by - by, The leaves sing their lull-a - by - by;
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood;
Looks ⁹down on each one from the sky, Looks ⁹down on each one from the sky;



¹'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev'ry bird - ie, his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a - by - by.
This is the ⁴fa-ther bird who sings And watch-es all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the ⁸world a-bove Looks ⁹down on each one from the sky.



NOTE—To form bird's nest, clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1. Point upward to tree-top. 2. Hands clasped to form bird's nest. 3. Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird. 4. Raise little fingers representing the baby birds. 5. Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird. 6. Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest. 7. Point upward to tree-top. 8. Look upward toward the sky. 9. Look down on the birds in the nest.

I. D. K.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. { My name, you see, is Kit-ty, I've just come from the cit-y To
 { I bro't a - long my bas-ket, My lit - tle jew-eled cas-ket; My

2. { On - ly just a pen-ny, You know you have so man-y; I
 { My heart is near-ly break-ing, For noth - ing I am mak-ing; I

sing this lit - tle dit - ty, And please you, one and all.
 busi-ness—do not ask it, For I'm go - ing to [Omit....] ex - plain.
 real - ly have-n't an - y, As you can plain-ly see.
 feel like one for - sa - ken, So I'll bid you all [Omit ...] a - dieu.

CHORUS.

Ap - ples, for a pen - ny, Here's your fine straw-ber - ries,
 Peaches, plums and cherries, You may taste be-fore you buy; you buy.

(Spoken after 1st verse and before singing the Chorus.)—"Business is very dull, so I filled my basket and came down here to see if I could sell."

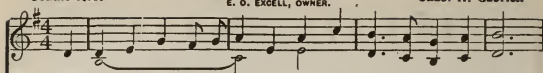
(Spoken after 2d verse and before singing the Chorus.)—"But before I go, I will give you one more chance, for you see I am very anxious to sell."

While singing the words in the Chorus last time, "You may taste before you buy," throw some of the small fruit far out into the audience.

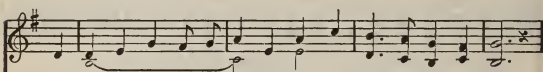
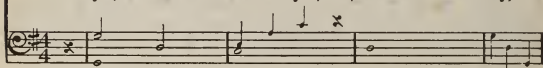
Jennie Ree.

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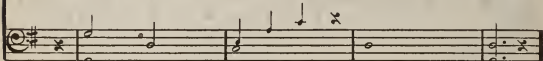
Chas. H. Gabriel.



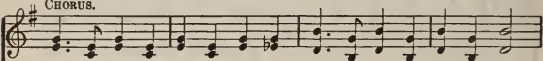
1. How wise you look, lit-tle star, a - way Up yon - der in the sky;
 2. I oft - en won - der if you were ²there When Christ lay in the 'stall;
 3. If you had ⁶lis-tened..... Could you have heard the song
 4. O ⁸yes, a wise lit-tle star are you, Yet, ⁹not a word to say;



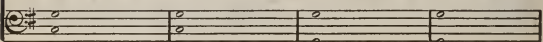
- How man - y years have you ²twinkled there A - bove the world so high?
 And if you saw, from your diz - zy height, The ⁵in - fant Lord of all.
 That ⁷float-ed down on the mid-night air From that an - gel - ic throng?
 You ¹⁰watch all night o'er the drow - sy earth, And ¹¹sleep all thro' the day.



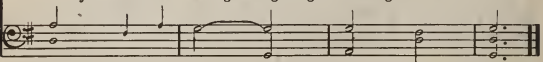
CHORUS.



- ¹²Lit - tle star, a - way up yon - der, ¹³Tell me, were you shin - ing then?



- Did you hear the an - gels sing - ing ¹⁴"Peace! good-will to men?"



1. Eyes upward. 2. Twinkling motion of fingers. 3. Pointing upward. 4. Pointing as toward a cradle or manger. 5. Bow heads reverently. 6. Listening attitude. 7. Raise arms and lower in a diagonal sweep. 8. Shake forefinger at supposed star. 9. Motion of lost faith. 10. Right elbow in left hand, right hand supporting chin, as if drowsy. 11. Ritard the music, close eyes as if going to sleep. 12. Eyes upward. 13. Both arms raised. 14. Hands clasped as in prayer.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit-tle bells of Christmas, hear us gai-ly ¹ring, Chim-ing out the sto-ry
2. Lit-tle bells of Christmas ⁶thro' the whole long year Should be ever read-y
3. Lit-tle bells of Christmas peal-ing in His name, Who to ¹⁰bles and save us,

of the Ba-by King; ²Com-ing thro' the star-light to a man-ger low,
with their notes of cheer; Lit-tle bits of glad-ness from the ⁷angel song,
to this old world came, Ring-ing hap-py prais-es as the days go by,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

While the world lay ³sleeping 'neath the moon's pale glow.
⁸Lift-ing earth to heav-en, mak-ing weak hearts ⁹strong. ¹Ring, ring, ring, yes, with
¹¹"Glo-ry with-out ceas-ing, un-to God most high."

joy we glad-ly ring; ⁴Hail! all hail! to the lit-tle Infant King; ¹Chime, chime,

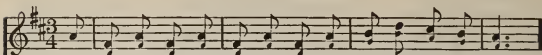
chime, in a merry song we chime; ⁵"Wake up, little people, 't is the Christmas time."

Sung by a select number of children holding red and green paper or card-board bells, and wearing a sprig of holly on breast. 1, make ringing motion with bells; 2, raise bells high, bring slowly downward; 3, close eyes, lay left cheek upon left hand; 4, wave bells held high; 5, turn bells outward and upward; 6, move bells in a semi-circle slowly from left to right; 7, point up with bells; 8, move bells slowly upward; 9, lay bells against heart; 10, fold hands across heart and look up; 11, hold bells high and make a ringing motion.

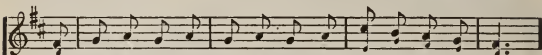
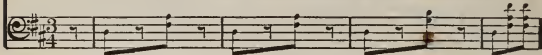
Lizzie DeArmond.

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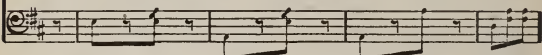
Chas. H. Gabriel.



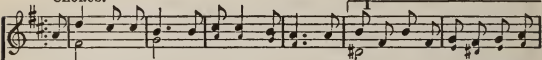
1. ¹Three col - ors has the na - tion's flag Our ²hearts de - light to see, -
2. ³Red speaks to us of Je - sus' blood, For all the ⁴whole world shed,
3. ⁵White tells of those who, pure in heart, Shall see the Sav - ior's face,
4. ⁷Blue tells us of the faith - ful ones Who like the ⁶stars shall be,



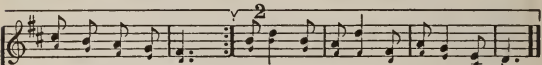
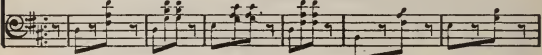
The Red, and White, and star - ry Blue, Our pledge of lib - er - ty.
That we might rise to life and light, Thro' Him who once was dead.
And in His like - ness dai - ly grow, In ⁶Heav - en's ho - ly place.
Bright jew - els in the Victor's crown, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



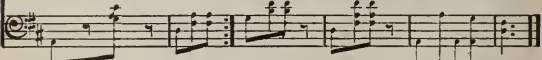
CHORUS.



{ O ¹Red, White, and Blue, our colors so true, An emblem fair of heav'nly things, to
{ O ¹Red, White, and Blue, the old and the new, Our [Omit.....



help us on our way;
.....] ban - ner of gladness, we hail it to - day!

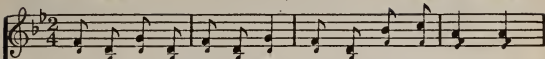


GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars. All hold American flags.

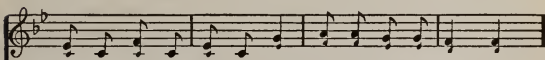
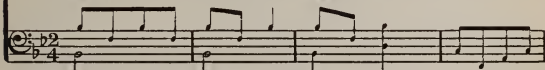
Lizzie DeArmond.

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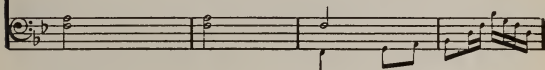
Chas. H. Gabriel.



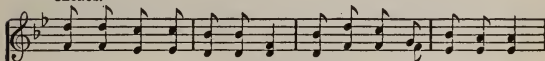
1. Just a lit - tle sun-beam bright, Swift-ly ¹earth-ward wing - ing,
 2. Just a lit - tle sun-beam bright, Down from ³heav-en shin - ing,
 3. Just a lit - tle sun-beam bright, Do - ing well its du - ty,



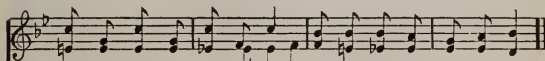
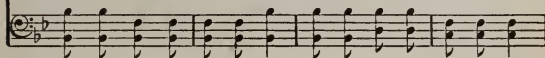
- ²Wa - king up the sleep - ing flow'rs, Joy and glad-ness bring - ing.
 Giv - ing clouds that look so drear, Each a sil - ver ⁴lin - ing.
 Tell - ing of the ³Fa - ther's love, ⁵Fill - ing earth with beau - ty.



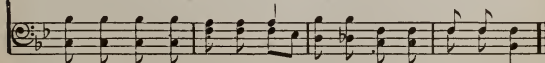
CHORUS.



- Shin - ing bright-ly ev - 'ry day, ⁶Driv - ing gloom-y clouds a - way,



- Lit - tle sun-beams we would be, ⁷Point - ing ev - er, Lord, to Thee.

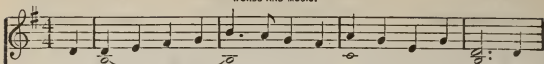


MOTIONS:—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Pointing right hand slowly upwards.

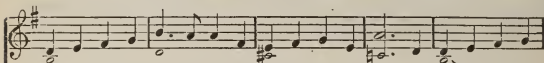
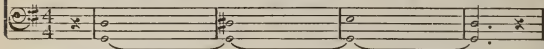
Neal A. McAuley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

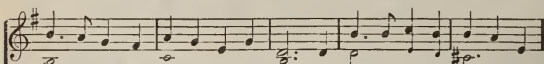
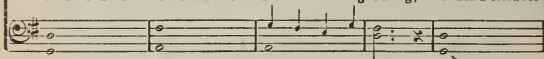
J. S. Fearis.



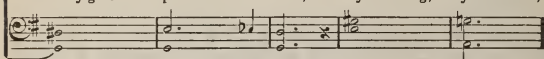
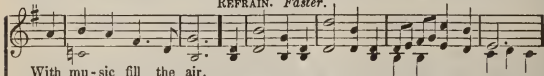
1. I dreamed one night, not long a-go, Of man-sions in the skies, Where
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di-
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I



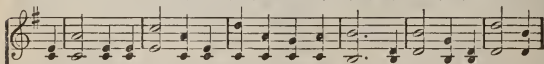
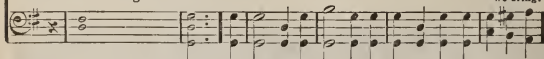
those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-ri-ous prize; I saw a-mong the
rect-ing Christian workers here, In words I now re-call: "Forbid them not," He
felt that I the lit-tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for



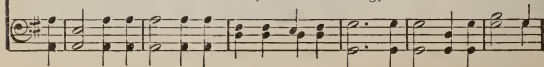
hap-py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voi-ces clear and sweet
gen-tly said, "The children bring to Me; Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai-ly grace Their pre-cious souls to cheer, Till they could sing, like yonder choir,

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu-sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev-er be." Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring!
Ho-san-nal bright and clear. we bring!



Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san-nal



The Children's Hosanna.

Our songs of love we bring, Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! to Christ, the children's King.
we bring.

No. 185.

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

Savior, 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. { But with the poor He slumbered se-
cure, The
me make Thy bed in a stall.

1 No down-y pil-low un-der His head; dear lit-tle Babe in His bed.
2

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. { We're ca-dets that want to bat-tle for the right, you see; That is why we
 { For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [Omit] . . .

2. { We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de-feat, you see; If we fight for
 { For our Lead-er nev-er taught us to re-treat, you see, [Omit] . . .

band ourselves together; And we'll keep it up in ev-ry kind of weather.
 right, we'll win the battle; No mat-ter how the guns and sabers rattle.

For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
 We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be true as our banner is un-furled.
 Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be faithful until the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

{ Then see us march-ing as to war; . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
 { Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [Omit]

Honor-Bright Cadets.

read-y; fore: Then see us march! We are "Honor-Bright Cadets!"

The image shows the first system of a musical score. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody with a '2' above it, indicating a second ending. The bass staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 187. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

E. L. McCord.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them, too, For
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons These lit - tle sis - ters tell, The

The image shows the first system of the musical score for 'Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue'. It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

one is red, and one is white, And the oth - er one is blue.
first is Love, then Pe - ri - ty, And Truth we love so well.

The image shows the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Chorus.

Hurrah for these three lit - tle sis - ters! Hur - rah for the red, white and blue!

The image shows the first system of the chorus. The melody is more rhythmic and features a '2' above it. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

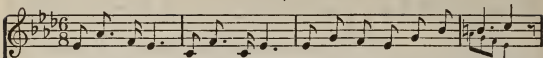
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for the red, white and blue!

The image shows the second system of the chorus. It continues the rhythmic melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

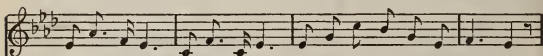
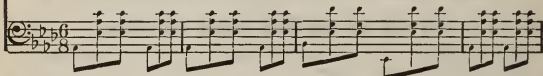
Mary Gilbert-Wray.

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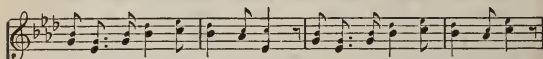
Chas. H. Gabriel.



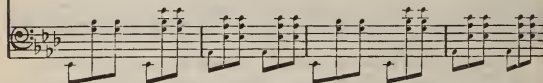
1. Un - der the snow, un - der the snow, Snug-ly the flow'rs have been sleeping;
2. Up in the tree, up in the tree, Gai-ly the bird-ies are swing-ing;
3. Blossom and bird, blossom and bird, Giv - ing their best this fair weath-er;



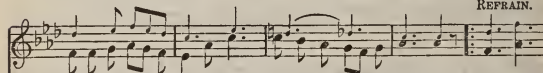
Dear lit-tle flow'rs, they could not know Je-sus a kind watch was keep-ing.
Hap-py and free, songs full of glee, Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly ring-ing;
With them we come in sweet ac-cord, Sing-ing our car-ols to-ge-th-er;



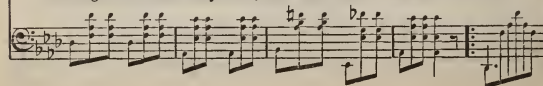
Un - der the snow they soft-ly lay, Wait-ing to greet the first spring day;
Building their nests on boughs so high, Teach-ing the ba-by birds to fly;
Brighter are we than blooming flow'rs, Gay-er than birds in leaf-y bow'rs;



REFRAIN.



Soon as the winter passed a-way Brightly the flow'rs came peeping. Sleep, sleep,
God watching o'er them from on high, List to their mer-ry sing-ing. Sing, sing,
Pleading to Christ our ear-ly hours, His we would be for-ev-er. Sweet, sweet,



Under the Snow.

sleep, sleep, 'Neath a blanket of drift-ed snow; Not a sorrow you know.
sing, sing, Swing your cradle up in the tree; Car-ol hap-py and free.
sweet, sweet, Bird and blossom and busy bee; God will watch over thee.

No. 189.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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E. O. Excell.

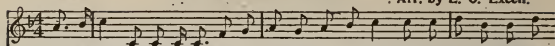
1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees an
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring-ing those that

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

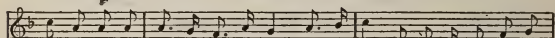
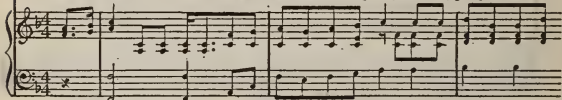
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

K. Shaw.

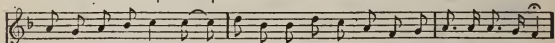
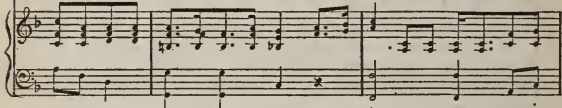
ARR. COPYRIGHT 1886. PROPERTY OF E. O. EXCELL.

Knowles Shaw.
Arr. by E. O. Excell.

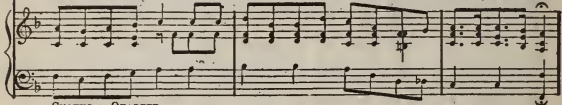
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from gold-en
2. See the brave captive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the thron-g, And re-buked the haught-y
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to



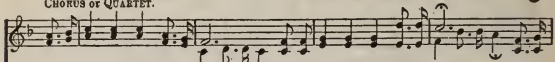
ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords; In the night, as they rev-el in the mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing, 't was the Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow; For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must



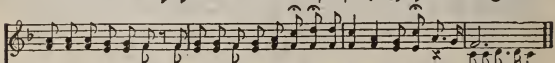
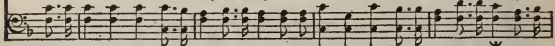
roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion,—'t was the hand up-on the wall. doom of one and all, For the king-dom now was fin-ished,—said the hand up-on the wall. cap-tive in the hall— He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall. come to one and all, When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion, will be writ-ten on the wall.



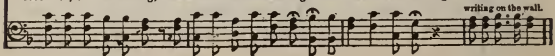
CHORUS or QUARTET.



'T is the hand of God, on the wall, on the wall. 'T is the hand of God on the wall; on the wall; Shall the



record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.



writing on the wall.

Special Selections

No. 191.

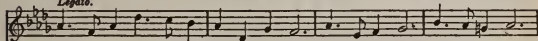
Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley,

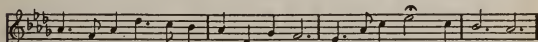
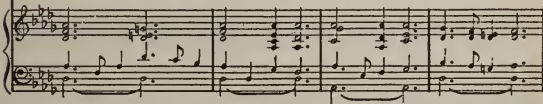
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WORDS AND MUSIC. S. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

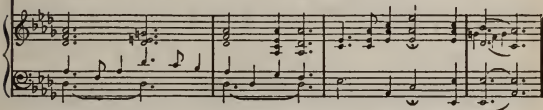
Legato.



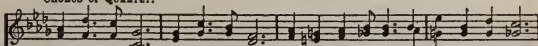
1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil - lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
3. Wound - ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;



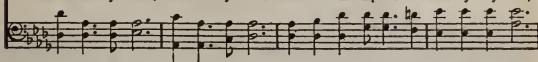
Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some - bod - y knows, - 't is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some - bod - y knows, - 't is Je - sus.
Long - ing 'for home and a moth - er's ca - ress, Some - bod - y knows, - 't is Je - sus.



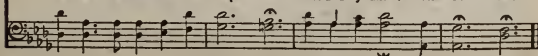
CHORUS OF QUARTET.



Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows When I am tempt - ed and tried by my foes;



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

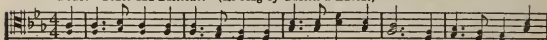


E. S. Hall.

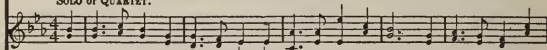
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

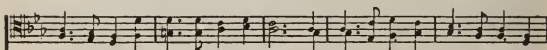
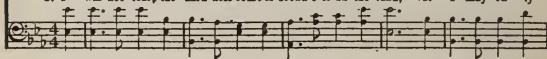
DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)



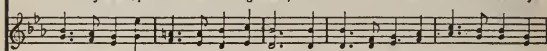
1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my
SOLO or QUARTET.



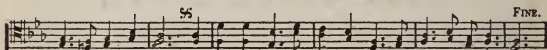
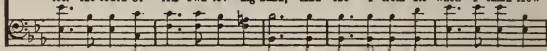
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, .If I may on - ly



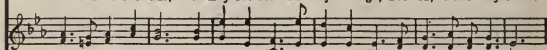
soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By



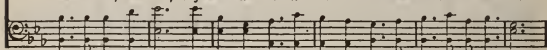
fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How



faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

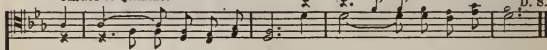


faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

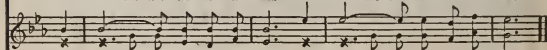


D. S.—My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

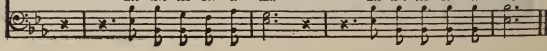
CHORUS or QUARTET.



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;



W. M. Lighthall.

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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! s
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 rau-somed my soul

No. 194 How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction.

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

When lone - ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to mel . . .
 When suf-fering with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to mel . . .
 When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to mel . . .

CHORUS.

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

mel . . When friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to mel . .

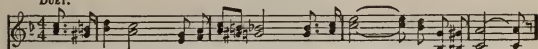
No. 195. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

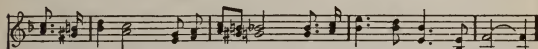
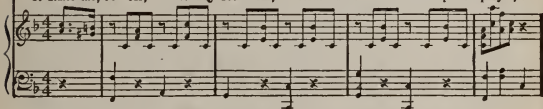
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Wm. A. Huntley.

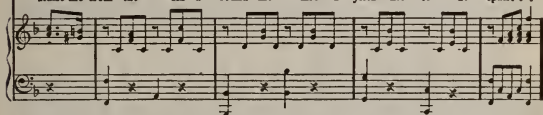
DUET.



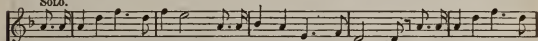
1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
 2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
 3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir - it's prayer; .



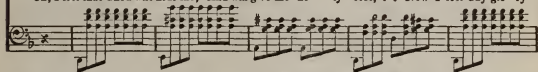
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
 That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
 Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .



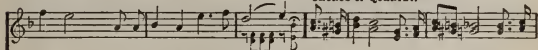
SOLO.



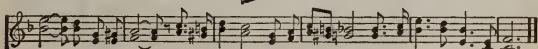
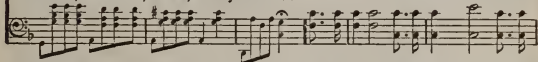
I am wear-y with my bur - den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Knee - ling at Thy feet, I
 In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
 Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry



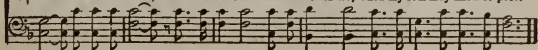
CHORUS or QUARTET.



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.



C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness
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 hn - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age 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 Thon my heart, — I would be Thine a - lone; — Take Thon 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

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

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 by-ways
in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some wear-y,
touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seek-ing on-ly

CHORUS.

turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand. One by one, yes,
God to please, Point-ing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.

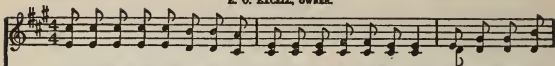
one by one, We must win them for Je-sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of

life, a-mid the tu-mult and the strife. We must win them for Je-sus one by one.

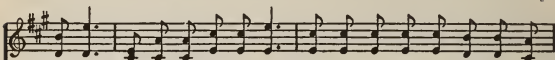
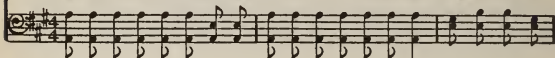
C. H. G.

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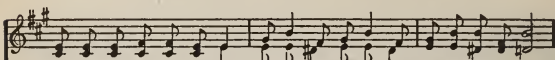
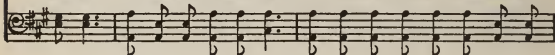
Chas. H. Gabriel.



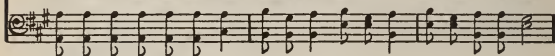
1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and rip-ened grain; Wide it spreads be-
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way, Man - y stand com-
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield? Rouse ye, then, O



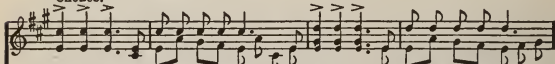
fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light, gold-en gleam-ing,
plain-ing, I - dle still re-main-ing, Loi - t'ring in the dust - y high-ways,
sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your sor - rows fling-ing,



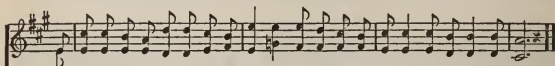
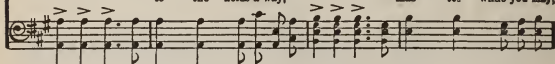
Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reap-ers are need-ed," Re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reap-ers are need-ed, O who will work to - day?"
Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reap-ers are need-ed, A - wake, and to the field!"



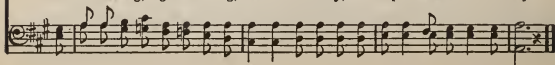
CHORUS.



Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may;
to the fields a-way, Mas - ter while you may;



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



Lizzie DeArmond.

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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 l - 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 OF 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; Hastel hastel

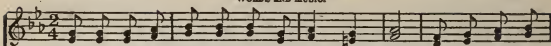
one and all; On where the har - vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

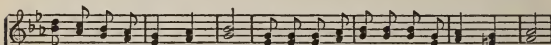
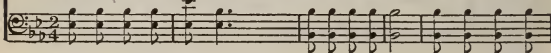
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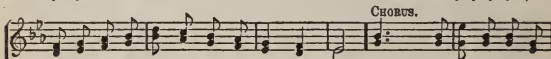
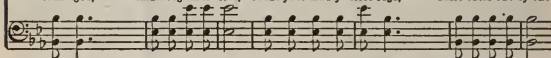
E. O. Excell



1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er ur - dened 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 -
 (1) When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -

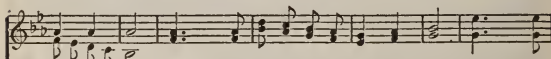
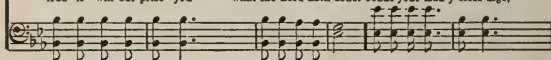


cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them one by one,
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - 'ry doubt will fly,
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man - y bless - ings, mon - ey can - not buy
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels will at - tend,
 cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them one by one.

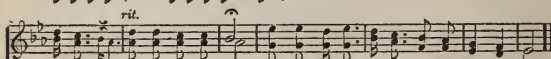
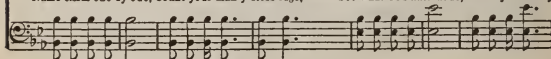


CHORUS.

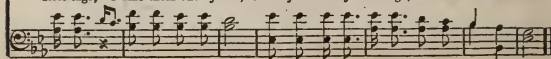
And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your bless - ings, Name them
 Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
 And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your man - y bless - ings,



one by one; Count your bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your
 Name them one by one; Count your man - y bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man - y



bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man - y bless - ings, See what God hath done.



No. 201. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

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E. O. Excell.

1. On-ward, Christian, sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Chris-tian
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 sol - diers, On to vic - to - ryl Hell's foun-da - tions quiv - er
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 voi - ces In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or

Leads a-against the foe; . . . For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners gol
 At the shout of praise; . . . Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
 All one bod - y we, . . . One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Un - to Christ the King, . . . This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

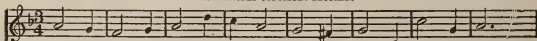
On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. INTRODUCTION and INTERLUDE.

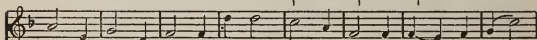
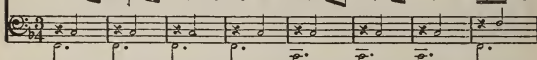
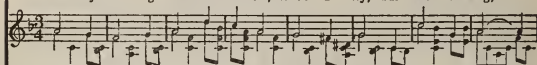
James Rowe.

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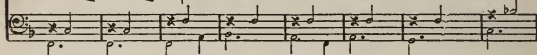
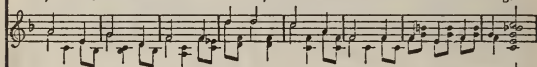
E. O. Excell.



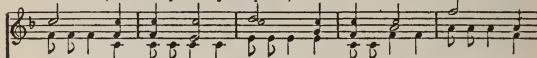
1. When by storm my bark is driv - en Wild - ly o'er the troub - led tide;
2. When by sin's dark clouds sur-round-ed, And I seem to all but fail;
3. When my soul longs for the mor-row, When I try, but can - not sing;



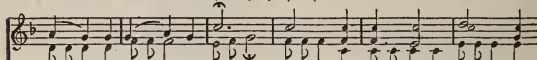
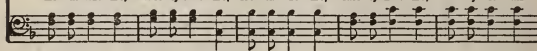
Christ, whose heart by me was riv - en, Will my soul in' sate - ty hide.
He, whose hands and feet I wound-ed, He will hide me from the gale.
He, whose head I bowed in sor-row, He will hide me 'neath His wing.



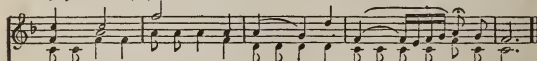
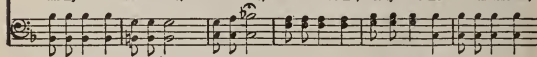
CHORUS. (Small notes for Obbligato Soprano.)



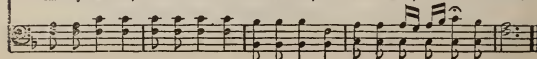
He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, Till my
He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, Till my tri - als



tri - als all are o'er; He will hide me, safe - ly
till my tri - als all are o'er, all are o'er; He will hide me, safe - ly hide me. He will hide me,



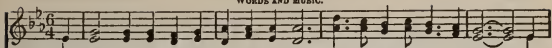
hide me, In His love for - ev - er - er - more.
safe - ly hide me, In His love for - ev - er - er - more, for - ev - er - er - more, for - ev - er - er - more.



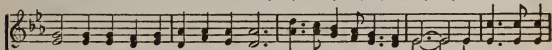
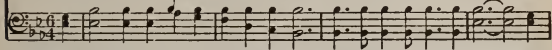
Floy S. Armstrong.

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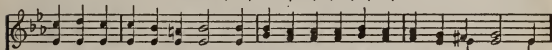
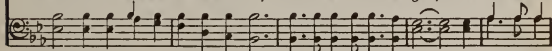
Chas. H. Gabriel.



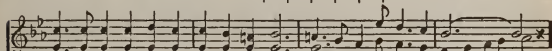
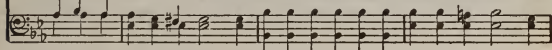
1. How man - y times has He light-ened our cares, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! How
 2. He ne'er re - fus - es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o - ver a - gain, Sends
 3. Tho' we may wan-der in by - ways of sin, O - ver and o - ver a - gain, The



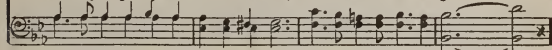
man-y times has He an-swered our prayers, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! Then tell of His
 show'rs of bless-ing so free-ly on all, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
 heart of Je - sus will bid us come in, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be



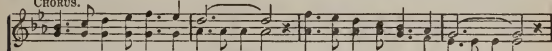
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mer-cies to me and to mine, Re-
 si - lent so oft - en, so long, When tell - ing the sto - ry will turn them from wrong? Then
 will - ing, wher - ev - er the place, To tell of His kind-ness, His par-don, His grace, And



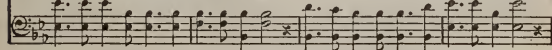
peat the old sto - ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 tell it, O tell it in praise or in song, O - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 some day in glo - ry we'll look on His face, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.



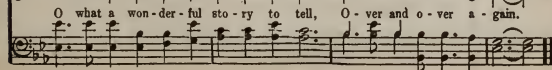
CHORUS.



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



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



Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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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-scend 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-

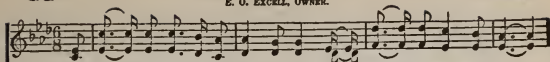
me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, He bled and died.
 love un-to such as I, Suf-ficient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

rit.

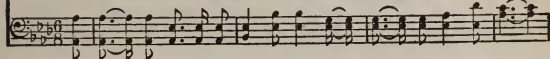
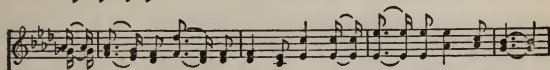
CHORUS.

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

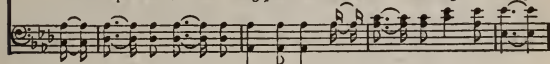
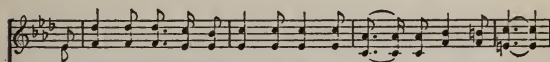
die for me! Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
 won-der-ful!



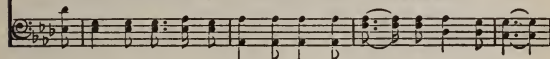
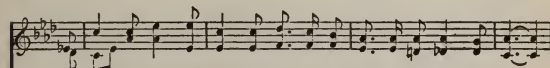
1. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some - where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with the lit - tle things, As the pass - ing moments fly;
3. The low - li - est deed will be reck-oned great In the book that the an - gels keep,

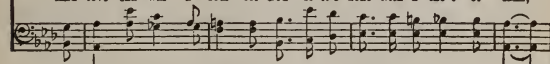
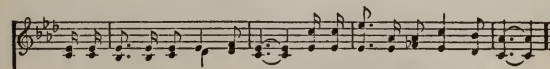
I'll go where the dark - est pla - ces be, And let the sun - shine in;
The ten - dril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;
If it helps an - oth - er a - long the road That is oft - en rough and steep.


I'll be con - tent with the low - liest place, To earth's re - mot - est rim,
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;
A kind - ly word may let sun - shine in, Where life's rays are sad - ly dim;

I know I'll see His smil - ing face, - If it's done with a tho't of Him;
He'll smile—and that's e - nough for me, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
And love can win a soul for God If it's done with a tho't of Him;

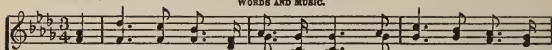
If it's done with a tho't of Him, If it's done with a tho't of Him.



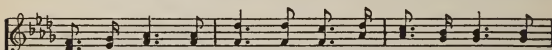
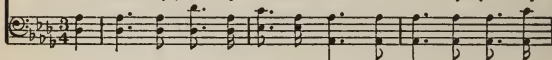
S. M. I. Henry.

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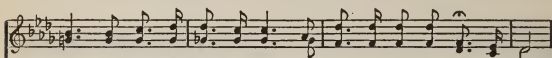
E. O. Excell.



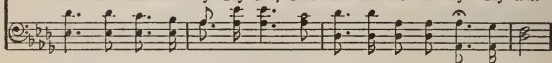
1. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The storms that would my
 2. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The balm I need to
 3. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows How frail I am to
 4. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The hour my jour - ney



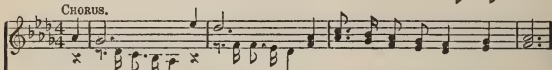
way op - pose; But He can drive the clonds a - way, And
 soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di - vine He
 meet my foes; Bnt He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up -
 here will close; And may that hour, O faith - ful Guide, Find



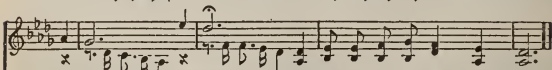
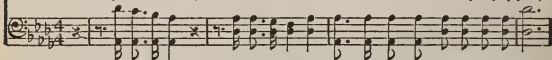
turn my dark - ness in - to day, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 heals this wound - ed soul of mine, He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
 hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
 me safe shel - tered by Thy side, Find me safe shel - tered by Thy side.



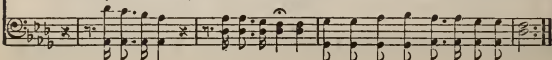
CHORUS.



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



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 gar - ments clad; The
 2. What words of truth and grace He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be - fore: The
 3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry, — O see Him bleed and die! His
 4. But lo! what won - drous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To

poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head. The hun - gry, wear - y,
 bur - dened sin - ner hears that voice, And feels His sins no more. He calls the dead to
 parch - ed lips are plead - ing now For those who cru - ci - fy! His head is bowed, the
 weep - ing ones He re - ap - pears, When all their hopes had fled. He lin - gers but a

sick and sad In crowds a - bout Him press, — To ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief, —
 life a - gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease, — None oth - er man such works hath done, —
 cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease. — He suf - fered thus for you and me, —
 lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The Heav'ns re - ceive Him from their sight, —

CHORUS.

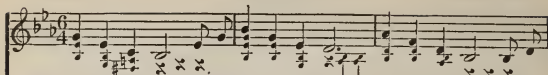
What man - ner of man is this? It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The

Man of Gal - i - lee: It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

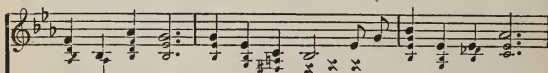
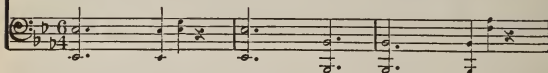
J. P. S.

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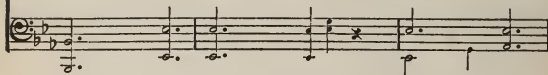
J. P. Schollfeld.



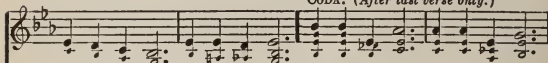
1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de-



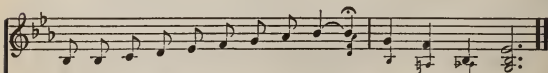
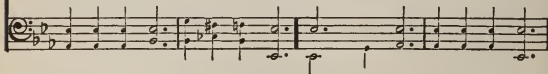
dark and so wild, Far from thy God you are drift-ing to - day,—
 Friend by your side, Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
 stroy ev - 'ry foe; Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;



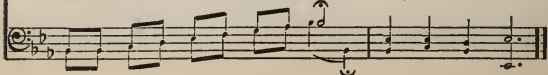
CODA. (After last verse only.)



Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way,



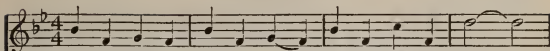
Is it lead-ing you to God and home? Think on thy way.



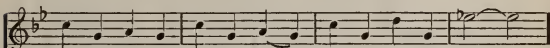
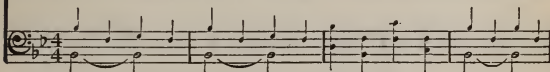
J. P. S.

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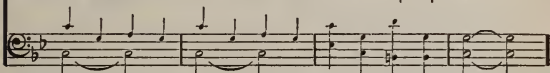
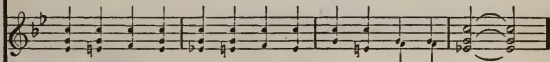
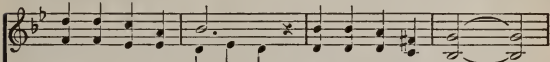
J. P. Scholfield.



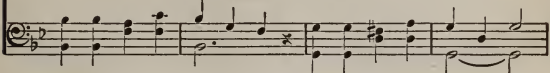
1. All my bur-dens rolled a - way When I felt His pow'r;
 2. Floods of joy swept thro' my soul When I felt His pow'r;
 3. Light came beam-ing bright and clear When I felt His pow'r;



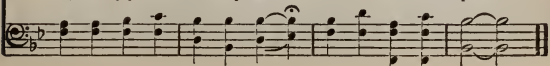
I shall ev - er bless the day When I felt His pow'r.
 I was par-doned and made whole When I felt His pow'r.
 Love came in and ban-ished fear When I felt His pow'r.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

When I felt His pow'r, When I felt His pow'r,
 cleans-ing pow'r,



Oh, the joy that thrilled my soul When I felt His pow'r!



James Rowe.

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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.

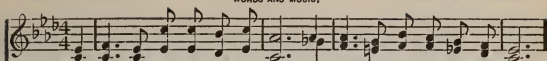
Je - sus,— who gave His life for me; Some-where, when He will

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

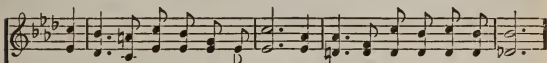
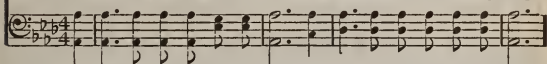
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

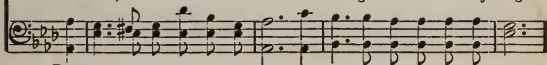
Homer F. Morris.



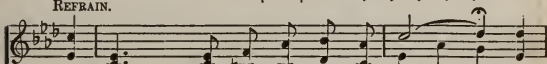
1. Some-how, I know that Je-sus guides My soul a-long the up-ward way;
2. Some-how, He shares each earthly ill, Each care that comes a-long the way;
3. Some-how, I know that He is near When pain would rob me of my song;



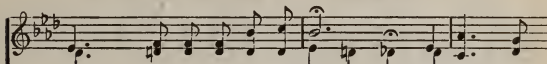
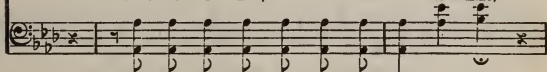
Some-how, I know He safe-ly hides Me from the tempt-er day by day.
Some-how, 'tis joy to do His will And try to please Him ev-'ry day.
Some-how, I catch His words of cheer That lin-ger with me all day long.



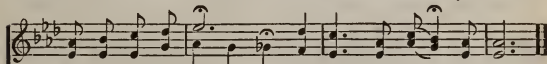
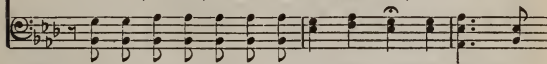
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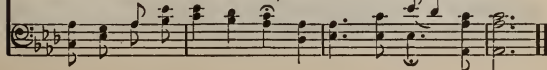
Some-how, I know that He is mine; . . . Some-how
Some-how I know, I know that He is mine;



how, I know that we shall meet, . . . Where with His
Some-how, I know, I know that we shall meet,



glo-ry we shall shine, . . . And joy will be com-plete.
ev-er shine,

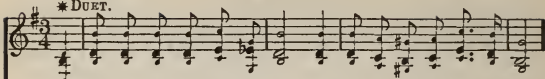


Ina Duley Ogdon.

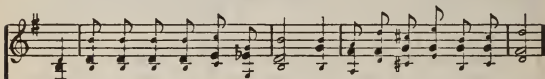
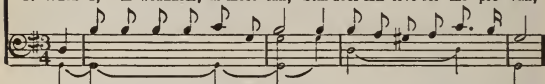
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B. D. Ackley.

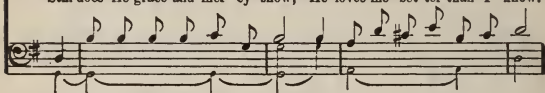
*DUET.



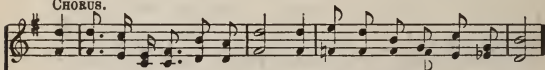
1. Christ found me lost in sorrow's night, Up - on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov-ing heart, And bade me nev-er-more de-part;
3. When I, in weakness, al-most fail, Still does His love for me pre-vail,



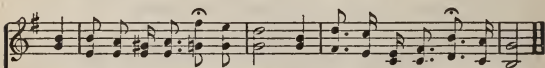
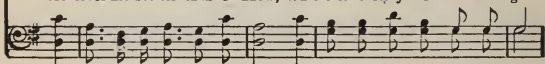
My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
No love like His, a - bove, be - low,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
Still does He grace and mer-cy show; He loves me bet-ter than I know.



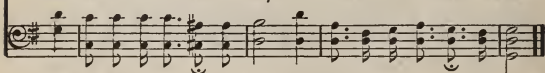
CHORUS.



He loves me bet-ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—



There is no oth-er loves me so, He loves me bet-ter than I know.



*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

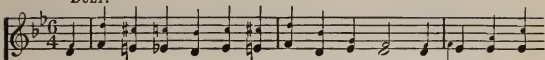
Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

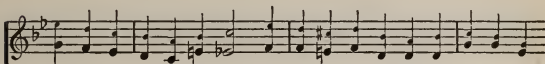
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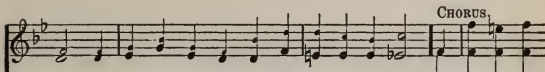
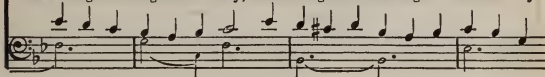
DUET.



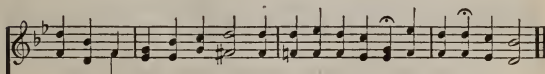
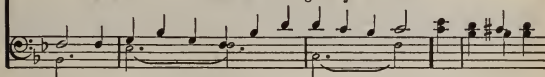
1. With sor-row and woe I was cru-el-ly crowned, And beat-en with
 2. I plead by the cross, where I suf-fered and died;—I point to the
 3. I rose from the grave and as-cend-ed on high, While an-gels were



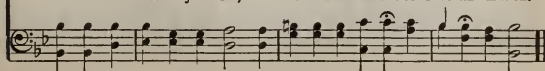
stripes, tho' no blame could be found; In hate-ful de-ri-sion they mocked at My
 wounds in My hands, feet and side; O let Me come in-to your heart and re-
 chant-ing their songs in the sky; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the theme of My



shame, They scorned proffered mercy, re-ject-ing My claim.
 main, The King of Re-demp-tion for-ev-er to reign. I suf-fered in
 love Shall sound thro' the man-sions of glo-ry a-bove.



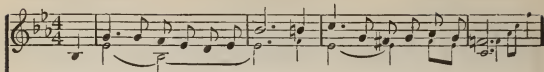
si-lence because of your sin, I died broken-hearted to save sin-ful men.



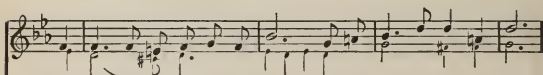
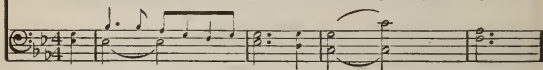
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

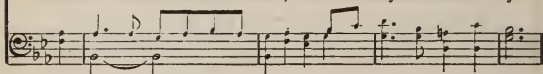
B. D. Ackley.



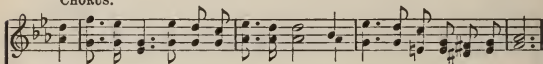
1. When mourning oft your load of guilt, When free from sin you long to be,
2. A bro-ken heart for sac-ri- fice, Bring to the Lord, whose grace is free;
3. His sav- ing pow-er you shall know, Who waits for you so pa-tient-ly;



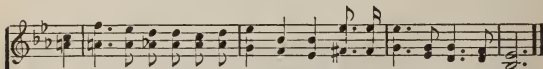
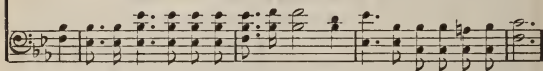
Just rest your soul on Je- sus' love— Look a- way to Cal- va- ry!
His blood can cleanse each crimson stain; Look a- way to Cal- va- ry!
Fear not to trust this Friend di- vine; Look a- way to Cal- va- ry!



CHORUS.



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



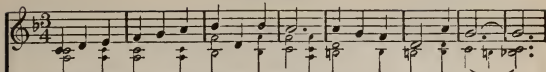
'Twill cleanse your heart from ev'ry stain of sin; Look a- way to Cal- va- ry!



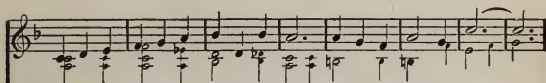
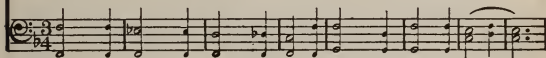
S. L.

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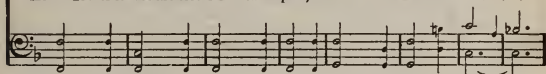
Scott Lawrence.



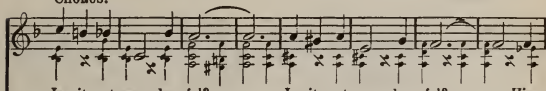
1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der-ful? . .
 2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der-ful? . .
 3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der-ful? . .



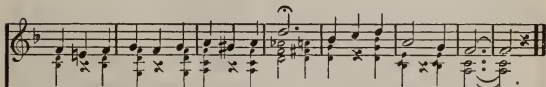
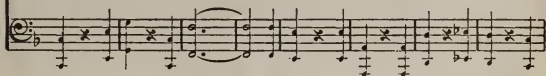
"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der-ful? . .
 Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der-ful? . .
 He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der-ful? . .



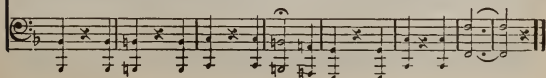
CHORUS.



Is it not won-der-ful? . . Is it not won-der-ful? . . His



dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der-ful?

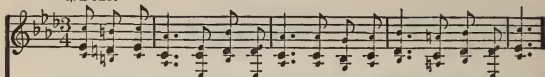


Lizzie DeArmond.

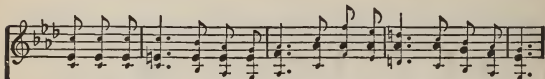
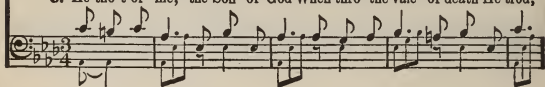
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B. D. Ackley.

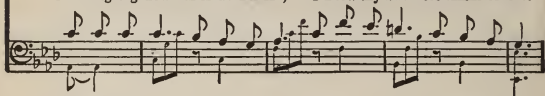
* DUET.



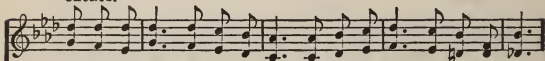
1. O love di-vinel He tho't of me When on the cross of Cal-va-ry:
2. He tho't of me 'mid pain and scorn, When pierced His brow with crown of thorn;
3. He tho't of me, the Son of God When thro' the vale of death He trod;



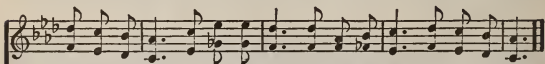
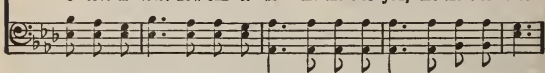
The sin that bowed His head so low, Should make my tears for-ev - er flow.
Up - on His sin - less soul was laid The ransom price, so free-ly paid.
Tho' reigning now in Heav'n is He, I know my Sav - ior thinks of me.



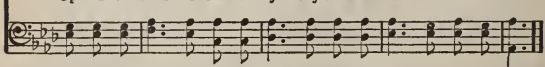
CHORUS.



O love di-vinel how can it be He tho't of you, He tho't of me?



Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry My bless-ed Sav - ior tho't of me!



*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

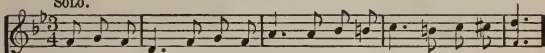
Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

James Rowe.

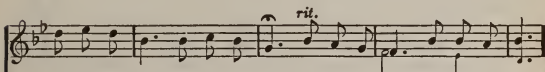
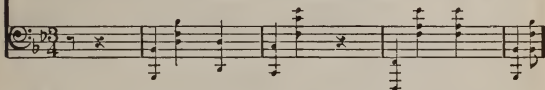
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Howard E. Smith.

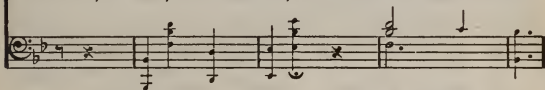
SOLO.



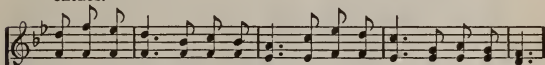
1. I've lost all love for pleasures vain, And vain de-sires no hold ob-tain,
2. What wordly things so much I sought, To-day I shun and count as naught;
3. From such a Friend I can-not roam, His hand will lead me safe-ly home;



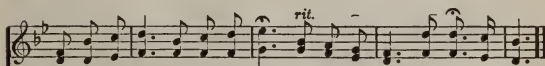
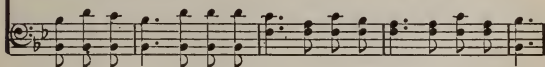
For, bless His name, I've ceased to rove, Since Je-sus touched me with His love.
While things e-ter-nal and sub-lime I crave and sigh for all the time.
In life, in death, His name a-dore, And trust and love Him ev-er-more.



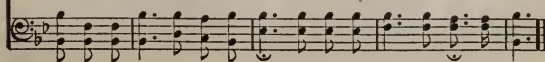
CHORUS.



Since Je-sus touched me with His love, I've kept my eyes on things a-bove;



I've had a song the whole day long, Since Je-sus touched me with His love.



John R. Clements.

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E. O. Excell.

SOLO.

1. A voice is sweet-ly sing-ing Its mes-sage in my heart, And
2. How oft-en, when life's path-way Is heaped a-bout with care, And
3. I fan-cy, when the morn-ing Of heav-en's day shall break, And

oft-en, o'er it mu-sing, The tears un-bid-den start; No
ev-'ry step that's ta-ken Re-veals some hid-den snare, Will
I from earth for-ev-er My jour-ney thence shall take, No

day can be so drear-y But this a balm will prove:
this sweet song of com-fort A ben-e-dic-tion prove:
song of an-gel vol-ces More sweet to me shall prove:

FINE.

D.S.—Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

CHORUS. This Chorus used by permission of the Author, Dr. W. H. Doane.

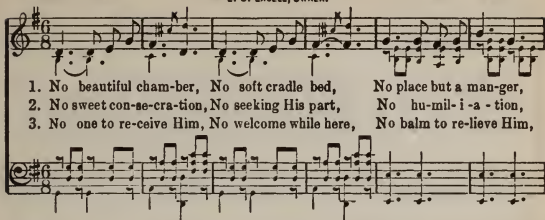
D. S.

Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry,

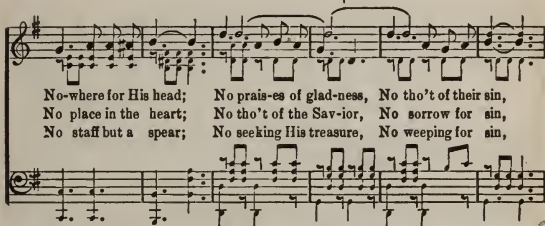
A. L. Skilton.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

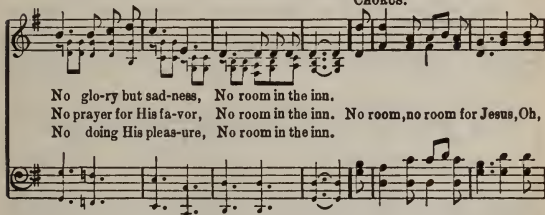


1. No beautiful cham-ber, No soft cradle bed, No place but a man-ger,
 2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seeking His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
 3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

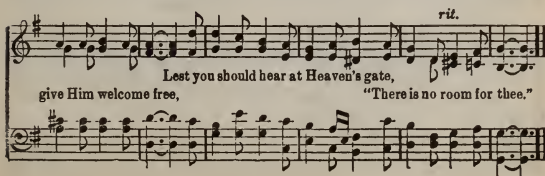


No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't of their sin,
 No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sorrow for sin,
 No staff but a spear; No seeking His treasure, No weeping for sin,

CHORUS.



No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
 No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Jesus, Oh,
 No doing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.



Lest you should hear at Heaven's gate,
 give Him welcome free, "There is no room for thee."

No. 220. What Will You Do When the Judge Appears?

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. What will you do when the Judge ap-pears, What will you say of your
2. What will you do when The Cru - ci - fied Points to the cross where for
3. What will you do when you stand in need, With-out a friend who can
4. What will you do with your pomp and pride, What will you do, for you

mis - spent years, How can you an - swer your moth - er's tears,
you He died, How can you hide from your guilt - y fears,
in - ter - cede, Too late your plead-ings, in vain your tears,
must de - cide? Has - ten to - day, for the judg - ment nears;

REFRAIN.

What will you do when the Judge ap-pears? What will you do when the

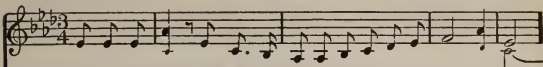
Judge ap-pears? Christ is a ref-uge what-ev-er be-tide; You will be

saved if in Him you a-bide; What will you do when the Judge ap-pears?

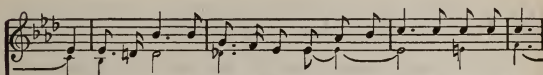
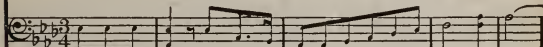
Sarah Spencer-Ruff.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

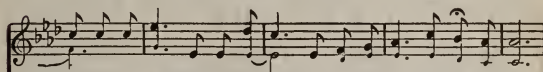
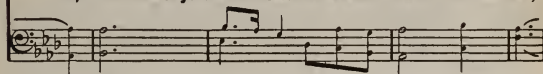
Chas. H. Gabriel.



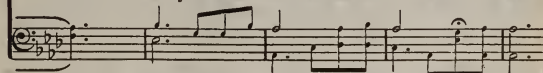
1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God forbids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds;
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un-fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ;
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by;
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up-on His throne will judge in love, His own;



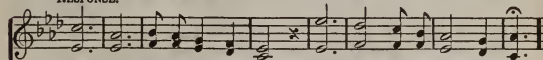
But tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un - der - stand;
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup;
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what - e'er be - tide;
So, o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last;



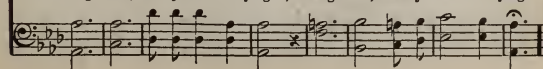
But tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love, and help, and un - der - stand.
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup.
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what - e'er be - tide.
So o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.



RESPONSE.



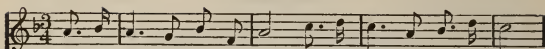
Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.



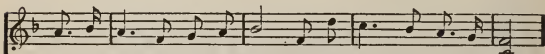
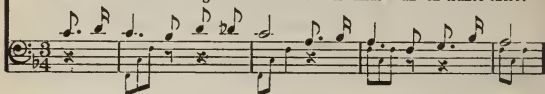
A. W. S.

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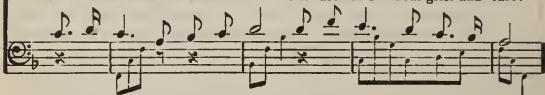
Arthur Willis Spooner.



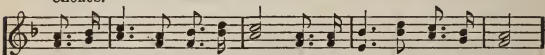
1. Is it true that some sweet day We shall greet our loved ones gone?
2. Is it true that streets of gold Lead from gates of pearl so rare?
3. Is it true that naught of sin Ev - er finds an en-trance there?



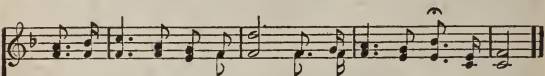
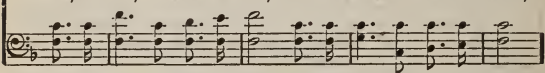
True that tears are wiped a - way In that land of end-less morn?
 True that half has not been told Of that home just o - ver there?
 Is it true that once with - in All are free from grief and care?



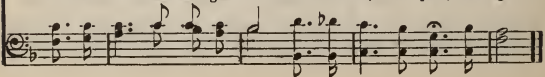
CHORUS.

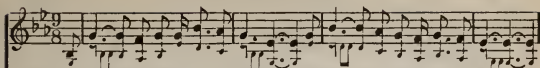


Yes, 'tis true, I know 'tis true, There's a land all bright and fair;
 Yes, 'tis true, I know 'tis true, That the streets are paved with gold:-
 Yes, 'tis true, I know 'tis true, All the saints are robed in white,

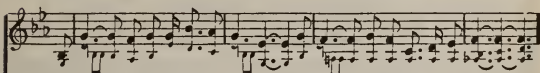
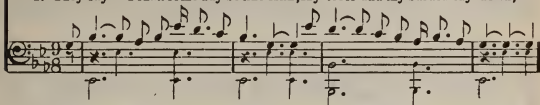


And a crown of glo - ry too, In that home just o - ver there.
 True that of that cit - y fair, Half has nev - er yet been told.
 And the end - less a - ges thro' Know no sin, no pain, no night.

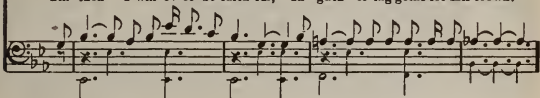




1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



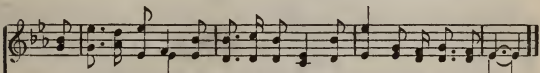
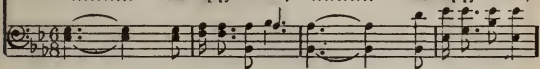
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is Heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



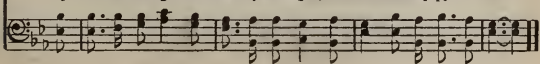
CHORUS.



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



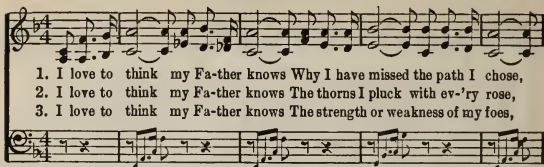
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



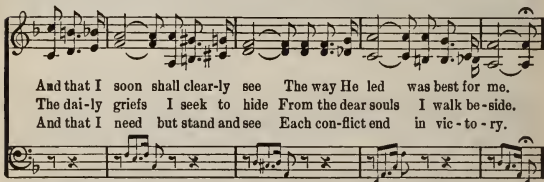
Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

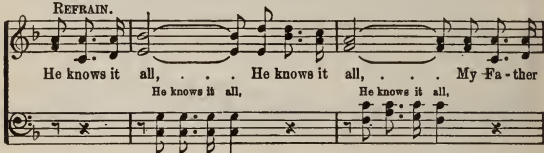


1. I love to think my Fa-ther knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

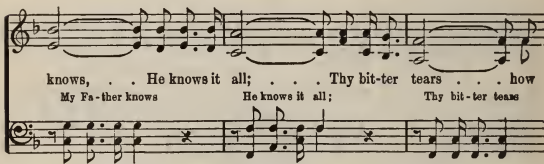


And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic-to-ry.

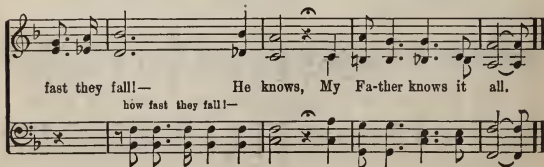
REFRAIN.



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!—

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-fered 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, . . .

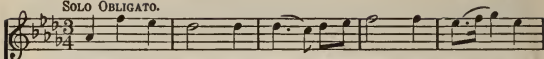
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; And His love is so

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

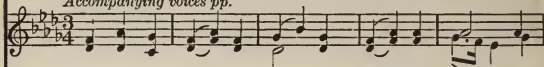
H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

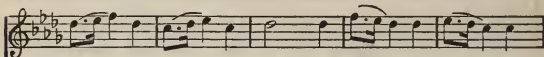
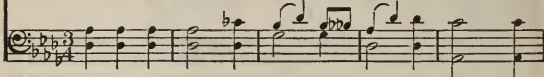
SOLO OBLIGATO.



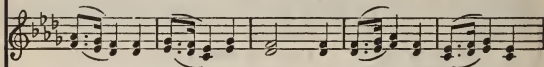
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

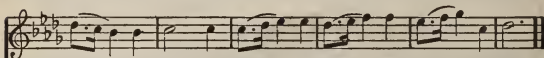
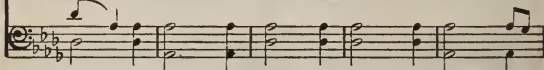
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
 4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



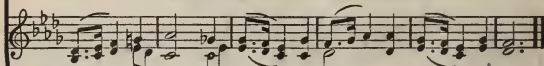
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-



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!



Charles Wesley.

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E. O. Excell.

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

FINE.

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
D. S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
D. S.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
D. S.—Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

D. S.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Melody prominent.

1. Song-land fair, O - ver there, Free from sorrow, free from care; Angels bright,
2. Toils are o'er, Near the shore, Near the blessed ev - er - more; Hand in hand,

Robed in white, Dwell in peace and pure de - light; By and by, Shadows nigh,
Near the strand, Near the shining Sum - mer Land; Where we go, Fountains flow,

f
Rest - ing comes in home on high; We shall join in prais - es there, In that hap - py
In the noontide's sunny glow; Joyful ransomed souls are there, In that happy

D. S. — We shall join in praises there, In that happy

FINE. f REFRAIN. *rit.*
Song-land fair. Ho - ly, hap - py Song-land fair, Radiant mansions 'wait us there;
p Song-land fair.

p *D. S.*
By and by, Shad - ows nigh, Rest - ing comes in home on high;

No Evil Shall Befall Thee.

(PART-SONG FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.)

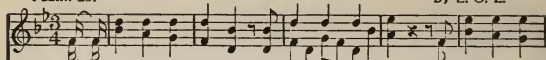
Arr. from "Eli"
by E. O. E.

The musical score is written for women's voices and piano accompaniment. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) 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 - jice; 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. . . ."

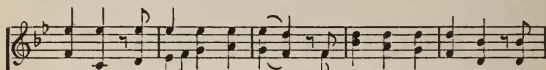
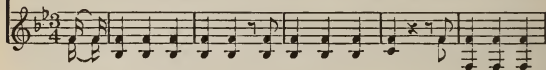
No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice, This
 night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small voice, In a still, small
 voice. Thy God saith they that fear Him Shall heart and soul re - jice; Then
 sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice; Then sleep, then
 sleep, 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. . . .

Psalm 23.

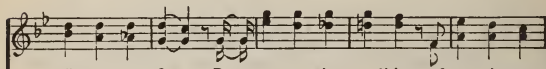
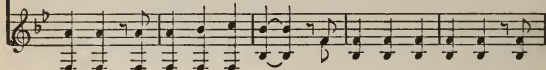
(PART-SONG FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.)

Arr. from Koschat
by E. O. E.

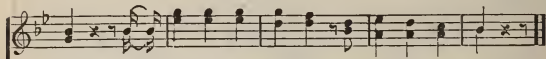
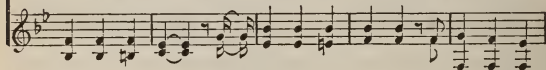
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un -
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my



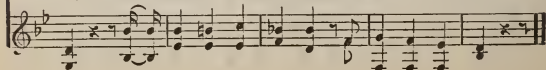
pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path which my



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.

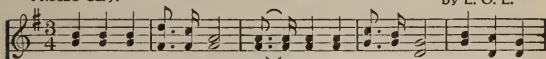


No. 231. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

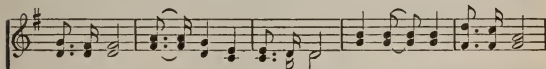
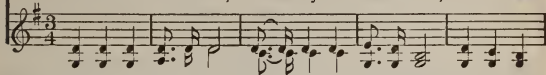
Phoebe Cary.

(PART-SONG FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.)

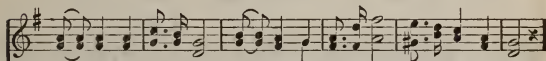
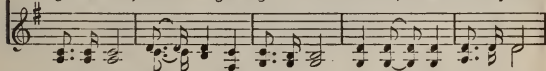
Arr. from Verdi
by E. O. E.



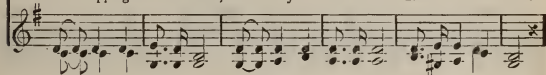
1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—I'm near-er
2. Near-er the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; Near-er leav-



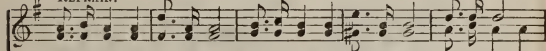
home to-day Than I've ev-er been be-fore. Near-er my Father's house,
ing the cross; Near-er gain-ing the crown. Fa-ther, be near when my feet



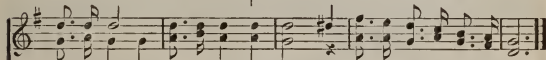
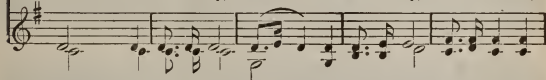
Where the man-y mansions be; Nearer the great white throne; Near'r the crystal sea.
Are slipping o'er the brink; For I may be nearer home—Nearer than I think!



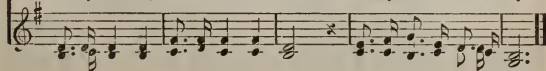
REFRAIN.



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,



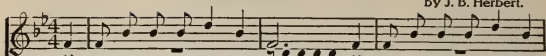
near-er home, Near-er home to-day, I'm one day near-er home to-day.
one day near-er, One day near-er home to-day.



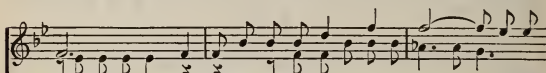
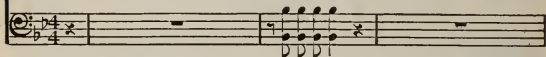
Just As I Am.

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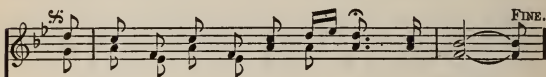
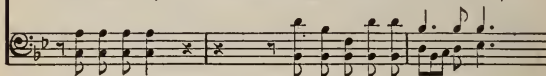
Arr. from Verdi
by J. B. Herbert.



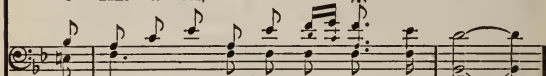
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con-flict, many a
3. Just as I am Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
(1) Without one plea,



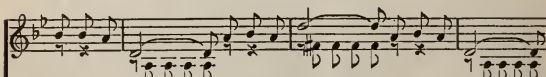
me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb
doubt, Fight-ings within, and fears with - out, O Lamb
lieve, Be-cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb
Was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,



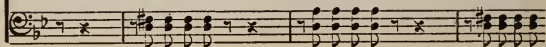
of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God,



O Lamb, O Lamb of God, I come!



Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal -
Just as I am, Thy love un-known, Hath broken ev -
Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul



Just as I Am.

D. S.

rit. *a tempo.*

of one dark blot, . . . To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, . . . O Lamb
ing of the mind, .. Yea, all I need in Thee to find, . . . O Lamb
'ry bar-rier down, .. Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, . . . O Lamb
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,

No. 233.

Thy Love to Me.

Mrs. Mary E. Gates.

Samuel S. Wesley.

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me; Not mine to
2. Thy rec - ord I be - lieve, Thy word to me; Thy love I
3. Im - mor - tal love of Thine! Thy sac - ri - fice, In - fi - nite
4. Let me more clear - ly trace Thy love to me; See in the

Thee, I plead, Not mine to Thee: This is my com-fort strong,
now re-ceive, Full, change-less, free,— Love from the sin-less Son,
need of mine On - ly sup - plies. Streams of di - vin - est pow'r,
Fa - ther's face, His love to Thee; Know as He loves the Son,

This is my on - ly song, This is my on - ly song, Thy love to me.
Love to the sin - ful one, Love to the sin - ful one, Thy love to me.
Flow to me, hour by hour, Flow to me hour by hour, Thy love to me.
So dost Thou love Thine own, So dost Thou love Thine own, Thy love to me.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee? A -
 2. A-shamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of Heav'n depend? No;

shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days? A -
 when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name. A -

shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star; He
 shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a-way; No

sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
 tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 Let mid-night be ashamed of noon;
 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;
 Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;

Ashamed of Jesus.

'Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid dark-ness flee.
And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of mel

No. 235.

"Jesus Only."

H. C. Buell

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

L. D. Eichhorn.

UNISON OR SOLO.

1. "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—in the morn-ing, When I
2. "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—in the spring-time, When the
3. "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—when in Judgment I am
4. "Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!"—This shall ev - er Be my

(Tenor prominent.)

rise to greet the day; "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—in the
flow - er-buds un-fold; "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—in the
asked to give account; "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—when I
all - pre - vail-ing plea; "Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly"—that in

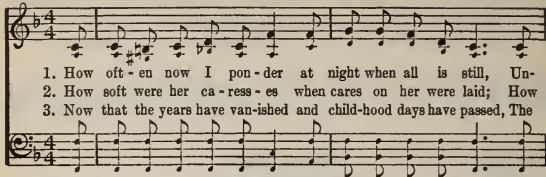
eve - ning, When I lay its cares a - way. "Je - sus on - - ly."
autumn, When the trees are decked with gold. "Je - sus on - - ly."
meas - ure Grace a - bound-ing in a - mount. "Je - sus ou - - ly."
glo - ry I may in His like-ness bel "Je - sus ou - - ly."
"Je - sus on - ly."

To my Mother.

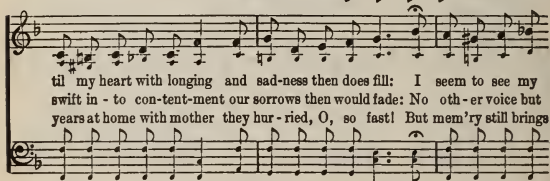
J. J. B.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

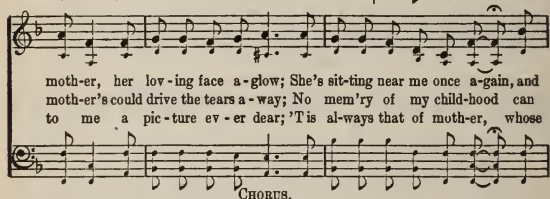
Jas. J. Bell.



1. How oft - en now I pon - der at night when all is still, Un-
2. How soft were her ca - res - es when cares on her were laid; How
3. Now that the years have van - ished and child - hood days have passed, The

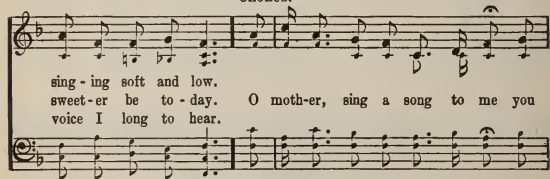


til my heart with long - ing and sad - ness then does fill: I seem to see my
swift in - to con - tent - ment our sorrows then would fade: No oth - er voice but
years at home with mother they hur - ried, O, so fast! But mem'ry still brings

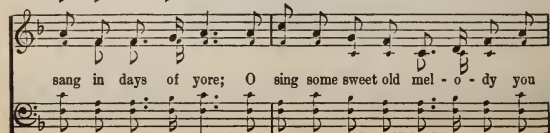


moth - er, her lov - ing face a - glow; She's sit - ting near me once a - gain, and
moth - er's could drive the tears a - way; No mem'ry of my child - hood can
to me a pic - ture ev - er dear; 'Tis al - ways that of moth - er, whose

CHORUS.



sing - ing soft and low.
sweet - er be to - day. O moth - er, sing a song to me you
voice I long to hear.



sang in days of yore; O sing some sweet old mel - o - dy you

My Mother's Songs.

once sang o'er and o'er: Those dear old songs of childhood, I love them more and

more! O moth-er, sing a song to me you sang in days of yore.

No. 237. The Gall for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson.

J. B. O. Clemm.

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

D. S.—Send them now the sheavesto gath-er, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Lord of harvest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

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 - lee! . . .
 O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
 O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

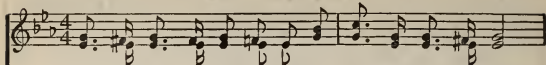
There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . . .

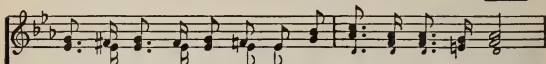
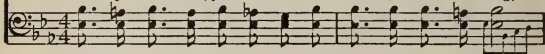
Eben E. Rexford.

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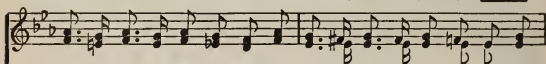
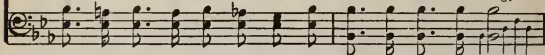
Samuel W. Beazley.



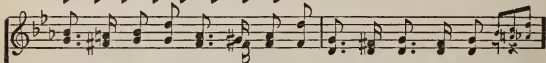
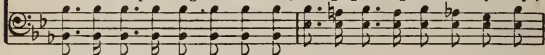
1. Lol all read - y for the gath'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need, but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers, join the cho - rus of the har - vest song;



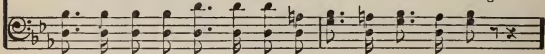
Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to Heav - en all the hills a - long;



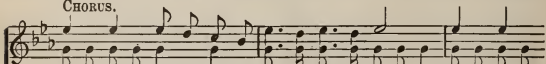
Hear you not the call for work - men sounding o - ver hill and val - ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by - ways,



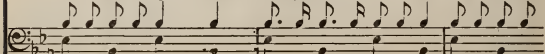
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer, "Mas - ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.



CHORUS.



Lol the har - vest ripe and read - y stands to - day; See, the
Lol! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See, the Mas - ter



Lol the har - vest stand - ing read - y; See. the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Mas-ter com-eth, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,

Mas - ter comes this way, He seek - eth reap - ers;

answer one and all, For a great reward is of-fered if we heed His call.
quickly,

an - swer quick-ly,

A-wake, a-wake! the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill, on hill and plain;

See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;

Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding,
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;

Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind -

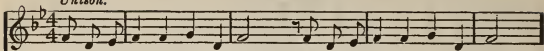
ing, ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,

ing, ere the harvest pass a - way,

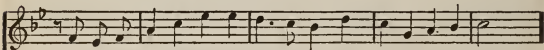
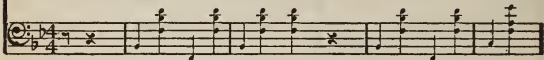
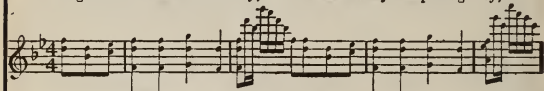
C. H. G.

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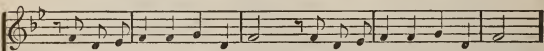
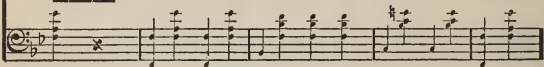
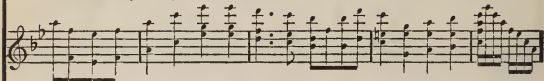
Chas. H. Gabriel.

Unison.

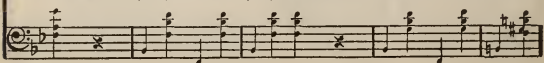
1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful glean-ing band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by;



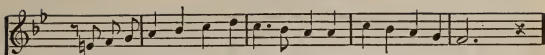
The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain:
Un-yeild-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lol the reapers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick - le down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown:



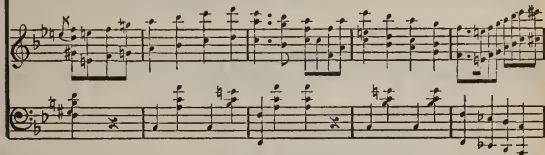
Our song is one the reapers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King-
Be - hold the waving har-vest-field Abundant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i - dly stand and wait? Behold, the hour is grow-ing late!



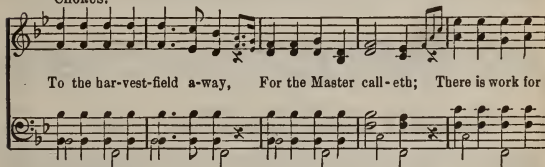
To the Harvest - Field.



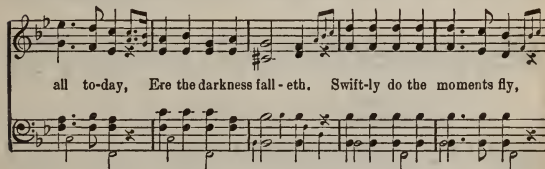
The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to - day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting goldensheaves?



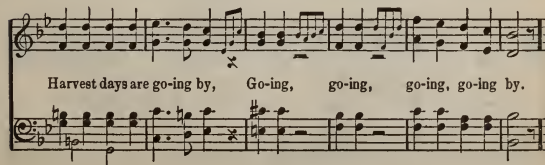
CHORUS.



To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Master call-eth; There is work for



all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly,



Harvest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

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.

Blessing 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

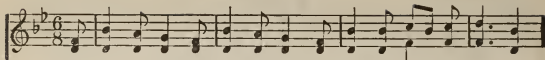
IN HARMONY.

Lamb for-ev-er and ev-er, A - men and A-men, A - men!

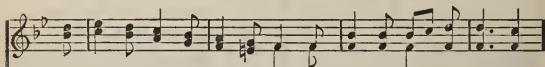
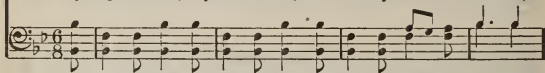
Mrs. C. H. M.

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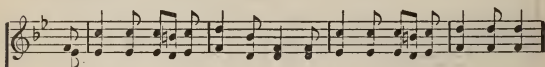
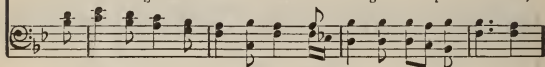
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



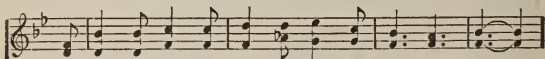
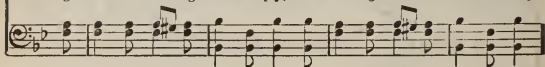
1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;



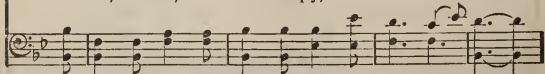
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;



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 - dah!

He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er - more;

Hail, all hail the con - quer - ing Li - on of Ju - dah!

He shall reign for - ev - er - more.

O Turn Ye.

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Arr. from Sullivan
by E. O. E.

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.* \oplus *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,

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-rs our ev - 'ry foe!
 Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kingst!

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!

Wake the song, wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee; . . .
 Wake the song. wake the song, of ju - bi-lee;

m *f*
 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.

f
 Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song.
 Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of
 BARITONE OBLIGATO.

f
 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.

ff

Wake the song of ju - bi - lee,
 breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore; Wake the song, Wake the

f

. . . 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, 't is done, now the kingdoms of this

And now

f

world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

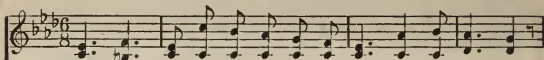
ff

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,

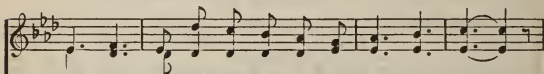
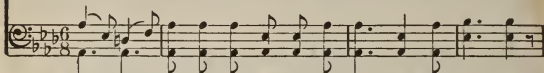
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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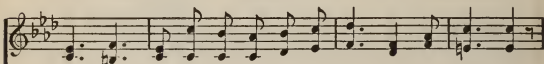
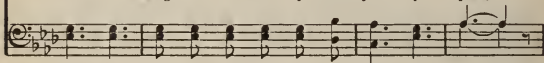
Chas. H. Gabriel.



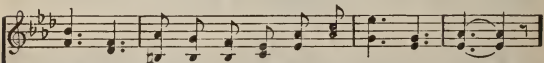
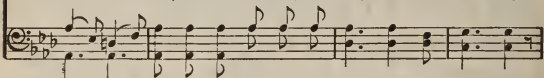
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joi - ces,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



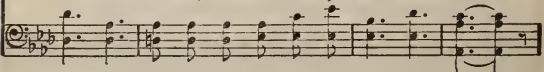
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King;
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



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;

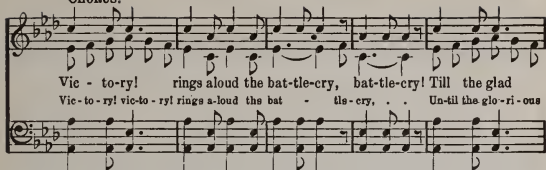


Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of Heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

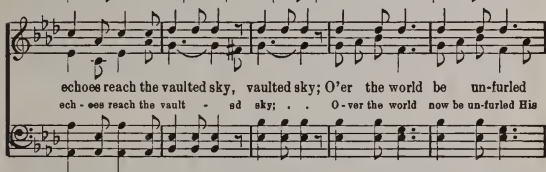


A Song of Victory.

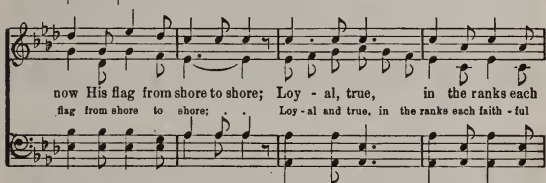
CHORUS.



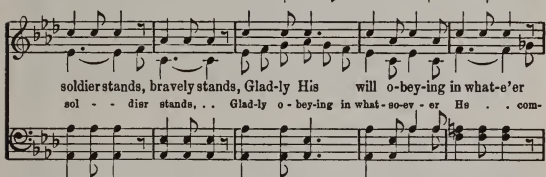
Vic - to-ry! rings aloud the bat-tle-cry, bat-tle-cry! Till the glad
Vic - to-ry! vic-to-ry! rings a-loud the bat - tle-cry, . . . Un-til the glo-ri-ous



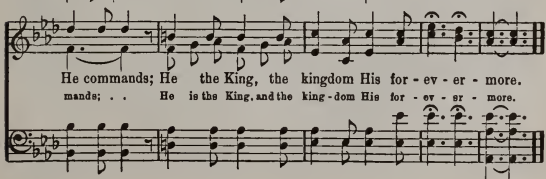
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un-furled
ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O-ver the world now be un-furled His



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.

All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast..... our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - n - 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 clam-or 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-sem-bled ronnd the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Satan'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

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

CHORUS.

All Hail, Immanuel!

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

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

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man-u-el! Glory and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail!..... Glo - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

Hail, Im - man-u-el! Glory and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail!..... Glo - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit.

Hail,..... Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! Hail to the King we love so well,

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! Hail to the King we love so well,

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

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

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

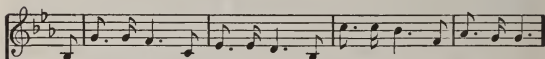
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man - u - ell

No. 248. Because His Name is Jesus.

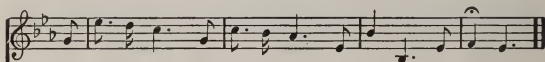
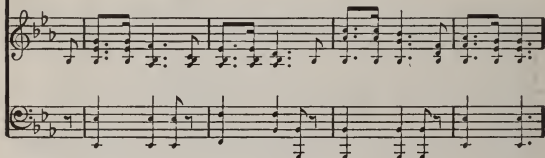
Arr. by E. O. B.

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

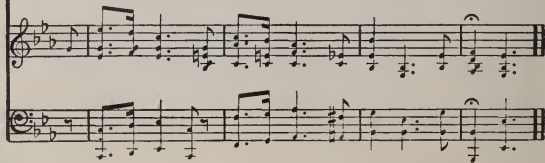
E. O. Excell.



1. In vain I've tried a thousand 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,



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.



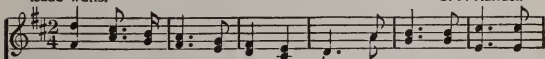
Devotional Hymns

No. 249.

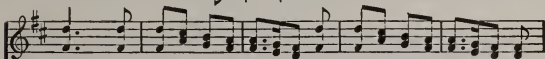
Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts.

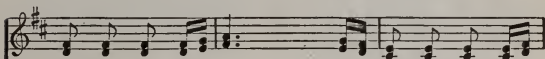
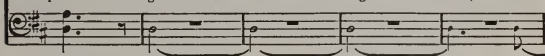
G. F. Handel.



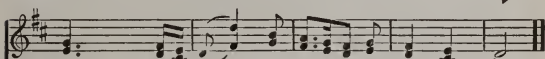
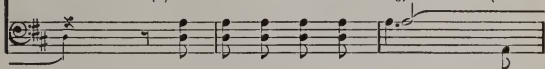
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
 2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions



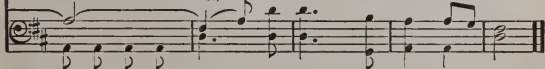
King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And
 ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far
 prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And



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. 250. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper.

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E. O. Excell.

CHORUS.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 { And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. } Savior, wash . . . me

2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day; }
 { And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. } wash me in the blood.

in the blood, Savior, wash . . . me in the blood; 0
 in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; 0

2
 And I shall be whiter than the snow.

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.

No. 251. There is a Fountain.

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 guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

No 252.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY H. R. DANKS, A. V. DANKS,
G. L. DANKS, AND L. P. BUILDER.

H. P. Danks.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
D.S. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; *D. S.*

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 253.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

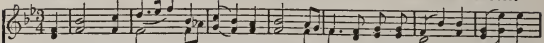
D. C.

No. 254. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

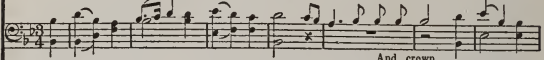
Edward Perronet.

(DIADEM.)

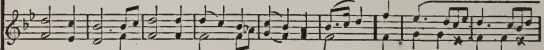
James Ellor.



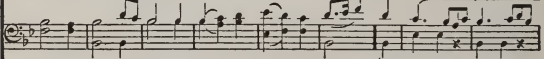
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter -
4. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We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



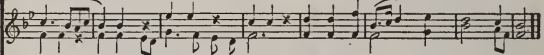
And crown



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 - crite,
 feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown



. Him, crown Him, crown Him, And 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;



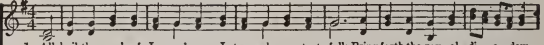
crown Him. Crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all

No. 255. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

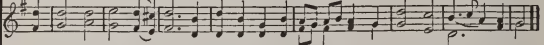
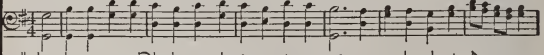
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

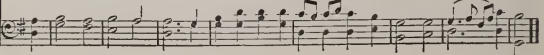
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
4. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



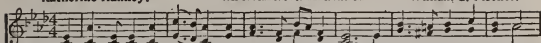
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!
 And crown Him Lord of all;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



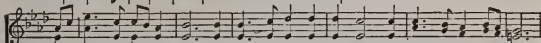
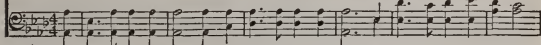
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

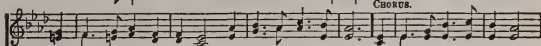
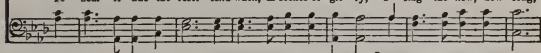
William G. Fischer.



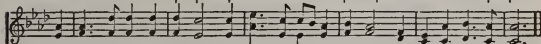
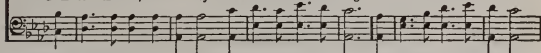
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell 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,



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.

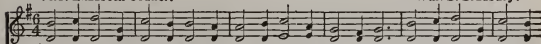


'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

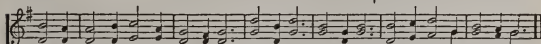
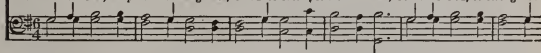


Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

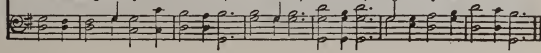
Wm. B. Bradbury.



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 - ty them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - ty them all in me.



1. There's a Stran-ger 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,

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
|---|--|--|

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'n-ing shadows fall, Heart of love, an-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.

Hostel Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 260.

All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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

E. O. Excell.

1 2 Fms.

I. { 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,

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.

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.

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.

No. 261.

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 gol
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices, 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 - less 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. 262. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. REHEWAL.

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-tor-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.

1 Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.
2

No. 263. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY JOE. 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, Watching and

3. **FINE CHORUS.**
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.—Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

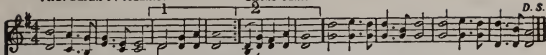
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

No. 264. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

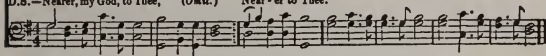
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

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!

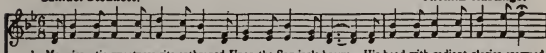
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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!

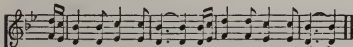
No. 265. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

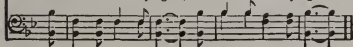


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-nen all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.



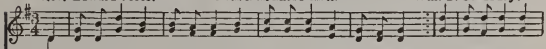
5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 266. The Solid Rock.

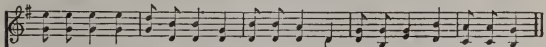
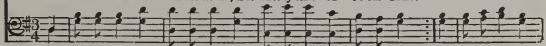
Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE SIGLOW & MAIN CO.

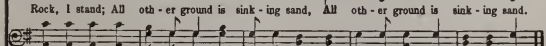
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.



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



2 When darkness veils His lovely face;
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil,
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
His then is all my hope and stay,
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 267.

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
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FIVE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>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
Thou wilt find a solace there. (thee,</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 268.

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 bidd'st 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-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleans 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,
Yes, 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. 269. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit] } O Lamb of God, I come!

1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.
2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 270. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; }
 { Let us now a blessing seek, } Waiting in His courts to - days

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; . of e - ter - nal rest.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.</p> | <p>3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy pesence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.</p> | <p>4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints;
 Thus may all our Sabbath's prove,
 Till we join the church above.</p> |
|--|---|--|

No. 271. 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 Thon didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, Aa 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, vict'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 272. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.</p> | <p>4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God:
 He'll take thee, at thy parting
 To His divine abode. [breath,</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 273.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Walls.

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 hut 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,
Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught hut Je - sus blood;

No. 274.

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.

4. Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down ev'ry idol throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 275.

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 - him and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - 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. 276

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

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 and 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. 277.

Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 278.

O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

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

FINE D. S.

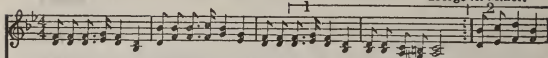
When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
{ And live re - joic - ing ev'ry day; }

- 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.

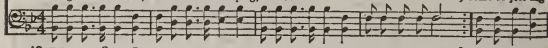
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

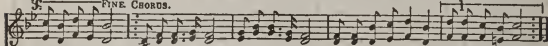
George A. Minor.



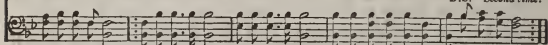
1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve; }
 { Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing



FINE CHORDS.



bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S.—Second time.



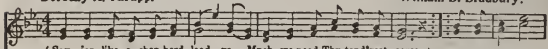
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will hid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

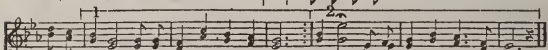
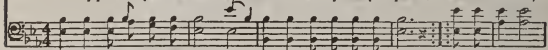
Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

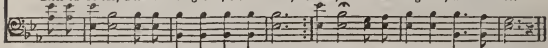
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shp-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest 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.

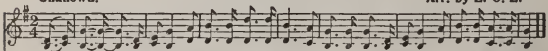
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

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

Balm In Gilead.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 2. The worst of all dis-eases, Is light compared with sin, On ev'-ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.
 Choro.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.



3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined,
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us
 And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
 His help He'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

No. 282. O Love That Will 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 flick'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 out - leas - be.

No. 283. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 284. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

- | | | |
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| <p>2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
 Our fears, our hopes, our-aims are
 Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.</p> |
|---|--|---|

No. 285.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

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

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

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| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
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No. 286. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

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|--|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>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."</p> |
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No. 287. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thon art etanding Out - side the fast - closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We bear the name of Christiane. His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1 O Jesus, Thon art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!</p> | <p>2 O Jesus, Thon art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!</p> | <p>3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!</p> |
|---|---|---|

No. 288. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth.

First Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most bean-ti-ful, most bright, } On thee, the high and low-ly,

Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghoet be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 289. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim,
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Savior has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

No. 290. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
 Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (Omit.) Roll down their golden sand; From many an

ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

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.

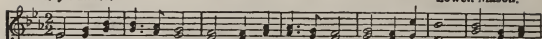
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, 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.

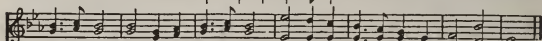
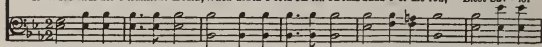
No. 291. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

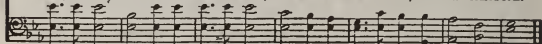
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thon Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thon hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thon my Guide; Bid dark - ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - ten stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior



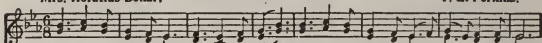
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor - rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, - A ran - somed soul.



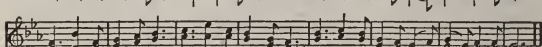
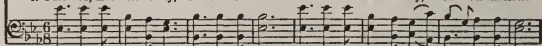
No. 292. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar,

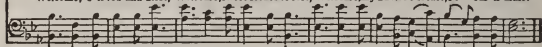
T. E. Perkins.



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!



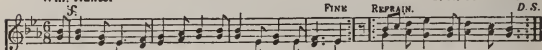
Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!



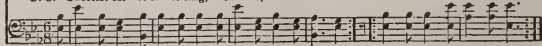
No. 293. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter

J. H. Stockton.



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } Sweetest note in ser - aph 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, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
|---|--|---|

No. 294. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { Why do you lin - ger in dark-ness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;)
 } Have you not friends in the heav-en - ly throng? Je - sus is wait - ing (Omit . . .) to save. (you now.)

2. { Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;)
 } An - gels are long - ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait - ing (Omit . . .) to save. (you now.)

CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;) to save. (you now.)

3 Time will not linger; how soon we must go!
 Jesus is waiting to save;
 Why turn away, and to Jesus say, No?
 Jesus is waiting to save.

4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,
 Jesus is waiting to save;
 Come to Him now, not a moment delay,
 Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 295. 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. 296. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

FINE

J. E. Gould.

1—2—D. C.

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 say'st to them "Be still!"
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twill 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. 297.

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

glo-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, Now 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. 298. 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 thunderclouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful 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. 299. 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. 300.

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. 301.

My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

First Tune.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - doo on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
 I'll sing with the git - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 302. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

- O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or wait you to mansions of glory on high?
- Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 303. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

- O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
 The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
 That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.
- While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
 I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
 For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.
- Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
 They bear me away in His presence to be
 I see Him still nearer whom always I see.
- Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
 Shall know how His love went before me each day,
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 304.

Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins.

Second Tune.

Koschat.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,

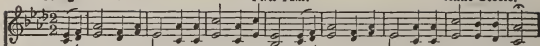
the Spirit says "come." And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How Firm a Foundation.

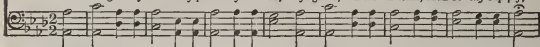
George Keith.

First Tune.

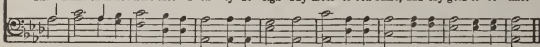
Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,
4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,



What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Je - sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee - I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 306. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 307. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

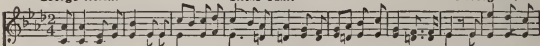
No. 308.

How Firm a Foundation.

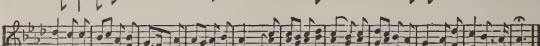
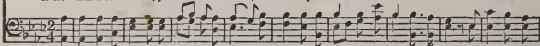
George Keith.

Second Tune.

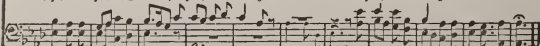
Portogallo.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He



say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?



Selected Psalms

No. 309. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 310. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

No. 311. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

No. 312. PSALM 15

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selected Psalms.

No. 313. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

No. 314. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart, the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright; and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 315. 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. 316. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Selected Psalms.

No. 317. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

No. 318. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

No. 319. PSALM 34.

4 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

No. 320. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Selected Psalms.

No. 321. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God forever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

No. 322. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

No. 323. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

No. 324. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

Selected Psalms.

No. 325. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

No. 326. 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.

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 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. 327. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

No. 328. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Selected Psalms.

No. 329. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truths toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

No. 330. 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 dealt 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.

No. 331. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

No. 332. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Selected Psalms

No. 333. PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

No. 334. PSALM 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him: I showed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried up to thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me. P-19

No. 335. PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

No. 336. PSALM 150.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Responsive Readings

No. 337. 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. 338. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

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

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 whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

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

8 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.

9 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

10 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.

No. 339. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

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

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

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Responsive Readings

No. 340. PROV. 3.

1 My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

2 For length of days and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart:

4 So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and men.

5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6 In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord and depart from evil.

No. 341. 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. 342. 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. 343. 1 COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and 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.

Orders of Service.

No. 344. MISSIONARY

Attention. (School Standing.)

LEADER. Let the people praise thee, O God; Let all the people praise thee.

SCHOOL. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Song. (No. 277. Jesus Shall Reign.)

Prayer. (Closing with the Lord's Prayer.)

Responsive Reading.

L. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

S. Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

L. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

ALL. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Song. (Hymn No. 290, From Greenland's Icy Mountains.)

Responsive Reading.

L. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest; behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

S. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

L. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

S. And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and

shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.

L. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

S. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

L. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

S. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Song. (Hymn No. 286. The Morning Light is Breaking.)

Call to Study.

L. I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

S. I will delight myself in thy statutes; I will not forget thy word.

No. 345. CLOSING.

Reports and Announcements.

Closing Song. (No. 77. He Included Me.)

Brief Prayer.

Consecration. (To be repeated by the whole school.)

All, yes, all I give to Jesus,

It belongs to Him;

All my heart I give to Jesus,

It belongs to Him;

Evermore to be His dwelling,
Evermore His praises swelling,
Evermore His goodness telling,
It belongs to Him.

Benediction.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

S. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

ALL. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Orders of Service.

No. 346. TEMPERANCE

Attention. (School Standing.)

Doxology.

LEADER. The Lord is in his holy temple.

SCHOOL. Let all the earth keep silence before him.

Prayer. (Close with the Lord's Prayer.)

L. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

S. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

Song. (No. 351. A Thousand Years.)

Memory Selection. Repeated by the School in Unison.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air;

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.

Song. (No. 353. It is Not Fair.)

Responsive Reading.

L. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

S. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

ALL. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

L. Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

S. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

ALL. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

L. None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

S. Let us not judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

L. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

S. He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

L. Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

S. For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Song. (No. 105. As a Volunteer.)
Call to Study.

L. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

S. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.

ALL. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

No. 347. CLOSING.

Reports and Announcements.

Closing Song. (No. 14. Help Somebody Today.)

Brief Prayer.

Consecration. (To be repeated by the whole school.)

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.

Benediction.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

S. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

L. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Orders of Service.

No. 348. CHRISTMAS

Attention. (School Standing.)

LEADER. O come, let us sing unto the Lord.

SCHOOL. Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

Song. (No. 255. All Hail the Power.)

L. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

S. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

Prayer. (Close with the Lord's Prayer.)

Memory Selection. (School Standing.)

ALL. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Song. (No. 219. No Room in the Inn.)

Responsive Reading.

L. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

S. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.

L. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

S. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

L. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet.

S. And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not thou the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

L. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

S. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

L. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was.

S. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Song. (No. 249. Joy to the World.)

Call to Study.

L. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

S. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.

No. 349. CLOSING.

Reports and Announcements.

Song. (No. 301. My Jesus, I Love Thee.)

Brief Prayer.

Consecration. (School to repeat.)

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give three back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow,
May richer, fuller be.

Benediction.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

S. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

ALL. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

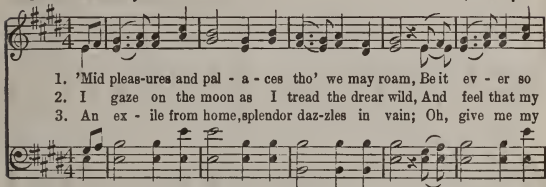
Patriotic Temperance

No. 350.

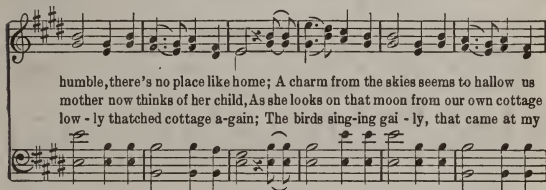
Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

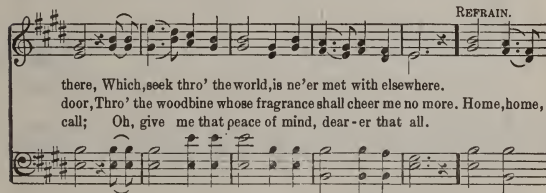
H. R. Bishop.



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my

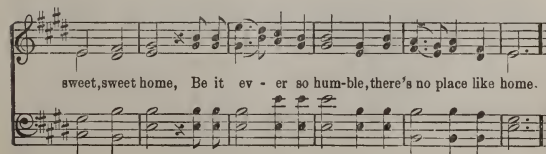


humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
low - ly thatched cottage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my



REFRAIN.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Oh, give me that peace of mind, dear-er that all.



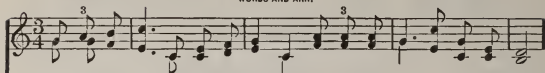
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

No. 351. A Thousand Years of Prohibition.

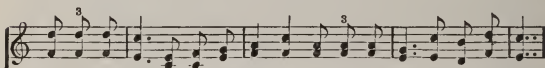
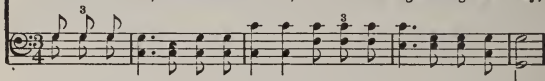
Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND ARR.

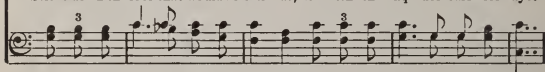
Henry C. Work.



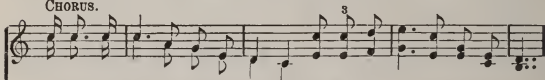
1. Lift up your hearts in ex - ul - ta - tion, Ye who have feared your fight was vain,
2. Long have we fought against the de - mon, Lur - ing our sons to drunkard's graves:
3. O land of ours, that weeps in sor - row O - ver the graves that drink has made,
4. God's on our side, He will not fail us, Rise in the strength God gives to - day;



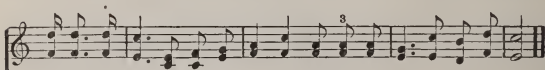
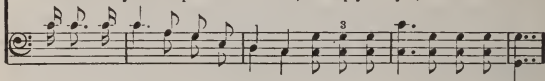
Hear the glad cry that thrills the na - tion, We shall be free from liq - uor's chain.
Broth - ers of mine, let us be freemen, Down with the drink that makes men slaves,
Pray and be glad, for on the mor - row Low in the dust the foe be laid.
Strike down the foes that would as - sail us, Ban - ish the liq - uor - curse for aye.



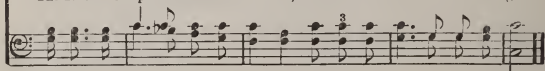
CHORUS.



A thou - sand years of pro - hi - bi - tion, Lift up your eyes, be - hold the dawn!



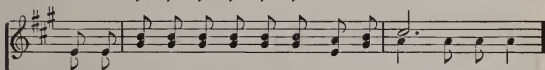
The Nation's hope shall find fru - i - tion, When from our land the curse has gone.



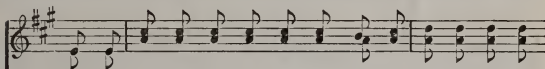
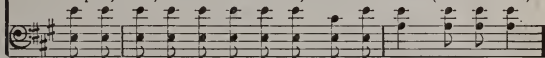
Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND ARR.*With Vigor.*

1. There's a ques-tion we must set-tle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
2. It's a most im-por-tant ques-tion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
3. It is "up to you," my broth-er,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
4. In the name of Right and Jus-tice Vote it out! (vote it out!)



O, my broth-er, show your met-tle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
 Act up-on this wise sug-ges-tion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
 Face the ques-tion, there's no oth-er,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
 Help us, Lord, in whom our trust is,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)



Shall the dram-shop rule the na-tion With its crime and dis-si-
 Wrong is wrong, who dares de-fend it? There is but one way to
 Let us set-tle it for-ev-er, Vo-ters, it is now or
 Vote to end this deg-ra-da-tion, Vote to have a clean, pure



pa-tion? Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
 end it,—Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
 nev-er! Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
 na-tion,—Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!



Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

P. D. Bird.

Moderato.

INTRODUCTION.

1. It is not fair that
2. It is not fair that
3. It is not fair that
4. It can-not be that

grief should so a-bound, That want and deg-ra - da-tion should ev - 'ry-where be
rum should blot out lives; It is not fair the de-mon should rob our babes and
rum should smite the will, Should pal-sy soul and bod-y—should blast and blight and
God's own work should fail, That soldiers should be cowards—should fal-ter, shirk and

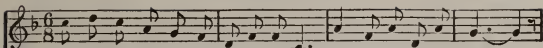
found: Arm for the fight—our banners wide un-furled! . It is not fair that
wives; No, 'tis not fair so man-y to en-slave, . It is not fair, rise
kill; Rise, men, for war! put down this monster foe, . . It is not fair that
quail: Dare, men, a-rise! your faith and strength renew, . And ye shall win—for

rum should rule the world, . It is not fair that rum should rule the world.
up, O men, to save, . . It is not fair, rise up, O men, to save.
wrong should triumph so, . . It is not fair that wrong should triumph so.
God will be with you, . . And ye shall win—for God will be with you.

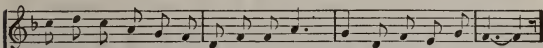
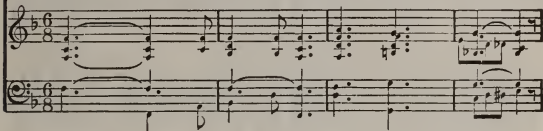
C. D. Martin.

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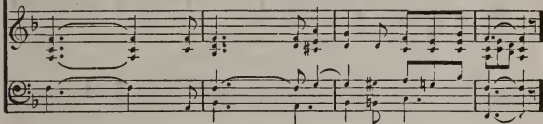
Chas. H. Gabriel.



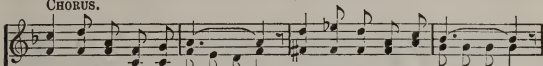
1. Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you?
2. Some-bod-y ar-gued in fa-vor of wrong, Was that some-bod-y you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in - to night, Was that some-bod-y you?
4. Some-bod-y li-censed an-oth-er to sell, Was that some-bod-y you?



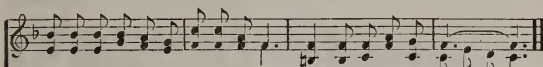
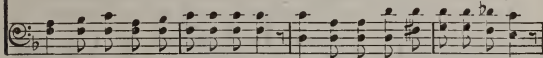
Some-bod-y helped his pure life to de-stroy, Was that some-bod-y you?
 Some-bod-y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?
 Some-bod-y vot-ed to throt-tle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?
 That which could turn Par-a-dise in - to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?



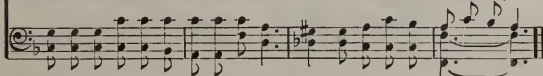
CHORUS.



Was that some-bod-y you?..... Was that some-bod-y you?.....
 was it you? was it you?



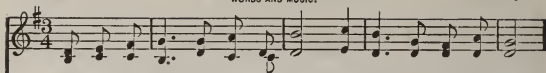
Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you?.....
 was it you?



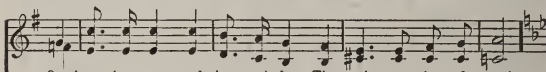
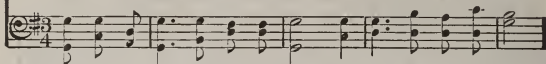
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

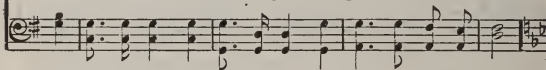
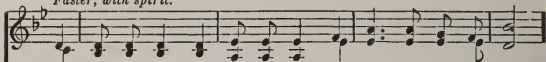
B. D. Ackley.



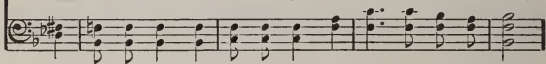
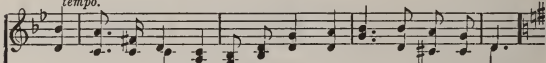
1. Two homes there are, not far a - way, With - in a cit - y fair;
2. In one of these two homes the face Of moth - er wears a smile,



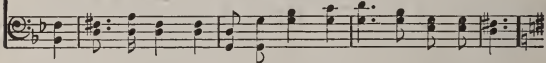
One home has peace and joy each day, The oth - er has de - spair.
For life is sweet, and home a place Of glad - ness all the while:

*Faster, with spirit.*

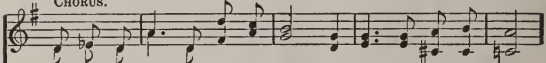
In one, the chil - dren's hearts are glad When fa - ther comes in sight,
The face next door shows but the signs Of shame and sor - row dumb,

*tempo.*

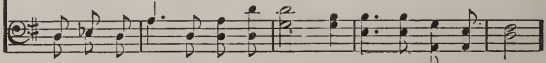
But lit - tle hearts next door are sad, For fa - ther drinks, each night.
For, day by day, her poor heart pines Be - neath the curse of rum.



CHORUS.



Which home is yours? Which home is yours?—The home so bright and glad?



The Two Homes.

rit. - - -

Or that one which the curse of rum Has made so drear and sad?

No. 356

To the Rescue.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Death-bells toll-ing, toll - ing, toll-ing, Wrecks a - drift and break-ers roll - ing;
2. Voi - ces cheer-ing, life-boats steer-ing, See, the help - ing hands are near-ing,
3. Joy - bells ring-ing, ring - ing, ring-ing, Friends a heart - y wel-come bring-ing;

Where the floods of in-temp'rance rave, Light the bea-con, and speed to save.
While the pledge, our glad sig - nal, flies, Hope-ful mes-sage to wear - y eyes.
Heav'n bends down our joy a - near, Greets the res-cued with words of cheer.

CHORUS.

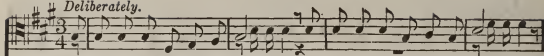
Sign our pledge, now sign, And strength divine shall yet be thine;
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

Sign our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign.

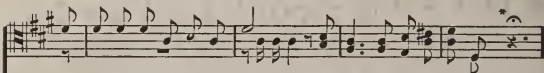
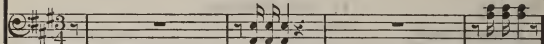
J. B. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

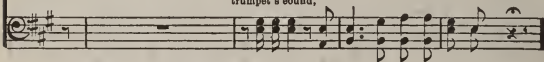
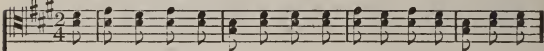
Deliberately.

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.

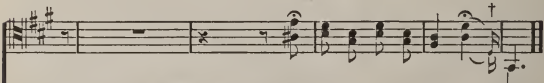
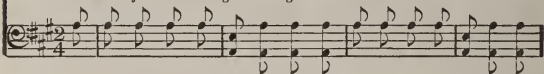


Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, And ev-'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
 Then fell down flat, the Scripture says, When ev-'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
 It's our turn now to have some fun, Let ev-'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)
 Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? Let ev-'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)

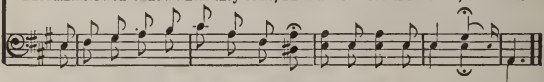
trumpet's sound,

CHORUS. *Very spirited.*

Old whiskey's walls have got 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.



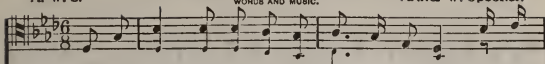
* Quartet shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

† With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor for the word "flat."

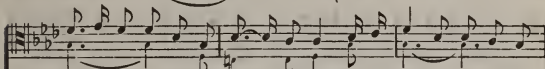
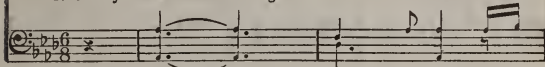
A. W. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

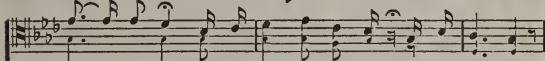
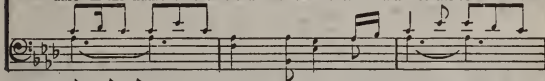
Arthur W. Spooner.



1. Do you know the sto - ry of Gid - e - on's band; In the
2. Far down in the val - ley the en - e - my lay, Like the
3. Can't you hear God call - ing for Gid - e - on's band? Who shall



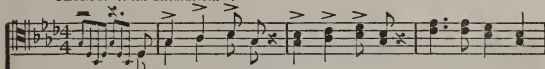
name of the Lord how they dared to stand? How they drove God's en - e - mies
sands of the sea with - out num - ber, they say, — But the brave three hundred soon
dare in the name of the Lord to stand? Who shall face the foe with a



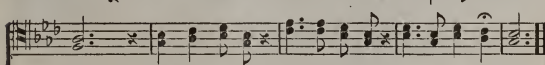
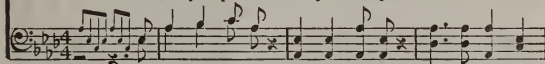
out of the land, With their bro - ken pitch - ers and their trump - ets?
drove them a - way With their bro - ken pitch - ers and their trump - ets!
cour - age grand, With their bro - ken pitch - ers and their trump - ets?



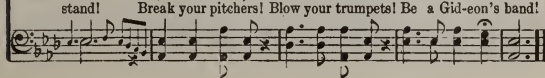
CHORUS. *With animation.*

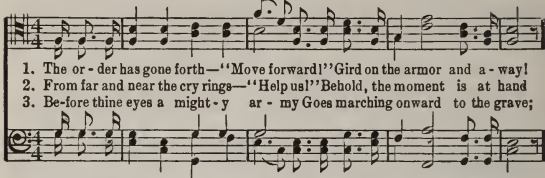


Then break your pitchers! Blow your trumpets! Dare for God to

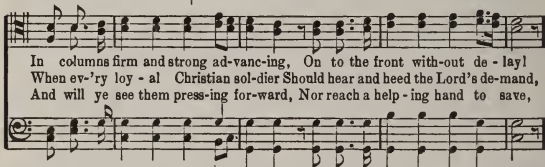


stand! Break your pitchers! Blow your trumpets! Be a Gid - eon's band!

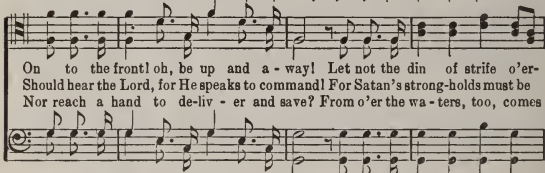




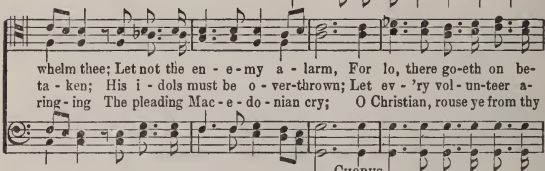
1. The or - der has gone forth—"Move forward!" Gird on the armor and a - way!
 2. From far and near the cry rings—"Help us!" Behold, the moment is at hand
 3. Be - fore thine eyes a might - y ar - my Goes marching onward to the grave;



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,

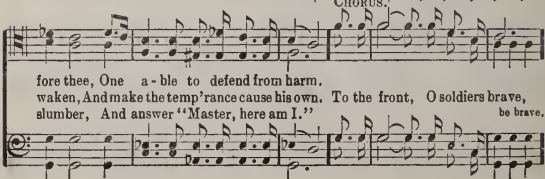


On to the front! oh, be up and a - way! Let not the din of strife o'er -
 Should hear the Lord, for He speaks to command! For Satan's strong - holds must be
 Nor reach a hand to de - liv - er and save? From o'er the wa - ters, too, comes



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 - teen a -
 ring - ing The pleading Mac - e - do - nian cry; O Christian, rouse ye from thy

CHORUS.



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 pro - hi - bi - tion, 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. 360. Where There's Drink, There's Danger.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Write it on the liq - uor store, Write it on the pris - on door,
2. Write it on the work-house gate, Write it on the school-boy's slate,
3. Write it on the na - tion's laws, Trampling out the li - cense clause,
4. Write it o - ver ev - 'ry gate, On the church, the halls of state,

2d Bass. *1st Bass.*

2d Tenor. *1st Tenor.*

Write it on the gin-shop fine, Write, aye, write this truth-ful line—
Write it on the cop - y - book, Where the young may oft - en look—
Write it on the bal - lot white, So it can be read a - right:
In the heart of ev - 'ry band, On the laws of ev - 'ry land—

rall.

“Where there's drink there's dan - ger;” “Where there's drink there's dan - ger.”

No. 361. Down in de Bottom ob de Glass.

J. B. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

With varied rhythm.

1. O de sparklin' wine! yes, it looks mighty fine When you pour it out in de glass;
2. O de red looks great in de whiskey straight, But it don't look good on de nose;
3. O de foam-y beer, it bring good cheer, An' it make you glad an' gladder;
4. You can sing an' laugh, as de wine you quaff, But look out dar! by an' by

But you jes' wait a while till it lose dat smile, As de weeks an' months go pas'.
An' de mo' dat you wink, an' blink, an' drink, De redder an' redder it grows.
Till it pizen your hide, an' your whole in-side, An' bloat you up like a bladder.
It will run you down like an ole blood houn', An' leave you dar to die!

After each stanza.

For down, down, down, down, Down in de bottom ob de glass, Dere's snakes an' bugs, an'

Down in de Bottom ob de Glass.

dregs and drugs, Dat'll git you sure, at las',..... Down in de
 bottom ob de glass.

dim.
rall.
a tempo.

No. 362.

We Will Vote It Dry.

J. B. H.
Do not hurry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

From the Italian,
by J. B. Herbert.

1. All the brew-ers tell us lager-beer's a food; That for old and young 'tis
 2. If 'tis real-ly food, as by the brewers said, Why do man-y "soak-ers"
 3. Hear the whiskey cohorts shout their battle-cry: "Reg-u-late the trade with
 4. Ye who soak your skin with whiskey, beer and gin, Shake now in your shoes, for
 ver - y, ver - y good. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Pardon, if our laugh seems rude.
 have to beg for bread? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Why should they be begging bread?
 li-ense, low or high." But we answer: "No, no, no, no! We will vote it, vote it dry."
 we are bound to win. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Now let ev-'ry-bod-y grin!*

cres.
ff

* Hold grinning position of mouth after last chord.

No. 363.

Beautiful Flag.

E. O. E. Arr.

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ARR. OF WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rossini. Arr. by E. O. E.

UNISON SOLO.

D.C.—1. Flag of the free, Sing we praise
2. Flag of the free, Wav-ing high
3. Flag of the free, May thy stars

1. Beau-ti - ful flag, beau-ti - ful flag, Prais-es to thee,

es to thee; Shield our homes, shield our
in the blue, We will stand for thy
ev - er wave O'er the land of the

prais-es to thee; Shield-ing our homes,

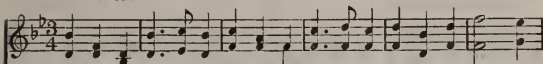
land, No-ble flag of the free;
rights Un-to death, prov-ing true;
free, And the home of the brave;

shield-ing our land, No-ble our flag, flag of the free;

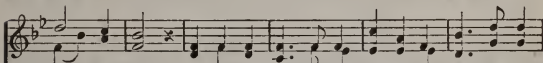
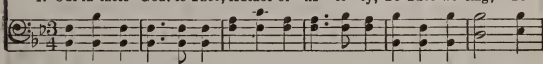
FINE.

CHORUS (Parts) D. C.

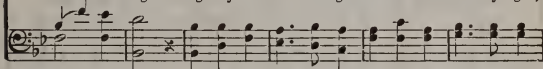
Em - blem of peace, wave in tri - umph, wave....
Em - blem of love, wave in tri - umph, wave....
Em - blem of joy, wave in tri - umph, wave....



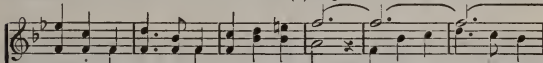
1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, Of
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love, Thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To



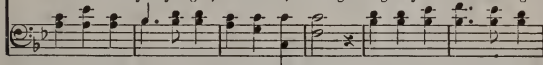
thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pridel
 name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
 free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
 Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;



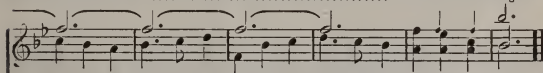
(1) ring!.....



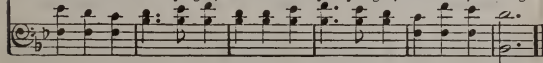
From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fa - thers died!
 My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
 Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong. Let mor - tal tongues a-wake;
 Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright



..... Let free - dom ring!

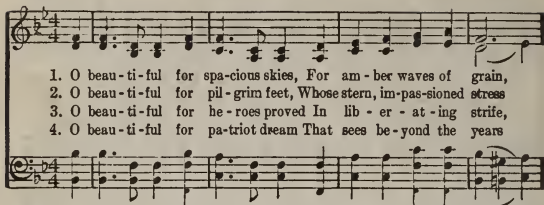


Land of the pilgrims' pridel From ev'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
 Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
 With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

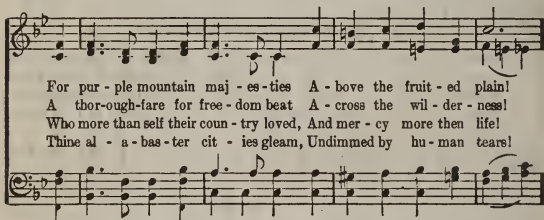


Katharine Lee Bates.

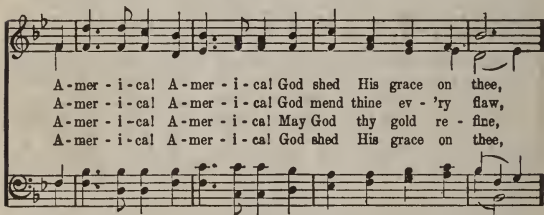
S. A. Ward.



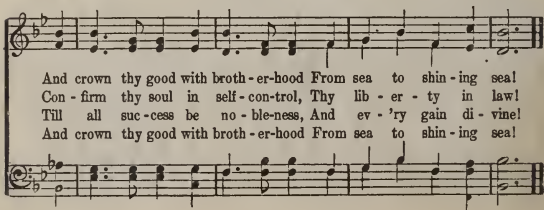
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
 Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Undimmed by hu-man tears!



A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
 A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
 A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal May God thy gold re-fine,
 A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,

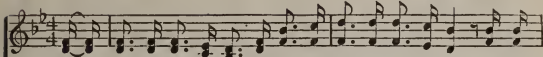


And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
 Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
 And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

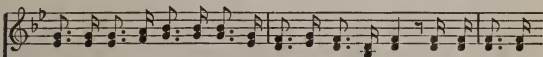
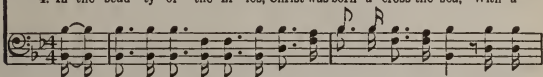
No. 366. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

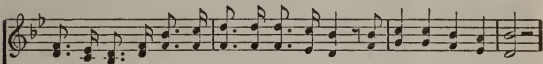
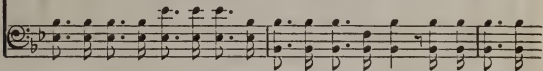
Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."



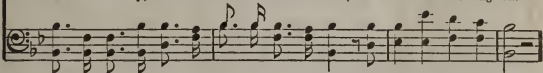
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er sound re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



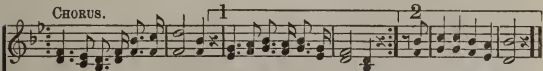
tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



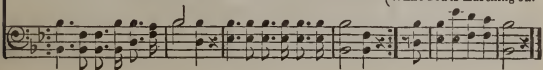
fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
 righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.



CHORUS.



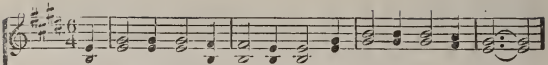
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! } His truth is marching on.
 His day is marching on.
 Our God is marching on.
 While God is marching on.



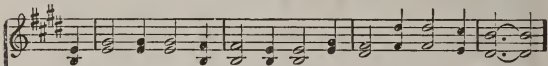
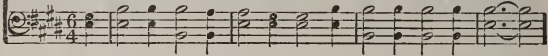
John Newton.

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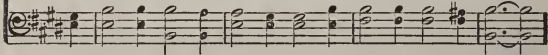
E. O. Excell.



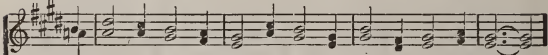
1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did, — But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:



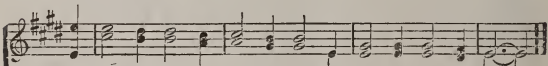
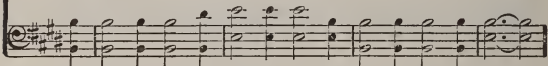
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
 Where shall my trem - bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
 This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."



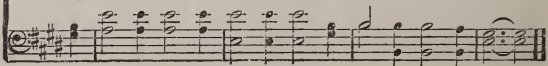
CHORUS.

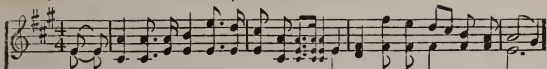


Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me?


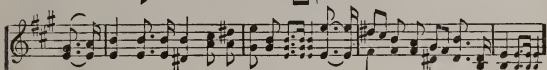


My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me!

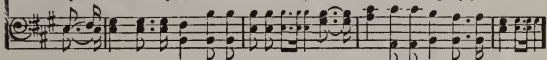
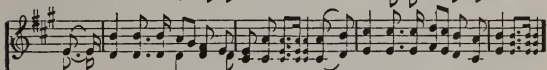




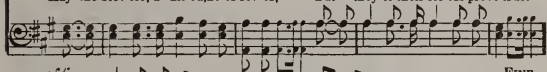
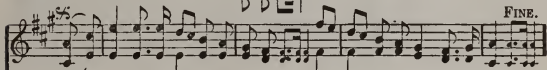
1. O Co-lum-bial the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, 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!

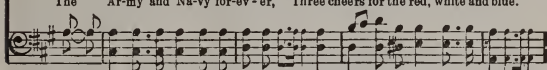



Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!





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-mey and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

FINE.

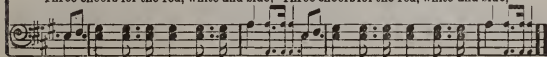


CHORUS.



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.



Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly 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 hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemeu 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 conn - 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

ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly 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' pollu-tion; 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.
ff > > >

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; 'T is the star-spangled
 hire-ling 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 mot-to: "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. 370.

America.

S. P. 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, An-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. 371.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

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.

2.

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,

3.

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.

No. 372.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meincke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 373.

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. 374. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye

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

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

No. 375.

Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Colea

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 376.

I Will Follow Thee.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee; Thou art all the world to me;
2. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Tho' it lead me to the Cross;
3. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Tho' it lead through toil and tears;
4. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee Till the toils of life are o'er;

Tho' the way I can - not see, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Count - ing all things here but dross, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Through the long and wea - ry years, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Till I reach the Gold - en Shore, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

Fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low Thee,
Fol - low, I will fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee, Fol - low, I will fol - low

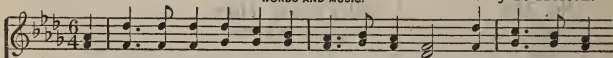
I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low till the day is done,
Thee, fol - low Thee,

Fol - low till the crown is won, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

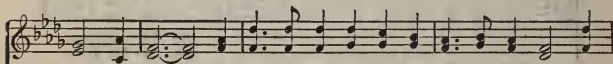
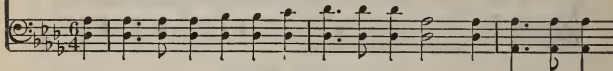
Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

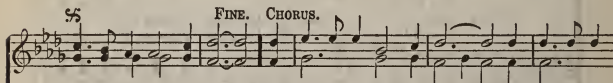
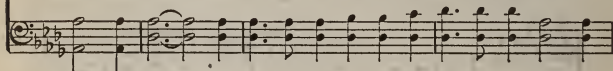
Henry P. Morton.



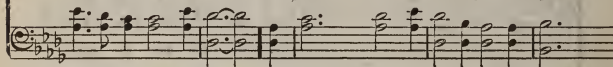
1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor - row a-way,—There's par - don on
2. Since Je - sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par - don on
3. His hand is held out in com - pas - sion to you, There's par - don on
4. O has - ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par - don on



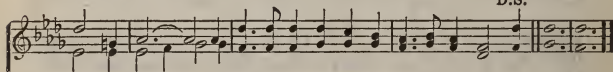
Cal - va - ry; A par - don to sin - ners is of - fered to - day; There's
 Cal - va - ry; Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
 Cal - va - ry; Your long wast - ed lives He in love will re - new; There's
 Cal - va - ry; Come now and ac - cept His re - demp - tion complete; There's



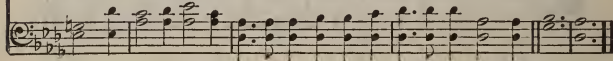
par - don on Cal - va - ry. There's par - don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's par - don on
 There's par - - don on Cal - va - ry, There's par -



D. S.—par - don on Cal - va - ry.



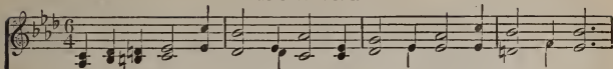
Cal - va - ry; . . . A par - don of love from the Fa - ther a - bove, A A - MEN.
 don on Cal - va - ry;



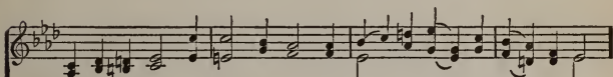
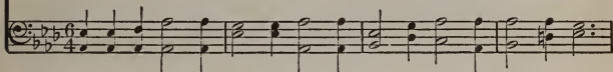
T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

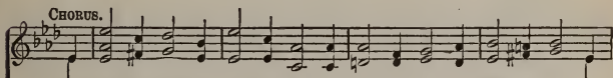
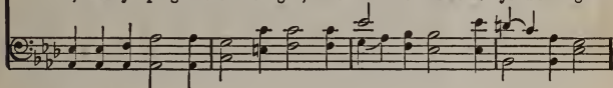
Henry P. Morton.



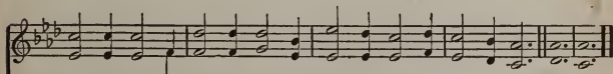
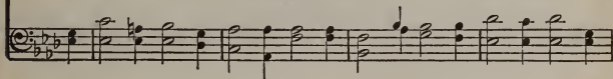
1. There is a land be - yond our sight, Un-marred by sin, un-dimmed by night,
2. No cru - el strife, no bit - ter hate, That bet - ter world can des - o - late,
3. How man - y van - ished fa - ces dear In mem' - ry's gold - en light ap - pear,
4. How dark and cheerless life would be If faith no bright - er world could see,



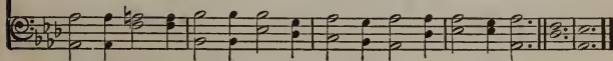
A land with - out one grief or care, No pain nor death can en - ter there.
For love a - lone hath full con - trol In that blest home - land of the soul.
Of those who, pass - ing on be - fore, Are safe with Christ for - ev - er - more!
If, wea - ry "pil - grims of the night," We had no home be - yond our sight!



Be - yond our sight! beyond our sight! "There is a land of pure delight," A



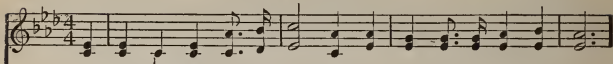
world, than all our dreams more fair, - God grant us each an entrance there! A - MEN.



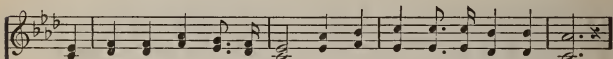
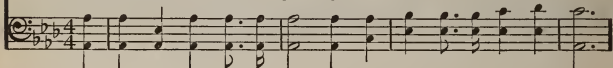
C. H. G.

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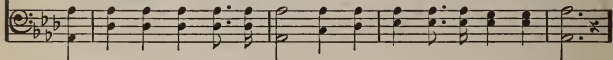
Chas. H. Gabriel.



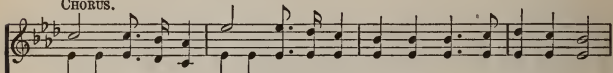
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



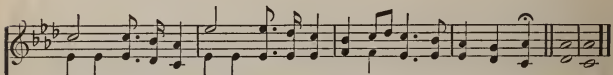
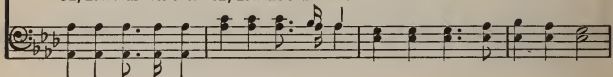
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



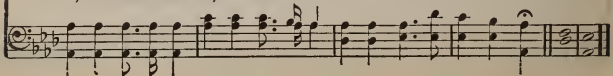
CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - ior's love for me! A - MEN.
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful



G. Duffield.

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E. O. Excell.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry
 might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar - mor,
 noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth,

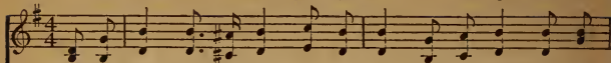
His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-
 Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength op-
 Each piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing
 A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-

deed; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
 pose; Your courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 there; Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
 ly; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly. A - MEN.

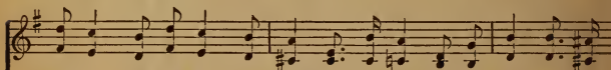
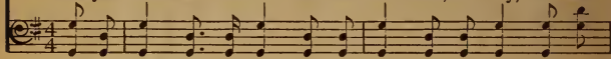
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

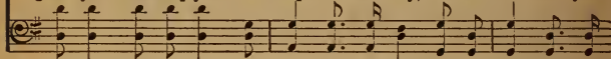
Henry P. Morton.



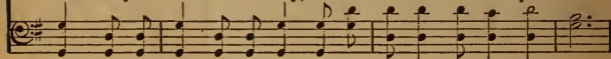
1. Are the bur - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the
2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your
3. He a - lone can re - deem you from dark - ness and woe; He will
4. Cast your cares on the Sav - ior each mo - ment, each day, He will



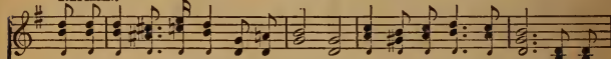
weight of your sin fill your heart with de - spair? Go to Je - sus for
grief and your sad - ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for -
wash all your sins till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful
guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your



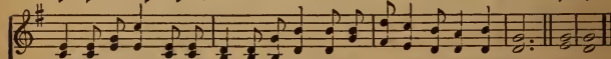
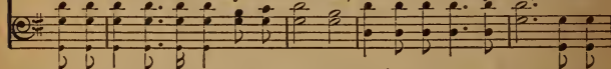
aid, He will an - swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
sak - en, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
grace you may con - stant - ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
fears and your sor - rows a - way; There is no one who loves you so.



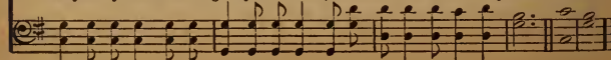
REFRAIN.



There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so; For the



cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is no one who loves you so. A - MEN.



Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Do you know that Je - sus loves you with a heart both kind and true?
2. Are you walk - ing in the dark - ness on life's rough and thorn - y way?
3. Is your wear - y heart o'er - bur - dened with its heav - y weight of care?
4. Do not lin - ger an - y lon - ger, let His love - light fill your soul;

He is wait - ing now to save you and your sin - ful life re - new;
If you let the Sav - ior guide you He will nev - er let you stray;
Do not fal - ter on the jour - ney, do not sink in dark de - spair,
Turn a - way from e - vil do - ing, come and yield to His con - trol;

Have you ev - er heard Him whis - per what He wish - es you to do?
He will give you strength and courage, He will an - swer when you pray;
For the Sav - ior loves you dear - ly and your sor - rows He will share;
Then in mer - cy He will save you, and His grace will make you whole;

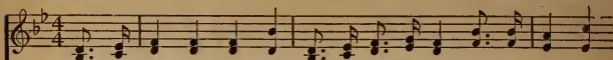
FINE. CHORUS.

If you knew how much He loves you, you would love Him too. You would love Him,

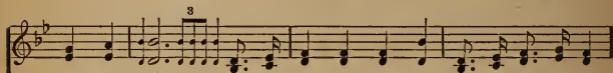
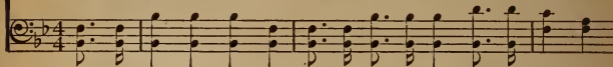
2nd time D. S.

You would love Him, If you knew how much He loves you, you would love Him too. AMEN.

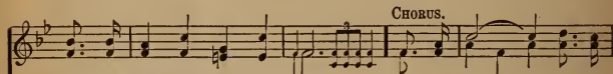
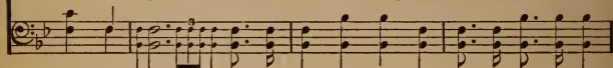
Nathan.

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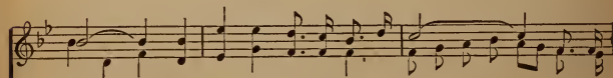
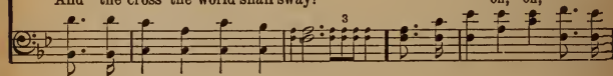
1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is has - t'ning



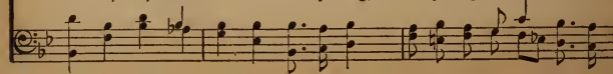
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
be dis - played, And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,



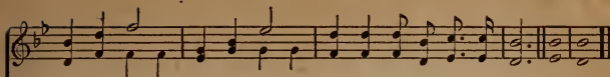
While as ran - somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . marching
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway! on, on,



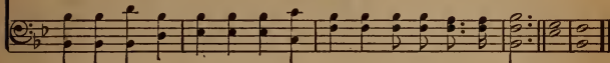
on, . . . For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to
on, on, ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!



The Banner of the Cross.

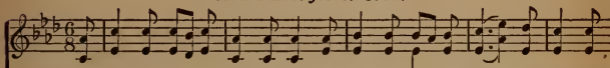


crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross! A-MEN.
we'll Be - neath

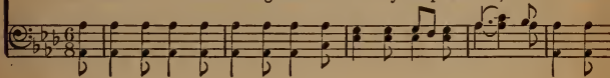


384 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

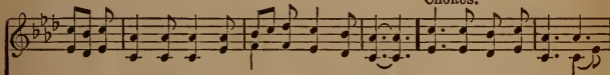
How I Love Jesus. C. M.



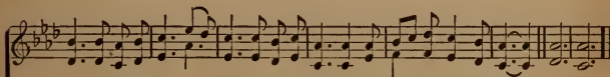
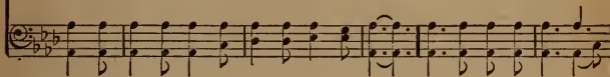
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each,



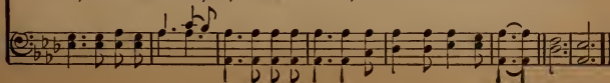
CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

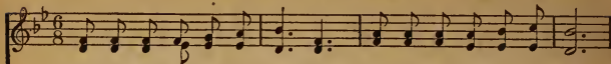


385 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

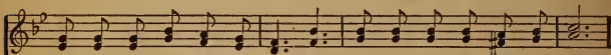
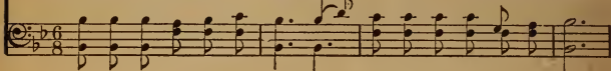
Ed Nathan.

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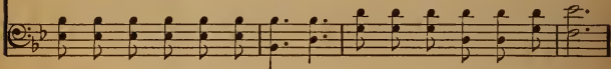
James McGranahan.



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



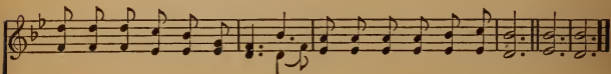
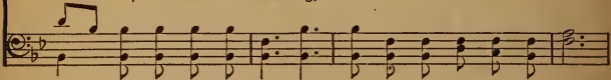
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



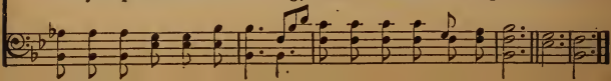
CHORUS.



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



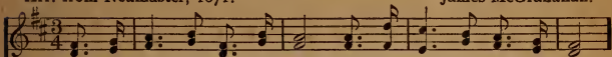
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.



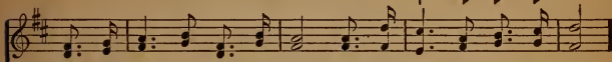
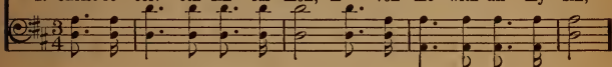
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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

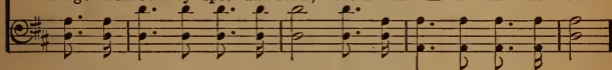
James McGranahan.



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



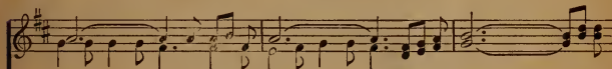
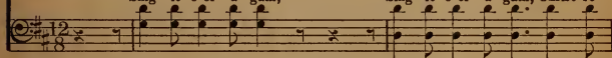
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



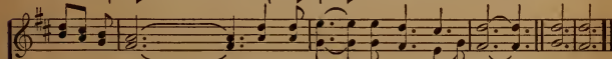
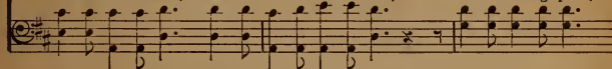
REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain; Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re -

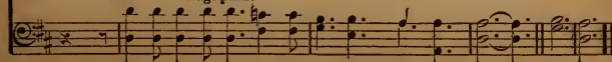


ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men; . . . ; . . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A - MEN.

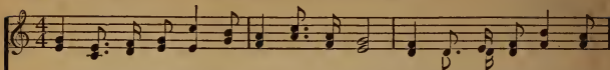
Make the message plain:



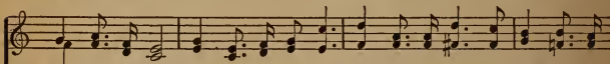
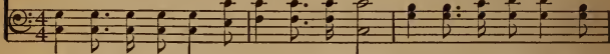
James M. Gray.

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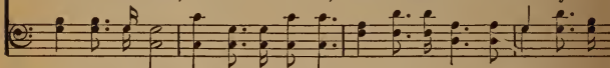
D. B. Towner.



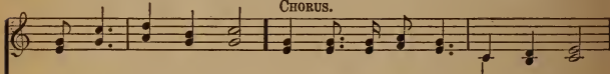
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-ior to



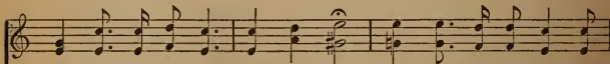
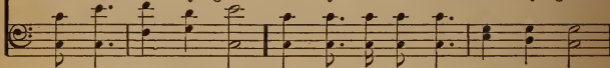
I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm on-ly a
God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on-ly a



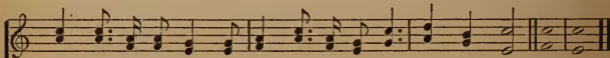
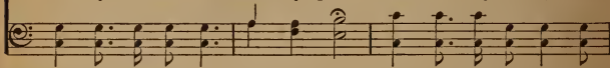
CHORUS.



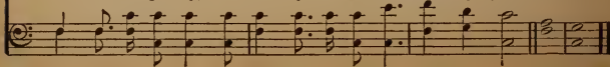
sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



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



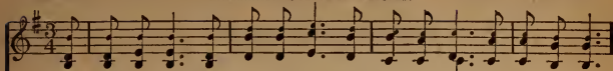
God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! A-MEN.



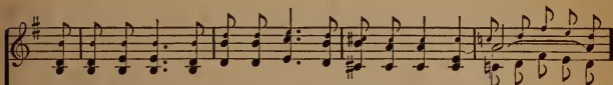
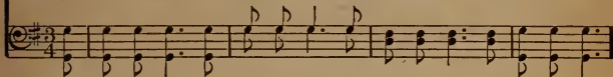
Charlotte G. Homer.

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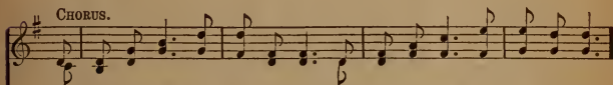
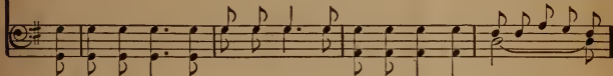
Chas. H. Gabriel.



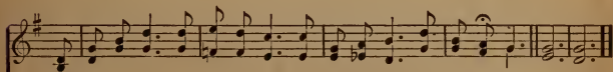
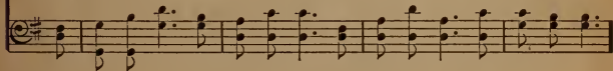
1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



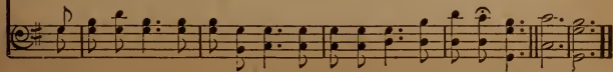
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.
He lift-ed me.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.



J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

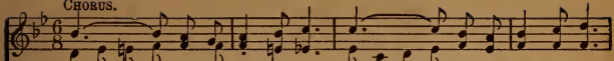
1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . . His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm, . . . Se-
 3. When poor and need-y, and all a-lone, . . . In

love is ev-er true; I love to tell . . . how He
 cures my soul each day; I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me, "Come un-to Me . . . and I'll

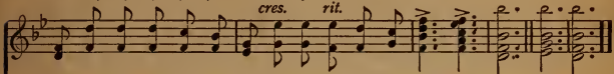
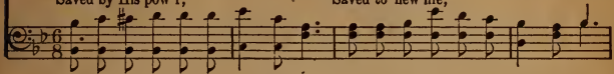
lift-ed me, . . . And what His grace can do for you. . .
 might-y arm; . . . I know He'll guide me all the way. . .
 lead you home, To live with Me e-ter-nal-ly." . . .

Saved! Saved!

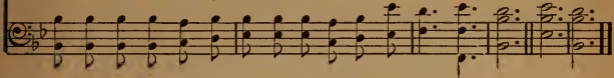
CHORUS.



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! A-MEN.



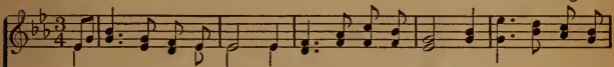
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I Am Coming, Lord.

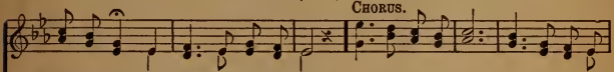
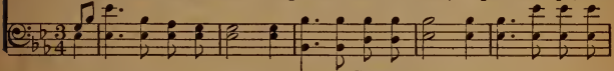
L. H.

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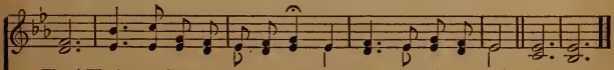
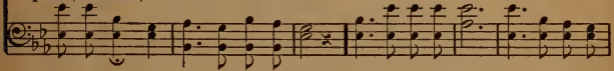
Rev. L. Hartsough.



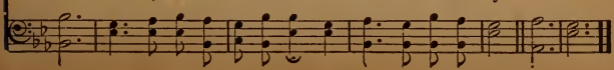
1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and



pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
full - y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to
peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.



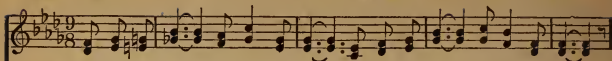
Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry! A - MEN.



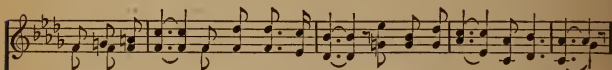
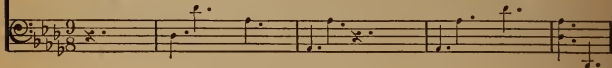
Fred P. Morris.

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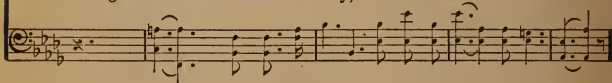
Robert Harkness.



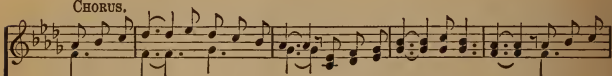
1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,



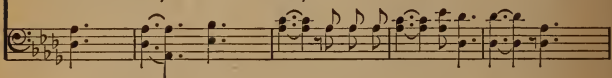
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Walking with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it be but Je - sus?



CHORUS,



Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus? Who could it
 Je - - sus, Je - - sus, Je - -



be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus? A - MEN.
 sus, yes, Je - - sus,



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