

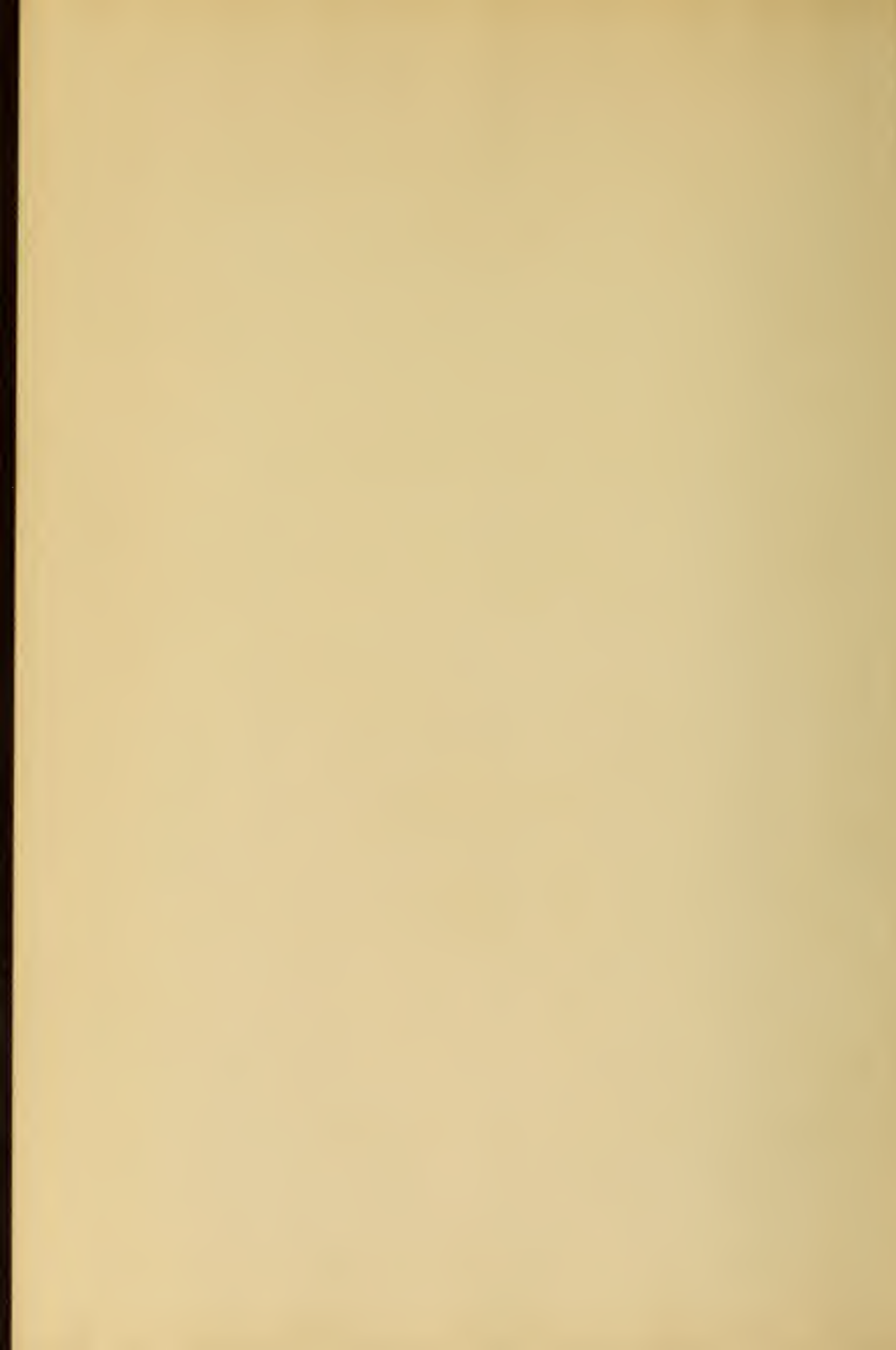
LIGHT *and* LIFE

SONGS

♪ No 2 ♪

SCC  
5763

49311





# Light and Life Songs

## Number Two

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ADAPTED ESPECIALLY TO SUNDAY  
SCHOOLS, SOCIAL WORSHIP, CAMP  
MEETINGS AND REVIVAL SERVICES

WILLIAM B. OLMSTEAD, Editor  
THORO HARRIS, Assistant Editor

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**WITHDRAWN**

Published by W. B. ROSE, Agent,  
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## Preface.

**T**HE first volume of Light and Life Songs was prepared and issued in 1904. The object was to provide the best material available for Sunday-schools, Evangelistic and Gospel Services, and for Prayer and Devotional Meetings.

That this collection was one of unusual merit has been evidenced by the demands of an appreciative public which have required the printing of many editions.

The present work has been prepared with equal care and with the same object, and it seems eminently fitting that it should carry the title of Light and Life Songs, Number Two.

That the gracious Spirit of our Lord will attend the singing of these songs and make them an evangel of truth and salvation is our prayer.

W. B. OLMSTEAD, }  
D. S. WARNER, } Committee.  
W. B. ROSE, }

# Light and Life Songs

## Number Two

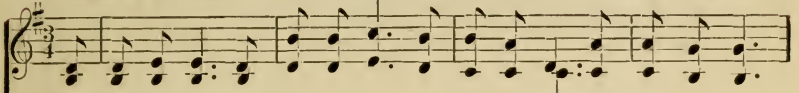
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### He Lifted Me.

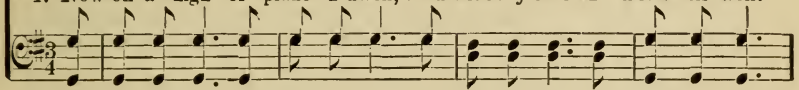
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

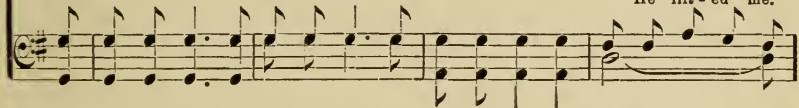


1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim;
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred;
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well:

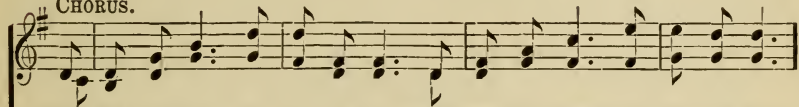


And from the depths of sin and shame, Thro' grace He lift-ed me.....  
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n, He lift-ed me.....  
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me.....  
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.....

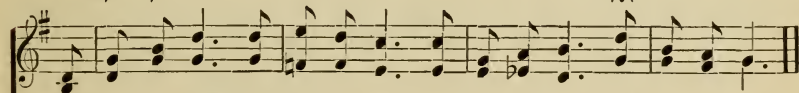
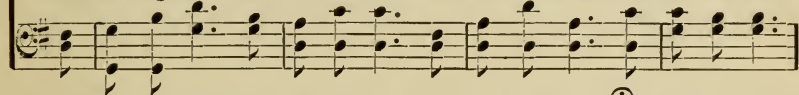
He lift-ed me.



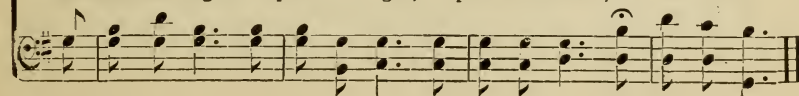
#### CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me;



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!



## Jesus Answers Prayer.

Nellie Place Chandler.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

James M. Black.

1. Tho' shad-ows gath-er and the way seems long, Clouds hide the sun-shine,  
 2. He knows the way is hard, be not dis-mayed, Trust in thy Sav-iour,  
 3. Can we not trust Him, who such love doth show? His way makes our way,

God can give a song; Let not thy cour-age fal-ter, nor de-spair,  
 O be not a - fraid; Tho' still unanswered,—trust His love and care,  
 where-so - e'er we go; His yoke is ea - sy, He the load will bear,

## CHORUS.

For Je - sus an - swers prayer. Je - sus an-swears prayer,  
 Je-sus an-swears prayer.

Je - sus an - swers prayer; Je - sus an-swears prayer; Ask of Him, and

come be - liev - ing, For Je - sus an-swears prayer.  
 Je - sus an-swears prayer.



## A Sinner Saved by Grace.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Sav-ior died for me;  
 2. Wea-ry of sin, to him I came And asked for par-don in his name;  
 3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-ior nev-er-more;

And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner sav'd by grace.  
 He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner sav'd by grace.  
 In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner sav'd by grace.

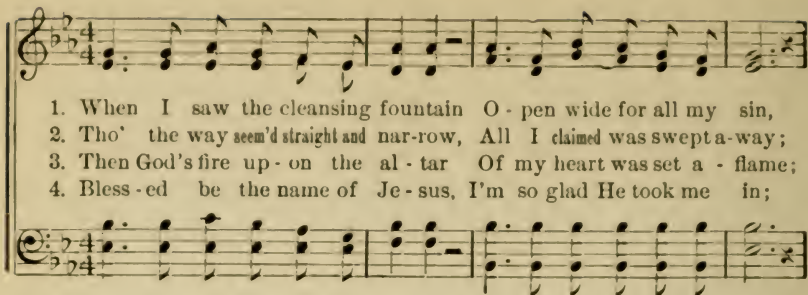
CHORUS.

In glo - - ry I shall see his face, His  
 In glo-ry I shall see his face, his bless-ed face, I shall

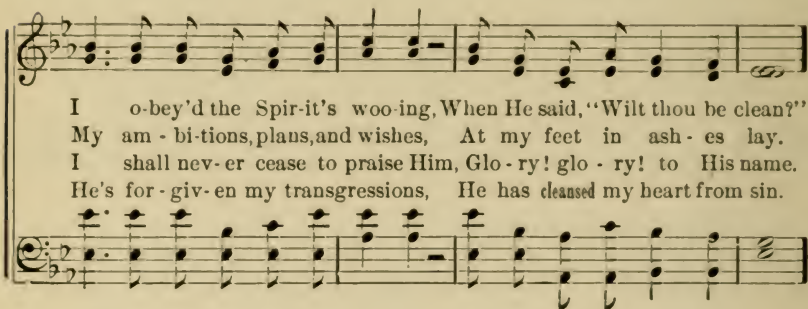
bless-ed face, his blessed face; In glo - ry I shall  
 see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see his

see his face, . . . . For I'm a sin-ner sav'd by grace!  
 face, his bless-ed face.

\* Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

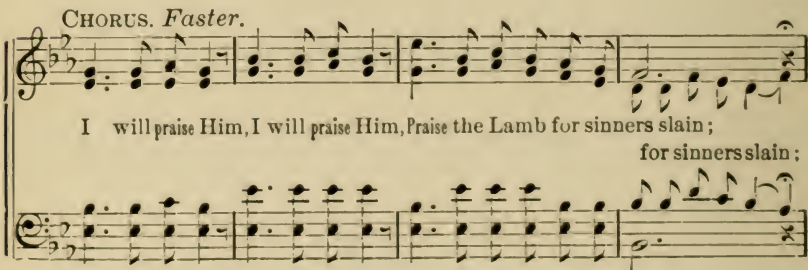


1. When I saw the cleansing fountain O - pen wide for all my sin,  
 2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar - row, All I claimed was swept a - way;  
 3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;  
 4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;

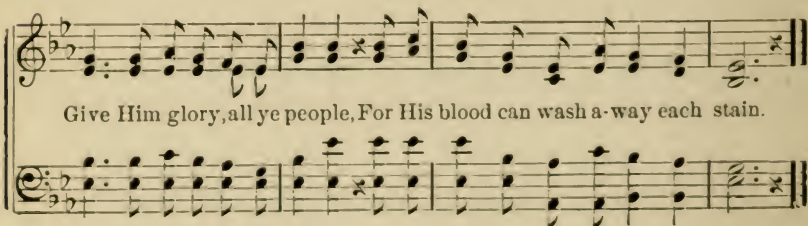


I o - bey'd the Spir - it's woo - ing, When He said, "Wilt thou be clean?"  
 My am - bi - tions, plans, and wishes, At my feet in ash - es lay.  
 I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry! to His name.  
 He's for - giv - en my transgressions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *Faster.*



I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;  
 for sinners slain;



Give Him glory, all ye people, For His blood can wash a - way each stain.





## He Took My Sins Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. M. J. H.

Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I came to Je - sus, wea-ry, worn and sad, He took my sins a - way,  
 2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a - way,  
 3. No con-dem - na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a - way,  
 4. If you will come to Je - sus Christ to - day, He'll take your sins a - way,

He took my sins a - way; And now His love has made my heart so glad,  
 He took them all a - way; And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care,  
 He took my sins a - way; His per - fect peace He did to me im - part,  
 He'll take your sins a - way; And keep you hap - py in His love each day,

CHORUS.

He took my sins a - way.  
 He took my sins a - way. He took my sins a - way,  
 He took my sins a - way.  
 He'll take your sins a - way.

He took my sins a - way, And keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day!

I'm so glad He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way.



## He Comes to Reign.

THORO HARRIS.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

FR. KUCKEN.  
Arr. by T. H.

1. Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry To the Lamb for sinners slain, To the  
 2. 'Tis a day of glad re - un - ion For the ho - ly and the pure Who the  
 3. 'Tis a day of con - ster - na - tion To the sin - ful and the proud; Lam - en -  
 4. We will watch for his re - turn - ing From his dwell - ing - place on high Thro' the

Lamb who lives again: Let us tell the joy - ful sto - ry, Je - sus comes on  
 cross for Je - sus bore, And a day of sweet com - mun - ion With the King for -  
 ta - tions long and loud Shall re - sound thro' all cre - a - tion When they see him  
 por - tals of the sky, With our lamps all trimmed and burning: For his com - ing

CHORUS. *mp*

earth to reign.  
 ev - er - more. Je - sus' { com - ing draweth near, In the clouds he'll soon ap -  
 on the cloud. { ter - ni - ty to spend In the pres - ence of our  
 draw - eth night.

pear; We shall meet him in the air, And his im - age we will bear; All e -

Friend: Glo - ry in the high - est, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes on earth to reign.

## The Old-Time Religion.

Mrs. M. J. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin  
 2. I be - lieve in a heart-felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul  
 3. I be - lieve in a ho - ly re - lig - ion; For the saints of all a  
 4. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right

here be - low, Gives me peace pass-ing all un - der-stand-ing, While the  
 ev - 'ry day; The as - sur-ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the  
 ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond-age, When they  
 with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk-ing In the

## CHORUS.

riv-ers of pleas-ure doth flow.  
 blood they are all washed away. O give me the old-time re-lig-ion,  
 heard the sweet sto-ry of old. the old - time re-lig-ion,  
 paths which our fathers have trod.

O give me the joy I can know; I be-lieve in the old-time re-  
 I can know;

lig - ion, As our fa - thers re - ceived long a - go.  
 old - time re - lig - ion,

## It is Mine.

USED BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

ELISBA A. HOFFMAN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God's a - bid - ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it  
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per - fect rest, In my raptured  
 3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it  
 4. Oh, the love of God is com - fort - ing my soul, For His love is

now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a -  
 heart I can feel it now; He each pass - ing moment keeps me sav'd and  
 now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em -  
 mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad - ness o'er my spir - it

CHORUS.

way, Tho' I can - not tell you how.  
 blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. } It is mine, mine,  
 ploy, And re - new my grate - ful vow. } It is mine, this price - less treas - ure, ev - er  
 roll, Thrill - ing me with life di - vine.

blessed be His name! He has giv - en peace, perfect peace to me; It is

mine, mine, blessed be His name! Mine for all e - ter - ni - ty!  
 mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er



## O! To Be Like Thee.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! to be like thee, bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant  
 2. O! to be like thee, full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,  
 3. O! to be like thee, low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,  
 4. O! to be like thee, Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th'a-  
 5. O! to be like thee, while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,  
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,  
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,  
 noint-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,  
 fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.  
 Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear. O! to be like thee,  
 Seek-ing the wand-ring sin-ner to find.  
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.  
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.  
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O! to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er. pure as thou art; Come in thy

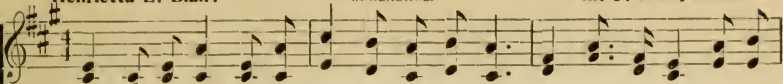
*Rit. . . . .*  
 sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

## Open the Door.

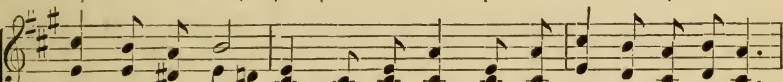
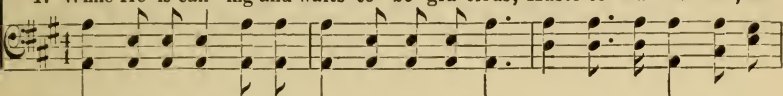
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IN RENEWAL.

Henrietta E. Blair.

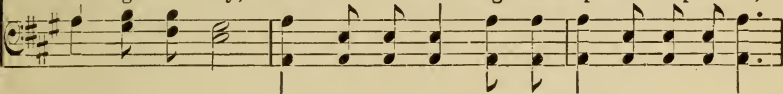
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is wait - ing and knock - ing, Stand - ing to - day at the
2. Long He has call'd thee and thou hast refus'd Him, Long He has wait - ed thy
3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darken'd? What if the Sav - ior should
4. While He is call - ing and waits to be gra - cious, Haste to ad - mit Him, the

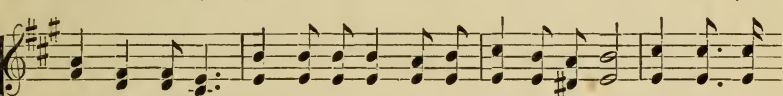
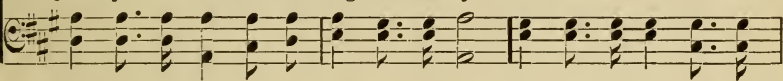


door of thy heart; Say wilt thou o - pen and glad - ly receive Him,  
an - swer to hear; Still He is knock - ing, how canst thou be si - lent?  
call thee no more? Think of the an - guish, thy spir - it ap - pall - ing,  
warn - ing o - bey; While He is hold - ing the scep - tre of par - don,

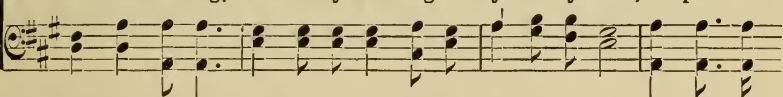


## CHORUS.

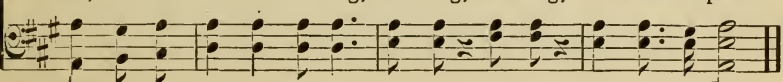
Or wilt thou bid Him in sor - row de - part?  
Now at this mo - ment sal - va - tion is near. O - pen the door, 'tis the  
Know - ing the day of pro - ba - tion is o'er.  
Quick - ly re - ceive Him—no long - er de - lay.



Sav - ior knock - ing, Pa - tient - ly knock - ing to - day at my heart; O - pen the

*ad lib.*

door, 'tis the Sav - ior knock - ing, Knock - ing, knock - ing,—must He de - part?



## They are Nailed to the Cross.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

Thoro Harris.

1. I was gloom-y and sad, Now my heart is free and glad: Je-sus has  
 2. Let the guilt-y all know That for sin-ners here be-low Je-sus hath  
 3. Hal-le-lu-jah to God! I am liv-ing 'neath the blood, Where-by my

ta-ken all my sins a-way; I was wea-ry and lone, Now my sor-rows  
 come, to set the cap-tive free; Tell the ti-dings a-round, How God's grace doth  
 heart to God is rec-on-ciled; I will laud and a-dore His dear name for-

CHORUS.

all have flown: I am re-joic-ing in his love to-day.  
 still a-bound, Flowing in love for all hu-man-i-ty. They are nailed to the  
 ev-er-more— Heir of his grace, my heav'nly Father's child.

cross, and I bear them no more; Je-sus has tak-en all my sins a-way: Hal-le-

lu-jah I sing To my Sav-ior and King: I am re-joic-ing in his love today.



## Nailed to the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. USED BY PER.

Mrs. FRANK A. BEECK.

(DUET.)

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a  
 2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While he  
 3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev-er de-part— I will

soul, so un-wor-thy, might live, And the path to the cross he was  
 cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I  
 joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

CHORUS.

will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.  
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the cross,  
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way.

*pp*

They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear, With what

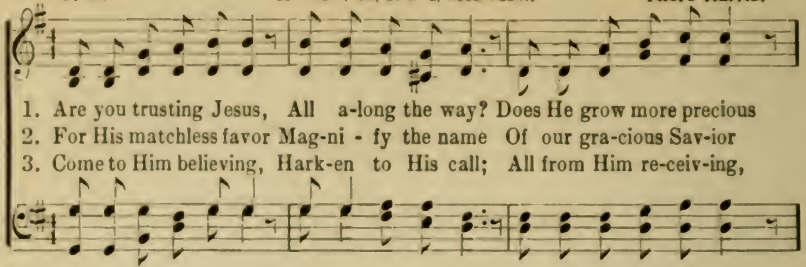
*rit.*

anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.

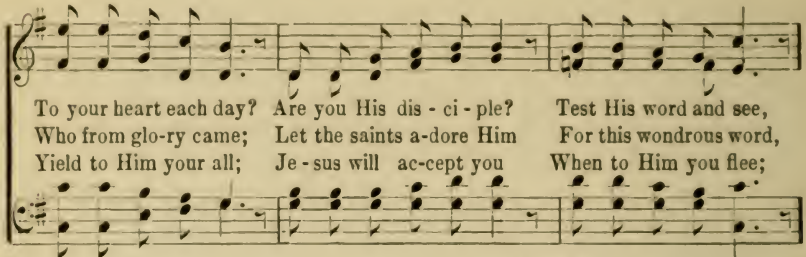
T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

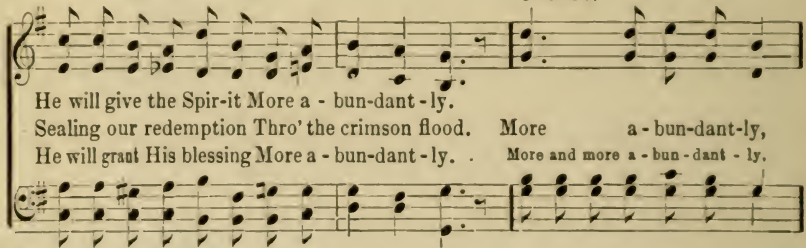


1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious  
 2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior  
 3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiving,

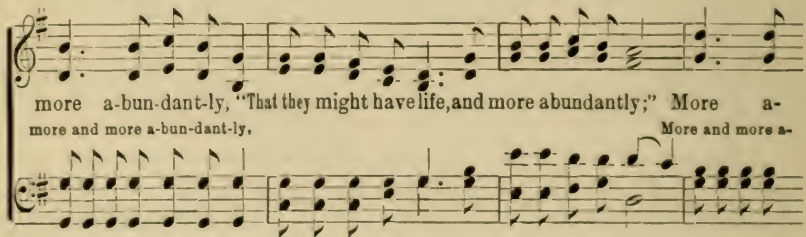


To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,  
 Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,  
 Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;

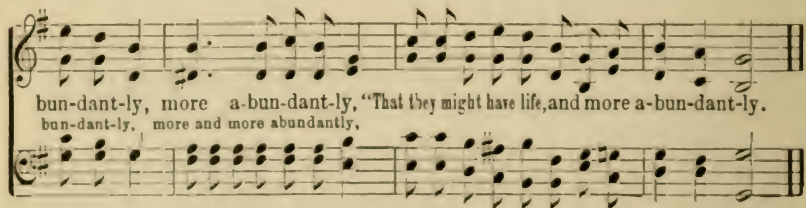
## CHORUS.



He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant-ly.  
 Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,  
 He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant-ly. More and more a - bun-dant - ly.



more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-  
 more and more a-bun-dant-ly, More and more a-



bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.  
 bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

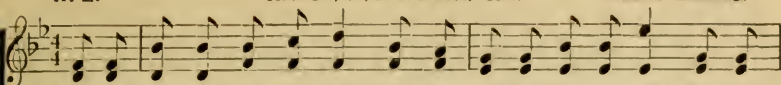


## Jesus Sanctifies.

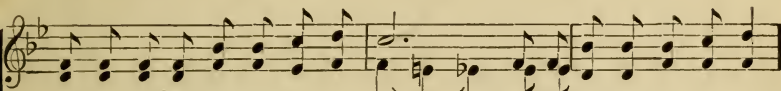
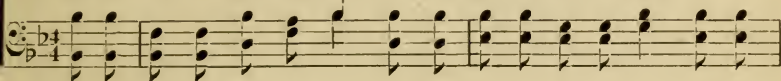
H. L.

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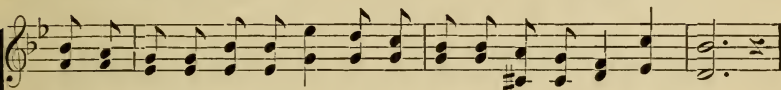
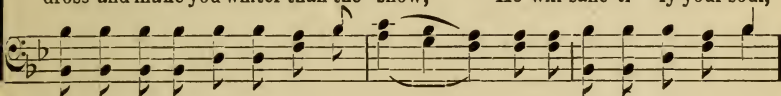
Haldor Lillenas.



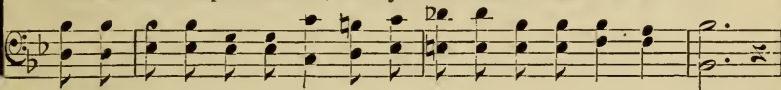
1. I have tar-ried for the pow'r, It has come, a mighty show'r, The bap-  
 2. Gone is all car-nal-i-ty, I am set com-plete-ly free, And in  
 3. Does your heart for cleansing yearn? Let the Ho-ly Spir-it burn All the



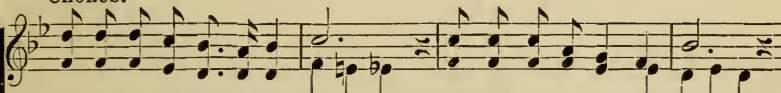
tism of the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost; Con-se-crat-ing all to God,  
 Je-sus I'm re-joic-ing night and day; For He fills and thrills my soul,  
 dross and make you whiter than the snow; He will sanc-ti-fy your soul,



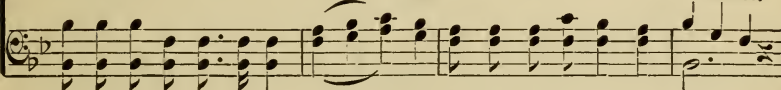
Ful-ly trust-ing in the blood, I've been saved un-to the ut-ter-most.  
 And the waves of glo-ry roll, While I'm walking in the King's high-way.  
 Come and take complete control, Make your life a heav'n on earth be-low.



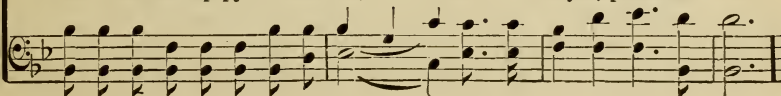
## CHORUS.



Je-sus whol-ly sanc-ti-fies me, From all sin I am set free;  
 And set free;



Now I am as hap-py as can be; Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord!



BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the  
 2. Ev-'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad-ly share, Are you sad and  
 3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus-tain, Life has vex-ing  
 4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav-'ler,  
 wea-ry? Je-sus has a care; Well he knows the path-way  
 problems which he can ex-plain; Serve him where he sends you  
 rug-ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu-ture

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.  
 o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.  
 though in d'istant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.  
 in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.

FINE.

*D. S.*—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.

## CHORUS.

Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he  
 O yes, O hear,

calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu-ture

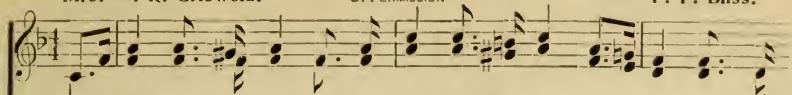
*D. S.*

## Who's On the Lord's Side?

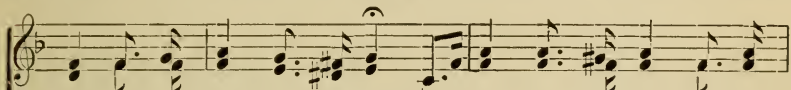
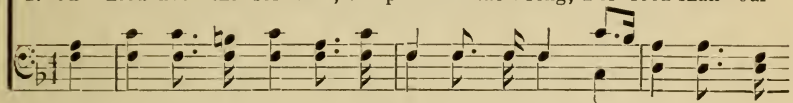
Mrs. W. R. Griswold.

BY PERMISSION

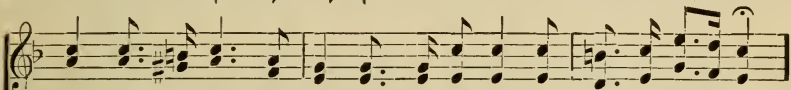
P. P. Bliss.



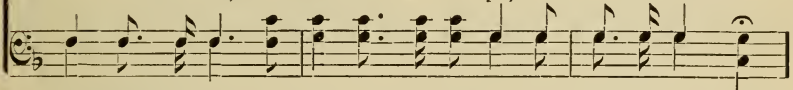
1. We're marching to Ca-naan with ban - ner and song, We're sol - diers en -
2. The sword may be bur-nished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap -
3. Who is there a - mong us yet un - der the rod, Who knows not the
4. Oh heed not the sor - row, the pain and the wrong, For soon shall our



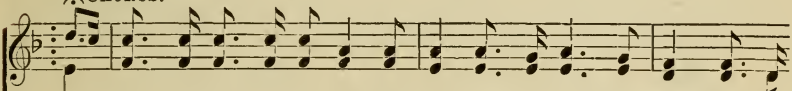
list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, iest in the con - flict our  
 peers as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may  
 par-don - ing mer - cy of God? Oh bring to Him hum - bly the  
 sigh - ing be changed in - to song; So bear - ing the cross of our



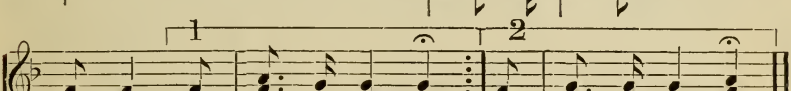
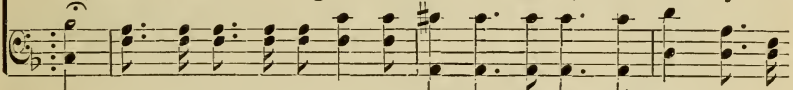
strength should di-vidе, We ask, who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?  
 teach - er - y hide, While lips are pro-fess-ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."  
 heart in its pride; Oh haste while He's waiting, and seek the Lord's side.  
 cov - en - ant Guide, We'll shout as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side."



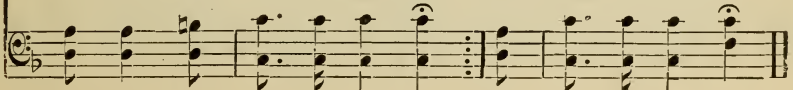
## CHORUS.



Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by His



col - ors— who's on the Lord's side? who's on the Lord's side?





## The Healing Waters.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY L. L. PICKETT. BY PER.

H. H. PRIMAR.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,  
 2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;  
 3. Oh, this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow  
 4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!  
 5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,

Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Stream - ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the  
 Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the

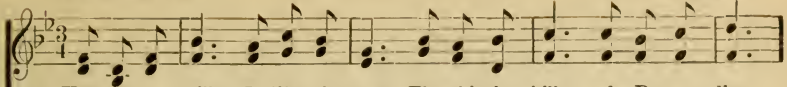
joys ce - les - tial glow; Oh, there's peace and  
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial glow; Oh, there's peace and rest and love,

rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!

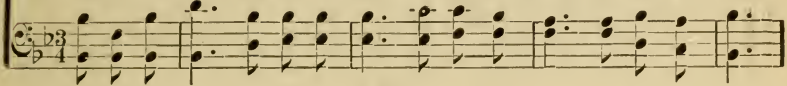
Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY D. W. MYLAND.

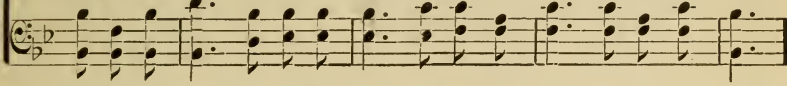
D. W. Myland.



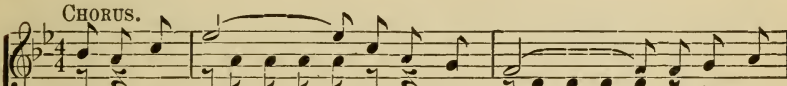
1. Un - to the hills I lift mine eyes, The shin-ing hills of Par - a-dise,
2. God's glory lights that blessed place, There flow for me the streams of grace;
3. I look, and from His throne divine "The light of life" doth on me shine;
4. Un - to the hills I lift mine eyes, Their glo - ry just be - fore me lies;
5. He slum-bers not, He will not sleep, For God Him-self my soul will keep,



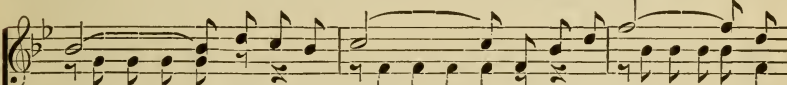
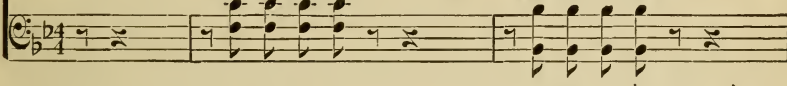
From whence the prom-ised help I bring, The pres-ent help of Is-rael's King.  
 I for-ward press to win the prize, While to the hills I lift mine eyes.  
 With joy it doth my spir-it fill, And in His light I know His will.  
 That glo-ry soon I shall at-tain, And en-ter there with Christ to reign.  
 Un - til with joy I shall a - rise To meet my Lord be-yond the skies.



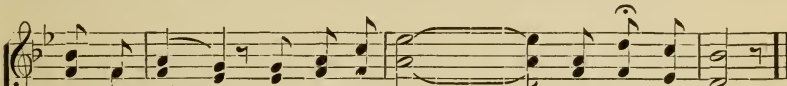
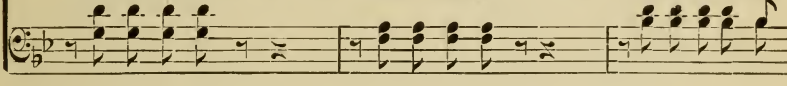
CHORUS.



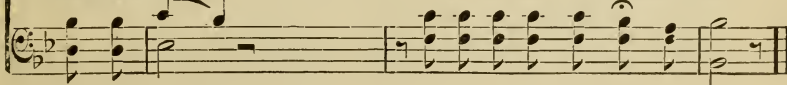
Un - to the hills,..... the shin - ing hills,..... The hills of  
 Un - to the hills, the shin-ing hills,



God,..... be-yond the skies;..... Un-to the hills,..... the  
 The hills of God, be-yond the skies; Un-to the hills, the



shin - ing hills, I will lift up..... in faith mine eyes.  
 shin - ing hills. I will lift up in faith mine eyes.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT 1894. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*May be used as solo.*

1. My full heart is bound-ing, its con - flict is past, The clouds that were  
 2. My full heart is bound-ing, the tem - pest is still, How calm - ly and  
 3. My full heart is bound-ing, my hope is se - cure, My faith like an  
 4. How tran-quil my spir - it, how per - fect - ly blest, While safe on thy

heav - y are break-ing at last; And O what a sun-shine of glo - ry I  
 sweet-ly I bend to thy will; And O what a vis - ion of E - den I  
 an - chor is stead-fast and sure; No dread of the fu - ture, what-e'er it may  
 prom - ise I peace - ful - ly rest; Be - liev - ing, a - bid - ing, and trust-ing in

CHORUS.  
 see! For thou, my Re-deem-er, art pre-cious to me.  
 see! For thou art com-mun-ing, dear Sav - ior, with me. Joy, joy is  
 be, Thy grace is suf - fi-cient, dear Sav - ior, for me.  
 thee, My lov - ing Re - deem-er, so pre-cious to me.

con-stant-ly flowing, Joy, joy its rap-ture be - stow-ing; And O what a

*rit.*  
 sun-shine of glo - ry I see! My lov - ing Re-deem-er, so pre-cious to me.



## I'm Going Through.

H. B.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

Herbert Buffum.

Arr. by Wm. B. Olmstead.

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light That shines on my pathway  
 2. Ma - ny once start-ed to run in this race, But with our Fore-run-ner  
 3. Let me but fol-low my Lord all a-lone And have for my pil-low,  
 4. Come then, my comrades, and walk in this way That leads to the king-dom

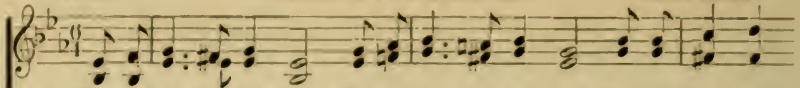
so clear-ly, so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a-dieu, And  
 they could not keep pace; Oth - ers ac-cept-ed be-cause it was new, But  
 like Ja - cob, a stone, Rath-er than vain worldly pleasures pur-sue, Than  
 of un - end-ing day; Turn from your i-dols and join with the few, Start

## CHORUS.

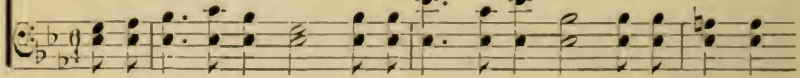
now with my Sav-ior I mean to go thro'.  
 not ver - y ma - ny seem bound to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', I'm go - ing  
 turn from this pathway and fail to go thro'.  
 in with your Savior. and keep going thro'.

thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the way

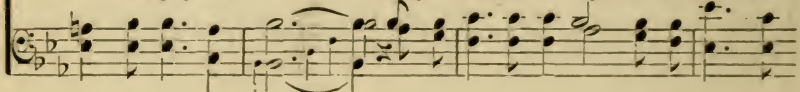
with the Lórd's de-spis-ed few; I'm go-ing thro', Jesus, I'm go-ing thro'.



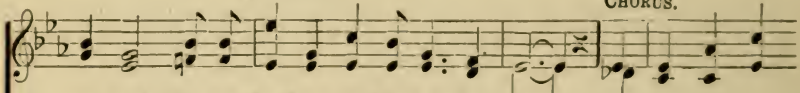
1. You are los - ing your soul, Sad - ly miss - ing the goal, You are hope - less -
2. You re - mem - ber the hour When the Spir - it of pow'r Touched your lips with
3. Now you stum - ble a - long; From your life all the song Has de - part - ed,
4. You are doomed to be cast With the vil - est at last, And the fate of
5. With the a - ges in view, Is it noth - ing to you That the Mas - ter



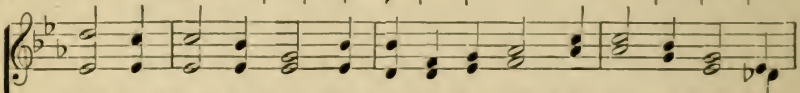
ly drift - ing a - way, Blind - ly wand'ring from God On a teach - er -  
 his fin - ger of grace, When he named you his own, When your heart was  
 and glad - ness takes wing; You are lead - ing no one To the feet of  
 the guilt - y to share, From God's presence to hide, And e - ter - nal  
 is call - ing you home? Can you turn from the light In - to dark - ness



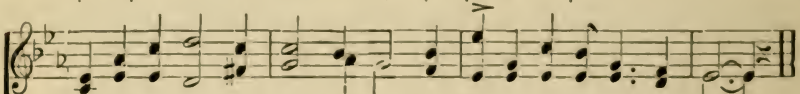
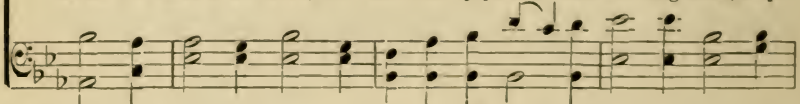
## CHORUS.



ous road, You are far from his kingdom to - day.  
 his throne, And you gazed on God's rec - on - ciled face.  
 God's Son, You are false to your Sav - ior and King! Yet Christ in - ter -  
 ly bide In the re - gions of hope - less de - spair!  
 to - night, From his mer - cy for - ev - er to roam?



cedes In heav'n a - bove, He ten - der - ly pleads, Like woo - ing dove, Sup -



ply - ing your needs In kind - ly love: O cease from your drifting a - way!



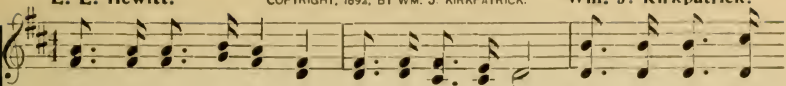


## Who Will Follow Jesus?

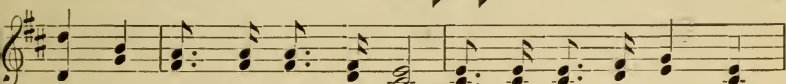
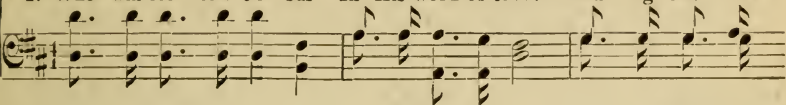
E. E. Hewitt.

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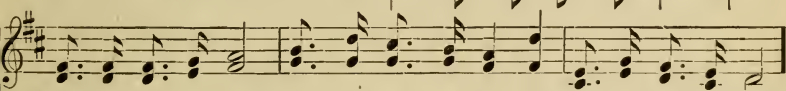
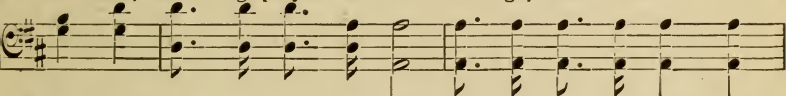
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



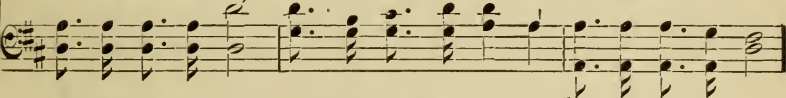
1. Who will fol - low Je - sus, Stand - ing for the right, Hold - ing up His
2. Who will fol - low Je - sus In life's bus - y ways, Work - ing for the
3. Who will fol - low Je - sus When the tempter charms, Flee - ing, then, for
4. Who will fol - low Je - sus In His work of love? Lead - ing oth - ers



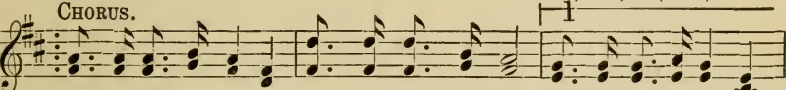
ban - ner In the thick - est fight? List'n - ing for His or - ders,  
 Mas - ter, Giv - ing Him the praise? Ear - nest in His vine - yard,  
 safe - ty To the Sav - ior's arms? Trust - ing in His mer - cy,  
 to Him, Lift - ing pray'rs a - bove? Cour - age, faith - ful serv - ant!



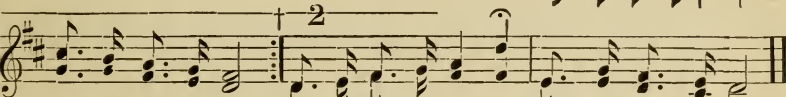
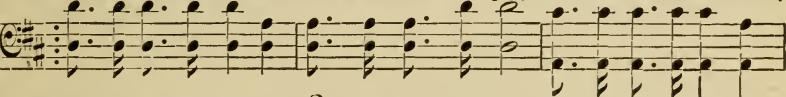
Read - y to o - bey, Who will fol - low Je - sus, Serv - ing Him to - day?  
 Hon - or - ing His laws, Faith - ful to His coun - sel, Watch - ful for His cause?  
 Trust - ing in His pow'r, Seek - ing fresh re - new - als Of His grace each hour?  
 In His word we see, On our side for - ev - er Will this Sav - ior be.



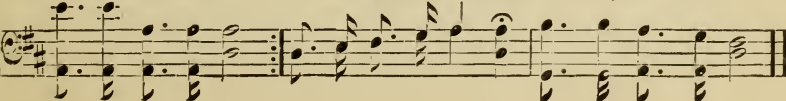
## CHORUS.



Who will fol - low Je - sus? Who will make re - ply, "I am on the Lord's side,



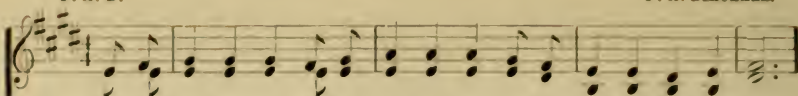
Mas - ter, here am I?" "I am on the Lord's side, Mas - ter, here am I?"



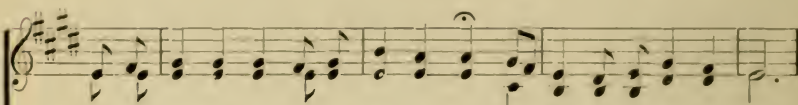
F. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905 BY F. A. BLACKMER.

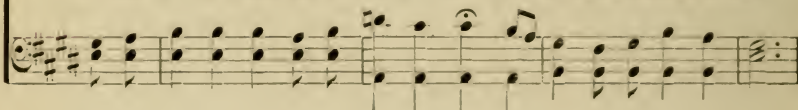
F. A. BLACKMER.



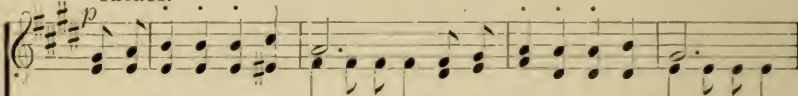
1. When our Lord was here in the old-en time, As he went his earth-ly way,
2. To the burdened one by the weight of sin, O how oft - en did he say,
3. Then they bro't their sick to the Master's feet, And he never said them nay,
4. When with "one accord" his dis-ci-ples prayed On that Pen-te-cos-tal day,
5. "Je-sus Christ the same yes-ter-day, to-day, And for-ev-er," doth it say



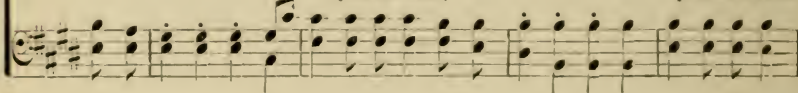
He would hear the cry of the humblest soul; But is he the same to-day?  
 "Free-ly I for-give, go and sin no more;" But is he the same to-day?  
 For he heal'd them all with his gra-cious touch; But is he the same to-day?  
 As he said, the Spir-it up - on them came; But is he the same to-day?  
 In his ho - ly word, and we do be - lieve He is just the same to-day.



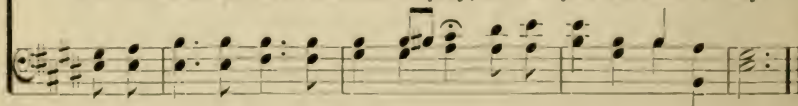
## CHORUS.



He is just the same to-day, Yes, he's just the same to-day,  
 just the same, praise his name!



For he hears and an-swers when we pray; He is just the same to-day!

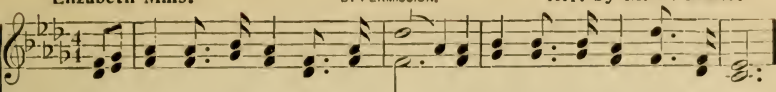


## When the Tempest Passes Over.

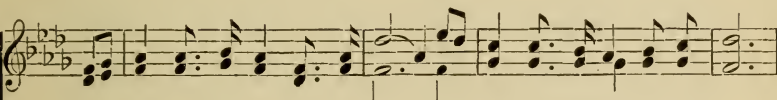
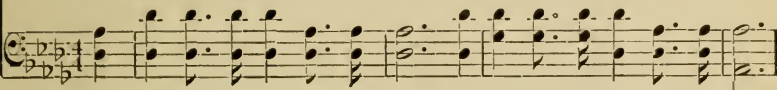
Elizabeth Mills.

BY PERMISSION.

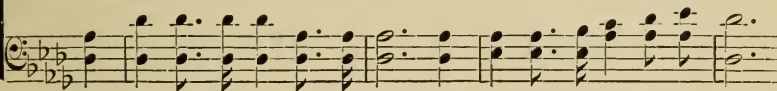
Arr. by M. B. Miller.



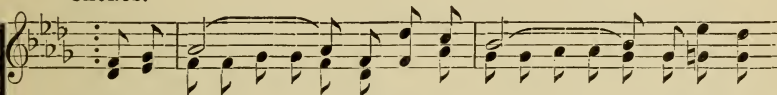
1. We speak of the land of the blest, A coun-try so bright and so fair,
2. We sing of its path-ways of gold, Its walls decked with jew-els so rare,
3. We talk of its peace and its love, The robes which the glorified wear,
4. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care,
5. Do Thou 'mid all pleas-ure or woe, For E - den our spir-its pre-pare;



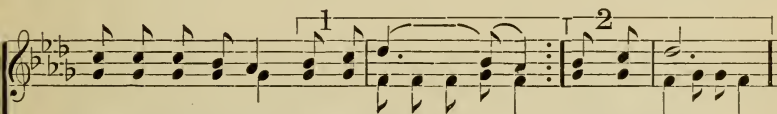
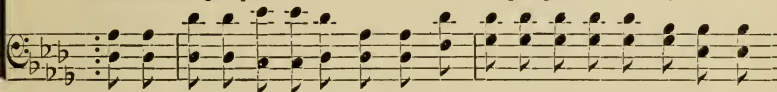
And oft are its glo-ries con-fest; But what must it be to be there?  
 Its won-ders and pleasures un - told; But what must it be to be there?  
 The songs of the bless-ed a - bove; But what must it be to be there?  
 From tri-als with-out and with-in; But what must it be to be there?  
 Then short-ly we al - so shall know And feel what it is to be there.



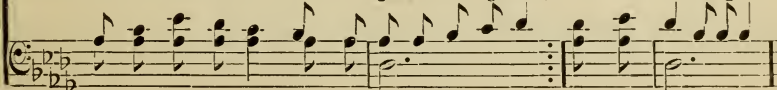
## CHORUS.



When the tem - - pest pass-es o - - ver, We shall  
 When the tem-pest pass-es o - ver, When the tem-pest pass-es o - ver,



meet each oth-er there on that shore;..... on that shore.  
 bright and shining shore; shining shore.

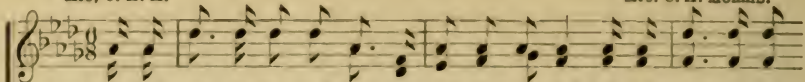




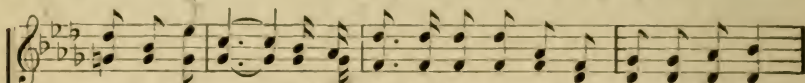
Mrs. C. H. M.

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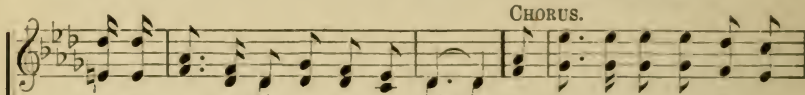
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



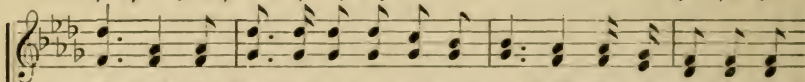
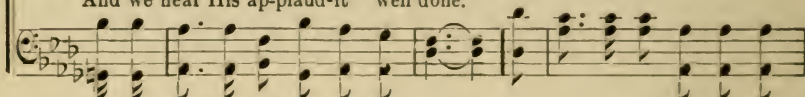
1. "At an hour that ye think not" the Master will come, An account from His
2. "At an hour that ye think not" the Judge will descend, And the trump of the
3. "At an hour that ye think not" the Bridegroom will call For the church, His be
4. "At an hour that ye think not," what joy it will be, When the King comes to-



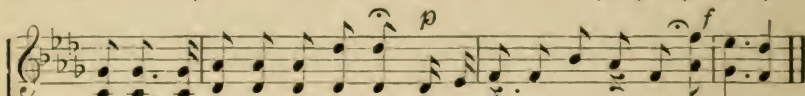
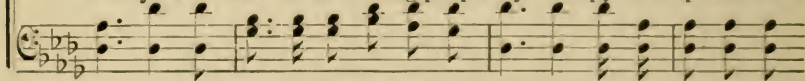
own He'll de-mand, For the time and the tal-ents com - mit-ted to you,  
 arch-an - gel sound; He has giv - en us warn-ing and bids us to watch,  
 lov - ed, His bride; The redeemed who in white wedding garments are dressed,  
 bring back His own, If He looks with ap-prov-al up - on you and me,



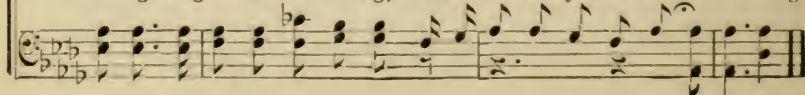
He that day will re-quire at your hand.  
 And each one at his post to be found. The Mast-er is com-ing, be-  
 For the faith-ful the true and the tried.  
 And we hear His ap-plaud-it "well done."



ware ye! the Mast-er is coming pre-pare ye! Keep your lamps trimmed and



burn-ing to greet His re-turn-ing, "At an hour that ye think not" He's coming.

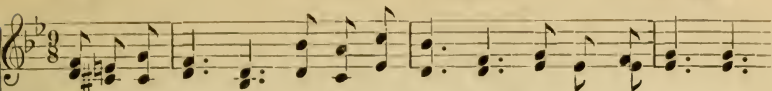


## Sanctified Wholly.

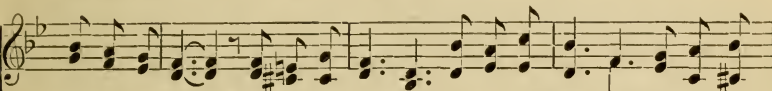
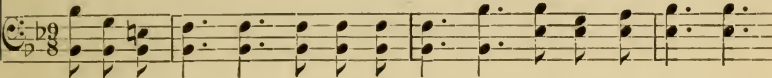
T. H.

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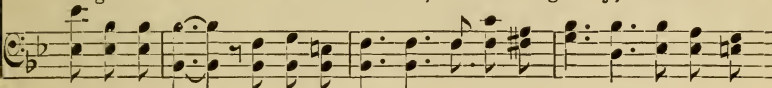
Thoro Harris.



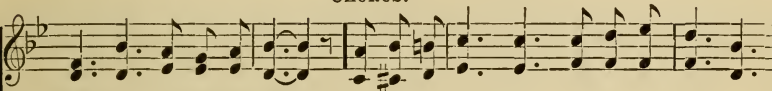
1. Free from all bond-age now and for - ev - er, Free from the guilt of
2. For our sal - va - tion com-ing from heav - en, Bear-ing the cross, de-
3. Christ is my wis - dom, righteous-ness, pow - er, Seat-ed a - bove, all
4. Changed by His grace—O won - der - ful sto - ry! Liv - ing His life, God's



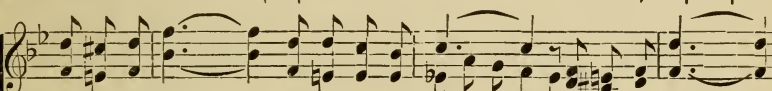
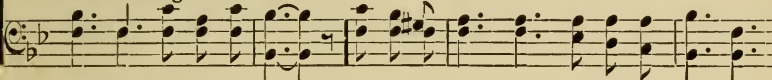
conscience de - filed, Washed in the blood of Je - sus my Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fied  
spis - ing the shame, Gifts un - to men our Sav - ior hath giv - en— I am re -  
grace to be - stow; Christ is my rock, my fort - res - s, my tow - er: Glo - ry to  
im - age I bear Till I shall see Him, see Him in glo - ry; Then with all



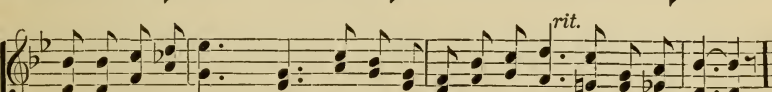
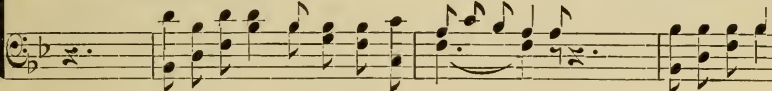
## CHORUS.



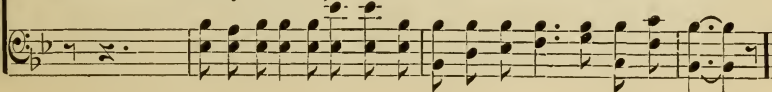
whol - ly, I am His child.  
deemed, all praise to His name! Sanc - ti - fied whol - ly, bod - y and spir - it,  
Him who lov - eth me sol  
saints His king - dom to share.



One with my Lord . . . . who free - ly loved me, . . . . Washed in His blood . . . .  
One with my Lord Hal - le - lu - jah, Washed in His blood,



and saved by His mer - it, Je - sus, who once for my sins died on the tree.  
saved by His mer - it,



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Mrs. Lizzie DeArmond.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Hark! there's a call from the front to - day, Will you en-list for the  
 2. Be not dis-mayed when you face the foe, On with a cheer, for your  
 3. Fol - low with joy as He leads the way, Soon shall the world own His

com - ing fray? Brave-ly go forth loy - al men and true, Step in - to  
 Cap - tain go, Trust in the strength that is sure to win, Keep up the  
 might-y sway, Be not a-fraid, He will help you through, Press on a -

## CHORUS.

line, for the Lord needs you.  
 fight 'till He calls you in. It's true that the Lord needs  
 head, for the Lord needs you.

you, Go forth He will help you through, En-  
 needs you, He will help you through.

list for the right, press on to the fight, For sure-ly the Lord needs you.

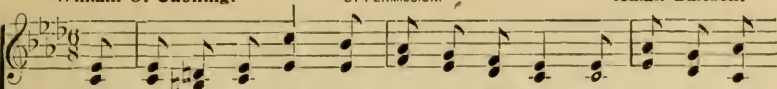


## No Room in Heaven.

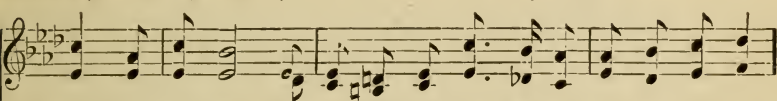
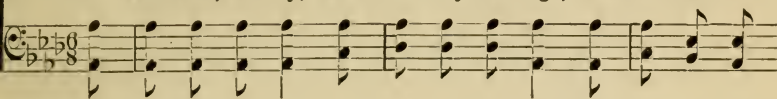
William O. Cushing.

BY PERMISSION.

Isaiah Baitzell.



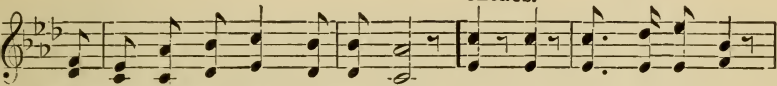
1. How sad it would be, if, when thou didst call, All hope-less and  
 2. How sad it would be, the har-vest all past, The bright sum-mer  
 3. O haste thee, and fly, while mer-cy is nigh, Re-mem-ber the



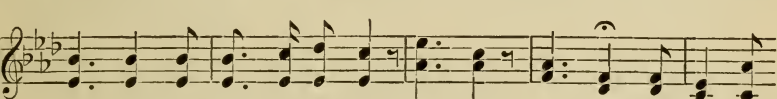
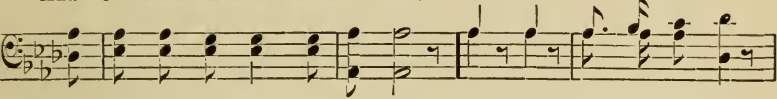
un - for - giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate,  
 days all o - ver, To know that the reap - ers had gath - ered the grain,  
 love He gave thee; The love that has sought thee is seek - ing thee still,



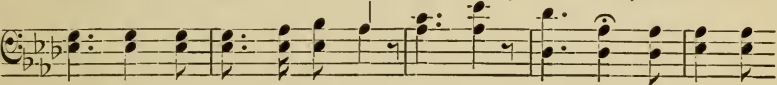
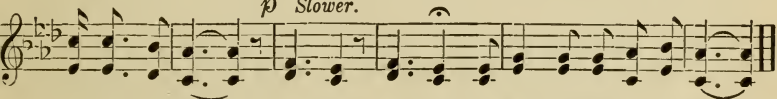
## CHORUS.



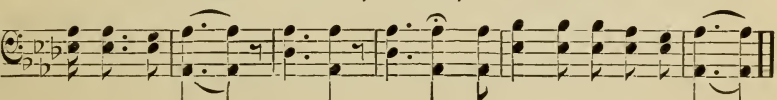
Should an - swer, No room in heav - en!  
 And left thee a - lone for - ev - er! Sad, sad, sad would it be!  
 And Je - sus now waits to save thee.



No room in heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in

*p* Slower.

heav - en for thee! No room, no room, no room in heav - en for thee!



1. When will He re-turn, my precious Lord and Savior? When will He re-  
 2. When will He re-turn, my pierced, thorn-crowned Savior? When will He re-  
 3. When will He re-turn, my ris-en Lord and Mas-ter? When will He re-  
 4. When will He re-turn? I see the signs ap-pear-ing; When will He re-

turn, to gath-er home His own? Bursting thro' the clouds and gently, sweetly  
 turn, with nail-prints in His hands? Chang-ing all who sleep and all the waiting  
 turn, a thou-sand years to reign? Cast-ing Sa-tan forth, who causeth man such  
 turn? The proph-et says, 'tis soon; Is thine heart renewed and pu-ri-fied thro'

CHORUS.

call-ing All the wea-ry pilgrims, who His name have known.  
 mill-ions Read-y for their dwelling on the gold-en strand. He will return,  
 an-guish, Stay-ing all the tears that flow like fall-ing rain.  
 Je-sus, Wait-ing, should the Mas-ter come at dawn or noon?

Je-sus will return, Put ye on the garments pure and white; Guard that thou hast,

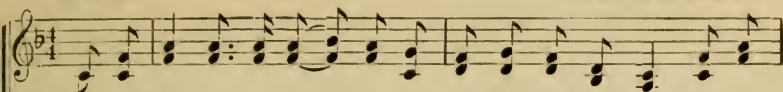
least thy crown be lost, Keep for-ev-er walk-ing in the light.  
 the bless-ed light.



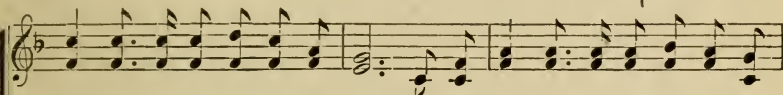
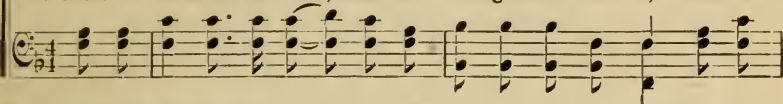
C. H. G.

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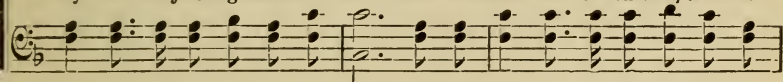
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



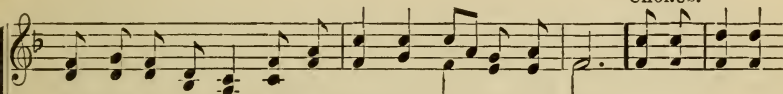
1. When the first glimpse of heav-en breaks up-on our rap-tured sight, What a
2. When we march thro' the gates and hear the wel-come of our King, What a
3. When we meet with the loved ones who have laid their ar - mor down, What a
4. There the storms nev-er beat, and the sur-ges nev-er roll,— What a



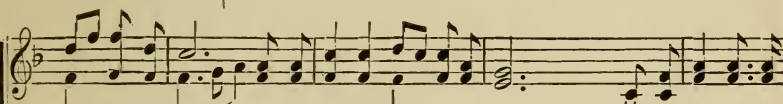
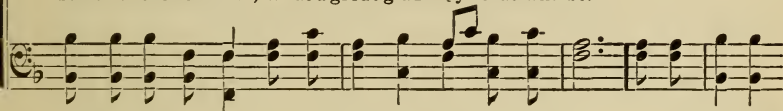
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we stand face to face with Je - sus  
 day of re-joic-ing that will be! When with saints and the an - gels we u -  
 day of re-joic-ing that will be! When the Lord shall be-stow on us a  
 day of re-joic-ing that will be! There no death ev - er en-ters, there no



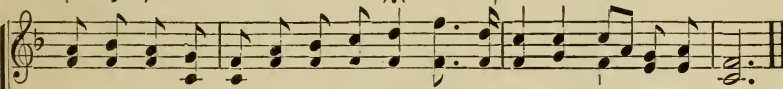
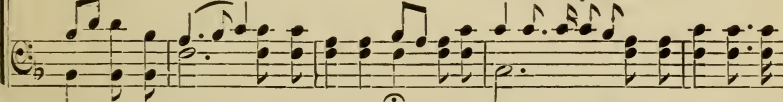
## CHORUS.



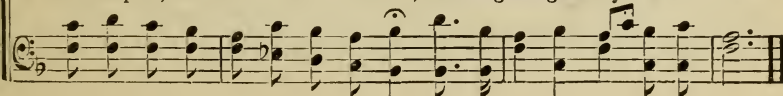
in that world of light, What a great glad day that will be.  
 nite His praise to sing, What a great glad day that will be. What a great glad  
 bright immortal crown, What a great glad day that will be.  
 sorrows reach the soul; What a great glad day that will be.



day that will be, What a great glad day that will be; When we meet, nev-er  
 Hallelujah!



more to part, on that e - ter-nal shore, What a great glad day that will be.



Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO. BY PER.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earthly friends, Whose love all earthly love transcends,  
 2. He's mine be-cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;  
 3. He's mine be-cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;  
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.  
 Then while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine, . . . . . this friend so dear, . . . . . He lives with  
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me, . . . . . he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand  
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near;

charms . . . around him shine, . . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.  
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,

## The Breaking of the Day.

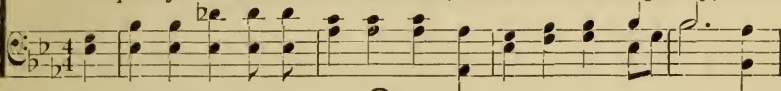
G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

G. W. S.

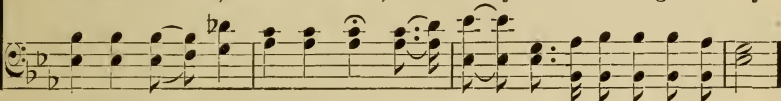
G. W. SEDERQUIST.



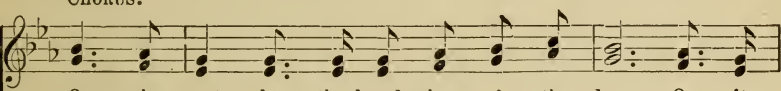
1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A-
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a - way, With
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray, Who
5. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way, And



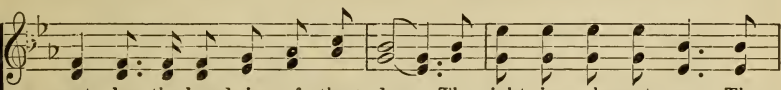
stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim: It must be the breaking of the day.  
 loud pro - claim to mor - tal men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.  
 gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the breaking of the day.  
 once were happy in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the breaking of the day.  
 call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.



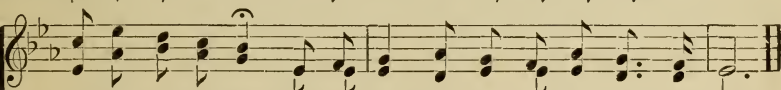
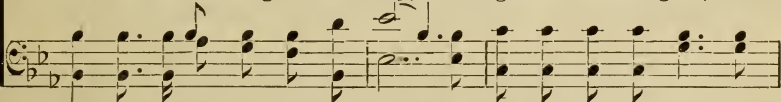
## CHORUS.



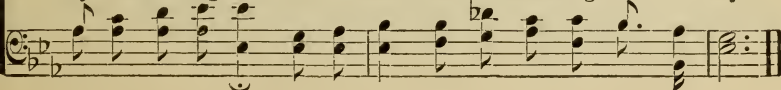
O, it must be the break - ing of the day, O, it



must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The



day is com-ing on: O it must be the break-ing of the day.

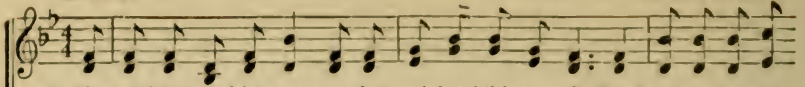




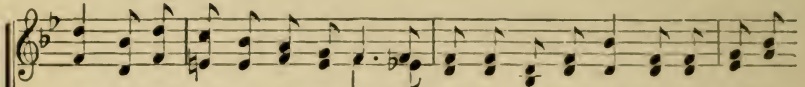
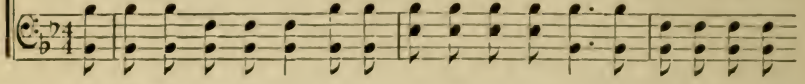
L. E. J.

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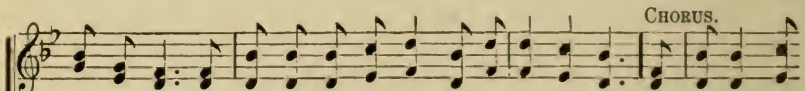
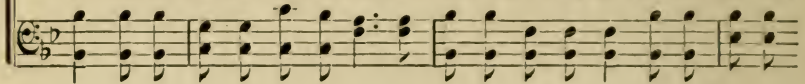
L. E. JONES.



1. Up-on life's bound-less o-c-ean where mighty bil-lows roll, I've fixed my hope in
2. He keeps my soul from 'e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath still'd the
3. He is my Friend and Sav-ior, in Him my anchor's cast, He drives a-way my

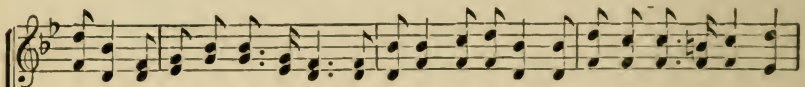
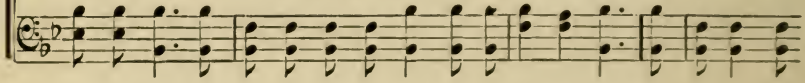


Je-sus, blest an-chor of my soul. When tri-als fierce as - sail me as storms are  
waters and bid their tumult cease. My pi-lot and de - liv-'rer to Him I  
sorrows and shields me from the blast. By faith I'm looking up-ward be-yond life's

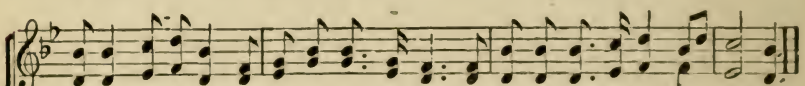
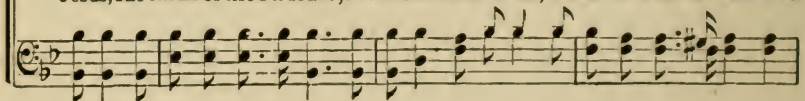


CHORUS.

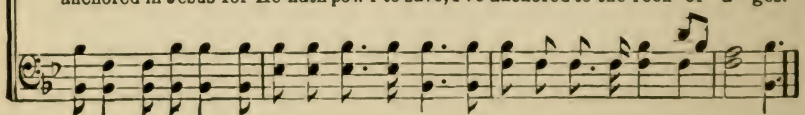
gath'ring o'er, I rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more.  
all con - fide, For al - ways when I need Him, He's at my side. I've an - chored in  
troubled sea, There I be - hold a ha - ven pre - pared for me.



Jesus, The storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je-sus, I fear no wind or wave I've



anchored in Jesus for He hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - ges.



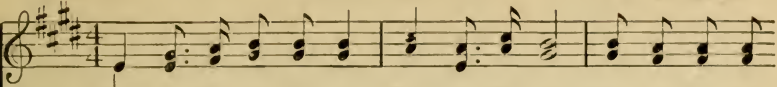


## Where He Leads I'll Follow.

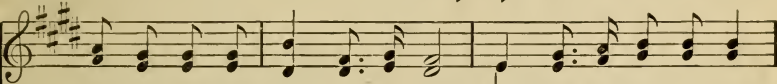
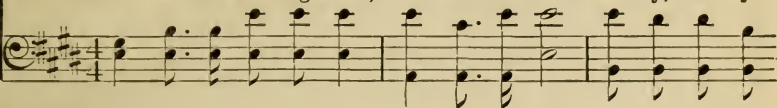
W. A. O.

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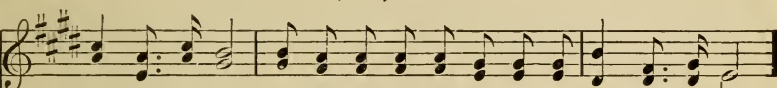
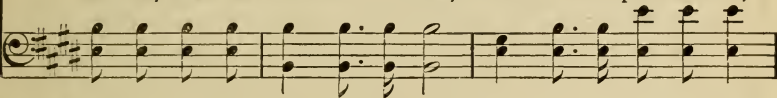
W. A. Ogden.



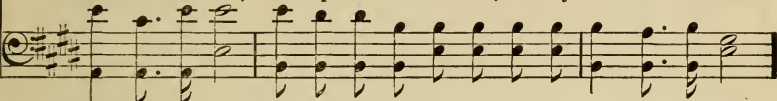
1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than  
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sushath shown, Sweet - er far than  
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -



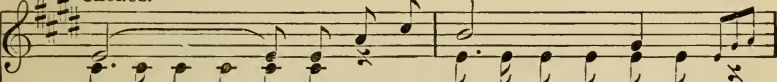
an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,  
 an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,  
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,



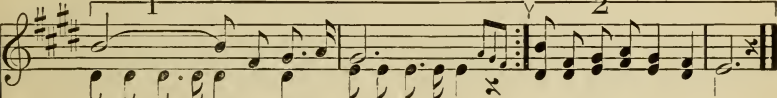
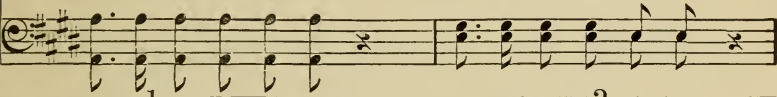
Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.  
 Faith - ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.  
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure.



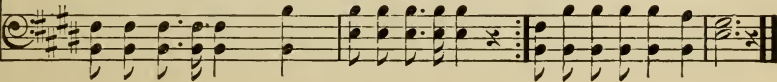
## CHORUS.



Where . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,  
 Where He leads I'll fol - low,                      Where He leads I'll fol - low,



Fol - - - low all the way;                      Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.  
 Fol - low all the way.    yes,    fol - low all the way;



J. M. Humphrey.

OWNED BY J. M. HUMPHREY.  
BY PERMISSION.

George E. Bula.

1. The world is filled with sor - row And sin of ev - 'ry kind;  
2. When e - vils fierce as - sail me, I look to God and pray,  
3. When dear - est friends are leav - ing, And hin - dran - ces a - bound,  
4. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, Down near the Jor - dan tide,

But Je - sus sweet - ly keeps me And gives me grace to shine.  
He gives me grace suf - fi - cient To keep me ev - 'ry day.  
He gives me grace and cour - age, And helps me stand my ground.  
He gives me joy and com - fort, And nev - er leaves my side.

## CHORUS.

His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, ..... To  
suf - fi - cient for me,

keep me on land or on sea; ..... O glo - ry to - ry to  
land or on sea; O glo - ry to Je - sus, O  
glo - ry to Je - sus, O

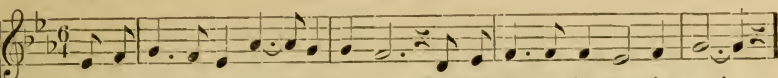
*rit.*  
Je - sus, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, .....  
praise Him to - day, suf - fi - cient for me.

# 37 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

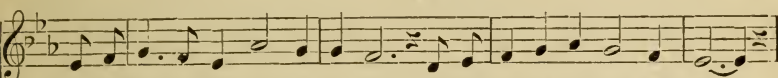
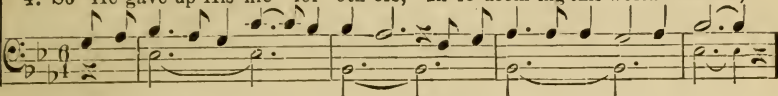
F. A. G.

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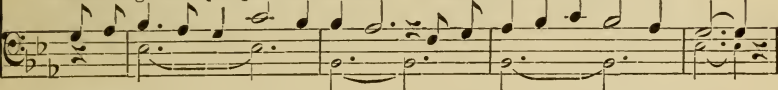
F. A. Graves.



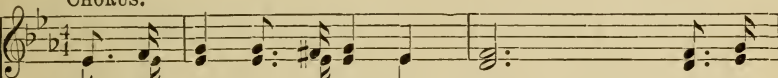
1. What a wonderful, wonderful Sav-ior, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His re-splen-dent glo-ry [To ac-com-plish His Father's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor-rows, too;
4. So He gave up His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;



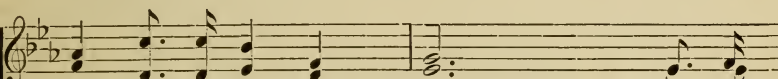
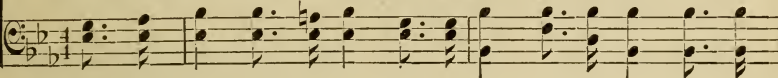
Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life-blood, That the sinner might be made free.  
 He was born of the Vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.  
 He's the Heal-er of ev-'ry sick-ness—This He came to our world to do.  
 And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en-ter in.



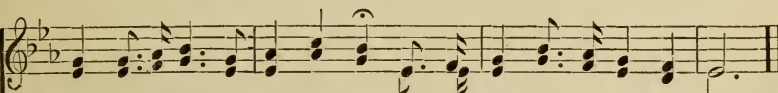
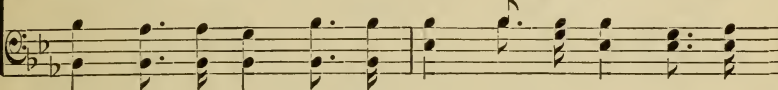
## CHORUS.



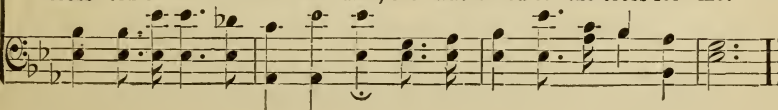
He was nailed to the cross for me, He was  
 He was nailed to the cross.



nailed to the cross for me; On the  
 He was nailed to the cross;



cross cru-ci-fied for me He died, He was nailed to the cross for me.





C. B. W.

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C. B. Widmeyer.

1. All the treas-ures of time will de - cay, And the mill - ions of  
 2. There's no wealth with God's love can com - pare, He has rich - es this  
 3. Seek no long - er the treas-ures of earth, Leave the things that are  
 4. Je - sus of - fers sal - va - tion to all Who will now on His

earth pass a - way; But the gift from a - bove, heav - en's in - fi - nite love,  
 earth can - not hold: But the great gift to men, is re - demp - tion from sin;  
 fast grow - ing old: Christ has gifts ev - er new, if to Him you'll be true;  
 name hum - bly call; Broth - er, seek Him to - day, and no long - er de - lay;

## CHORUS.

Shall be mine thro' e - ter - ni - ty's day.  
 Oh! my broth - er, 'tis bet - ter than gold. There's a treasure that's better than  
 They are bet - ter, yes, bet - ter than gold. far  
 At His feet now in pen - i - tence fall.

gold, . . . . . And its val - ue can nev - er be told; . . . . . It is  
 bet - ter than gold, nev - er be told:

mine thro' God's grace, as I run in life's race, This treasure more precious than gold.



## Shall I Glose My Heart's Door?

Juliette E. Perry.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Shall I close my heart's door in the face of my Lord, Whose brow wore the  
 2. Shall I close my heart's door at the knock of the hand That was nailed to the  
 3. Shall I close my heart's door from the Lord who for me, Bro-ken-heart-ed, on  
 4. I'll swing wide my heart's door, bidding Je-sus come in, Lest that time make it

thorn-crown for me? At the threshold He stands, waiting now to come in,  
 cross for my sin? To that hand still outstretched, pleading gen-tly to-day,  
 Cal - va - ry died? Shall I spurn His dear voice, that so ten-der - ly calls?  
 hard to un - do; Lest the Sav-iour be grieved and for - ev - er I mourn

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

My heart's welcome guest He would be.  
 My heart's best af-fec-tion to win.  
 Shall I turn His entreaty a - side?  
 The loss of His friendship so true.

I will o - pen my heart's door wide,

I will o - pen my heart's door wide,

I will bid my dear Lord come in;..... By love He doth

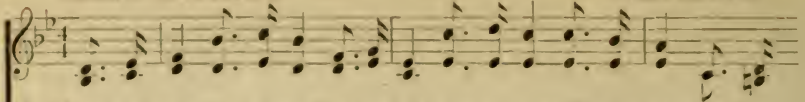
I will bid my dear Lord come in;

con-quer, My heart He doth win; Sav-iour, dear Sav - iour, come in.....  
 come in.

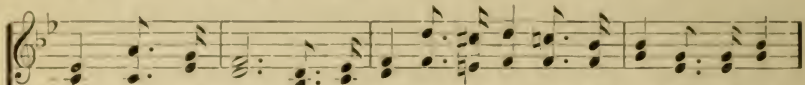
Amelia M. Starkweather.

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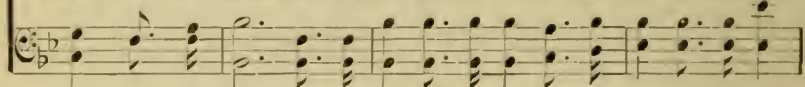
James M. Black.



1. There's a peace in my heart, that each day deeper grows, 'Tis the peace that the
2. O the joy that is mine sweeter grows ev-'ry day, For He gives His sweet
3. Let us live for the Mas-ter who gives us the joy Of a faith that is



world can - not give; And the joy in my soul, like a blest riv - er flows,  
 peace un - to me; And the clouds dis-ap-pear, as I press on my way,  
 bet - ter than sight, And a peace that no e - vil can ev - er de-destroy,

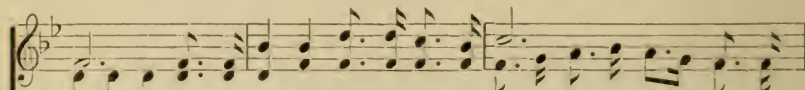
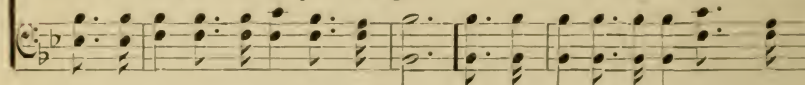


## CHORUS.

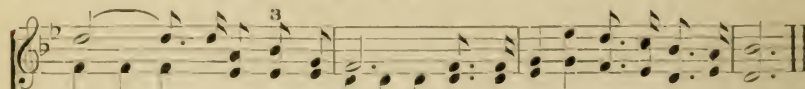
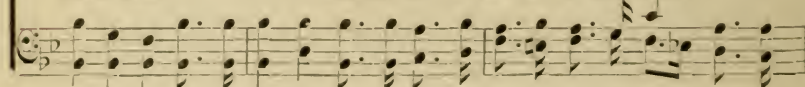


Since the love of my Lord I re - ceive.

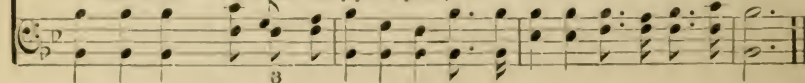
To the cit - y far o - ver the sea. O the sweet joy and  
 Till we en - ter the cit - y of light. O the sweet bless - ed



peace, That shall ev - er sat - is - fy the soul! And this  
 joy and peace. that shall ev - er sat - is - fy the soul!



peace... this won - der - ful peace, Shall be mine while endless a - ges roll.  
 this sweet won - der - ful joy and peace,



H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. We're en - list - ed in the ar - my of our Sav - ior and our King,  
 2. With the hel - met of sal - va - tion and the Spir - it's pierc - ing sword,  
 3. By the Pen - te - cos - tal pow - er of the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost,

Of His pow - er and His maj - es - ty we ev - er - more will sing;  
 We must fol - low our Com - mand - er and o - bey Him and His word;  
 We shall gain a might - y vic - t'ry o - ver Sa - tan and his host;

We have buck - led on the ar - mor, and we're go - ing forth to war:  
 By the shield of faith pro - tect - ed from the en - e - my are we,  
 When the fi - nal fight is o - ver, we will lay our ar - mor down,  
 D.S. - 'Neath the blessed blood - stained ban - ner of the cross of Cal - va - ry,

Hear the trum - pet sound of bat - tle ring - ing out from shore to shore!  
 And our Sav - ior goes be - fore us, lead - ing on to vic - to - ry.  
 And from Je - sus, our Com - mand - er, then re - ceive a star - ry crown.  
 We are go - ing forth to con - quer, sing - ing songs of vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Onward march.. To vic - to - ry,..... Just be - fore... The foe we see;....  
 Onward march To vic - to - ry, Just be - fore The foe we see;



ADA BLENKHORN.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MEYER & BROTHER.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. To the Lord's great ar - my Do you now be-long? In the dai - ly  
2. Troubles and temp - ta - tions Will your way be-set; With a faith un -  
3. Like your blessed Mas - ter, Do you try to win Souls that dwell in

con - flict Are you brave and strong? To your Lord and Master Are you  
flinching They must all be met. Trust your mighty Captain, He will  
darkness, From the ways of sin? Are you ev - er striv - ing All His

al - ways true? With a love un - fail - ing God is watching you.  
bear you thro': With a love un - fail - ing God is watching you.  
will to do? With a love un - fail - ing God is watching you.

CHORUS. *pp* *p*

{ God is watching you, God is watching you; To your Lord and  
{ God is watching you, God is watching you; With a love un -

Mas - ter Faithful be and true;  
[Omit. . . . .] fail - ing God is watching you.

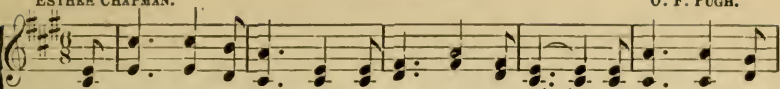


# 43 That Wonderful Story is True.

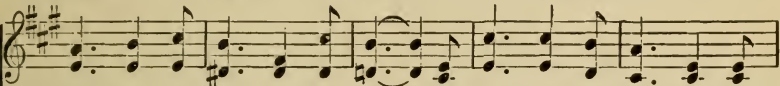
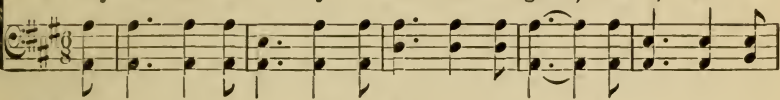
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY O. F. PUGH.

ESTHER CHAPMAN.

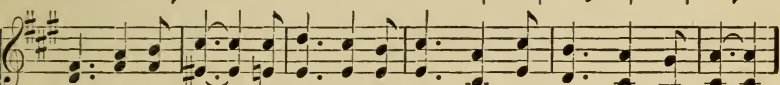
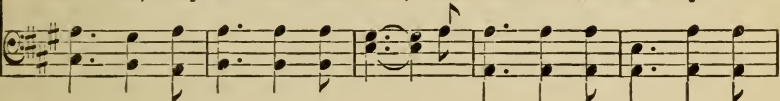
O. F. PUGH.



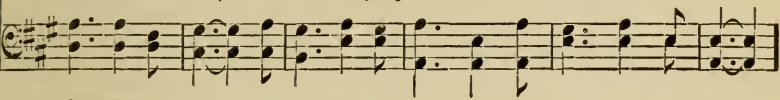
1. They tell me a sto - ry Of won - der - ful love, How One came to  
 2. They tell me a sto - ry Of won - der - ful light, He rose from the  
 3. They tell me a sto - ry Of won - der - ful grace, How I, tho' a



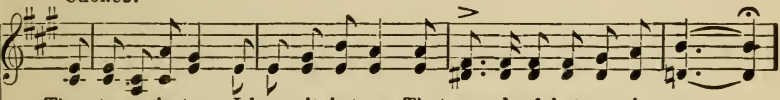
earth from His man - sion a - bove, And poured out His life - blood Up -  
 grave in the pow'r of His might, That one day in glo - ry With  
 sin - ner, may see His dear face, Since once in His mer - cy He



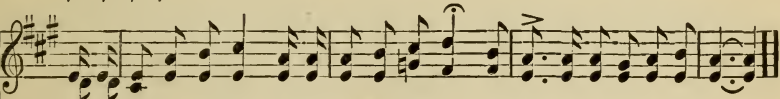
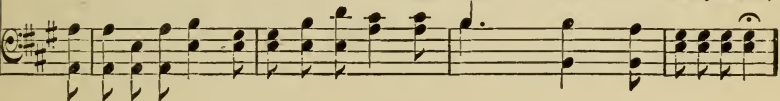
on Cal - va - ry; 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav - ior, that suf - ered for me.  
 Him I might be; O Je - sus, my Sav - ior that vict - 'ry for me!  
 died to save me; O Je - sus, my Sav - ior I'll now live for Thee!



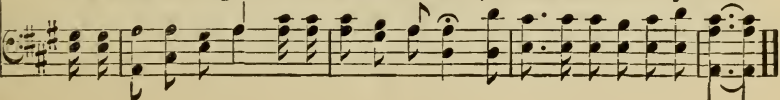
## CHORUS.



The sto - ry is true, I know it is true, That won - der - ful sto - ry is true;  
 That won - der - ful sto - ry is true;



It is written on high, And His word cannot die, That wonderful story is true.



## God is Now Willing; Are You?

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.  
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

El Nathan.

James McGranahan.

1. God is now will-ing, in Christ rec-on-ciled, Will - ing to par - don, and  
2. God is now will-ing to give you His peace, Will - ing from bond-age of  
3. God is now will-ing to an-swer your pray'r, Per - fect - ly will - ing your  
4. God is now will-ing with - in you to dwell, Will - ing with bless-ing your

*cres.*

cleanse the de - filed, Will - ing to take you and make you His child;  
sin to re - lease, Will - ing the con - flict with - in you should cease;  
bur - den to bear, Read - y and wait - ing to take all your care;  
spir - it to fill; Yield to His plead - ing and give up your will;

*dim.* CHORUS.

God is now will-ing; are you? God is now will - ing; are you? are you?

Will you not trust Him, so faith - ful, so true? If you re - fuse Him, O

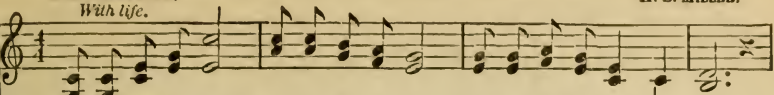
*rit.* *pp*

what will you do? God is now will - ing; are you?.....  
are you?

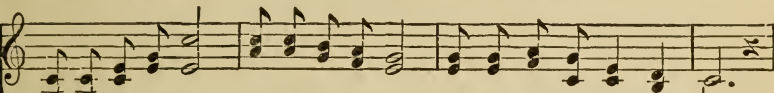
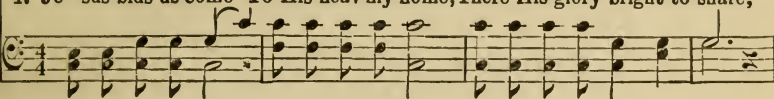
ADA BLENKHORN,

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY MEYER &amp; BROTHER.

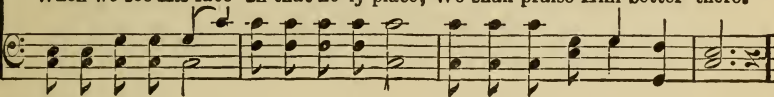
H. S. MILLER.

*With life.*

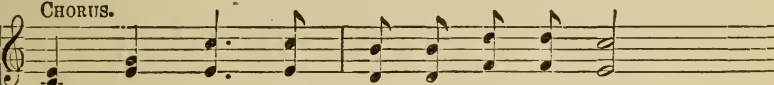
1. Joyful songs we'll sing To our Savior King, Nev-er was a friend so true;
2. Tho' on ev-'ry hand Dan-gers'round us stand, We will trust and never fear;
3. Coming from a-bove, From His heart of love, Peace and joy our portion blest;
4. Je - sus bids us come To His heav'nly home, There His glory bright to share;



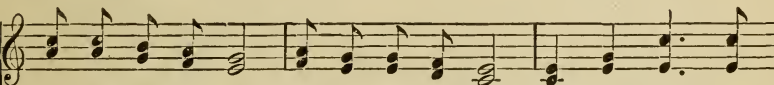
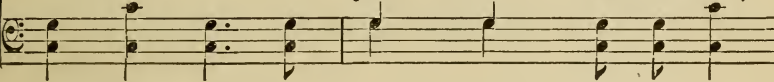
In the cleansing flood Of His precious blood, He has wash'd and made us new.  
 Safely shall we go Conqu'ring ev'ry foe, Christ our Lord to keep is near.  
 Sorrows we may see Shall but blessings be, While with-in His arms we rest.  
 When we see His face In that ho-ly place, We shall praise Him better there.



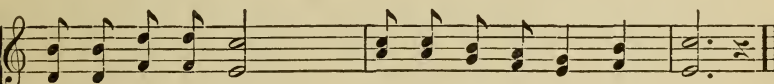
## CHORUS.



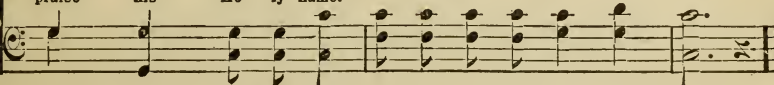
Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Sav - ior's name,  
 praise the Sav - ior's name,



He hath made us free, bless - ed lib - er - ty! Hal - le - lu - jah,



praise His Ho - ly name, In His name is vic - to - ry.  
 praise his Ho - ly name.

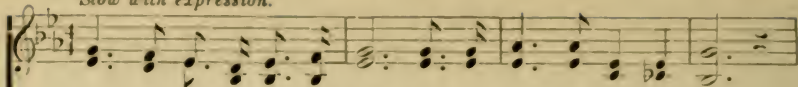




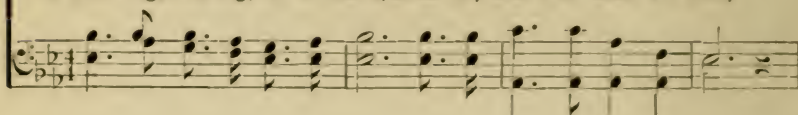
Julia Johnston.  
Slow with expression.

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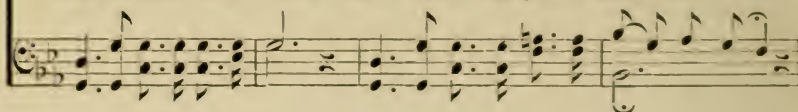
J. O. Olsen.



1. In the darkness, tempest tossed, All my hope and courage lost,
2. In the night with anguish filled, When my heart with pain is thrilled,
3. When the sun-shine from above, Floods my path with light and love,
4. Com-ing, com-ing, ev-er-more, Dear-er, dear-er than be-fore,



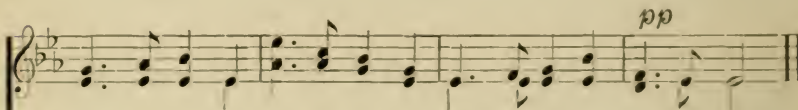
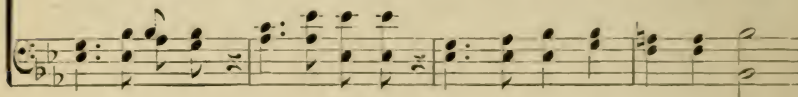
Lo, a form upon the wave, Who is He? And can He save? (can He save?)  
 In the dark One draweth nigh, Call-ing gen-tly, "It is I." ("It is I.")  
 Who comes near, my joy to share? Who is this, with smile so rare? (with smile so rare?)  
 It is Christ, the Lord who died, Ris-en, liv-ing, glo-ri-fied. (glo-ri-fied.)



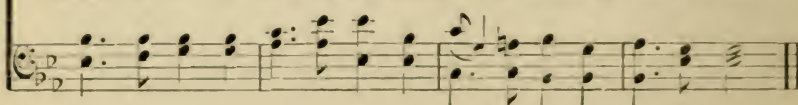
## CHORUS.



It is Je-sus, It is Je-sus, All His word will He ful-fill;



Hushed is ev-'ry earth-ly tu-mult, At His wondrous, "Peace be still."



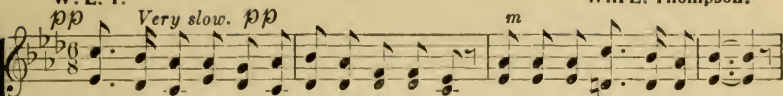


## Softly and Tenderly.

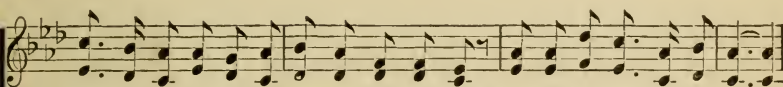
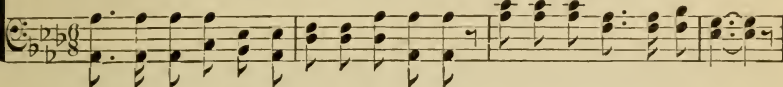
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON &amp; CO.,

W. L. T.

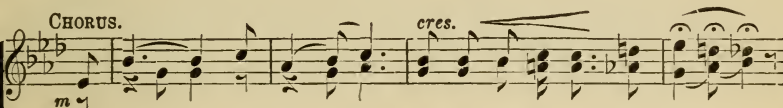
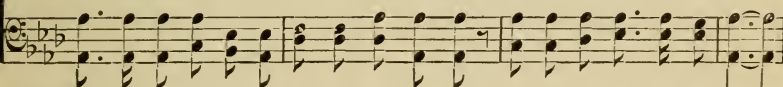
Will L. Thompson.



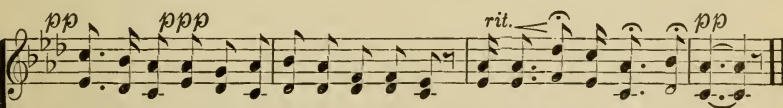
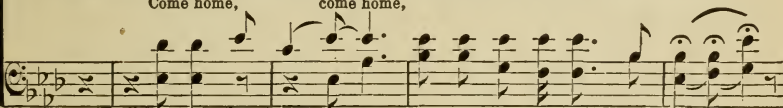
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised,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



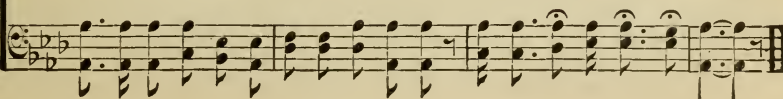
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and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



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



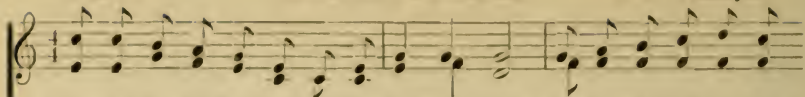
Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



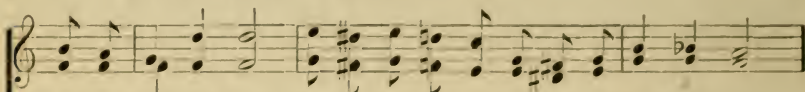
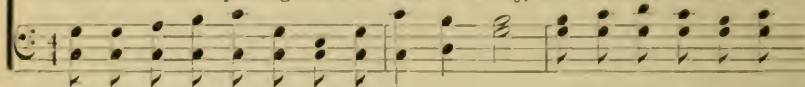
C. B. W.

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C. B. Widmeyer.



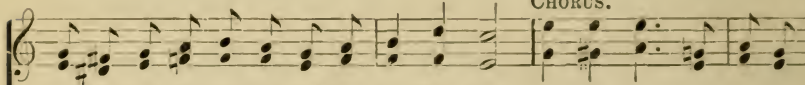
1. There's a call comes ring-ing thro'out earth's domain, From the Christ of Cal-v'ry
2. Win the war 'gainst Satan, counting not the cost; Christ is our com-man-der,
3. Soon we'll come re-joic-ing with the blood-washed throng, With the hosts in heav-en



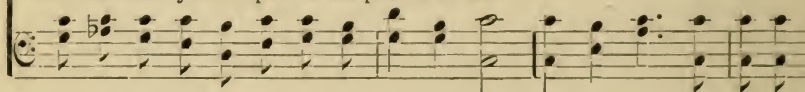
who was for us slain; He wants loy-al sol-diers who will fight 'gainst sin,  
and He knows no loss; Come, en-list for serv-ice; wheth-er great or small,  
sing the vic-tor's song; See the foe re-treat-ing! we'll the vic-t'ry win,



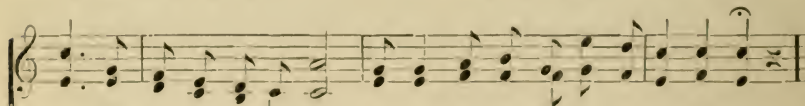
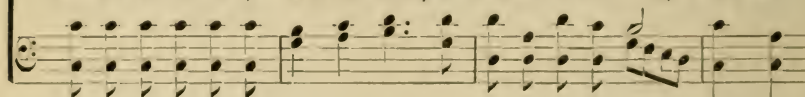
## CHORUS.



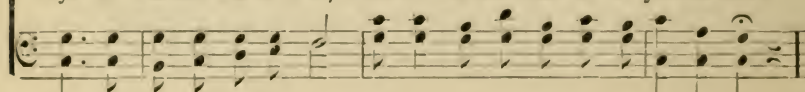
In this world of con-flict-and the vic-t'ry win.  
In the ranks of bat-tle there's a place for all. For-ward press with Je-sus'  
We can sure-ly tri-umph o'er the pow'rs of sin.



ban-ner wide unfurled; We'll lift the cross, to all this ru-ined world; Soon the



days of war-fare will be o'er, Then He will wel-come us to yon-der shore.



## Heavenly Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,  
 2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-b-ove me, Nev-er con-veal my  
 3. In the brightsun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said "I'll nev-er for-sake thee;"  
 Sav-our and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,  
 man-sions a-b-ove; Sing-ing His prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail. }  
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,  
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love. }

heav-en-ly sun-light, Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine; Hal-le-

lu-jah! I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.



"They are sure—they are sure if you only believe."—Last words of Gen. Wm. Booth.

C. B. W.

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C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Broad-er than the o - cean wide, Strong-er than its high-est tide,  
 2. Firm-er than the mount-ain high, High-er than the dis - tant sky,  
 3. When this world is wrapped in flame, And the Judge his own shall name,  
 4. While e - ter - nal years roll on, Thro' the "a - ges yet to come,"

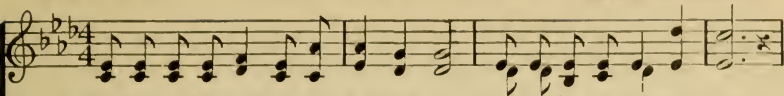
Deep - er than its measuring rod, Are the prom - is - es of God.  
 Tho' this earth should pass a - way, Yet God's prom - is - es will stay.  
 When the Judg - ment day is past, Yet the prom - is - es still last.  
 Still God's prom - is - es are true, And we'll find them ev - er new.

CHORUS.

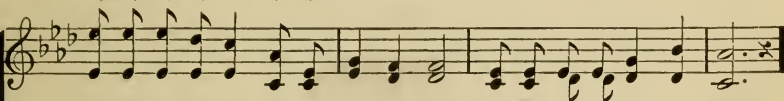
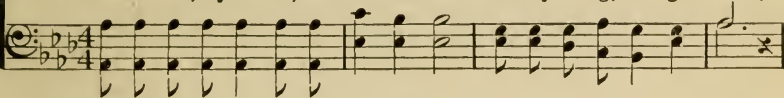
They are sure..... if you on - ly be - lieve, They are  
 They are sure if you on - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve.

sure..... if you on - ly be - lieve, They are sure.....  
 They are sure if you on - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve, They are sure

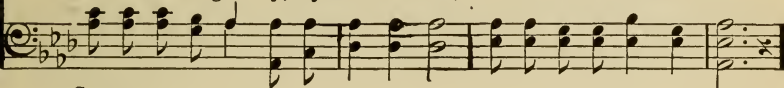
if you on - ly be - lieve, God's prom - is - es are sure, on - ly be - lieve.  
 on - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve.



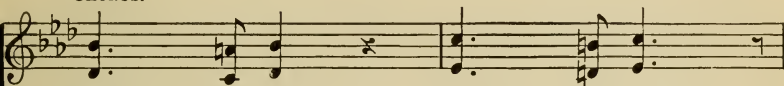
1. Fa-ther, I am wear-y and sick with sin, Wan-der-ing a-way from Thee;
2. Here a full sur-ren-der I free-ly make, Helpless at Thy feet I lie;
3. Deep-er yet my soul in its long-ing cries, Work within the doub-le cure;
4. Ev-er-more, my Savior, hold Thou me fast In Thy loving, strong embrace,



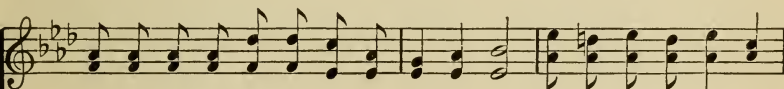
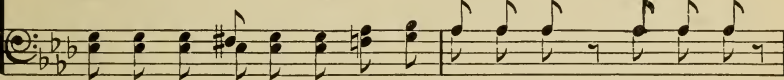
To Thine arms of mer-cy, oh, take me in, Full-y saved I long to be.  
 Worldly fame and treasures I all for-sake, To their charms forever die.  
 For a whole sal-va-tion my sac-ri-fice, Sanc-ti-fy and make me pure.  
 Un-til safe in glo-ry, my an-chor cast, I behold Thee face to face.



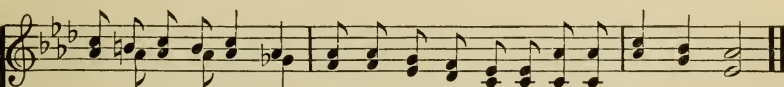
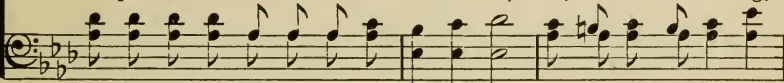
## CHORUS.



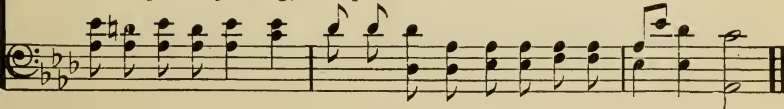
Take me in, Take me in,  
 Take me in, O lov-ing Sav-ior, take me in. Take me in.



O-pen wide Thine arms of love and take me in; See, I come re-lent-ing,



o'er the past re-pent-ing, O-pen wide Thine arms of love and take me in.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS JOHN R. SWENEY, OWNER. USED BY PER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burdened and  
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your  
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who  
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

sin op-pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,  
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,  
 loves you best, By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,  
 lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor-row may be,

## CHORUS.

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest,

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, why won't you  
 hap - py rest.

come in sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



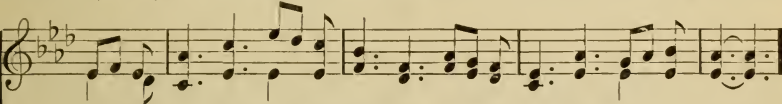
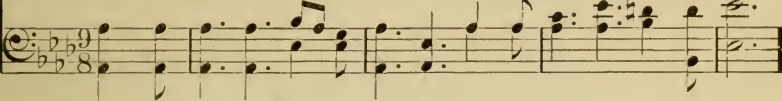
Mrs. C. H. M.

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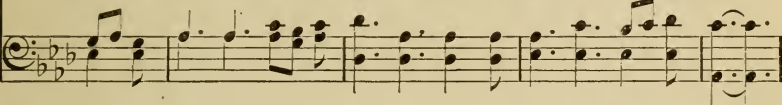
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



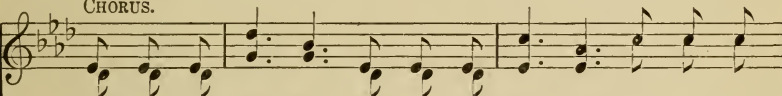
1. Have you learned the bless - ed se - cret Of the pow'r of Pen - te - cost?
2. Have you now this blest en - due - ment, Freedom in the Ho - ly Ghost?
3. Pow'r and unc - tion free - ly giv - en By the Spir - it shed a - broad;
4. May He come in glo - rious ful - ness In - to ev - 'ry wait - ing heart,



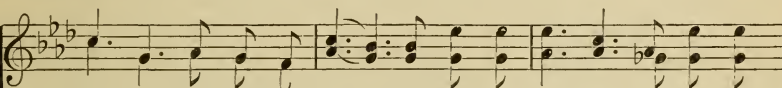
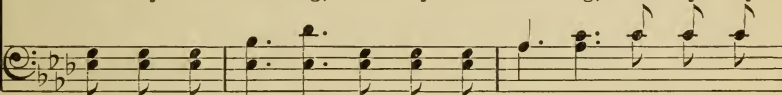
God hath in His word revealed it; It is by the Ho - ly Ghost.  
Per - fect lib - er - ty in serv - ice, Saved un - to the ut - ter - most?  
Her - it - age of all be - liev - ers, As re - cord - ed in God's word.  
Pen - te - cos - tal gifts re - stor - ing, Which He on - ly can im - part.



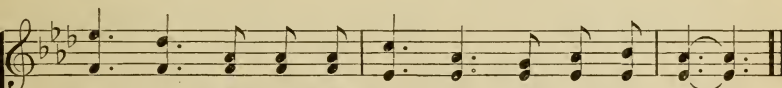
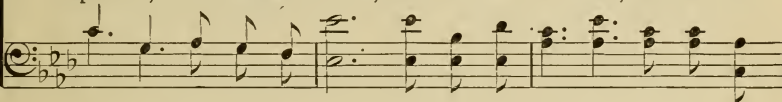
## CHORUS.



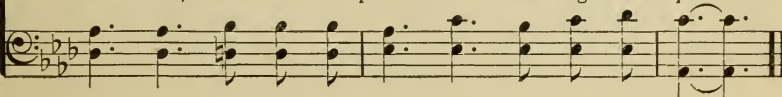
Not by our toil - ing, not by our striv - ing, "But by my



Spir - it," thus saith the Lord; This is the se - cret, won - der - ful



se - cret, Se - cret of pow'r and bless - ing out - poured.



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

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

CHORUS.

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

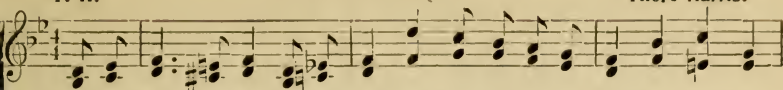
. . . with my soul, . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 well with my soul.

## His Face Will Outshine Them All.

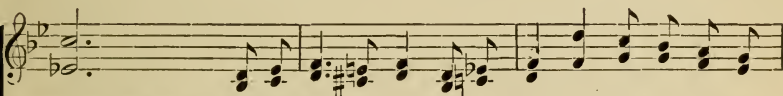
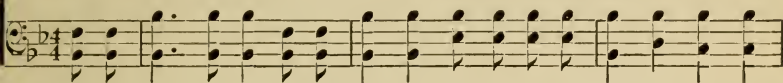
T. H.

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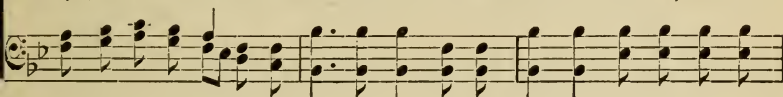
Thoro Harris.



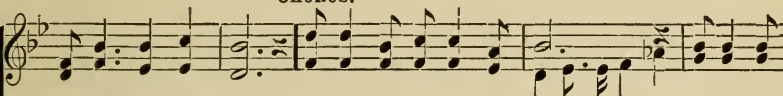
1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a-
2. There were voic - es sweet o-ver Bethl'hem sing-ing When the Savior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex - tend - ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and



go; (so long a-go;) But the face of One "al-to-geth-er love-ly" Is the  
 born; (our Lord was born;) And the golden harps of the an-gels ring-ing Ush-ered  
 way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Lead-eth  
 sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Jesus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what

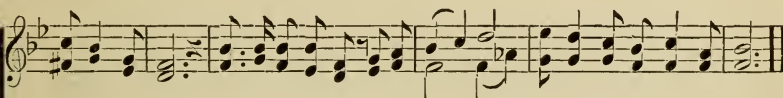
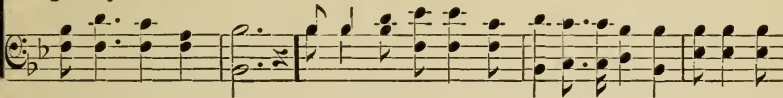


## CHORUS.

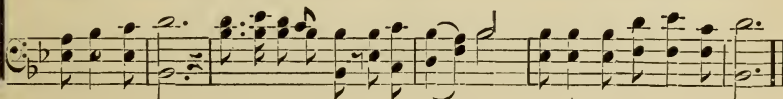


fair-est face I know.  
 in that ho - ly morn. His face will outshine them all,  
 on to realms of day.  
 glo - ry that will be.

His face will  
 al - le - lu - ial



outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu - ia! His face will outshine them all.



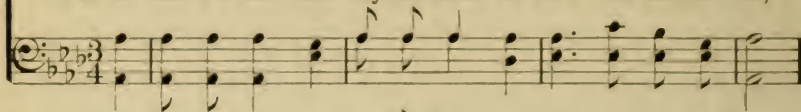


John S. Brown.

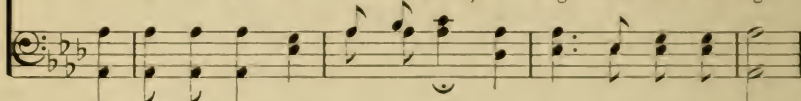
L. O. Brown.



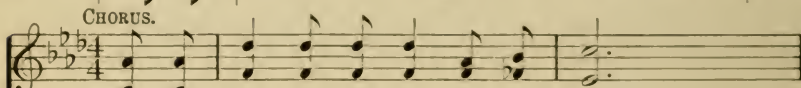
1. I can - not tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be - neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can - not tell the half of love, Un - feigned, supreme, di - vine,
4. I can - not tell thee why He chose To suf - fer and to die;



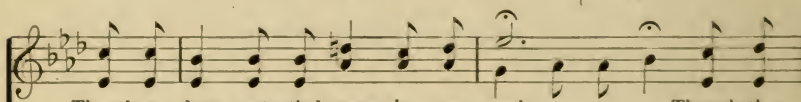
But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tran - quil rest.  
 My wear - y soul no lon - ger thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.  
 That caused my dark - est in - most self With beams of hope to shine.  
 But if I suf - fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him on high.



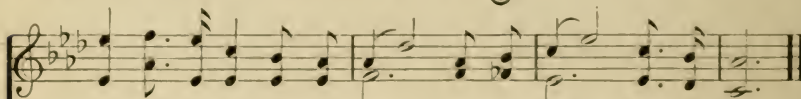
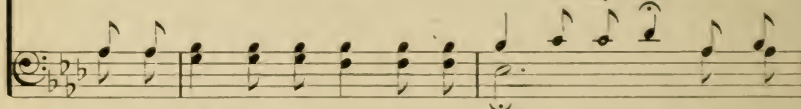
## CHORUS.



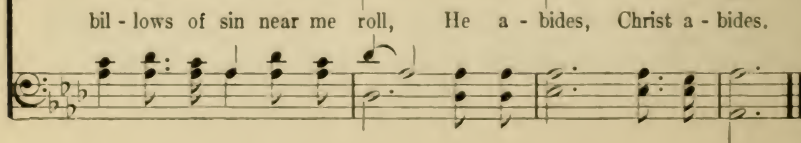
There's a deep set - tled peace in my soul, in my soul,



There's a deep set - tled peace in my soul; in my soul; Though the



bil - lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a - bides.

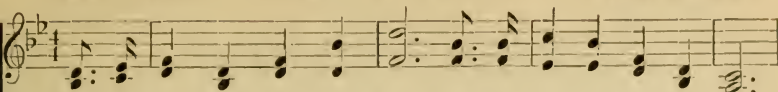


## When My Savior Talks With Me.

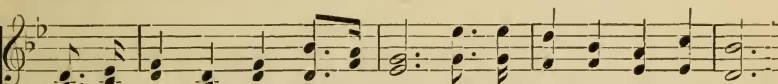
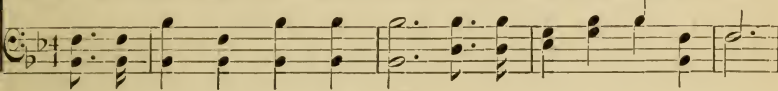
Helen Lockwood.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

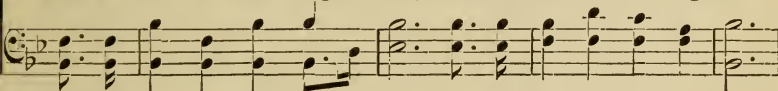
James M. Black.



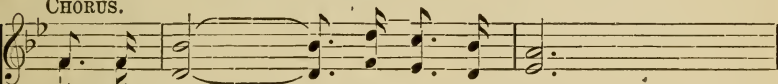
1. There's a place low at His feet, Where my soul de-lights to be:
2. Near the cross where Je - sus died, Where I find my high - est joy,
3. I have peace and joy di - vine, For His love has reached my heart,
4. I will love Him more and more Till my last day's work is done;



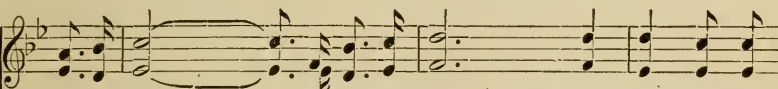
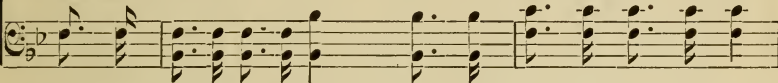
And com-mun - ion there is sweet, When my Sav - ior talks with me.  
 Ev - er-more I will a - bide And His praise my lips em - ploy.  
 And His mer - cies round me shine; Wondrous grace He doth im - part.  
 And I cross to that bright shore; Where there is no set - ting sun.



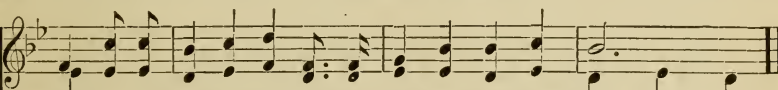
## CHORUS.



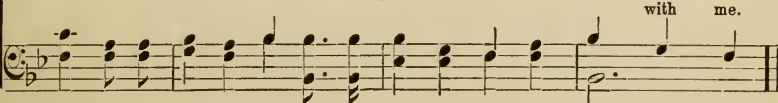
When my Sav - - ior talks with me,  
 When my Sav-ior talks with me, When my Sav - ior talks to me.



Ev-'ry day..... is vic-to - ry, Down low at His  
 Ev - 'ry day is vic - to - ry, ev - 'ry day is vic - to - ry,



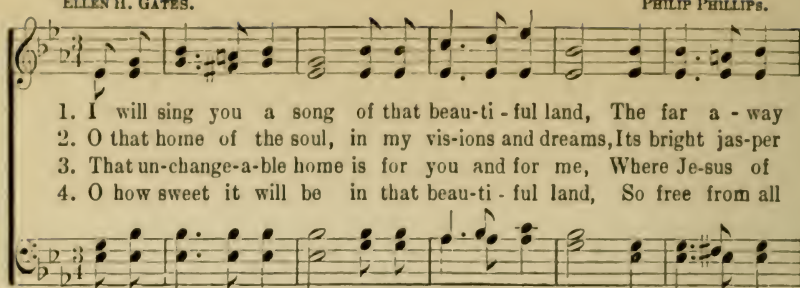
feet There is comfort sweet, When my Savior talks with me.



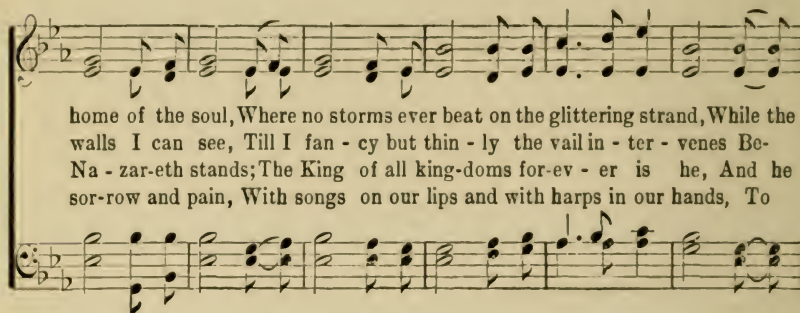
with me.

ELLEN H. GATES.

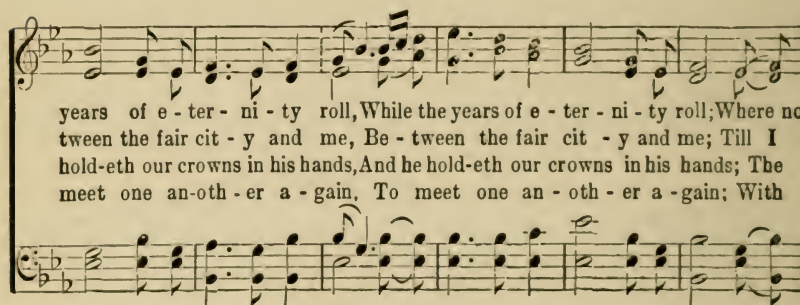
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



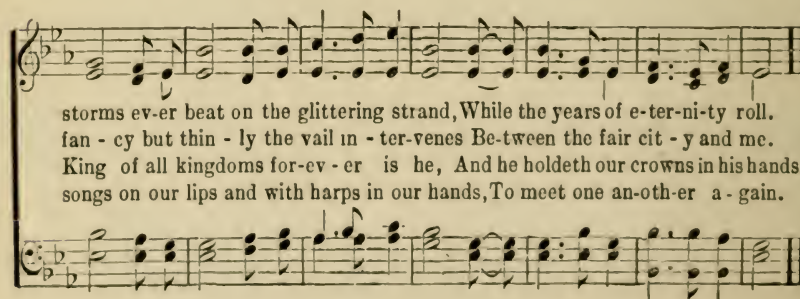
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way  
 2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per  
 3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of  
 4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all



home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the  
 walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-  
 Na-zar-eth stands; The King of all king-doms 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 hold-eth 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 glittering 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.

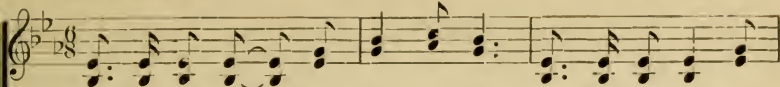


## What Then?

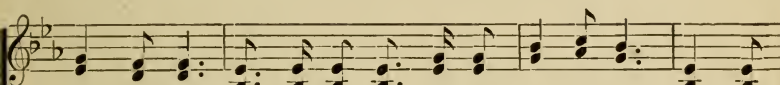
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. S. NICKLE.  
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

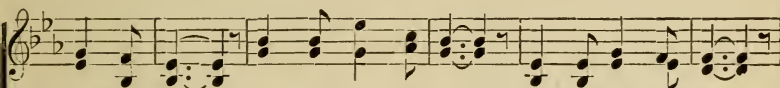
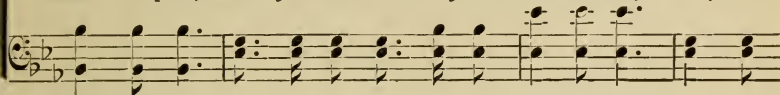
W. S. Nickle.



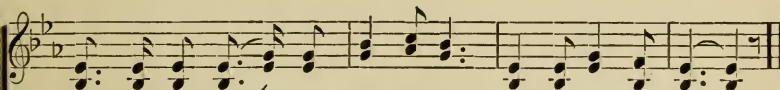
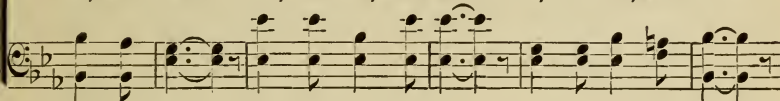
1. Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
2. Aft - er the puls-es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the
3. Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Aft - er the death-dews,
4. Aft - er the trum - pet's aw - ful blast, Aft - er the judg-ment



to the shore Of the dim land of the ev - er-more, Care - less  
 Lord you meet, Wait - ing your doom at the judg-ment seat, Care - less  
 damp and chill, O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill, Care - less  
 shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost



soul, what then? Care - less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?  
 soul, what then? Care - less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?  
 soul, what then? Care - less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?  
 soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then?



Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, Care-less soul, what then?  
 Wait - ing your doom at the judg-ment seat, Care-less soul, what then?  
 Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Care-less soul, what then?  
 When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?



C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.

1. Deep-er, deep-er in the love of Je-sus Dai-ly let me go;  
 2. Deep-er, deep-er! bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it, Take me deep-er still,  
 3. Deep-er, deep-er! tho' it cost hard tri-als, Deep-er let me go!  
 4. Deep-er, high-er, ev-'ry day in Je-sus, Till all con-flict past,

High-er, high-er in the school of wis-dom, More of grace to know.  
 Till my life is whol-ly lost in Je-sus, And his per-fect will.  
 Root-ed in the ho-ly love of Je-sus, Let me fruit-ful grow.  
 Finds me conqu'ror, and in his own im-age Per-fect-ed at last.

## CHORUS.

O deep-er yet, I pray, ..... And  
 O deep-er yet, I pray, deep-er yet, I pray. And

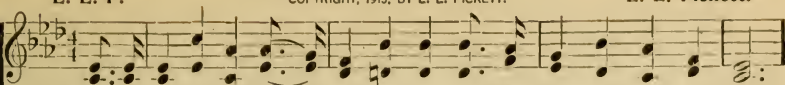
high-er ev-'ry day, ..... And wis-er,  
 high-er ev-'ry day, high-er ev-'ry day, And wis-er, bless-ed Lord,

bless-ed Lord, ..... In thy pre-cious, ho-ly word.  
 wis-er, bless-ed Lord.

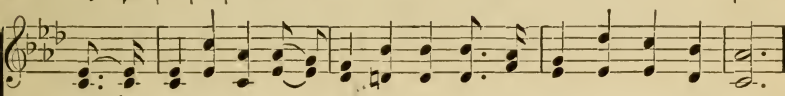
L. L. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. Pickett.



1. Hear the bu-gle sound-ing loud and clear, Calling to the bat-tle-field;
2. While the hosts of God are marshalling, Will you join their ranks to-day,
3. Let us fight each sin and ev-'ry vice, Standing for the good and true;
4. There are en-e-mies of home and state, En-e-mies of truth and right;



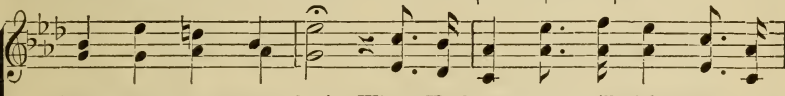
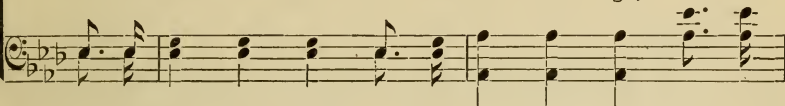
'Tis the call of Christ, our Captain dear, Who would have us nev-er yield.  
 And forward march with Christ our King To the hot-test of the fray?  
 For the Mas-ter needs such soldiers brave, And He calls for me and you.  
 We must bold-ly stand a - gainst them all, For the good must live and fight.



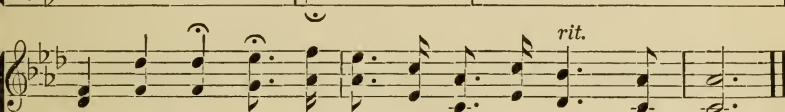
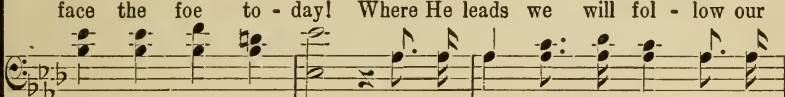
## CHORUS.



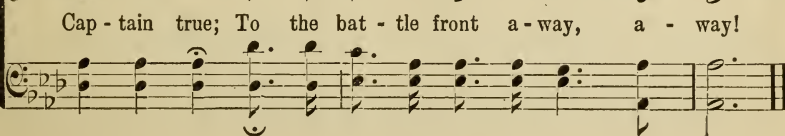
To the bat-tle front we will rise and go, We will



face the foe to-day! Where He leads we will fol-low our



Cap-tain true; To the bat-tle front a-way, a-way!





USED BY PER OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OR COPYRIGHT.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

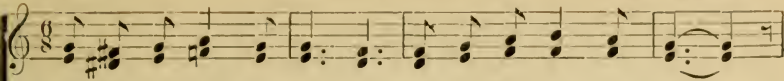
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no,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

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

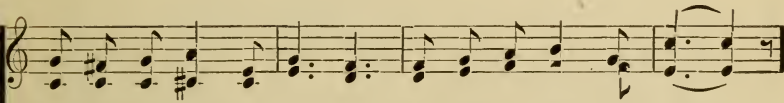
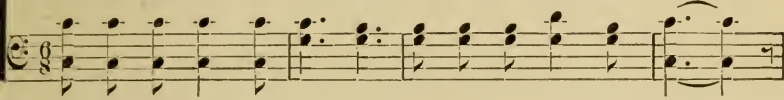
## CHORUS.

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

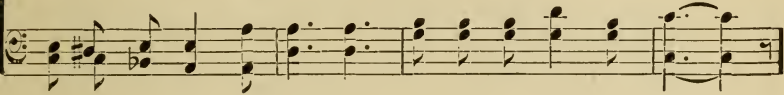
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



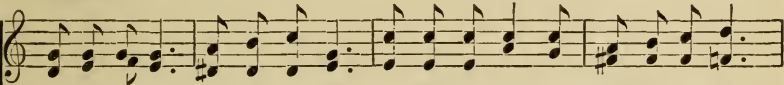
1. Still say - ing No to Je - sus! Still you re - ject His voice;
2. Still say - ing No to Je - sus! Still you re - fuse His love;
3. Still say - ing No to Je - sus! Still, while in youth and pow'r
4. Still say - ing No to Je - sus! Still, tho' the locks are gray,
5. Still say - ing No to Je - sus! Draw - ing your lat - est breath,



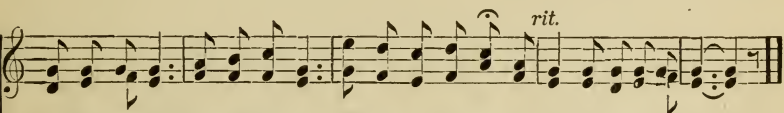
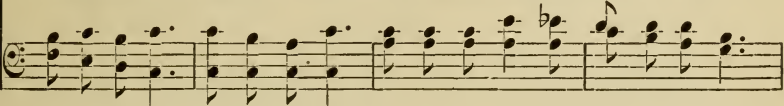
Still, while the years are pass - ing, Still mak - ing sin your choice.  
 Slight - ing the Ho - ly Spir - it, Griev - ing the woo - ing Dove.  
 Spurn - ing this great sal - va - tion, Wast - ing each pre - cious hour.  
 Still while the years are fleet - ing, Nev - er an hour to pray.  
 Still, you re - ject His mer - cy, E' - en in the hour of death.



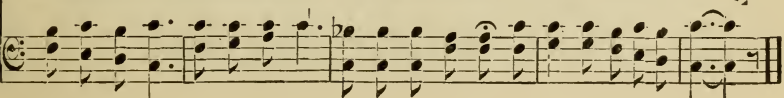
## CHORUS.



Still say - ing No! Still say - ing No! Soon from your heart the Sav - ior will go;



Still saying No! Still saying No! Je - sus is plead - ing - but you are still saying No!



F. M. D.

FROM CORALS OF JOY. BY PER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

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

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray. Gen - tly

way;  
 roll,  
 past,  
 lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side,  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,  
 To the land of end - less day,  
 I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a - bide.  
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. Lead me, lead me,  
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.  
 I would in Thy love a - bide.

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gen-tly down the stream of  
 lest I stray;

*rit.*

time, (stream of time.) Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way, (all the way.)



## Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis - pers wher - ev - er thou art,  
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,  
 keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

## CHORUS.

"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."  
 Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark

world, he would draw thee a - part, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "Give me thy heart."

H. B.

BY PER OF BALLINGTON BOOTH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT

Herbert Booth.

1. I have giv'n up all for Jesus; This vain world is nought to me;  
 2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the an-gels whis-per low,  
 3. Just beyond the waves of Jordan, Just beyond the chill-ing tide,

All its pleasures are for-got-ten In rememb'ring Cal - va - ry.  
 I will lean up - on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val-ley as I go;  
 Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide;

Tho' my friends despise, forsake me, And on me the world looks cold,  
 I will claim His precious promise, Worth to me a world of gold,  
 In that hap - py land of spirits, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,

**8:** I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pear-ly gates un-fold.  
 "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pear-ly gates un-fold."  
 And the an-gels are a-wait-ing When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

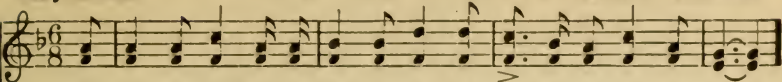
*D. S.*—But my heart will know no sadness, When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its evening bells will toll;

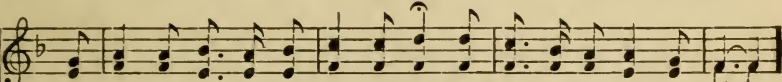
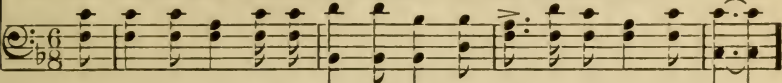
# 67 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

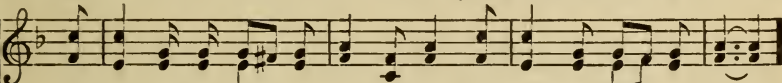
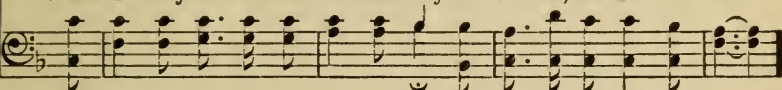
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.



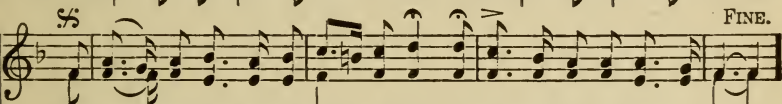
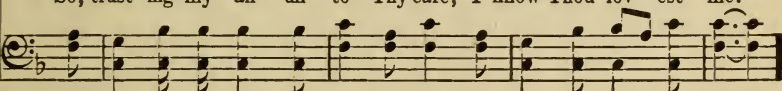
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



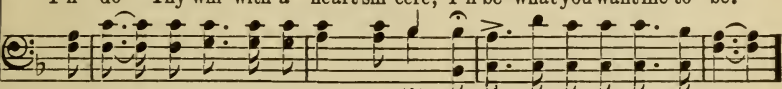
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.  
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



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



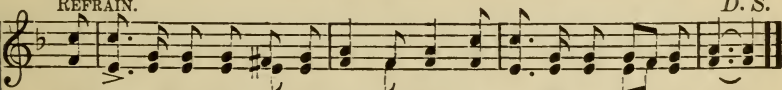
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



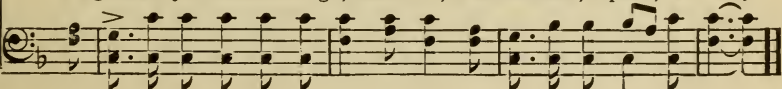
*D. S.* - I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*



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

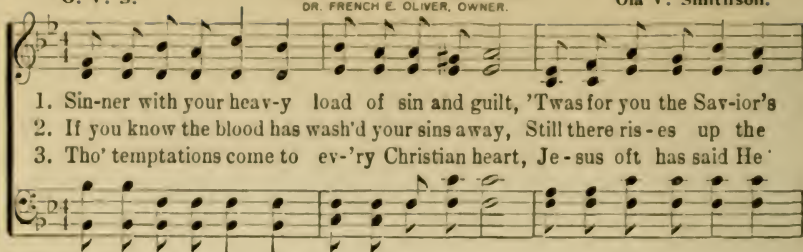




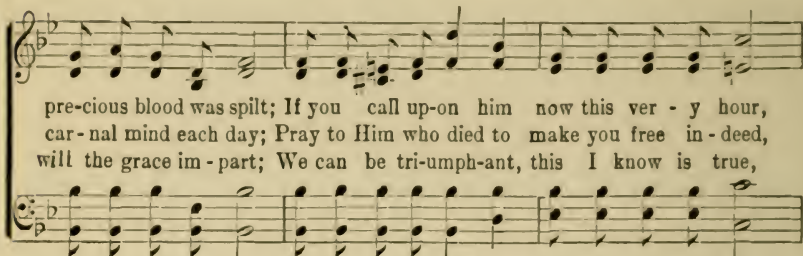
O. V. S.

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DR. FRENCH E. OLIVER, OWNER.

Ola V. Smithson.

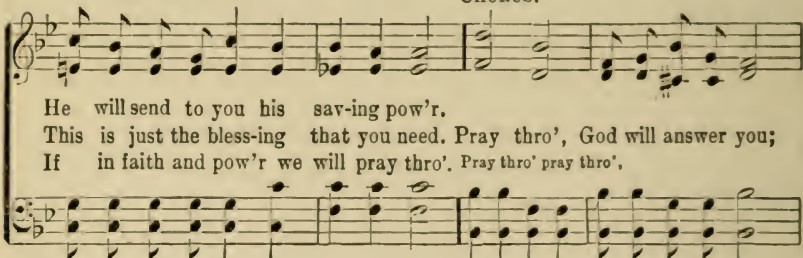


1. Sin-ner with your heav-y load of sin and guilt, 'Twas for you the Sav-ior's  
2. If you know the blood has wash'd your sins away, Still there ris-es up the  
3. Tho' temptations come to ev-'ry Christian heart, Je-sus oft has said He'

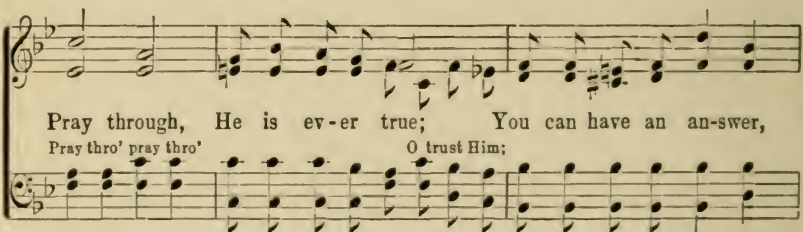


pre-cious blood was spilt; If you call up-on him now this ver - y hour,  
car-nal mind each day; Pray to Him who died to make you free in-deed,  
will the grace im-part; We can be tri-umph-ant, this I know is true,

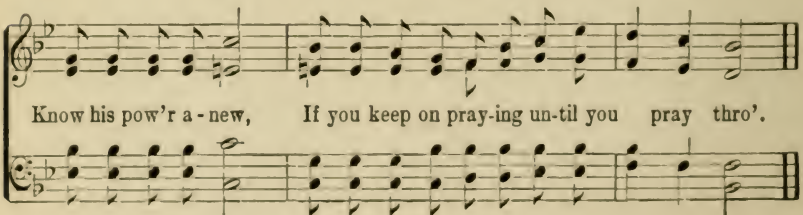
## CHORUS.



He will send to you his sav-ing pow'r.  
This is just the bless-ing that you need. Pray thro', God will answer you;  
If in faith and pow'r we will pray thro'. Pray thro' pray thro',



Pray through, He is ev-er true; You can have an an-swer,  
Pray thro' pray thro' O trust Him;



Know his pow'r a - new, If you keep on pray-ing un-til you pray thro'.

## He Will Hold My Hand.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "As thy day thy strength shall be," Promise sweet for you and me;  
 2. He who with un - wav-'ring care Notes the spar-rows of the air,  
 3. As a shep-herd shall He lead, Day by day sup - ply each need;

When the way seems lone and drear-y, When we've footsore grown and wea-ry,  
 And the lil - ies clothed in brightness, Ra-diant in their snow-y whit-ness,  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior, In His keep - ing safe for - ev - er;

Pil - grims in a des - ert land He will hold us by the hand.  
 Shall He not then care for thee? Hold His hand and trust - ful be.  
 All the way to Glo - ry - land He will hold us by the hand.

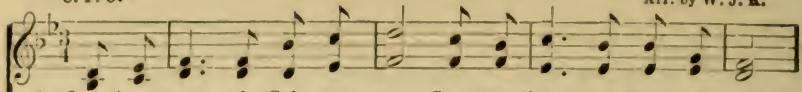
CHORUS.

He will keep hold of my hand, He will keep hold of my hand;  
 Je-sus will ev-er keep Je-sus will ev-er

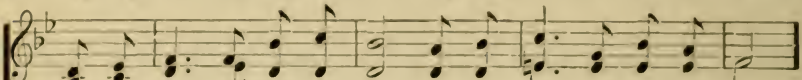
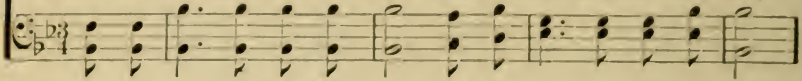
No harm can ev-er be - tide me, He will keep hold of my hand.

C. F. O.

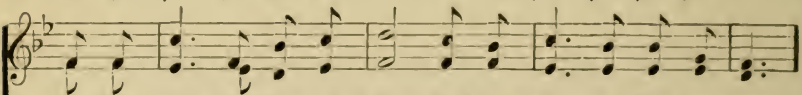
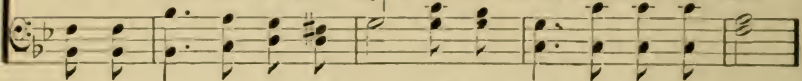
Arr. by W. J. K.



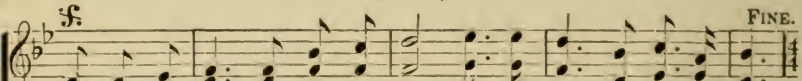
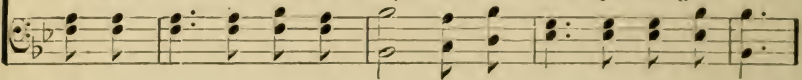
1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for thee and me;
2. O what won - drous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol - ly thine for - ev - er - more;
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the sky When the Lord was cru - ci - fied;



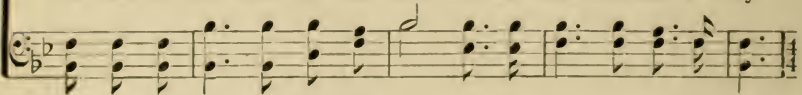
There he shed his pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be free,  
O such won - drous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete!  
Bless - ed Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more.  
"It is fin - ished!" was his cry, When he bowed his head and died.



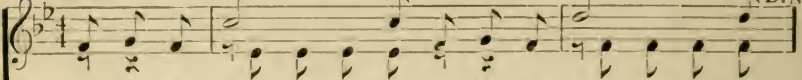
O, the cleans - ing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow:  
Lord, I give my - self to thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be:  
Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in;  
It was fin - ished there for me; All the world may now go free:



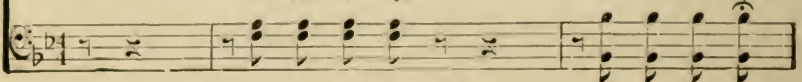
It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
It was for me thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
It was for this thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



On Cal - va - ry, ..... on Cal - va - ry, .....  
On Cal - va - ry, ..... on Cal - va - ry;



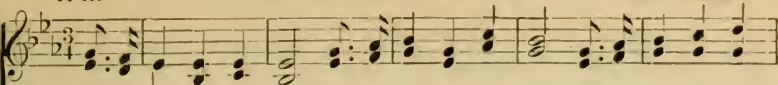


## A Mansion for Me.

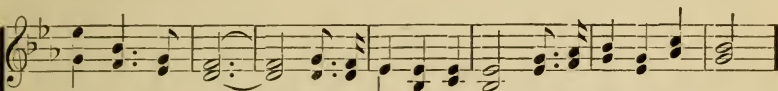
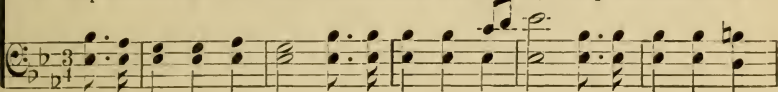
T. H.

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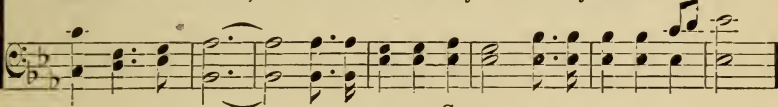
Thoro Harris.



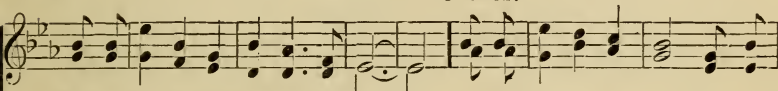
1. O'er my spir - it to-night Burst-eth vis-ions so bright Of the home where the
2. For my Mas-ter so dear Am I la - bor-ing here? Am I do - ing my
3. In those mansions se - cure That for aye shall en-dure, Have I laid up my
4. Help me now to be true In each task that I do, Keep me steadfast and



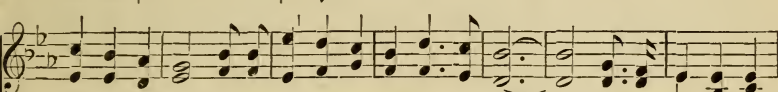
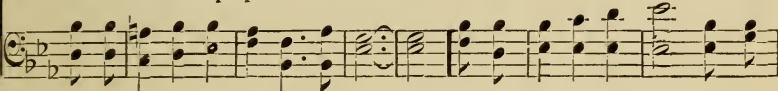
faith-ful shall be; When the King on His throne, To the skies bids them come,  
 best ev - 'ry day?... Do I walk in the light Of His presence so bright,  
 treas-ures so fair?... Is my heart pure and right In my Lord's holy sight?  
 faith-ful to Thee;.. That at last with my Lord I may share the reward



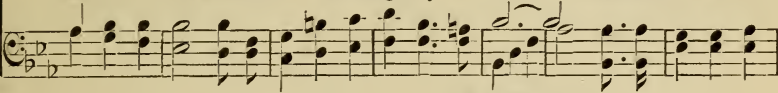
## CHORUS.



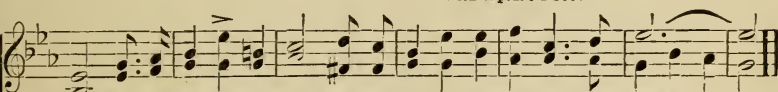
Will there be a bright mansion for me?  
 Seek-ing on-ly His will to o - bey? Then, O say, will there be A bright  
 Am I sure of my her-it-age there?  
 In the home Thou preparest for me.



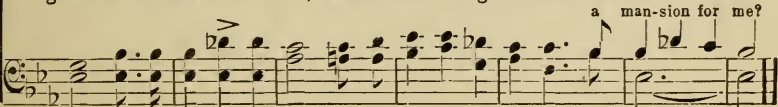
mansion for me When the Lord in His glo-ry I see?... When thro' in-fi-nite



with rapture I see?



grace We shall meet face to face, Will there be a bright mansion for me?.....



a man-sion for me?

1. "Who-so-ev-er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed ti-dings  
 2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,  
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise secure, "Who-so-ev-er will," for

all the world around; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found:  
 en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:  
 ev-er must endure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will, may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,"

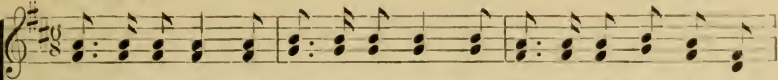
Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther,

calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

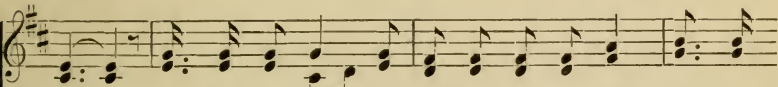
## Are You Ready?

A. S. Kleffer.

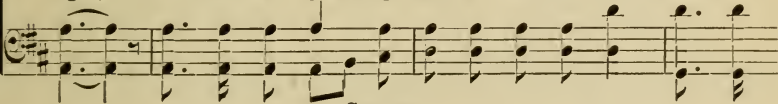
T. C. O'Kane.



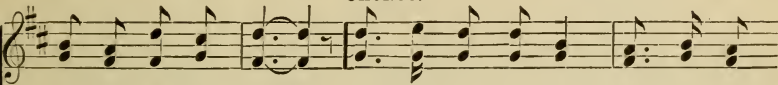
1. Should the Death angel knock at thy cham-ber, In the still watch of to-  
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de-  
 3. Ma - ny re-deemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man-sions of



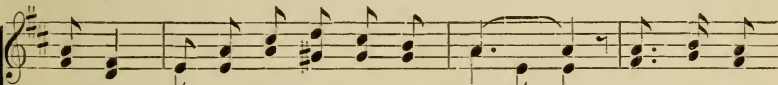
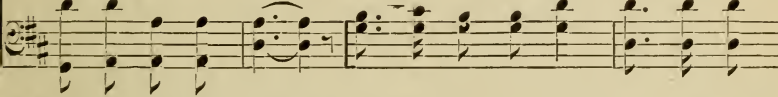
night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to dark-ness, Or to  
 spair; Ev - 'ry brief mo-moment brings your doom near-er; Sin - ner,  
 light; Je - sus is plead-ing high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing



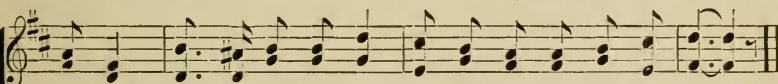
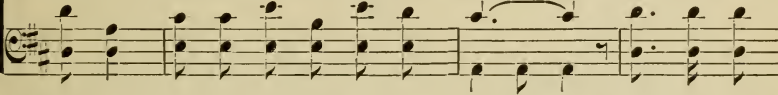
## CHORUS.



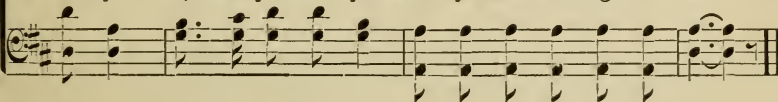
the land of de - light?  
 O sin - ner, be - ware! Say, are you read - y? O, are you  
 to save you to - night.



read - y, If the Death an - gel should call?..... Say, are you  
 should call?



read - y? O, are you read - y? Mer - cy stands wait-ing for all.





V. A. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY V. A. DAKE, BY PER.

V. A. Dake.

1. Dark, dark are the wa - ters a - round me, No star sheds a  
 2. The high-lands of heav-en I've sight - ed, Far from them I  
 3. No trace can I see of earth's shore-lines, No sound of her  
 4. The spell of e - ter - ni - ty holds me, E - ter - ni - ty's  
 5. Back, back fly the cur-tains of dark - ness Re - veal - ing e -

beam on my night; Has dark-ness e - ter - nal - ly bound me? I'm  
 mean - ing - less roam; Its glo - ries e - ter - nal I've slight-ed; I'm  
 joys or her cares; A - lone on e - ter - ni - ty's con - fines, I'm  
 se - crets are near; 'Tis sin's grav - i - ta - tion con - trols me, I'm  
 ter - ni - ty's death; A - mid all that hor - ror of black-ness, A -

CHO. <sup>^</sup>

drift - ing, I'm drift - ing from light.  
 drift - ing, I'm drift - ing from home.  
 drift - ing, I'm drift - ing, oh! where? } Oh! where am I drift - ing? Oh!  
 drift - ing for - ev - er, I fear.  
 lone and for - ev - er I drift.

where am I drifting, Oh! who can fore - tell me my doom? Oh! where am I

drift - ing? Oh! where am I drift - ing? Out in - to e - ter - ni - ty's gloom!

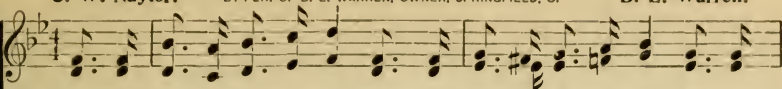
*rit.*

## Sin Can Never Enter There.

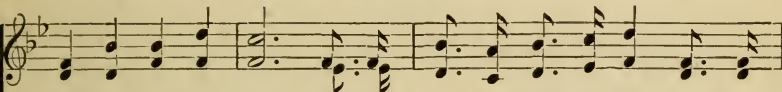
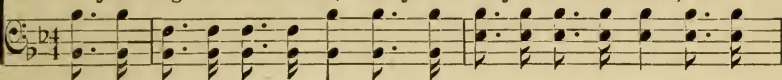
C. W. Naylor.

BY PER. OF B. E. WARREN, OWNER, SPRINGFIELD, O.

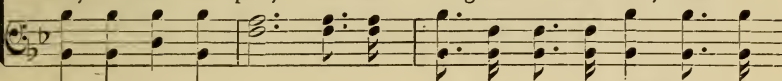
B. E. Warren.



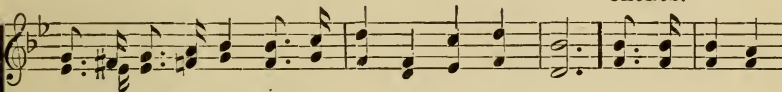
1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, Filled with glo - ry and with grace; Sin can
2. If you hope to dwell at last, When your life on earth is past, In that
3. You may live in sin be - low, Heav - en's grace re - fuse to know, But you
4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your lat - est breath, You will



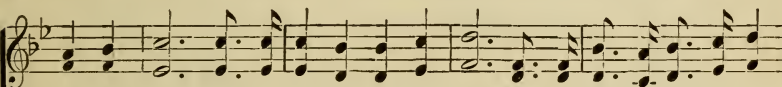
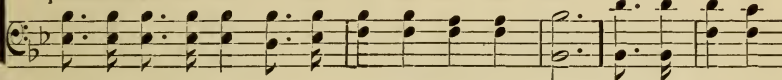
nev - er en - ter there; All with - in its gates are pure, From de -  
 home so bright and fair. You must here be cleansed from sin, Have the  
 can not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door, Bar you  
 sink, in dark de - spair, To the re - gions of the lost, Thus to



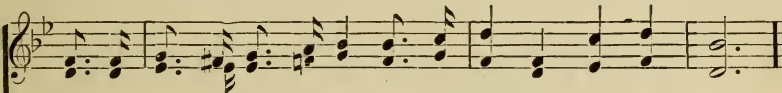
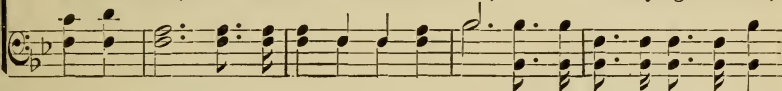
## CHORUS.



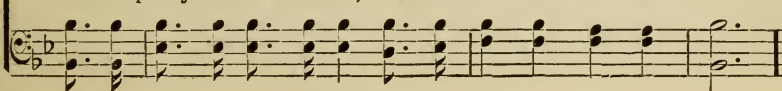
filement kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.  
 life of Christ with - in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there. Sin can nev - er  
 out for ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.  
 prove at aw - ful cost Sin can nev - er en - ter there.



en - ter there, Sin can nev - er en - ter there; So if at the judgment bar,



Sin - ful spots your soul shall mar, You can nev - er en - ter there.



Fanny J. Crosby.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watch and pray, that when the Master com-eth, If at morning, noon or night,  
 2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with jealous care,  
 3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je-sus watched and pray'd alone;  
 4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice;

He may find a lamp in ev - 'ry window, Trimm'd and burning clear and bright.  
 Lest the door a moment left un-guard-ed, E-vil thoughts may enter there.  
 Pray'd for us when only stars be-held Him, While on Olive's brow they shone.  
 Then with Him the marriage feast par-tak-ing, We shall ev-er-more re-joice.

## CHORUS.

Watch and pray, . . . . . the Lord com-mand - eth; Watch and  
 Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and

pray, . . . . . 'twill not be long; Soon He'll gath -  
 pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long; Soon He'll gather home His

er home His loved ones To the happy vale of song. (of song.)  
 loved ones, Soon He'll gather home His loved ones To the happy vale, the hap-py vale of song.

of song,



## Alone With God.

COPYRIGHT, 1904. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,  
 2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?  
 3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod.  
 4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.  
 God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.  
 I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.  
 When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

CHORUS.

A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with  
 A-lone with God,

God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him  
 A-lone with God, Alone with God,

hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.  
 To hold with him

## Sing His Praise.

I. O. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY BROWN BROTHERS.

I. O. Brown.

1. Forward move, ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,  
 2. Shout a-loud, ye peo-ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,  
 3. Be a val - iant sol-dier, rout-ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,  
 4. When the battle's o - ver and the con-flict's won, Sing His praise,  
 Sing His praise,

sing His praise;  
 sing His praise;  
 sing His praise;  
 sing His praise;  
 sing His praise;

Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,  
 He shall gain the conquest, reign for - ev - er - more,  
 Christ, the great Je-ho - vah, will be sure to win,  
 Sor-row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,

CHORUS.

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His  
 Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise.

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul, sing His praise; Sing His  
 sing His praise, sing His praise;

praise, sing His praise, While the endless a-ges roll, sing His praise.  
 Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.





## I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

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

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

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

## CHORUS.

long - ings As noth - ing else can do.  
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

## Where are the Reapers?

Eben E. Rexford.

BY PERMISSION.

Geo. F. Root.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good  
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,  
 3. The fields are all ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-  
 4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done,  
 tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,  
 ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,  
 er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

## CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."  
 But gath-er from all for the home on high. "Where are the reapers? O  
 And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.  
 Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."

who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" O

who will help us To gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

1. In the shad-ow of the rock Let me rest, let me rest, When I feel the  
 2. On the parched and desert way, Where I tread, where I tread, With the scorching  
 3. I in peace will rest me here, Till I see, till I see That the skies a-

tem-pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep. While I  
 noon-tide ray O'er my head, Let me find a welcome shade, Cool and  
 gain are fair O - ver me; That the burning heats are passed, And the

CHORUS.

FINE

hide, while I hide, And my tranquil vig - il keep, By Thy side.  
 still, cool and still, And my wea-ry steps be stayed Where I will. In the shadow  
 day, and the day Bids the trav-el-er at last Go his way.

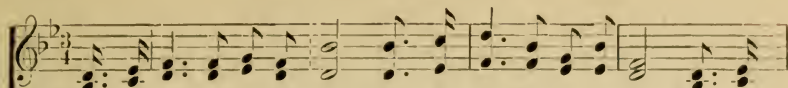
*D. S.*—In the shad-ow of the rock Let me rest.

of the rock I will fear no tempest's shock, In the shad-ow of the rock

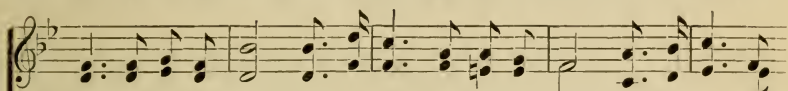
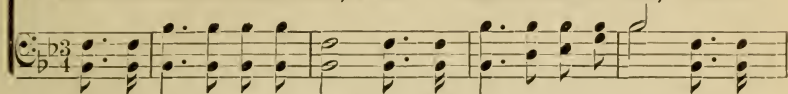
*D. S.*

let me rest; In the shad-ow of the rock I will fear no tempest's shock,

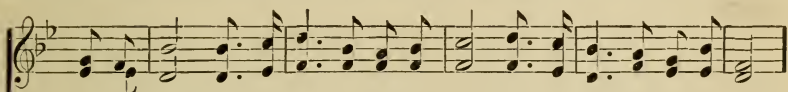




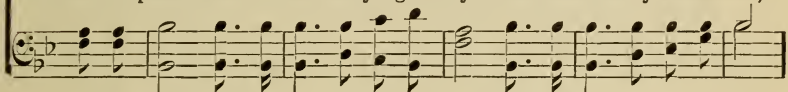
1. When the martyred One I see, Think of all His love for me, Love that
2. Bless-ed One, hear Thou my cry, Weak and worthless, Lord, am I; Noth-ing
3. When this heart is stilled to rest, When I rise to meet the blest, When a-



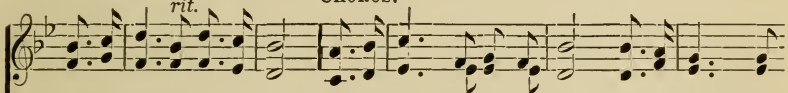
suffered grief and shame, Crown of thorns, and slandered name; See His tears of  
from thy hand I claim, No de-fense my lips can frame. Help me in Thy  
mid the ransomed throng, Shall my voice take up the song; Tho' I sing a



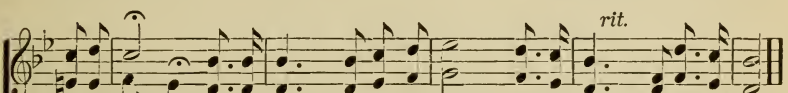
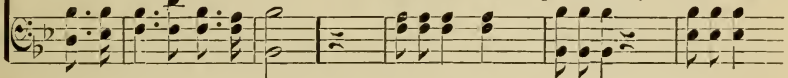
an-guish flow, Shed for me, those tears, I know; This must still my wonder be;  
love to trust, Mer - ci - ful and good and just; Tho' a won-der still it be,  
Savior's praise Thro' e - ter - ni-ty's glad days This shall still my wonder be,



## CHORUS.



That the Savior died for me. In His love, His precious love, I am rest - ing  
In His love, His precious love, I am rest -



in His love, Precious love that made me free; O the love of Christ for me!  
ing in His love, Precious love that set me free; O the love



H. S. Taylor.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the  
 2. O the might - y God has spo - ken, For the chil - dren whom He  
 3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es

wave, And a path - way thro' the sea, And a path - way thro' the sea;  
 loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!  
 by, And His glo - ry we will see, And His glo - ry we will see;

And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with - out a slave! O  
 Up, O Ja - cob! heed the to - ken, When the fier - y pil - lar moves! O  
 For He o - pens and He clos - es With a pow - er great and high: O

*D.S.*—For the yoke of Rum is bro - ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! O

FINE CHORUS.

sound the ju - bi - lee! O sound the ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

sound the ju - bi - lee! O sound the ju - bi - lee!

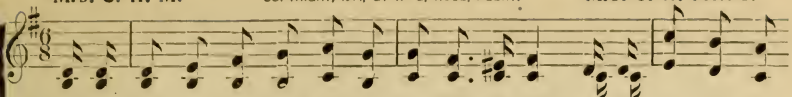
Ju - bi - lee! come! Sound the sil - ver trum - pet, Call the children home;

*D. S.*

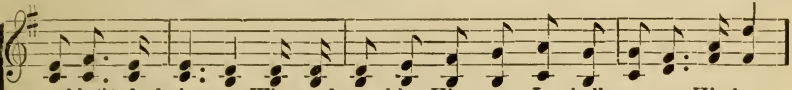
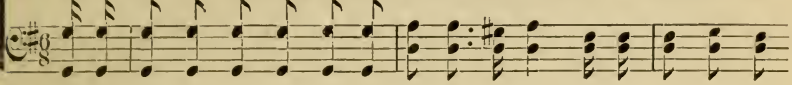
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

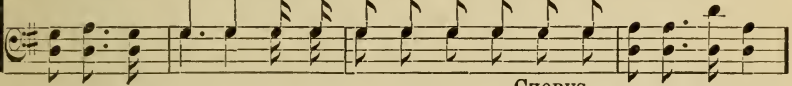
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. 'Twill be glo - ry for me when the King I shall see, When in safe - ty I've
2. 'Twill be glo - ry at last when my la-bors are past, With life's sil - ver cord
3. 'Twill be glo - ry un-told when the gates shall un-fold And I dwell safe at



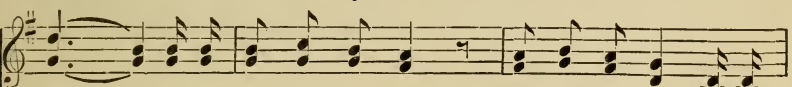
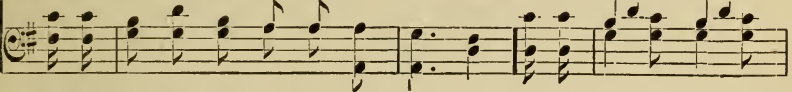
crossed death's dark riv - er; When redeemed by His grace I shall gaze on His face  
loos-ened and bro - ken, If thro' grace I may stand with my hand in His hand,  
home with my Sav-ior; Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll sing, as we crown Him our King,



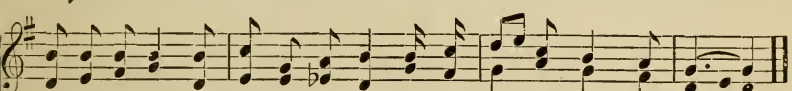
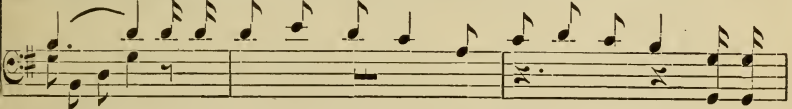
## CHORUS.



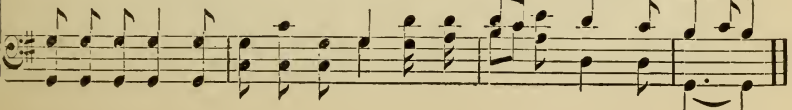
To go out from His pres-ence, no nev - er.  
And His "well done" to me shall be spo - ken. 'Twill be glo-ry by and  
Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - er and ev - er!



by,..... 'Twill be glo - ry for me, yes, glo - ry for you; If to  
by and by,



Christ we are true life's whole journey thro', 'Twill be glo-ry by and by. ....  
glo - ry by and by.





Arr. by W. B. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. OLMSTEAD.

William B. Olmstead.

1. When in the hour of pain and grief Our hearts are longing for re-lief,  
 2. Tho' oft the wait-ing time seems long, Be pa-tient. Sing a sweet-er song;  
 3. We well can claim His prom-ise rare, And wait the an-swer to our prayer;  
 4. God answers prayer: when in our need His prom-ise-es our lips can plead,

When prayer seems hindered all the day, And we in weak-ness lose our way,  
 God's time, His way, is al-ways best, Trust, ful-ly trust, and leave the rest;  
 With thank-ful hearts we still can say, "God's an-swer may be on the way;"  
 Our hands reach out to clasp His hand, Our hearts respond to His com-mand,

*rit.*

What shall we do when strength is gone? Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!  
 His prom-ise stands. Bid doubt be gone! Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!  
 We shall pre-vail if faith is strong; Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!  
 As-sur-ance comes, the bur-den's gone; Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

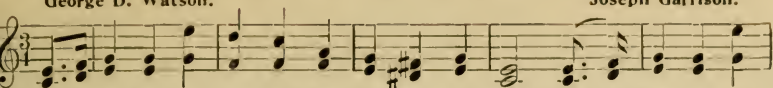
For prayer and faith cannot be de-nied; Je-sus has promised, His word is sure;

Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on! Look to the hills! Pray on! Pray on!

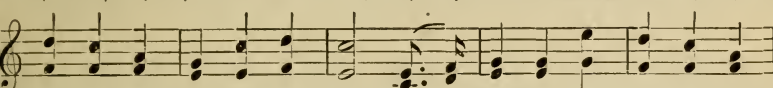
## The Bondage of Love.

George D. Watson.

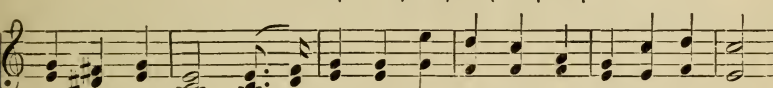
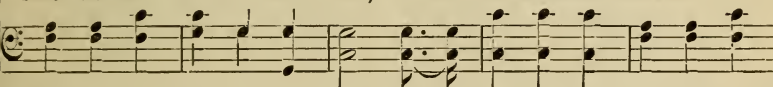
Joseph Garrison.



1. O sweet will of God! Thou hast gird-ed me round, Like the deep mov-ing
2. For years my will wrest-led with vague dis-con-tent, That like a sad
3. My wild will was cap-tured, yet un-der the yoke There was pain and not
4. And now I have flung my-self reck-less-ly out, Like a chip on the
5. Roll on, checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears, My soul sweet-ly



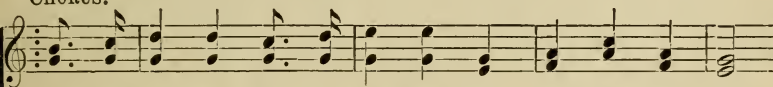
cur-rents that gir-dle the sea; With om-nip-o-tent love is my  
 an-gel o'er-shad-owed my way; God's light in my soul with the  
 peace, at the press of the load, Till the glo-ri-ous bur-den the  
 stream of the In-fi-nite Will; I pass the rough rocks with a  
 sails on an in-fi-nite tide; I shall soon touch the shores of e-



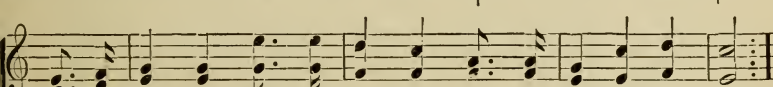
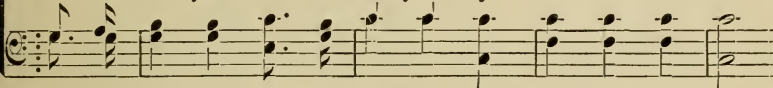
poor nat-ure bound, And this bond-age to love sets me per-fect-ly free.  
 dark-ness was blent, And my heart ev-er longed for an un-cloud-ed day.  
 last fi-bre broke, And I melt-ed like wax in the fur-nace of God.  
 smile and a shout, And I just let my God His dear pur-pose ful-fill.  
 ter-ni-ty's years, And near the white throne of my Sav-ior a-bide.



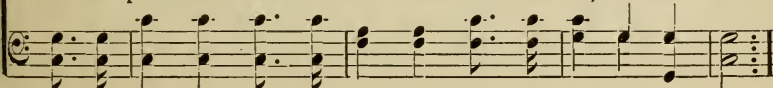
## CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! my soul is now free!



For the pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-eth me, e-ven me.



W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON  
USED BY PER.

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 should 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 cheer me so;  
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;  
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keeping His cross with - in my sight.  
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.  
Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.  
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.  
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

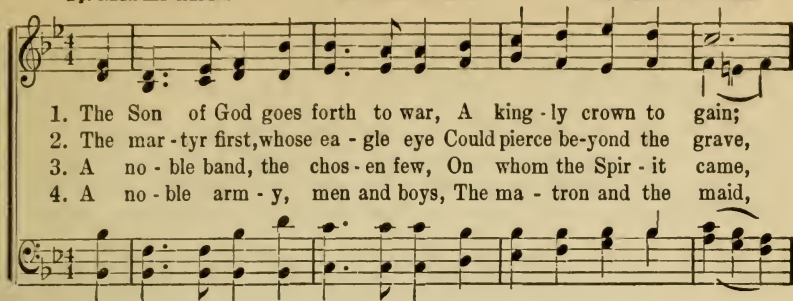


## The Son of God.

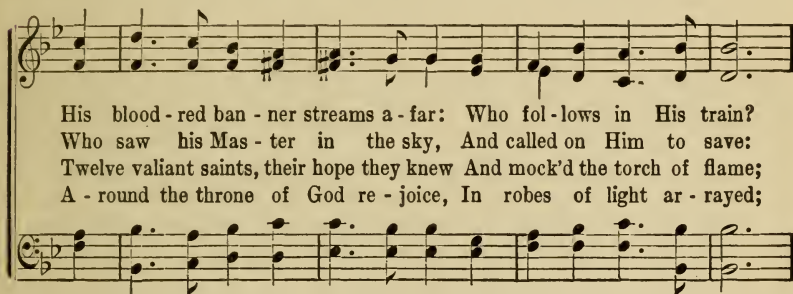
Ep. REGINALD HEBER.

All Saints. C. M. D.

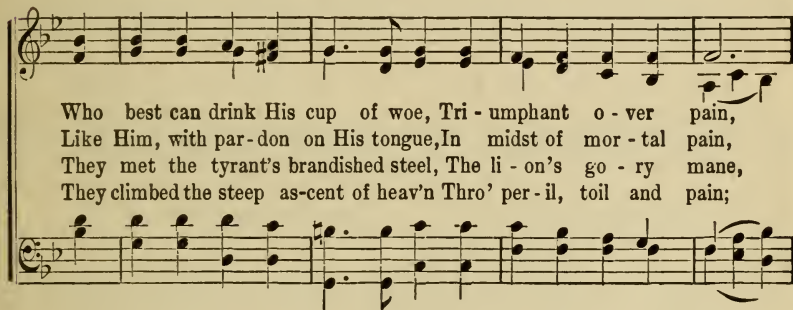
Dr. HENRY S. CUTLER.



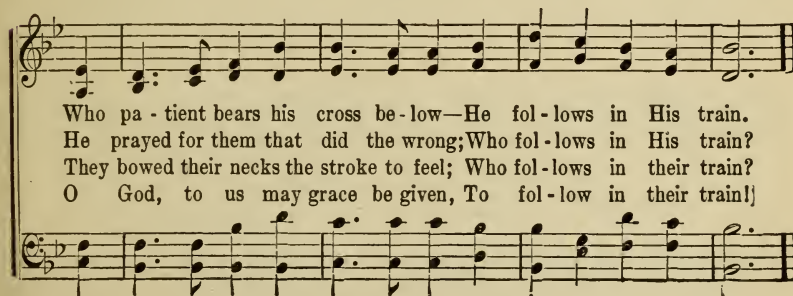
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,  
 3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,  
 4. A no - ble arm - y, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew And mock'd the torch of flame;  
 A - round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umphant o - ver pain,  
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,  
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;



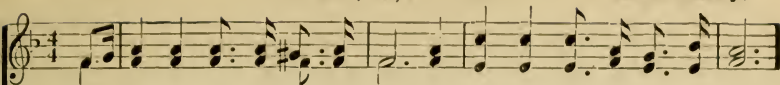
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low—He fol - lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?  
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be given, To fol - low in their train!



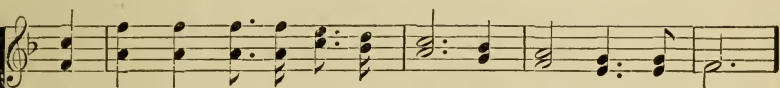
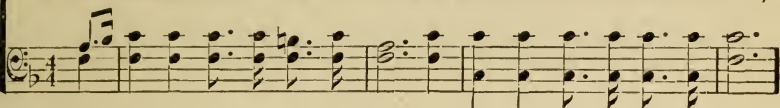
## O Why Not To-night?

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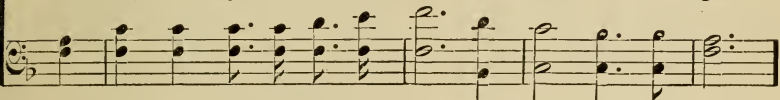
J. Calvin Bushby.



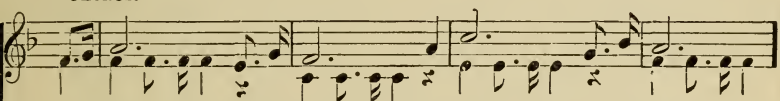
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-e; none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



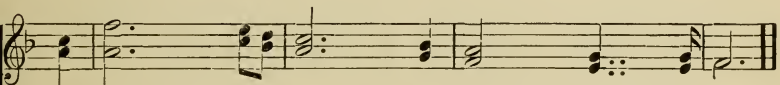
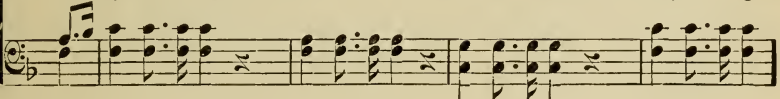
Poor sin-ner hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.  
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.  
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.  
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



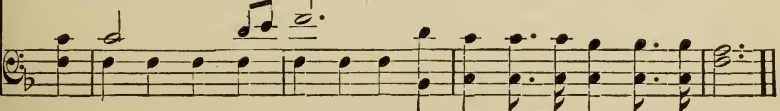
## CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?  
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?  
 Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O, why not to-night?



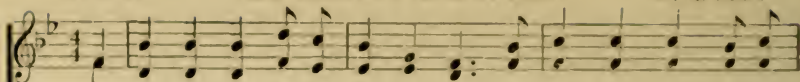


## The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P.

FROM "HARVEST BELLS," BY PER W. E. PENN

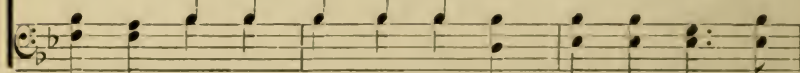
W. E. Penn.



1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land; Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain; Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-ior died; His blood flow'd out in a



burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass, To  
 treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-ing, sin-sick soul, Come  
 mount-ain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er mount-ains steep; He's  
 crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And



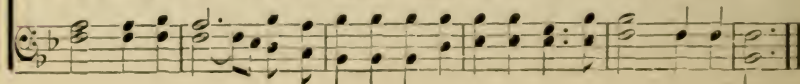
## REFRAIN.



seek a shade in the wil-der-ness. Then why will ye die? O  
 free-ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O  
 search-ing now for His wan-d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O  
 free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? O



why will ye die? When the shel't'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the liv-ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the Shep-herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the crim-son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

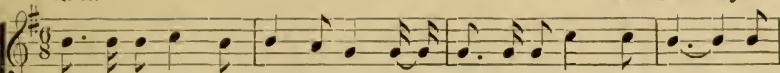


## Where is my Boy To-night?

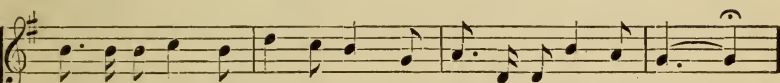
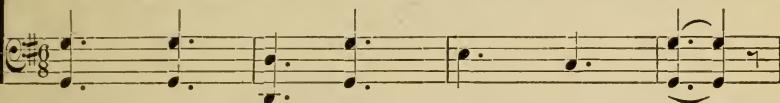
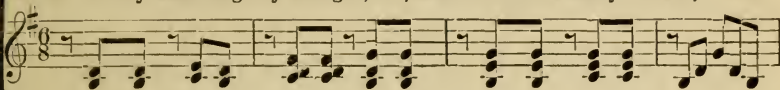
R. L.

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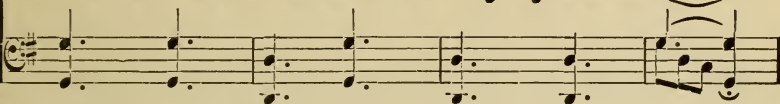
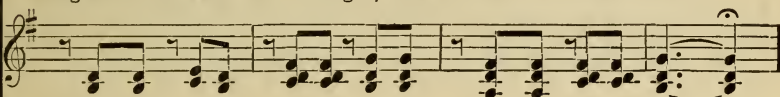
Robert Lowry.



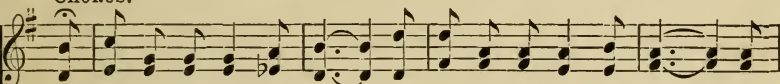
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But



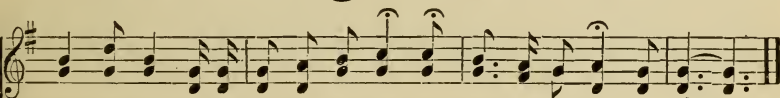
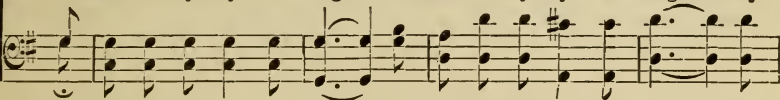
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
 prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!  
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



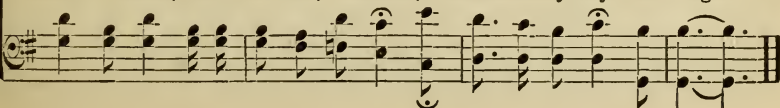
## CHORUS.



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



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



## I Will Guide Thee.

N. N.

BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Pre-cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by,  
 2. When temp - ta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch - ers fly,  
 3. When thy se - cret hopes have per - ished, In the grave of years gone by,  
 4. When the shades of night are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,

On the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Hear thy trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

## REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

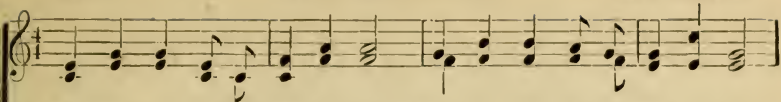
On the way from earth to heav - en I will guide thee with mine eye.



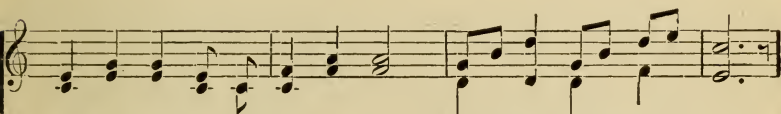
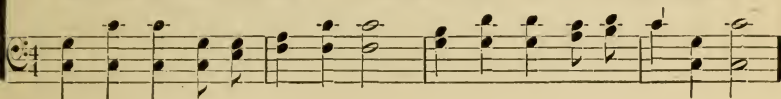
Capt. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY R. E. HUDSON.

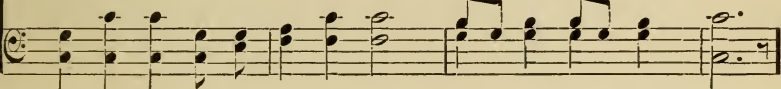
Capt. Johnson.



1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
3. March-ing on while the skeptics sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
4. March-ing on with the flag un-furled, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;



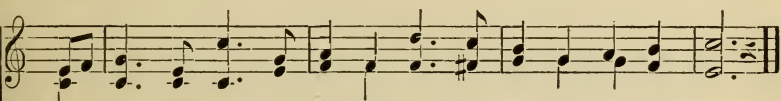
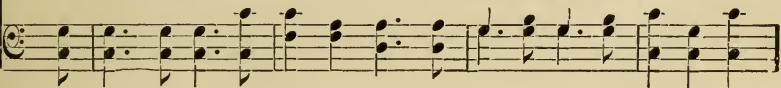
Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Vict'ry's mine, while I've Christ within, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Per - fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Preaching Christ to the dy - ing world, March-ing, march-ing on.



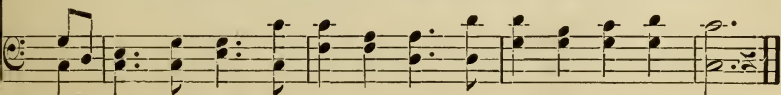
## CHORUS.



A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,




A vic - tor's palm, a joy un - told, Are mine when I get there.



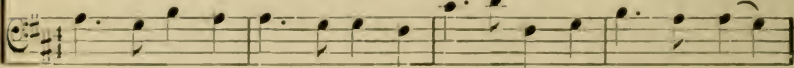
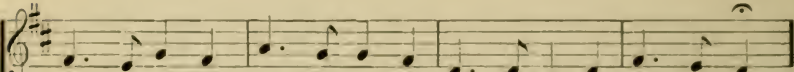
C. E. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY D. W. MYLAND.

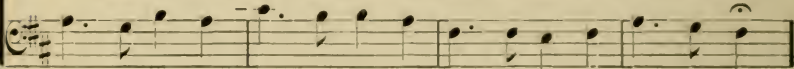
Celia E. Stanton.




1. Hid with Christ in God the Fa-ther, Seek-ing joys that are a-bove,  
 2. Not a care, for Je - sus car-eth, Wea - ry, trust-ing one, for thee;  
 3. Ev - 'ry dart that would de-destroy me, On - ly strikes my hid - ing tower;  
 4. O the bliss of sweet - ly rest-ing On the arms of Je - sus' love!  
 5. Hear - ing now the soft - est whis-pers Of my pre-cious Lord and King;

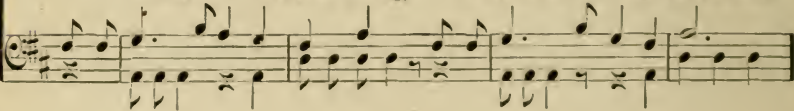
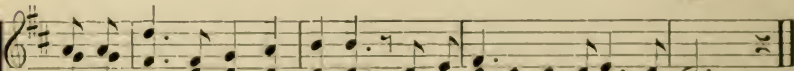
Feed - ing on the hid - den man - na, Sat - is-fied, and lost in love.  
 When his darts the temp - ter hurl-eth, To thy ref - uge quick - ly flee.  
 And I rest, un-harmed with-in Him, Hid - den from the temp-ter's power.  
 Where all care and dis - ap-point-ment Ne'er the trust-ing heart can move.  
 In the se - cret of His presence, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing.




## CHORUS.



Un-der-neath His shadow hid - ing, Where the soul can know no harm;  
 Underneath His shad-ow hid-ing, Where the soul can know no harm;


*rit.*


In the se-cret place a - bid-ing, Sheltered by His mighty arm.  
 Shel-tered by His might-y, might-y arm.

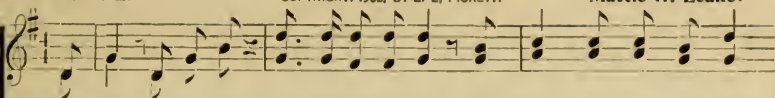


## The Midnight Herald.

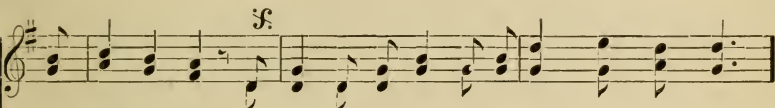
M. H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY L. L. PICKETT.

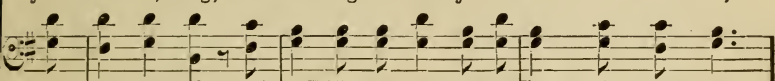
Mattie H. Leake.



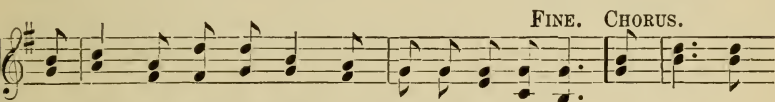
1. A - wake, O Zi - on, hear the tidings ring, The Bride-groom is com - ing,
2. Look thou tow'rd the hills, lo! the morning breaks; The last call is sound - ing,
3. Dear soul, have thy robes washed in Je - sus' blood, And walk in the glo - ry
4. Then shout, O Zi - on, lift the voice and sing, And go out to meet Him



be - hold thy King: Then haste thee, O hast - en thy - self to pre - pare,  
the world a - wakes; Re - jice then, O Zi - on, the beams of His light  
of His blest word; Thy lamps keep well - trimmed, and each day burn - ing bright,  
your Sav - ior, King; When all things are read - y He'll come for His own,

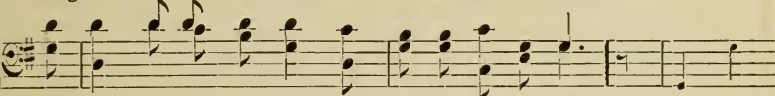


D. S.— Go out, meet the King, O make haste to a - rise,

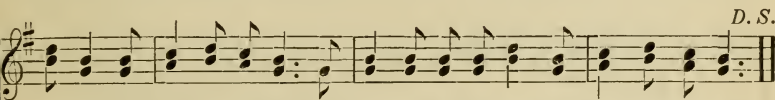


FINE. CHORUS.

And go at the sum - mons to meet Him in the air.  
Will scat - ter the dark - ness of earth's long, weary night. For lo! "at  
The ves - sels filled ev - er with oil to yield the light.  
And gath - er the ran - somed in - to the har - vest - home.

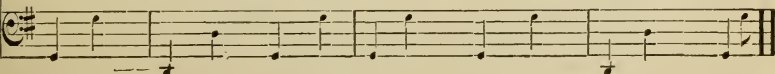


And be with the Bride-groom and bride in the skies.



D. S.

midnight a cry" loud and long Will ring thro' the stillness o'er earth's sleeping throng;





## Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

B. Atchinson.

BY PERMISSION. Otis F. Presbrey. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the  
 2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav-en, Which the Sav-ior has  
 3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright crowns which the  
 4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile sin-ners may

king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas-per,  
 gone to pre-pare; Where the saints who on earth have been faith-ful,  
 glo-ri-fied wear, When our Fa-ther shall bid them "Come en-ter,  
 ask and re-ceive Peace and par-don from ev-'ry trans-gres-sion,

How its streets are all gold-en and broad, In the midst of the  
 Rest for-ev-er with Christ o-ver there; There no sin-ev-er  
 And my glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly share;" How the right-eous are  
 If when ask-ing they on-ly be-lieve. I have read how He'll

streets is life's riv-er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be-hold; But not  
 en-ters, nor sor-row, The in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow old; But not  
 ev-er more bless-ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not  
 guide and pro-ject us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His fold; But not

half of that city's bright glo-ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.  
 half of the joys that a-wait them To mor-tals has ev-er been told.  
 half of the won-der-ful sto-ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.  
 half of His goodness and mer-cy To mor-tals has ev-er been told.

# Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

REFRAIN.

Not half has ev-er been told; Not half has ev-er been told; Not  
 been told; been told;

half of that cit-y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.

*rit.*

# 99 Jesus Now is Calling.

R. E. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson.

1. Come, ye wea - ry and op-prest, Je - sus now is call - ing you;  
 2. Tho' your sins like mount-ains rise, Je - sus now is call - ing you;  
 3. Tho' your sins like scar-let be, Je - sus now is call - ing you;  
 4. Come, ye wan-d'ers from the fold, Je - sus now is call - ing you;

FINE

Come, and He will give you rest, For He bids you come.  
 He has made the sac - ri - fice, And He bids you come.  
 From them all He'll set you free, Still He bids you come.  
 For His love can ne'er be told, And He bids you come.

D.S. - Je - sus now is call - ing you, Call - ing you to come.

CHORUS. D. S.

Je - sus now is call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, call - ing.

## The Pearly White City.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. F. INGLER.  
USED BY PER.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 al-owed 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 gathering yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pat-mos, 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 - app-oint-ment in heav-en, No en-ry and strife in the sky;  
And soon I shall join their bright number, 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 tempter is there to an - noy;  
The saints are all sanc - ti - fled whol - ly, They live in sweet harmony there;  
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be - hold.  
No part-ing words ever are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt or de - stroy.  
My heart is now set on that cit - y. And some day its blessings I'll share.  
They o-ver-came sin and the temp-ter, They've reach'd that fair city at last.



# The Pearly White City.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright city, pearly white city, I have a mansion, a harp, and a crown;

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

101

# Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,  
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side that flowed,  
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;  
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
In my hand no price I bring. Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

SOLO.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are near-ing e - ter - ni - ty's side of the grave, And time is swift  
 2. In the day of His wrath and His pow'r who shall stand, When the thunders of  
 3. When the Shepherd the sheep from the goats shall divide, The wheat from the  
 4. Sin - ner turn to the Sav - ior, the bet - ter part choose, Ac - cept His sal -

pass - ing a - way; Soon the years of pro - ba - tion for us will be gone,  
 judgment ap - pall? When the heav'n's as a scroll shall to - gath - er be rolled?  
 tares sep - a - rate, When the books shall be o - pened and all shall ap - pear,  
 va - tion so free; That the judgment for thee, all its ter - ror shall lose,

## CHORUS.

Fast hasteneth the great judgment day.  
 When rocks and when mountains shall fall. And now is the time to get ready,  
 The dead shall a - rise, small and great.  
 Thy Sav - ior thy judge too shall be.

And now is the time to get read - y, 'Tis com - ing, 'tis com - ing the

great judgment day, And now is the time to get read - y; 'Tis com - ing, 'tis

## Now is the Time to Get Ready.

com-ing the great judgment day, And now is the time to get read-y.

## 103 He Took Away My Heart of Stone.

Lewis Edgar.

DUET.  
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. M. HARRIS.

L. E. Jones.

1. O wondrous Christ, O bless-ed Lord, Who hath to me His mer-cy shown,
2. For ev-'ry need He doth pro-vide, A love like His no heart hath known,
3. He called me gen - tly o'er and o'er, My life at last be-came His own,

He bade me come with gen-tle word, Then took a - way my heart of stone.  
 He drew me close - ly to His side, And took a - way my heart of stone.  
 O bless His name for-ev-er-more, He took a - way my heart of stone.

### CHORUS.

He took a-way my heart of stone, I am the Lord's and His a-lone;  
 He took a-way my heart of stone, I am the Lord's and His a-lone;

He gave me peace and per-fect rest, He folds me close - ly to His breast.  
 He gave me peace and perfect rest, He folds me closely



E. R. Latta.

BY PERMISSION.

H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;  
 2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;  
 3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.  
 Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.  
 Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,  
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;  
 Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,  
 Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow.

# Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the  
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, the snow;

*rit.*  
Lamb, . . . . . And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

# 105 Gleansing in the Blood.

Susie L. Warner. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY DAVID S. WARNER. David S. Warner.

1. O that I now might know Thy love, The rich-es of Thy grace so free;
2. O cleanse me from the car-nal mind, And grant that I may vic-tor be;
3. The world I now for-ev-er leave, And con-se-crate my-self to Thee;
4. No more I strug-gle with my sin; No more am I by Sa-tan bound;
5. I'll give the glo-ry, Lord, to Thee, And ev-er-more Thy prais-es sound;

FINE.

That I with all Thy saints might prove, There's cleansing in the blood for me.  
And help me now, O Lord, to find There's cleansing in the blood for me.  
I come in faith, for I believe There's cleansing in the blood for me.  
No more doth e-vil reign with-in, For cleans-ing in the blood I've found.  
For grace and power and vic-to-ry And cleans-ing in the blood a-bound.

D.S.—Just now I claim the promise mine, There's cleansing in the blood for me.

## CHORUS.

D. S.

There's cleans-ing in the blood, There's cleans-ing in the blood;

Beulah.

1. { God has giv - en me a song, A song of trust; }  
 { And I sing it all day long, For sing I must; }  
 2. { O I sing it on the mount - ain, In the light, }  
 { Where the ra - diance of God's sun - shine Makes all bright; }

{ Ev - 'ry hour it sweet - er grows, } Just how rest - ful no one  
 { Keeps my soul in blest re - pose; }  
 { All my paths seem bright and clear, } And I al - most do ap -  
 { Heav'n - ly land seems ver - y near, }

CHORUS.

knows, But those who trust, But those who trust. I sing a  
 pear To walk by sight, To walk by sight. I sing a

song, a song of trust, For sing I  
 song of trust. I sing a song of trust,

must: And soon I'll stand at Thy right hand, My Sav - ior



## A Song of Trust.

dear, my ran - som price, And sing the song of Par - a - dise.  
the song of Par - a - dise.

107

## Room at the Cross.

W. B. B.

W. B. Blake.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;
2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;
3. Room at the Cross for earth's sad and worn, Room at the Cross for you;

Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.  
Choose, then, like Ma - ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.  
Come, then, to Je - sus, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.

CHORUS.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you;

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Christ called to the fish - er - men down by the sea, And taught them this  
 2. They're sinking in sin by your side, ev - er - more, Your friends and your  
 3. For they that be wise, saith the Mas - ter di - vine, Shall be as the

mes - sage so plain; "Leave all that thou hast and henceforth fol - low me, And  
 kin - dred are they; Then throw out the life - net and pull for the shore And  
 firm - a - ment bright, And they that turn ma - ny to righteousness shine For -

thou shalt be fish - ers of men, And thou shalt be fish - ers of men."  
 win them for Je - sus to - day, And win them for Je - sus to - day,  
 ev - er as stars in the night, For - ev - er as stars in the night.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Launch out in - to the deep, Let down your nets a - gain,

Launch out in - to the deep, Ye shall be fish - ers of men;

## Launch Out.

All night ye nothing have tak - en, Fruitless your toiling has been;

*Harmony.*

Launch out, launch out, Let down your nets a - gain.

## 109 Now I'm Coming Home.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

BY PERMISSION.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Long I have wan-dered a - way from my Lord, Now I am com-ing home;
2. Tired of the world with its fol - ly and sin, Now I am com-ing home;
3. Know-ing my Sav-iour can give me His rest, Now I am com-ing home;
4. Hum-bly I crave but a poor servant's place, Now I am com-ing home;
5. O bless the Lord, my dear Sav-ior I see, Now I am com-ing home;

Long-ing to be to His fa - vor re-stored, Now I am com-ing home.  
 Know-ing the Sav-ior will wel - come me in, Now I am com-ing home.  
 Long-ing to an-chor my soul on His breast, Now I am com-ing home.  
 On - ly de-sir - ing to taste of His grace, Now I am com-ing home.  
 Wait-ing to wel - come a sin - ner like me, Now I am com-ing home.

### CHORUS.

Yes, I am com-ing, Savior, I'm coming, Just now I'm coming home; ing home.



## Make My Life Count for Thee.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. D. ROSE, AGENT

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Make me a bless-ing, dear Sav-ior, I pray, Help-ing souls struggling up  
 2. Read-y to reach out a strong, help-ing hand, Caus-ing some poor weaker  
 3. Tell-ing the sto-ry of Christ and His love, Point-ing the way to the  
 4. Read-y when-ev-er Thou bid-dest me go, Foll'wing wher-ev-er Thou

life's wear-y way; Let me not live in vain one sin-gle day,  
 broth-er to stand, Bring-ing some sink-ing ones safe-ly to land,  
 man-sions a-bove, Bid-ding lost sin-ners Thy faith-ful-ness prove,  
 lead-est be-low, Will-ing what-ev-er Thou'dst have me to do,

CHORUS.

Make my life count for Thee. Ev - - er-y day, . . .  
 Ev - er - y day. ev - er - y day.

all . . . of the way, . . . Make me a bless - ing, dear  
 all of the way, all of the way. Make me, oh, make me a bless - ing.

Sav-ior, I pray; . . . Ev - - er-y day, . . .  
 Sav - ior, dear Sav-ior, I pray: Ev - er - y day. ev - er - y day.

## Make My Life Count for Thee.

all . . of the way, . . Make my life count for Thee. . .  
 all of the way, all of the way, Make my life, make my life count for Thee (for Thee).

## 111 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

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. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

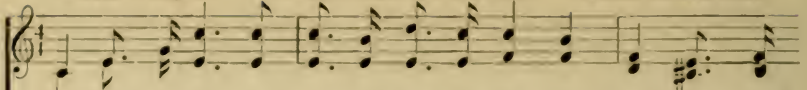
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior 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.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

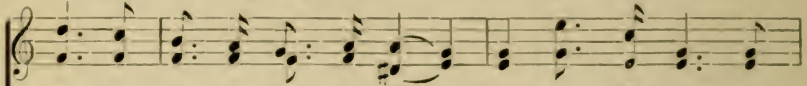
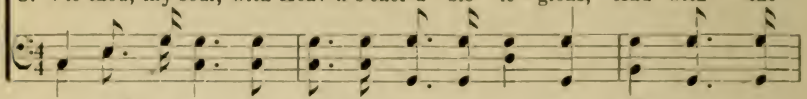
Wilson T. Hogue.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT

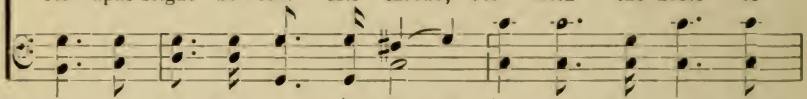
Fannie Birdsall Bula.



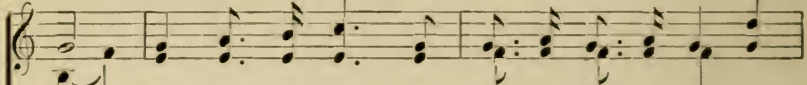
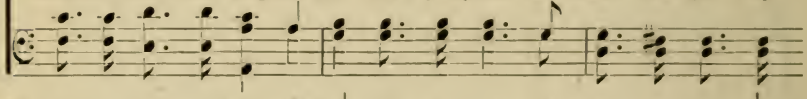
1. Rise, rise, my soul, in loft - y ad - o - ra - tion, As soars the
2. Bring thou in love thy trib - ute of de - vo - tion, Of - f'ring of
3. Vie thou, my soul, with Heav'n's cher-u - bic le - gions, And with the



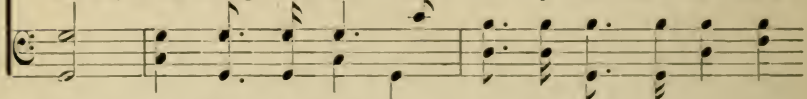
ea - gle in his loft - y flight, Mount to His throne in  
in - cense fra - grant, pure and sweet; Moved by the pow'r of  
ser - aphs bright be - fore His throne; Vie with the hosts of



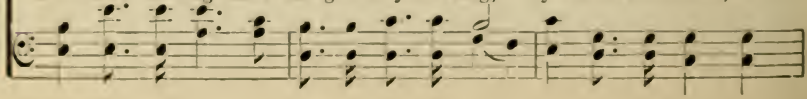
rapt - urous con - tem - pla - tion, Who dwells for aye in realms of cloud - less  
rapt - ur - ous e - mo - tion, Bring prais - es for the King of glo - ry  
those su - per - nal re - gions In loft - y hymns to make His glo - ry



light, Far, far a - bove the din of earth as - cend - ing,  
meet, Thou whom, by sin brought un - der con - dem - na - tion,  
known, Weak though thou art, and loft - y tho' their sta - tions,



Fall at His feet and wor - ship and a - dore; With ser - aphs bright up -  
He hath re - deem'd thro' His a - bound - ing grace; Laud Him for aye who  
Thou hast a song that an - gels may not sing; By Christ re - deem'd, who





## Rise, Rise, My Soul.

on their Lord at-tend-ing, Laud thou Je-ho-vah, blest for-ev-er-more.  
wro't out thy sal-va-tion; Lift to His throne un-ceas-ing songs of praise.  
died for all the na-tions, Lift thy "new song" and make His praises ring.

113

## Peace in Serving Jesus.

L. O. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY BROWN BROTHERS.

D. G. Bacon.

1. There's a peace in serv-ing Je-sus, More than pen or tongue can tell,  
2. There's a joy in serv-ing Je-sus; I can feel it in my soul;  
3. There's a rest in serv-ing Je-sus, Com-fort, strength and pow'r di-vine,

Which gives grace and un-der-stand-ing One can neith-er buy nor sell.  
With His flow of con-stant bless-ings, He has won my full con-trol.  
Giv-en free-ly by the Mas-ter: Wilt thou make this Je-sus thine?

CHORUS.

Wilt thou have this pre-cious Je-sus? Wouldst thou know this Prince of peace?

On-ly list-en, He is near thee; Let Him bid thy storm to cease.

## He Brought Me Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1898 BY H. L. GILMOUR.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.  
Cho. by H. L. G.

PSALM 40: 1-3.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the  
2. He placed me up-on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es-  
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by  
4. I'll sing of his won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise him till  
5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and despair, I'll praise the dear

pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the  
tablashed and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while  
night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's ov-er-flow-ing, I'm  
all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at  
Fa-ther, who answered my prayer; I'll sing my new song, the glad

deep, mir-y clay, Who ten-der-ly bro't me out to gold-en day.  
here I remain, But stand by his grace until the crown I gain.  
hap-py and free, I'll praise my Redeemer, who has rescued me.  
home and abroad, Till ma-ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.  
sto-ry of love, Then join in the chorus with the saints a-bove.

## CHORUS.

He bro't me out of the mir-y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

# He Brought Me Out.

He puts a song in my soul to-day. A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah.

115

## Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

COPYRIGHT, 1901-1908, BY HALL-MACK CO.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep-ly for mirth or song,
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've said Good-bye! To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?  
 As the day-light fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?  
 And my sad heart aches Till it near-ly breaks: Is this aught to Him?—Does He see?

### CHORUS.

O yes, He cares, I know He cares; His heart is touch'd with my grief;  
 my grief;

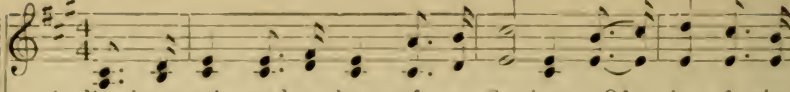
*ad lib.* When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav - ior cares.  
*rit.* He cares.



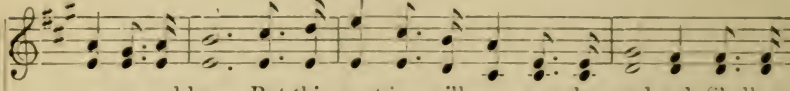
Vivian A. Dake.

WORDS COPYRIGHTED, 1891, BY V. A. DAKE.

Arr. by Fannie Birdsall.

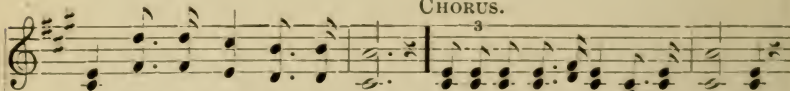


1. We have gath - ered to hear of a Sav - iour, Of in - fi - nite  
 2. Oh, how swift - ly the mo - ments are fly - ing, O de - cide, turn to  
 3. Pause a mo - ment; con - sid - er, ere go - ing; Look a - bout on these  
 4. Once a - gain there'll be meet - ing and part - ing; When we stand at the  
 5. O ye saints of the Lord, shout for gladness! For your fears and your

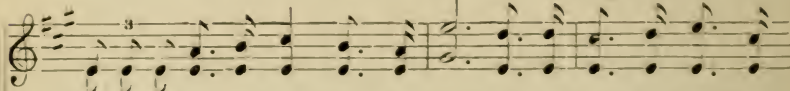


mer - cy and love; But this meet - ing will soon, soon be end - ed, Shall we  
 Je - sus and live: If you go to the judg - ment a sin - ner, What ex -  
 fa - ces to night; You will meet them a - gain at the judg - ment; Are you  
 great judgment throne; Will you join in the greet - ing e - ter - nal? Or shall  
 sor - rows are o'er, You are read - y to meet at the judg ment, Or to

CHORUS.



meet that dear Saviour a bove? Parting to meet again at the judgment!  
 cuse to your Lord can you give?  
 read - y to meet judgment light?  
 Je - sus for - ev - er dis - own? *2d Chorus.*  
 meet here be - low nev - er - more. Ready to meet again at the judgment!



Part - ing to meet no more here be - low; Oh, how sad the thought to  
 Read - y to meet no more here be - low; Oh, how glad the thought to

# Gathered to Hear of the Savior.

thee, trav-ler to e-ter-ni-ty, Part-ing to meet a - gain at the judgment.  
 thee, trav-ler to e-ter-ni-ty, Read-y to meet a - gain at the judgment.

## 117 God Will Take Care of You.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY JOHN A. DAVIS. BY PER. W. Stillman 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, wea-ry one, up - on his breast; God will take care of you.

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.

# 118 Changed in the Twinkling of an Eye.

Fanny J. Crosby,

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the trump of the great arch-an-gel Its might-y tones shall sound, And, the  
 2. When he comes in the clouds de-scending, And they who lov'd him here, From their  
 3. O the seed that was sown in weak-ness Shall then be rais'd in pow'r, And the

end of the world pro-claim-ing, Shall pierce the depths pro-found, When the Son of  
 graves shall a-wake and praise him With joy and not with fear, When the bod - y  
 songs of the blood-bo't millions Shall hail that bliss-ful hour, When we gath - er

man shall come in his glo - ry With all the saints on high, What a shout-ing  
 and the soul are u - ni - ted, And cloth'd no more to die, What a shout-ing  
 safe - ly home in the morning, And night's dark shadows fly, What a shout-ing

in the skies from the mul-titudes that rise, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.  
 there will be when each oth-er's face we see, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.  
 on the shore when we meet to part no more, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

## CHORUS.

Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, . . . Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye; . . . .  
 Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;



# Changed in the Twinkling of an Eye.

The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.....  
in the twinkling of an eye

119

## Shout the Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. M. HARRIS.

J. M. Harris.

1. Who-so - ev - er will says Je - sus, Call up-on the Sav-ior's name, <sup>and trust Him,</sup>
2. Have you let the lives of oth-ers, Fill your heart with doubt and fear, <sup>of men.</sup>
3. Do you feel the Spirit's pow-er, Is your heart aglow with love;
4. When you give your all to Je - sus, He will come and sanc - ti - fy; <sup>made perfect; you wholly:</sup>

Thro' His cleansing blood finds vic - t'ry, O - ver sin and all it's shame.  
If you look a - way to Je - sus, All but Him will dis - ap - pear.  
Go then see your wayward broth - er, Tell him of the peace of God.  
Lead you step by step to glo - ry, Where you'll reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Then shout the victory, shout the victory, Praise the name of Him who saves,  
Then shout, shout the victory, shout, shout the victory, <sup>saves and keeps,</sup>

Then shout the vic-to-ry, shout the victory, Tell the world that Je-sus saves.  
Then shout, shout the vic-to-ry, shout, shout the vic-to-ry.

BY PERMISSION.

Words arr.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. We know not the time when He com - eth, At e - ven, or  
 2. I think of His won - der - ful pit - y, The price our sal -  
 3. O Je - sus, the lov - ing Re - deem - er, He know - eth I

midnight, or morn; It may be at deep - en - ing twi - light, It  
 va - tion hath cost; He left the bright mansions of glo - ry, To  
 cher - ish so dear The hope that mine eyes shall behold Him. Then

may be at ear - li - est dawn; He bids us to watch and be  
 suf - fer and die for the lost; And sure - ly I know it will  
 I shall His glad wel - come hear; And when in the clouds He ap -

read - y, Nor suf - fer our lights to grow dim; That, when He may  
 please Him, When those whom He died to re - deem Re - joice in the  
 pear - eth, To gath - er the faith - ful ones in, A Friend most be -

come, He will find us All wait - ing and watching for Him.  
 hope of His com - ing, By wait - ing and watching for Him.  
 lov - ed, He'll greet me; I'm wait - ing and watching for Him.

# Waiting and Watching.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Wait - ing and watch - ing,  
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Him, Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Him,

*Repeat pp*

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Still waiting and watching for Him.  
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting and watching,

121

# Glose to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

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

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.

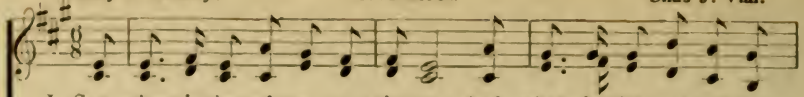
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee.



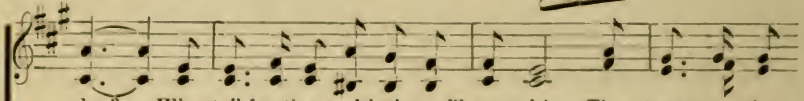
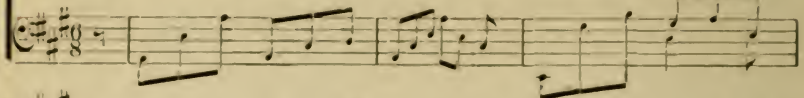
Fanny J. Crosby.

BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vial.



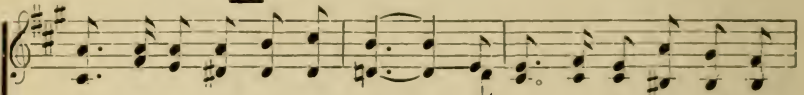
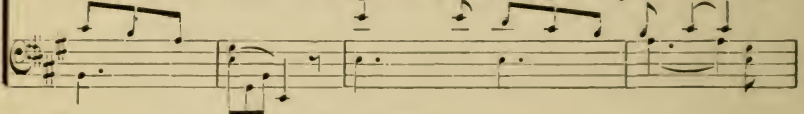
1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, poor sin-ner, And what is thy pros-pect to  
 2. The Mas-ter is call-ing thee, sin-ner, In tones of com-pas-sion and  
 3. As sum-mer is wan-ing, poor sin-ner, Re-pent, ere the sea-son is



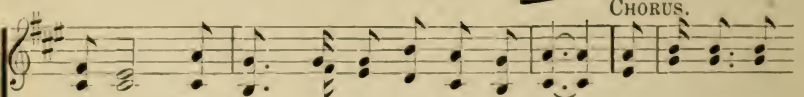
day? Why toil for the wealth that will per-ish, The treas-ures that  
 love, To feel that sweet rapture of par-don, And lay up thy  
 past; God's goodness to thee is ex-tend-ed, As long as the



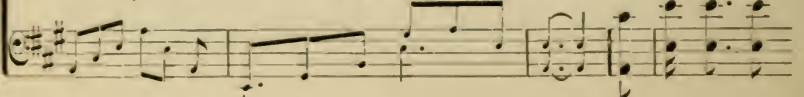
rust and de-cay? Oh! think of thy soul, that for-ev-er Must  
 treas-ures a-bove; Oh! kneel at the cross where He suf-ered, To  
 day-beam shall last; Then slight not the warn-ing re-peat-ed With



live on e-ter-ni-ty's shore, When thou in the dust art for-  
 ran-som thy soul from the grave; The arm of His mer-cy will  
 all the bright mo-ments that roll, Nor say, when the har-vest is



got-ten, When pleas-ures can charm thee no more.  
 hold thee, The arm that is might-y to save. 'Twill prof-it thee  
 end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.



CHORUS.

## Where Is Thy Refuge?

noth-ing, but fear-ful the cost, To gain the whole world, if thy

*rit.*

soul should be lost! To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost!

## 123 Who'll Stand Up for Jesus?

L. H.

Louis Hartsough.

1. O who'll stand up for Je - sus, The low - ly Naz - a - rene?  
 2. O who will fol - low Je - sus, A - mid re-proach and shame?  
 3. Tho' fierce may rage the bat - tle, And wild the storms may blow,  
 4. My all to Christ I've giv - en, My tal - ents, time and voice,  
 5. O Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, My all - suf - fi - cient Friend!

FINE

And raise the blood-stained ban - ner A - mid the hosts of sin?  
 Where oth - ers shrink and fal - ter, Who'll glo - ry in His name?  
 Tho' friends may go for - ev - er, I will with Je - sus go.  
 My - self, my rep - u - ta - tion; The lone way is my choice.  
 Come, fold me to Thy bo - som, E'ven to the jour - ney's end.

D.S.—All hail re-proach and sor - row, If Je - sus leads me there.

CHORUS.

D. S.

The cross for Christ I'll cher - ish, Its cru - ci - fix - ion bear:

## Still Sweeter Every Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HALL-MACK CO. USED BY PER.

W. C. MARTIN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the  
 2. His glo - ry broke up-on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's fairer than the  
 3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His

glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pic - tured in its  
 lil - y, brighter than the morn - ing star; He fills and sat - is - fies my long - ing  
 bos - om when I droop with blighting grief, I love the Christ who all my bur - dens

fairest dreams and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.  
 spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.  
 in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.

## CHORUS.

The half . . . . . can - not be fan - cied, this  
 The half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The

side . . . . . the gold - en shore; O  
 half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O



# Still Sweeter Every Day.

there..... He'll be still sweet-er than He ev-er was be-fore.  
 there He'll be far sweeter than He ev-er was be-fore, than He ev-er was be-fore.

125

## There is Joy.

BY PER. OF SILVER BURDETT & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Margaret Moody.

*f* W. A. Ogden.

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy,..... there is  
 2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy,..... there is  
 3. When a pil-gri-m comes to the riv-er wide, There is joy,..... there is  
 There is joy,

joy; When he turns to God in the gos-pel way, There is joy,  
 joy; When it walks by faith in the gos-pel light, There is joy,  
 joy; When he dwells se- cure on the oth-er side, There is joy,  
 there is joy; There is joy,

CHORUS.

there is joy. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, And their harps with music

ring, When a sin-ner comes re-pent-ing, Bending low be-fore the King.  
 mu- sic ring,

Jessie H. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY FILLMORE BROS.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our fac-es toward the  
 2. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the la-bors of the  
 3. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu-man com-rade you or

set-ting of the sun;—Down the val-ley where the mourn-ful cy-press grows,  
 wea-ry days are done; One by one, the cares of earth for-ev-er past,  
 I will there have none; But a ten-der Hand will guide us lest we fall;

## CHORUS.

Where the stream of Death in si-lence onward flows.  
 We shall stand up-on the riv-er bank at last. We are go-ing down the valley,  
 Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all.

go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing toward the set-ting of the sun; We are

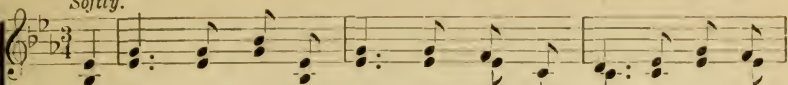
going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

## God Cares.

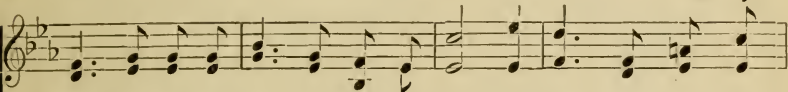
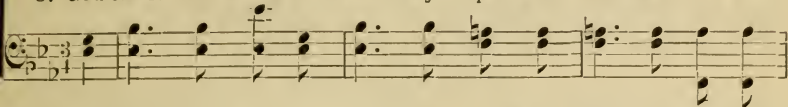
Casterline.  
Softly.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY D. W. MYLAND.

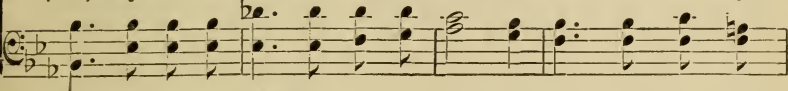
D. W. and N. A. Myland.



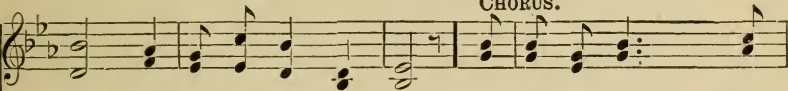
1. God cares! How sweet the strain! My ach - ing heart and wea - ry  
 2. God cares! O sing the song In lone - ly spot, a - mid the  
 3. God cares! The words so sweet My lips and life shall e'er re-



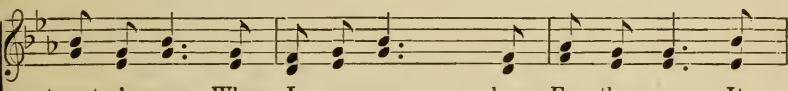
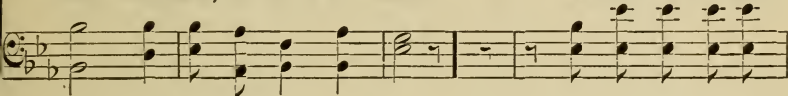
brain Are rest-ed by the glad re - frain, — He cares, our Fa - ther  
 throng; 'Twill make the way less hard and long, — He cares, our Fa - ther  
 peat, My bur - dens all left at His feet, — God cares, He al - ways

*rall.*

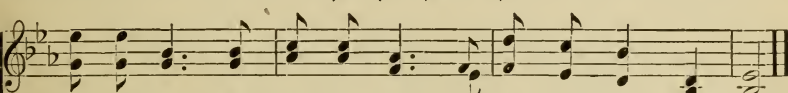
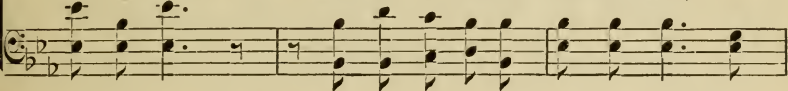
## CHORUS.



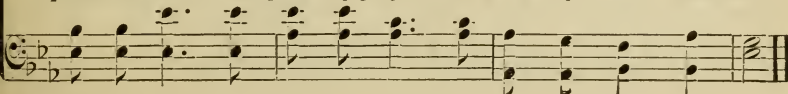
cares! He cares, I know He cares! It shields me from the  
 cares! God cares, He sure - ly cares!  
 cares! God cares, He ev - er cares! It shields me from the



tempter's snares, When I re - mem - ber Fa - ther cares; It  
 When I re - mem - ber Fa - ther cares;



quick - ens faith, in - spires my pray'rs, To know my Fa - ther cares!






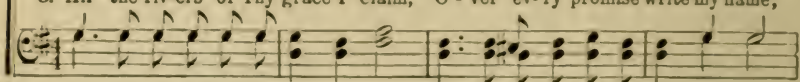
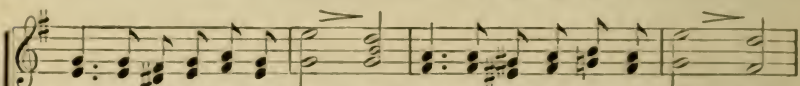
H. H.

BY PERMISSION

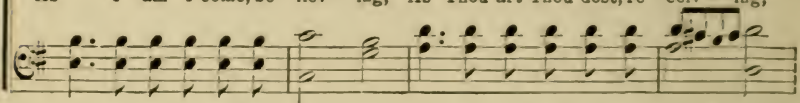
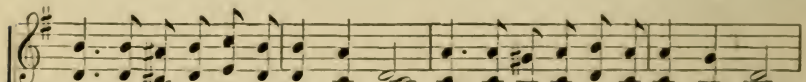
HERBERT BOOTH.



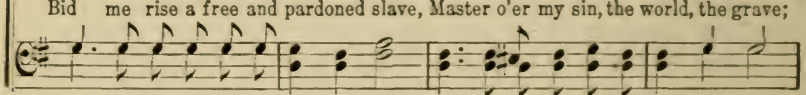

1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re-peat,  
 2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied,  
 3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev-'ry promise write my name;

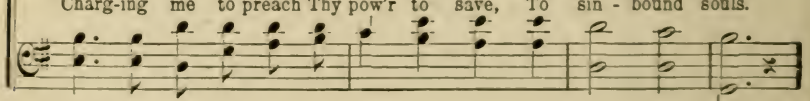
Stain'd with guilt, myself ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;  
 To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Can'st Thou fail to give a bless - ing?  
 As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,


Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?  
 By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,  
 Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

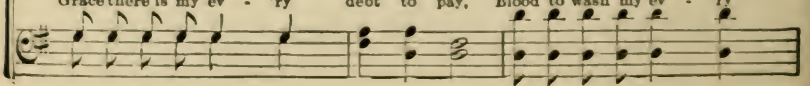
Raise my sink-ing heart, and grace be - stow on me once more!  
 Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.  
 Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.



## CHORUS.



Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry  
 Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry



# The Penitent's Plea.

sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!  
 Pow'r to keep me sin - less for me, for me!

129

# He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'n-ly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won,

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

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er  
 2. Some-times the clouds of trou - ble 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

fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do. I've sinn'd a - gainst this  
 see my Sav-iour's face, I doubt his wondrous love. But he from heav-en's  
 worse than use - less, And earth-ly hopes are dead, I take my grief to  
 care and ten - derness 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 roll'd a - way.  
 clouds between, And shows me he is there. It's just like Je - sus to  
 gives that cheers, Like sun - shine af - ter rain.  
 "Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

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



# It's Just Like His Great Love.

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

# 131 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

H. J. Zellej.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

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 sin, 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.

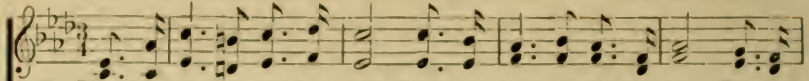
## CHORUS.

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

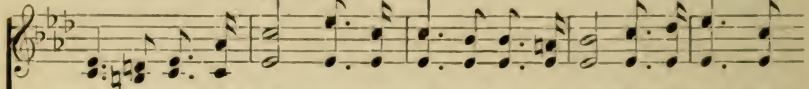
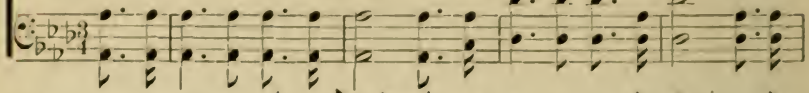
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

Mrs. Geo. D. Elderkin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

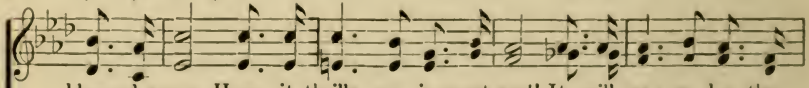
Chas. H. Gabriel.



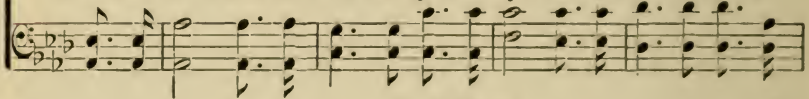
1. Bless-ed name be-yond com-pare, Sweet-er than all else can be, How it
2. When, oppress'd by doubt and fear, Long and wea-ry seems the day, I but
3. When our days on earth are o'er, And we gain the promised home, We will



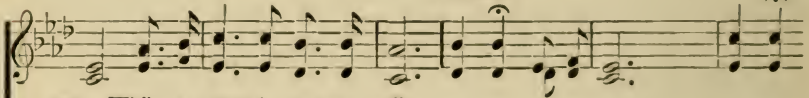
soothes my ev-'ry care, Bringing peace, sweet peace to me; When I hear that speak that name so dear, All the shad-ows flee a-way; In the time of join with mill-ions more Who from ev-'ry clime have come; Greatest joy in



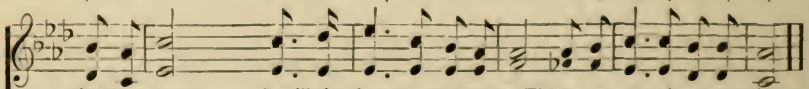
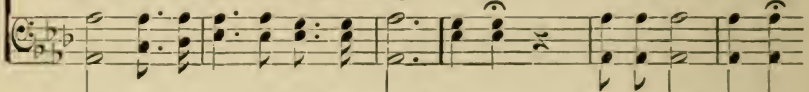
bless-ed name, How it thrills my in-most soul! It will ev-er be the dark despair, When my heart is crush'd with grief, That sweet name, low-breathed in heav'n will be, With our tears all wiped a-way, Face to face our Lord to



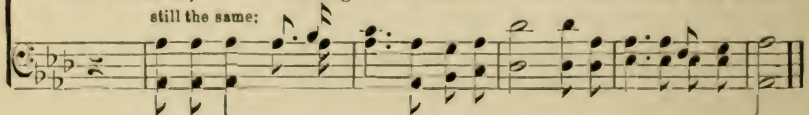
## CHORUS.



same While e-ter-nal a-ges roll. prayer, Always brings me sweet re-lief. Je-sus! bless-ed name, Je-sus! see, Praise His name thro' endless day. bless-ed name,



still the same; I will sing it more and more 'Till we meet on heaven's shore.

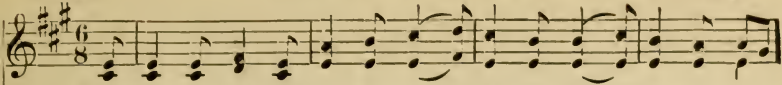


## Glorious Fountain.

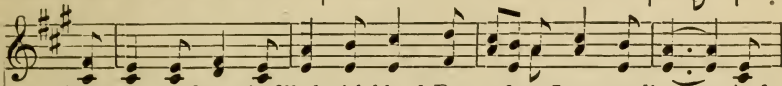
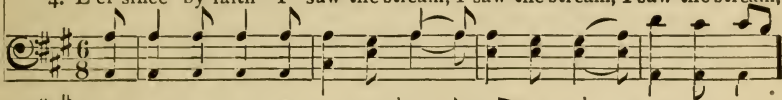
COWPER.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY T. C. O'KANE. BY PER.

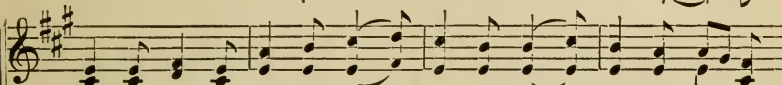
T. C. O'KANE.



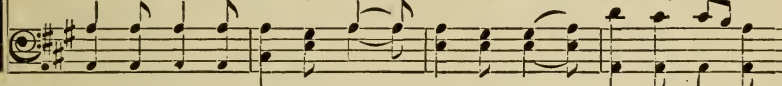
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood, Thy pre-cious blood,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I saw the stream,



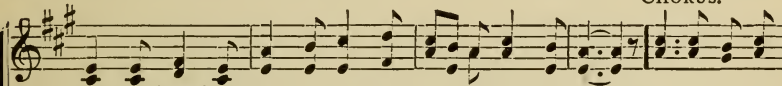
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And  
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in His day; And  
Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev-er loose its pow'r, Till  
E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-



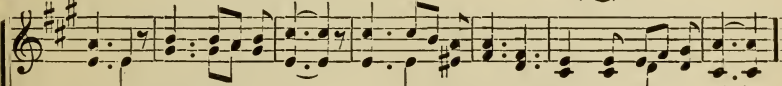
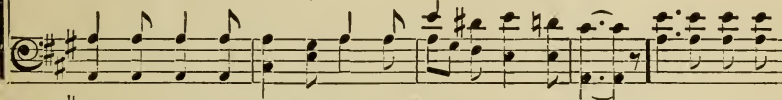
sinner-plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And  
there may I though vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And  
all the ransomed Church of God, Church of God, Church of God, Till  
deem-ing love has been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme, Re-



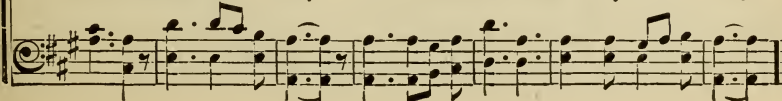
## CHORUS.



sinner-plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.  
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. } Oh, glo-ri-ous  
all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.  
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.



foun-tain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev-er Wash my sins a - way.





## I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.

(Psalm 121.)

H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. I will lift up mine eyes to the mount-ains, For my help sure-ly comes  
 2. He will guard me from stum-bling or fall-ing, For He's al-ways my Keep-  
 3. Lo, the sun shall not smite me nor harm me, For the Lord is my shade  
 4. And the Lord will protect me from dan-ger, He will ev-er be keep-

from the Lord; I will drink of His riv-ers and fount-ains, I will  
 er and Guide; In temp-tations and tri-als ap-pall-ing, He will  
 ev-'ry-where; And the tempter can nev-er dis-arm me, But the  
 ing my soul; And in heav-en I shall be no stran-ger, While the

CHORUS.

feed on His excellent word. Lift up thine eyes . . . . . unto the mountains,  
 ev-er be there by my side. Lift up thine eyes unto the mountains.  
 crown of the victor I'll wear. Lift up thine eyes unto the mountains.  
 years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

For all thy help . . . . . must come from the Lord; . . . . .  
 For all thy help must come from the Lord;

Drink of His streams . . . . . and crys-tal bright fount-ains,  
 Drink of His streams and crys-tal bright fountains.

# I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.

Flow-ing so free . . . . . from His ex-cel-lent word.

Flow-ing so free His ex - cel - lent word.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Flow-ing so free . . . . . from His ex-cel-lent word.' and 'Flow-ing so free His ex - cel - lent word.'

135

## Guide Me.

W. Williams.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land; I am  
 2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me

The image shows the first system of the musical score for 'Guide Me.' It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (D# and F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics for the first three lines are: '1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land; I am', '2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the', and '3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me'.

weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: Bread of heav - en,  
 fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro': Strong Deliv-'rer,  
 thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: Songs of prais - es

The image shows the second system of the musical score for 'Guide Me.' It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (D# and F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics continue: 'weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: Bread of heav - en, fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro': Strong Deliv-'rer, thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: Songs of prais - es'.

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.

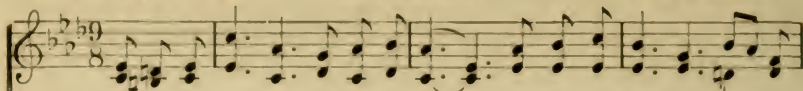
The image shows the third system of the musical score for 'Guide Me.' It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (D# and F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics conclude: 'Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield. I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.'

## Beautiful Star of Bethlehem!

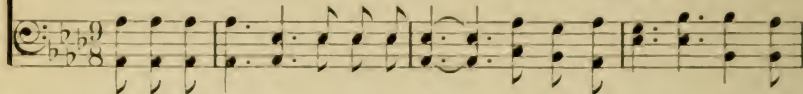

Mattie Pearson Smith.

USED BY PERMISSION.


J. M. Stillman.



1. Beau-ti - ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es -  
 2. Beau-ti - ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine, Shed-ding thy beauteous rays di -  
 3. Beau-ti - ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine In - to the hearts that faint and  
 4. Beau-ti - ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine O - ver this earth - ly home of

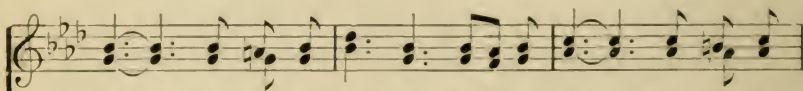
tine; There the Child Je - sus slum - ber - eth sweet, And we would  
 vine; Light the dark pla - ces held in sin's thrall, Bring - ing thy  
 pine; Show the Child Je - sus, hum - ble, but King, Born to com -  
 mine, How the Child Je - sus dwell - ing with me, Keep - eth me



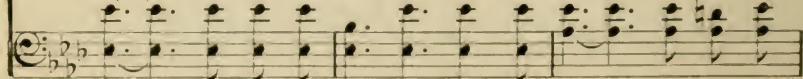
## REFRAIN.



bow at His ho - ly feet. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem,  
 peace and good-will to all. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem,  
 pas - sion and com - fort bring. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem,  
 pure and from sin - ning free. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem,

shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es - tine; Beau - ti - ful  
 shine, Shed-ding thy beau - teous rays di - vine; Beau - ti - ful  
 shine In - to the hearts that faint and pine; Beau - ti - ful  
 shine In - to this earth - ly home of mine; Beau - ti - ful





## Beautiful Star of Bethlehem!

star of Beth - le - hem, shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es - tine.  
 star of Beth - le - hem, shine, Shed - ding thy beauteous rays di - vine.  
 star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to the hearts that faint and pine.  
 star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to this earth - ly home of mine.

137

## Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so
3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor

cleans - ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;  
 sweet - ly a - bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in;  
 glad I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean;  
 soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete;

*D. S. — There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

*Glo - ry to His name.*

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.

1. "He is a - ble to de - liv - er," Sing the joy - ful strain, "He is a - ble to de -  
 2. He is a - ble to de - liv - er From the chains of sin, He is a - ble to de -  
 3. He is a - ble to de - liv - er From the foe - man strong, He is a - ble to de -

liv - er," Tell it out a - gain; He is a - ble to de - liv - er All that  
 liv - er, Shout the joy - ful strain; He is a - ble to de - liv - er, See how  
 liv - er, All the jour - ney long; He is a - ble to de - liv - er, Trust Him

come to Him in faith, He is a - ble to de - liv - er E - ven  
 pa - tient - ly He stands! He is a - ble to de - liv - er Thee with  
 bold - ly, nev - er fear; He is a - ble to de - liv - er, Let the

## CHORUS.

un - to death.  
 will - ing hands. A - - - ble to de - liv - er,  
 na - tions hear. A - ble to de - liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er.

A - - - - ble to de - liv - er, He is  
 A - ble to de - liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er.

## Able to Deliver.

a - - ble to de-liv - er                      All that come to Him in faith.  
 A - ble to de-liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er

139

## 'Tis Jesus!

S. C. Kirk.

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Alfred Judson.

1. In land or store I may be poor, My place unknown, my name obscure;  
 2. On life's rough sea how frail my bark! But in the storm and des-ert dark  
 3. When shadows deep a-round me fall, And gloom and fear my soul enthral,  
 4. Soon will this fleet - ing life be o'er; O then, up - on the oth - er shore

Of this I have the wit - ness sure: O bless the Lord, I've Je - sus!  
 I have a safe and trust - ed Ark; O bless the Lord, I've Je - sus!  
 There is an arm be - neath them all; O bless the Lord, 'tis Je - sus!  
 I'll be with Him for - ev - er - more, For - ev - er - more with Je - sus!

CHORUS.

What tho' the world its gifts de - ny, I've rich - es more than gold can buy -

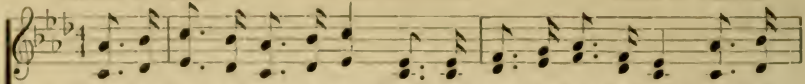
The key to treas - ures in the sky! O bless the Lord, I've Je - sus!



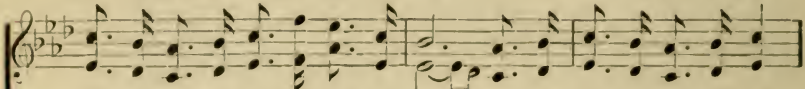
Harriet E. Jones.

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HENRY DATE, OWNER.

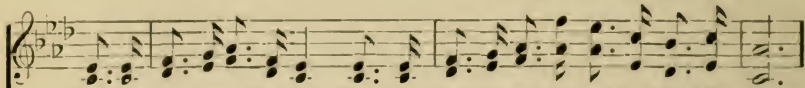
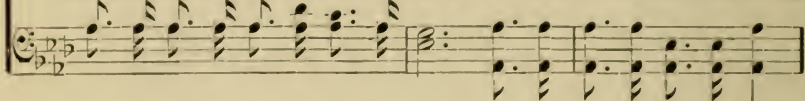
Chas. H. Gabriel.



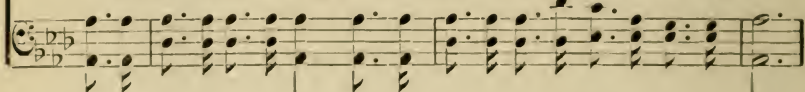
1. There is glo - ry in my soul, Since the Sav-ior made me whole, And the
2. I will tell to all a-round, What a Sav-iour I have found, I will
3. I will praise Him while I live, Love, o - bey, and serv-ice give; Some sweet



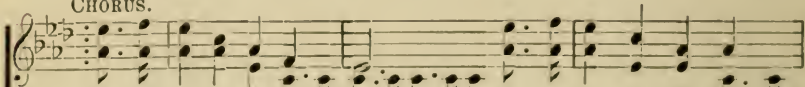
bright-ness of His pres-ence fills the place; Like to that en-joyed a-bove,  
ev - er-more His wondrous love pro-claim; For His blood is on my soul,  
time He'll call me to His home on high, Where, with all the blood-washed throng,



Is the sweetness of His love, Since He sav'd me, sweetly sav'd me by His grace.  
And He holds me in control, Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah to His name!  
I will shout the glad new song, While the ev - er blissful years are roll-ing by.



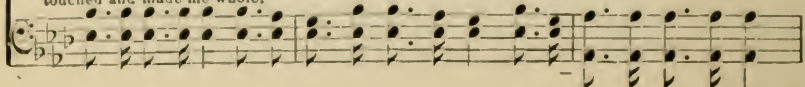
## CHORUS.



There is glo-ry in my soul, Since the Sav-iour made me  
glo-ry, there's glo-ry in my soul. He



whole; Light is shin-ing from a-bove, All a-round is joy and love,  
touched and made me whole;



# Since the Savior Made Me Whole.

Musical score for the hymn "Since the Savior Made Me Whole." It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is marked with a '1' and a '2' above the first two measures, indicating a first and second ending. The lyrics are: "Like the o - cean bil-lows roll; There is glo - ry in my soul. glo - ry in my soul." The music includes a repeat sign and a double bar line at the end.

141

## A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

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C. J. Butler.

*Slow.*

Musical score for the hymn "A Sinner Like Me." It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The tempo is marked "Slow." The lyrics are: "1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as 2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness. Not a 3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour, . . . A". The music includes a repeat sign and a double bar line at the end.

Musical score for the hymn "A Sinner Like Me." It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if Christ the Re - ray of light could I see; And the tho't fill'd my heart with voice sweetly whis - pered to me, Saying, Christ the Re - deem - er has". The music includes a repeat sign and a double bar line at the end.

Musical score for the hymn "A Sinner Like Me." It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The tempo is marked "rit." (ritardando). The lyrics are: "deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me. sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me. pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me." The music includes a repeat sign and a double bar line at the end.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior  
That was speaking so kindly to me;  
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,  
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;  
And O, what a joy came to me!  
My heart was filled with His praises  
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me;  
And now unto others I'm telling  
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Savior shall see,  
I'll praise Him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Since I've start-ed out to trav-el in the straight and nar-row way,  
 2. Oft I meet with fierce temp-ta-tions, Sa-tan's darts are at me hurled,  
 3. Storm clouds oft-en hov-er o'er me, but His love shines sweetly thro',  
 4. Glo-ry, glo-ry, what a Sav-ior! I will trust Him all the way,

Since the Sav-ior by His life-blood made me whole, Since He taught me how to  
 But my Sav-ior of my life has full con-trol, And I hear Him gen-tly  
 And I shout His prais-es tho' the bil-lows roll, For the rain-bow of God's  
 He will guide me till I safe-ly reach the goal; More than con-quer-or will

fol-low, how to dai-ly watch and pray, I've had vic-t'ry in my soul.  
 whis-per, "I have o-ver-come the world," And I've vict'ry in my soul.  
 promise spans the arch of heav-en's blue, And I've vic-t'ry in my soul.  
 bring me to that land of end-less day, Giv-ing vic-t'ry in my soul.

## CHORUS.

I have vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry in my soul,  
 vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry.



## Victory in My Soul.

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! vic-t'ry in my soul; Vic-t'ry o-ver ev-'ry sin,

Foes without and foes within, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I've vict'ry in my soul.

## 143 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

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

FINE.

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

D. S.—That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

Vivian A. Dake.

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Fannie Birdsall.

1. What on earth have I to boast of? Why are gifts so glorious mine?  
 2. Je - sus died, the God life bring - ing; Je - sus wept, my tears to stay;  
 3. He was poor to give me treas - ure; He was slave to make me king;  
 4. Have I joy, 'twas sor - row bought it; Have I pow'r, or grace, or love,

God and heav'n am I the heir of; Why dost thou, Lord, claim me thine?  
 Je - sus groaned to give me sing - ing; Bore the night to give me day.  
 He was hat - ed with - out meas - ure, Heav'en's love to me to bring.  
 Have I wealth, 'twas Je - sus brought it Down to me from heav'n a - bove.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus hung on Cal - v'ry's mountain; Cried and groaned, and bled for me,

And from out his wounds the fountain Gush - ed forth to set me free.

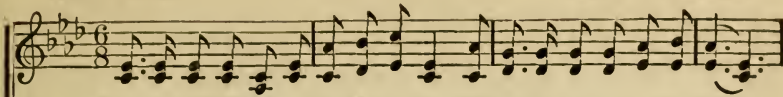
5 Hark! I hear 'mid every pleasure,  
 Sounds of Calvary's mournful night,  
 And behold by every treasure,  
 Calvary's cross appears in sight.

6 Where, then, where is room for boasting  
 In the sight of Calvary's cross:  
 In the blood alone I'm trusting,  
 Counting other gains but loss.

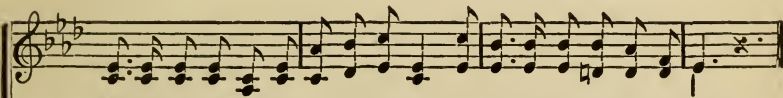
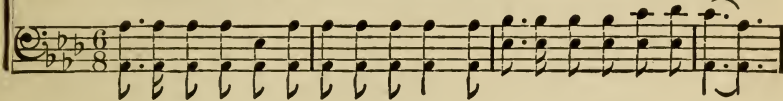
MRS. C. H. M.

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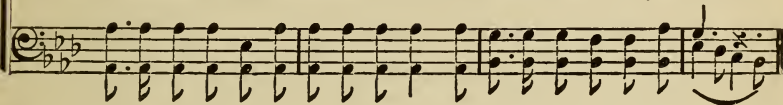
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



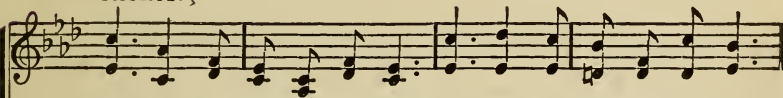
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu-ri-ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come into your heart;



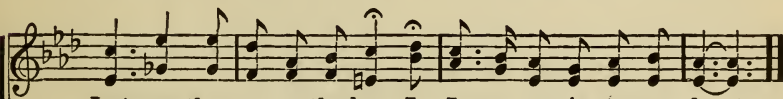
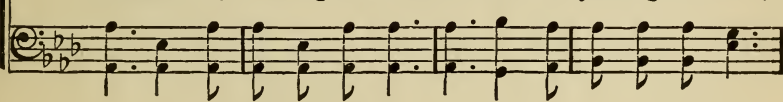
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 Find what a Friend he will be un-to you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.



## CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-ject him no more;  
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er, Just now, re-ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o-pen the door And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.





1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to  
 2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to  
 3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet what should I fear from

lie In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
 take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for Thine own name's sake."  
 ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff sup-port me still.

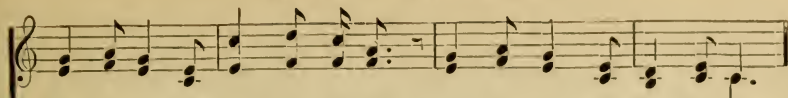
## CHORUS.

His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it

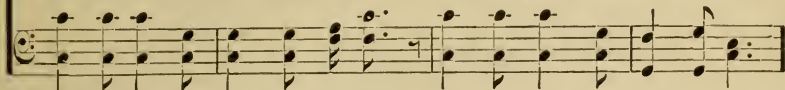
so; He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
 2. There's no place where earth-ly sor-rows Are more felt than up in heav'n;  
 3. For the love of God is broader Than the meas-ure of man's mind;  
 4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

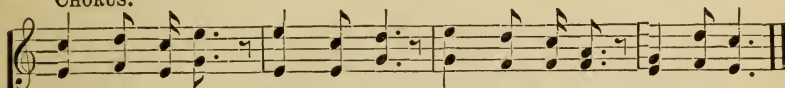
## There's a Wideness.



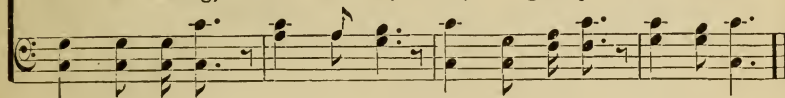
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 There's no place where earth-ly fail-ings Have such kind - ly judg-ment giv'n.  
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



CHORUS.



He is call-ing, Come to me; Lord, I glad-ly Haste to Thee.



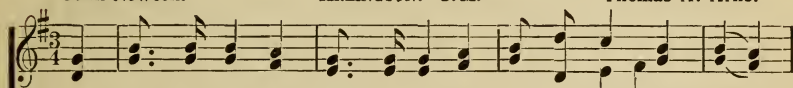
148

## How Sweet the Name.

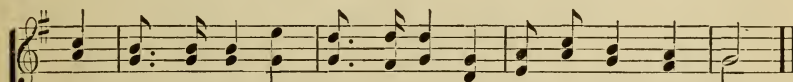
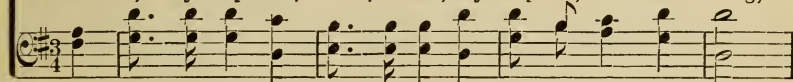
John Newton.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

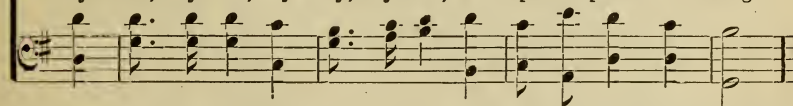
Thomas A. Arne.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place;
4. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Savior, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King,



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.  
 My nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With boundless stores of grace.  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.



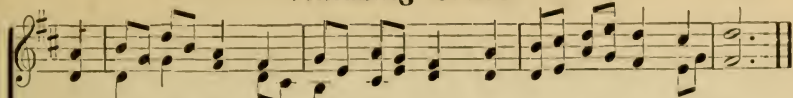
5 Weak is the effort of my heart.  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 I would Thy boundless love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 So shall the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

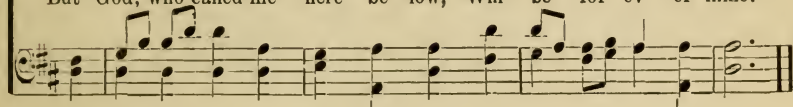




## Amazing Grace!



I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!  
 'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.  
 But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for-ev-er mine.



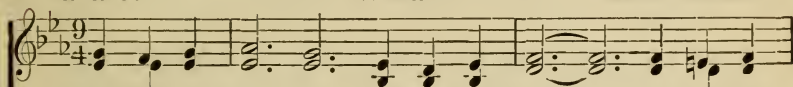
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## Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

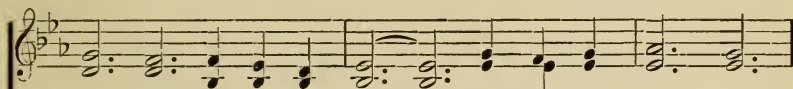
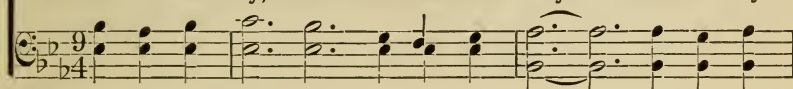
A. A. P.

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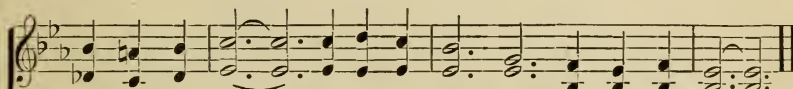
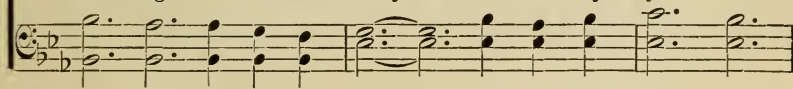
Geo. C. Stebbins.



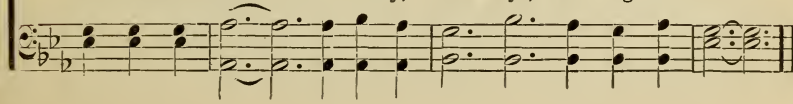
1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the  
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and  
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and  
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot-ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me  
 try me Mas-ter, to-day! Whit-er than snow, Lord,  
 wea-ry Help me, I pray! Pow-er— all pow-er—  
 be-ing Ab-so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir-it



Aft-er Thy will, While I am wait-ing Yield-ed and still.  
 Wash me just now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.  
 Sure-ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-ior di-vine!  
 Till all shall see Christ-on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me!



C. P. J.

C. P. JONES, OWNER.

Chas. P. Jones.

1. There's nothing so precious as Je-sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;  
 2. When sinful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,  
 3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,  
 4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;  
 5. Should father and mother forsake me be-low, My bed upon earth be a stone,

FINE

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

D.S.—Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

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

CHO.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry  
 1. I am now on the al - tar, I am now on the  
 2. I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, I will ne'er doubt my  
 3. I will rest on His prom - ise, I will rest on His  
 4. I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le -

# Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, And He sets me free.  
 al - tar, I am now on the al - tar Which was made for me.  
 Sav - ior, I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, For He cleans - es me.  
 prom - ise, I will rest on His prom - ise Which is giv' n to me.  
 lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! For He sets me free.

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## Rejoicing Evermore.

John Newton.

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R. E. HUDSON.

1. Tho' troub - les as - sail, and dangers af - fright, Tho' friends all should fail,
2. The birds with - out barn or store - house are fed; From them let us learn
3. When Sa - tan ap - pears to stop up our path, And fills us with fears,
4. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain, The good that we seek
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim, Our trust is all thrown

CHO.—Yes, I will re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re - joice

and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing secures us, what - ev - er be -  
 to trust for our bread; His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de -  
 we tri - umph by faith; He can - not take from us, tho' oft He has  
 we ne'er shall ob - tain; But when such sugges - tions our grac - es have  
 on Je - sus' dear name; In this our strong tower for safe - ty we  
 re - joice in the Lord; Yes, I will re - joice, re - joice in the

D. C.

tide; The prom - ise as - sures us, The Lord will pro - vide.  
 nied; So long as 'tis writ - ten, The Lord will pro - vide.  
 tried, The heart - cheer - ing prom - ise, The Lord will pro - vide.  
 tried, This an - swers all ques - tions, The Lord will pro - vide.  
 hide; The Lord is our pow - er, The Lord will pro - vide.  
 Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.



Wm. McDonald.

J. H. Stockton.

1. The cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal - lowed cross I see!  
 2. A thou - sand fount - ains spring Up from the throne of God;  
 3. That blood my ran - som paid, While I in bond - age stood;  
 4. This theme will best em - ploy My harp be - fore my God,

Re - mind - ing me of pre - cious blood That once was shed for me.  
 But none to me such blessings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.  
 On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.  
 And make all heav'n resound with joy, For Je - sus' cleans - ing blood.

## CHORUS.

O the blood! the pre - cious blood That Je - sus shed for me, (for me.)

Up - on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

Laban. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
 2. O watch, and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;

## My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.

157

## I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Stephen 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

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The  
doubts and fears with - in; 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

### CHORUS.

precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.  
now my guilt is washed away in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,  
tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

Because He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Mount Cal - va - ry.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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 of - f'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

pre - cious 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 "Haven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
 cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth im-part.  
 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 Savior, still near - er to thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mo - tal  
 4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



## My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring! rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that above, tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong. land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

163

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

*S* FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

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

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

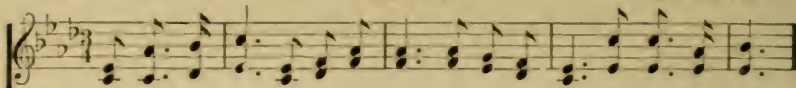
6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,  
Now I'm coming home;  
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

## Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

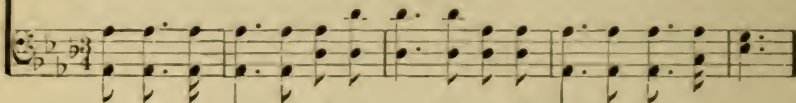
C. F. Butler.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. M. BLACK.  
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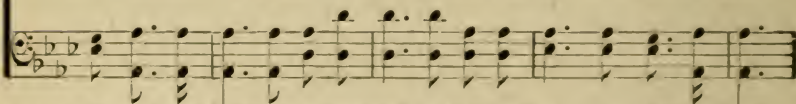
J. M. Black.



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



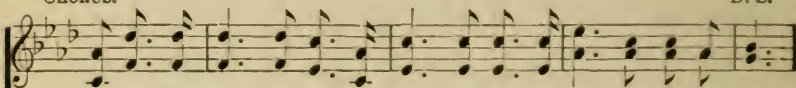
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.  
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.  
In co-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.



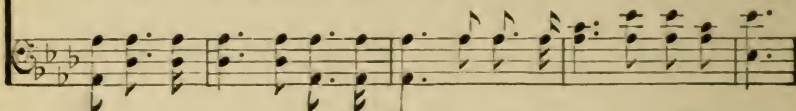
D. C.—On land or sea, what mat-ters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;



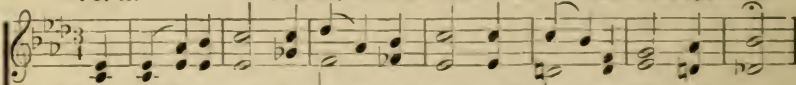
165

## O for a Soul!

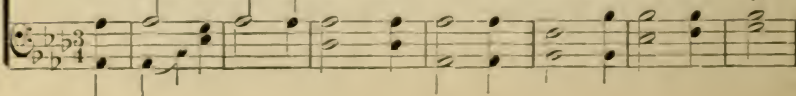
W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. O for a soul a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
2. A soul so great that God a - lone Can act - u - ate its will;
3. A soul that loves his fel - low-man, No mat - ter what his need;
4. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for thee,



## O for a Soul!

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!  
 That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for Him, His pur - pose to ful - fill.  
 That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In tho't, and word, and deed.  
 And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

166

## Christ is All I Need.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. On the cross my Sav - ior died, All I need, all I need; With my Lord i -
2. He re - deemed me from the fall, All I need, all I need; He is now my
3. Heal - ing in His blood I find, All I need, all I need; Strength for bod - y,
4. As a branch is to the vine, All I need, all I need; I am His, and
5. He im - parts the Ho - ly Ghost, All I need, all I need; Saved un - to the
6. Laud His name thro' endless days, All I need, all I need; Sing His ev - er

### CHORUS.

den - ti - fled, Christ is all I need.  
 All in all, Christ is all I need.  
 ease for mind, Christ is all I need.      Pardon, pu - ri - ty and pow'r, Per - fect  
 He is mine, Christ is all I need.  
 ut - ter - most, Christ is all I need.  
 last - ing praise, Christ is all I need.

*rit.*

peace each day and hour,      Hope of life for - ev - er - more—Christ is all I need.



Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my So-ver-ign die? Would He de-  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz - ing  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I

## CHORUS.

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree! At the cross, at the cross,  
 give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-way—  
 rolled a-way—

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

John Bowring.

RATHBUN, S. 7.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

## In the Cross of Christ.

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

169

## Stand Up for Jesus.

Geo. Duffield.

WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.

Geo. J. Webb.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;

*f* FINE.  
 Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day!

D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 D.S.—Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

*D. S.*  
 From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,  
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - num - bered foes;

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you—  
 Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And, watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

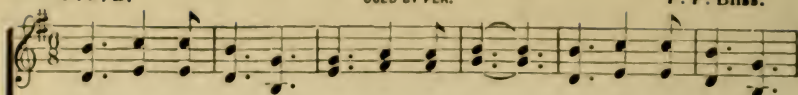
4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day, the noise of battle,  
 The next, the victor's song:  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

## "Almost Persuaded."

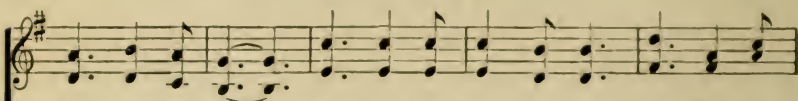
P. P. B.

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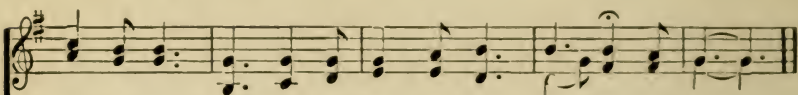
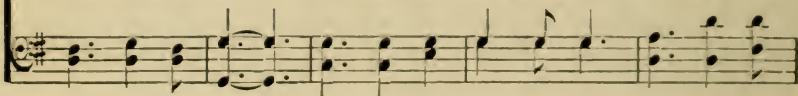
P. P. Bliss.



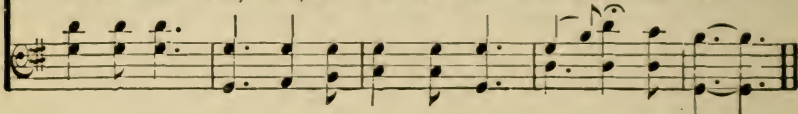
1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



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



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

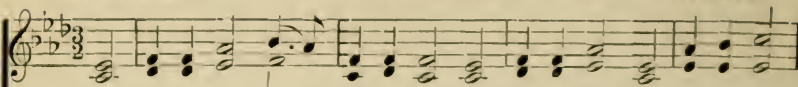


## A Prayer for Soul Rest.

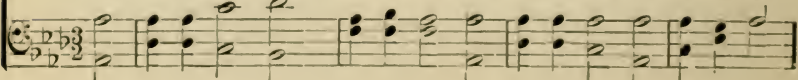
Charles Wesley.

Invitation Hymn. L. M.

Har. by Thoro Harris.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit
2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Sav-ior of all, if mine Thou art,
3. Break off the yoke of in-bred sin, And ful-ly set my spir-it free;
4. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r; My heart from ev-'ry sin re-lease;
5. Come, Lord, the drooping sin-ner cheer, Nor let Thy char-iot-wheels de-lay;





# A Prayer for Soul Rest.

At Je-sus' feet to lay it down; To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet.  
 Give me Thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp Thine im-age on my heart.  
 I can-not rest till pure with-in, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.  
 Bring near, bring near the joy-ful hour, And fill me with Thy per-fect peace.  
 Ap-pear, in my poor heart ap-pear! My God, my Sav-ior, come a-way!

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## When Mother Prayed.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

C. F. O.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in might-y pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With-in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev-er know
4. Tho' oth-er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

**FINE**

O mem-ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.  
 I could no long-er doubt his love, But yield-ed all,—born from a-bove.  
 A sweet-er time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in sav-ing pow'r.  
 When mother pray'd! O peace di-vine! My mother's God to-day is mine.

*D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ was stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.*

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

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

Mrs. Phebe E. Hunt. COPYRIGHT, 1903. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A full sur-ren-der now I make, Ac-cept it, Lord, for Je-sus' sake;  
 2. Je-sus, on thee I now de-pend, Come, Ho-ly Ghost on me de-scend;  
 3. Je-sus, my Lord, my life, my all, I'll fol-low thee at ev-'ry call,

Will-ing to be, or not to be, What-ev-er seemeth good to thee.  
 And may I ev-'ry promise prove, Un-til my soul is lost in love.  
 And thine the glo-ry all shall be, In time and thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

## CHORUS.

Dead to the world, O may I be Con-tent to fol-low on-ly thee!  
 O may I be Con-tent to fol-low on-ly thee!

May all of self in me be slain, And thou a-lone su-preme-ly reign.  
 self in me be slain,

Frederick W. Faber.

Adapted by J. G. Walton.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;  
 2. Our fa-thers, chain'd in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free;  
 3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

## Faith of Our Fathers.

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word:  
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
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!

175

## Only One.

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T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Who your guilt can bear a - way, Turn your night to glo - rious day, Help you
2. Who your spir - it can in - spire? Who can quell each vain de - sire? Who can
3. Who can dis - si - pate the gloom, Turn a - way the sin - ner's doom, With his
4. Who can for your sins a - tone? Who can keep you all his own, Make your
5. Who can wash a - way the stain Till no trace of guilt re - main, Help you

### CHORUS.

tread the gold - en way? On - ly One.  
lift you high and high'r? On - ly One. He's the One, the on - ly One  
light your soul il - l - lume? On - ly One.  
heart his roy - al throne? On - ly One.  
glo - ry to at - tain? On - ly One.

Who can lift you to the throne; Trust the mer - its of God's Son: He's the One.



Vivian A. Dake.

COPYRIGHT BY T. H. NELSON.

Ida M. Dake.

1. Take the world with its fol - lies and rich - es, All its  
 2. While my heart - strings are break - ing a - sun - der, And I  
 3. All that fame or that pleas - ure can of - fer, All that  
 4. I now glad - ly give up all to Je - sus, Take the

pleas - ures I've count - ed but dross; And the dread of the  
 tear - ful - ly gaze on the past, From the wreck of my  
 wealth or that hon - or can buy, All, yea, all, that I  
 cross, die the death to the world; Sep - a - ra - tion, the

com - ing to - mor - row, Mock its joys, turn its gains all to loss.  
 earth - ly am - bi - tion, I have fled to my Sav - ior at last.  
 ev - er had hoped for, Glad - ly goes; on His cross let them die.  
 mot - to I her - ald; O'er the cross is that mot - to un - furled.

## CHORUS.

Fare-well, my sin - ful pleas - ures, Fare-well, my com - rades all;

Fare-well, my earth - ly treas - ures, I go at Je - sus' call!

# 177 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

EUCCHARIST. L. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,  
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;  
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

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

# 178 O for a Heart to Praise My God!

Charles Wesley.

WOODLAND. C. M.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that al-  
 2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne, Where on - ly Christ  
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean, Which nei-ther life  
 4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di - vine; Per-fect, and right,

ways feels Thy blood, A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!  
 is heard to speak, Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a - lone.  
 nor death can part, Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within!  
 and pure, and good, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good - A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

A. F. FERRIS.

ELLA BUTE BISHOP.

\* 1. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, thou poor, wea - ry soul, 'Tis  
 2. His great, lov - ing heart beats in pit - y for Thee, He  
 3. Your time now is pass - ing, e - ter - ni - ty's near, The  
 4. To be lost in the night, in e - ter - ni - ty's night, To

Je - sus in - vites thee to come; By the pow'r of His blood  
 anx - ious - ly waits for thee now; Oh, turn not a - way,  
 sun hangs low o'er thy way; Oh, turn to Him now,  
 sink in de - spair and in woe! But such is thy doom.

would He now make thee whole, And fit thee to dwell in His home.  
 but His bleed - ing hands see, They'll smooth the dark clouds from thy brow.  
 the glad gos - pel word hear, Oh, has - ten while yet there is day.  
 if thou turn from the light, Re - fus - ing His mer - cy to know.

\* Use last stanza for Chorus.

William B. Tappan.

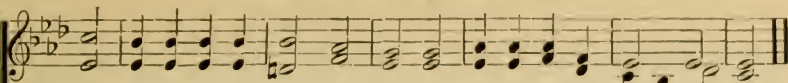
Olive's Brow. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

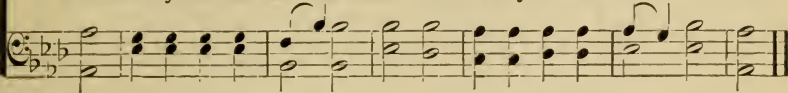
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;  
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - moved, The Sav - ior wrestles lone with fears;  
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sorrow weeps in blood;  
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from e - ther - plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



# The Suffering Savior.



'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suff'ring Savior prays a - lone.  
 E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
 Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by his God.  
 Un - heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav - ior's woe.



181

Lost!

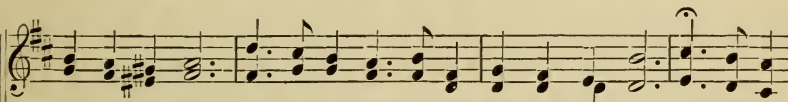
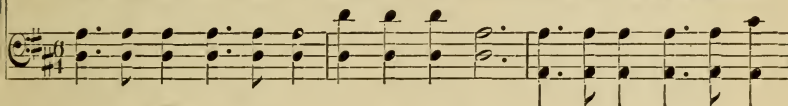
F. A. M.

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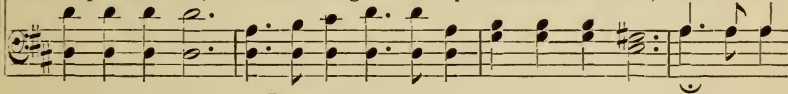
F. A. Miller.



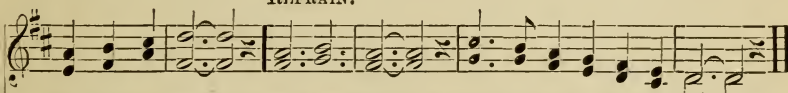
1. Lost to the sound of the Spir - it's sweet call, Lost to the gift of God's
2. Lost a - mid ser - mons where Sabbath light gleamed, Lost 'mid the pleadings of
3. Lost to the home where the ho - ly shall dwell, Lost to the songs that the
4. Lost where the bil - lows of tor - ment e'er roll, Lost where God's wrath - flame en -



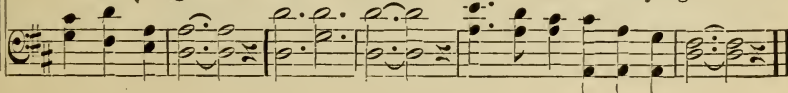
"Ran - som for all," Lost in e - ter - nal gloom wro't by the fall, Lost! There is  
 God's own redeemed, Lost while the fam - i - ly al - tar's light streamed, Lost! The fond  
 ran - somed shall swell, Lost to the cit - y that hears no death - knell, Lost! Dear ones  
 vel - opes the soul, Lost where no gleam of hope comes to con - sole, Lost in e -



REFRAIN.



par - don no more. Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! There is par - don no more.  
 plead - ings are o'er. Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! The fond pleadings are o'er.  
 beck - on no more. Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Dear ones beckon no more.  
 ter - ni - ty's gloom! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost in e - ter - ni - ty's gloom!



T. H. NELSON.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a-way, speed a-way, O, ye her-alds of light, To the  
 2. Speed a-way, speed a-way, You're commissioned of God, Good  
 3. Speed a-way, speed a-way, On your mis-sion so blest, That  
 4. Speed a-way, speed a-way, O, ye mes-sen-gers true, The

mil-lions now dy-ing in sin's aw-ful night; In dense su-per-tid-ings to preach thro' Em-man-u-el's blood; Each slave of the mil-lions now bur-den-ed may soon be at rest; Throw o-pen their har-vest is great and the la-bor-ers few; Each need will the

sti-tion and bond-age they dwell, While words are too weak of their tem-pter may now be forgiven, And make out a ti-tle to pris-on, give lib-er-ty sweet, And bring them as tro-phies to Lord of the har-vest sup-ply, And the might-y re-sults shall be

suff-'ring to tell. Then fly to their res-cue, O, has-ten to-day; man-sions in heav'n. 'Tis Je-sus that asks it, no long-er de-lay; Je-sus' blest feet. O, lin-ger no lon-ger, but act while you may; seen by and by When the reap-ers are paid at the end of the day;

Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way!

## Missionary's Farewell.

Rev. I. B.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. On the shore, beyond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair,  
 2. Hark! I hear the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap - ers! why so slow!"  
 3. Just be - yond the roll-ing tide, The up - lift - ed hand I see;  
 4. Fa - ther, moth - er, dar-ling child, I must bid you all a-dieu;  
 5. Bear me on, thou rest-less sea, Let the winds the canvas swell;

There's a call, a plain-tive plea, I must hast - en to be there.  
 To the vine - yard, far a - way, Earth-ly kin - dred, let me go.  
 Lo! the gates are o - pen wide, And the lost are call-ing me.  
 Far a - way in Af-ric's wild, There's a work for me to do.  
 Af - ric's shore I long to see, Dear - est friends, farewell, farewell.

## CHORUS.

Let me go, I can - not stay, 'Tis the  
 I can - not stay,

Mas - ter, 'Tis the Mas - ter call - ing me, Let me go, I must o - bey,  
 Mas - ter, 'Tis the Mas - ter

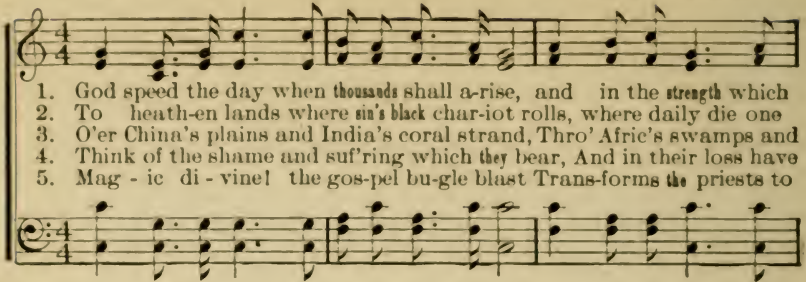
I must o - bey, Na - tive land, . . . farewell to thee.  
 fare - well to thee,



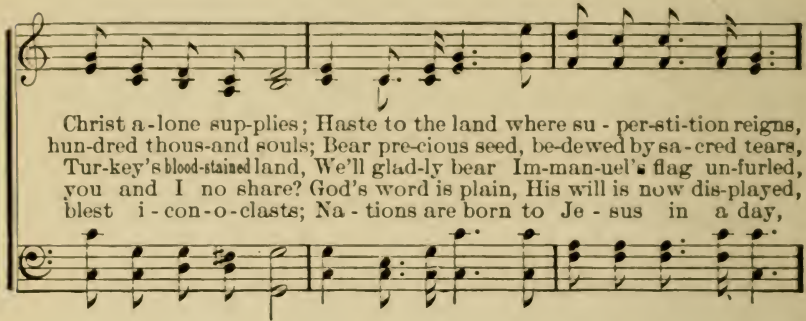
## Missionary Battle Song.

THOMAS H. NELSON.

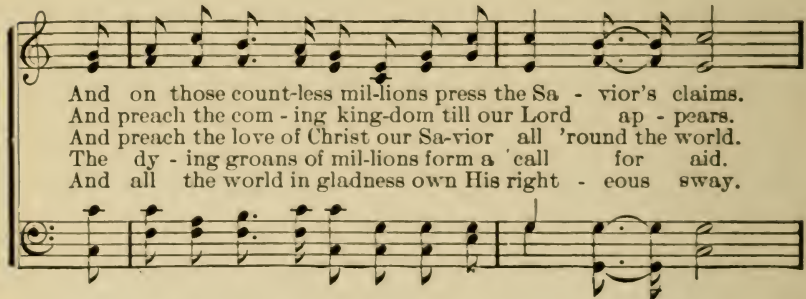
FANNIE BIRDSALL.



1. God speed the day when thousands shall a-rise, and in the strength which
2. To heath-en lands where sin's black char-iot rolls, where daily die one
3. O'er China's plains and India's coral strand, Thro' Afric's swamps and
4. Think of the shame and suf'ring which they bear, And in their loss have
5. Mag - ic di - vine! the gos-pel bu-gle blast Trans-forms the priests to

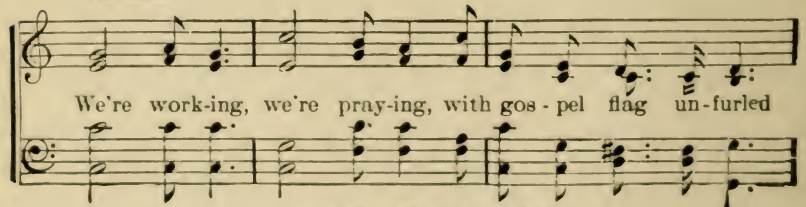


Christ a-lone sup-plies; Haste to the land where su - per-sti-tion reigns,  
 hun-dred thous-and souls; Bear pre-cious seed, be-dewed by sa-cred tears,  
 Tur-key's blood-stained land, We'll glad-ly bear Im-man-uel's flag un-furled,  
 you and I no share? God's word is plain, His will is now dis-played,  
 blest i-con-o-clasts; Na-tions are born to Je - sus in a day,



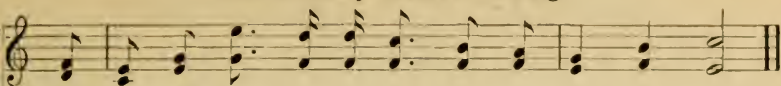
And on those count-less mil-lions press the Sa - vior's claims.  
 And preach the com - ing king-dom till our Lord ap - pears.  
 And preach the love of Christ our Sa - vior all 'round the world.  
 The dy - ing groans of mil-lions form a 'call for aid.  
 And all the world in gladness own His right - eous sway.

## CHORUS.



We're work-ing, we're pray-ing, with gos - pel flag un - furled

## Missionary Battle Song.



Till Christ shall reign in tri-umph o'er the whole wide world.

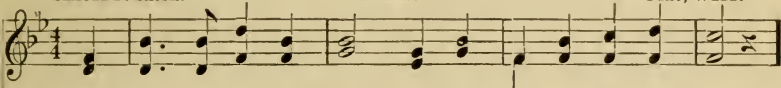


## 185. The Morning Light.

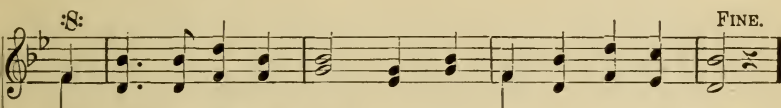
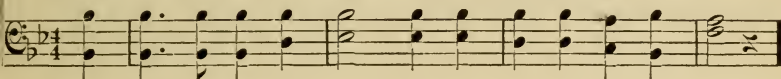
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

7s & 6s.

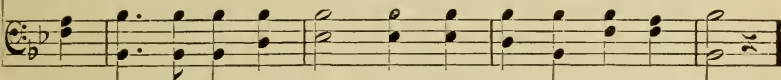
Tune, WEBB.



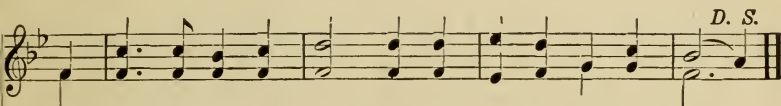
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing, Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;



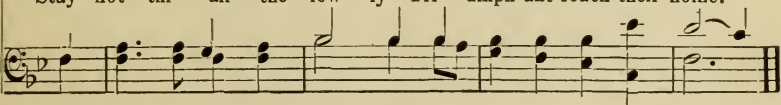
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;  
 And thousand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;  
 Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;



*D. S.*—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.  
*D. S.*—And seek the Sav - ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.  
*D. S.*—Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come!"



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,  
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,  
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;



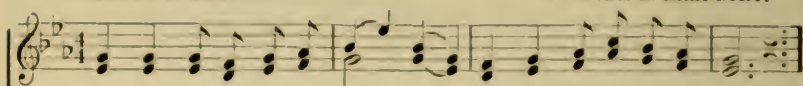
# Hymns for Juniors.

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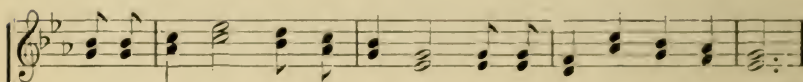
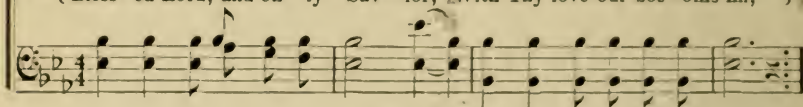
## Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THURPP.

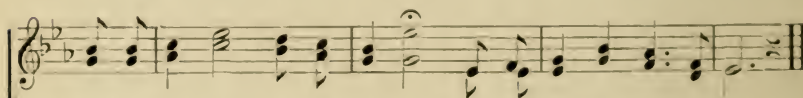
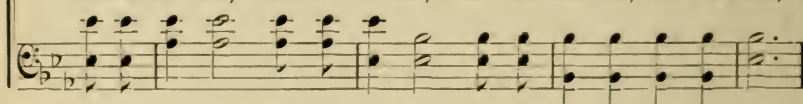
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



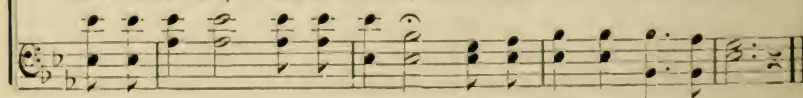
1. { Sav - ior, like a Shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rst care; }  
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare; }
2. { We are Thine, do Thou be- friend us, Be the guardian of our way; }  
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }
3. { Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be; }  
 { Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free; }
4. { Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will; }  
 { Bless - ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill; }



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to thee;  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to thee.  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.





P. P. B.

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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,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,  
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;  
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own, —  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.  
Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

## CHORUS.

{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,  
{ They shall shine in their beauty, [Omit . . . .] Bright gems for His crown.

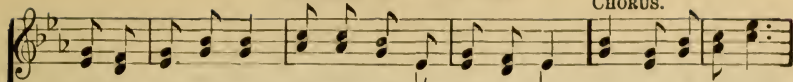
(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

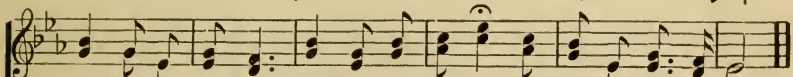
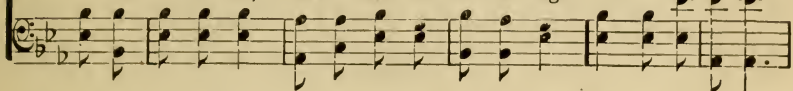
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle  
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will  
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His  
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If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

# Jesus Loves Me.

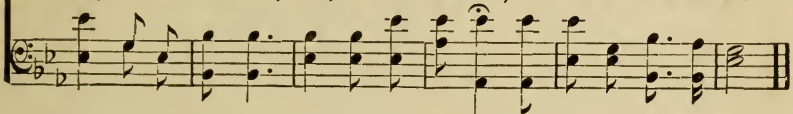
CHORUS.



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



Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

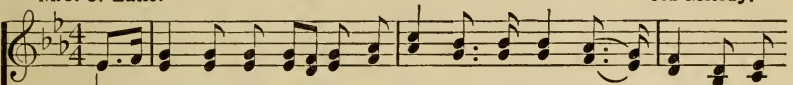


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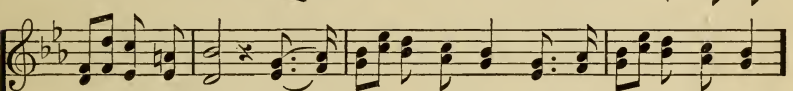
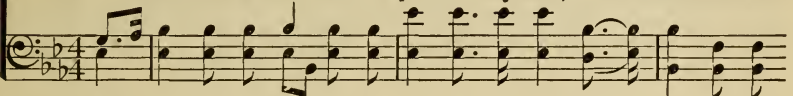
# I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke.

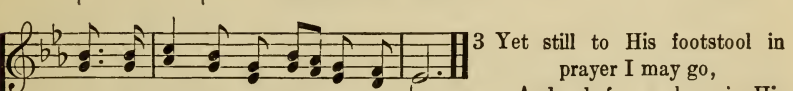
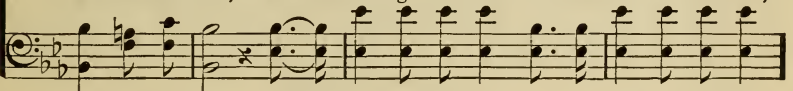
Old Melody.



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

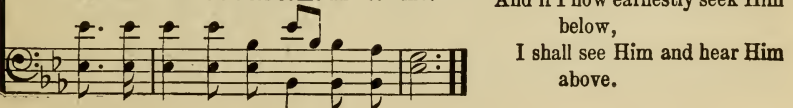


here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,  
thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,



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

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.

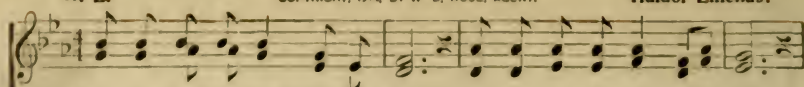




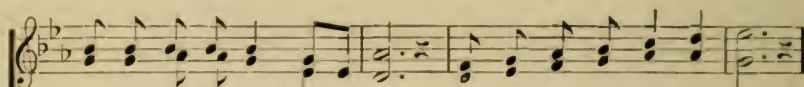
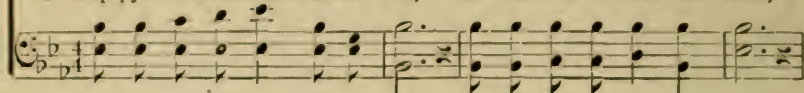
H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

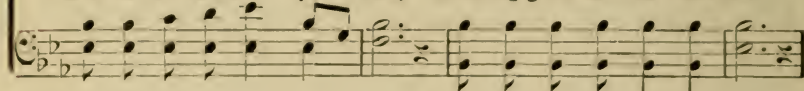
Haldor Lillenas.



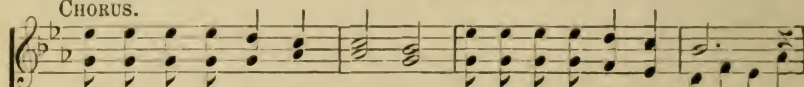
1. Hap-py Chris-tian chil-dren are we, Joy-ous as the birds and free;  
 2. Hap-py Chris-tian chil-dren are we, Sor-row-ful we can not be;  
 3. Hap-py Chris-tian chil-dren are we, To our God we bend the knee;



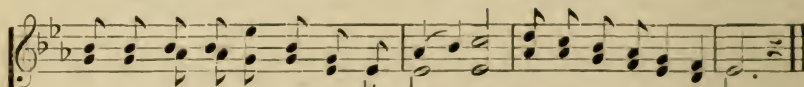
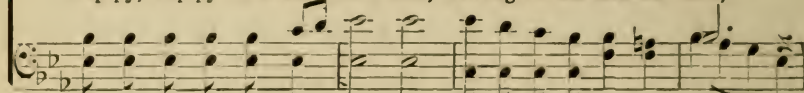
For we love the Mas - ter's name, Love to spread His wondrous fame.  
 For our sins are washed a - way, And our bur-dens down we lay.  
 For us all He will pro - vide, Noth-ing good is us de-nied.



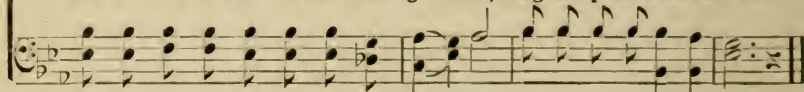
## CHORUS.



Hap-py, hap-py Chris-tian chil-dren, Liv-ing for the Mas-ter here;

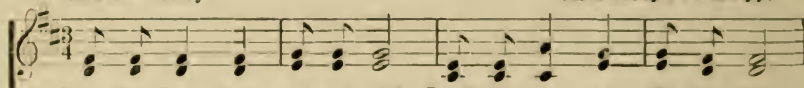


And we love to tell of all His goodness, Sing His praises far and near.



Charles Wesley.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



1. Gen-tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;  
 2. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;  
 3. Let me, a - bove all, ful - fill All my heav'n - ly Fa - ther's will;



# Gentle Jesus.

*rit.*

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.  
Thou art gen - tle, meek and mild, Thou wast once a lit - tle child.  
Nev - er His good Spir - it grieve, On - ly to His glo - ry live.

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## Garnering In.

1. Go to the fields of the Mas - ter, and la - bor, Gar - ner - ing faith - ful - ly,  
2. Glean the rich har - vest from hill - side and val - ley, Gar - ner - ing faith - ful - ly,  
3. We will be glean - ers for Je - sus our Sav - ior, Gar - ner - ing faith - ful - ly,

*f*  
gar - ner - ing in; Thrust in your sick - le and reap the rich har - vest,  
gar - ner - ing in; Who will be first in the work of the Mas - ter,  
gar - ner - ing in; Glean - ing for souls for the heav - en - ly king - dom,

D. S.—Je - sus in - vites thee to work in His vine - yard,

FINE. CHORUS.

Gar - ner the good from the fields of sin.  
Ear - nest - ly striv - ing a crown to win? Up and a - way, for the  
And a bright, beau - ti - ful crown we'll win.

Haste thee and bear the ripe sheaves a - way.

D. S.

fields are all ripen - ing, Great is the end of thy la - bor to - day;

John R. Colgan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. F. MEYERS. HENRY DATE, OWNER.

A. F. Myers.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer - ful song,  
 2. Tongues of chil - dren, light and free, Tongues of youth, all full of glee,  
 3. Je - sus lives! O bless - ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a - long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,  
 Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you, and all mankind,  
 Lift the cross, and sheathe the sword, Je - sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree; Now He lives to make us free, — Je - sus lives!  
 Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Je - sus all may find, — Je - sus lives!  
 Throws a - side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, — Je - sus lives!

## CHORUS.

Wait not till the shad - ows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Hal - ly now, and  
 Wait not, Sing.

Wait not, wait not, Sing for  
 sing for Je - sus ev - 'ry - where you go; Lift your joy - ful voi - ces high,  
 Sing,  
 Je - sus,



# Mighty Army of the Young.

Repeat Chorus *pp.*

*f rit.*

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless-ed ti-dings fly,—Je-sus lives!

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## Bring Them In.

Alexcenan Thomas. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,  
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?  
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.  
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
 Hark! 't is the Mas - terspeaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

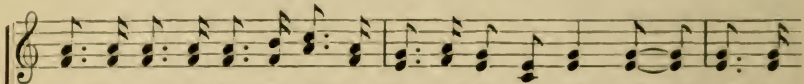
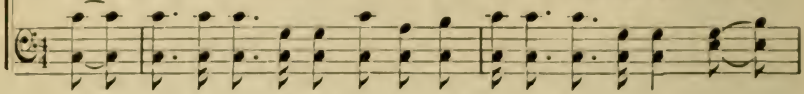
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

WILSON T. HOGUE.

Old Campmeeting Air.



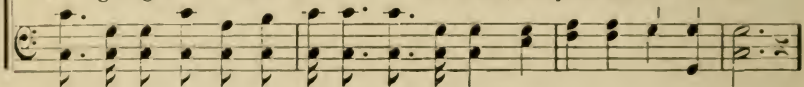
1. Let all the chil-dren ral-ly, and for Je-sus take their stand, To
2. Tho' lit-tle, God is call-ing us to spread a-broad His praise, To
3. Out of mouths of babes and sucklings, so 'twas writ in days of old, God
4. We know we are but children, and 'tis lit-tle we can do, But we
5. And this is why we ral-ly here and all so joy-ful sing, And
6. Then let all the chil-dren ral-ly in ev-'ry Chris-tian land, For



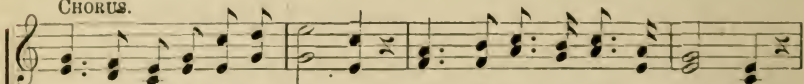
sing the wondrous sto-ry till the notes reach ev-'ry land, Of re-demp-tion  
mag-ni-fy His mer-cy, and ex-alt His sav-ing grace, To sing with  
hath His praise perfect-ed, still-ing the a-veng-er bold; And still from  
love the cause of mis-sions, and we love our Sav-ior too, And we love to  
this is why with glad-ness our pen-nies here we bring, To aid the  
Christ and foreign mis-sions let them no-bly take their stand, In ev-'ry



for all nations, wrought by God's al-might-y hand, Whose truth goes marching on.  
cheerful voic-es of His love in childhood days, Whose truth goes marching on.  
lips of children should the joy-ful notes be roll'd, His truth goes marching on.  
show our col-ors, and to prove that we are true, While truth goes marching on.  
cause of mis-sions, so dear to Christ our King, Whose truth goes marching on.  
con-gre-ga-tion let them form a Ju-nior Band, And press this bat-tle on.



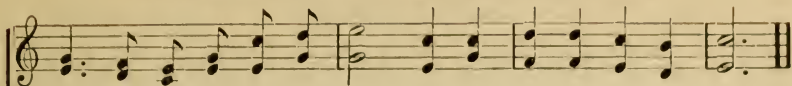
## CHORUS.



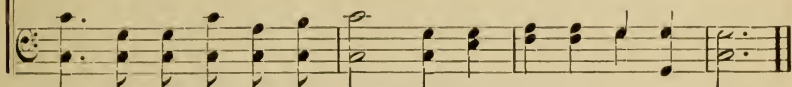
Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!



# Children's Missionary Rallying Song.



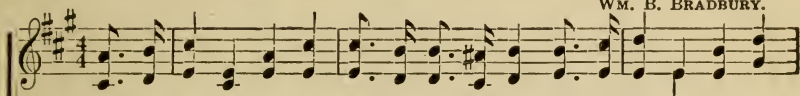
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus Christ our King!



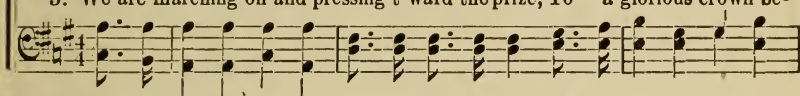
197

## We Are Marching On.

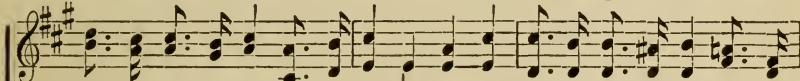
WM. B. BRADBURY.



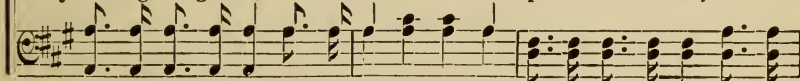
1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright; We will work for God and
2. In the Sun-day-school our ar-my we prepare, As we ral-ly round our
3. We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize, To a glorious crown be-



*D.C.*—We are marching onward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where

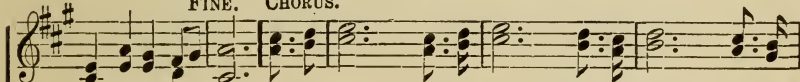


bat-tle for the right; We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might; And we'll  
blessed standard there; And the Savior's cross we ear-ly learn to bear, While we  
yond the glowing skies; To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies, And we'll

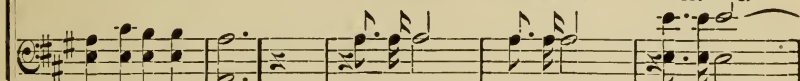


liv - ing waters flow; Come and join the ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and

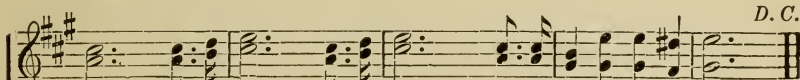
**FINE. CHORUS.**



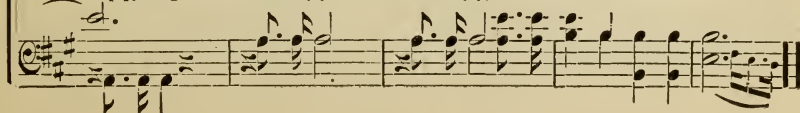
work till Jesus calls. Then awake, then a-*wake*, *Happy* song, hap-py  
Then awake, then awake, *Happy* song,



work till Je-sus calls.



song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a-long ;  
hap-py song. Shout for joy. shout for joy,



*D. C.*



R. Freen.

E. H. Bookmyer.

1. Heav'nly an - gels, list - en While earth's children sing Songs of joy and  
2. Gen - tle Sav - ior, list - en While we sing Thy praise; Je - sus loves the  
3. O the love of Je - sus, Won - der - ful, sub - lime! How its pow'r in -

glad - ness To their might - y King. Let the harps be si - lent  
chil - dren, Knows their tho'ts and ways; Once in child - hood's pleasures  
creas - es With the march of time! 'Twas for love He suf - ered

In bright beams a - bove, When we sing of Je - sus  
Je - sus took de - light, Now He watch - es o'er us,  
Pain and death and shame; Praise Him, all cre - a - tion,

## CHORUS.

And His won - drous love.  
Morning, noon and night. Heav'n - ly an - gels, list - en While earth's children  
Praise His ho - ly name.

sing, Sing - ing loud ho - san - nas To their might - y King.

# Familiar Hymns.

199

## Come, Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

St. Martin's. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us Thine influence prove;  
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for, moved by Thee, The proph-ets wrote and spoke.  
3. God, thro' Him - self, we then shall know, If Thou with-in us shine;

Source of the old pro-phet-ic fire, Fount-ain of life and love.  
Un - lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un - seal the sa - cred book.  
And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.

200

## Ye Christian Heralds, Go.

B. H. Draper.

Missionary Chant. L.M.

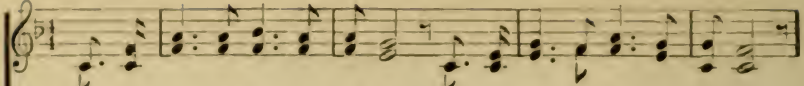
H. C. Zeuner.

1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;  
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in - spire,  
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,

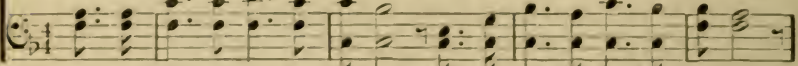
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there.  
Bid rag-ing winds their fur-y cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.  
With all the ran-somed hosts to fall, And crown our Savior Lord of all.

E. W. BLANDLY;

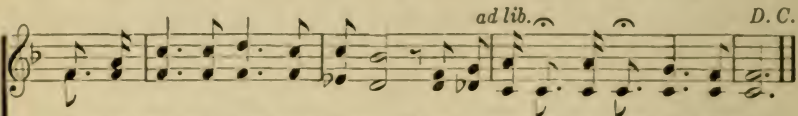
Arr. from P. P. BLISS.



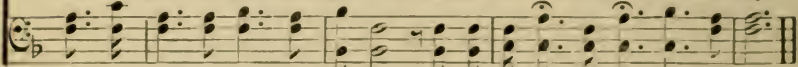
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,  
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,  
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,  
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and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



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



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, 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.



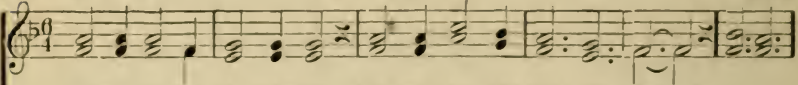
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

## 202

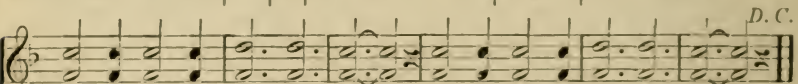
## Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

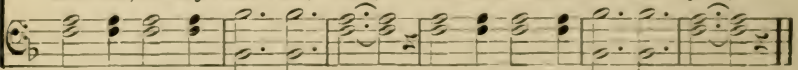
Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. Marsh.  
FINE

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul. Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }  
 D. C. - Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.



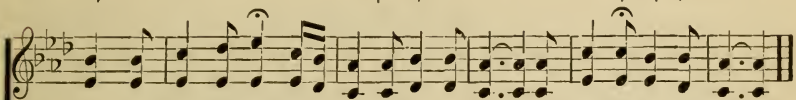
Charles Wesley.

ORTONVILLE, C. M.

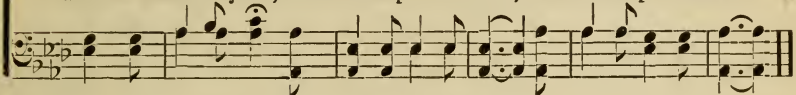
Thomas Hastings.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro'
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis mu-sic
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free; His blood can
5. He speaks, and list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re-ceive; The mournful,



of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace.  
 all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name, The hon-ors of Thy name.  
 in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.  
 make the foul-est clean; His blood availed for me, His blood availed for me.  
 bro-ken hearts re-joice; The humble poor be-lieve, The humble poor be-lieve.



## 204

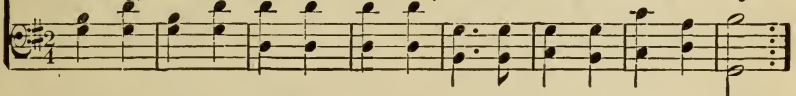
## Come, Ye Sinners.

FINE



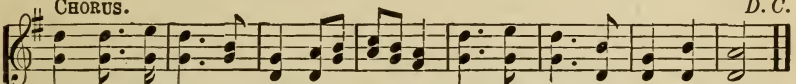
1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
- { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

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

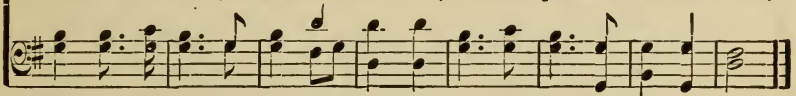


CHORUS.

D. C.



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



- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

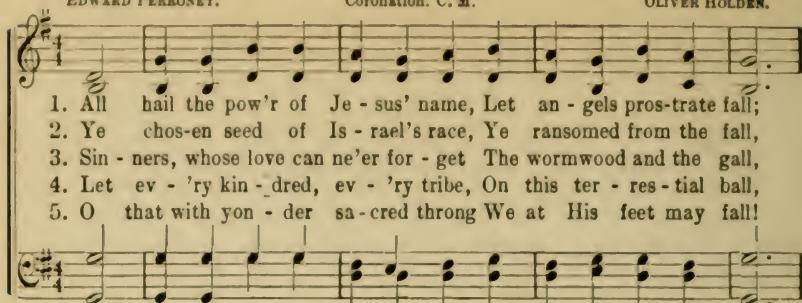
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him.

- 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.

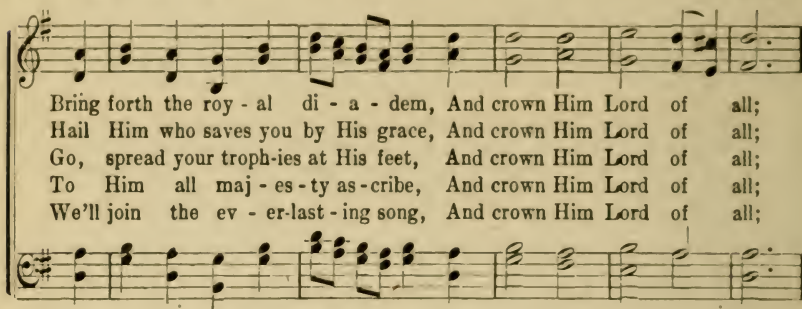
EDWARD PERRONET.

Coronation. C. M.

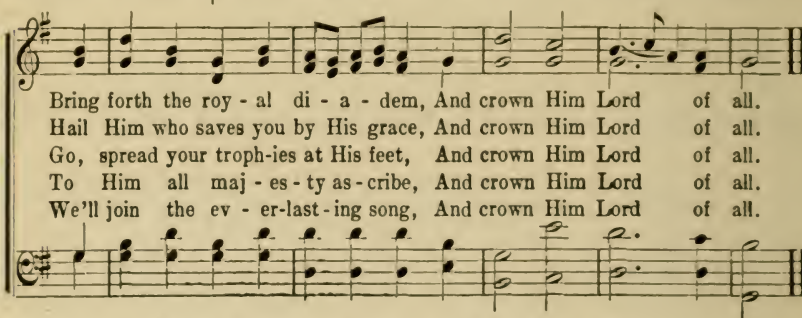
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-tial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



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

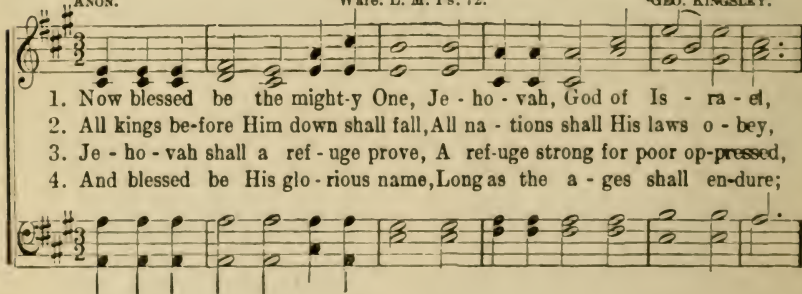


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
Go, spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

ANON.

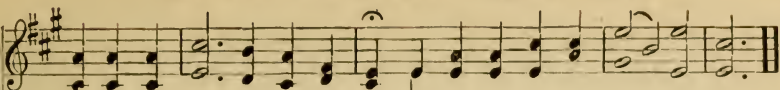
Ware. L. M. Ps. 72.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

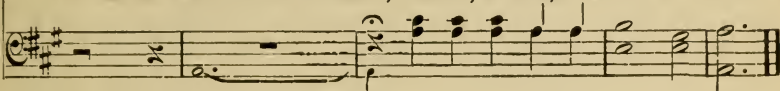


1. Now blessed be the might-y One, Je - ho - vah, God of Is - ra - el,
2. All kings be-fore Him down shall fall, All na - tions shall His laws o - bey,
3. Je - ho - vah shall a ref - uge prove, A ref - uge strong for poor op-pressed,
4. And blessed be His glo - rious name, Long as the a - ges shall en-dure;

## Now Blessed Be the Mighty One.



For He a - lone hath wonders done, And deeds in glo - ry that ex - cel.  
 He'll save the needy when they call, The poor, and those that have no stay.  
 A safe re - treat where weary souls In troublous times may find a rest.  
 O'er all the earth ex - tend His fame; A - men, a - men, for - ev - er - more.



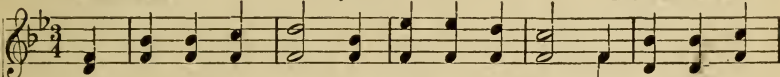
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## Infinite Love.

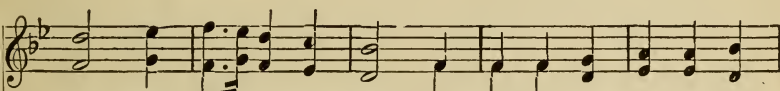
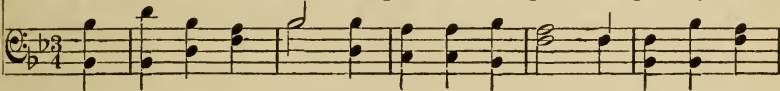
CHARLES WESLEY.

Lyons. 10s 11s.

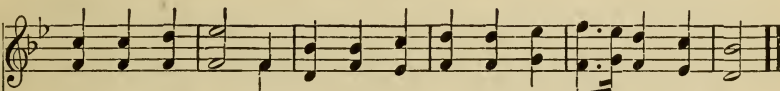
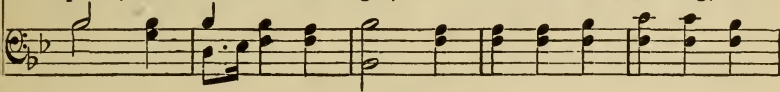
MICHAEL HANDEL.



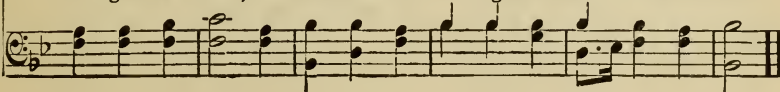
1. Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim; And pub - lish a -
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is
3. "Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne;" Let all cry a -
4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and



broad His won - der - ful name; The name all vic - to - rious of  
 nigh; His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His  
 loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the  
 pow'r, all wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with



Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious; He rules o - ver all.  
 tri - umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.  
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es and wor - ship the Lamb.  
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing for in - fi - nite love.





J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly  
 2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the  
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Be-lieve in Him with-  
 4. Come then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

## CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust-ing in His word. On-ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,  
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. Come to Je-sus, come to Je - sus,  
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest. Don't re-ject Him, don't re-ject Him,  
 lestial land Where joys im-mor-tal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him,

On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.  
 Come to Je - sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.  
 Don't re-ject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.  
 I will trust Him now; He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

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

# Happy Day!

CHORUS.

*f* FINE

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!  
 D. S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

*D. S.*

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

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;<br/>                 I am my Lord's and He is mine;<br/>                 He drew me, and I followed on,<br/>                 Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long divided heart,<br/>                 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;<br/>                 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,<br/>                 With Him of every good possessed.</p> |
|---|--|

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## Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON,

8s. & 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }  
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

*D. C.*

Teach me some mel - o - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

- 2 Hear I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home:  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

F. J. CROSBY.

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Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!  
2. Perfect submission, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest,

Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
An-gels descending, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.  
Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

## CHORUS.

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

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

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

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

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



B. Schmolke.

JEWETT. 6s. D

C. M. Von Weber.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be minel In - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang - ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove

*rit.*  
 Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

## 214

## Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

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

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

## CHORUS.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;  
 No oth - er Fount I know      Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

THOS. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, Light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
 3. Go, ask the in-fi-del, what boon he brings us, What charm for  
 mercy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
 ach-ing hearts, he can re-veal, Sweet as that heav-en-ly  
 here tell your an-guish; "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal."  
 in God's name say-ing—"Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."  
 prom-ise Hope sings us: "Earth has no sor-row that God can-not heal."

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit. . . .) wishes known! }

D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-tur-n sweet (Omit. . . .) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief, <sup>D.C.</sup>

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To him, whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
 And since he bids me seek his face,  
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
 I'll cast on him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

May I thy consolation share,  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home, and take my flight:  
 In my immortal flesh I'll rise,  
 To seize the everlasting prize;  
 And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

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

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

D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

Fanny J. Crosby.

PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from  
 2. Weep'o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the  
 3. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent  
 Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they  
 4. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that  
 Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will

CHORUS.

sin and the grave; might-y to save.  
 child to re-ceive; on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;  
 grace can re-store; vi-brate once more.

Je-sus is mer-ci-ful Je-sus will save.

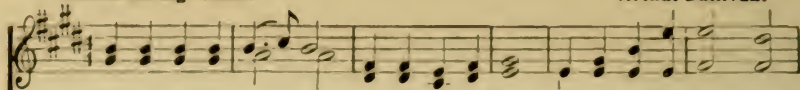
4 Rescue the perishing,  
 Duty demands it;  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
 Back to the narrow way  
 Patiently win them;  
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.



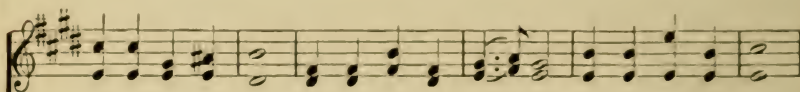
## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

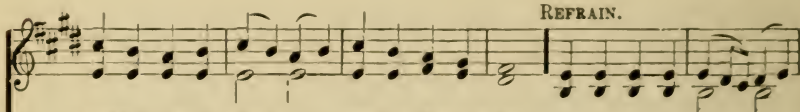
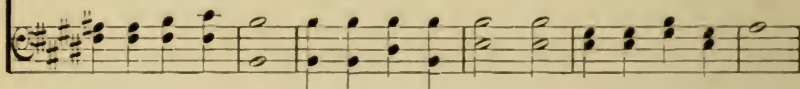
Arthur Sullivan.



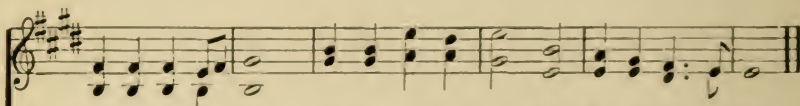
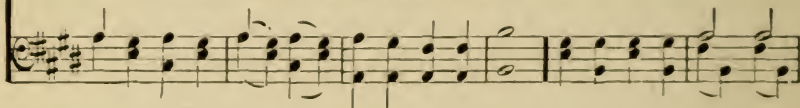
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread-ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend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



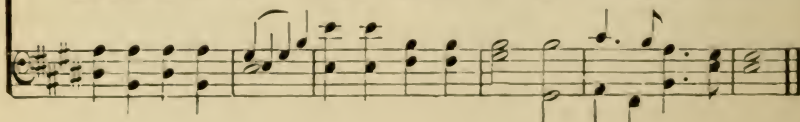
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 On to vic - to - ryl Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; [All one bod - y we,  
 In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ,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



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



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



F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the  
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my  
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more  
 love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour's  
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I  
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.  
 still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com - ing near-er.  
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art he - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

Rev Isaac Watts.

C. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry  
 2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries



# Joy to the World.

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

And heav'n and na - ture

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

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

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## Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott,

Wm. Bradbury.

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

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

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

James Nicholson.

BY PERMISSION.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry  
 2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my -  
 And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }  
 3. { Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, } By faith, for my  
 I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, }

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 self, and what - ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 cleans - ing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Charles Wesley.

Boylston. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

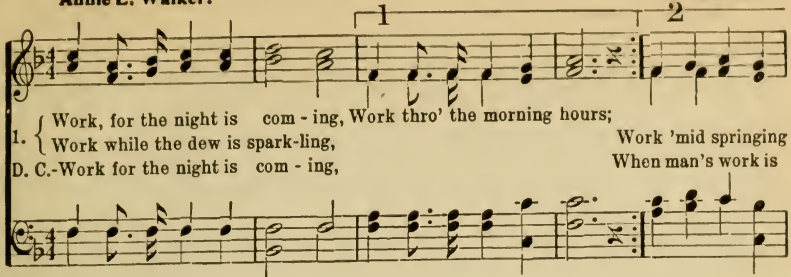
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, Oh, may it all my

soul to save And fit it for the sky.  
 pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 And 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.

Annie L. Walker.

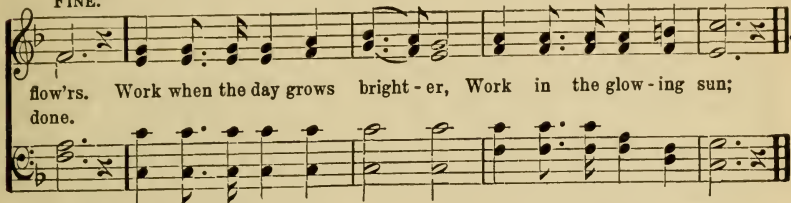
L. Mason.



1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing  
D. C.-Work for the night is com-ing, When man's work is

FINE.

D. C.



flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;  
done.

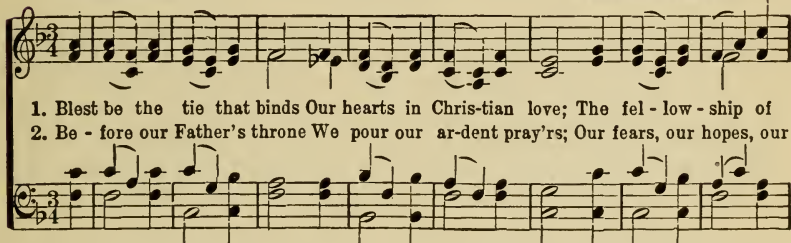
2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon:  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

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.

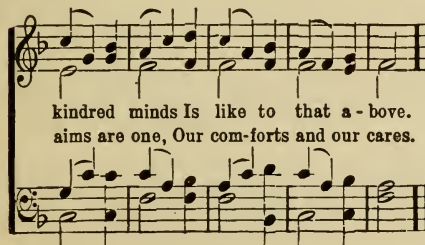
John Fawcett.

Dennis. S. M.

Hans George Naegeli.



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



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

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

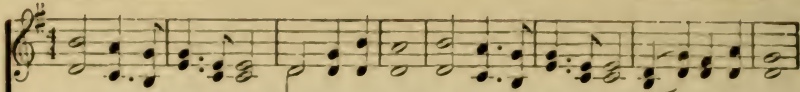
4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.



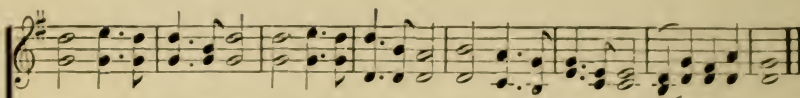
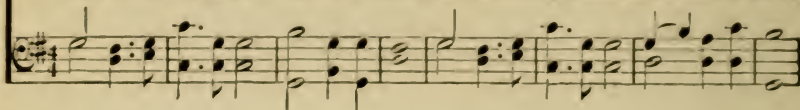
## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

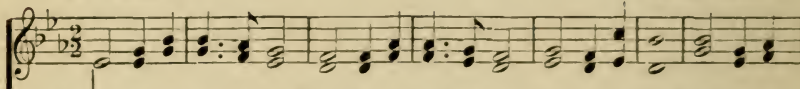


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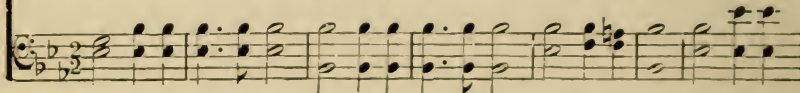
## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

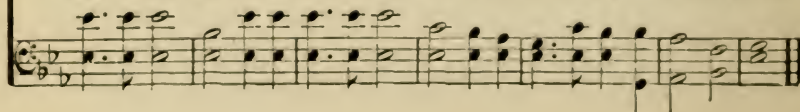
Lowell Mason.



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 impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!  
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!  
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;  
 3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring, In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;  
 4. In ev - ry land be - gin the song; To ev - ry land the strains be - long;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev - ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
 The great sal - va - tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.  
 In cheer - ful sounds all voi - ces raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise.

## 231 The Majesty of God.

L. M.

- 1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,  
 We now with all Thy saints agree,  
 And bow our inmost souls before  
 Thy glorious, awful majesty.
- 2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,  
 And for Thy loving kindness wait;  
 And O, how dreadful is this place!  
 'Tis God's own house, 'tis Heaven's gate.
- 3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;  
 To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;  
 And lo! we see descend from high  
 The pillar and the flames of fire.
- 4 Still let it on the assembly stay,  
 And all the house with glory fill;  
 To Canaan's bounds point out the way  
 And lead us to the holy hill.
- 5 There let us all with Jesus stand,  
 And join the general church above,  
 And take our seat at Thy right hand,  
 And sing Thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

## 232 Triumphs of the Gospel.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
 Doth his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless praise be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head,  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue,  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim,  
 Their young hosannas to His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
 The weary find eternal rest;  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,  
 Death and the curse are known no more;  
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast.  
 More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

### 233. Victorious Faith.

C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's  
dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed  
Of an eternal home. [bliss

### 234 Backsliding Deplored.

C. M.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return  
Sweet messenger of rest:  
I hate the sins that made Thee  
mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

### 235 The Judgment Day.

C. M.

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,  
With what religious fear!  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now Thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel Thee near,  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at Thy bar appear.

### 236 I Do Believe.

C. M.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to Thee;  
No other help I know;  
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,  
Ah! whither shall I go?
- Cho.—I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
And that He shed His precious blood  
From sin to set me free.
- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe  
I now should feel Thy power,  
And all my wants Thou wouldst re-  
lieve,  
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith! to Thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift:  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely Thou canst not let me die:  
O speak, and I shall live;  
And here will I unwearied lie,  
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,  
Could I but see Thy face;  
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,  
And taste Thy pardoning grace.



## 237 Vain Man, Repent.

C. M.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;  
Repent, thine end is nigh;  
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:  
O think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;  
Thy sins, how high they mount!  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defense;  
His time there's none can tell;  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,  
Shall into dust consume;  
But, ah! destruction stops not there;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

## 238 Heaven in Anticipation.

C. M.

- 1 When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 239 The Christian Warfare.

C. M.

- 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 flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through 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 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine,  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

## 240 The Consecrated Cross.

C. M.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 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.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.
- 4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious  
crown!  
Oh, resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

## 241 Inward Holiness.

C. M.

- 1 What is our calling's glorious hope,  
But inward holiness?  
For this to Jesus I look up;  
I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait till He shall touch me clean,  
Shall life and power impart,  
Give me the faith that casts out sin,  
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace  
For every sinner free;  
Surely it shall on me take place,  
The chief of sinners—me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,  
He shall my soul redeem;  
In Jesus I believe, and shall  
Believe myself to Him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart His  
home,  
My sin shall all depart;  
And, lo! He saith, "I quickly come,  
To fill and rule thy heart."
- 6 Be it according to Thy word;  
Redeem me from all sin;  
My heart would now receive Thee,  
Lord;  
Come in, my Lord, come in!

## 242 The Mercy-seat.

L. M.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought mercy-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 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls  
to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6 O may my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

## 243 The Penitent's Plea.

L. M.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not Thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't sur-  
pass  
The power and glory of Thy grace;  
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,  
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience  
clean!  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offenses pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;  
Lord, should Thy judgments grow  
severe,  
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my  
breath,  
I must pronounce Thee just, in  
death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round  
Thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise  
there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## 244 Not Ashamed of Jesus.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless  
days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own her star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness  
flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven de-  
pend;  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Savior slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

## 245 Holiness Desired.

L. M.

- 1 He wills that I should holy be;  
That holiness I long to feel;  
That full divine conformity  
To all my Savior's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul  
Accomplished in the change of mine;  
And plunge me, every whit made  
whole,  
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,  
And waits to prove Thine utmost  
will;  
The promise by Thy mercy made,  
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at Thy power,  
Or doubt Thy truth, which can-  
not move;  
Hasten the long-expected hour,  
And bless me with Thy perfect love.

## 246 The Gospel Invitation.

L. M.

- 1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw  
nigh:  
'Tis God invites the fallen race:  
Mercy and free salvation buy;  
Buy wine and milk and gospel  
grace.
- 2 In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?  
I have the words of endless life.
- 3 Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find His grace is free for all.
- 4 See from the Rock a fountain rise!  
For you a healing stream it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick  
souls.
- 5 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have and are behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive;  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

## 247 The Ancient Days.

L. M.

- 1 O for that flame of living fire,  
Which shone so bright in saints  
of old;  
Which bade their souls to heaven  
aspire,  
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which  
dwelt  
In Abraham's breast, and sealed  
him 'Thine?  
Which made Paul's heart with sor-  
row melt,  
And glow with energy divine?
- 3 That Spirit which from age to age  
Proclaimed Thy love and taught  
Thy ways?  
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallowed  
lays?
- 4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power;  
When glory beamed from Moses'  
brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;  
Renew Thy work; Thy grace re-  
store;  
And while to Thee our hearts we  
raise,  
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

## 248 The Accepted Time.

L. M.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and peace is given.  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching  
night  
Shall blot out every hope of  
heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charm-  
ing sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the  
grave;  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall  
rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Savior call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming  
sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

## 249 The Gospel Feast.

L. M.

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world! come, sinner,  
thou,  
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest;  
Ye poor and maimed and halt and  
blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 5 See Him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 6 This is the time; no more delay;  
This is the Lord's appointed day;  
Come in this moment at His call,  
And live for Him who died for all.



## 250 All-sufficient Grace.

S. M.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves our praise.

## 251 Courage Ensures Victory.

S. M.

- 1 Urge on your rapid course,  
Ye blood-besprinkled hands;  
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;  
'Tis seized by violent hands.
- 2 Through much distress and pain,  
Through many a conflict here,  
Through blood, ye must the en-  
trance gain,  
Yet, oh, disdain to fear.
- 3 "Courage," your Captain cries,  
Who all your toil foreknew,  
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;  
I have o'ercome for you."
- 4 The world cannot withstand  
Its ancient Conqueror;  
The world must sink beneath the  
Hand  
Which arms us for the war.
- 5 This is the victory—  
Before our faith they fall;  
Jesus hath died for you and me;  
Believe, and conquer all.

## 252 Preparation for Warfare.

S. M.

- 1 Equip me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight;  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;  
My whole of sin remove;  
Let all my works in Thee be  
wrought;  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee;

And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity.

- 4 O may I love like Thee,  
In all Thy footsteps tread;  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing Thou hast made.
- 5 O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove;  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

## 253 The Repenting Sinner.

S. M.

- 1 O that I could repent,  
With all my idols part,  
And to Thy gracious eye present  
A humble, contrite heart;
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed,  
For having grieved my God;  
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,  
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire;  
With true sincerity of woe  
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With softening pity look,  
And melt my hardness down;  
Strike with Thy love's resistless  
stroke,  
And break this heart of stone.

## 254 Yielding All.

S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all, resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all Thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know,  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion Thou;  
Thou all-sufficient art;  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter and keep my heart.

## 255 The Solid Rock.

L. M.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Cho.—On Christ, the Solid Rock, I  
stand;

All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

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

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

## 256 The Broad Road.

L. M.

- 1 Broad is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.

- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain the heavenly  
land.

- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no  
more,  
Shall be esteemed no more a saint,  
And makes his own destruction  
sure.

- 4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain;  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false professors never  
knew.

## 257 Christ Weeping.

S. M.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see!  
Be thou astonished, O my 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.

## 258 Insulted Spirit, Stay.

L. M.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done Thee such  
despite;

Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steeled my stub-  
born heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears;  
And vexed, and urged Thee to de-  
part,

For many long, rebellious years:

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er Thy grace re-  
ceived;

Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
seen;

Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
grieved:

- 4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from Thy people's  
rest.

## 259 Try Us, O God.

C. M.

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

- 2 If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

- 5 Up into Thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

- 6 Then, when the mighty work is  
wrought,  
Receive Thy ready bride;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some drops now fall on me,  
Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the  
rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,  
Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,  
Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,  
Even me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me!  
Even me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
Grace of God, so strong and bound-  
less,  
Magnify them all in me,  
Even me.

## 261 Taking the Cross.

8s &amp; 7s. D.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee,  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition;  
All I've sought, and hoped, and  
known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave 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,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown  
me;  
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 set my heart on Thee:

Storms may howl, and clouds may  
gather,

All must work for good to me.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by  
prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall 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.

## 262

## Love Divine.

8s &amp; 7s. D.

- 1 Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in Thee inherit;  
Let us find that second rest.  
Take away our bent to 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 life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Nevermore Thy temples leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without  
ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 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 heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise.



## 263 The Land of Beulah.

8s & 7s. D.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams  
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty  
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;  
Where the air is pure, ethereal,  
Laden with the breath of flowers,  
That are blooming by the fountain,  
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,  
Blessed, blessed land of light,  
Where the flowers bloom forever,  
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,  
Where I wandered weary years,  
Often hindered in my journey  
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;  
Broken vows and disappointments  
Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
But the Spirit led, unerring,  
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,  
Where I ever would abide;  
For I've tasted life's pure river,  
And my soul is satisfied;  
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,  
Nor adorning rich and gay,  
For I've found a richer treasure,  
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
Nor of burdens hard to bear,  
For I've found this great salvation  
Makes each burden light appear;  
And I love to follow Jesus,  
Gladly counting all but dross,  
Worldly honors all forsaking  
For the glory of the cross.

## 264 What a Friend.

8s & 7s. D.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield  
thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## 265 All for Jesus.

1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus!  
All my being's ransomed powers;  
All my thoughts and words and  
doings,  
All my days and all my hours.

Ref.—All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding,  
Let my feet run in His ways,  
Let my eyes see Jesus only,  
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
I've lost sight of all beside;  
So enchained my spirit's vision,  
Looking at the Crucified.

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
Jesus, glorious King of kings,  
Deigns to call me His beloved,  
Lets me rest beneath His wings.

## 266 The Excellencies of Christ.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Savior shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly  
strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.

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  
home,  
And I shall see His face;  
Then with my Savior, Brother,  
Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

## 267 Consecration.

- 1 My body, soul and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to Thee;  
A consecrated offering,  
Thine evermore to be.
- Cho.—My all is on the altar,  
I'm waiting for the fire;  
Waiting, waiting, waiting,  
I'm waiting for the fire.
- 2 O Jesus, mighty Savior,  
I trust in Thy great name,  
I look for Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.
- 3 Oh, let the fire, descending  
Just now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole.
- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by Thy cleansing blood;  
Now seal me by Thy Spirit  
A sacrifice to God.

## 268 Take Me as I Am.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;  
Unless Thou help me, I must die:  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!
- Cho.—Take me as I am,  
Take me as I am,  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!
- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,  
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,  
And Thou canst make me what  
Thou wilt,  
And take me as I am!
- 3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,  
Thy full salvation I would prove,  
But since to Thee I cannot move,  
O take me as I am!
- 4 If Thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew;  
And work both in and by me too,  
But take me as I am!

## 269 Near the Cross

- 1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all—a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
- Cho.—In the cross, in the cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.
- 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and Morning Star  
Sheds its beams around me.

- 3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me.
- 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting, ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

## 270 Mighty to Save.

- 1 All glory to Jesus be given,  
That life and salvation are free;  
And all may be washed and forgiven,  
And Jesus can save even me.
- Cho.—Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,  
And all His salvation may know;  
On His bosom I lean,  
And His blood makes me clean,  
For His blood can wash whiter than  
snow.
- 2 From darkness and sin and despair,  
Out into the light of His love,  
He has brought me and made me an  
heir  
To kingdoms and mansions above.
- 3 The rapturous heights of His love,  
The measureless depths of His  
grace,  
My soul all His fulness would prove,  
And live in His loving embrace.
- 4 In Him all my wants are supplied;  
His love makes my heaven below,  
And freely His blood is applied,  
His blood that makes whiter than  
snow.

## 271 The Cleansing Stream.

- 1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,  
The fountain deep and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to His wounded side.
- Cho.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!  
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!  
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!
- 2 I see the new creation rise;  
I hear the speaking blood!  
It speaks! polluted nature dies!  
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world of sin,  
With heart made pure, and gar-  
ments white,  
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,  
To feel the blood applied;  
And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
My Jesus crucified.

## 272 The Half Was Never Told.

- 1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,  
Than any earthly joy,  
For Thou hast given me the peace  
Which nothing can destroy.

Cho.—The half has never yet been told,  
Of love so full and free;  
The half has never yet been told,  
The blood—it cleanseth me.

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still  
Than any earthly throng,  
And sweeter is the thought of Thee  
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;  
Then well may I be glad!  
Without the secret of Thy love  
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Savior, precious Savior mine!  
What will Thy presence be,  
If such a life of joy can crown  
Our walk on earth with Thee?

## 273 Fill Me Now.

- 1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,  
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence;  
Come, O come and fill me now.

Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,  
Jesus, come and fill me now;  
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence;  
Come, O come and fill me now.

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell Thee how;  
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;  
Come, O come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness,  
At Thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save  
me,  
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

## 274 Trusting in Thee.

- 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.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Blest Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within;

Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

- 3 In Thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied,  
I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ am crucified.

## 275 Led by the Spirit.

7s. D.

- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side;  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land;  
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,  
While they hear that sweetest voice,  
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear;  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give  
o'er,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

## 276 Decision.

C. M.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose  
breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear  
oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose scepter pardon gives;  
Perhaps He may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 He surely will admit my plea,  
Will surely hear my prayer;  
How can I perish while 'tis He  
Who bids me welcome there!



Tune: Sweet By and By.

- 1 Thine iniquity swells like the tide,  
And the day of His vengeance is  
come;  
Canst thy spirit His coming abide?  
Canst thou bear the impenitent's  
doom?

Cho.—Precious soul, linger not!  
Linger not on the storm-covered  
plain;

Precious soul, linger not,  
Or thy life will be lost with  
the slain.

- 2 Oh, escape to the mountain of God!  
Linger not on the storm-covered  
plain,  
For the cloud of His wrath spreads  
abroad,  
And 'tis death to thy soul to remain.

- 3 There are loved ones who stay with  
the lost!  
There are treasures to think of  
and leave;  
But thy soul is of infinite cost;  
Break away from thine idols and  
live.

- 4 Being justified now by His blood,  
Saved from wrath we shall be,  
by and by,  
Cleansed from sin in this life-giving  
blood,  
We are ready to live and to die.

## 278 Jesus Is Mine.

- 1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy;  
Jesus is mine.  
Break, every tender tie;  
Jesus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness,  
Earth has no resting-place,  
Jesus alone can bless;  
Jesus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away;  
Jesus is mine.  
Here would I ever stay;  
Jesus is mine.

Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away.  
Jesus is mine.

- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine.  
Lost in this dawning light  
Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried,  
Left but a dismal void,  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine.

- 4 Farewell, mortality,  
Jesus is mine.

Welcome, eternity,  
Jesus is mine.

Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
Welcome, my Savior's breast,  
Jesus is mine.

## 279 Separation.

8s. D.

- 1 O Jesus, delight of my soul!  
How can I Thy goodness proclaim?  
'Twas Thou that didst make my  
heart whole,

All honor be unto Thy name.  
Thou didst light up my spirit within,  
Proclaiming salvation so free,  
When burdened with sorrow and  
guilt,  
And vileness was all I could see.

- 2 I gave Thee my poor fainting heart,  
And soon Thy salvation I found;  
Nor can I, nor will I depart  
From One whose great love  
doth abound.

O seal me and keep me Thine own,  
And wash me and make me like  
Thee,

That I upon Thee may recline,  
From sinning be evermore free.

- 3 This poor, faithless world shall all go,  
Forever I turn from it now;  
For none but my Jesus I'll know,  
Recorded on high is my vow.

I am Thine, blessed Jesus, all Thine!  
The witness impart unto me;  
The death that I die is to sin,  
The life that I live is to Thee.

- 4 The current of life warmly flows  
Upon me from Jesus' side:

'Tis cleansing as onward it goes;  
In Jesus 'tis sweet to abide.  
Salvation is full and all free,  
I glory alone in the cross;

From the world it has now set me  
free,  
Its claims I can see are but dross.

- 5 Go friends, that would keep me  
from Him!

Go joys, that would share with  
His love!

Go hopes, that would draw me to sin!  
Go all, that from Him would re-  
move.

Come sorrow, if only in thee  
I shall cling to my Savior and God;  
Come scorn, and reproach, if left  
free

To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

## 280 The Child of a King.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world  
in His hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver  
and gold,  
His coffers are full,—He has riches  
untold.

Cho.—I'm the child of a King,  
The child of a King;  
With Jesus, my Savior,  
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Savior  
of men,  
Once wandered o'er earth as the  
poorest of them;  
But now He is reigning forever on  
high,  
And will give me a home in heaven  
by and by.

3 I once was an outcast, stranger on  
earth,  
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!  
But I've been adopted, my name's  
written down,—  
An heir to a mansion, a robe and  
a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I  
care?  
They're building a palace for me  
over there!  
Though exiled from home, yet still  
I may sing:  
All glory to God, I'm the child of  
a King.

## 281 I Need Thee.

1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

Cho.—I need Thee, O I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Savior,  
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour,  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son!

## 282 Entire Consecration.

7s.

1 Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet and let them be  
Swift to ever follow Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord—I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

## 283 The Pilgrim's Song.

7s.

1 Children of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing;  
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;  
Christ our Advocate is made:  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;  
Zion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

## 284 Arise, My Soul.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 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 that ransomed sinner die."
- 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.
- 5 My God is 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.

## 285 Is My Name Written There?

- 1 Lord, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold;  
In the book of Thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,  
Is my name written there?
- Cho.—Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of Thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?
- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But Thy blood, O my Savior,  
Is sufficient for me;  
For Thy promise is written  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;

Where no evil thing cometh  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching,  
Is my name written there?

## 286 I Gave My Life for Thee.

- 1 I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave my life for thee:  
What hast thou done for Me?
- 2 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell.  
I've borne it all for thee:  
What hast thou borne for Me?
- 3 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love,  
Great gifts I brought to thee:  
What hast thou brought to Me?
- 4 Oh, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for Me be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent.  
I gave Myself for thee:  
Give thou thyself to Me!

## 287 Revive Us Again.

- 1 We praise Thee, O God!  
For the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died,  
And is now gone above.
- Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory,  
Hallelujah! Amen,  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,  
Revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thee, O God!  
For the Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Savior,  
And scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins,  
And has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise  
To the God of all grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us,  
And guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again;  
Fill each heart with Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled  
With fire from above.



## 288 Have You Been to Jesus?

- 1 Have you been to Jesus for the  
cleansing power?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?  
Are you fully trusting in His grace  
this hour?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,  
In the soul-cleansing blood of  
the Lamb?

- Are your garments spotless? are  
they white as snow?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Sa-  
vior's side?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

Do you rest each moment in the  
Crucified?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh will  
your robes be white,  
Pure and white in the blood of  
the Lamb?

Will your soul be ready for the  
mansions bright?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

## 289 Satisfied.

8s & 7s.

- 1 All my life long I had panted  
For a draught from some cool  
spring  
That I hoped would quench the  
burning  
Of the thirst I felt within.

Cho.—Hallelujah! I have found Him—  
Whom my soul so long has craved!  
Jesus satisfies my longings;  
Through His blood I now am  
saved.

- 2 Feeding on the husks around me,  
Till my strength was almost gone,  
Longed my soul for something better,  
Only still to hunger on.

- 3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,  
Something that would satisfy,  
But the dust I gathered round me  
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

- 4 Well of water, ever springing,  
Bread of life, so rich and free,  
Untold wealth that never faileth,  
My Redeemer is to me.

## 290 The Precious Name.

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it then where'er you go.

Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven,  
Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

- 3 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heaven we'll crown  
Him,  
When our journey is complete.

## 291 It Reaches Me.

8s & 7s.

- 1 O this uttermost salvation,  
'Tis a fountain full and free,  
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,  
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

Cho.—It reaches me, it reaches me;  
Wondrous grace! it reaches me;  
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,  
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

- 2 How amazing, God's compassion,  
That so vile a worm should prove  
This stupendous bliss of heaven,  
This unmeasured wealth of love.

- 3 Jesus, Savior, I adore Thee!  
How Thy love I will proclaim;  
I will tell the blessed story,  
I will magnify Thy name.

## 292 Believing and Receiving.

- 1 Sins of years are washed away,  
Blackest stains become as snow,  
Darkest night is changed to day,  
When I to the fountain go.

Cho.—I'm believing and receiving,  
While I to the fountain go;  
And my heart the blood is  
cleansing  
Whiter than the driven snow.

- 2 Doubts and fears are borne along  
On the current's ceaseless flow;  
Sorrow changes into song,  
When I to the fountain go.

- 3 Selfishness is lost in love,  
Love for Him whose love I know  
All my treasure is above,  
When I to the fountain go.

## 293 More Love to Thee.

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ!  
More love to Thee;  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Come grief or pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,—  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!
- 4 Then shall my latest breath,  
Whisper Thy praise,  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise;  
This still its prayer shall be:  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

## 294 Let Me Die.

- 1 O God, my heart doth long for Thee;  
Let me die!  
Now set my soul at liberty;  
Let me die!  
Die to the trifling things of earth—  
They're now to me of little worth;  
My Savior calls—I'm going forth;  
Let me die!
- 2 Thy slaying power in me display!  
Let me die!  
I must be dead from day to day!  
Let me die!  
Dead to the world and its applause,  
To all the customs, fashions, laws,  
Of those who hate the humbling  
cross—  
Let me die!
- 3 My friends may say I'll ruined be.  
If I die!  
If I leave all and follow Thee—  
But I'll die!  
Their arguments will never weigh,  
Nor stand the trying judgment-day;  
Help me to cast them all away—  
Let me die!
- 4 When I am dead, then, Lord, to  
Thee,  
I will live.

My time, my strength, my all to  
Thee.

Will I give.

I'll work with Thee, my blessed  
Lord,

I'll be obedient to Thy word;

I'll wield with power the gospel  
sword,

While I live.

## 295 Love for the Church.

S. M.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest 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 prize her heavenly ways;  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 296 All to Christ I Owe.

- 1 I hear the Savior say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thine all in all.
- Cho.—Jesus 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 garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
  - 4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all."  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
  - 5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

## 297 Missionary Hymn.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

## 298 We're Marching to Zion.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround His throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## 299 Why Do You Wait?

1 Why do you wait, dear brother,  
Oh, why do you tarry so long?  
Your Savior is waiting to give you  
A place in his sanctified throng.

Cho.—Why not, why not?  
Why not come to Him now?

2 What do you hope, dear brother,  
To gain by a further delay?  
There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but His way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,  
His Spirit now striving within?  
Oh, why not accept His salvation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?  
The harvest is passing away,  
Your Savior is longing to bless you,  
There's danger and death in delay.

## 300 God Be With You.

1 God be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

Cho.—Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath His wings securely hide you,  
Daily manna still divide you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound  
you,  
Put His arm 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 threatening wave  
before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

## 301 Doxology.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings  
flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!





<p>I cannot tell thee who 56                      I do believe..... 236                      I do not ask to choose 131                      I gave My life for thee 286                      I have given up all.... 66                      I have read of a beau 98                      I have tarried for the 15                      I hear the Savior say 296                      I hear Thy welcome... 143                      I know He's mine..... 32                      I know I love Thee bet 272                      I love Him..... 157                      I love Thy Kingdom. 295                      I love to tell the story 80                      I need Thee every hour 281                      I see the nail-pierced 5                      I think, when I read.. 190                      I was gloomy and sad 12                      I was once far away. 141                      I will guide thee.... 94                      I will lift up mine.... 134                      I will praise Him..... 4                      I will sing you a song 58                      If you are tired of th 145                      I'll go where you want 67                      I'm going through.... 21                      I'm happy with Jesus 152                      Infinite love ..... 207                      In land or store I may 139                      In loving kindness... 1                      In the cross of Christ 168                      In the darkness, temp 46                      In the shadow of the. 82                      Is my name written... 285                      It is Jesus..... 46                      It is mine..... 9                      It is well with my soul 54                      It may not be on the 67                      It reaches me..... 291                      It's just like His grea 130                      I've anchored in Jesus 34                      I've wandered far awa 163</p>	<p>Launch out ..... 108                      Lead me, Savior..... 64                      Let all the childre.. 196                      Let Jesus come into. 145                      Let me die..... 294                      Let the lower lights be 217                      Linger not ..... 277                      Long I have wandered 109                      Lord, I care not for.. 285                      Lord, I have started.. 21                      Lord, I hear of showe 260                      Lord, I'm coming home 163                      Lord Jesus, I long to 224                      Losing your soul..... 22                      Lost to the sound.... 181                      Love divine, all loves. 262</p> <p>Make me a blessing, d 110                      Make me a blessing to 131                      Make my life count. 110                      Man of sorrows..... 212                      Marching on in the li 95                      Mighty army of the... 194                      Mighty to save..... 270                      Missionary battle 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room in heaven... 29                      Not half has ever been 98                      Nothing but the blood 214                      Now blessed be the.. 206                      Now I'm coming home 109                      Now is the time to get 102</p> <p>O could I speak the.. 266                      O do not let the word 91                      O for a closer walk.. 234                      O for a faith that will. 233                      O for a heart to praise 178                      O for a soul aglow... 165                      O for a thousand tong 203</p>	<p>O for that flame of liv 247                      O God, my heart doth 294                      O happy day that fixe 209                      O Jesus, delight of my 279                      O sound the jubilee.. 84                      O sweet will of God.. 87                      O that I could repent 253                      O that I now might.. 105                      O that my load of sin 171                     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