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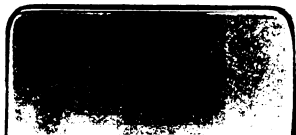
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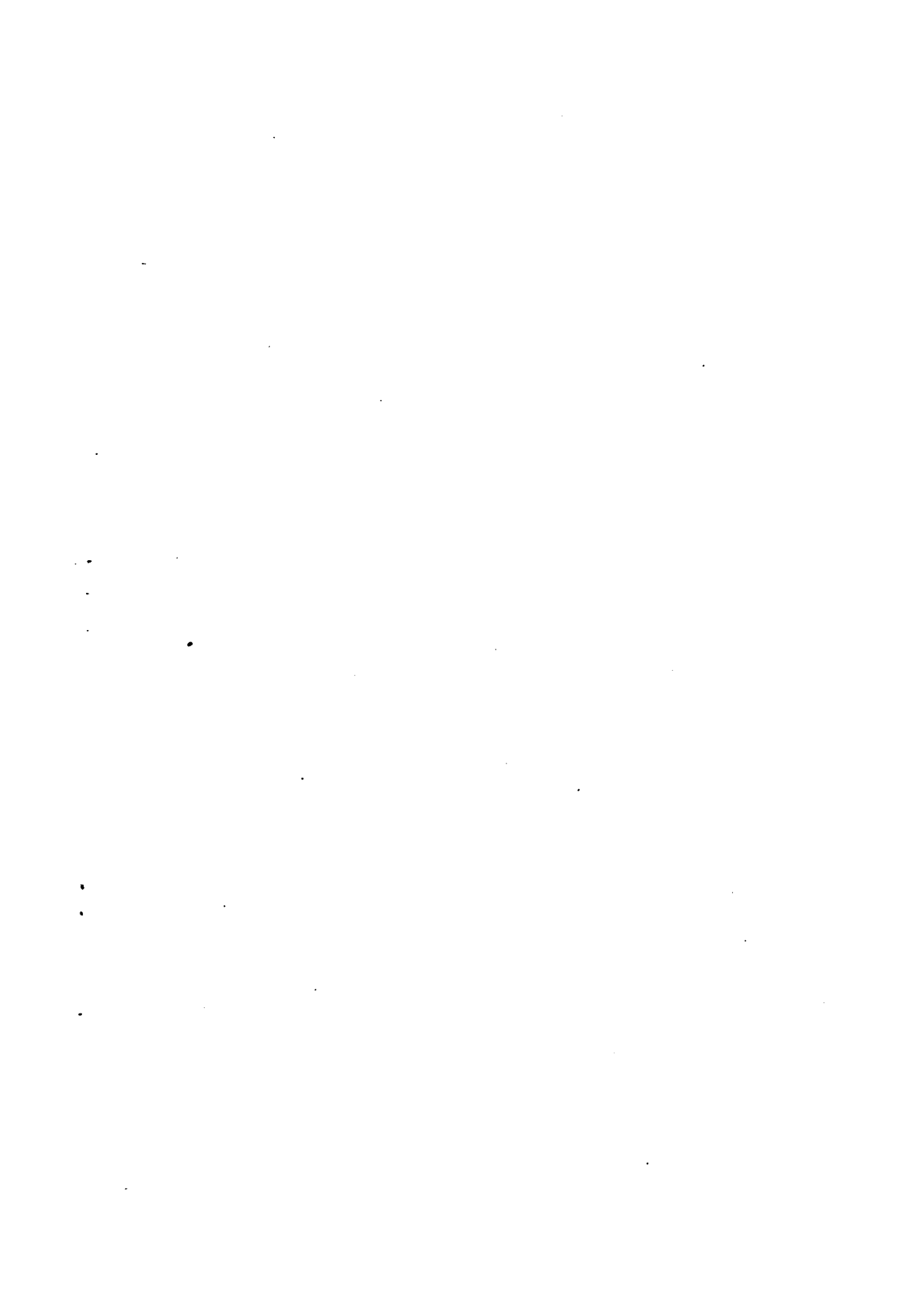
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and L. B. BOWERS**

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# SELECTED READINGS

## OFFERTORY SENTENCES

Freely ye have received, Freely give.  
—Matt. 10:8.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.  
—2 Cor. 9:7.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16:2.

"All things come to thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee."  
(May be used in a chant)

## 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.

## 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 at 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.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

God spake these words saying: I am the Lord thy God;

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

# Songs of Salvation and Service

No. 1.

## He Died For Me.

*Dedicated to Rev. Millard F. Compton, D. D.*

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. I can-not com-pre-hend the won-drous love That caused my Lord to  
2. For me He prayed in dark Geth-sem-a - ne; For me He suf-fered  
3. I'll ne'er for-get the cross up - lift - ed high, Those groans and tears—that  
4. And when I stand be-fore the judg-ment throne, No worth or right-eous-

leave His home a - bove, And come to earth in deep hu - mil - i - ty,  
on the cru - el tree; For me they pierced His hands, His feet, His side,—  
ag - o - niz - ing cry, The gloom that set - tled o - ver Cal - va - ry  
ness to call my own, This then my hope—'twill be my on - ly plea—

CHORUS.

To bleed and die for me.  
It was for me He died. He died for me, He died for me, My Sav-ior  
When Jesus died for me.  
That Je-sus died for me.

died for me; His life He gave my soul to save,—He died for me.



# No. 2.

# Let Your Light Shine.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Would you la - bor for the Mas - ter in His vine - yard ev - 'ry day? Would you  
 2. Ma - ny souls are heav - y - la - den, sad and lone - ly, wea - ry, worn; Ma - ny  
 3. Are you look - ing for the com - ing of the Bride - groom in the air? Are you

seek His err - ing children who have wandered far a - stray? If you long to  
 hearts are bleeding, ach - ing, by sins ruth - less hands are torn; Would you lead them  
 warn - ing saint and sin - ner for the summons to pre - pare? Are your garments

be a bless - ing as you jour - ney here be - low, Let your light shine wher -  
 to the Sav - iour who can wash them white as snow? Let your light shine wher -  
 pure and spot - less, is your heart with zeal a - glow? Let your light shine wher -

CHORUS.

ev - er you go. Let your light shine wher - ev - er you go, That lest  
 you go,

sin - ners His good - ness may know, For when it is bright - ly burning, Souls from

## Let Your Light Shine. Concluded.

e - vil will be turn - ing, Let your light shine wher - ev - er you go.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

## No. 3. Where'er He Leads.

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REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

MRS. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Wher-e'er He leads me I will go, Thro' joy or sor-row, pain or woe;  
2. Tho' foes may scorn and friends forsake; Tho' tri - als come and grief o'er-take;  
3. I stand in won - der at His love That He should leave His home a-bove;  
4. Some day I'll see Him face to face, A sin - ner saved! redeemed by grace!

The first system of music for 'Where'er He Leads.' features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

What-e'er He bids me I will do, I'll ev - er to my Lord be true.  
Tho' storms a - rise and bil - lows roll, He is the ref - uge of my soul.  
And come to earth to die for me, That I from bondage might be free.  
All con - flicts past, the jour - ney o'er; I'll dwell with Him for ev - er - more.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

### CHORUS.

I'll fol - low Je - sus all the way, I'll ev - er trust Him and o - bey;

The chorus is written on a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

No mat - ter where, on land or sea; Wher-e'er He leads, 'tis best for me.

The final system of music concludes the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature as the previous systems.

# No. 4. He is Looking On Me With a Smile.

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M. H. C. Words of Chorus by J. M. Humphrey.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Oh! my heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a-long the way, For my  
 2. He has promised to go with me and to bear each heavy load, O-ver  
 3. Noth-ing now can sep - a-rate me from my bless - ed Lord so dear, For I

soul, to God is rec - on - ciled; And I have the sweet as - sur - ance  
 av - 'ry long and wea - ry mile; And He com-forts, guides and cheers me  
 feel His pres-ence all the while; How it fills my soul with glad - ness

as I jour - ney day by day, He is look - ing on me with a smile.  
 as I tread life's rug - ged road, For He's look - ing on me with a smile.  
 just to know that He is near, And is look - ing on me with a smile.

## CHORUS.

He is look - ing on me with a smile, . . . . . And I  
 with a smile,

know that He owns me for His child; Tho' the world may re-ject me, Yet His

## He is Looking On Me With a Smile. Concluded.

love will pro-tect me, He is look-ing on me with a smile. ....  
with a smile.

## No. 5. Jesus Is Precious.

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REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Mrs. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Oh, how my heart de-lights to sing, Prai-ses to Christ my King;
2. When I was wand'ring from the fold, Out on the mountains cold;
3. He is my life, my joy, my all, An-swer-ing when I call;
4. And when my work on earth is done, And ev-'ry bat-tle won;

For He has washed my sins a - way, Turned all my night to day.  
'Twas then He came and sought for me, Plead-ing so ten - der - ly.  
Keep-ing me all a - long the way, Lest from His side I stray.  
Je - sus will lead me safe - ly home, Where I no more shall roam.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus is pre - cious, Lov - ing and gra - cious,

Oh, that you knew the Sav - iour, too! He is a friend so true.

# No. 6.

# Try It And See.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good."—Psa. 34: 8

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

E. E. HEWITT. Chorus by M. H. C.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. There are fountains nev - er failing, springing from my Saviour's cross, There are  
 2. There are ev - er - last - ing treas - ures in my Saviour's wondrous love; There's an  
 3. There's a - bund - ant grace to lift us o - ver ev - 'ry wea - ry mile, Pow'r al-

mer - cies unmeasured as the sea; In the life that's hid in Je - sus, there's a  
 an - swer for ev - 'ry trustful plea; There's a light that clears the Christian from the  
 might - y, to res - cue you and me; There are beams of lov - ing kindness that through

CHORUS.

gain for ev - 'ry loss, On - ly try it, my broth - er, and see.  
 radiant throne a - bove, On - ly try it, my broth - er, and see. Try it and see,  
 ev - 'ry cloud will smile, On - ly try it, my broth - er, and see.

try it and see; This won - der - ful sal - va - tion so full and so free; O

try it and see, yes, try it and see; O try it, my broth - er, and see.

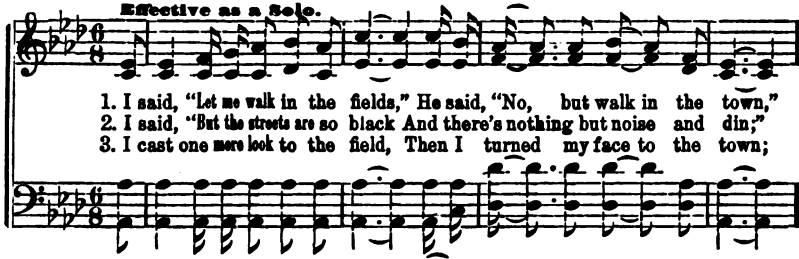
# No. 7. No Flowers, But a Crown.

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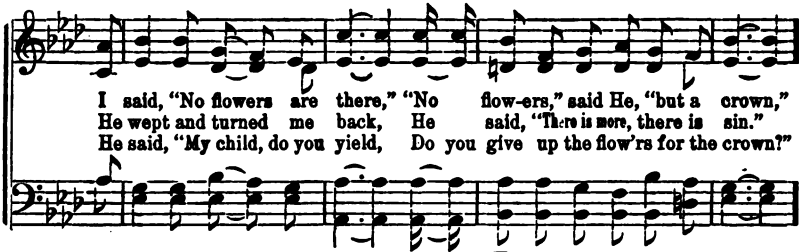
GEORGE McDONALD.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Effective as a Solo.



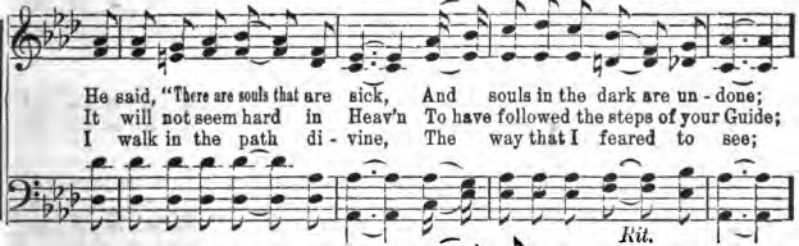
1. I said, "Let me walk in the fields," He said, "No, but walk in the town,"  
2. I said, "But the streets are so black And there's nothing but noise and din,"  
3. I cast one more look to the field, Then I turned my face to the town;



I said, "No flowers are there," "No flow-ers," said He, "but a crown,"  
He wept and turned me back, He said, "There is more, there is sin."  
He said, "My child, do you yield, Do you give up the flow'rs for the crown?"

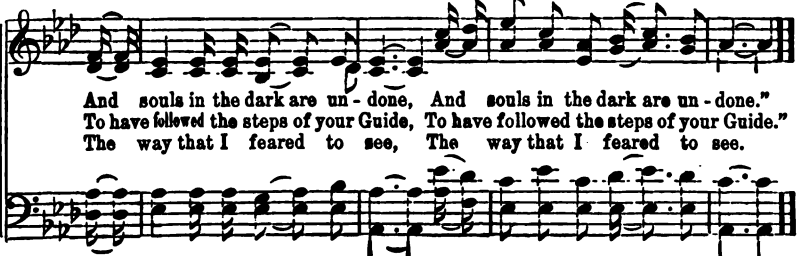


I said, "But the skies are so thick, And mists are con-ceal-ing the sun,"  
I plead-ed for time to be giv'n, He said, "Is it hard to de-cide?  
Then in-to His hands went mine, And in-to my heart came He;



He said, "There are souls that are sick, And souls in the dark are un-done;  
It will not seem hard in Heav'n To have followed the steps of your Guide;  
I walk in the path di-vine, The way that I feared to see;

*Rit.*



And souls in the dark are un-done, And souls in the dark are un-done."  
To have follow-ed the steps of your Guide, To have follow-ed the steps of your Guide."  
The way that I feared to see, The way that I feared to see.

# No. 8.

# Mother.

M. H. C.

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1. Oft a vis - ion comes to me of my moth - er's dear face As she  
 2. I can see her an - gel form in - ter - ced - ing for me, In temp -  
 3. I re - call her ten - der look as she bade me good - by, "Will you  
 4. Ma - ny years have passed since then, but I can not for - get, All her

kneet be - side the old arm chair; How it beamed with light and peace, shone with  
 ta - tion's dark and storm - y hour: And I hear her gen - tle voice, with its  
 meet me in that land so fair?" Then her spir - it took its flight to her  
 tears of love and pray'rs for me; At the Father's throne a - bove, moth - er

CHORUS.

beau - ty and grace When she brought to Je - sus ev - 'ry care!  
 sweet mel - o - dy, Ask - ing God to keep me by his pow'r. I am glad moth - er  
 home in the sky, And I promised her to meet her there.  
 pleads for me yet, And some day with her a - gain I'll be.

taught me to pray, It has brightened and cheered all my way, Thro' the journey of

life with its bat - tles and strife; Oh, I'm glad moth - er taught me to pray

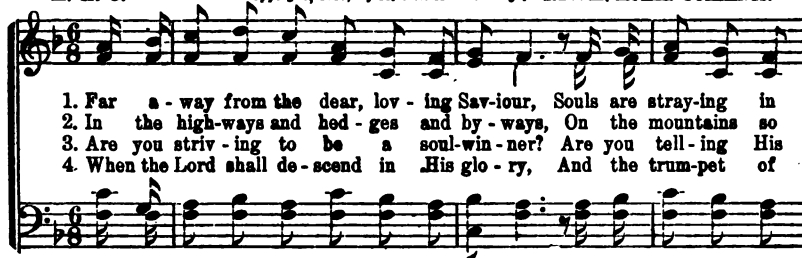
# No. 9.

# Win Them For Jesus.

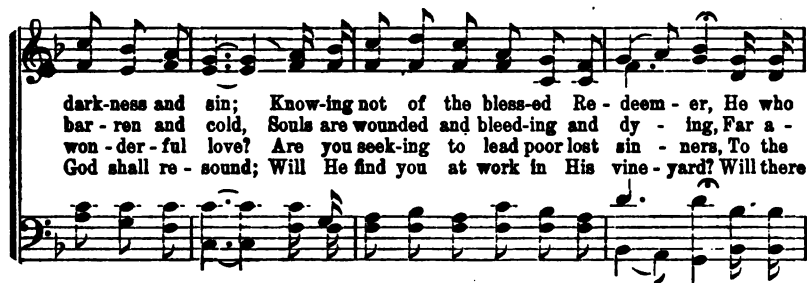
(Theme suggested by a sermon of Rev. Jas. C. Grisinger.)

M. H. C.

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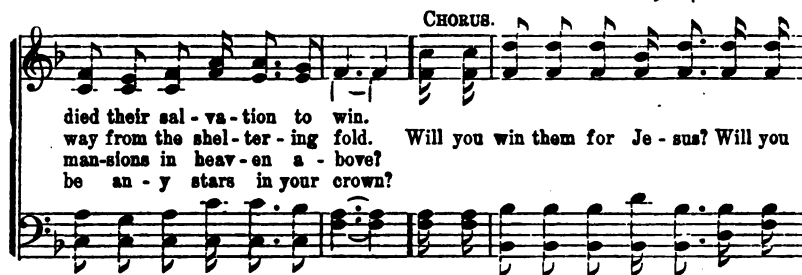


1. Far a - way from the dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, Souls are stray - ing in  
2. In the high - ways and hed - ges and by - ways, On the mountains so  
3. Are you striv - ing to be a soul - win - ner? Are you tell - ing His  
4. When the Lord shall de - scend in His glo - ry, And the trum - pet of

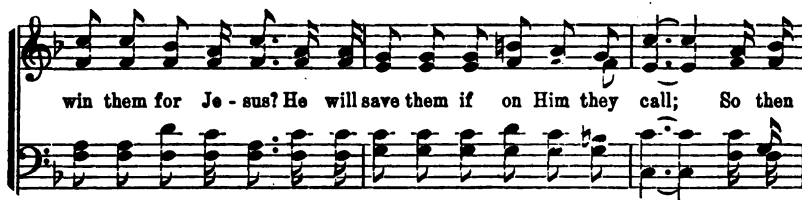


dark - ness and sin; Know - ing not of the bless - ed Re - deem - er, He who  
bar - ren and cold, Souls are wounded and bleed - ing and dy - ing, Far a -  
won - der - ful love? Are you seek - ing to lead poor lost sin - ners, To the  
God shall re - sound; Will He find you at work in His vine - yard? Will there

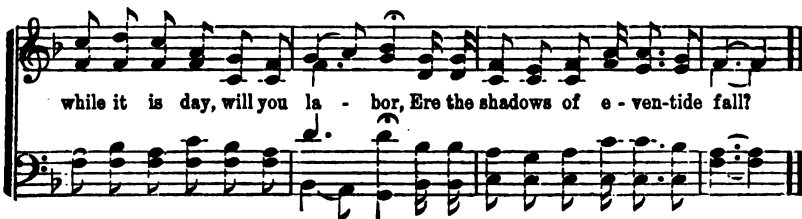
CHORUS.



died their sal - va - tion to win.  
way from the shel - ter - ing fold. Will you win them for Je - sus? Will you  
man - sions in heav - en a - bove?  
be an - y stars in your crown?



win them for Je - sus? He will save them if on Him they call; So then



while it is day, will you la - bor, Ere the shadows of e - ven - tide fall?



# No. 10.

# The Home Above.

Copyright, 1910, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.



1. There's a home a - bove, In the land of love, That shall nev - er pass a - way;
2. Not a grief nor sigh, None shall ev - er die In the New Je - ru - sa - lem;
3. Many friends are there, Free from pain and care, Who have left me years a - go;
4. O what joy 'twill be, When the face I see Of the Christ who died for me;



In that country bright, There will come no night, For 'tis one e - ter - nal day.  
 The redeemed shall rest From their labors blest, God Himself shall dwell with them.  
 But some day we'll meet At the Sav - iour's feet, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.  
 I will shout and sing Prais - es to the King, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.



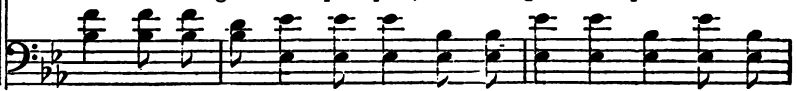
## CHORUS.



Yes, there is a home, free from sor - row and care, That the Sav - iour



said He has gone to pre - pare; And the good and pure all its



glo - ries shall share, In that cit - y, so bright and fair.



# No. 11. When the Shadows Gather Round Me.

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MISS MOLLIE K. YOCKE.  
DUET.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. When the shad-ows gath - er round me And my wea - ry soul seeks rest,  
2. When the clouds are hov - 'ring o'er me, And the dark-ness veils His face,  
3. When earth's dear-est ties are riv - en, And thro' blind-ing tears I see;  
4. Was there e'er a friend so pre-cious, One on whom we can de-pend?

When the tri - als thick confound me And the cares of life distress.  
Christ will light the way be-fore me, He will give sus-tain - ing grace.  
To my bleed - ing heart are giv - en, Words of love and sym - pa - thy.  
He is lov - ing, true and gra-cious, He will keep me to the end.

CHORUS.

I can hear a sweet voice say - ing, "I will give thee rest;

*Rit.*

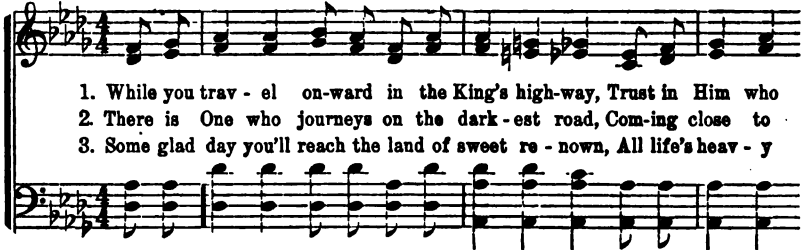
I will take a - way thy bur - den, Lean up - on thy Saviour's breast."

# No. 12. Carry Your Burdens With a Smile.

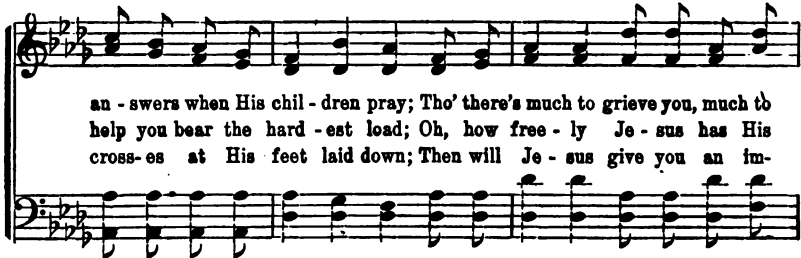
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E. E. HEWITT.

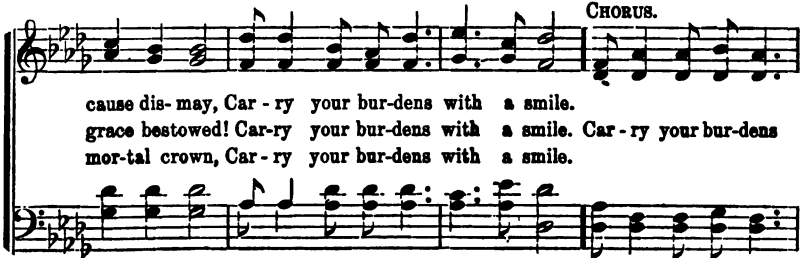
REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.



1. While you trav - el on-ward in the King's high-way, Trust in Him who  
2. There is One who journeys on the dark - est road, Com-ing close to  
3. Some glad day you'll reach the land of sweet re - nown, All life's heav - y



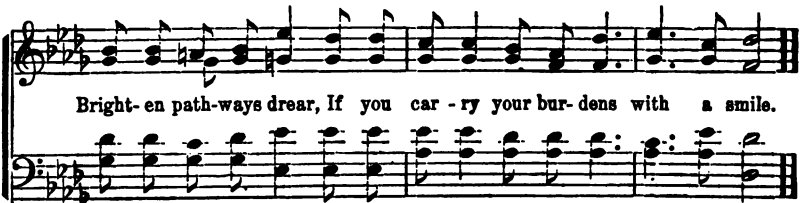
an - swers when His chil - dren pray; Tho' there's much to grieve you, much to  
help you bear the hard - est load; Oh, how free - ly Je - sus has His  
cross-es at His feet laid down; Then will Je - sus give you an im-



CHORUS.  
cause dis - may, Car - ry your bur - dens with a smile.  
grace bestowed! Car - ry your bur - dens with a smile. Car - ry your bur - dens  
mor - tal crown, Car - ry your bur - dens with a smile.



with a smile, Trusting in Je - sus all the while; You will bring good cheer,



Bright - en path-ways drear, If you car - ry your bur - dens with a smile.

# No. 13.

# Looking to Jesus.

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E. E. HEWITT.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Look-ing to Je - sus as we jour - ney a - long, Strength and comfort  
 2. Look-ing to Je - sus, dark - est clouds dis - ap - pear, By the bright-ness  
 3. Look-ing to Je - sus, in temp - ta - tion's dread hour, Vic - t'ry un - to

we shall win; E - ven in sor - row, He will give us a song,  
 of His love; Or, if the shad - ows should a - gain gath - er near,  
 us He'll bring; Joy - ful - ly trust - ing in His mer - cy and pow'r,

CHORUS.

Grace to tri - umph o - ver sin.  
 There's a "Morning Star" a - bove. Look - ing to Je - sus, prais - ing His  
 Songs of prais - es we shall sing.

ame, Sing - ing His won - der - ful grace;..... Grace that will

save us from all sor - row and shame, When we see Him face to face.

# No. 14. Whatever He Bids Me, I'll Do.

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M. H. C. Last verse by MISS MOLLIE K. YOCKE.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I can hear the Sav - iour call - ing me, His voice I will o - bey, What -  
 2. There are souls that must not perish, There are wand'ring lambs to find, What -  
 3. Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer For the Mas - ter while I live, What -  
 4. I am hap - py in His serv - ice, And rich blessings I re - ceive, What -

ev - er He bids me, I'll do; O'er the mountain, thro' the val - ley I will  
 ev - er He bids me, I'll do; I will go and seek the lost ones, Bring them  
 ev - er He bids me, I'll do; Tho' I'm least of all His chil - dren, Ev - 'ry  
 ev - er He bids me, I'll do; He has said, "I'll never leave thee," And His

## CHORUS.

fol - low all the way, What - ev - er He bids me, I'll do. What - ev - er He  
 to the Shepherd kind, What - ev - er He bids me, I'll do. tal - ent I will give, What - ev - er He bids me, I'll do.  
 promise I be - lieve, What - ev - er He bids me, I'll do.

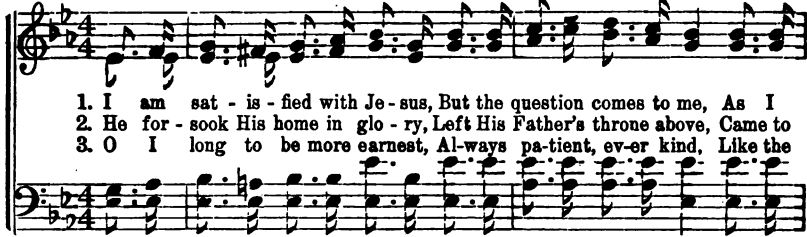
bids me, I'll do, ..... I'll ev - er to Je - sus be true, .... I will fol - low  
 I'll do, be true,

all the way, I will trust Him and obey, What - ev - er He bids me, I'll do.

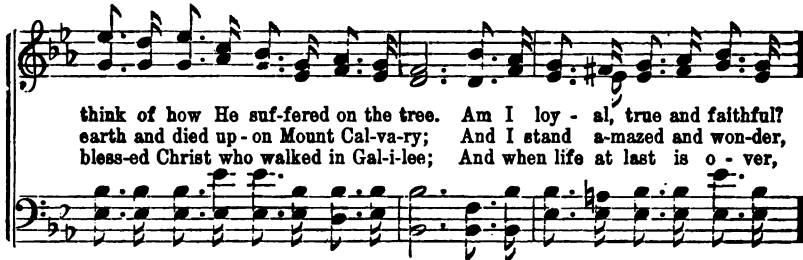
# No. 15. Is He Satisfied With Me?

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.



1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, But the question comes to me, As I  
2. He for - sook His home in glo - ry, Left His Father's throne above, Came to  
3. O I long to be more earnest, Al - ways pa - tient, ev - er kind, Like the

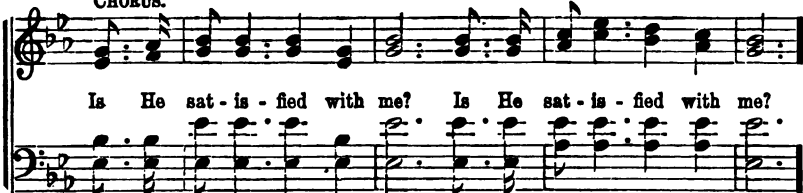


think of how He suf - ered on the tree. Am I loy - al, true and faithful?  
earth and died up - on Mount Cal - va - ry; And I stand a - mazed and won - der,  
bless - ed Christ who walked in Gal - i - lee; And when life at last is o - ver,

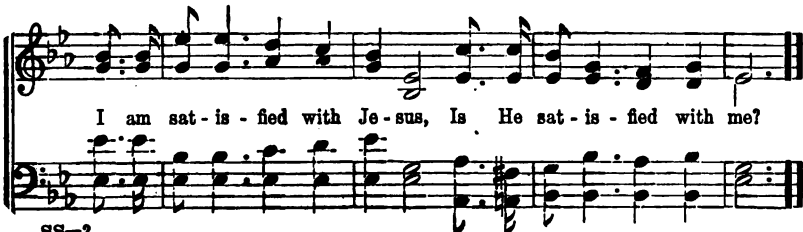


Am I all I ought to be? Is the Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?  
As I pon - der o'er His love? Is the Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?  
May it be my joy to find, That the Lord is sat - is - fied with me.

## CHORUS.



Is He sat - is - fied with me? Is He sat - is - fied with me?



I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, Is He sat - is - fied with me?

# No. 16,

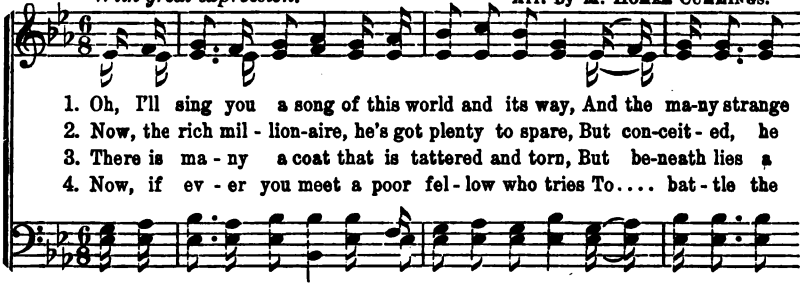
# Six Feet of Earth.

(As sung by James Wood.)

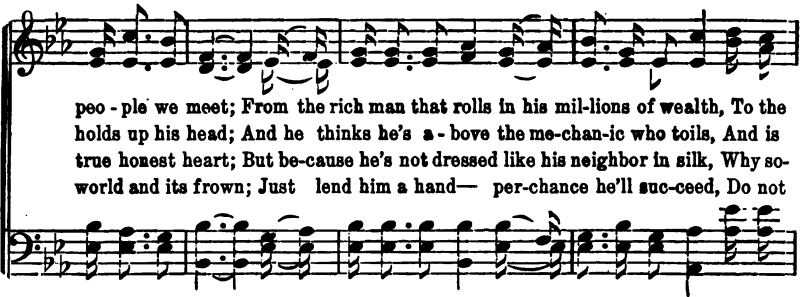
Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

*With great expression.*

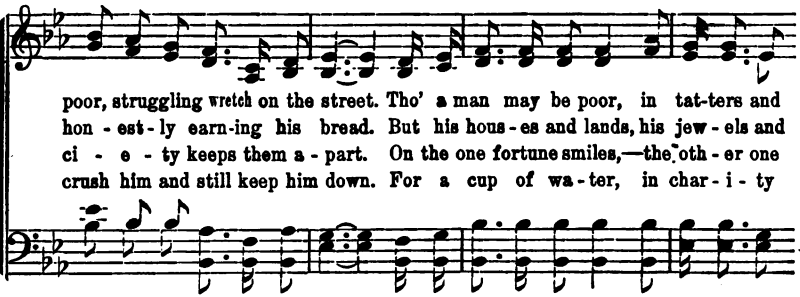
Arr. by M. HOMER CUMMINGS.



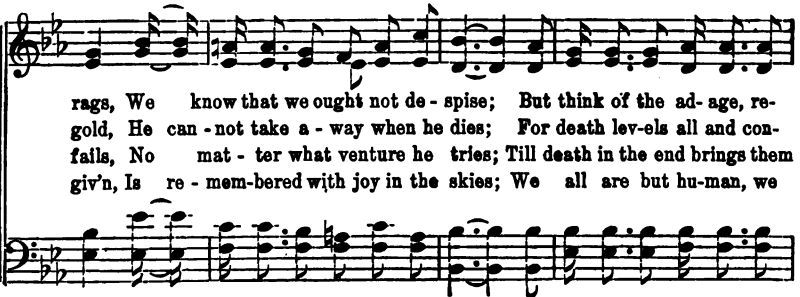
1. Oh, I'll sing you a song of this world and its way, And the ma-ny strange  
2. Now, the rich mil - lion-aire, he's got plenty to spare, But con-cept-ed, he  
3. There is ma - ny a coat that is tattered and torn, But be-neath lies a  
4. Now, if ev - er you meet a poor fel - low who tries To.... bat - tle the



peo - ple we meet; From the rich man that rolls in his mil-lions of wealth, To the  
holds up his head; And he thinks he's a - bove the me-chan-ic who toils, And is  
true honest heart; But be-cause he's not dressed like his neighbor in silk, Why so  
world and its frown; Just lend him a hand— per-chance he'll suc-ceed, Do not



poor, struggling wretch on the street. Tho' a man may be poor, in tat-ters and  
hon - est - ly earn-ing his bread. But his hous-es and lands, his jew - els and  
ci - e - ty keeps them a - part. On the one fortune smiles,—the oth - er one  
crush him and still keep him down. For a cup of wa-ter, in char - i - ty



rag, We know that we ought not de - spise; But think of the ad - age, re -  
gold, He can - not take a - way when he dies; For death lev - els all and con -  
falls, No mat - ter what venture he tries; Till death in the end brings them  
giv'n, Is re - mem - bered with joy in the skies; We all are but hu - man, we

## Six Feet of Earth. Concluded.

member, kind friends, That six feet of earth make us all of one size.  
 clu - sive - ly shows That six feet of earth make all men of one size.  
 down to the grave, And six feet of earth makes them both of one size.  
 all have to die, And six feet of earth make us all of one size.

## No. 17. Hallelujah, Praise His Name!

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!  
 2. O 'twas wondrous grace that bought me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!  
 3. I was won to Him com - plete-ly, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!  
 4. In a world of end - less glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

Then He threw His arms a - round me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!  
 And His love un - fail - ing sought me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!  
 For He wooed me, oh! so sweet-ly, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!  
 I will sing the old, old sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!



# No. 18.

# Something for Jesus.

Copyright, 1916 and 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

MISS MOLLIE K. YOCKE.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus Each day that He  
2. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, He's been such a  
3. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, He gave His own

lets me live; To be made a bless - ing to oth - ers, And  
Friend to me; When dark - ness and tri - als o'er - take me, To  
life for me; On Cal - va - ry's cross He was of - fered, That

## CHORUS.

show them the love He doth give.  
Him with my bur - dens I flee. I want to do some-thing for  
I from all sin might be free.

Je - sus, O may I be faith - ful and true! I long to be

con - stant in serv - ice, And earn - est in all that I do.

# No. 19. For the Love of Christ and in His Name.\*

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings,

M. H. C.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. We have heard the Mac-e-don-ian call to-day, We will work for Je-sus  
 2. Lift-ing up the fal-len helping those in need; Bear-ing heav-y bur-dens,  
 3. This shall be our watch-word and our dally song, In the homes we en-ter,  
 4. When our journey's ended and our race is run, When the bat-tle's o-ver

and His will o-bey; "Make us, Lord, a bless-ing;" ev-er-more we pray,  
 bind-ing hearts that bleed; We will cheer the lone-ly and the hun-gry feed,  
 in the bus-y throng, "Not ourselves, but oth-ers," as we go a-long,  
 and the vic-t'ry's won; May we hear the plaud-it ring-ing out, "Well done!"

## CHORUS.

For the love of Christ and in His name..... For the love of Christ and

in His name;..... We will win them, We will win them, From a  
 in His name;

life of dark-ness, sin and shame,..... We will win them one by one.  
 sin and shame,

\*Motto of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church

# No. 20.

# I Know It is True.

To the Union Mission, Wheeling, W. Va.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1918, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Once I did not know the Sav-our, My life was steeped in sin, And  
 2. Long I sought for peace and com-fort In earth and earth-ly things, But  
 3. Oh, this ut-ter-most sal-va-tion, So bound-less, full and free, I'll  
 4. I shall nev-er cease to praise Him For all He's done for me, No

dark-ness o'er-shad-owed all my way; But His love and mer-cy  
 noth-ing could sat-is-ify my soul; Since I came in faith to  
 ev-er its wond'rous pow'r pre-claim; It can cleanse the vil-est  
 oth-er can with my Lord com-pare; And some day when life is

found me, The light of truth shone in, And He turned all my night to day.  
 Je-sus, My heart enraptured sings—Shouts of glo-ry I can't con-trol.  
 sin-ner, It reach-es e-ven me, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll praise His name.  
 o-ver, His bless-ed face I'll see, In those mansions so bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Oh, I know it is true, Hal-le-lu-jah! He saves me, He saves me,

Yes, I know it is true, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm saved, saved, saved.

# No. 21. I Want my Life to Count for Jesus.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

DUET.

1. I want my life to count for Je - sus, As thro' the world I go;  
 2. I want my life to speak for Je - sus, In words of love and cheer,  
 3. I want my life to shine for Je - sus—Lost souls are in the night;  
 4. I want to go and dwell with Je - sus When life on earth is o'er;

I long to be so true and faith-ful, That oth-ers may His goodness know.  
 That lone-ly hearts by grief o'er-tak - en May feel His bless - ed presence near.  
 If I re - flect His beams of mer - cy, I'll lead them to the gos - pel light.  
 No bit - ter tears, no dis - appointments, I'll be with Him for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I want my life (my life) to  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{count} \\ \text{speak} \\ \text{shine} \end{array} \right\}$  for Him (for Him), In serv-ice ev - 'ry day;  
 4th v. I want to go (to go) and dwell with Him (with Him) In Heaven by and by;

In all I do, in all I say, I want my life to  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{count} \\ \text{speak} \\ \text{shine} \end{array} \right\}$  for Him.  
 No flow-ers fade, none ev - er die, I want to go and dwell with Him.

# No. 22.

# Jesus Saves!

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

REV. J. LEWIS WEST.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. There's a pre-cious, lov-ing Sav-iour who has shed His blood for me, Je - sus  
 2. O the mag - ic of the sto - ry of the Man of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus  
 3. Won't you now ac-cept the Saviour? He can cleanse your heart to-day, Je - sus

saves! Je - sus saves! I have plunged in-to the foun-tain  
 saves! Je - sus saves! They are flock-ing by the mil - lions  
 saves! Je - sus saves! He can fill your soul with glo - ry,  
 Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

and from sin I am set free, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 to the Christ of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 take your ev - 'ry guilt a - way, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves!..... Je - sus saves!..... Je - sus saves!.....  
 Je - sus saves from sin to-day, Jesus saves from sin to-day, Jesus saves from sin to-day,

*D. S.*

Je - sus saves!..... We will spread the tidings round Ev'rywhere that man is found.  
 Jesus saves from sin to-day,

No. 23.

\*Not I, But Christ.

GAL. 2: 20.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1918, by M. H. Cummings. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," I have no  
 2. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," O bound-less  
 3. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," His blood has  
 4. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," My all to

mer - it of my own, He is my Right-eous-ness and Sav - lour,  
 mer - cy, match-less grace! For me He left His home in glo - ry,  
 cleansed my heart from sin; His love has filled my soul with glad - ness,  
 Him I have re-signed; And oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion!

CHORUS.

I live by faith in Him a - lone.  
 On Cal - va - ry, He took my place. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth  
 He now a - bides and reigns with-in.  
 What bless-ed peace in Him I find.

in me," O won-drous thought it is to me To know the  
 to me,

ful-ness of His bless - ing. "Not I, but Christ" my song shall be.

\*Composed for the Class of 1918 of the McCrum Missionary-Training-School, Uniontown, Pa

# No. 24. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC  
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL

Dr. William S. Pitts.

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

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

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

## FINE. CHORUS.

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

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

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

No. 25.

As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
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 wa. is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful

55

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;

FINE. CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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



No. 26.

Tell It Wherever You Go.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Wm. Edie Marks.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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

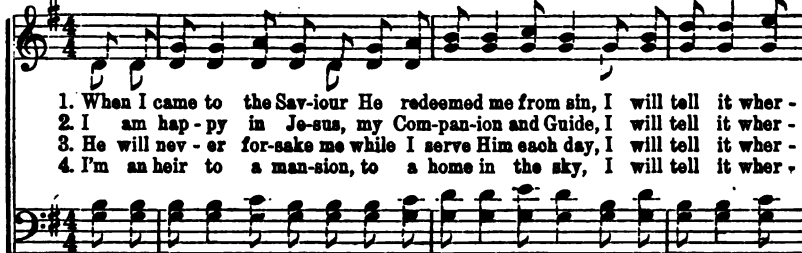


# No. 27. I Will Tell It Wherever I Go.

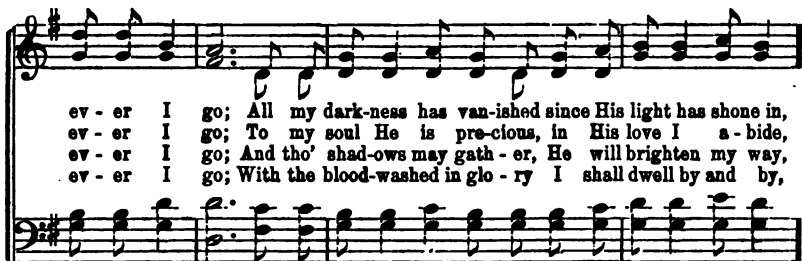
Dedicated to my nephew, Keith Cummings.

M. H. C.

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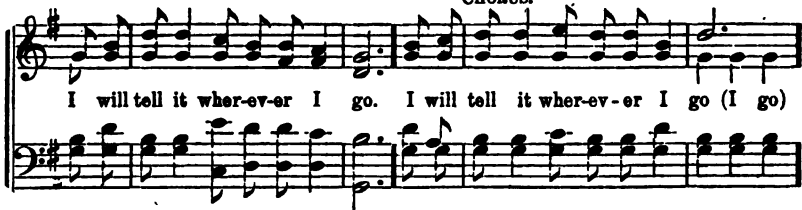


1. When I came to the Sav-our He redeemed me from sin, I will tell it wher -  
2. I am hap - py in Je - sus, my Com - pan - ion and Guide, I will tell it wher -  
3. He will nev - er for - sake me while I serve Him each day, I will tell it wher -  
4. I'm an heir to a man - sion, to a home in the sky, I will tell it wher -

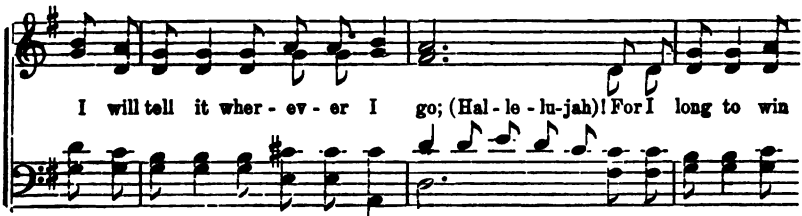


ev - er I go; All my dark - ness has van - ished since His light has shone in,  
ev - er I go; To my soul He is pre - cious, in His love I a - bide,  
ev - er I go; And tho' shad - ows may gath - er, He will brighten my way,  
ev - er I go; With the blood - washed in glo - ry I shall dwell by and by,

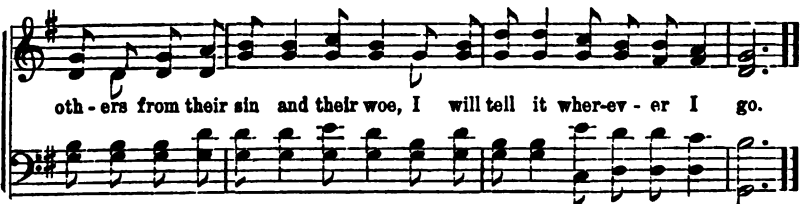
## CHORUS.



I will tell it wher - ev - er I go. I will tell it wher - ev - er I go (I go)



I will tell it wher - ev - er I go; (Hal - le - lu - jah)! For I long to win



oth - ers from their sin and their woe, I will tell it wher - ev - er I go.

# No. 28. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other
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

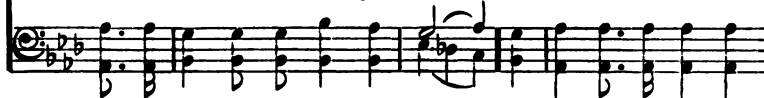


way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,  
Sav-ior trod, If I ev-er climb to the heights sub-lime,  
nev-er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



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; leads home; It is



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



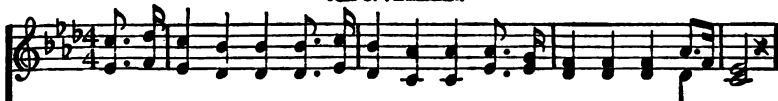
No. 29.

I am Thine, O Lord.

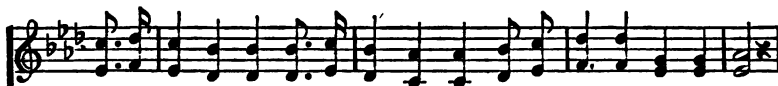
F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.  
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W. H. Doane.



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



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



REFRAIN.



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



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



No. 30.

The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
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 anare; 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

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

# No. 31. The Gospel According to You.

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



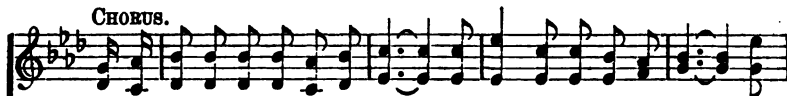
1. A gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you Is writ-ten by all that you do;
2. The Bi-ble so sel-dom is read, Your life they are watch-ing in - stead;
3. No ser-mon or mes-sage you preach Will e'er the im-pen - i - tent reach,
4. O will you not let your light shine For Christ the Re-deem-er di - vine,



Men stud - y its pa - ges each day, To learn of the heav - en - ly way.  
They see ev - 'ry step that you make, And man - y your coun - sel will take.  
Un - less by your walk you can show That God in His full - ness you know.  
Till lost ones in dark - ness and sin O'er e - vil the vic - to - ry win?



## CHORUS.



Does the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you Re-veal the Sav-ior so true? Can



sin - ners un - done to Je - sus be won, Thro' the gos - pel ac - cord - ing to you?



No. 32.

Oh, What a Wonderful Change.

Dedicated to Rev. David C. Bayliss, Charleston, W. Va.

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Since Je - sus the Sav - ior spoke peace to my soul, Oh, what a changel  
 2. My life was once dark - ened and blight - ed by sin, Oh, what a changel  
 3. He bears all my sor - row, my steps guide a - right, Oh, what a changel  
 4. And when I be - hold Him in heav - en a - bove, Oh, what a changel

Oh, what a changel Each stain has been cleansed and I'm ev - ry whit whole,  
 Oh, what a changel For Christ has redeemed me, the light has shone in,  
 Oh, what a changel The path is so pleas - ant, the way is so bright,  
 Oh, what a changel Transformed by the gift of His in - fi - nite love,

CHORUS.

Oh, what a won - der - ful changel Oh, what a won - der - ful

changel . . . Oh, what a won - der - ful changel . . . Since  
 won - der - ful changel won - der - ful changel

Je - sus the Savior spoke peace to my soul, Oh, what a won - der - ful changel

## No. 33.

## The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Baell.

Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner,

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the  
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the  
 3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an  
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will  
 al-ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An  
 me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

## Chorus.

cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.  
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King, The  
 heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.  
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

child of a King! With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!



No. 34.

The Unclouded Day.

Words and Melody by  
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

Arr. by  
E. O. E.

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they  
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they  
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they  
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home  
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life  
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold, Where He sits on the throne  
smile drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.  
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud - ed day.  
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.  
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.

CHORUS. D. S.  
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky;

## No. 35.

## Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way  
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jasper  
 3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of  
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the  
 walls I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-  
 Naz-a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He  
 sor-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

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

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

No. 36.

I Shall Be Like Him.

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. When I shall reach my home up in glo - ry, Af - ter life's storms and  
 2. Sor - row and an - guish nev - er can en - ter That ho - ly land of  
 3. Friends I have loved will be there to greet me, Free from their tri - als,  
 4. Then in the song of a - ges e - ter - nal, "Bless - ing and hon - or,

bat - tles are o'er, There 'mid the scenes of splen - dor be - fore me,  
 un - cloud - ed day; For in the bright and heav - en - ly cen - ter,  
 suf - f'ring and woe; But best of all, the Sav - ior will meet me,  
 wis - dom and praise;" With the re - deemed in man - sions su - per - nal,

CHORUS.

I shall a - bide with Christ ev - er - more.  
 Je - sus shall wipe each tear - drop a - way. I shall be - hold the King in His  
 And thro' the gates with Him I shall go.  
 I shall re - joice thro' un - end - ing days.

beau - ty, Oh, how I long to look on His face! Changed in a

mo - ment in - to His im - age, I shall be like Him, saved by His grace.

No. 37.

My Lord and King.

*Dedicated to my Mother.*

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Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C.  
DUET.

1. When my jour-ney's end - ed, And tri - als are all o'er;  
 2. When the strug-gle's o - ver, Its con - flicts sharp and long;  
 3. When I see the man - sions In yon - der Cit - y fair,  
 4. When I bear the like - ness Of Him who died for me;

When the toil and suf - f'ring Are passed for - ev - er - more:  
 When the peace of Heav - en Shall tune my heart to song:  
 When I greet with pleas - ure My loved ones wait - ing there:  
 When I join the cho - rus And sing e - ter - nal - ly:

CHORUS.

I shall be - hold my Lord and King, And sing the  
 I shall be-hold my Lord and King,

song the ran-somed sing; Yes, I shall  
 And sing the song the ran-somed sing;

see Him as He is, For He is mine and I am His.  
 Yes, I shall see

No. 38.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

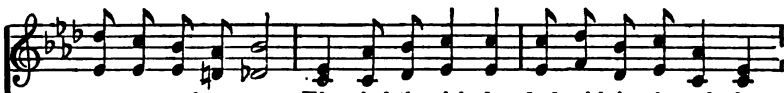
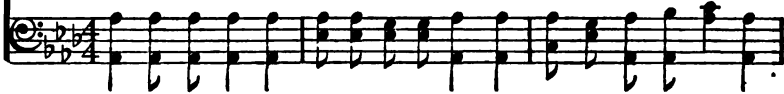
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. C. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



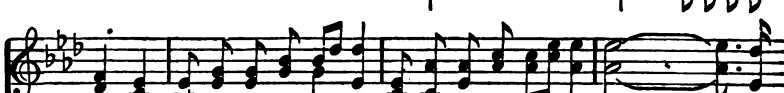
1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-tions,



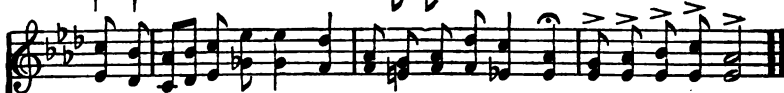
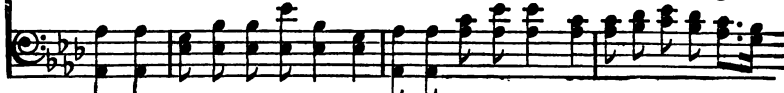
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,  
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,  
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,



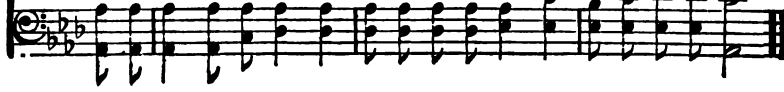
Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.  
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or  
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



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



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



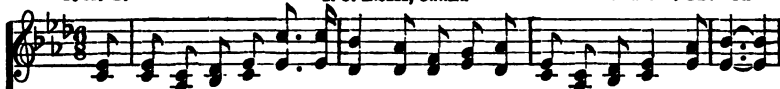
# No. 39.

# May I be Faithful.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



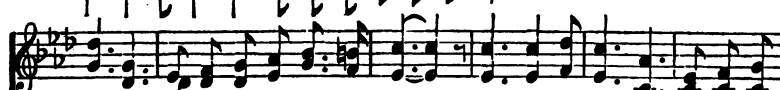
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.  
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?  
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?  
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill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



## CHORUS.



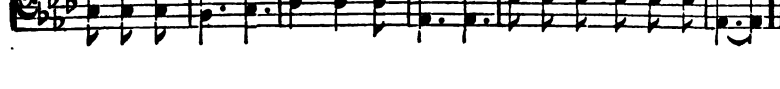
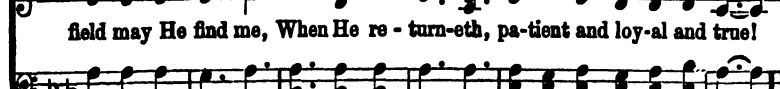
May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in  
Con-stant in heart and in



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



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



No. 40.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri- als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
2. When, by the gift of His in- 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; . . . .

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

# No. 41. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

James Rewe.

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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.



No. 42.

Scatter Sunshine.

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 sunshine 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;

No. 43.

I Will Follow All the Way.

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Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

D. Ward Mifam.

1. I have heard Thy lov-ing voice, And it makes my heart re-joice, As I
2. Tho' the en - e - my as -sail, O - ver him I shall pre -vail, If I
3. Tho' earth's sorrows o'er me roll, There's a calm with-in my soul When I
4. Then up - on the gold-en shore, When my pil -grim -age is o'er, I will

fol - low Thee, as I fol - low Thee; Noth - ing can my soul af - fright  
fol - low Thee, if I fol - low Thee; In the thick - est of the fray,  
fol - low Thee, when I fol - low Thee; Tho' the clouds my way o'er - cast,  
fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee; I shall see Thee as Thou art,

While I'm walking in the light, So I'll glad - ly fol - low all the way.  
I am sure to win the day, If I fol - low Je - sus all the way.  
I shall reach the goal at last If I on - ly fol - low all the way.  
Nev - er from Thee to de - part, When I shall have fol - lowed all the way.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low, fol - low, Fol - low Je - sus all the way;  
fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,

I will fol - low where He leads me, I will fol - low Je - sus all the way.  
I will fol - low Him

No. 44.

Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

# No. 45. I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J.

USED BY PERMISSION OF C. P. JONES.

C. P. Jones.

*Moderato.*



1. There's nothing so precious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with her treasures be-gone;
2. When sin-ful, and doom'd to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine;
3. 'Twas Jesus who call'd me and show'd me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
4. Should fa-ther and mother for-sake me be-low, My bed up-on earth be a stone,



I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.  
 'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo-ry di - vine.  
 'Tis Je-sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray, And walk in the light He has giv'n.  
 I'll cling to my Sav-ior, He loves me I know, I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.



CHORUS.



I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone,.. I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone;....



Tho' friends all forsake me, thank God I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.



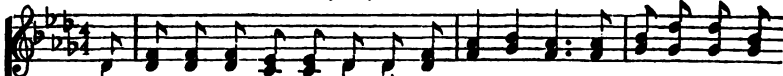
# No. 46. I've Pitched my Tent in Beulah.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)


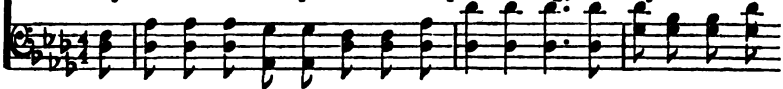
M. J. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



Mrs. M. J. Harris.




1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my  
2. I followed close beside Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or  
3. I started for the highlands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near  
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new



Sav-ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vic-t'ry thro' the  
trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful-ly trust-ed and He  
Hebron, there grapes of eschol found, With milk and honey flowing, and new  
blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev-er marching on-ward to that



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



CHORUS.



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



1  
tent far up in Beu-lah land; You tent far up in Beu-lah land.



# No. 47. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

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

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

for us a place.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 48.

Beulah Land.

Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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


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

# No. 49. My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee.



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M. H. C.

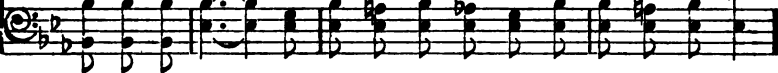
Rev. M. Homer Cummings.




1. Tho' sor-rows o'er-take thee and troub-les as - sail, My grace is suf-  
2. Tho' Sa - tan a - larm thee, his an - gel de - ride, My grace is suf-  
3. Tho' pleasures should leave thee and cherished hopes flee, My grace is suf-  
4. Tho' death may soon call thee to re-gions be-yond, My grace is suf-





fi-cient for thee; I'll nev - er for-sake thee, My love can-not fail,  
fi-cient for thee; There's naught that can harm thee while I'm by thy side,  
fi-cient for thee; My treas-ures I'll give thee, thy por-tion I'll be,  
fi-cient for thee; What-e'er shall be - fall thee, with aid I'll re-pond,





CHORUS.




My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee. "My grace is suf - fi-cient for



thee, (for thee,) My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee, (for thee,) For My



strength is made per-fect in weak-ness, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."





No. 50.

Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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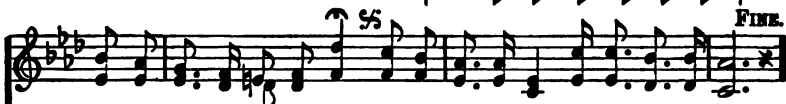
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 51.

If You Just Keep Sweet.

(Theme suggested by a sermon of Rev. G. D. Sampson.)

M. H. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS. M. Homer Cummings.

1. If the storms a - bove you rise, And ob - scure the sun - ny skies,
2. There are man - y souls to - day In the "straight and narrow way,"
3. So then, as you on - ward go Thro' the world of pain and woe,
4. When your la - bors here are past, And you dwell in peace at last,

Let your life with gladness be re - plete; Sing a bright and cheer-y song,  
 Who are pressing on with wear-y feet; All their sor - rows you can share,  
 Have a smile for ev - 'ry one you meet; Let your light for Je - sus shine,  
 You will walk up - on the gold - en street; Then, while an - gels sweet-ly sing,

Hap - py as you go a - long, Clouds will van-ish, if you just keep sweet.  
 And each heav-y bur-den bear, You can help them, if you just keep sweet.  
 With a ra - di - ance di-vine, You will cheer them, if you just keep sweet.  
 In the pres-ence of the King, You will praise Him that you just kept sweet.

CHORUS.

If you just keep sweet, If you just keep sweet, Heav-en's smile will

D. S.

shine your soul to greet; If you just keep sweet, If you just keep sweet,

# I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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

%

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

*D. S.*

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

# No. 53. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

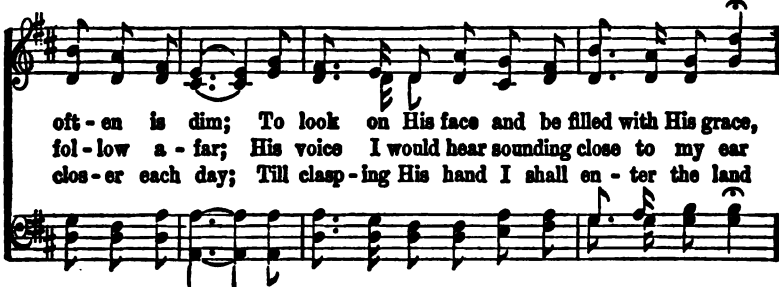
Jessie Brown Peabody.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

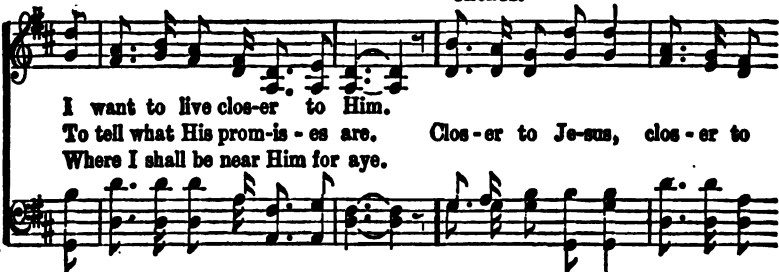


1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, — My vis - ion so  
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I  
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and

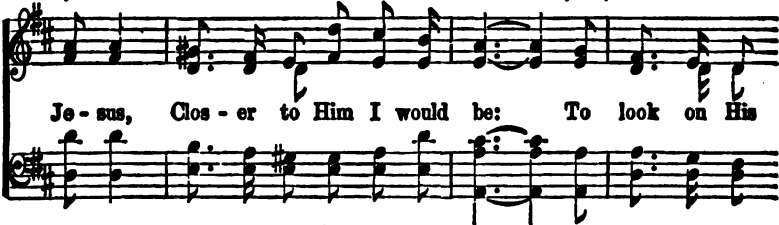


oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,  
fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear  
clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

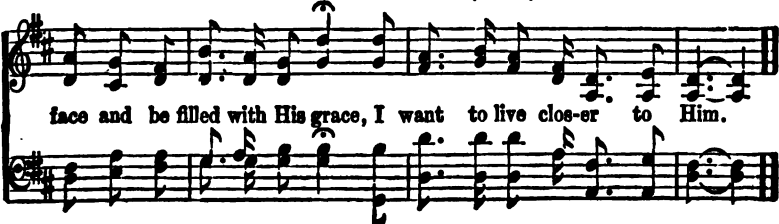
## CHORUS.



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



Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His



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

No. 54.

I Would Be Like Jesus.

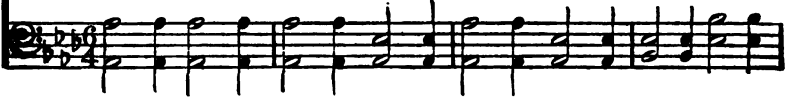
James Rowe.

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

B. D. Ackley.



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



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

would be like Je - sus.



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 55.

# The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the  
 2. Oh, He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp -  
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in  
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and  
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

*D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the*  
 FINE

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.  
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.  
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

*bright and morn - ing star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.*

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,  
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sat - an tempt me sore,  
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,

*D. S.*

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the  
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the  
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 56.

Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Bloekhorn.

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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-ning in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 57. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

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



# No. 58. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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S. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the  
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the  
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal-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,

## CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 59. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.  
HOPE PUBLISHING CO. OWNERS.

W. L. T.

WILL L. Thompson.

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

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

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

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

No. 60.

My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. M. E. Wilson.

*Slow and with great expression.*



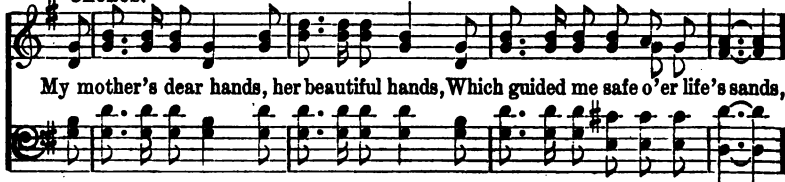
1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a - gain once more,



Yet my mother's hands were the fair-est And love-li - est hands of all.  
 They guided my feet in - to pleasant paths And smoothed all the rug-ged ways.  
 They cooled the fever and eased the pain; Me - thinks I can feel them now.  
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.  
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peace-ful she lay.  
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land, We shall meet on that shining shore.



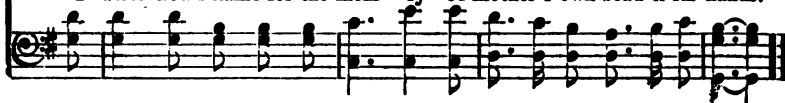
CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



I bless God's name for the mem - ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.



No. 61.

Spare My Boy.

Tune:—"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE."  
 COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Arr. by  
 Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

A. N. O.

1. { Thro' the in-fant days I watched him, Guard-ed well my dar-ling boy; }  
 { Thro' the nights I soothed and rocked him, On a bos-om filled with joy; }  
 2. { Thro' the childhood years I led him, Guid-ed e'er his lit-tle feet; }  
 { Who could harm him, who could dare to Taint the lips so ten-der, sweet? }  
 3. { Pa-tient-ly I watched the bud-ding Of the man-hood of the child; }  
 { Can I see the no-ble bloom-ing Blight-ed, ru-ined, or de-fled? }

Now, a - las! I may not shield him, Tho' by sin and death be - guiled;  
 Must I yield my heart's fond treasure To the blighting curse of rum?  
 Spare my loved one, spare his manhood, Of my life the pride and joy;

I on - ly can en-treat the spoiler, Spare my child, O spare my child.  
 O rob - me of my food and shelter, On - ly spare my dar-ling son.  
 Ah! you can take the shining gold, yet Spare my loved one, spare my boy.

CHORUS.

Spare my boy, O spare my darling, Spare my own, my precious boy;  
 Spare, O spare my darling.

For sure the wine-cup will destroy him, Spare, O spare my darling boy.  
 wine-cup will destroy him.

No. 62.

Only Wait.

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A. B. Simpson, N. Y.

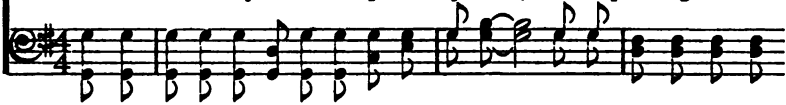
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY JNO. T. BENSON.

W. R. Newell.

Chorus, words and Music, by L. B. Haines.



1. Oft I hear a gen-tle whisper o'er me steal-ing, When my tri - als and my
2. When I can-not un-der-stand my Father's leading, And it seems to be but
3. When the promise seems to linger, long de-lay-ing, And I trem-ble lest per-
4. When I see the wicked prosper in their sin-ning, And the righteous pressed by
5. Oh, how lit-tle soon will seem our hardest sorrow, And how tri-ling is our
6. I have cho-sen my e - ter-nal por-tion yon-der, I am press-ing hard to



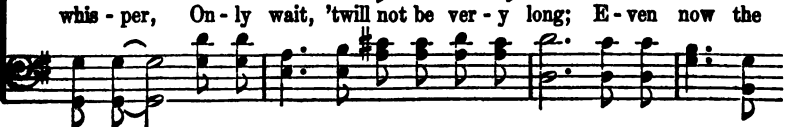
burdens seem too great; Like the sweet-voiced bells of evening softly peal-ing,  
hard and cru-el fate, Still I hear that heav'nly whis-per ev - er plead-ing:  
haps it come too late, Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ev-er say - ing:  
many a cru-el strait, I re - mem-ber this is on - ly the be - gin - ning,  
pres-ent brief es - tate; Could we see it in the light of heav'n's to - mor - row,  
reach yon heav'nly gate; And tho' oft a - long the way I weep and won-der,



It is say - ing to my spir - it, On - ly wait.  
God is faith-ful, God is work - ing, on - ly wait.  
Tho' it tar - ry, it is com - ing, on - ly wait. On - ly wait; again I hear that  
And I whis - per to my spir - it, On - ly wait.  
Oh, how eas - y it would be for us to wait.  
Still I hear that heav'nly whisper, On - ly wait.



whis - per, On - ly wait, 'twill not be ver - y long; E - ven now the



# Only Wait.

*rit.*  
Fa-ther's hand is lead-ing, Soon with Je-sus we will sing the vic-tor's song.

## No. 63. God Will Take Care of Me.

M. H. C.

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Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Tho' clouds o'er-hang the way, And dark my path may be,  
2. Tho' bil-lows may dash high On life's tem-pes-tuous sea,  
3. In sea-sons of dis-tress, When earth-ly com-forts flee,  
4. And when at last I stand Be-side death's chill-y sea,

This is my song, both night and day,—God will take care of me.  
I know my Lord is ev-er nigh, He will take care of me.  
He waits the wear-y soul to bless, He will take care of me.  
He'll bear me safe to heav-en's land, He will take care of me.

### CHORUS.

God will take care of me, . . . . . What-e'er my lot may be; . . . . .  
of me, may be;

Thro' ev-'ry day, and all the way, He will take care of me.

No. 64.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 65.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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

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

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

*rit.*

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



No. 66.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



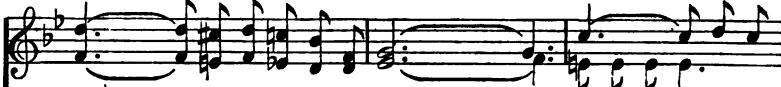
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will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



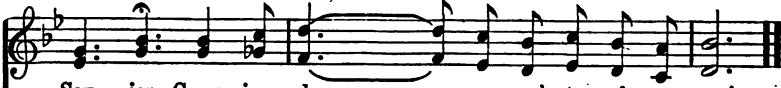
CHORUS.



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!



No. 67.

The Better I Love Him.

*Dedicated to Rev. Jno. T. Hickman.*

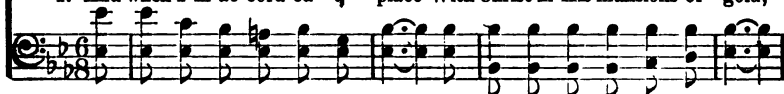
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M. H. C.

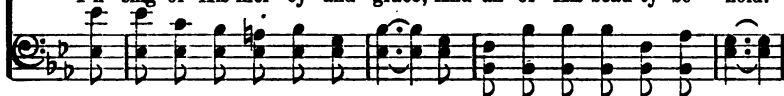
Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



1. I have such a dear, lov-ing Friend, No oth - er can with Him com-pare;
2. My needs He doth dai - ly sup - ply, No mat - ter how great they may be;
3. His pres-ence dis-pels ev - 'ry fear, And brightens my path-way be - low;
4. And when I'm ac-cord-ed a place With Christ in His mansions of gold,



Up - on Him for strength I de - pend, I bring ev - 'ry bur - den and care.  
 His rich - es in glo - ry on high, Are boundless, exhaustless, and free.  
 His Spir - it, to com - fort and cheer, Is with me wher - ev - er I go.  
 I'll sing of His mer - cy and grace, And all of His beau - ty be - hold.



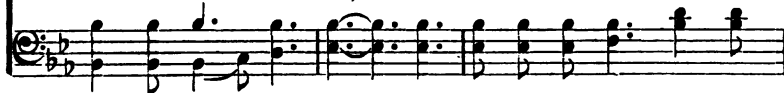
CHORUS.



The more I am with Him, the bet - ter I love Him, He's



all the world to me; I'll serve Him for - ev - er with



ear - nest en - deav - or, Like Je - sus I long to be.....



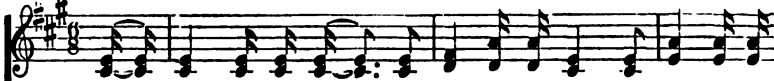
No. 68.

I Want to Go There.



Rev. D. S.

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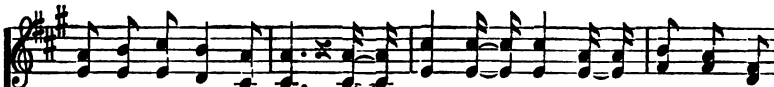
Rev. D. Sullins.





1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go  
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go  
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be  
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be

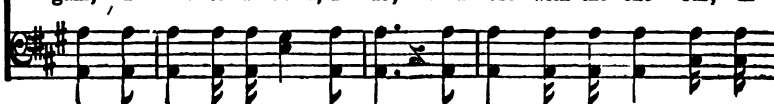
there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I  
there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I  
there, I do; With heads all un - cov-ered to greet the old ship, I  
there, I do; With shout-ing and clap-ping till all heav-en rings, I

want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-pare us a  
want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there none ev - er  
want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's company meet on the  
want to be there, don't you? Hal-le - lu-jah! we'll shout a - gain and a -

home, I want to go there, I do; Where sick - ness nor sor - row nor  
die, I want to go there, I do; Where loved ones will nev - er a -  
strand, I want to be there, I do; "With songs on our lips and with  
gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the cho - rus, A -



# I Want to Go There.

REFRAIN.

death ev - er come, I want to go there, don't you? 1-2. I want to go there,  
 gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?  
 harps in our hands," I want to be there, don't you? 3-4. I want to be there,  
 men, and A - men, I want to be there, don't you?

I want to go there, I want to go there, I do; want to go there, don't you?  
 I want to be there, I ex-pect to be there, I do; pect to be there, don't you?

## No. 69.

## Purer Yet, Purer.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Pur-er yet, pur-er, I would be, More like the Christ who died for me;  
 2. Nearer yet, near-er to Thy side, Draw me, O God, what-e'er be - tide;  
 3. Deeper yet, deeper, I would go, In-to the crim-son, cleans - ing flow;  
 4. Higher yet, high-er, I would climb, Up-on the mountain height sub - lime;

Patient and lov-ing, gen-tle and true, Liv-ing like Him in all that I do.  
 Moment by moment o'er all the way, Guide me and keep me, Father, I pray.  
 Wash me and make me whiter than snow, Till all Thy fulness, Lord, I shall know.  
 In the clear sunlight's ra-di-ant rays, Lost in Thy godaess, filled with Thy praise.

No. 70.

God Will Take Care of You.

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

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.  
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W. S. Martin.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 71.

Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

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

W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing, Wan-der-ers  
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are  
 3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing

on the mount-ain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His  
 weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in  
 Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and

mes-sage re-peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.  
 ways of sal-va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.  
 rais-ing the fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

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

Bring-ing the wan-d'r'er back a-gain, back a-gain }  
 Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners (Omit.) } slain, for sin-ners slain.  
 wan-d'r'er back a-gain..... }  
 Lamb..... for sin-ners (Omit.) } slain. . . . .

No. 72.

My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.



1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the



calls those happy days of long a - go;      When I stood at mother's knee,  
 Jo - seph and of Dan - iel and their trials;      Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,  
 suf-fered, bled and died up - on the tree;      Of His heav-y load of care,—  
 dear old Book each day has been my guide;      And I seek to do His will,



With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.  
 Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his man-y wicked wiles.  
 Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.  
 As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed Book,      pre-cious Book,      On thy dear old tear-stained  
 Blessed Book,      precious Book.



## My Mother's Bible.

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day, As I

walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

No. 73.

## It Reaches Me.

Mary D. James.

FROM "THE GARNER," USED BY PERMISSION.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
2. How a - maz - ing God's com - pas - sion That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro - claim,

FINE.

Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!  
 This stu - pen - dous bliss of Heav - en, This un - meas - ured wealth of love!  
 I will tell the bless - ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!

D.S.—*Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!*

CHORUS.

D.S.

It reach - es me! it reach - es me! Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!



# No. 74. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

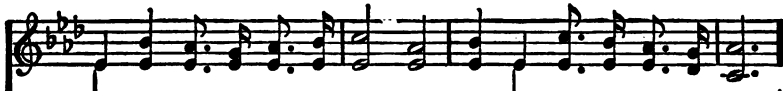
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

W. H. Doane.



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



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



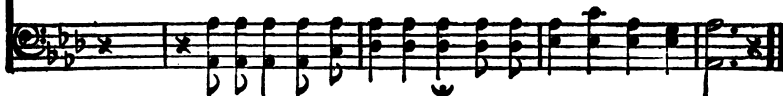
## CHORUS.



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



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



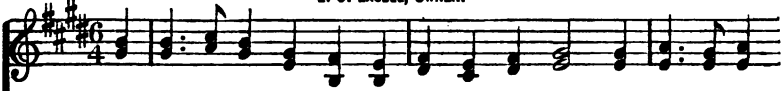
No. 75.

Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,  
soul, there is 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

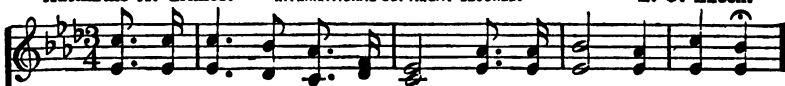


# No. 76. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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



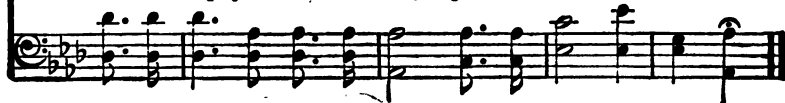
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:  
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:  
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:  
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



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.



# No. 77. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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E. O. ENGELL, 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 toll-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

SS FINE. CHORUS.

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

D. S.

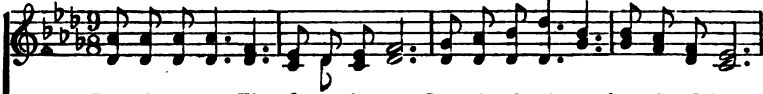
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,  
 on mine!

# No. 78. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



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



## CHORUS.



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



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



No. 79.

There is Gladness in My Soul.

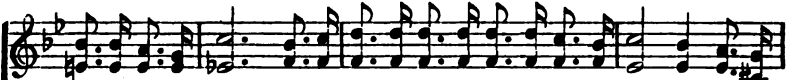
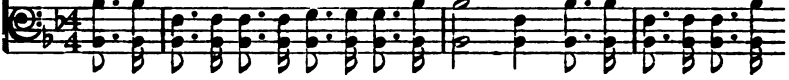
Dedicated to the Union Mission, Charleston, W. Va.  
 COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY PAT. S. WITHROW, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



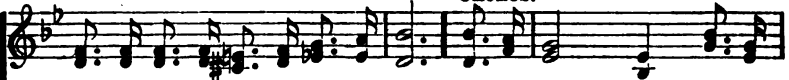
1. O, my heart is full of mu-sic and of glad-ness, Since the Savior came in-
2. When I wandered far away from Him, He sought me; Oft I felt His bless-ed
3. He has bro-ken ev-'ry bondage, chain, and fet-ter, From the pow-er of the
4. I am praying now that others lost may know Him, That they, too, may feel sal-



to my soul to dwell; He has banished all my sorrow and my sadness, And so Spirit strive within; Now unto the cleansing fountain He has brought me, And His en-e-my I'm free; And each day I want to love and serve Him better; More and va-tion's wondrous joy; All I am or ev - er hope to be I owe Him; In His



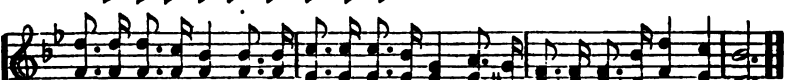
CHORUS.



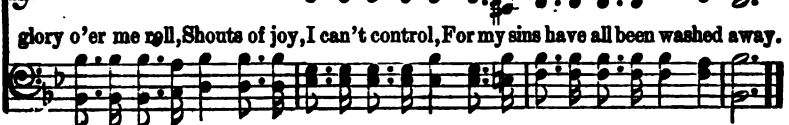
sweetly tells me now that all is well. There is glad - ness, There is precious blood has washed away my sin. more like Christ my Lord I long to be. ser - vice all my time I shall em-ploy. There is gladness,



glad - ness, There is gladness in my soul to - day; Waves of There is gladness, Hal - le - lu - jah!



glory o'er me roll, Shouts of joy, I can't control, For my sins have all been washed away.



# No. 80. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

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

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

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!  
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

No. 81.

Rock of Ages.

Tune:—"JUANITA."

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

A. M. Toplady.

Arr. by M. Homer Cummings.

1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me  
 2. Could my tears, Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my  
 3. While I draw, While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my

hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
 zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a - tone;  
 eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known,

From Thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure,  
 Thou must save, and Thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring;  
 And be-hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

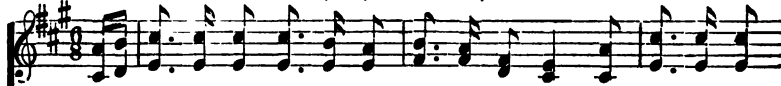
*f Slower.* *CHORUS. mf a tempo.*  
 Save me from its pow'r,  
 To Thy cross I cling. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges,  
 Let me hide in Thee.

*Tenderly. rit.*  
 cleft for me, Let me hide, Let me hide in Thee.



# No. 82. Where We'll Never Grow Old.

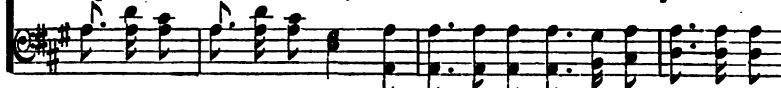
Rev. W. W. Baily. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY I. N. McHOSE.  
 I. N. McHose. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.



1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. A man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je - sus that
3. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
4. In life's wea - ry conflicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray



King and His in - fi-nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm  
 man-sion has gone to prepare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-  
 die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones depart-ed, so si - lent and  
 deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is en-



*D. S.*—It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-

FINE



told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?  
 hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be  
 cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.  
 rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.



*tola.* To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*



new, it will nev - er de-cay; No night ev - er comes, it will al - ways be day;



No. 83.

My Burdens Rolled Away.

Mr. A. S.

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Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car-riod them for  
 2. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev-er  
 3. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hin-dered me for  
 4. I am sing-ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my

years, night and day; When I sought the blessed Lord, and I took Him at His word,  
 leave night or day; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the cross;  
 years, night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Jesus' face,  
 heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and sing

CHORUS.

Then at once all my burdens rolled a - way.  
 I was glad when my burdens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a -  
 And I knew that my burdens could not stay. Rolled a - way.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! all my burdens rolled a - way.

way, I am happy since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-  
 rolled a - way, since my burdens rolled a-way;

way, rolled a - way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled away.  
 Rolled a - way, rolled a - way,

No. 84.

The Old Rugged Cross.

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

G. B.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY GEO. BENNARD. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The emblem of  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won-drous  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross, I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross, where the dearest and best  
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,  
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,  
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.  
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged  
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.  
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the

cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rug-ged cross,

old rugged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

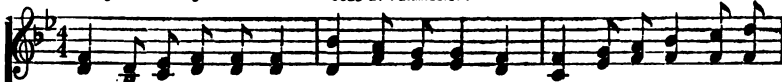
No. 85.

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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William H. Doane.



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



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



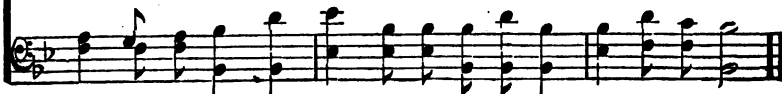
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.  
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,  
Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.



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



# No. 86.

# Somebody Needs You.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 87.

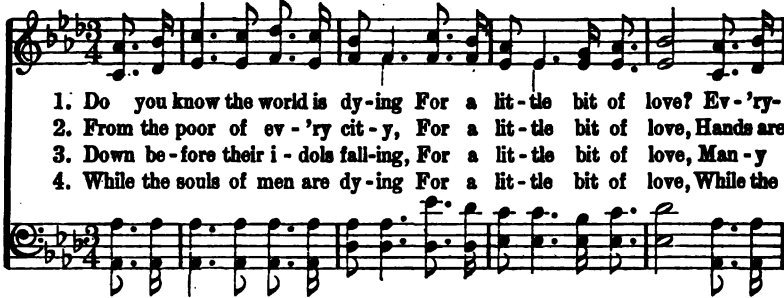
A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

E. O. E.

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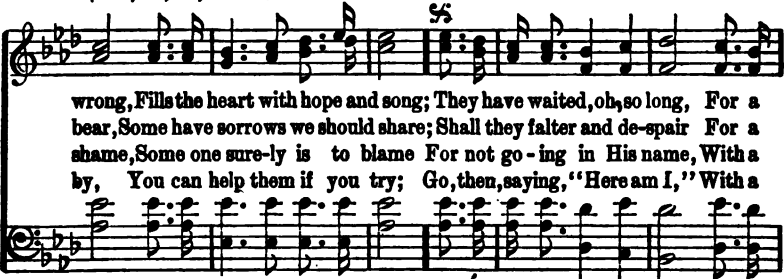
E. O. Excell.



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



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



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

FINE. REFRAIN.

*D. S. each verse.*



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

# No. 88. The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

F. M. G.

Used by per. of F. M. Graham.

F. M. GRAHAM.

1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n An old account was standing,  
My name was at the top, And ma-ny things below, But I went to the keep-er,  
2. The old account was large, And lar-ger ev - 'ry day, For I was always sin-ning,  
But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would settle,  
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand be - fore my King, And He the book will o-pen,  
Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Because I had it set-tled,  
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home a-bove, I'll sing redemption's story,  
I'll not for-get that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,  
5. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re - pent of all your sin, For thus He has commanded,  
And then if you should live, A hundred years be-low, Up there you'll not regret it,

CHORUS.

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; Long a - go,  
(Omit. .... ) And settled long a - go.  
And nev-er tried to pay;  
(Omit. .... ) And settled long a - go.  
And can not find a thing;  
(Omit. .... ) And settled long a - go.  
And praise Him for His love;  
(Omit. .... ) And settled long a - go.  
If you would en-ter in;  
(Omit. .... ) You settled long a - go. Down on my knees,

Long a - go, Yes, the old account was settled long a -  
I set - tled it all,

go; Hal - le - lu - jah! And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He

## THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.

washed my sins a-way, When the old ac-count was set-tled long a-go.

## No. 89. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. Mrs. C. H. Morris.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me  
Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the  
glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
an-chor is cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."  
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.  
Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.  
Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee.



# No. 90. THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. *Moderato.*

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose build-er and rul-er is God;  
 2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And noth-ing de-fil-ing nor mean;  
 3. No heart-aches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;  
 4. My loved ones are gather-ing yon-der, My friends are fast pass-ing away;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex-ile, he trod;  
 No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;  
 There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;  
 And soon I shall join their bright num-ber, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;  
 Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No temp-ter is there to an-noy;  
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;  
 They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

*Bit ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.  
 No part-ing words ev-er are spok-en, There's noth-ing to hurt and de-stroy.  
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.  
 They o-ver-came sin and the dev-il, They've reach-ed that fair cit-y at last.

**CHORUS. Slow.**

In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a man-sion, and harp, and a crown;

# THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

*Rit. ad lib.*

Now I am watching, waiting and longing For the white city that's soon coming down.

No. 91.

## Some Other Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Some oth-er day the morn will break, The night be ev-er gone;  
2. Some oth-er day, when skies are bright, The mists all cleared a-way,  
3. Some oth-er day He'll make it plain Why He hath willed it so,  
4. Some oth-er day, 'twill not be long, I'll lay my ar-mor down,

My rap-tured soul with joy shall wake To greet the gold-en dawn.  
My eyes shall see in heav-en's light The prob-lems of to-day.  
That loss should come in place of gain, And tears un-bid-den flow.  
And with the blood-washed an-gel throug Re-ceive a robe and crown.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know as I am known, Then I shall un-der-stand

Why treasures lost and pleasures flown Were by His wis-dom planned.

No. 92.

The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.  
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H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-gri-m a-  
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That brid-ges the  
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the

wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that  
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,  
hedg-es and fruit la-den vines—My fortune! my all for

*Slower, and sustained.*

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li-eth sul-len and chill."  
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."  
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

\* CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray tri-ar cowed in

li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span That

\*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

# The Wayside Cross.

CODA. pp. To be sung after last stanza.

bridges the waters so safe-ly for man. That bridg-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

No. 93.

## Remember Me.

Anon.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Joanna Kinkel.

1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempter's voi-ces call-ing,  
 When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,  
 All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

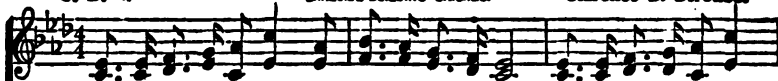
Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

# The New Glory Song.

C. B. S.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING CHICAGO.

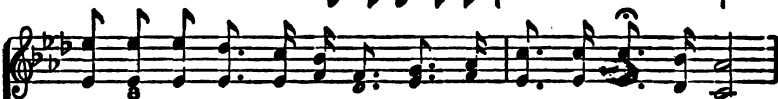
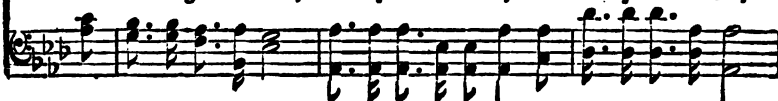
Clarence B. Strouse.



1. If you are discouraged In darkness or in doubt, If you are down-hearted,
2. Do you long for comfort This world has nev-er bro't? Do you car-ry bur-dens,
3. When ye're sorely tempted, Be-cause of some defeat, When you have forebodings,
4. When life's joys and sorrows, It's hopes and fears are o'er, When with these we're la-bored,



The Lord can bring you out, Don't give o'er the battle The vic-t'ry you can win,  
Your many sins have wro't? Take it all to Jesus; Your Friend He's always been,  
Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not worry, Thy faith will sure-ly win,  
We reach the golden shore, We'll rejoice for-ev-er, For vic-t'ry o-ver sin,



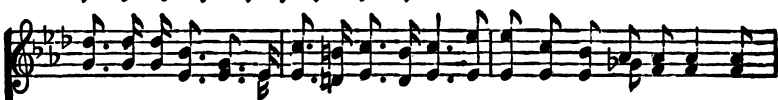
O - pen your heart to heav-en And the glo - ry will come in.



CHORUS.



O - pen your heart to heaven and the glo - ry will come in, O - pen your



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



## The New Glory Song.

save you from your sin, Open your heart to heaven and the glory will come in.

No. 95.

## Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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

W. S. Weedon.

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

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

*rit.*

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

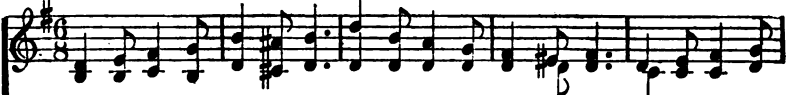
No. 96.

Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



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



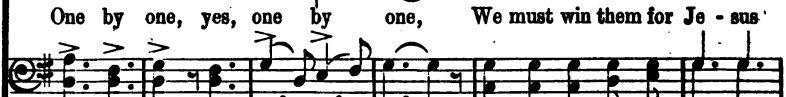
by-ways turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.  
wear-y, sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand.  
on-ly God to please, Pointing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.



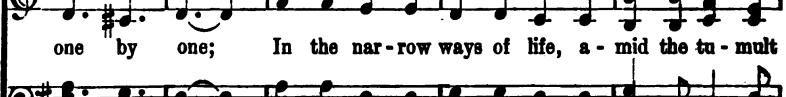
CHORUS.



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



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



## Win Them One By One.

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

No. 97.

## Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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



No. 98.

That Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. White.

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J. M. Hagan.

1. I have heard of a land On a far - a - way strand, In the Bi - ble the  
2. There are ever-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is  
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose

sto - ry is told, Where no cares ev - er come, Neither dark-ness nor gloom,  
bright-er than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands,  
joys are un - told; There the ransomed will sing Round the throne of their King,

CHORUS.

And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old. In that beau-ti-ful land, On the

far - a - way strand, There a-waits us a robe and a crown; In that

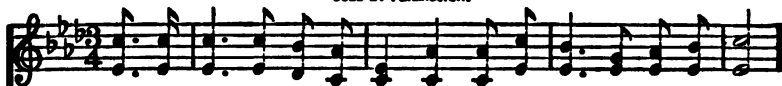
cit-y, we're told, the streets are pure gold, And the sunlight shall never go down.

# No. 99. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL  
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.



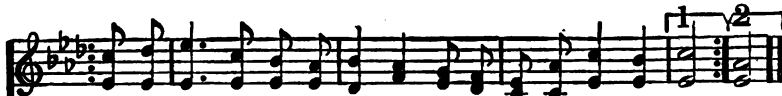
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheer each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!



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



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



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



No. 100

# Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Outman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

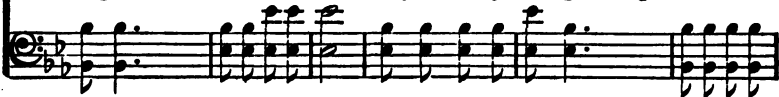
E. O. Excell.



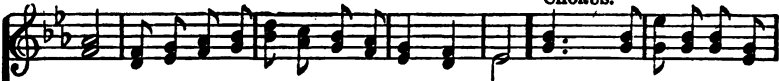
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



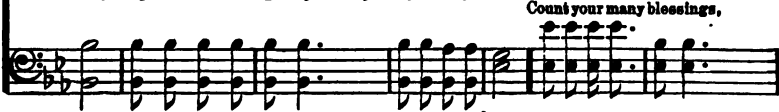
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by  
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will  
 promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not  
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings,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



### CHORUS.



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

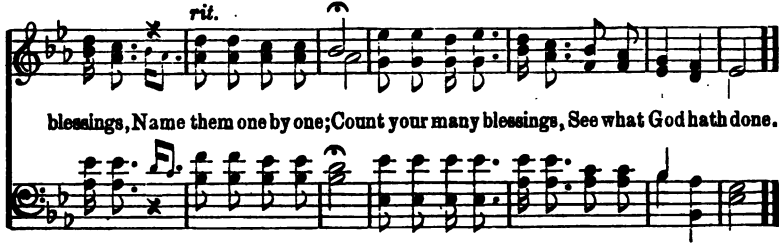


one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your  
 Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many



## Count Your Blessings.

*rit.*



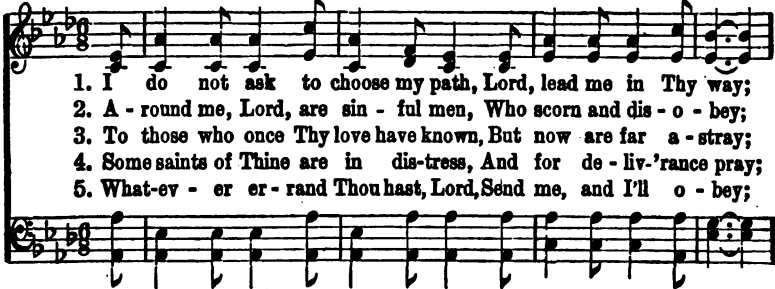
blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

## No. 101.      Make Me a Blessing To-day.

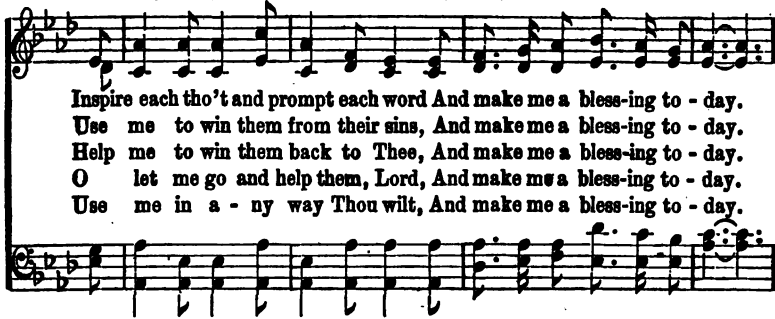
Rev. J. H. Zelle.

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H. L. Gilmour.

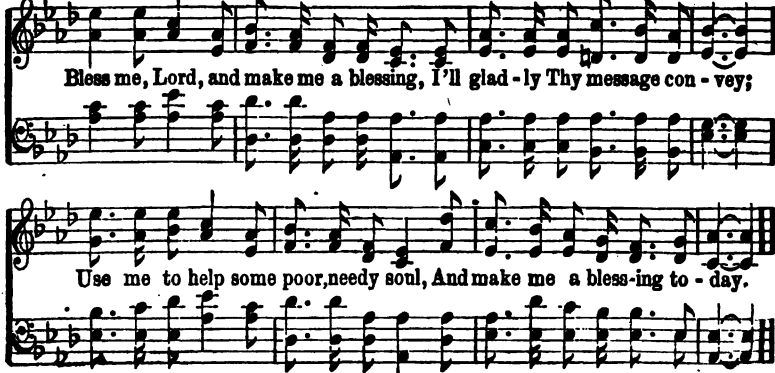


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv-'rance pray;
5. What-ev - er er - rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;



Inspire each tho't and prompt each word And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 Use me in a - ny way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad - ly Thy message con - vey;

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

No. 102.

Shout! Shout! Shout!

Tune:—"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

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Rev. J. W. Dawson.

Geo. F. Root.

*In march time.*

1. Once my soul was dark as night, There was not a ray of light, Poor, be-  
 2. Since His pres-ence now has come, I am on my jour-ney home, Not a  
 3. As I think of Christ my King, And His precious prais-es sing, Of the

night-ed, on my jour-ney to the tomb; Till I heard my Sav-ior say,  
 doubt nor fear can in my soul a-rise; He is walk-ing by my side,  
 day in which from sin He set me free; How it thrills my soul with song,

"Yield to Me with-out de-lay," I surrendered and my Lord dispersed the gloom.  
 And by faith I shall a-bide In His keeping till I reach the vaulted skies.  
 As I tread my way a-long To the glo-ry land where Je-sus' face I'll see.

CHORUS. *With accent.*

Shout, shout, shout the glad ho-san-nas! Sing the prais-es of the

King; of the King; Sound the ech-oes far and wide, Till we

## Shout! Shout! Shout!

reach the oth - er side, With His sa - cred praise we'll make the heavens ring.

No. 103.

## Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

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

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,  
I on earth be - side Thee! Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 104.

More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

## More Like the Master.

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

## No. 105. I Would Not Be Denied.

-C. P. J.

C. P. Jones.

1. When pangs of death seiz'd on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,  
 2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,  
 3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.  
 And in - stant with a cour-age bold, I stood up - on His word.  
 But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,  
 de - nied, de - nied, de - nied.

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.  
 de - nied.



No. 106

Meet Mother in the Skies.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

USED BY PER.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

## Meet Mother in the Skies.

heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

## No. 107. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

John Hogarth Lozler.  
SOLO OR CHORUS.

1. I am on a shin-ing path-way, A-down life's short-'ning years,  
2. My soul hath had its con-flicts With might-y hosts of sin;  
3. I am com-ing near the cit-y My Sav-ior's hands have piled,

And my heart hath known its sor-rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;  
With dead-ly foes with-out me, And dead-lier foes with-in;  
And I know my Fa-ther's wait-ing To wel-come home His child;

*cres.*  
But I saw those shad-ows flee, And the shin-ing light I see,  
But I saw those le-gions flee, And my soul found vic-to-ry,  
For un-wor-thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

*p*  
While I'm trust-ing in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.  
When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.  
For He is the King of Glo-ry—The Man of Gal-i-lee!

No. 108.

When I Get Home.

J. M. Humphrey.  
DUET.

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Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



1. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And wor - ship at His feet,
2. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And see His smil-ing face,
3. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And see my star-ry crown,
4. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And view the mar-tyr's fame,



I'll praise Him for each storm-y gale That on my soul did beat.  
I'll praise Him for the chas-t'ning rod That helped me win the race.  
I'll praise Him for each tri - al here, And ev - 'ry jeer and frown.  
I'll see 'twas but a tri - fle here To die for Je - sus' name.



CHORUS.



I'll praise Him, yes, I'll praise Him For all He sent to me,



And sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 109.

# I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

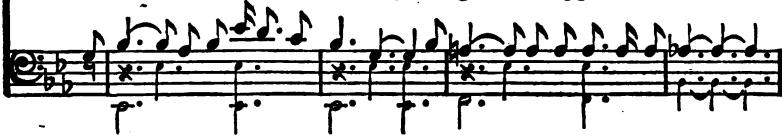
E. O. Excell.



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



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



## CHORUS.



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



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

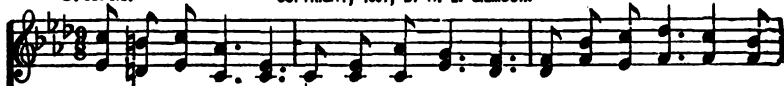


# No. 110. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY M. L. GILMOUR.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



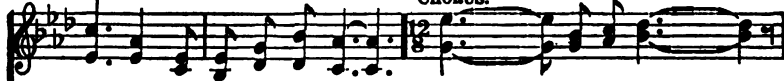
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je - sus hath spok - en, Tem-ples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has par-don'd sure - ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Show-ers of mer - cy, ful - ness of bless - ing, Ev - er the Spir - it's in -
4. Wea - ry of wan-d'ring, come in - to Ca - naan, Feast on the ful-ness and



Spir - it di - vine; Have ye re - ceived Him, bid - den Him en - ter, Make His a -  
na - ture re - fine; Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir - it will en - ter, Fill you and  
dwell - ing at - tend; 'Tis the en - due - ment, pow - er for serv - ice, Fruits for your  
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sun - shine, Led by His



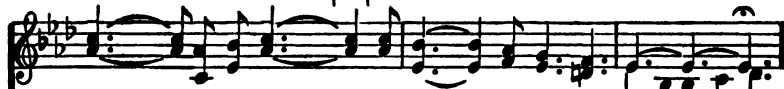
## CHORUS.



bode in that poor heart of thine?  
thrill you with pow - er di - vine.  
la - bor He sure - ly will send.  
Spir - it and kept by His hand.

Have . . . . ye re - ceived, . . . .

Have ye re - ceived, have ye re - ceived,



since . . . ye be - lieved, . . . the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost? . . . .  
since ye believed, since ye believed, the blessed, blessed Ho - ly, bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?



He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Ho - ly Ghost?  
received



# No. 111.

# How the Fire Fell.

Rev. J. Outman, Jr.

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Miriam E. Outman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord  
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord  
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord  
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc-ti-fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,  
sanc-ti-fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,  
sanc-ti-fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,  
sanc-ti-fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

### CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me. O I nev - er can for - get how the

fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

nev - er can for - get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.

# No. 112. He Tenderly Looked at Me.

F. F. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. F. DAWDY.  
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

F. F. Dawdy.

SOLO.

1. When Je - sus a - lone was stand - ing, By all His friends for - got,  
2. When drift - ing a - way in dark - ness, Lost in the black - est night,  
3. They took my bless - ed Sav - ior Out to the moun - tain side,

And Pe - ter, near by, de - ny - ing, Say - ing, "I know Him not,"  
Out on the sea of sor - row, Far from the Bless - ed Light,  
And nailed Him there to the cross - tree, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fled.

'Twas then he saw the Sav - ior Look at him ten - der - ly;  
I heard a sweet voice call - ing, Call - ing from o'er the sea,  
And when I saw my Sav - ior, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry,

And then, re - mem - b'ring the say - ing, Went and wept bit - ter - ly.  
And then I saw my Sav - ior Ten - der - ly look at me.  
He drew me gra - cious - ly to Him, By His kind look at me.

CHORUS.

He ten - der - ly looked at me, He ten - der - ly looked at me,  
at me, at me,

# He Tenderly Looked at Me.

He drew me gra-cious-ly to Him, When He ten-der-ly looked at me.

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

No. 113.

## I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and  
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to  
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

all that would a-larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The  
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God, But  
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

The third system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.  
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,  
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the beginning of the chorus. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Be-cause He first loved me, And purchased my sal - va-tion On Calv'ry's tree.

The fifth system of musical notation, which is the end of the chorus. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



No. 114.

My Savior Cares.

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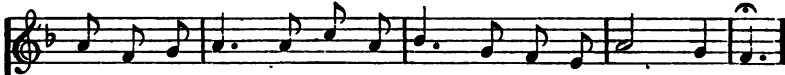
M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

DUET.



1. When cherished joys have ta-ken flight, And all that would my soul de-light
2. When clouds of troub-le dim the sky, And hid-den dan-gers near me lie,
3. He sees the spar-rows when they fall, And hears the ra-ven's plaintive call;
4. His love, far deep-er than the sea, In con-de-scen-sion reach-es me;



Are swept for - ev - er from my sight, I know my Sav - ior cares.  
 In my dis-tress for help I cry, I know my Sav - ior cares.  
 The Fa-ther-heart yearns o-ver all, I know my Sav - ior cares.  
 What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, I know my Sav - ior cares.



CHORUS.



Oh, yes, He cares, I know He cares, And ev - 'ry bur-den  
 He cares, He cares,




bears; Tho'storms may sweep, He'll ev-er keep, I know my Sav-ior cares.




Rev. E. A. FERGUSON, ATT.

ATT. by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Christ Je - sus went a building to pre - pare In heav'n's fair lands,  
 2. Look yon - der and a mansion you can see, All fair it stands,  
 3. I've nev - er been to heaven, but I'm told In those fair lands  
 4. The ho - ly an - gels, beau - ti - ful and bright, Dwell in those lands,  
 5. Some of my friends have journeyed on before, From earth's dark lands,  
 6. Some morning fair, some bright and golden day, When God commands,  
 In heav'n's fair lands,




And it will be decked with jew - els rare Not made with hands.  
 A beau - ti - ful home pre - pared for me Not made with hands.  
 The streets all are paved with shin - ing gold Not made with hands.  
 And soon we shall reach that home of light Not made with hands.  
 To dwell in that home for - ev - er - more Not made with hands.  
 I'll go to the home not far a - way Not made with hands.

## CHORUS.



I know, I know, I know In heav'n for me a man - sion stands,  
 I know, I know, I know



A home, A home, a home a home Not made.... with hands.

No. 116.

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

J. L. McDonald.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine - yard needs  
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a bro - ther's in need, His cries as - cend  
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of  
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to

work - men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast - ing for  
heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai - ment be  
warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may rea - cue from  
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has promised its

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter de - mands.  
suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sist - ance; O, dare to do right.  
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.  
pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.

CHORUS.

Oh, { why..... stand ye i - dle,..... Oh, why..... stand ye  
{ har - - vest is pass - ing,..... The har - - vest is  
Oh, { why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so  
{ har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way. The har - vest is pass - ing, is

## Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

*i - dle,..... Oh, why..... stand ye i - dle,.....*  
*pass - ing,..... The har - - - vest is pass - ing,.....*  
*i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day,*  
*pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way,*

*i - - - dle all day?..... The pass - - - ing a - way.*  
*i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The pass - ing a - way, passing a - way.*

No. 117.

## No Dying There.

F. A. B.

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E. C. EXCELL, OWNER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i - ty,  
 2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blest domain  
 3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright e - ter - nal day,  
 D. S. — *In that fair, heav'nly land,*

**FINE. REFRAIN.** D.S.  
*No dy - ing there. No dy - ing there,..... No dying there;.....*  
*No dy - ing there. No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there;*

No. 118.

He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



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



## No. 119.

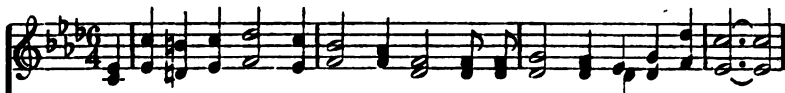
## Where Is My Girl Tonight?

(Companion to "Where Is My Boy?")



COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C.


Rev. M. Homer Cummings.




1. O where is my wand'ring girl to-night, Who was once so spotless and fair,  
 2. O where is my wand'ring girl to-night? In the drear-y halls of de - spair;  
 3. O where is my wand'ring girl to-night? She is lost to loved ones and home;  
 4. Go, search for my wand'ring girl to-night; Save her soul from ev-er-y snare;


With her vel-vet-y cheek and eyes so bright, The sunshine of gold in her hair?  
 She is drifting a - far from paths of right, A-way from my tend'rest care.  
 On-ly Je-sus Himself can wash her white, And bid the poor prod-i-gal come.  
 O re - store her to me, with all her blight, The child of my love and prayer.



## CHORUS.



O where, O where is my wan-d'ring girl? Far, far from the gates of pearl;




*rit.*  
 My heart's sad refrain, re-store her a-gain, God pit-y the wand'ring girl.



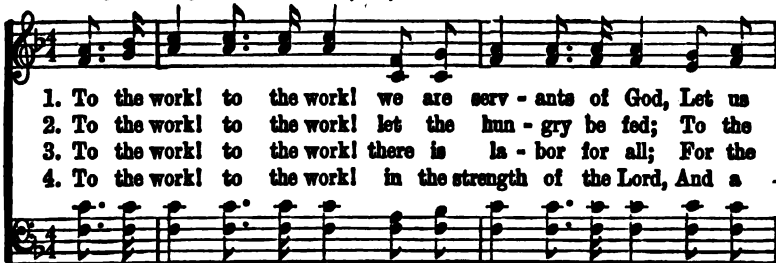
No. 120.

To the Work.

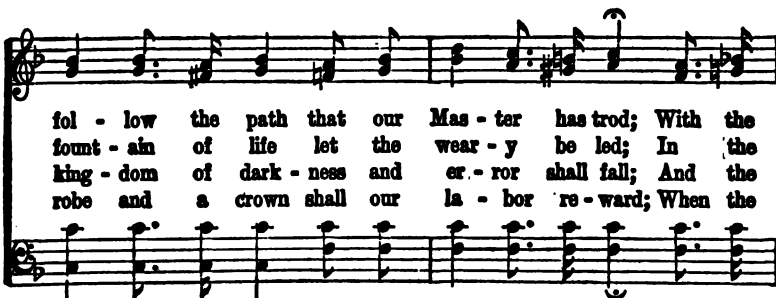
Fanny J. Crosby,

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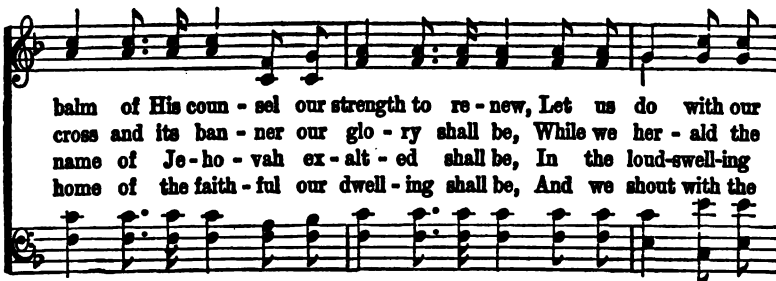
W. H. Doane.



1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us  
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the  
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the  
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

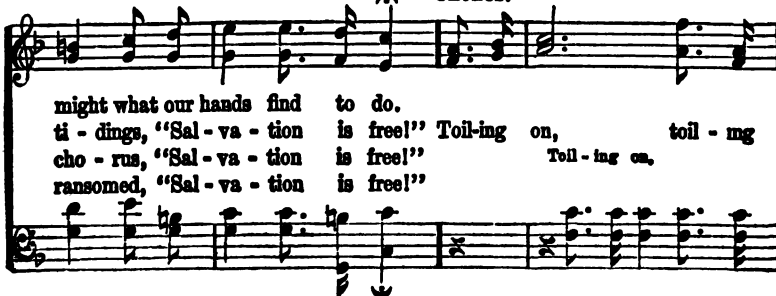


fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the  
 fount - ain of life let the wear - y be led; In the  
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the  
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the



balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our  
 cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - aid the  
 name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swell - ing  
 home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the

CHORUS.



might what our hands find to do.  
 ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing  
 cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toll - ing on,  
 ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

## To the Work.

on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; Let us  
 toil-ing on. Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;

hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.  
 and trust. and pray,

No. 121.

## Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

BY PERMISSION.

Stas 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 prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

**FINE.**

*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.

**REFRAIN.** *D. S.*

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;



# No. 122. Forward, Brothers, Forward!

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Rev. Alfred Backus.  
*Vigorously.*

BACKUS & CUMMINGS, OWNERS. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! Tri - um-phant-ly sing; To the might-y  
 2. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! We shall sure - ly win, In the right-eous  
 3. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! Nev - er say, "Re-treat!" For the Lord gives  
 4. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! Tread the paths of right; Ev - er press-ing

con - flict For the Lord our King; Let us no - bly fol - low Christ, our  
 strug- gle 'Gainst the hosts of sin. We can fight and tri-umph With the  
 pow - er, From His mer-cy-seat. Do not ev - er weak-en In temp-  
 on-ward In - to joy and light. They who win the vic - t'ry Shall for-

roy - al Head, Con - fi - dent of con - quest, Thus di - vine - ly led.  
 Spir - it's sword; Let us press the bat - tle, Trust - ing in His Word.  
 ta - tion's hour; Know the Lord will aid you, As ye ask by prayer.  
 ev - er be Ra - di - ant with glo - ry Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

## CHORUS.

Forward, brothers, forward! With a courage true, Be ye loy-al sol-diers,

Ev - er dare and do; Faith-ful in His serv - ice,  
 Ev - er dare and do;

## Forward, Brothers, Forward!

For Him bravely stand, With the gos-pel ar - mor And the sword in hand.

No. 123.

## The Old-Time Power.

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. On the day of Pen - te - cost, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. To Cor - ne - li - us and friends, Pe - ter preached the mighty Word,
3. When the hands of Paul were laid On the twelve who did be - lieve,
4. At the throne of grace we bow, On the al - tar all we lay;

Wait - ing for the Ho - ly Ghost, Who was prom - ised by the Lord.  
 Tell - ing of the pow'r God sends, And their hearts were strangely stirred.  
 In the name of Christ he prayed That the bless - ing they'd re - ceive.  
 Send the old - time pow - er now, And bap - tize our souls to - day.

### CHORUS.

- 1-3. Then the fire from Heav'n de - scend - ed, With pu - ri - fy - ing flame;
4. Let the fire de - scend from Heav - en, With pu - ri - fy - ing flame;

All their doubts and fears were end - ed, When the old-time pow - er came.  
 We be - lieve the prom - ise giv - en, Glo - ry, glo - ry to Thy name!

# No. 124. Just a Little Help From You.

*Dedicated to Rev. P. Y. Debolt.*  
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C., arr.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. If you have a word of cheer That may light the path-way drear  
 2. If your heart con-tains a tho't That will bright-er make his lot,  
 3. Life is hard e-nough at best, But the love that is ex-pressed  
 4. Wait not till your friend is dead Ere your com-pli-ments are said,

Of a broth-er pil-grim here, Go and let him know to-day;  
 Then in mer-cy hide it not; Let it trav-el down the years,  
 Makes the wear-y jour-ney blest; And the troub-les that we share  
 For the spir-it then has fled; But un-to our broth-er here

For the things you have to say Will as-sist him a-long the way.  
 Soothing pain and dry-ing tears, Till in Heav-en the deed ap-pears.  
 Seem the eas-i-er to bear When we light-en our neighbor's care.  
 That poor praise is ver-y dear,—O with-hold not a word of cheer.

**CHORUS.**

Just a lit-tle help from you, Just a lit-tle help from you

May some oth-er's faith re-new; Wondrous things the Lord can do

## Just a Little Help From You.

In the world you're passing thro', By a lit - tle help from you.

No. 125.

## Old Time Power.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2: 4.

C. D. T.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.  
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.  
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.

## All the Way.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1920, by M. Homer Cummings,

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. I can hear the voice of Je - sus, He is call - ing me to - day, "Take  
2. Tho' I meet with griefs and tri - als, Tho' temp - ta - tions fierce as - sail, I  
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the gar - den Where sin's pow - ers would ap - pall, The  
4. Tho' He bid me bear the mes - sage Of sal - va - tion o'er the sea, To

up thy cross and fol - low me;" All for Him I have for - sak - en, His com -  
know no e - vil will be - tide; For I have His pre - cious prom - ise, "They shall  
gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne; Tho' He need me for a wit - ness In the  
heath - en lands in dark - est night; I will tell them of the Sav - iour, Of His

## CHORUS.

mand I will o - bey, No mat - ter what the cost may be.  
not o'er thee pre - vail, While I am walk - ing by Thy side." I will go all the  
scornful judgment hall, I pray that I may faith - ful be.  
love so full and free, I'll point them to the gos - pel light.

way, I will go all the way With the blessed Christ of Cal - va - ry; I will

go all the way, I will go all the way, For He went all the way for me.

No. 127.

March Steadily On.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.  
P. W. ARBOGAST, OWNER.

Jennie Wilson.

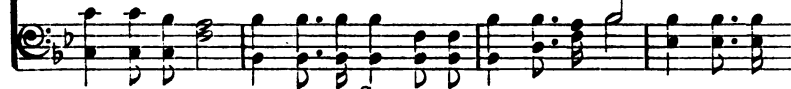
P. W. Arbogast.



1. March-ing a-long, sol-diers, has-ten a-way, Fear not the foe drawn in  
2. While you are marching a - way to the field, Pray for the courage that  
3. March-ing a-long, com-rades, keep in your sight Cal - va - ry's beau-ti - ful



bat - tle ar - ray; You are the sol-diers of heaven's great King, Who will sure  
nev - er will yield; Then when you bravely en-gage in the fight, O - ver-come  
ban - ner of light, Sing-ing the praise of your Leader's great love, Which will re-



CHORUS.



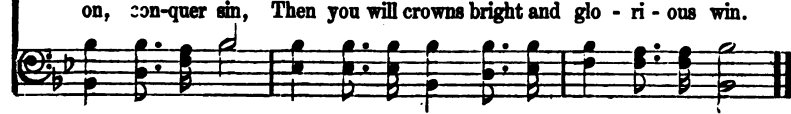
vic - to - ry un - to you bring. March stead-i-ly on in the King's ho-ly name,  
wrong by the pow-er of right.  
ward all the faith-ful a - bove. March-ing on - ward in His name,



March stead-i-ly on till the triumph you claim; March, forward march, bravely  
March-ing on - ward, tri - umph claim;



on, con-quer sin, Then you will crowns bright and glo - ri - ous win.



No. 128.

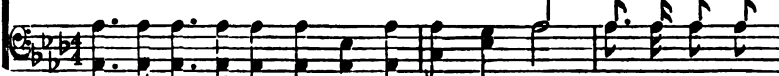
Never Mind Reverses.

Rev. Elsha A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

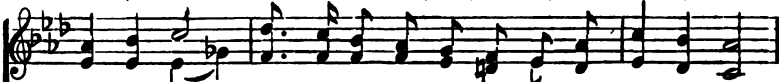
William J. Ramsey.



1. Nev - er mind re-vers - es When they come to you; Up with daunt-less
2. Nev - er mind re-vers - es! Fret not o'er de - feat! From the field of
3. Nev - er mind re-vers - es! Yield no place to doubt! You may be de-
4. Nev - er mind re-vers - es! Why dis-heart-ened be? Great dis-plays of



cour-age and the fight re-new; It is al-ways dark-est just be-  
con-flict you must not re-treat! God is pledged to help you, then cour-  
feat-ed, but our God is not! In His name go for-ward and the  
pow-er soon your eyes shall see! For the Lord Je - ho - vah, from the



fore the day; Wait the Lord's arrangement, Right will have its way.  
a - geous be, You will soon be sing-ing songs of vic - to - ry.  
fight re - new, And the Lord Je - ho - vah won-drous things will do.  
great White Throne, Will to all the na-tions make His glo - ry known.



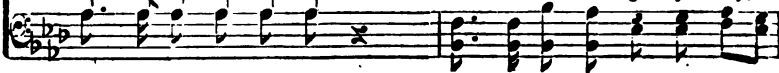
CHORUS.



Nev-er mind re-vers-es! Put your fears a - way!  
Put your fears a - way!  
Put your fears a - way!



Buck - le on the ar - mor for an - oth - er fray!.....  
for an - oth - er might - y fray!



## Never Mind Reverses.

God will with the mor-row prom-ised help dis-play,

With His wise di-rect-ing Right will win the day.

### No. 129.

### Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.  
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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,*

D. C. for Chorus.

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.*



No. 130.

Show Your Colors.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

B. D. Ackley.



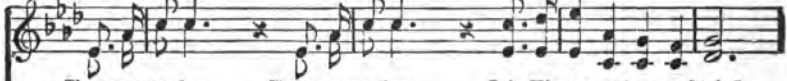
1. Make a forward move for the Lord to-day, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
2. Take your stand for right in the battle's van, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
3. Soon the light will come, soon the darkness fade, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
4. Make a forward move, Jesus loves you so, Come o-ver on the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



'Tis the King's command, dare you dis-o-bey? Come o-ver on the oth-er side.  
 It will try the steel of the bravest man, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.  
 They will find no hope who have then delayed, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.  
 There is joy and peace that your soul should know, Come over on the other side.



CHORUS.



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



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



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



## Show Your Colors.

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

### No. 131. 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.

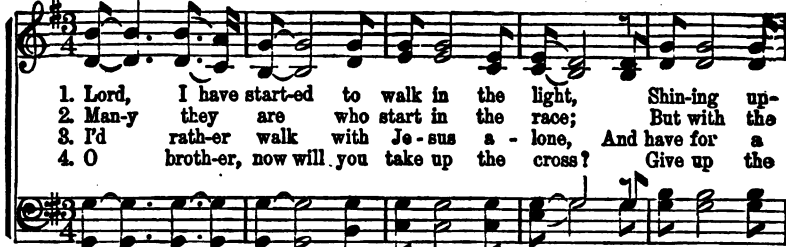
For as high . . . as is the Heav-en Far a - bove . . . the earth be-low,  
For as high as is the Heav-en Far a-bove the earth be-low,

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

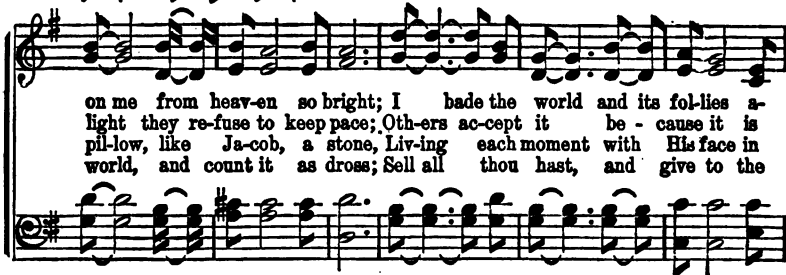
# No. 132. I'M GOING THROUGH, JESUS.

As sung by W. B. YATES.

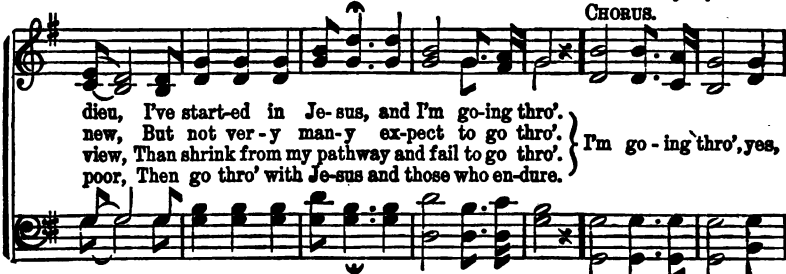
Herbert Buffum



1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light, Shin-ing up-  
 2. Man-y they are who start in the race; But with the  
 3. I'd rath-er walk with Je-sus a - lone, And have for a  
 4. O broth-er, now will you take up the cross? Give up the

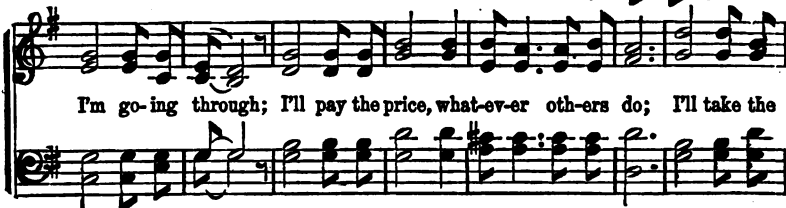


on me from heav-en so bright; I bade the world and its fol-lies a-  
 light they re-fuse to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be - cause it is  
 pil-low, like Ja-cob, a stone, Liv-ing each moment with His face in  
 world, and count it as dross; Sell all thou hast, and give to the

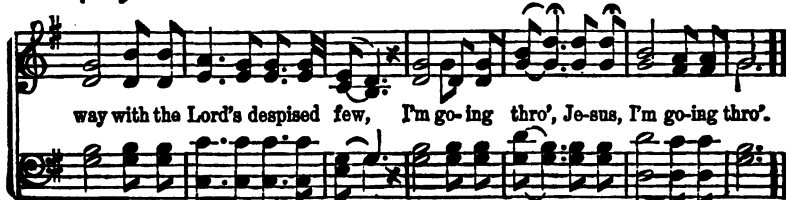


CHORUS.

di-en, I've start-ed in Je-sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.  
 new, But not ver-y man-y ex-pect to go thro'. } I'm go-ing thro', yes,  
 view, Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go thro'.  
 poor, Then go thro' with Je-sus and those who en-dure.



I'm go-ing through; I'll pay the price, what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the



way with the Lord's despised few, I'm go-ing thro', Je-sus, I'm go-ing thro'.

# Children's Songs.

No. 133.

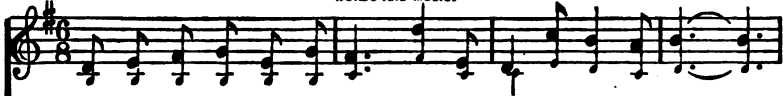
## I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
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. 134. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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,

No. 137.

Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in Heav'n Tells of His love in the  
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-  
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I

Book He has giv'n; Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;  
ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,  
see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

CHORUS.  
This is the dear-est—that Je-sus loves me.  
When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that  
"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me!"

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me; e-ven me.

No. 138.

Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:  
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

Cro.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:

God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.

Cro.—I am so glad, etc.

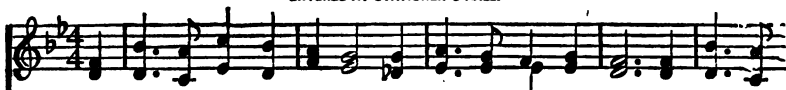
3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;  
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee.  
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.—Cro.

# No. 139. It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Werrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.  
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

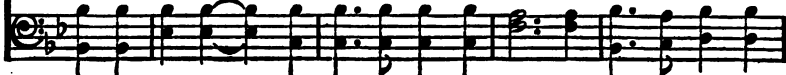
Clarence B. Strouse.



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



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



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



## CHORUS.



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



## It's Just Like His Great Love.

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

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

No. 140.

### Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

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

CHORUS.

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



No. 141.

The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;  
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;  
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;  
 And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ev - er. A - men.

No. 142. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luka.

Old Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was.  
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been

here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,  
 thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.

I should like to have been with them then.  
 "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

# Special Selections

## No. 143. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.  
For light, for life I must ap-pear 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.

No. 144.

He Knows It All.

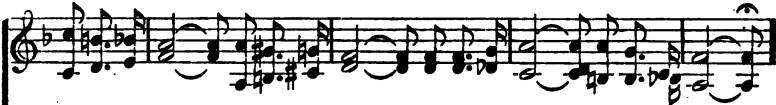
Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.



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



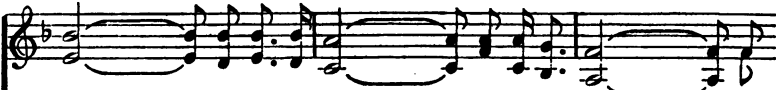
And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.  
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.  
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic-to-ry.



REFRAIN.



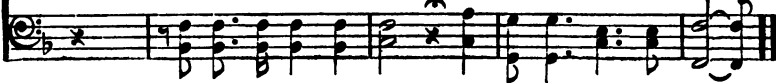
He knows it all, . . . He knows it all, . . . My Fa-ther  
He knows it all, He knows it all.



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



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



# No. 145.

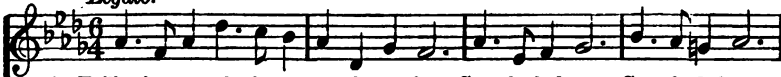
# Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

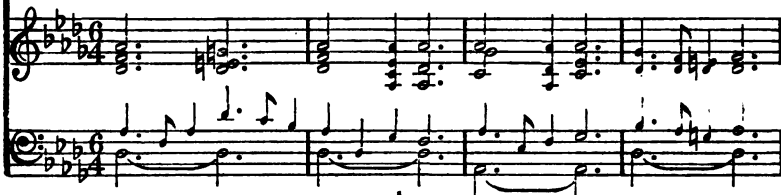
COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.  
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

*Legato.*



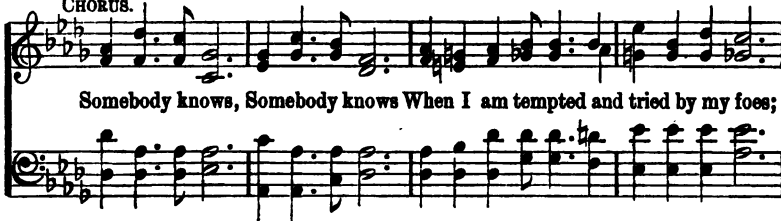
1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;



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



CHORUS.



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



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

No. 146.

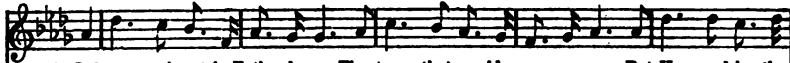
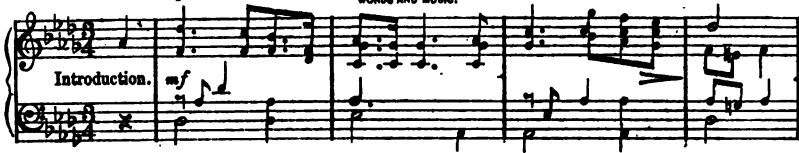
# My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*



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



*ad lib.*



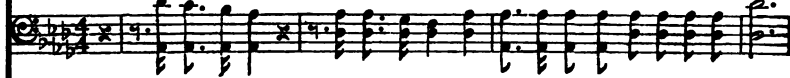
clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.  
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.  
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.  
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by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



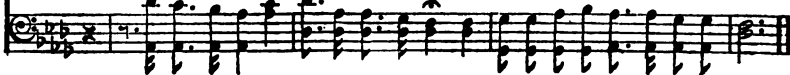
## REFRAIN.



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



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



No. 147.

# I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. MULLER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry but a night!  
 2. Of that Cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er is the Light;  
 3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing,— O my long-mg heart is there;  
 (1.) I can tar-ry but a night, I can tar-ry but a night!

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

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

Chorus.

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

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

# No. 148. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

Rev. Johnson Outman, Jr.

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E. O. Excell

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-  
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free; Tho' the way may be-called  
3. Man-y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the  
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-

main-eth In the home-land of the soul; Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a  
nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me; It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for  
mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown; On this road they fought their battles, Shouting  
light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home; When the storms of life are o-ver, And the

mo-ment to de-lay; I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fashioned way.  
Da-vid in his day; I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fashioned way.  
vic-t'ry day by day; I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.  
clouds have rolled a-way, I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

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

No. 149.

Over the Top for Jesus.

J. V. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY JAMES V. REID,  
OAKLAND CITY, IND.

Jas. V. Reid.

1. There's a bat-tle ra-ging o-ver the land and sea, True to Christ our Captain
2. There's a cry of sor-row rising from hearts oppressed, There's a world in sadness
3. When the pow'rs of earth before our Redeemer shall kneel; When the joy of tri-umph

we will be; Sa-tan's host is might-y, fight-ing for ru-in and sin,  
and un-rest; But the hope that thrills us, look-ing out in-to the night,  
we shall feel; Then with Christ who conquered, in-to the realms of the blest,

CHORUS.

But in this great conflict right is sure to win.  
Christ, the Lord of battles, leads us in the fight. { O-ver the top for Je-sus  
We shall march in vic-t'ry to e-ter-nal rest. { Never de-lay-ing when we

brave-ly we will go; O-ver the top for Je-sus, rout-ing ev-'ry foe;  
hear the bu-gle blow, (*Omit*.....)

We'll fight for right with all our might, As o-ver the top we go.



# No. 150. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'T is called "The sweet sto-ry of old;"  
 2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,  
 3. He a-rose, and as-cend-ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri-um-phant o'er death and hell;  
 4. Oh, that won-der-ful sto-ry I love to re-peat, Of peace and good-will to men;

I hear it so oft-en, wher-ev-er I go That same old sto-ry is told;  
 To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow-er of hell;  
 He's pre-par-ing a place in that cit-y of gold, Where loved ones for-ev-er may dwell:  
 There's no sto-ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a-gain and a-gain.

And I've tho't it was strange that so oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were new;  
 That He was despised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view;  
 Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,  
 He in-vites you to come—He will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage He send-eth to you,

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

# That Old, Old Story is True.

**REFRAIN.**

That old, old sto-ry is true, . . . . That old, old sto-ry is true; . . . .

But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto-ry is true.

## No. 151. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY A. H. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'n-ing shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thru' 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-pend.  
 Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.

Hos-tes! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 152.

A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my  
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,  
im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,  
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

# No. 153. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams, COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY CHARLIE D. TILMAN.  
S. G. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlie D. Tilman,

Introduction.

DUET or SOLO.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag-o-ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent-ed This one pe-ti-tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un-grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol-ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un-an-swered; Her feet were firm-ly plant-ed on the

years? Does faith be-gun to fall, is hope de-part-ing, And think you all in  
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask-ing, So ur-gent was your  
done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut-tered, And God will fin-ish  
Rock; A-mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the

vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa-ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-  
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will an-swer  
what He has be-gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo-ry you shall  
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-ni-p-o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be

*rit. ad lib.*

sire, some-time, some-where, You shall have your de-sire, some-time, some-where.  
you, some-time, some-where, The Lord will an-swer you, some-time, some-where.  
see, some-time, some-where, His glo-ry you shall see, some-time, some-where.  
done, some-time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some-time, some-where."

No. 154.

Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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

Samuel W. Beazley.

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

white, to the har-vest Let us be up and a-way! Ev-er the Mas-ter is  
read-y and wait-ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re-har-vest be end-ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i-dly

call-ing, Has-ten! the shad-ows are fall-ing; On to the har-vest-field, Gath-er the  
ply-ing, La-bor with cour-age un-dy-ing, Send up a word of cheer, Toll of the  
dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam-ing, Join ye the reap-ing band, Lead 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; Haste! haste!

one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will-ing hands Souls to win.

No. 155.

# How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

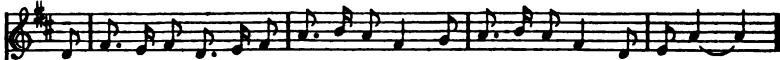
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction.



The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



The first line of the vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

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 de - 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! . .



The piano accompaniment for the first three lines of the song, consisting of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line with various ornaments and rests, while the left hand maintains a steady accompaniment.



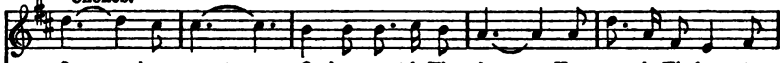
The second line of the vocal melody, continuing the melodic line from the first line.

When lone - ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to me! . . .  
When suf - f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to me! . . .  
When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to me! . . .



The piano accompaniment for the second and third lines of the song, consisting of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand provides harmonic support.

## CHORUS.

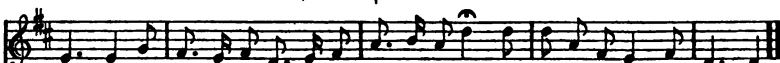


The first line of the chorus, featuring a simple, repetitive melodic line on a single staff.

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

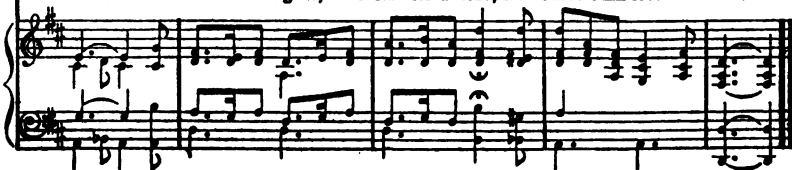


The piano accompaniment for the first line of the chorus, consisting of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand provides harmonic support.



The second line of the chorus, continuing the melodic line from the first line.

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



The piano accompaniment for the second line of the chorus, consisting of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand provides harmonic support.

No. 156.

His Burden Lifted Me.\*

"My burden is light."—MATT. 11: 30.  
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 B. H. SHADDUCK, OWNER.

B. H. S.

Rev. Burt H. Shadduck.

1. Once heav - y - la - den, lost in the night, Sink - ing be - neath sin's  
 2. Deep was life's sor - row, shal - low its mirth, I felt the might - y  
 3. Blind - ly I toiled for per - ish - ing gain, Bound like a slave with

fast - ened weight, With His dear bond - age Christ set me free, Gave  
 pull of earth; Christ changed the mag - net, loosed earth - ly things, His  
 sil - ver chains; Called to a king - dom, Christ, King of kings, Bears

CHORUS.

me a load that lift - ed me.  
 love - borne bur - den lift - ed me. Far down the world road, faint 'neath my  
 up His own on ea - gle wings.

sin - load I found Him and His cross for me; Care - free my heart sings;

Like might - y ea - gle wings His bless - ed bur - den lift - ed me.

\* There is a fable that when the world was young, the gods called on the animals to share their burdens. They were bound on the backs of only those creatures who would willingly bear them, and straightway became wings, and other creatures have envied the birds ever since.

No. 157.

Night and Home.

"When even was come He saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side."—MARK 4.

B. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. H. SHADDOCK.

Rev. Burt H. Shaddock.

DUET.

1. On - ly once an earth way-far-er, Just a while a bur-den bear-er, I  
 2. Voices call, I soon shall hear them; Fa-ces dear, and I am near them; These  
 3. Mighty saints have gone before me, An-gel ar-mies hov-er o'er me, God's

seek no borrowed glo - ry here:..... What to me earth's beauty fading,  
 eyes see naught e - ter - nal here;..... Just be-yond this veil of seeming,  
 cloud of wit-ness-es look down;..... I need not earth's trappings borrow,

Its vain pos-ing and pa-rad-ing? Night shadows fall and home is near.....  
 Faith can see the home lights beaming, At e-ven-tide they'll greet me there.....  
 I shall reign a king to-mor-row, I seek not here a paint-ed crown.....

CHORUS.

{ When the evening shades are falling, And I hear their voi-ces call - ing, And  
 { What to me earth's crowns or crosses, What are all its gains or loss - es, If

I shall lay my bur-den down,.....  
 I may hear Him [Omit. . . .] say, "Well done" ("well done")?



No. 158.

Alone.

"I have trodden the wine press alone \* \* I looked and there was none to help."—ISA. 48.

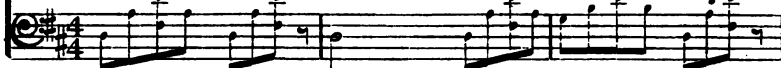
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B. H. S.

Rev. Burt H. Shadduck.



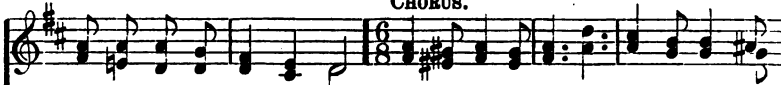
- 1. Who cared that Je - sus wept alone for men?    Seek - ing His bless - ings,
- 2. A - lone He bore the curs-ed cross and shame,    No will-ing ones the
- 3. A - lone He wres - tled, wet with bloody sweat,    Mid-night, His foes a-



from His burden free; Still careless men pray, "Master, oh, bless me," Oh, burdened heavy load to bear; Still bless-ing seek - ers go the crossless way; Oh, Christ re-wake, His friends asleep; Still prayerless ones would share His throne and crown, Oh, Man of



CHORUS.



One, shall mine eyes tear-less be?  
fused, let me Thy bur - den share. Bind me, Je-sus, to the burdens that you  
Sor - rows, let me vig - il keep.



bear; Let the ones who smite Thee find me ready, always near; While the crossless



crowds are dreaming of a crown, Let me be a comrade true, O mighty One.



# No. 159. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



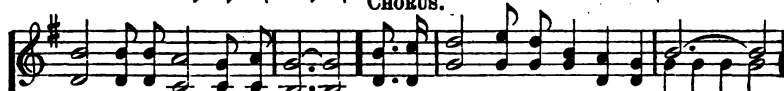
1. Some sweet day I shall en-ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur-dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful-ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mor-tal tongue cannot tell, With e-ter-ni-ty on-ly be-



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



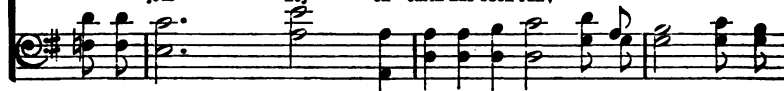
## CHORUS.



land of the Un-set-ting Sun. I shall dwell in the land of de-light . . .  
of de-light,



When my jour-ney on earth has been run; . . . In the land where there  
jour-ney on earth has been run;



com-eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.



No. 160.

A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,  
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joi - ces,  
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,  
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King;  
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,  
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voi - ces,  
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.  
While the arch - es of Heav - en with mu - sic ring.  
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

# A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle - cry, bat - tle - cry! Till the glad  
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - tle - cry, . . . Un - til the glo - ri - ous

echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled  
ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky. . . O - ver the world now be un - furled His

now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each  
flag from shore to shore; Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful

soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in what - e'er  
sol - - dier stands, . . Glad - ly o - bey - ing in what - so - ev - er He . . com -

He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.  
mands; . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

# No. 161. Crown Him King of Kings.

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—

# Grown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign!  
Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-quers our ev - 'ry foe!  
Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

## CHORUS.

Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,

Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

Glo - ry to God in the high - est— Glo - ry for - ev - er - more!

No. 162.

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 - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

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

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

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

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

# All Hail, Immanuel!

Chorus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# No. 163. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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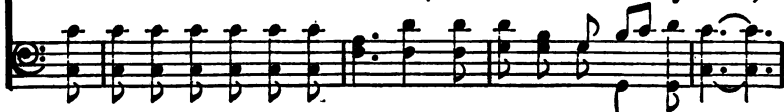
H. R. Palmer.



1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And Heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;  
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.  
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



# Master, the Tempest is Raging.

CHORUS.

*p*

*pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . . be still! . . .  
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

*cres.*  
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

*ff* *m* *m*  
o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

*p* *p* *pp*  
Peace be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

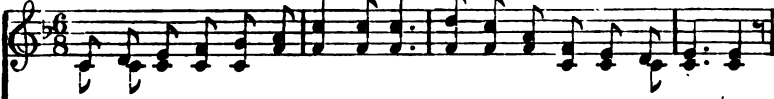
No. 164.

Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



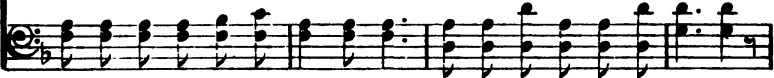
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy - ful - ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har - vest is tru - ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef - fort be - stow-ing;  
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas - ter hear, Loud-ly for la - bor-ers cry - ing;  
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni - fi - cence teem-ing;



Loud-er and sweet-er the ech - oes ring, Pa-tience and loy - al - ty show-ing,  
While in the mark-ets, a - far and near, Man - y are wait-ing, de - ny - ing  
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I - dle and care-less-ly dream-ing!



As in the field the sick - le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.  
Service they might, with joy and de - light, Give ere the shad-ows ap - pear.  
Go ye to - day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en - ter too late!



# Harvest-Time Is Here.

CHORUS.

Far and wide, . . . in its way - ing pride, . . . Does the  
 Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, . . . . .

Does the

field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the  
 . . . . .

field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

sun is high . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . Then a -  
 sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a -

wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har - vest - time is here; A - wake, . . . a -  
 wake, a - rouse, a - wake, a - rouse, A - wake, a - wake, a -

<i>1st &amp; 2d verses.</i>	<i>After last verse only.</i>
-----------------------------	-------------------------------

wake, . . . For the har - vest - time is here. har - vest - time is here.  
 wake, a - wake,

No. 165.

“Pray,” “Give,” “Go.”

MATT. 9: 38; 14: 16; 28: 19.

Copyright, 1920, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Hear ye the words of the Mas-ter to-day, “Pray,” “give,” “go,”  
 2. Har-vest is ripe but the reap-ers are few, “Pray,” “pray,” “pray,”  
 3. Ma-ny are hun-gry and help-less and cold, “Give,” “give,” “give,”  
 4. Mil-lions are dy-ing in dark-ness and night, “Go,” “go,” “go,”

He has com-mand-ed, and we should o-bey, “Pray,” “give,” “go.”  
 Pray ye the Lord to send la-bor-ers true, “Pray,” “pray,” “pray.”  
 Thou hast a-bun-dance, O do not with-hold, “Give,” “give,” “give.”  
 Tell them of Je-sus, the Truth and the Light, “Go,” “go,” “go.”

CHORUS.

Pray, pray, pray, Give, give, give,  
 Pray ye the Lord of the har-vest, Give Him the best that you have;

Go, go, go, This is the Saviour’s com-mand.  
 Go and tell oth-ers of Je-sus,

# Invitation Hymns.

No. 166.

## Jesus is Calling.

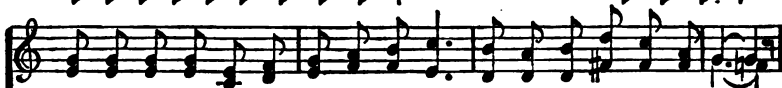
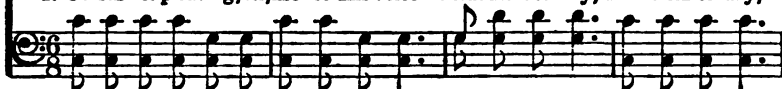
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL.

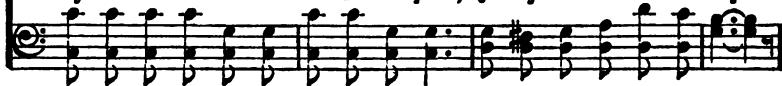
Geo. C. Stebbins.



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



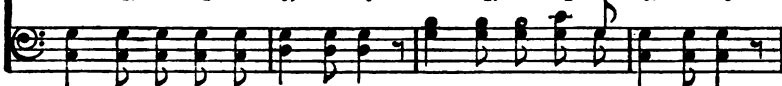
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?  
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.  
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.  
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-ri-se and a-way.



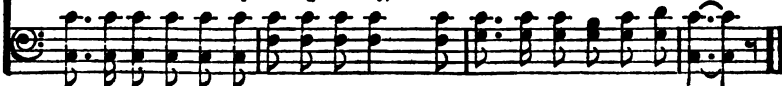
### CHORUS.



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



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



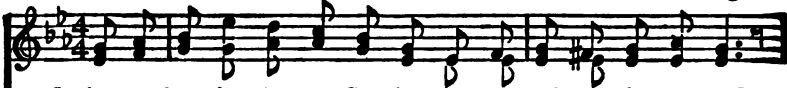
No. 167

Jesus is the One You Need.

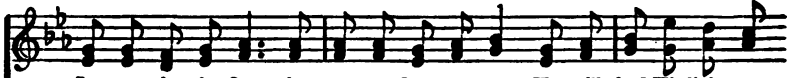
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



1. Are you long-ing for a Sav-ior who can wash your sins a-way?
2. Have you sought in vain for hap-pi-ness the world can-not be-stow?
3. Do you want a friend to help you when af-fic-tions press the soul?
4. Who will be your hope and comfort when you near death's chill-ing tide?



Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will shed His light up-  
 Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; You will find e-ter-nal  
 Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will calm your troubled  
 Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will lead you thro' the



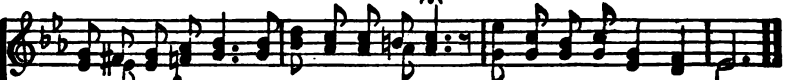
on you, turn your darkness in-to day, Je-sus is the One you need.  
 pleasure where the joys ce-lestial flow, Je-sus is the One you need.  
 spir-it if you yield to His con-trol, Je-sus is the One you need.  
 val-ley—be your Rod, your Staff, your Guide, Je-sus is the One you need.



CHORUS.



Je-sus is the One you need, Je-sus is the One you need, To  
 you need, you need,



heal an aching heart and life and peace impart, Je-sus is the One you need.



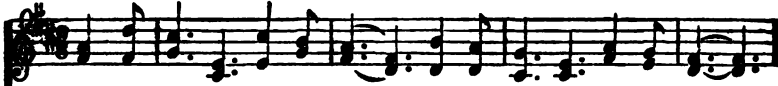
No. 168.

Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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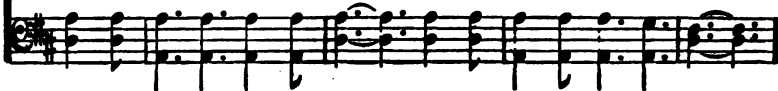
C. C. Case.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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





No. 169.

Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.  
DUET.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

# No. 170. Jesus Is Calling Thee Now.

TUNE: "JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings, arr.

1. Wear - y soul, by sin op-pressed, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;  
2. Plunge in - to the foun-tain wide, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;  
3. Tho' you've wandered far a - way, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;  
4. He will hear thy heart's faint cry, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;  
5. O, ac - cept Him while you may, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;

Come, and He will give thee rest, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.  
Flow - ing from the Sav - ior's side, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.  
From the Fa - ther's house a - stray, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.  
Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.  
Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.

CHORUS.

Come, wan - der - er, come, come to Him now, Spurn not His mer - cy, in

D. S.

pen - i - tence bow, Think of His suf - f'ring on Cal - va - ry's brow:

No. 171.

The Glorious News.

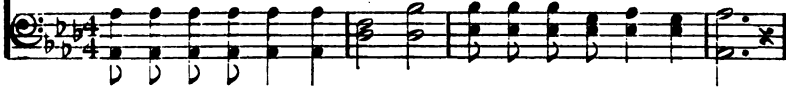
E. E. Hewitt.

R. G. ARBOGAST, OWNER.

R. G. Arbogast.



1. Won't you come and seek sal - va - tion? Je - sus now is pass - ing by;
2. Bless - ed message! Life for - ev - er Je - sus will to you im - part;
3. Earth, with her ten thou - sand voi - ces, Can - not tell such news as this;
4. He is com - ing soon from Glo - ry: Pre - cious is the thought to me;



Pre - cious is the in - vi - ta - tion; Won't you come while He is nigh?  
 Trusting Him, who'll leave you nev - er, Peace will dwell with - in your heart.  
 Ev - 'ry con - trite soul re - joi - ces; By His grace is end - less bliss.  
 Won't you help us tell the sto - ry, Till His bless - ed face we see?



CHORUS.



Glo - rious news we bring From the heav'n - ly King,



Je - sus now is pass - ing by; Call, and He will hear and



• save you; Glo - ry be to God on high! (to God on high!)



# No. 172. Come Where the Blessings Fall.

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. You may know the pow-er of an end-less life—Joy and peace re-  
 2. You may walk with Je-sus, jour-ney by His side, And may hear each  
 3. You may find a ref-uge for your storm-tossed soul, Where no rag-ing

ceive by giv-ing all; You may have the vic-t'ry o-ver sin and strife,  
 day His lov-ing call; You may bring your bur-dens and in Him con-fide,  
 tem-pest can ap-pall; You may dwell in safe-ty while the bil-lows roll,

## CHORUS.

If you come where the blessings fall. Come where the blessings fall, . . . .  
 blessings fall,

Come where the bless-ings fall; . . . . God will cleanse your heart from sin,  
 blessings fall;

And will keep you pure with-in, If you come where the bless-ings fall.

No. 173.

Should He Come.

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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



1. Should the Sav - ior come this mo - ment, Would your loins be gird a - bout?
2. Should He come in king - ly splen - dor, From His re - gal throne so bright,
3. Should the sun and moon be darkened, Should the mountains flee a - way,
4. Should the Lord de - scend from glo - ry And the dead in Christ a - rise,



Would your lamp be trimmed and burning? Would you greet Him with a shout?  
 Would you glad - ly go to meet Him, Hail His ad - vent with de - light?  
 Should the stars fall from the heav - ens, Could you in His pres - ence stay?  
 Would you, too, be caught up with Him To the meet - ing in the skies?



CHORUS.



Are you read - y now to meet Him, Should He come, Should He come?



Would you has - ten now to greet Him, Should He come, Should He come?

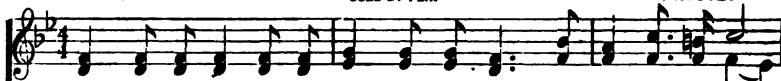


# No. 174. There is Power in the Blood.

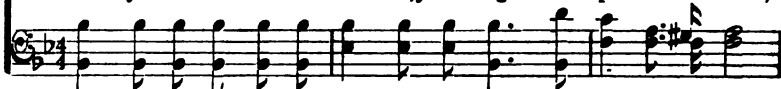
L. E. J.

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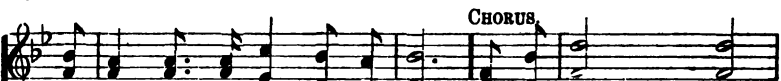
L. E. Jones.



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



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



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



Won - der - work - ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is  
 In the blood of the Lamb;



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



No. 175.

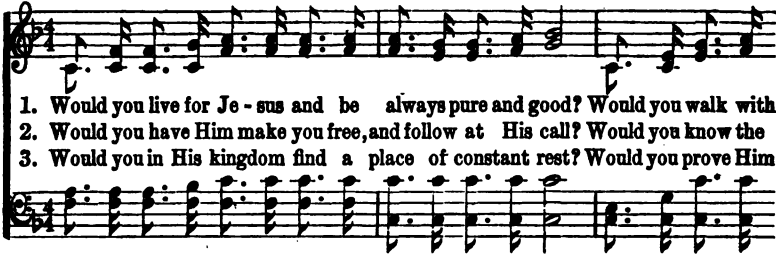
His Way With Thee.

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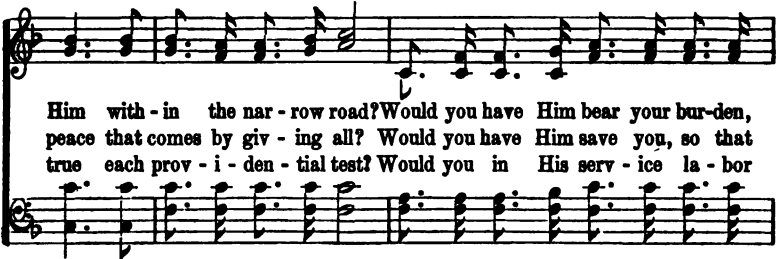
C. S. N.

USED BY PER.

Rev. Cyrus S. Nashbaum.

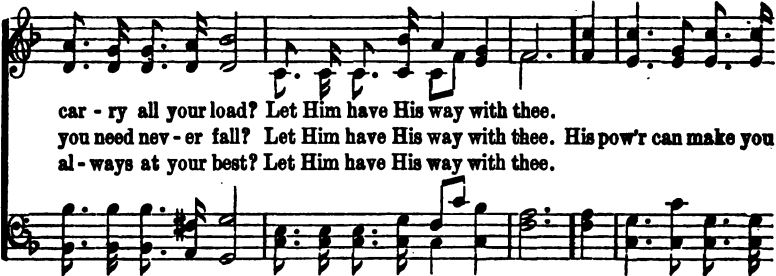


1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with  
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the  
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



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

CHORUS.

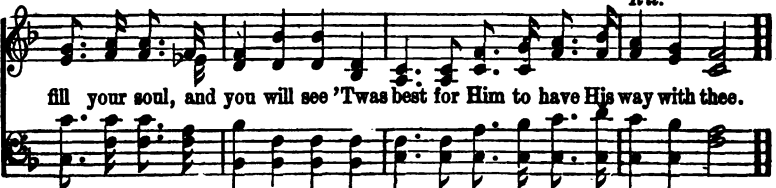


car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.  
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you  
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



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

*Rit.*



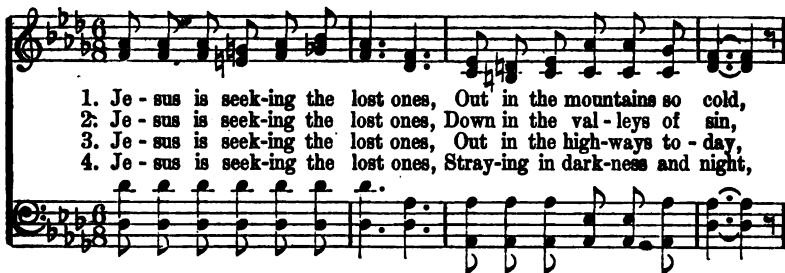
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

## No. 176. Jesus Is Seeking the Lost Ones.

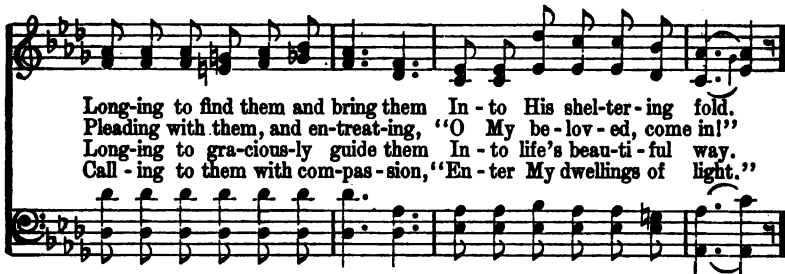
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M. H. C., arr.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

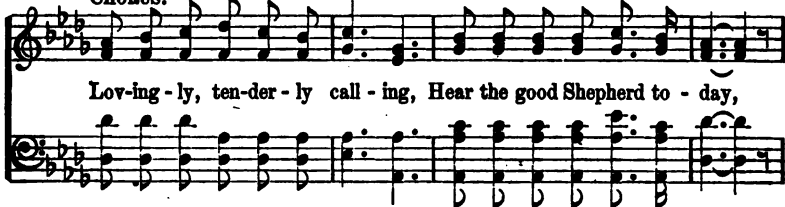


1. Je - sus is seek - ing the lost ones, Out in the mountains so cold,  
 2. Je - sus is seek - ing the lost ones, Down in the val - leys of sin,  
 3. Je - sus is seek - ing the lost ones, Out in the high - ways to - day,  
 4. Je - sus is seek - ing the lost ones, Stray - ing in dark - ness and night,

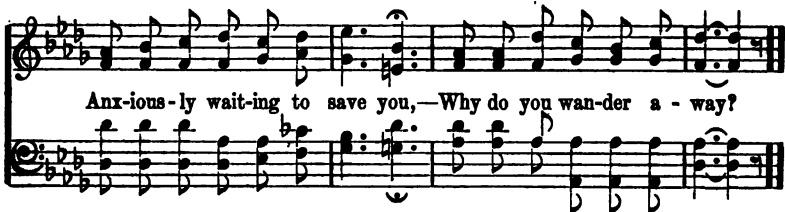


Long - ing to find them and bring them In - to His shel - ter - ing fold,  
 Plead - ing with them, and en - treat - ing, "O My be - lov - ed, come in!"  
 Long - ing to gra - cious - ly guide them In - to life's beau - ti - ful way.  
 Call - ing to them with com - pas - sion, "En - ter My dwellings of light."

### CHORUS.



Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd to - day,



Anx - ious - ly wait - ing to save you, - Why do you wan - der a - way?

## No. 177.

## Come To Jesus.

Unknown.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,

2. He will save you.
3. He is able.
4. He is willing.
5. Call upon Him.
6. He will hear you.
7. He'll forgive you.
8. He will cleanse you.
9. Jesus loves you.
10. Only trust Him.



No. 178.

O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY J. H. HALL. USED BY PER.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner harden  
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh,  
 3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy  
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Believe, o - boy, the

CHORUS.

not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.  
 then be wise, Be saved, O to-night. O why not to-night? O why  
 stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.  
 work is done, Be saved, O to-night. O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

not to-night? Will thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?  
 why not to-night? Will thou be sav'd, will thou be sav'd? Then why not, O why not to-night?

No. 179.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. E. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. E. PALMER.

1. Yield not to tempt-a-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you  
 Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,  
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,  
 Be tho'-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,  
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,  
 He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,

CHORUS.

Some eth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.  
 Ner take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,  
 Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

# No. 180.

# Thy Spirit's Call.

Mrs. P. W. Arbogast.

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P. W. ARBOGAST, OWNER.

Rev. P. W. Arbogast.

1. Lord, to Thee I'm com-ing now, I am sin-ful, weak and blind;  
2. Lamb of God, who died for me, Set me free from ev-'ry sin;  
3. I am trust-ing Thee this hour; Lead me on o'er hill and vale;

55 FINE.  
While in hum-ble faith I bow, May I free sal-va-tion find.  
I will Thine for-ev-er be; Come, and make me pure with-in.  
Still ap-ply Thy cleans-ing pow'r, And I nev-er-more shall fall.

D. S.—While Thy Spir-it's call I heed, To Thy glo-ry He will lead.  
CHORUS.

D. S.  
Lord, I take Thee for my all; Trust-ing Thee, I can-not fall;

# No. 181.

# Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come!  
While we are pray-ing for you, [Omit. . . .]

D. S.

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him,

2. Are you too heavy-laden?  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will bear your burden,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will not deceive you,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus can now redeem you,  
Come, sinner, come!

3. Oh, hear His tender pleading,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Come, and receive the blessing,  
Come, sinner, come!  
While Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, sinner, come!  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, sinner, come!

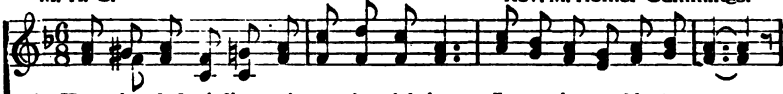
No. 182.

Jesus Is Able To Save.

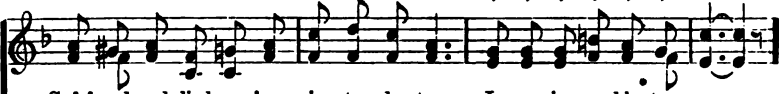
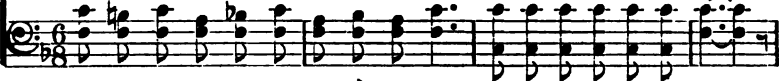
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M. H. C.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



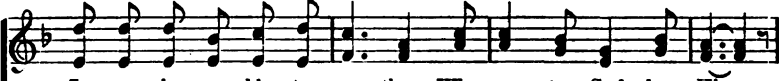
1. Hear the glad ti-dings of won-der-ful joy, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
2. Shout, all ye peo-ple, ye na-tions, proclaim, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
3. Come to the Sav-ior, O sin-ner, to-day, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
4. Why do you wan-der, O why do you roam? Je-sus is a-ble to save;



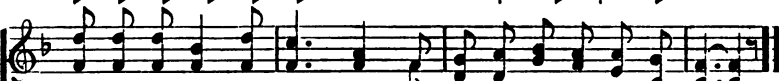
Suf-ered and died ev-'ry sin to de-stroy, Je-sus is a-ble to save.  
 Par-don, deliv'rance thro' faith in His name, Je-sus is a-ble to save.  
 List to His pleading, the mes-sage o-bey, Je-sus is a-ble to save.  
 God is now wait-ing to welcome you home, Je-sus is a-ble to save.



CHORUS.



Je-sus is a-ble to save them Who come to God by Him,



See-ing He ev-er liv-eth To make in-ter-ces-sion for them.



No. 183. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.



1. A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:



## Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
A-maz-ing pit-ty! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!  
When Christ, the might-y Ma-ker, died, For man, the creature's sin.  
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 184. What Will You Do With Jesus?

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Anon.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Je-sus is standing in Pilate's hall, Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
2. Je-sus is standing on tri-al still, You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you evade Him as Pi-late tried? Or will you choose Him, whate'er betide?
4. Will you your cru-ci-fied Lord de-ny, Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. Je-sus, I give Thee my heart to-day, Glad-ly I fol-low Thee all the way,

Hearken! what meaneth this sud-den call? "What will you do with Je-sus?"  
You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill, What will you do with Je-sus?  
Vain-ly you struggle from Him to hide: What will you do with Je-sus?  
Dar-ing for Je-sus to live and die? What will you do with Je-sus?  
Till I am safe in that home for aye: This will I do with Je-sus!

CHORUS.

What will you do with Je-sus? Neu-tral you can-not be;

Some day your heart will be ask-ing: What will He do with me?

No. 185.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest. By
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-lestial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.  
wash-as white as snow. } On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }  
you are ful - ly blest. } He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.  
joys im-mor-tal flow.

No. 186.

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 cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Happy day, hap-py day,

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 transac-tion's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 187.

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 - be-ve.
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.

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

No. 188.

# Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fletcher.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;  
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }  
 2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;  
 { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }

FINE CHORUS D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and  
 D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seeest I patiently wait;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst no;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 189.

# Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

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Frank A. Simples.

1. { Lead me, O my Sav - ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; } O solo.  
 { Wash me, O my Sav - ior, wash me; } Make .... me white as snow.  
 D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav - ior, wash me, Make .... me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit - - - or than the snow, Whit - - - or than the snow,  
 Whit - or than the snow, yes. whit - or than the snow, Whit - or than the snow, yes. whit - or than the snow.

2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,  
 For I know not where to go;  
 Guide me to the crystal fountain,  
 Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,  
 More Thy love to others show;  
 Teach me how to better serve Thee  
 Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,  
 From temptation here below;  
 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,  
 Keep me white as snow.

No. 190.

# The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

H. Q. E. Arr.

CHO.—Tis the old time re - lig - ion, Tis the old time re - lig - ion, Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.  
 1. It was good for our mothers. It was good for our mothers. It was good for our mothers. And it's good enough for me.

3 Makes me love everybody.  
 4 It has saved our fathers.  
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.  
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.  
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.  
 8 It will do when I am dying.  
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 191.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.)

A. J. GORDON,

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

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

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

No. 192.

Almost Persuaded.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
 USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

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

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

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
 lin - g'ring near; Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'r'er comel  
 but to fall; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wall; "Al - most-but lost."

No. 193.

Wash Me in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. Cowper.

First Tune. CHORUS.

E. O. Excell.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Savior wash ..... me in the blood,  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ler wash ..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whi-er than the snow.  
 Sav - ler wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh.

No. 194.

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Lose all their  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious  
 Shall never lose its power, [blood  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the  
 Thy flowing wounds supply (stream  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering  
 Lies silent in the grave. (tongue

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;  
 guilty stains;

FINE D. C.

No. 195.

Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;  
 all their guilty stains. Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.



No. 196.

# Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY E. O. ENCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;  
 (Th' you're wander'd so far from His pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee; calling still. (calling still.)

Chorus.

Call - ing now for thee, O wear - y prod - i - gal, come, come, come;  
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear - y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;

Call - ing now for thee, O wear - y prod - i - gal, come, come, come;  
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear - y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,  
 Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;  
 Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,  
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, they're laid in the house of thy Father, and to spare,  
 Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;  
 Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,  
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 197.

# Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY E. O. ENCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

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 Ser-ior in, Let the Ser-ior in; Let the Ser-ior in, Let the Ser-ior in;

D. S.—Let Him in.

D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,  
 Let Him in;  
 If you wish He will depart,  
 Let Him in;  
 Let Him in, He is your Friend,  
 His year soul will sure defend,  
 He will keep you to the end,  
 Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?  
 Let Him in;  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice,  
 Let Him in;  
 He is standing at your door,  
 Joy to you He will restore,  
 And His name you will adore,  
 Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,  
 Let Him in;  
 He will make for you a feast,  
 Let Him in;  
 He will speak your sins forgiven,  
 And when earth-ties all are riven,  
 He will take you home to heav'n,  
 Let Him in.

# No. 198. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.  
 { There to my heart was the blood applied; }  
 2. { I am so woe-drown'dly gaved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.  
 { There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.  
 D.C. - There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

Chorus. D.C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,  
 I am so glad I have entered in;  
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;  
 Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;  
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;  
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
 Glory to His name.

# No. 199. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

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E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; } full sal-va-tion find. Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 { I am counting all but dross; I shall }

Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee  
 Long has evil reign'd within;  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,  
 Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
 Soul and body Thine to be,  
 Wholly Thine forevermore.

# No. 200. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!  
 { The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name }  
 2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!  
 { 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name }

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,  
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

# No. 201. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters  
2. Oth - er rel - iefs have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -  
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the  
4. Piteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams e -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - lor hide, Till the  
lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my  
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am  
bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly

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

# No. 202. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - lor hide, }  
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }  
D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

# No. 203. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fervent - ly kneel;  
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;  
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.  
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."  
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

No. 204.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartnough.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary,

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-v-ry.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spots are all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust  
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And His assurance gives  
To loyal hearts and true,  
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled  
To those who hear and do.

No. 205.

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 bid'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!  
cleanses each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

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

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

No. 206.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

Chorus.

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,  
I stand in Him complete  
"Jesus died my soul to save,"  
My lips shall still repeat.

# No. 207. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

R. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY R. O. EGGLE, CHICAGO.

R. O. Eggle.

1. | Let, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood? | blood? Fur-der free-ly give us, Cleanse-ing  
Je-sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the

**Cresc.**

you for hear-er. Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.  
Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 Stun-er, now this blessing claim,<br/>Will you be saved by the blood?<br/>Thro' the dear Redeem-er's name,<br/>Will you be saved by the blood?<br/>Claim Him as your Sav-er,<br/>He can save forever.</p> | <p>3 He can wash you white as snow,<br/>Will you be saved by the blood?<br/>And the witness you may know,<br/>Will you be saved by the blood?<br/>You can know the hour<br/>Of His dy-ing power.</p> | <p>4 Christ did drink that cup for all,<br/>Will you be saved by the blood?<br/>Don't re-ject the Spir-it's call,<br/>Will you be saved by the blood?<br/>Grace is all abounding,<br/>Joy thro' heav-en re-veal-ing.</p> |
|--|--|--|

# No. 208. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald,

W. O. PERKINS.

W. O. Fletcher, D. C.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.  
Cae.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Best Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;<br/>Long has evil reigned within;<br/>Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—<br/>"I will cleanse you from all sin."</p> | <p>3 Here I give my all to Thee,<br/>Friends, and time, and earthly store;<br/>Soul and body Thine to be,<br/>Wholly Thine forevermore.</p> | <p>4 In the promises I trust<br/>Now I feel the blood applied;<br/>I am prostrate in the dust,<br/>I with Christ am crucified.</p> |
|---|---|--|

# No. 209. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden, Pitts.

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The mes-sage un-to you I'll give;  
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live,"

2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;  
'Tis a mes-sage from a-love, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.

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

"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,  
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, live, "Look and live."

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!<br/>Eternal life thy soul shall have;<br/>If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!<br/>Look to Jesus who alone can save.</p> | <p>4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!<br/>To Jesus when He made me whole:<br/>'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!<br/>I trusted and He saved my soul.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 210.

Softly and Tenderly.

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

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;  
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?  
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;  
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por - tal He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.  
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
Shad - ows are gath'ring, and death's night is com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.  
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 211. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

USED BY PERMISSION.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms;  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms;  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms;  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.  
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

# No. 212. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY M. L. CALMOUR.  
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Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. { If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;  
 2. { If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,  
 3. { If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;  
 4. { If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,  
 5. { If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;  
 6. { If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re -  
 [Last.] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re -  
 ject Him no more, Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

# No. 213. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

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GEO. F. ROOT.

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

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

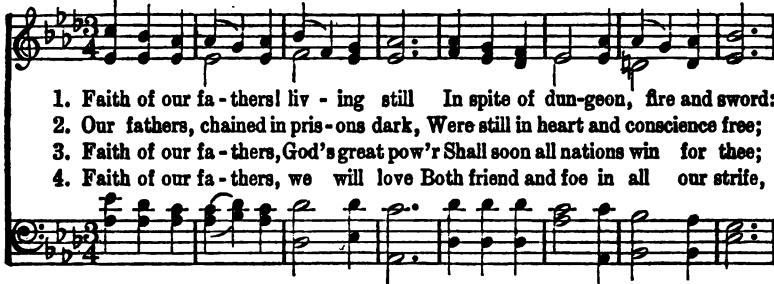
CHORUS.  
 Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

# Devotional Hymns

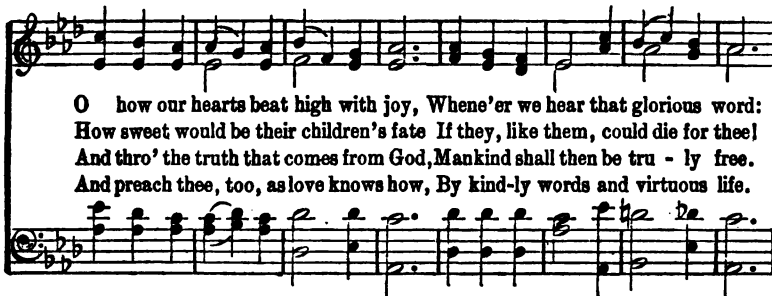
## No. 214. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber.

H. F. Hemy, adpt.



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



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



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



No. 215.

I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF Wm. G. FISCHER.

William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;  
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;  
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard  
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,  
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

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

No. 216.

Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -  
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the  
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy  
 4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
 rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.  
 fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.  
 boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

# No. 217. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,  
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,  
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,  
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

**CHORUS.**

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,  
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed.

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

# No. 218. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Welser Davis.

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E. O. ENGELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I  
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched ana  
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each  
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

**CHORUS.**

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.  
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is  
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.  
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

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

No. 219.

My Happy Home.

ANON.

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E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor - rows have an end?  
 2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glo - rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl,  
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight  
 4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?  
 Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,  
 Have nev - er yet been seen.  
 And prais - es nev - er end.

I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.  
 in the blood of the Lamb: .

No. 220.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.  
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall  
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by.

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.  
 by-and-by. In the sweet by-and-by.

# No. 221. To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. C. ENOBLL, OWNER.

Joe. R. Sweeney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak - ing white as snow;  
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep - er, deep - er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,  
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow - ing from the cross, Let the might - y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.  
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di - vine, Mak - ing "earth - en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.  
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash - ing there the gar - ments for the least a - dove.

CHORUS.

To Cal - v'ry I will go, The bless - ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who - so - ev - er will;" Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go.

# No. 222.

# No, Not One.

Johnson Outman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

*Slow, and with feeling.*

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . . ] no, not one!

D. C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . . ] no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. C.

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

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.  
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.  
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.  
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.  
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

# No. 223. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

First Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I  
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; }  
 2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; }  
 { Let the fiery, cloud-y pl - lar, Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my

want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.  
 strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

# No. 224. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

- On the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion, long in hostile lands:  
 Mourning captive!  
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.
- God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 Great deliverance.  
 Zion's King will surely send.

# No. 225. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

- O Thou God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin;  
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,  
 Who hast died my heart to win,  
 I will praise Thee;  
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?
- Though unseen, I love the Savior;  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests His pardoning favor;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall His glorious image bear.
- While the angel choirs are crying,  
 "Glory to the great I AM,"  
 I with them will still be vying—  
 "Glory! glory to the Lamb!"  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

# No. 226. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly.

Second Tune.

FINÉ

Lowell Mason.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, He sits on yonder throne,  
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, } See, He sits on yon-der throne,  
 D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

D. C.  
 Jesus rules the world alone;  
 Je-sus rules the world a-lone;

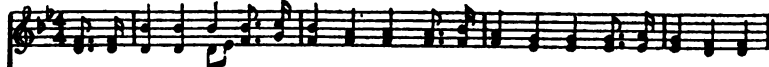
- Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,  
 All above, and gives it worth;  
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on  
 earth;  
 When we think of love like Thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine:
- King of glory, reign forever;  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
 Those whom Thou hast made  
 Thine own;  
 Happy objects of Thy grace,  
 Destined to behold Thy face.

# No. 227. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

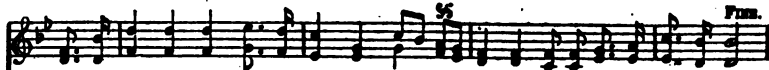
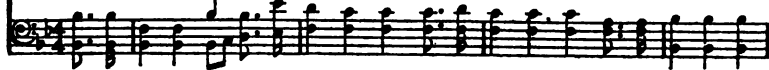
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY E. C. ENGELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.



1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

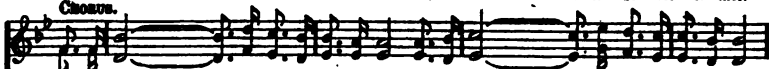


'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

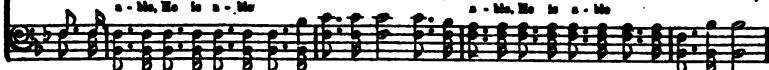


D. S. - "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

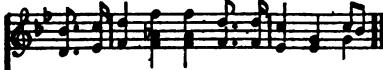
CHORUS.



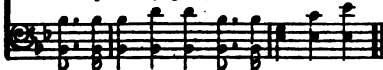
He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;  
a - ble, He is a - - - ble a - - - ble, He is a - - - ble



D. S.



The' by sin op-posed, Go to Him for rest,



2 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or man;  
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain;  
'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,  
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

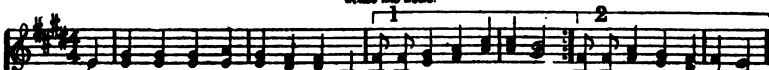
3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll  
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;  
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,  
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

# No. 228. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

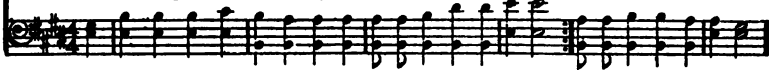
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY E. C. ENGELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

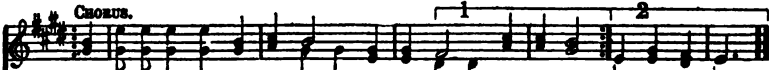
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. { For all the Lord has done for me, I nev - er will cease to love Him;  
And for His grace so rich and free, I [Omit . . . . .] nev - er will cease to love Him.  
2. { He gives me strength for ev - 'ry day, I nev - er will cease to love Him;  
He leads and guides me all the way, I [Omit . . . . .] nev - er will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



{ I nev - er will cease to love Him, (He's) my Sav - lor, (He's) my Sav - lor;  
{ I nev - er will cease to love Him, (for) He's done [Omit . . . . .] so much for me.



3 He saves me every day and hour,  
I never will cease to love Him;  
Just now I feel His cleansing power,  
I never will cease to love Him,

4 Walk on my journey here below, .  
I never will cease to love Him;  
And when to that bright world I go,  
I never will cease to love Him,

# No. 229. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee, I give Thee  
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my 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-les be.  
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

# No. 230. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
 CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,  
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;  
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me  
 no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,  
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;  
 Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

# No. 231. Heaven.

Tune below.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,  
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!  
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.  
 CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
 Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,  
 I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;  
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,  
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;  
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;  
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
 Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

# No. 232. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

H. R. Bishop.

1. { Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, } home; { A charm from the skies seems to  
 { Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like } home; { Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er

1 2 CHORUS.  
 hal - low us there, } where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
 met with else - - }

# No. 233.

# Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINIS

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,  
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

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 but Je - sus blood;

# No. 234.

# 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.  
 Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

# No. 235.

# Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - 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. 236.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;  
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion.

ALL Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving  
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find the promised rest.  
Take away the love of sinning;  
Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temple leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above  
Pray, and praise Thee without cea-  
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new-creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heav'n we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Loet in wonder, love and praise.

No. 237. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,  
Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, the harvest waiting  
Who will bear the sheaves away!  
Loud and long, the Master calleth  
Rich reward He offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean  
And the heathen land explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you,  
Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do!"  
Gladly take the task He gives you!  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 238. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Second Tune.

Mozart.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,  
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,

Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped; and known;  
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,  
They have left my Savior, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might, [me  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun  
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With Thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"  
I have stayed my heart on Thee;  
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,  
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Led by faith, and winged by prayer  
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee  
God will safely guide thee there,  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

# No. 239. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Boddome.

Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let tears of penitential grief Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our tears be dry?  
Let tears of penitential grief  
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O thy soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

# No. 240.

## Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Third Tune.

Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find; Thy heart made truly His, [shined,] Who dwells in cloudless light on-  
in whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt gain; Thy darkness passed away, [abone] Because that light hath on thee  
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and o'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered them.

# No. 241.

## I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

O. F. Handel.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our Nest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God;  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I praise her heavenly ways, [vvvv,  
Her sweet communion, solemn  
Her hymns of love and praise.

# No. 242.

## There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts.

First Tune.

J. C. H. Rink.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }  
In - si - nite day ex - cides the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. } There ev - er - last - ing

2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stands dressed in living green; }  
So to the Jews old Ca - nan stood, While Jordan rolled between. } Could we but climb where

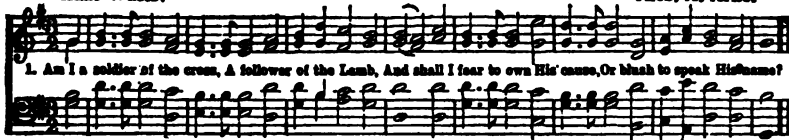
spring a-bides And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.  
Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 243.

Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts.

Theo. A. Arno.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease, [praise,  
While others fought to win the  
And called thro' bloody seas?

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

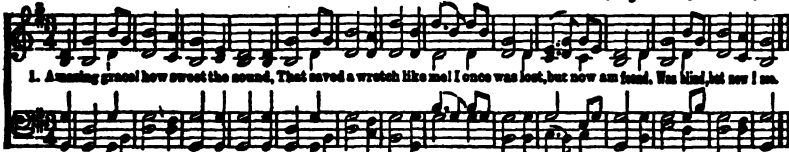
4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

No. 244.

Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

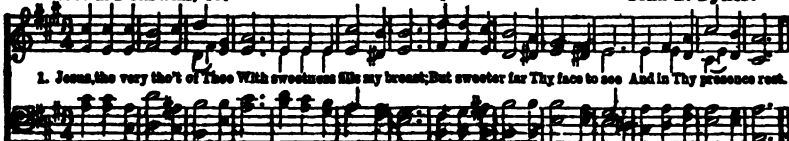
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and 4 When we've been there ten thou-  
And grace my fears followed; [to fear I have already come; [marce, Bright shining as the sun, [and years  
How precious did that grace appear! 'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thro' We've no less days to sing God's  
The hour I first believed! And grace will lead me home. [far, Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 245.

The Thought of Thee!

Edward Caswell, Tr.

John B. Dykes.



1. Jesus, the very tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see And in Thy presence rest.

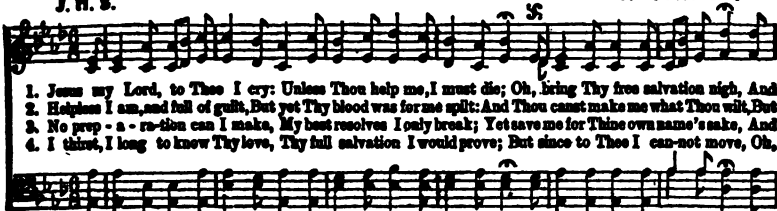
2 No voice can sing, no heart can 3 O Hope of every contrite heart! 4 But what to those who find? ah! this  
Ner can the men'try find [frame, O joy of all the meek! No tongue or pen can show;  
A sweeter sound than Thy best To those who fall, how kind Thou The love of Jesus, what it is  
O Savior of man-kind! [name, How good to those who seek! [art! None but His loved ones know.

No. 246.

Take Me As I Am.

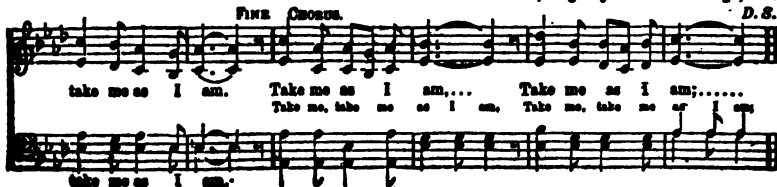
J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And  
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt; And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But  
3. No prop - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And  
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And



take me as I am. Take me as I am, ... Take me as I am; .....

take me as I am.

# No. 247

# 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.

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 the with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own,  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To Him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

# No. 248 The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking,  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God of love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel's call obey,  
And seek a Savior's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly,  
Triumphant, reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

# No. 249 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side 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!

1 O Jesus, Thou 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!

2 O Jesus, Thou 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!

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!

# No. 250. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottoms.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-sou tide o-pen'd for me; }  
 { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }  
 2. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, Je-sus is mine, No long-er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine; }  
 { In con-scious sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who lift-eth up-on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS. *rit.*  
 Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;  
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,  
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;  
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,  
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

# No. 251. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill,  
 Oh, may it all my pow'r engage,  
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in Thy sight to live;  
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

# No. 252. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Fourth Tune.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,  
 Who once went sorrowing here!  
 But now they taste unmingled love,  
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
 Till death shall set me free;  
 And then go home my crown to wear,  
 For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,  
 At Jesus pierced feet,  
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown  
 And His dear name repeat.

# No. 253.

# Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

## No. 254. 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-ried 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. 255. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - this - 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.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;  
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe in Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Savior's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

## No. 256. 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. Trump 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. 257.

# Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley.

First Tune.

Assem.

1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,  
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,  
 4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,

His lov-ing kindness, oh, how true! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how true!  
 His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!  
 His lov-ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!  
 His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

# No. 258. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Second Tune.

Isaac Baker Woodbury.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross-On which the Prince of glo-ry died. My rich-est gain I  
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I see - ri - see them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all,

No. 259.

# Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Desc 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-pire

shore to shore, Till oceans shall wax and wane no more,  
 own their Lord, And savage 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. 260.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

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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

FINE CHORUS.

va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.  
 ascend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry,  
 wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

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

No. 261.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com - fort fraught! What - e'er I do, wher -  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what - ev - er  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 trou - bled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own  
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol - low' - er I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



No. 252.

# Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;  
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home;  
 3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home;  
 4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.  
 And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be e-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.  
 There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.  
 And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 263.

# Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

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.

3 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. 264.

# Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps.

Lewell Mason.

1. Sav-ior! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;  
 2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee;  
 3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-part-ing day Hence-forth may see  
 4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart fal-ter its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.  
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.  
 Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ring sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.  
 And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

# No. 265.

# O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley.

Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ier shine,

{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, }  
 { And vie with Gabriel while he sings, } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Exalted on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me And I shall see His face; [home, Then with my Savior, Brother, A most eternity I'll spend, [Friend, Triumphant in His grace.

# No. 266.

# There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness  
 2. There is wal-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good; There is mer-cy

In His jus-tice, Which is more than Ib-er-ty, with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind; And the heart of the Eternal, Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word; And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

# No. 267.

# In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wreck of time; All the light of  
 2. When the woes of His o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-oy, Nev-er shall the

en-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-time, cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

No. 268.

# Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

2. D. C.

Musical notation for the first two staves of the hymn, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests, with a 'FINE' marking at the end of the first staff.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { Teach me some melodious sonnet, }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } { Sang by flam-ing tongues } s-bove.  
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

<p>1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.</p>	<p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'll come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home: Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.</p>	<p>3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a letter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; [it, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal Seal it for Thy courts above.</p>
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No. 269.

# I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson.

Second Tune. FINE

J. J. Rousseau.

2. D. C.

Musical notation for the first two staves of the hymn, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests, with a 'FINE' marking at the end of the first staff.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } { I love Je-sus, yes I } do!  
 D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 270.

# The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS.

To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.

Musical notation for the chorus of the hymn, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests.

O, the fountain stands o-pen, The fountain stands o - pen, Sin-ner, come and bathe your wea-ry soul.

No. 271.

# The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

Musical notation for the first two staves of the hymn, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests, with a '1' marking above the first staff.

1. { Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; } { Points to His wounded side. }  
 { Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save, } { }

Musical notation for the chorus of the hymn, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests, with a '1' marking above the first staff.

{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; }  
 { Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me..

<p>2 I see the new creation rise, I hear the speaking blood: It speaks! pointed nature dies— Sinks 'neath the crimson flood,</p>	<p>3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin, [white With heart made pure and garments And Christ enthroned within.</p>	<p>4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied; And Jesus, only Jesus know, My Jesus crucified.</p>
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No. 272.

# O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune.

Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of, the glo-ries  
(A.S.S.) The glo-ries of my God and

of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace!  
King, The glo-ries of my God and King,  
(7.) The glo-ries of my God and King.

No. 273.

# O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;  
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!  
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

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

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

5 He speaks, and listening to His  
voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice  
The humble poor believe.

No. 274.

# Come Holy Spirit.

1. Watts.

Wm. Tansers.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;  
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;  
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;  
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;

Kin - die a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
Ho - san - na lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - die ours.

No. 275.

The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'Kane, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-  
 2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they  
 3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my  
 4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour - nay I see; Ma - ny dear to my

mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the  
 breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the  
 sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav - ior is  
 heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.  
 friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.  
 now over there, My Sav - ior is now o-ver there,  
 home over there over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 276.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'Kane, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jer - dan's storm-y bank I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } my pos - ses - sions be.  
 To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a - cross on the ev - er - green shore, .....  
 by and by, ev - er - green shore.

Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains, Shines one eternal day; There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.	3 When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?	4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearing I'd launch away.
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No. 277.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

USED BY PERMISSION

Elmer S. Rice.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; } Sor-row as'er shall press the soul!  
 { Where in all the bright for-er, }  
 2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? } By the bright ce-lestial shore?  
 { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } Where the sur-ges cease to roll?  
 D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er,

CHORUS. D. C.  
 Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?  
 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
 Where the tow'ns of crystal shine;  
 Where the walls are all of jasper,  
 Built by workmanship divine?  
 4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,  
 When He comes to claim His own?  
 Shall we know His blessed favor,  
 And sit down upon His throne?

No. 278.

Jesus Gail Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.

1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice  
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i-dol that would

sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."  
 keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."  
 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease;  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
 That we love Him more than these.  
 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
 Savior, make us hear Thy call,  
 Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 279.

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un-dis-  
 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho-ly con-f-

turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.  
 deuce to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.  
 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
 Whose waking is supremely blest!  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Savior's pow'r.  
 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be!  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.

## No. 280.

## My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke.

Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;  
 2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - appear;  
 3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own. And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

## No. 281.

## 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. 282.

## Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,  
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;  
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived in Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!  
 Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.  
 Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 283.

# Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyda.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?  
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 284.

# Sun of My Soul.

John Kessler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no  
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.  
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,  
 Abide with me till in Thy love  
 I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 285.

# My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My soul in - spire; As Thou hast  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou 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 Ev - 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. 286.

# The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY FEEL. OF THE SINGERS & HARMON.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-ous-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; } His oath, His covenant, His blood; } 4 When He shall call with trumpet sound  
I rest on His unchanging grace; } Support me in the whelming flood; } O may I then in Him be found,  
In every high and stormy gale, } When all around my soul gives way, } Drest in His righteousness alone,  
My anchor holds within the veil. } He thus is all my hope and stay } Faithless to stand before the throne.

# No. 287. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton.

English Air.

1. In a-vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,  
Now.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;

*D. C.*  
And stopped my wild ca-reer,  
I shall from sin be free.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.

4 My conscience felt and owned  
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there.

3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look:  
It seemed to charge me with His  
Tho' not a word He spoke. [death,

5 A second look He gave, which said  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;  
I do that thou mayst see."

No. 288.

# Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It  
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, }  
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- } cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood;  
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath  
In store for every day,  
And tho' I tread a darkness path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,  
Who in each sorrow bears a part,  
That none can bear below.

# No. 289. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Outman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { O Pilgrim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; }  
He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, } 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.

3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,  
Never lose sight of Jesus;  
"I will be with you," His word hath said,  
Never lose sight of Jesus.

- 1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly }  
Never lose sight of Jesus; [land, }  
He'll lead you gently with loving }  
Never lose sight of Jesus. [hand, }
- 2 When-e'er you're tempted to go }  
Never lose sight of Jesus; [astray, }  
Press onward, upward, the narrow }  
Never lose sight of Jesus. [way, }
- 4 When death is knocking outside the }  
Never lose sight of Jesus; [door, }  
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore, }  
Never lose sight of Jesus.

# No. 290.

# Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.  
FINE CHORUS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }  
Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the  
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

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

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,  
On the bloody tree behold Him!  
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

# No. 291.

# Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon

Unknowns.

1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.  
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

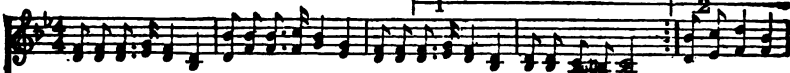
- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. }  
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. }
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. }  
6 Let him that heareth come, etc. }
- 7 There is glory all around, etc. }  
8 We are on our journey home, etc. }

No. 292.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowie Shaw.

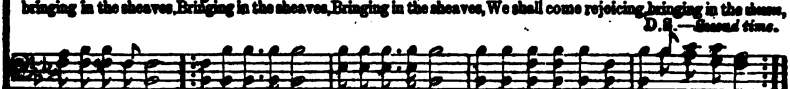
George A. Miner.



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



2. bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,  
 D. R. — second time.



2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

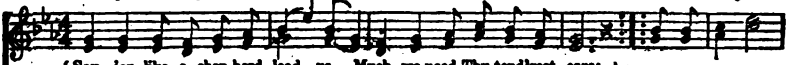
3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 293.

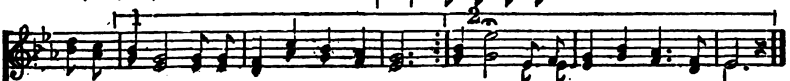
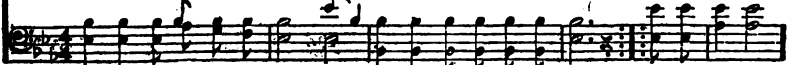
Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'ring care: }  
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures lead us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: } Bless-ed Je-sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,  
 Be the Guardian of our way;  
 Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be,  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to Thee.

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

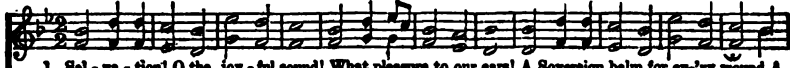
No. 294.

Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts.

Fourth Tune.

John Randall.



1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A Sovereign balm for ev-'ry wound, A



cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.



2 Salvation! let the echo fly.  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
 To Thee the praise belongs:  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 295.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naeffli.



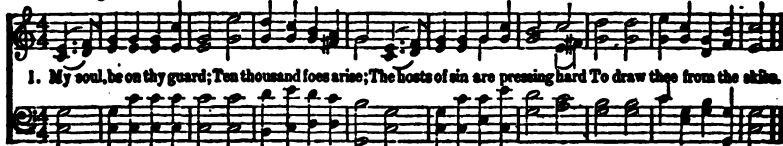
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; [one, Our fears, our hopes, our aims are Our comforts and our cares.	3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.	4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
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No. 296. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.



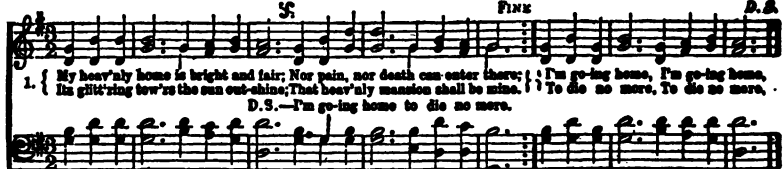
1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the ark.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.	3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.	4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy parting To His divine abode. [trough
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No. 297. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



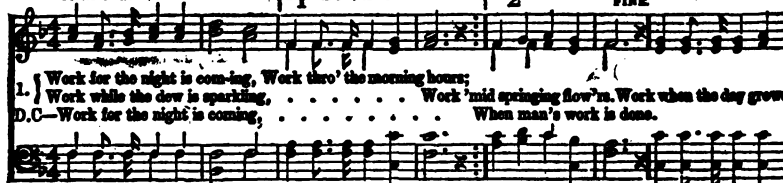
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; I'm going home, I'm going home,  
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. To die no more, To die no more,  
D.S.—I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high; Far, far above the starry sky; When from this earthly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.	3 While here, a stranger far from home, Affliction's waves may round me run; Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is secure.	4 Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'er Be mine the happier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
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No. 298. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.



1. Work for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling, . . . . . Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows  
D.C.—Work for the night is coming, . . . . . When man's work is done.

D. C. 2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute; Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.	3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset sky; While the bright tints are glowing Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more, Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.
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# No. 299. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phoebe Carey.

Phillip Phillips.

1. One sweetly sol-emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

CHORUS.

Near - er my home, Near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| 2 Nearer my Father's house,<br>Where many mansions be;<br>Nearer the great white throne to-day,<br>Nearer the crystal sea. | 3 Nearer the bound of life,<br>Where burdens are laid down;<br>Nearer to leave the cross to-day,<br>And nearer to the crown. | 4 Be near me when my feet<br>Are slipping o'er the brink;<br>For I am nearer home to-day,<br>Perhaps, than now I think. |
|--|--|---|

# No. 300. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would cut-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit . . . . .]

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,<br>But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;<br>For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,<br>"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." | 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,<br>With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;<br>Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;<br>Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there? |
|--|--|

# No. 301. God is Love.

Charles Wesley.

J. Stevenson.  
REFRAIN. Fester.

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? } { God is love, I know, I feel; }  
{ Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare? } { Je-sus weeps, and loves me still; }

Smoothly.

Repeat *pp*

Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Now incline me to repent;<br>Let me now my sin lament;<br>Now my foul revolt deplore,<br>Weep, believe, and sin no more. | 3 There for me the Savior stands;<br>Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;<br>God is love, I know, I feel;<br>Jesus weeps, and loves me still. |
|--|--|

# No. 302. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arr. by Gabriel.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise. Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half ap-pears;  
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing love His pre-cious blood to plead;

55 *D. S. for Chorus.*

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

CHO.—His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

<p>3 Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers, They strongly plead for me; "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let the ransomed sinner die." "Nor let the ransomed sinner die."</p>	<p>4 The Father hears Him pray, His dear Anointed One; He cannot turn away The presence of His Son: His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.</p>	<p>5 To God I'm reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His child; I can no longer fear: With confidence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Abba, Father," cry, And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.</p>
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# No. 303. All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atkinson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. C. Excell.

1. All, ye, all I give to Je - sus, It be- longs to Him;  
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be- longs to [Omit . . . .] Him;  
D. C.—Ev - er - more His good - ness tell - ing, It be- longs to [Omit . . . .] Him.

D. C.

Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,

<p>2 All, ye, all I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him; All my voice I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him; Pleading for the young and hoary, Telling of His power and glory, Singing o'er and o'er the story, It belongs to Him.</p>	<p>3 All, ye, 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 s'er increasing, For His watch-care never ceasing, It belongs to Him.</p>	<p>4 All, ye, all I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him; All my life I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him; Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus, Day by day I'll work for Jesus, Evermore I'll honor Jesus, It belongs to Him.</p>
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No. 304.

# What a Friend.

M. 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,<br/>All our sins and griefs to bear!<br/>What a privilege to carry<br/>Every thing to God in prayer!<br/>O what peace we often forfeit,<br/>O what needless pain we bear,<br/>All because we do not carry,<br/>Every thing to God in prayer!</p> | <p>2 Have we trials and temptations?<br/>Is there trouble anywhere?<br/>We should never be discouraged,<br/>Take it to the Lord in prayer.<br/>Can we find a friend so faithful,<br/>Who will all our sorrows share?<br/>Jesus knows our every weakness,<br/>Take it to the Lord in prayer.</p> | <p>3 Are we weak and heavy laden,<br/>Cumbered with a load of care?—<br/>Precious Savior, still our refuge,—<br/>Take it to the Lord in prayer.<br/>Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?<br/>Take it to the Lord in prayer,<br/>In His arms He'll take and shield thee,<br/>Thou wilt find a solace, there. (three)</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 305.

# Your Mission.

S. M. Gramma.

1. If you can-not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rocking on the high-est bil-lows  
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with-in the valley,  
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you can-not toward the needy  
4. Do not, then, stand i - dle wait-ing For some great-er work to do; While the fields are white to harvest

Length-ning at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sail-ors, Anchored yet with-in the bay,  
While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can chant in hap-py mes-sure As they slow - ly pass a - long;  
Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it the af - flic-ted, O'er the err - ing you can weep,  
And the Mas - ter calls for you, Go and toil in an - y vine-yard! Do not fear to do or dare;

You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.  
Tho' they may for-get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for-get the song.  
You can be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet.  
If you want a field of la - bor, You can find it an - y - where, You can find it an - y - where.

# No. 306. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

First Tune.

H. S. Cottle.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye,<br/>Could pierce beyond the grave;<br/>Who saw His Master in the sky;<br/>And called on Him to save.<br/>Like Him, with pardon on His tongue<br/>In midst of mortal pain, (wrong,<br/>He pray'd for them that did the<br/>Who follows in His train?</p> | <p>3 A noble band, the chosen few,<br/>On whom the Spirit came; [knew,<br/>Twelve valiant saints, their hope they<br/>And mock'd the cross and flame.<br/>They met the tyrant's brandish'd<br/>The lion's gory mane; [steel,<br/>They bowed their heads the stroke<br/>Who follows in their train? (to feel,</p> | <p>4 A noble army, men and boys,<br/>The matron and the maid,<br/>Around the Savior's throne rejoice,<br/>In robes of light arrayed;<br/>They climbed the steep ascent of<br/>Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n's,<br/>O God, to us may grace be giv'n,<br/>To follow in their train.</p> |
|--|--|--|

# No. 307. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalms 119. First or Second Tune.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,<br/>And to my path a light,<br/>I will perform, as I have sworn,<br/>To keep Thy judgments right.<br/>I with affliction very sore<br/>Am overwhelmed, O Lord;<br/>In mercy raise and quicken me,<br/>According to Thy word.</p> | <p>2 The free-will offerings of my mouth;<br/>Accept, I Thee beseech,<br/>And unto me, O Lord, do Thou<br/>Thy judgments clearly teach.<br/>Tho' still my soul be in my hand,<br/>Thy laws I'll not forget;<br/>I erred not from them, tho' for me<br/>The wicked snarers did set.</p> | <p>3 I of Thy testimonies have<br/>Above all things made choice,<br/>To be my heritage for aye,<br/>For they my heart rejoice.<br/>With care I have my heart inclined,<br/>That it should still attend<br/>Thy statutes always to observe,<br/>And keep them to the end.</p> |
|---|--|--|

# No. 308. Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

Second Tune.

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare Him  
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless-ing  
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo-ries of His right-ous-

ness, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.  
praise, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.  
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing.

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



No. 309.

# Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hepper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un - known waves before me roll, }  
D.C. - Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi - lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea:  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will  
When Thou 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  
"Twix me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 310.

# Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

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 dou - ble 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. 311. 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; } Wait - ing in His courts to - day;  
Let us now a bless - ing seek,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

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.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;  
Let us feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief to all complainants;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

## No. 312. 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 - rious, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign e - 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. 313. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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. 314. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

- 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.
- 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.
- "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.
- 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. 315. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant.

Francis Joseph Hayden.

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious 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. 316. 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 Jesus have fled?  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gracious, omnipotent hand.  
 For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.  
 The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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. 317. 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. 318. 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. 319. 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?

# No. 320. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

First Tune.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }  
 { These wondrous gath'nings day by day? What means this strange } motion, pray? In accents hush'd the

strong reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by." In accents hush'd the strong reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

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

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

# No. 321. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Second Tune.

Wm. E. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, }  
 { And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! { In one-some }  
 D.C.—And oft es-ca-ped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer. } My soul has

of dis-tress and grief }  
 oft - on found re- }  
 of, }  
 D. C.

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

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

# No. 322. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woe, There is a calm, a  
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

sure to - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.  
 what's more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sin and sorrow molest no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 323.

Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. { God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far sung bat-tle line, } Lord God of  
 { Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold De-main- ion o-ver palm and pine; }  
 2. { The in-mit and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; } Lord God of  
 { Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice An hum-ble and a con-trite heart; }

3 Far called our navies melt away,  
 On dune and headland sinks the sea,  
 To all our pomp of yesterday;  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;  
 Judge of the nations spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.  
 Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

No. 324.

Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

1 Faith of our fathers! living still  
 In spite of dungeon, fire and  
 sword: [Joy  
 O how our hearts beat high with  
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word  
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
 We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience  
 free; [Iste,  
 How sweet would be their children's  
 If they, like them, could die for Thee!  
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
 We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our  
 strife: [How,  
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows  
 By kindly words and virtuous life:  
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
 We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 325.

America:

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na-tive coun-try 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 mor-tal  
 4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.  
 land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 326.

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 Thro' 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. 327. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

*Lento. Solo in Alto.*

T. KOSCHAT. Arr. by F. E. B.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe  
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no  
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread, With blessings un-measured my  
 4. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I

fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when  
 e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-  
 run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou an-nointest my head; Oh, what shall I  
 meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my fore-fatherstrod, Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd; Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.  
 fall with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.  
 ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?  
 so-journ, Thy king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king-dom of love.

## No. 328. A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGES

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing; Our help-er He a-  
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man  
 3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for

mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing, For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his  
 on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is  
 God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.  
 he! Lord Sab-oth is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.  
 so; The bod-y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for-ev-er.

# No. 329. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Otory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an  
 3. He has sound-ed forth the tramp-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sitt-ing out the  
 4. In the beau-ty of the Il-lea, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-  
 al-tar in the eve-ning down and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and  
 hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-  
 le-ous that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make

*SF* *FINE* *CRONUS.* *1*  
 his swift sword; His truth is marching on.  
 far-ing lamps, His day is marching on. | Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!  
 lent my feet, Our God is marching on. | Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S. 2d time.)  
 make men free, While God is marching on.

# No. 330. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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 LOUIS BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di-vide you.

*CRONUS.* *1*  
 God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet,.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'  
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

*2*  
 feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 all we meet;

- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
 When life's perils thick confound you,  
 Put His arms unfailing round you,  
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
 Smite death's threat'ning waves before you,  
 God be with you till we meet again.





## Responsive Readings.

### No. 334. 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 sin, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

### No. 335. 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. 336. PSALM 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

## Responsive Readings.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou has set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10 The days of our years are three-score years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

### No. 337. JOHN 3: 1-18.

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

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

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

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

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

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

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

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

### No. 338. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

## Responsive Readings.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

### No. 339. 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 shewed 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 unto 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.

### No. 340. PSALM 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

### No. 341. 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. 342. 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.

## Responsive Readings.

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 labour 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.

### No. 343.

MATTHEW 13: 24-30; 36-43.

1 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which soweth good seed in his field:

2 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

3 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

4 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

5 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up.

6 But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

7 Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

8 Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.

9 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

10 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

11 The enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

12 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

13 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

14 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

15 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

No. 344. **Gloria Patri, No. 1.** Charles Melnick.

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. 345. **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. 346. **All People that on Earth do Dwell.** Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take. heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.  
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He Prates 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 thankful songs your tongues employ, O bless and magnify His name.  
4 Because the Lord our God is good. His mercy is forever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

No. 347. **Praise God.**

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.

# PATRIOTIC AND MISSIONARY.

No. 348

## O Zion, Haste.

James Welch.

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; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;

### 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, Redem-ption and re-lease.

No. 349

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!  
 2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!  
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light!  
 4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love; Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,  
 Send the light!" And a gold-en of-'ring at the cross we lay,  
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,  
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,  
 Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light!..... Send the light!..... Send the light!..... the  
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

1  
 bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to  
 the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine

2  
 shore!..... shine..... for-ev-er-more.....  
 from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

No. 350.

Will You Go?

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

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CUMMINGS & ADAMS, OWNERS.

Will H. Adams.

1. Lo, a cry to-day is heard, Will you go? 'Tis an echo from the Word,  
2. Send the message o'er the sea, Will you go? Of sal - va - tion, full and free,  
3. Bear the news o'er all the world, Will you go? Let His banner be unfurled,  
4. There is dan - ger in de - lay, Will you go? Souls are dy - ing ev'ry day,  
go, go?

Will you go? Tell to nations far and wide That the Lord was cru - ci - fied,  
Will you go? Bid the lost ones, bound by sin, Per - fect peace and freedom win,  
Will you go? Shout a - loud the glad refrain, O - ver mountain, hill and plain,  
Will you go? They are sink - ing in despair, With no word from you or prayer;  
go, go?

CHORUS.


That for them He bled and died, Will you go?  
Bring, O bring the wand'ers in, Will you go? Will you go?....  
Christ our King shall come to reign, Will you go?  
Go and tell them that you care, Will you go? go, go? Will you go?

Will you go?.... With the tidings of great joy, Will you go? Christian  
Will you go? go, go, go?



workers, we call on you, Will you go, go, go? Will you go, go, go?  
go, go, go, go, go?



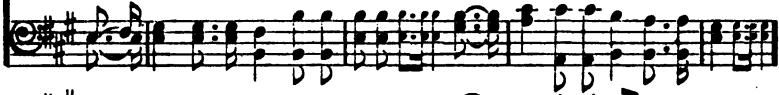

No. 351. The Red, White and Blue.




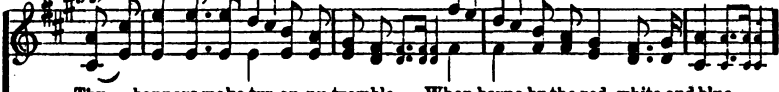
1. O Co-lum-bial the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;  
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,  
 3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

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!

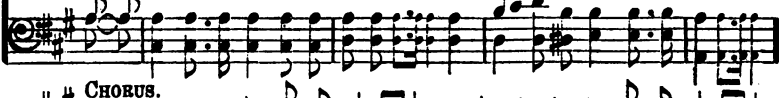



Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;  
 With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!

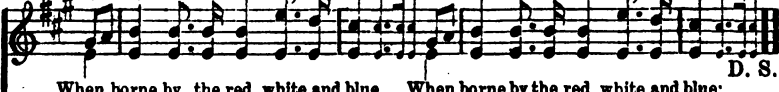



Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 The Ar-m-y and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

FINE.

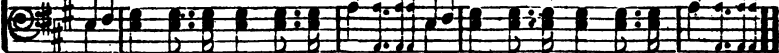


CHORUS.



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.

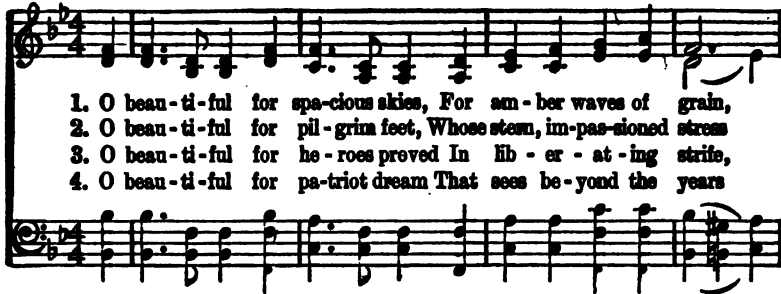


## No. 352.

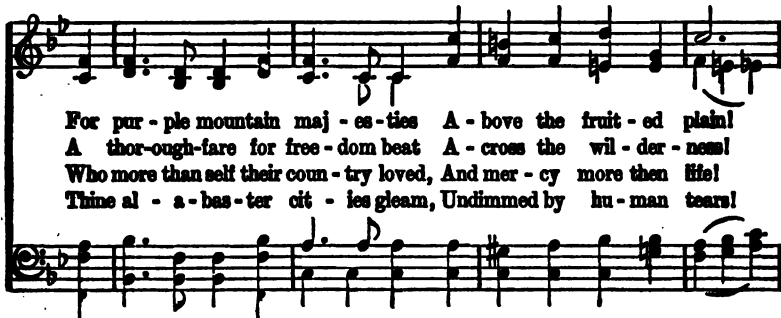
## America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates.


S. A. Ward.



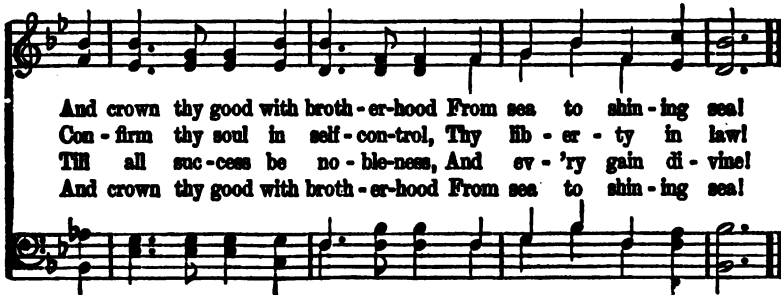
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,  
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose steam, im-pas-sioned steam  
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,  
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



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-ties 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. 353. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the  
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 3. And where 't that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the  
 sil - ence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it  
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their  
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? 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 h - washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref - uge could save the  
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our

CHORUS.

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that  
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled  
 hirling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled  
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

## The Star-Spangled Banner.

star-spangled ban-ner 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. 354. The Gail 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;

FINE.

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 sheaves 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;

# No. 355. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY G. E. ROUSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rousefell.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

D. S.

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

No. 356.

\*Tell It Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.



1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the  
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good  
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the  
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for



close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:  
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will He hold?  
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!—who - so - ev - er!" said he;  
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:



*D. S.—Till none can say of the chil - dren of men,*

*FINE. CHORUS.*



"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"  
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!" Tell it a - gain!  
"Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"



*"No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"*



tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,



\*A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

No. 357.

# Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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!



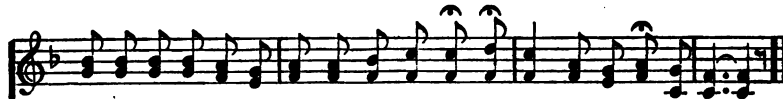
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh - bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!  
Thou hast a mes - sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!  
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry - where, Help some-bod-y to - day!  
Some one the jour - ney to Heav - en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



## 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!



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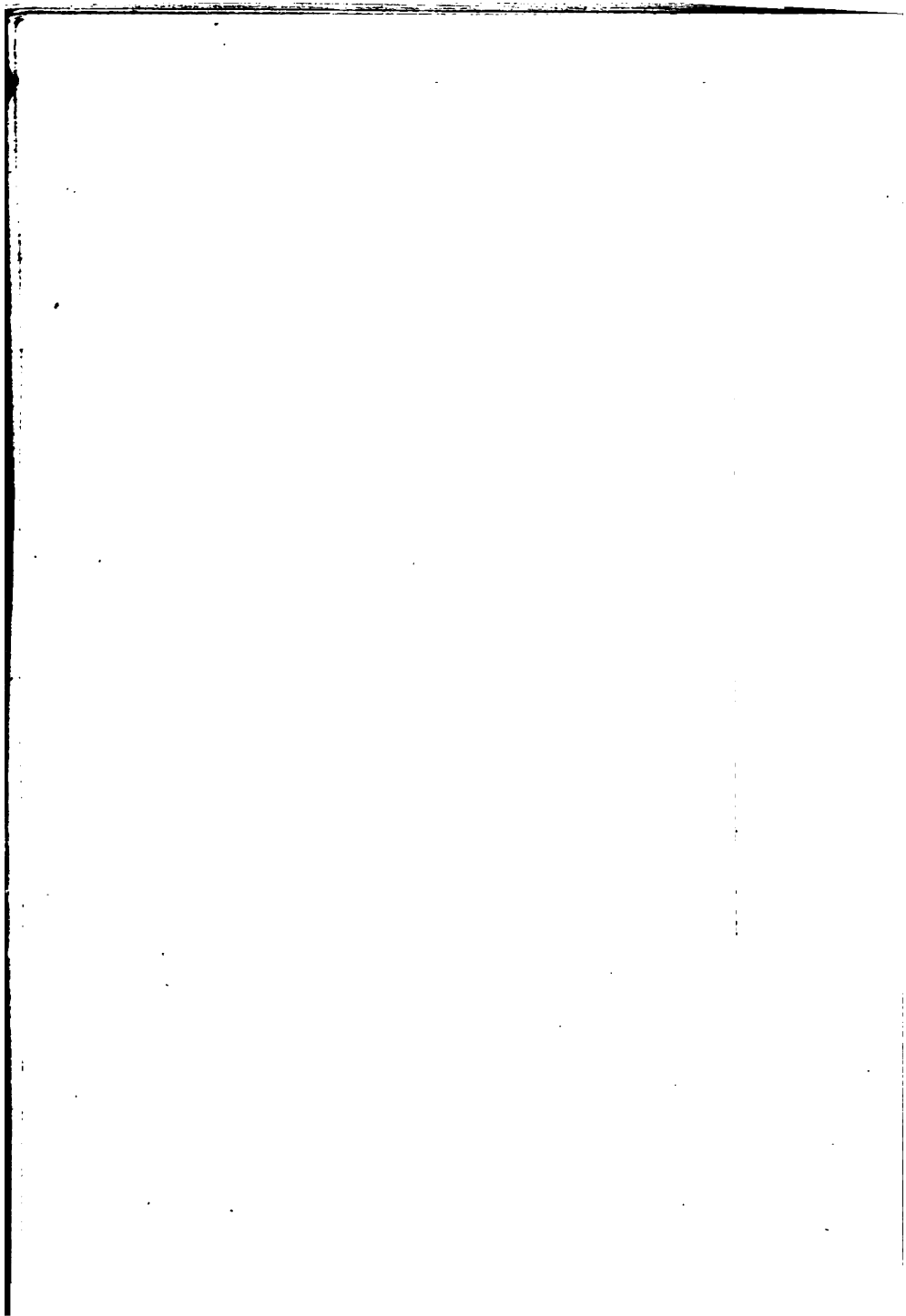
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