

Songs of Praise
Number Two

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SONGS OF PRAISE

NUMBER TWO

Compiled and Edited by

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

AND

O. F. PUGH

FOR

THE EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE

PRICES:

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PREFACE.



SONGS OF PRAISE No. 2 has been carefully prepared for use in Evangelistic Services. Particular attention is directed to the number of distinguished hymn writers, whose compositions go to make up the book. The famous "Glory Song," which has sung its way around the world, is to be found in this book, and other equally inspiring and helpful selections are numbered among its pages. It is believed that much that has been objectionable in evangelistic music is eliminated from this publication. This book will be useful in the Sunday evening service, the Prayer Meeting, the Sunday School, the Young People's Meeting, but will be found to be specially effective in evangelistic meetings.

It is sent out with the prayer that God's blessing may attend its ministry.

THE COMMITTEE.

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SONGS OF PRAISE.

NUMBER TWO.

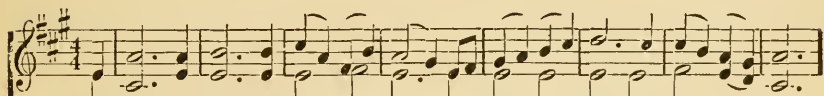
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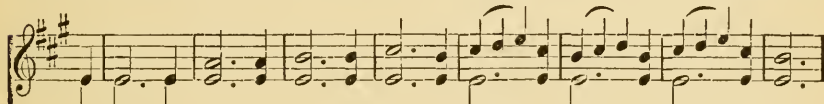
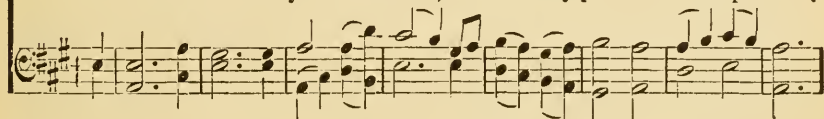
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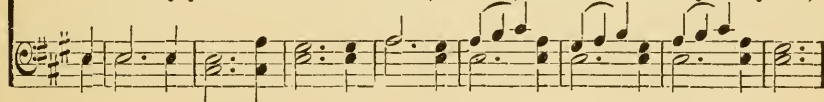
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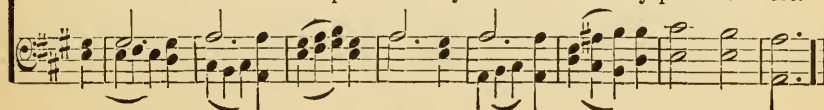
1. O come, and let us sing to God; The Rock of our sal - va - tion laud;
2. The vast deep places of the land, And strength of hills, are in His hand;
3. He is our God, we are the sheep, His hand doth feed, in safe - ty keep;
4. Your fathers there my works did see, But still they proved and tempted me:



Let us in psalms our tongues employ; Before Him ren - der thanks with joy;
The sea is His, He gave it birth, His hands prepared the sol - id earth;
If ye His voice will hear to - day, Then hard - en not your hearts, as they
For for - ty years I did them bear; I said, in heart and ways they err;



The Lord, great God, whose praise we sing, Is 'bove all gods a might - y King.
O come, and let us wor - ship now, Be - fore the Lord, our Mak - er, bow.
Who in the wil - der - ness be - held His might - y works, and yet re - belled.
To whom in wrath I did pro - test They shall not see my promised rest.



No. 2.

Oh, That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
 be glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me,

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

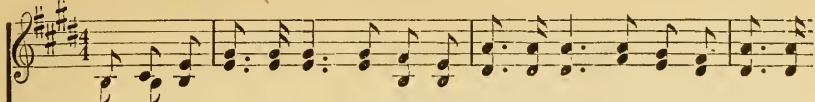
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The King's Business.

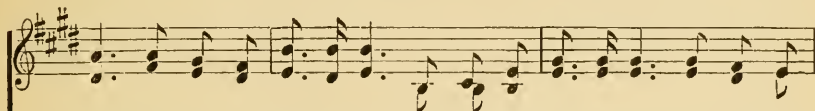
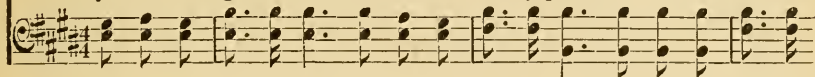
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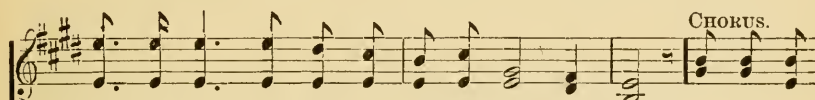
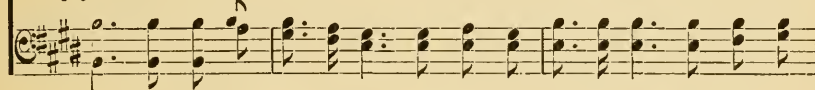
Flora H. Cassel.



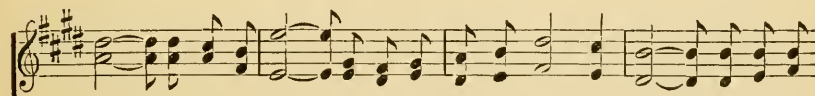
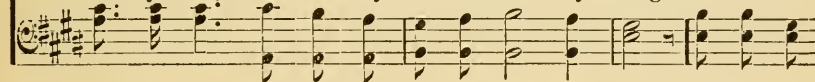
1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land, My home is far a-
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev'ry-where, Repent and turn a-
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ros - y plain, E - ter-nal life and



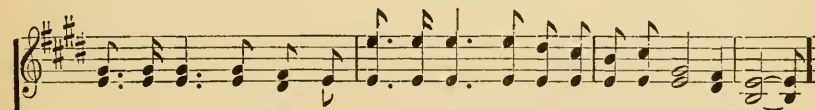
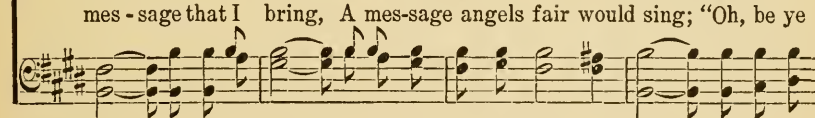
way, up - on a gold-enstrand; Am-bas-sa - dor to be of realms be-
way, from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall
joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals



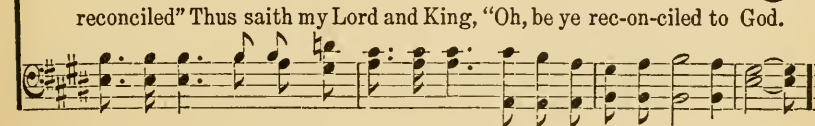
yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
reign for aye, And that's my business for the King. This is the
there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fair would sing; "Oh, be ye



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



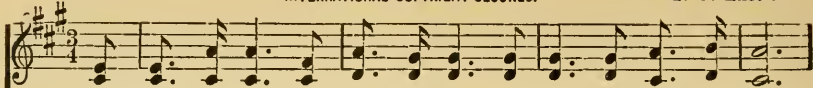
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Grace, Enough for Me.

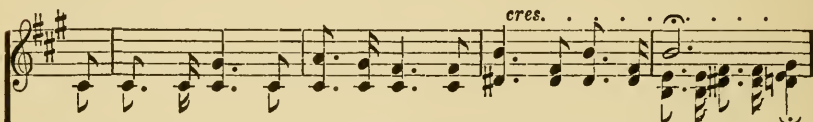
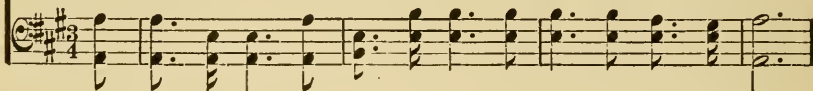
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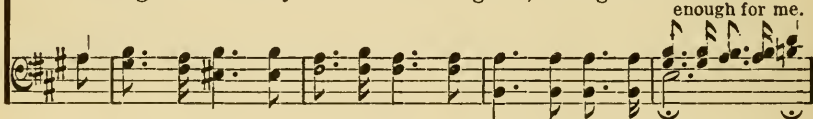
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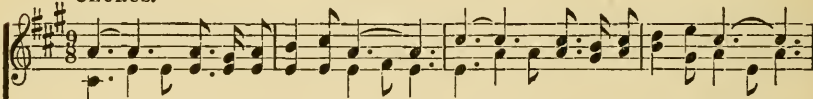
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While standing there my trembling heart Once full of ag - on - y,
3. When I be-held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the vale, My por - tion there will be



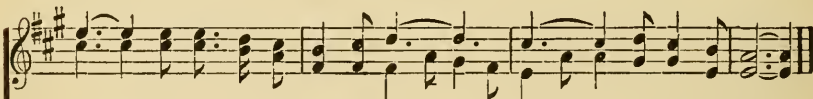
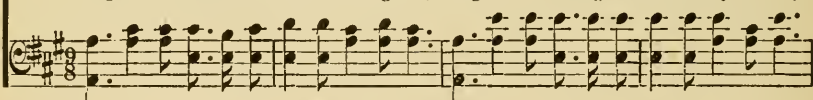
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
 Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.
 I felt a flood go through my soul Of grace, enough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



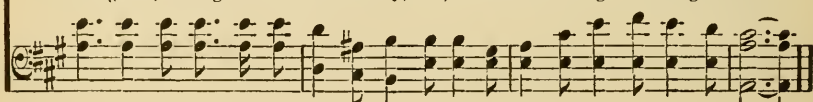
CHORUS.



Grace, fathomless as the sea, Grace, flowing from Cal-va-ry,
 His grace is fathomless as the rolling sea, His grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry for me,



Grace, e-nough for e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, e-nough for me.
 His grace, e-nough for e-ter-ni-ty, Oh, can it be there's grace enough for me.



No. 5.

There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my

soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry,

glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

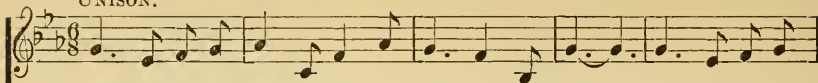
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Lay Hold on the Life-Line.

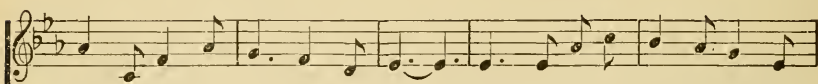
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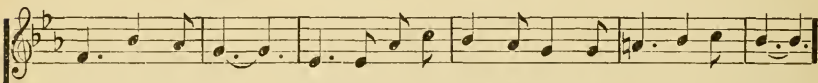
Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
2. See! there is a signal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are
3. Soul, you are in reach of safe-ty, help-ers are near; This faith should your



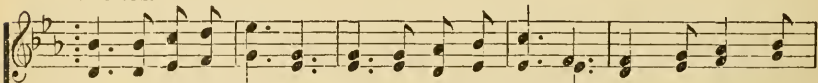
life-boat! Will ye not en-ter in? Wild storms are a-round you raging,
call-ing 'mid the loud tempest's roar; Look! there is a life-line floating
courage strengthen-lo! God is here; While now there is hope of res-cue,



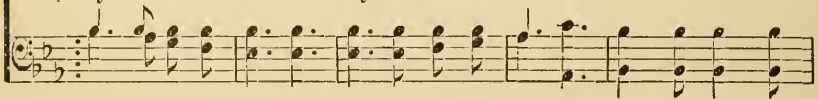
why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to-day?
close by your side, This, this is your on-ly hope, there's no help be-side.
reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.



CHORUS.



{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the
{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je - sus Christ can



Lay Hold on the Life-Line.

per - ish - ing from sink - ing 'neath the wave; }
 res - cue you, for (Omit.) } He has pow'r to save.

No. 7. Go Tell It.

Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY JOHN P. HILLIS.

John P. Hillis.

1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!
 2. If you can sing the dear Savior's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!
 3. If you can turn oth - er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!

Go tell it, go tell it!

That He is reign - ing in heav - en a - bove, Go tell 'of His love to - day.
 Un - to Him glad - ly your voic - es now raise, Go sing of His love to - day.
 Bid them to fol - low where Je - sus has trod, Go do what you can to - day.

CHORUS.

Tell of a Sav - ior so kind and true, Tell of His love and His mer - cy too,

Tell of the good He would have us do, Go tell of His love to - day.

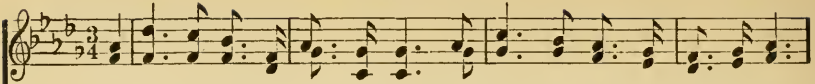
No. 8.

My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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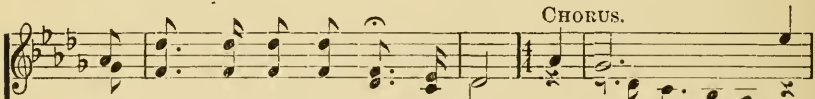
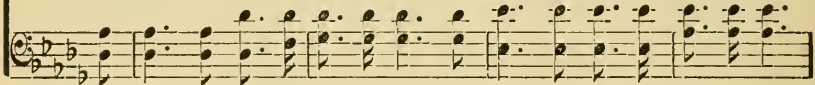
E. O. Excell.



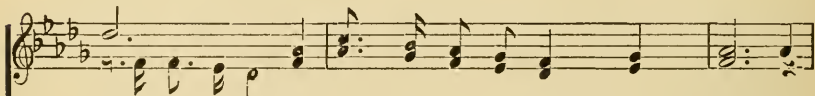
1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close,



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



And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wounded soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side. My Fa - ther knows,



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



My Father Knows.

knows, He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows.
 My Father knows, I'm sure he knows the wind that blows.

No. 9.

Jesus Is Passing By.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
 WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. This is the sea-son of hope and grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re-lease, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass-ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass-ing by;

FINE.

This for sal-va-tion the time and place, Je-sus is pass-ing by.
 Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je-sus is pass-ing by.
 This is the time to be-lieve His word, While He is pass-ing by.
 And you will find Him a friend in-deed, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

D.S.—Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de-part; Je - sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

No. 10.

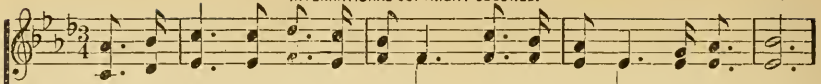
A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend Marion Lawrence.

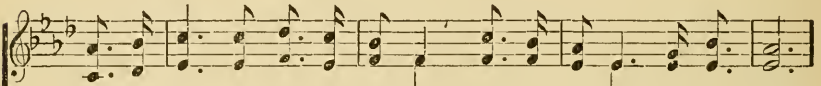
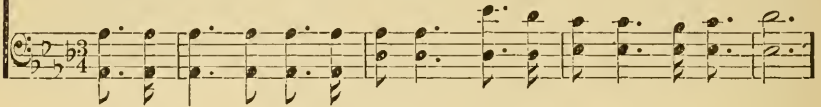
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E. O. E.

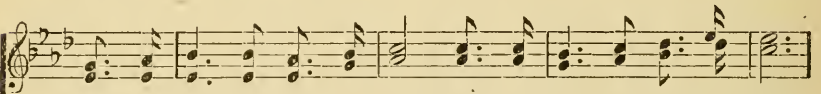
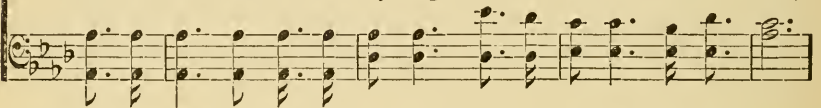
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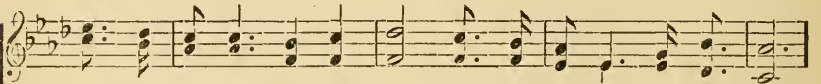
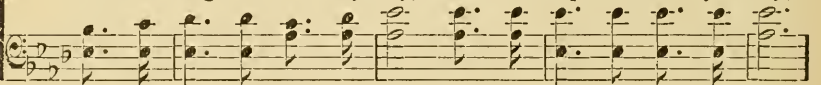
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols falling, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



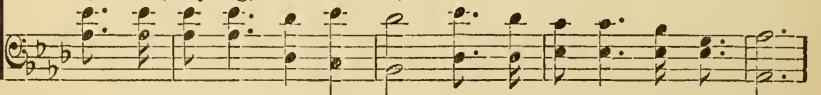
Ev - 'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma - ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sor-rows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;



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



A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

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

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

No. 11. I Saw One Hanging on a Tree.

Manoah. C. M.

Rossini.

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - on - y and blood,
2. Sure, nev - er till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give;
4. Thus while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,

Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 This blood is for Thy ran - som paid; I die that thou may'st live."
 Such is the mys - ter - y of grace, It seals my par - don too.

No. 12.

Hail! All Hail!

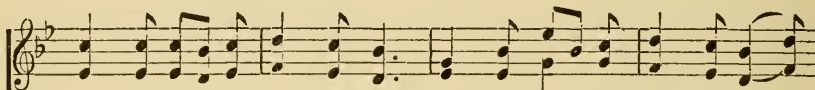
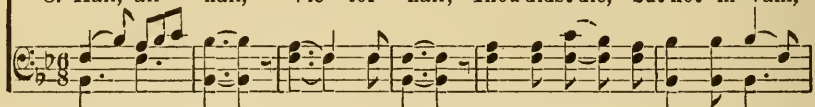
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY ROBT. H. WILSON.

R. H. W.

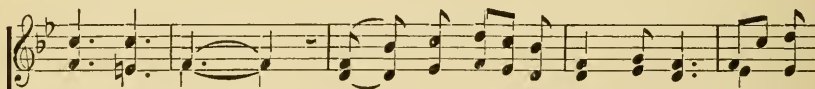
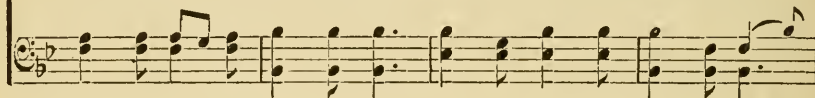
Robt. H. Wilson.



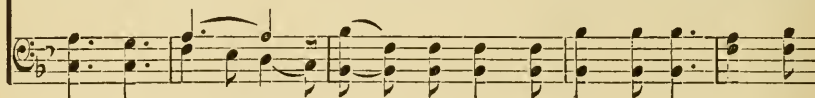
1. Hail, all hail, Sav - ior hail; Thou who didst Thy pit - y prove,
 2. Hail, all hail, King all hail; Roy - alking of a roy - al line,
 3. Hail, all hail, Vic - tor hail; Thou didst die, but not in vain,



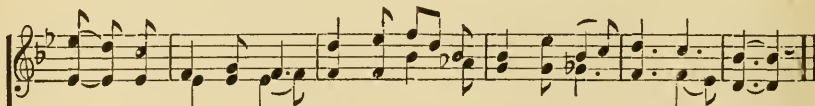
Out of Thy great heart of love, Made in - car - nate from a - bove,
 With a cross for Thy en - sign, Glo - ry, pow'r and might be Thine,
 Tho' Thou in the grave hast lain, Thou hast con - quer'd thro' Thy pain,



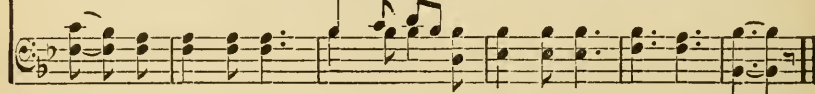
Hail, all hail. . . At Thy presence sick - ness fled, For the
 Hail, all hail. . . Com - ing a - lone with mar - tial tread, Up from
 Hail, all hail. . . Ju - dah's Li - on, Prince of Peace, Thy just



all hail.



hun - gry food didst spread, Back to life didst call the dead, Hail, all hail.
 E - dom in garments red, Palms of vic - t'ry on Thy head, Hail, all hail.
 reign shall nev - er cease, But thro' a - ges still increase, Hail, all hail.



No. 13.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His loving voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

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

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

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

No. 14.

Oh, it is Wonderful.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

rit. *rit.*
 me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
 love nn-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

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

Oh, it is Wonderful.

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

No. 15.

Heaven at Last.

Rev. M. B. Wharton.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY O. F. PUGH.

O. F. Pugh.

1. Heav'n at last—I've reach'd the harbor, For whose calm I long have pray'd;
2. Heav'n at last—the Sav-ior liv-eth, See Him on His bliss-ful seat;
3. Heav'n at last, my loved ones gather, Tell me of their joys on high;
4. Heav'n at last—and now like Je-sus, Ev-'ry raptured saint I see;

Trees of life—ce-les-tial ar-bor—I re-po-se beneath their shade.
 Crowns of life to each He giv-eth, Crowns they cast be-fore His feet.
 Tell me how the bless-ed Fa-ther Wipes the tear from sorrow's eye.
 Now we see Him as He sees us, Ev-er-more with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear the an-gels sing-ing, Morning breaks, your night is past,
sing-ing,

And the crystal bells are ring - ing Welcome to your home at last.
ring-ing, ring-ing

No. 16.

Wash and Be Clean.

John R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY O. F. PUGH.

O. F. Pugh.

1. Down from yon cross flows a riv - er of blood, Thith - er for cleansing the
 2. There shall thy sin stain be put far from thee, Nev - er on earth or in
 3. Ni - tre and soap can - not eat out the mark, Naught that the wise ones of
 4. Shed on a day when the sun hid its face, Shed in a night time of

mill - ions may go; Deep is the stream and the sur - face is wide,
 heav - en to show; Long hast it eat - en its way in thine heart,
 earth may e'er know; This is the one cure for curs - es of sin,
 an - guish and woe; Done to shake hell by the pow'r of God's love,

CHORUS.

Wash there, and thou shalt be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
 yes,

snow, . . . whit - er than snow;
 whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
 whit - er, yes, whit - er than

Thith - er for cleans - ing, and thou shalt be whiter than snow.
 snow; Thith - er for cleansing,

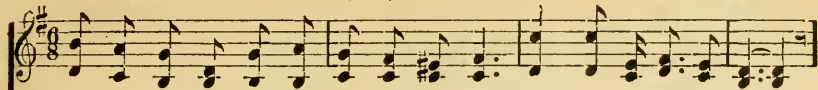
No. 17.

Help Somebody To-day.

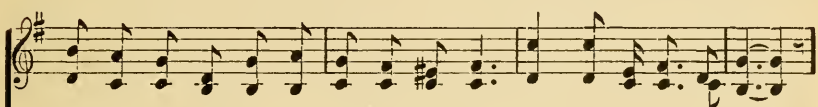
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all a-round thee, find some-one in need, Help somebod-y to - day!
2. Ma - ny are wait-ing a com-fort-ing word, Help somebod-y to - day!
3. Ma - ny have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help somebod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-couraged and wea-ry in heart, Help somebod-y to - day!



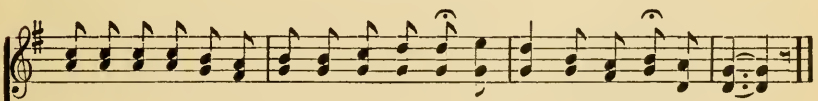
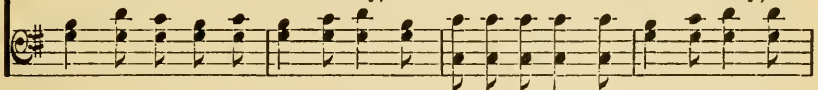
Tho' it be lit-tle—a neighbor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, oh, let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Some on the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



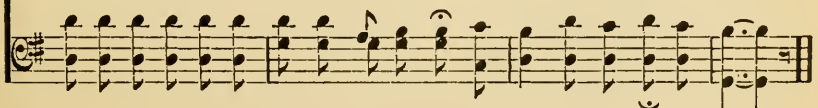
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day, . . . Some-bod-y a-long thy way; . . . Let
 to - day, home-ward way;



sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help some-body to - day!



No. 18.

The New Song.

John R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN:

O. F. Pugh.

1. Hark to the song of sweet voic-es on high, Sing-ing the praise of the
 2. Nev-er on earth was such mel-o-dy known; Nev-er a cho-rus with
 3. Yon-der I see them with harps in their hands; Sweet are the o-dors the

Lamb who was slain; Glo-ry a-scrib-ing 'till vi-brant the sky, And
 voic-es so sweet; Nev-er a gath'ring like that 'round the throne; Where
 vi-als con-tain; Yon-der the Lamb in the midst of them stands; The

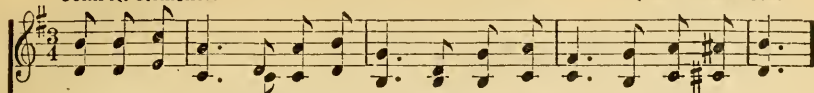
rit. REFRAIN.
 this is the joy-ous re-frain: . . . Glo-ry and hon-
 mill-ions the message re-peat. Lamb that for sinners was slain.
 this is the joy-ous re-frain: Glo-ry and hon-or to Je-sus be-

- or to Je-sus belong, "Worthy the Lamb," for great things He hath done;
 long,

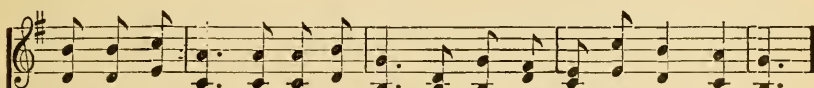
Sweetly and loudly His praises prolong; The cru-ci-fied glo-ri-fied One!

Words arr. by
John R. Clements.

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Music arr. by O. F. P.
Robert Harkness.

1. A-far from God thy feet have stray'd, A-far from home in paths of night;
2. A-far from God, re-bel-lious heart, A-far—on thee a-lone is blame—
3. A-far from God! the glad bells chime! In earth or heav'n no sweeter sound,



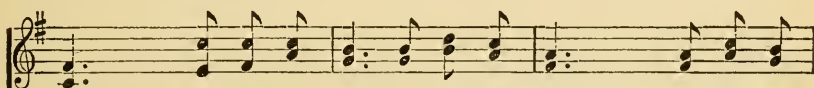
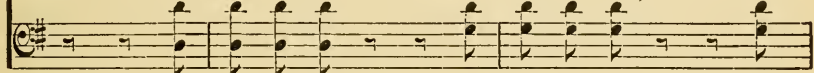
Out in the wastes that sin hath made, Be-yond the pure, be-yond the bright.
God's waited long to do His part, And thou hast spurn'd His love,—O shame!
By night, by day, 'at an-y time, Than tells the news, "The lost is found."



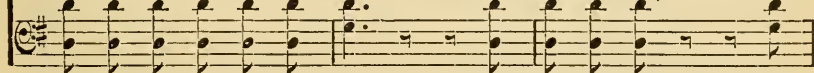
CHORUS.



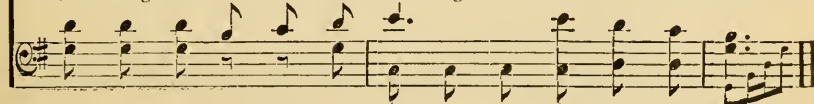
God calls for thee, His call is sweet; In ten-der
God calls for thee, His call is sweet;



notes He rings it out; God calls for thee, a-rise and
ten-der notes God calls for thee, a-



greet That lov-ing call with wel-come shout.
rise and greet That lov-ing call



No. 20 You Need Jesus all the Way.

Edgar Lewis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

L. E. Jones.

1. Have you taken Jesus for your Friend and Guide? You need Him ev'ry day,
 2. Since He died on Cal-va-ry your soul to win, You need Him ev'ry day,
 3. He will gladly dwell each moment in your soul, You need Him ev'ry day,

you need Him all the way; Are you walking ev-'ry mo-ment by His side?
 you need Him all the way; He will keep you safe-ly from the pow'r of sin,
 you need Him all the way; He hath pow'r to cleanse you freely, make you whole,

CHORUS.

You need Je - sus all the way. You need Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
 ev-'ry day,

You, need Je - sus all the way, He will be a friend so
 all the way,

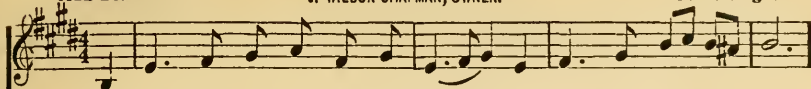
true, as the jour - ney you pur - sue; You need Je - sus all the way.

My Place of Refuge.

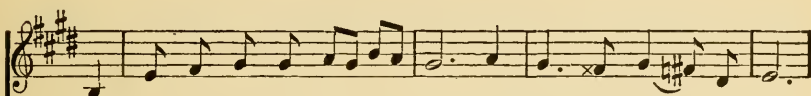
Ada Blenkhorn.

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER.

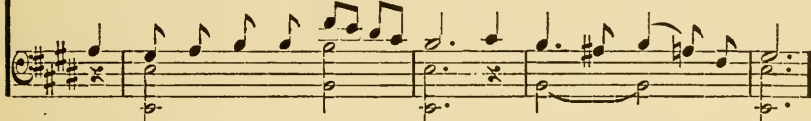
O. F. Pugh.



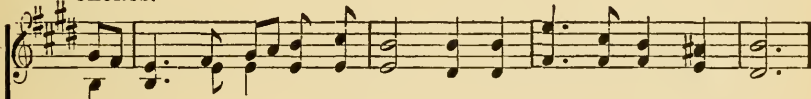
1. I've found a place where I can hide, Where naught dis-turbs my rest;
2. With-in this ref-uge sweet I find A balm for ev-'ry woe;
3. The door to this dear place of rest Doth now stand o - pen wide;



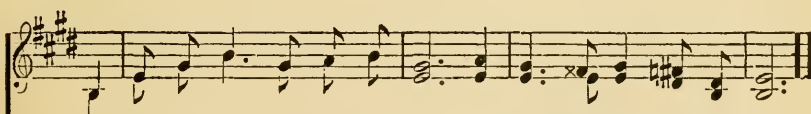
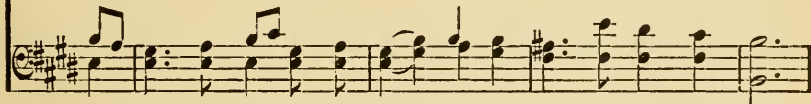
Where in the midst of toil and care With peace my days are blest.
Sus-tain-ing grace in ev-'ry hour He free-ly doth be-stow.
And all may own His per-fect peace, Who in the Sav-ior hide.



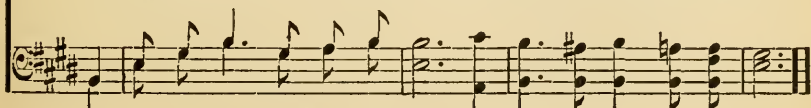
CHORUS.



My place of ref-uge is Je - sus, Who all my bur-dens bore;



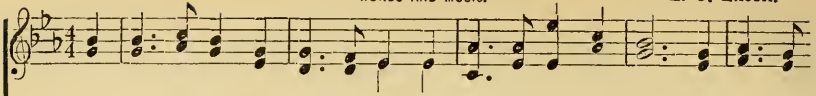
O hap-py place, where shines His face, Here sin can harm me no more.



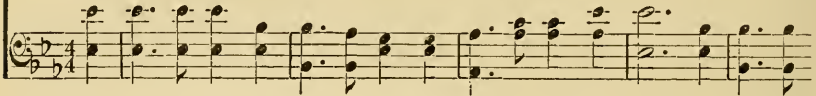
E. S. Hall.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

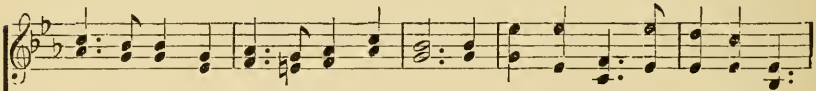
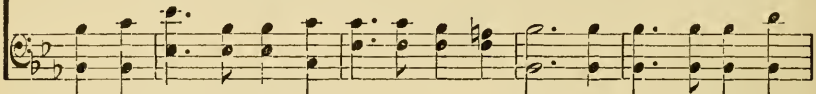
E. O. Excell.



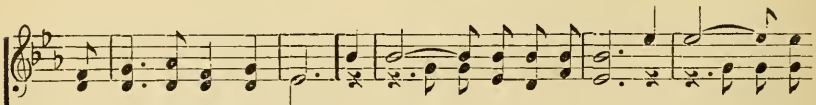
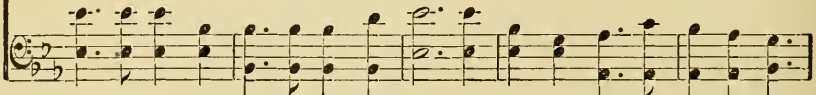
1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They cannot, for I know That Je - sus
3. I will not fear, tho' darkness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may



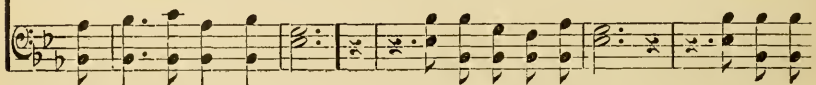
that my soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that
guides my fal - t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not
on - ly feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble



I should walk By faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go,
see His face, My faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress,
when I think How weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know



But oh, I know my Guide. His love can nev - er fail, His love can
My Sav - ior will be near.
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail, His love can



His Love Can Never Fail,

nev-er fail; My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

No. 23.

Jesus Only.

M. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Arr. by O. F. Pugh

1. From the cross a voice is call-ing: "Wea-ry sin - ners come to me."
2. On the cross we see the wondrous gift Which God the Fa-ther gave;
3. Je - sus, we con-fess Thy goodness And Thy won-drous love a - dore;

Thousands down in pray'r are fall-ing, Bend us, bend us, Lord, to Thee.
At the cross we cry, Lord Je-sus, Bend us, bend us, come and save.
Plead-ing with the Fa-ther for us, Bend us, bend us, we im-plore.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly,

Je - sus on - ly, Sav - ior, come and make us free.
Je - sus on - ly, Let Thy ban - ner o'er us wave.
Je - sus on - ly, Help us, Lord, to love Thee more.
Je - sus on - ly,

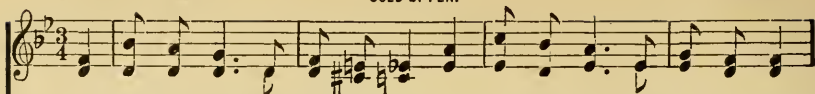
No. 24.

The Name of Jesus.

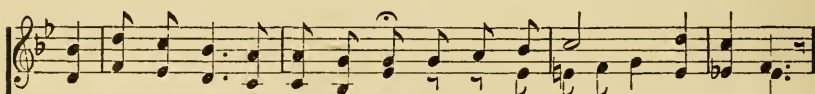
Rev. W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PERI

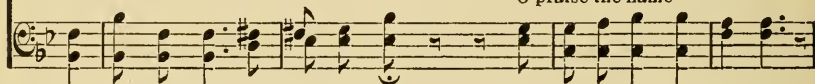
E. S. Lorenz.



1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



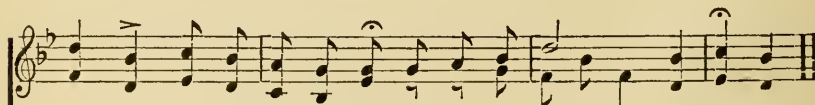
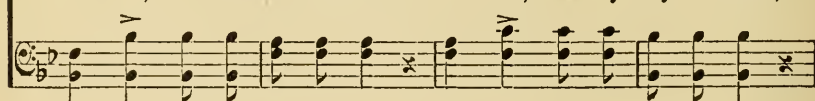
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anxious fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 O let its prais - es ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.



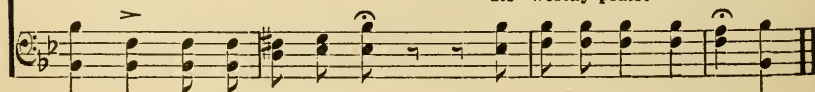
CHORUS.



"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
 Its worthy praise



C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day long of
 2. He stood at the door a-mid sunshine and rain, So pa-tient-ly waiting
 3. I stand on the mountain of sunshine at last, No cloud in the heavens
 4. I praise Him, because He ap-pointed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weakness I lov-ing-ly cling,
 an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall behold Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 26.

'Tis Now in Part.

This song was written and first sung at Atlanta, Ga., and is dedicated to Hon. W. J. Northern, former Governor of the State, and Chairman of the Business Men's Gospel Union.

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M. B. Wharton, D. D. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

O. F. Pugh.

1. 'Tis now in part I know the Lord, I see Him in His written word,
 2. 'Tis now in part I know His love, Which bro't Him from the realms above;
 3. 'Tis now in part I know His hand, Which leads me thro' this desert land;
 4. 'Tis now in part I know His joy, My strength when anxious fears annoy;

I see Him mir-rored in His grace: But, oh! to see Him face to face.
 But, oh! to reach that blissful sphere, And from His lips the sto - ry hear.
 But, oh! to stand be-fore His throne, With ev-'ry dark'ning shad-ow flown.
 But, oh! to see Him as He is, My raptured heart press'd close to His.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know as I am known, And glo - ry
 Then I shall know as I am known,

give to Him a - lone; Then I shall know as I am
 And glo - ry give to Him a - lone; Then I shall know as

known, And glo - ry give to Him a - lone.
 I am known,

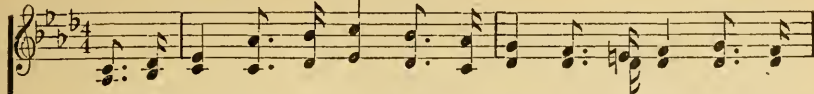
No. 27.

His Choice.

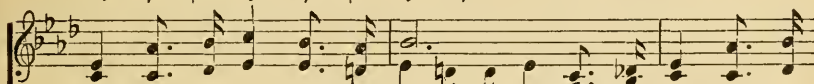
Effie S. Black.
Arr. by John R. Clements.

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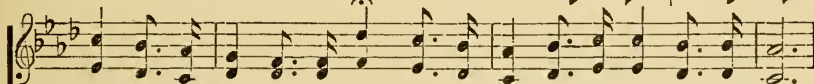
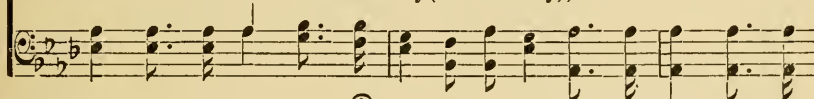
H. G. Smyth.



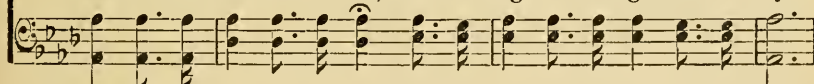
1. I will praise and a - dore the Re-deem - er di-vine, Of His
2. With my lips and my life I will wit - ness for God, Thro' my
3. What a won - der - ful love God re-vealed to the world In the
4. Not the splen-dors of earth could be tempt-ing me more, It were



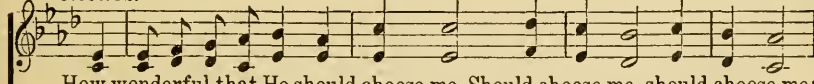
won - der - ful love I will sing (I will sing); I will tell of His
days sound His praise as I go (as I go); I will walk by the
gift of our Sav - ior, His Son (His Son), That thro' Him I might
meet at His feet I should stay (I should stay), Till I learned of the



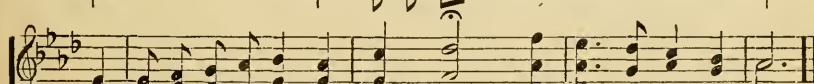
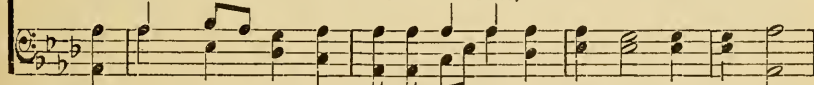
goodness, His mer - cy, His pow'r, Till I stand in the courts of my King.
path my Re-deem-er has trod, Call-ing oth - ers His good-ness to know.
know the sweet ful-ness of life, And this gift is for ev - er - y one.
truth He has told o'er and o'er, Of the strength that He gives as the day.



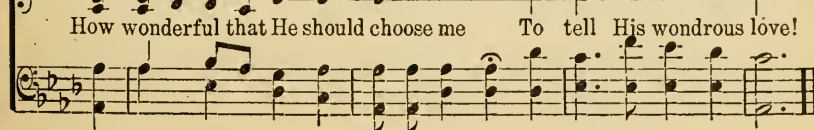
CHORUS.



How wonderful that He should choose me, Should choose me, should choose me;
How won - der - ful that He should choose me,



How wonderful that He should choose me To tell His wondrous love!



No. 28.

Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

couraged, think-ing all is lost, Count your ma-ny bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are call'd to bear? Count your ma-ny bless-ings, ev -ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told, Count your ma-ny bless-ings, mon-ey
couraged, God is o - ver all, Count your ma-ny bless-ings, an-gels

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

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your ma-ny bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your ma-ny

bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your blessings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done, Count your ma-ny.

Count Your Blessings.

rit.

Name them one by one, Count your ma-ny blessings, See what God hath done.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with chords and a vocal line.

No. 29.

Christ is Coming.

Henry Ostrom.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Arr. O. F. Pugh.

1. Heirs of vic - to - ry are we Thro' the Christ of Cal - va - ry;
 2. He who came will come a - gain, Raise your hopes, O sons of men;
 3. His ap - pear - ing draw-eth nigh, Cease your doubt-ing, hush the sigh;
 4. Lo! He com - eth, and shall reign, We have not be - lieved in vain;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with chords and a vocal line.

Storms may beat and foes as - sail, But His king - dom can - not fail.
 We His kingdom's dawn have seen, What tho' clouds may in - ter - vene.
 Our in - her - it - ance is sure, Christ hath made His word se - cure.
 In our hearts who speaks release Brings from heav'n His reign of peace.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with chords and a vocal line.

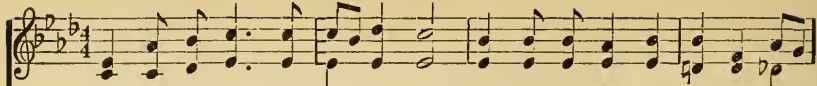
CHORUS.

Christ is com - ing, shout your praise, Lo! the dawn of bet - ter days;

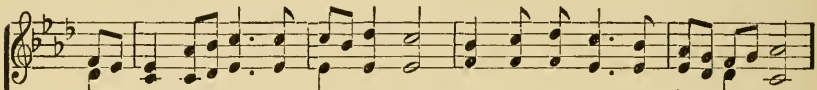
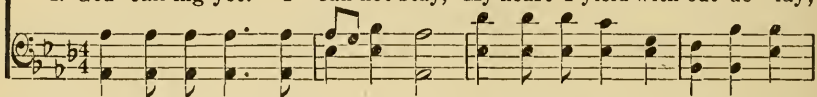
Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with chords and a vocal line.

Christ is com - ing from on high, Vic - to - ry is ver - y nigh.

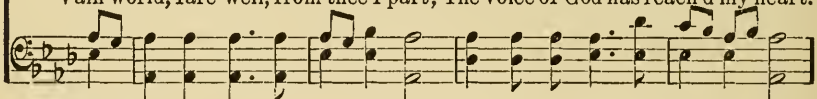
Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with chords and a vocal line.



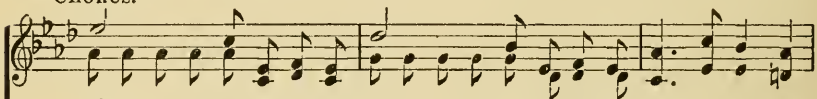
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de - lay;



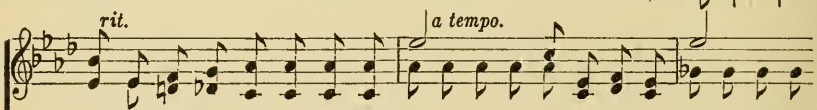
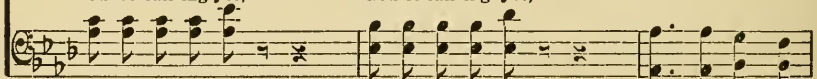
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



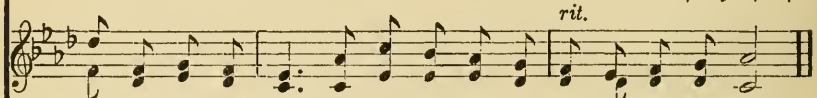
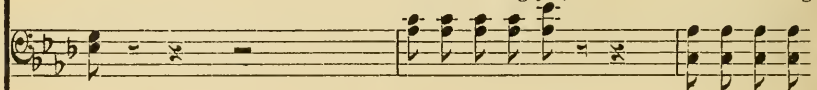
CHORUS.



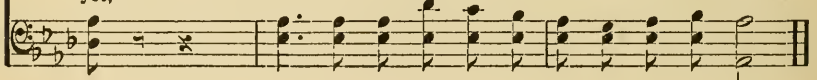
Call - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,



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



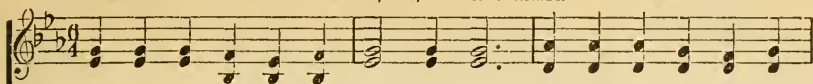
ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.
 yet,



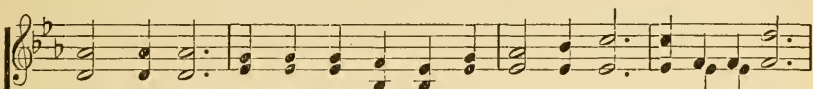
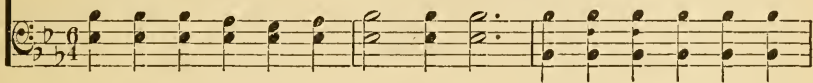
Maria Wendell Hubbard.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



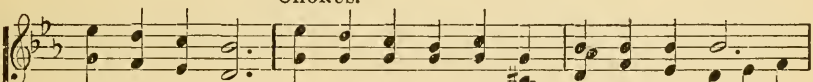
1. Some-one has turned from the Lord a - way; Some-one has gone from the
2. Some-one is griev-ing the Sav - ior's love, Wound-ing the heart of the
3. Some-one is out where the break - ers roll; Some-one is near to the
4. Some-one will en - ter e - ter - nal rest; Some-one will lean on the



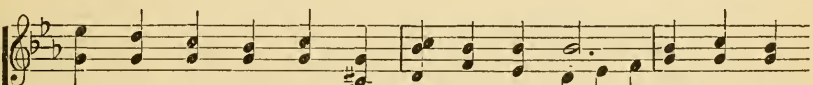
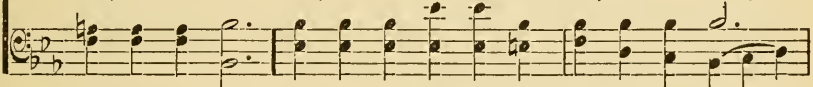
fold a-stray; Some-one is treading the downward way;—Lord, is it I?
 Ho - ly Dove; Strangely for-get-ting his God a-bove;—Lord, is it I?
 treach'rous shoal; Some-one will lose his im - mor-tal soul;—Lord, is it I?
 Sav - ior's breast; Some-one will dwell in the mansions blest;—Lord, is it I?



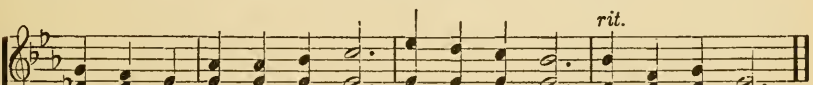
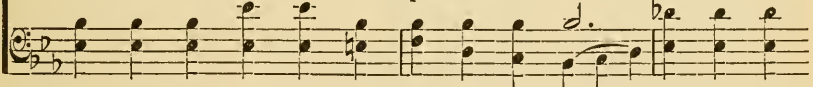
CHORUS.



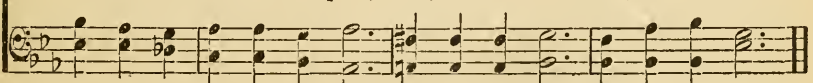
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? O the tho't, like a dart,



Pierc - es the in - ner - most depths of the heart! If there be



one who in Thee hath no part, Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?



No. 32.

The Man of Galilee.

John R. Clements.
4th v. by Rev. H. Ostrom.

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O. F. Pugh.

1. 'Mid all the stal-wart sons of men, One fair - est face I see;
2. He knows the bur-dens of my heart, Knows how to set me free;
3. He calls me in - to fel - low-ship, His serv - ant bids me be;
4. He is my Lord ex - alt - ed High, The Son of God is He;

Sweet, wreathed in beauty rich and rare, The man of Gal - i - lee.
He speaks in ten - der tones of love, The man of Gal - i - lee.
He gives His strength to meet each need, The man of Gal - i - lee.
His riv - en side a ref - uge strong, The man of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

The bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee, The man of Gal - i - lee;
Blessed man of Gal - i - lee, The bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee;
Blessed man of Gal - i - lee, The man of Gal - i - lee;

The fair - est of the sons of men, The man of Gal - i - lee.

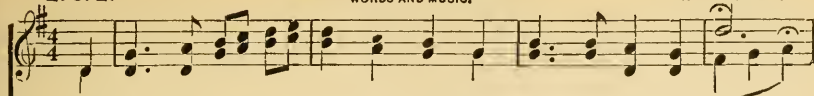
No. 33.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

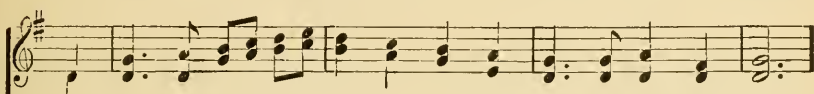
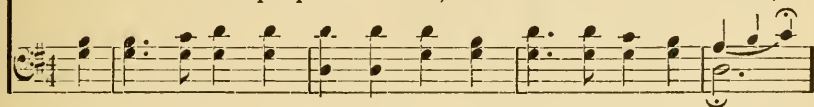
E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

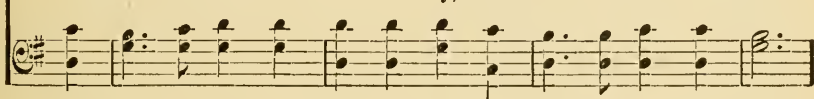
E. O. Excell.



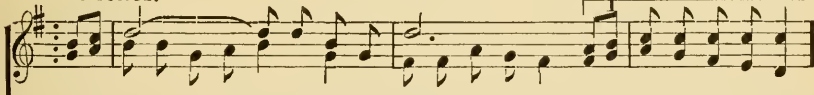
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,



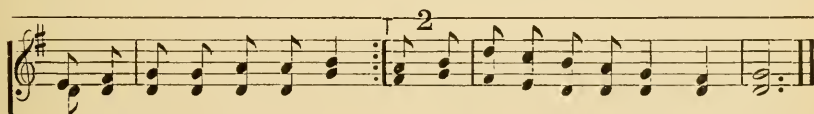
Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.



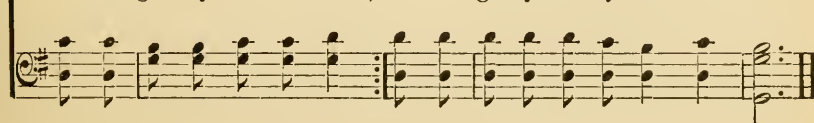
CHORUS.



Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 Since I have been re-deem'd, since I have been re-deem'd,



I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.



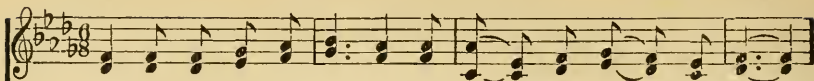
No. 34.

Tell Me More About Jesus.

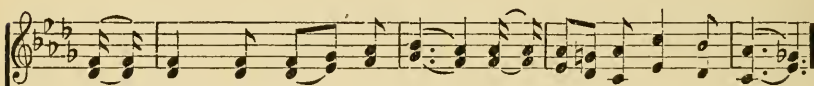
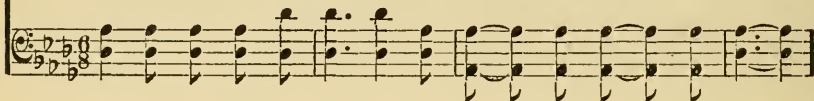
J. D. L.,

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

Joseph D. Little.



1. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, This Je - sus who died for me;
2. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Who took my sin a - way;
3. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, This Sav - ior so ten - der and true;
4. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, I sore - ly need His grace;
5. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, For while I'm here be - low,
6. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, For when I'm called to go,



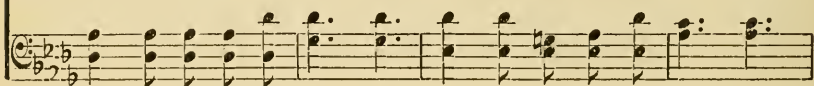
How He loved this sin - ful world, And died on Cal - va - ry.
 Who bears my grief and sor - row, And keeps me all the way.
 Who has done so much for me, I know He'll help you, too.
 I feel His love each hour, And long to see His face.
 I need His keep - ing pow - er, As thro' this life I go.
 He'll lead me thro' the val - ley, To the Lord who loves me so.



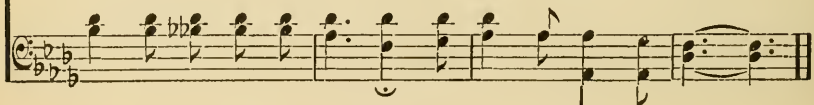
CHORUS.



Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus;



Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Who died to make me free.



No. 35. He'll Never Forsake His Own.

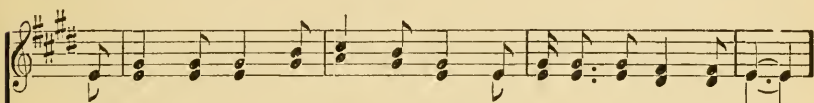
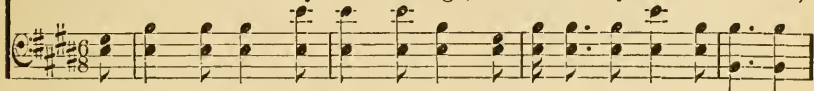
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

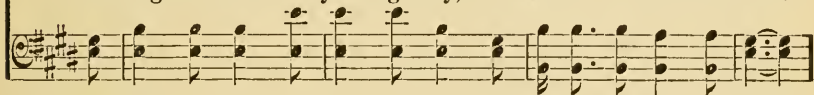
Chas. H. Gabriel.



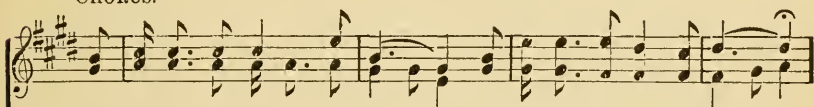
1. While thro' this world of sin I go, I'll center my faith in Je-sus;
2. Tho' friends may fail, and com-forts flee, I'll center my faith in Je-sus;
3. For me He trod Geth-sem - a - ne, I'll center my faith in Je-sus;
4. Tho' kin-dred ties of hope de-cay, I'll center my faith in Je-sus;
5. When in the sol-emn hour of death, I'll center my faith in Je-sus;
6. And when I reach my home on high, I'll center my faith in Je-sus;



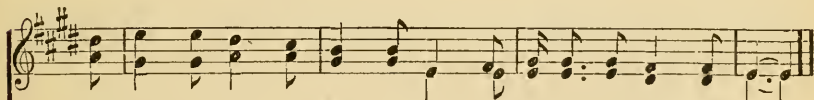
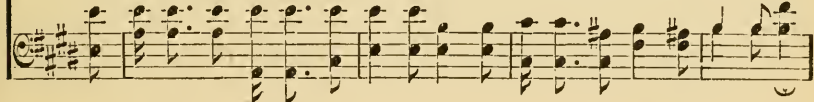
I'll trust in Him, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
 His prom-ise shall my ref-uge be, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
 For me He died on Cal - va - ry, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
 Tho' heav'n and earth should pass a - way, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
 And say with my ex - pir - ing breath, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
 And sing while end-less years go by, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.



CHORUS.



He'll nev-er for-sake His own, . . He'll nev-er forsake His own; . .
 He'll nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake His own, no! no!



With Him I'll go, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.



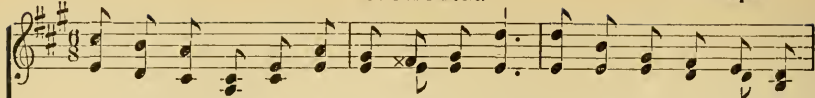
No. 36.

Jesus is Galling.

F. S. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. Shepard.



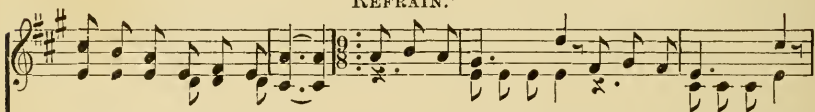
1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, "Come, heav-y - la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan - der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes - sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the mount - ain so



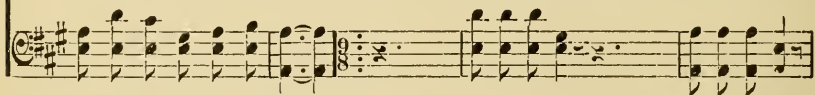
come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free;"
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres - ence so long wilt thou stay?
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now, He has mer - cies un - told;



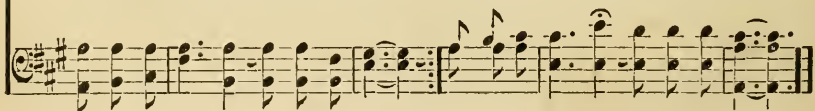
REFRAIN.



Je - sus is call - ing for thee! Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing,
call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee,



Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee; Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee.



No. 37.

All the Way.

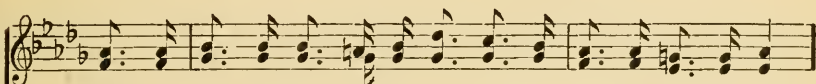
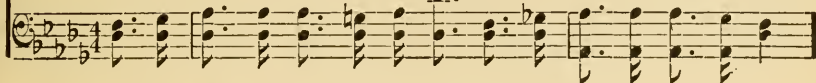
G. B. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY GRACE B. MAXWELL.

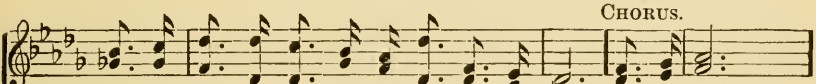
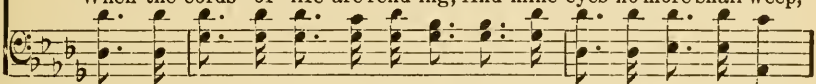
Grace B. Maxwell.



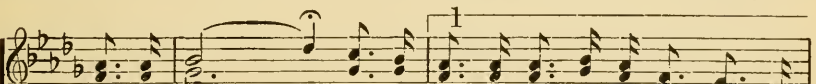
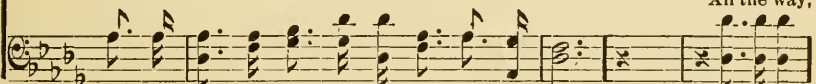
1. When the night is dark and drear-y, And the road seems rough and steep;
2. When the dawn of day is break-ing, And the way seems ver - y clear;
3. When, at last my jour-ney's end-ing, And the riv - er seems so deep;



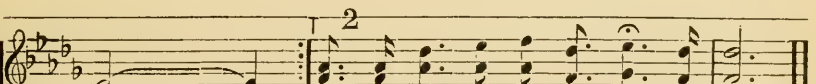
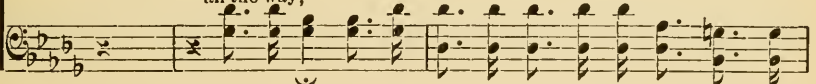
When I'm wand'ring lone and wea-ry, And grave fears a-round me creep,
 When my soul with joy's a-wak-ing, And my friends are ver - y dear;
 When the cords of life are rend-ing, And mine eyes no more shall weep,



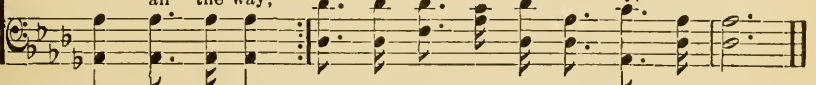
Then it is my Sav-ior leads me all the way. All the way, All the way,



all the way; all the way; Then it is my Sav - ior leads me all the



way; all the way; is my Sav - ior leads me all the way.



No. 38.

In All Things.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My hope is in Thee! Lord, help me to be More worthy of all I de - sire;
 2. My trust is in Thee! Lord, help me to see More clearly Thy will should be mine;
 3. My plea is in Thee! I make but one plea In all I may say, think, or do;

Each day that I live, New service to give, More love and more grace I re-quire.
 What Thou shalt decree, Make precious to me; Thy wis-dom I can - not de-fine.
 Oh, lead, in Thy light, My footsteps aright, That I to the end may be true.

CHORUS.

In all . . . things and al-ways I'll trust Thee; No
 In all things and al - ways, Then will I trust; No

sor - row Thou sendest un-just - ly; Yea, try . . . me with fire, if it
 sorrow Thou send - est me is un-just; Yea, try me with fire, if

In All Things.

must be, I still would be loy-al and true.
 thus it must be, I still would be loy - al, loy - al and true.

No. 39. Answer Him, "Lord, I Will."

Jennie Wilson.

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E. S. Lorenz.

1. Je-sus is call-ing you to the light, Sweetly His ac-cents thrill;
2. Je-sus is bidding you at His feet All of your sins to lay;
3. Je-sus in-vites you to come in faith, La-den with grief and blame;
4. Bid all your hin-der-ing doubts depart, Cling to Christ's promise still;

FINE.

While He is bidding you come to - night, On - ly say, "Lord, I will."
 He will give par-don and peace com-plete, Tak-ing your guilt a - way.
 "I will for-give you" His dear voice saith, Trust in His sav - ing name.
 While He is saying, "Give me Thine heart," Answer Him, "Lord, I will."

D.S.—While He so ten-der-ly bids you come, Answer Him, "Lord, I will."

CHORUS.

On - ly say, "Lord, I will, I will!" On - ly say, "Lord, I will, I will!"

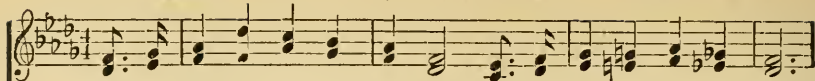
No. 40.

Savior, Lead Me.

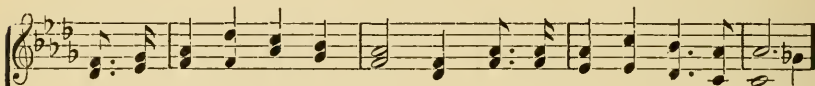
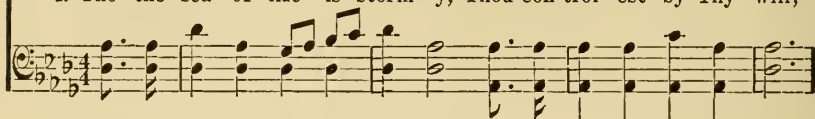
Mary A. Adams.

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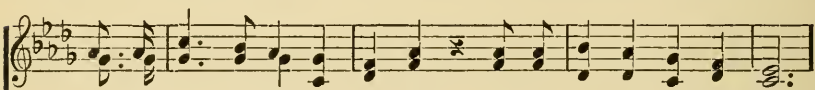
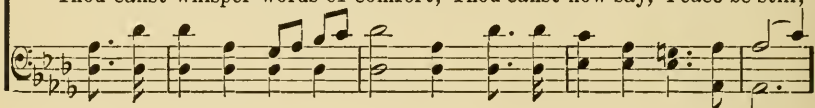
Joseph D. Little.



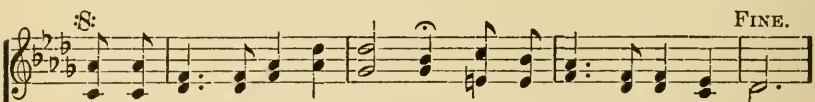
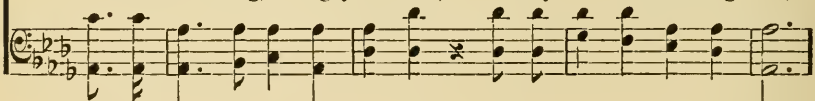
1. Gen-tly lead me, O my Sav-ior, Thro' the wil-der-ness of life;
2. O the depth of mor-tal an-guish! O the sor-row and the woe!
3. Help and strengthen me, dear Sav-ior, For I can-not go a-lone;
4. Tho' the sea of life is storm-y, Thou con-trol-est by Thy will;



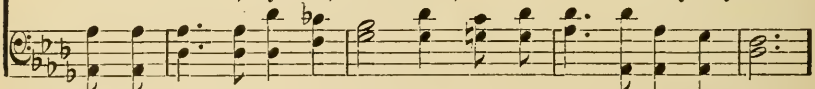
Grant that all the light and shad-ows, All the joy and all the strife,
 Not- ing but a gloom-y fu-ture Yawns be-fore me as I go;
 All the wea-ry, gloom-y dis-tance Is en-tire-ly un-known;
 Thou canst whisper words of comfort; Thou canst now say, "Peace be still;"



Each may bring me clos-er to Thee; Near-er to Thy lov-ing side;
 On the lone-ly, wea-ry journ-ey Of my life from day to day;
 Not a ray of light to brighten Up the lone-ly, drear-y way,
 All the roar-ing, an-gry bil-lows, Ev-'ry o-ver-whelm-ing tide,



May I trust Thee ful-ly, whol-ly, Say-ing, Lord, with Thee a-bide.
 Yet, dear Lord, thou'lt not forsake me; Wilt Thou, Savior, lead the way?
 And sometimes my faith grows dimmer, Till I feel I can-not pray.
 Thou canst check, my dear, dear Savior; I will walk close by Thy side.



D. S.—May I trust Thee ful-ly, whol-ly, Lead me to my heav'nly home.

Savior, Lead Me.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Gen - tly lead me, O my Sav - ior, Then I can - not go a - stray,

No. 41.

Secret Prayer.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There, O my
 2. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There do Thine
 3. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There do I

Lord, I know Thou art mine! Great Mas - ter, there in
 arms, Lord, 'round me en-twine; Riv - ers of love and
 feel I tru - ly am Thine! Heav'n's win-dows o - pen,

se - cret with Thee, Heav - en comes near - er and near - er to me.
 mer - cy there flow, Balm for all sor - row that mor - tal can know.
 Je - sus is near, Near to my soul, and the Fa - ther will hear.

REFRAIN.

Blessings attend and hallow us there; Heaven comes nearer and nearer in pray'r.

No. 42.

Would You Believe?

Caroline Sawyer.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY D. B. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

and Je - sus re-ceive?
 and Je - sus re-ceive?

If He were standing
 For He is standing

Would You Believe.

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

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

No. 43. O Jesus, Savior of the Lost.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth,

C. M. Martyrdom,

Hugh Wilson.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - ior of the lost, My rock and hid - ing place, By
2. Guilty, for - give me, Lord, I cry; Pursued by foes, I come; A
3. Once safe in Thine al - might - y arms, Let storms come on a - main; There
4. And when I stand be - fore Thy throne, And all Thy glor - ies see, Still

storms of sin and sor - row tossed I seek Thy sheltering grace.
 sin - ner, save me, or I die, An out - cast, take me home.
 dang - er nev - er, nev - er harms; There death it - self is gain.
 be my righ - eous - ness a - lone To hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

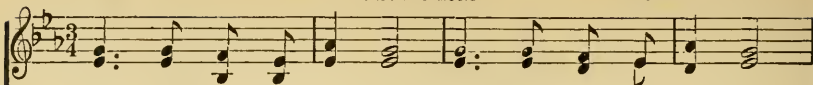
No. 44.

Bring Us, Blessed Savior.

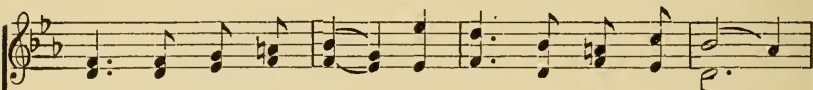
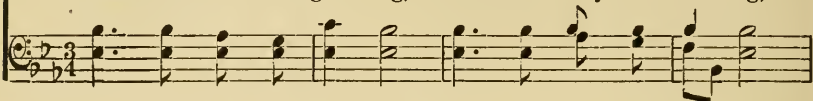
R. H. W.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

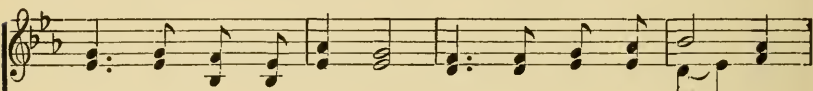
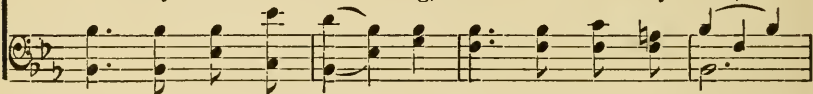
Robt. H. Wilson.



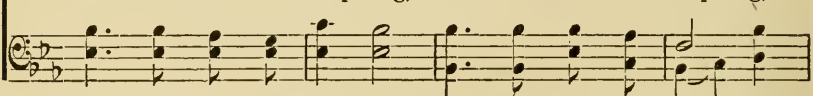
1. Bring us, bless - ed Sav - ior, with un - feigned be - hav - ior,
2. As we come be - fore Thee, Lord, we would a - dore Thee,
3. O vouch - safe to hear us, Come, and be Thou near us,
4. When life's eve down glid - ing, Our short day is hid - ing.



Now to seek Thy fa - vor At the mer - cy seat;
 And in pray'r im - plore Thee, Cleanse from guilt with - in;
 Let Thy Spir - it cheer us, Now and ev - 'ry day;
 In Thy arms a - bid - ing, Take us to Thy rest;



Lead, that we de - lay not, Guide us that we stray not,
 Quick at - tend our call - ing, Save from ills ap - pall - ing,
 Lord, with Thee be - side us, Harm can - not be - tide us,
 Wake us then from sleep - ing, Where there is no weep - ing,



Make our sins to weigh not, Cast be - fore thy feet.
 Keep our feet from fall - ing, In the ways of sin.
 Do Thou safe - ly guide us, In Thy per - fect way.
 Give us in Thy keep - ing Life for - ev - er blest.



Rev. J. B. Atkinson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

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

No. 46.

"If No One Else Will Say It."

(The revival in Wales is said to have been brought about, humanly speaking, by the testimony of a young girl. Her pastor had been urging his people to witness for Jesus Christ, and after a somewhat prolonged silence, she arose, and said, "If no one else will say it, then I will: I do love Jesus with all my heart.")

Rev. James M. Gray.

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O. F. Pugh.

1. "If no one else will say it, Then I will say it now; The Spir - it
 2. The path-os and the pas-sion Of loy-al words like these, A-wake the
 3. Thus breaks the glad re-viv-al, When qui-et hush of pray'r, And song of
 4. O, bear a faith-ful wit-ness To Je-sus Christ, our Lord; It may a-

moves with-in me, My heart would pay its vow; I love the bless-ed
 slumb'ring spir - it As stirr'd by heav'n-ly breeze; They move men to sur-
 new found par-don With joy per-fume the air; The glow of a new
 wak - en courage, Or move some oth - er chord In lives now bowed with

Je - sus, O, hear it ere we part, My Sav-ior and Re - deem - er
 ren - der, To say with one ac - cord, "We al - so love the Sav - ior,
 morn-ing, The splen-dor of a dawn, The fore-taste of a [glo - ry
 sor - row, Or lost to hu-man shame; And winning them to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

I love with all my heart."
 We, too, would serve the Lord." "If no one else will say it, O, hear it
 That comes to the new born!
 Their precious souls re - claim.

"If No One Else Will Say It."

ere we part; My Sav-ior and Re-deem-er I love with all my heart."
we part;

No. 47. The Best for Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Al-ways the best for Je - sus, Of what - so - e'er it be,
2. Al-ways the best for Je - sus, His all for us He gave;
3. Al-ways the best for Je - sus In work, or song, or strife;

Tal - ent or deed, or jew - el, Nor give it grudg - ing - ly.
Noth - ing with - held He from us, Our wand - ring souls to save.
Give it as He hath giv - en To you e - ter - nal life.

CHORUS.

Al-ways the best, al-ways the best, Al-ways the best for Je - sus,

As you re-ceive, so free - ly give, Al-ways the best for Je - sus.

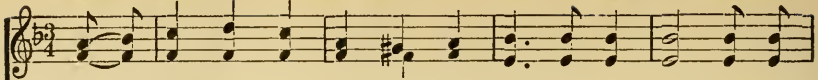
No. 48.

Be Not Afraid.

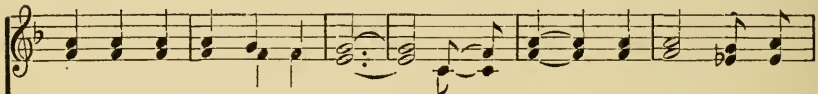
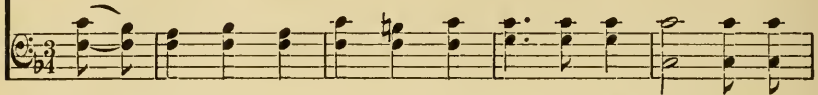
Frank L. Parshley.

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Carrie E. Rounsefell.



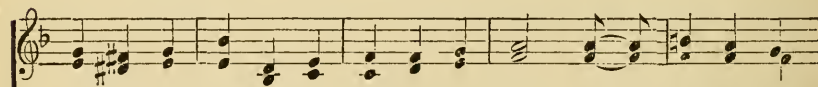
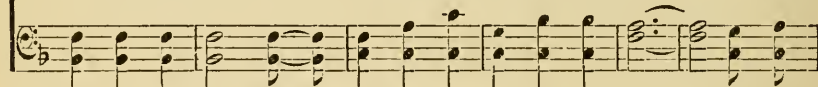
1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell, And the
2. Then Pe - ter said, "Lord, if it real - ly be Thou, Bid me
3. Then Pe - ter with Je - sus, the Sav - ior and Guide, To the



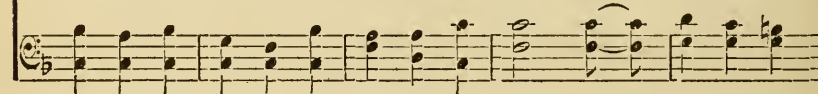
bil-lows were roll - ing on high, A ship was tossed in the
 come on the wa - ter to Thee," And the Sav - ior made an - swer and
 ship did re - turn without harm; And the wind in its fu - ry at



midst of the sea, Both the wind and the waves did de - fy. The dis -
 said to him, "Come," So he walk'd, like his Lord, on the sea. But as
 once was made still, The waves dashing high were made calm. So with



ci - ples were troubled, and shook with a - larm, As their Lord on the
 soon as he saw how the strong wind did blow, Be - gin - ning to
 faith that ne'er wavers, what - e'er may as - sail, We must trust Him, our



Be Not Afraid.

wa - ters drew nigh; But He called out in words both as - sur - ing and
 sink, he did cry; And Je - sus im - me - diate - ly stretch'd forth His
 Sav - ior on high; As He still speaks, to com - fort, to save, and to

sweet, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
 hand, Say - ing, "Why didst thou doubt? it is I."
 bless, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
it is I."

CHORUS.

Be not a - fraid, it is I, . . . Be not a - fraid, it is I; . .

There came words won - drous sweet, O'er the wa - ters so deep,

Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
it is I."

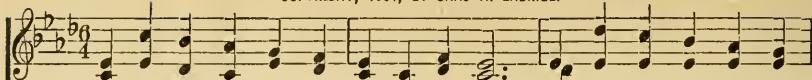
No. 49.

His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

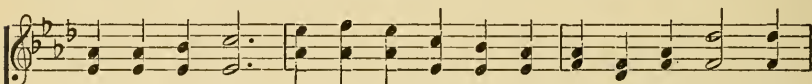
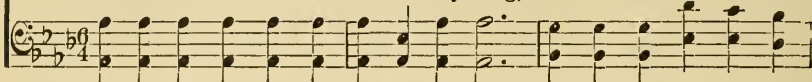
C. H. G.

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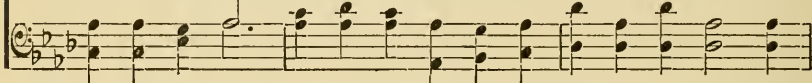
Charles H. Gabriel.



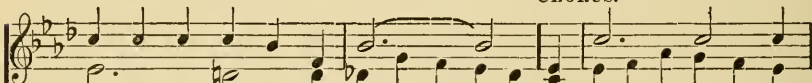
1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o-bey; He is my keep-er from
2. Not o-ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time As up the path-way to
4. Liv-ing, I'll serve Him wher-ev-er I go, E'en tho' it be where the
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His



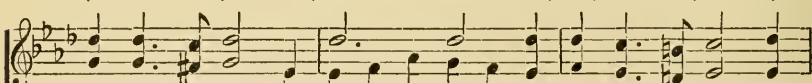
day un-to day; He is my Guide and He know-eth the way, His
glad-ly re-ceive; Sat-is-fied just to look up and be-lieve, His
glo-ry I climb; Yet I be-lieve in the prom-ise di-vine, His
dark wa-ters flow; Dy-ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
prom-ise I'll cling; And with the ran-somed for-ev-er I'll sing—His



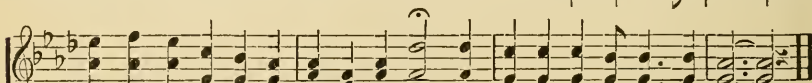
CHORUS.



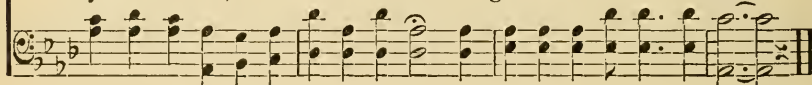
grace is suf-fi-cient for me. . . His grace is suf-
grace is suf-fi-cient for me. His grace is suf-fi-cient, suf-



fi-cient for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me; Then
fi-cient for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient,



why should I fear, with a Savior so dear? His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.



No. 50.

When Fades the Light.

Effie S. Black.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

O. F. Pugh.

1. When fades the light . . . up - on life's sea, . . . Earth's toil and
 2. Then I shall see . . . Him on His throne, . . . And I shall
 3. And I shall meet . . . the friends I loved . . . And lost long
 4. The best I longed . . . for here be - low . . . Will then be
 1. When fades the light up - on life's sea,

care . . . for - ev - er o'er, . . . I know my Lord . . .
 hear . . . the loud harps ring, . . . And I shall join . . .
 since, . . . they wait for me; . . . But great - er joy . . .
 mine . . . in heav'n a - bove; . . . This heart so cold, . . .
 Earth's toil and care for - ev - er o'er, I know my Lord

will pi - lot me To heav - en's shin - ing shore.
 the an - gel choir In prais - es to my King.
 my heart shall know When my dear Lord I see.
 so dark, will glow With His e - ter - nal love.
 will pi - lot me To heav - en's shin - ing shore.

CHORUS.

And I shall see His face, And clasp His pierced hand,
 His face, His hand,

And sing the won - ders of His grace, In yon - der heav'nly land.
 His grace,

No. 51.

Jesus Every Day.

Rev. M. B. Wharton, D. D.

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER.

O. F. Pugh.

1. As I jour-ney, let me see, Je-sus ev-'ry day; Let my mot-to
2. Je - sus, Sav-ior, Help-er, Friend, Je-sus ev-'ry day, By my side till
3. When I tread the gloomy vale, Je-sus ev-'ry day; Till my vi-tal

ev - er be, Je-sus ev-'ry day; Je-sus when the sun doth shine, Je-sus
time shall end, Je-sus ev-'ry day; Je-sus when at the morn I rise, When my
pow'rs shall fail, Je-sus ev-'ry day; When I cross the mystic sea, From all

when my hopes decline, Je-sus, source of bliss divine, Je-sus ev-'ry day.
work be-fore me lies, When to sleep I close my eyes, Je-sus ev-'ry day.
care and la-bor free, My e-ter-nal song shall be, Je-sus ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus, Je - sus ev - 'ry day;
Je - sus, Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus, Je - sus ev - 'ry day;

Je - sus, source of bliss di - vine, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

Is He Satisfied with Me?

SOLO AND CHORUS.

G. B. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY GRACE B. MAXWELL.

Grace B. Maxwell.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, But a ques - tion comes to me,
 2. Am I kind in word, and ten - der, Am I all I ought to be,
 3. Do I tell the bless - ed sto - ry Of the Christ on Cal - va - ry,

As I pon - der o'er His good - ness, Is He sat - is - fied with me?
 Am I al - ways His de - fend - er, Is He sat - is - fied with me?
 Do - ing all for His own glo - ry, Is He sat - is - fied with me?

rall.

with me?

REFRAIN.

Is my Mas - - - - ter sat - is - fied, Is He
 Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied with me?

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

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

No. 53.

Speak it for the Savior.

To my friend and brother, J. M. Latimer.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL:
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. If you have a kind-ly word, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Let its soothing
 2. If you have a word of cheer, Speak it for the Sav - ior; It will gladden
 3. If you have a word of love, Speak it for the Sav - ior; That some soul may

notes be heard, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Here and there and ev - 'ry-where,
 some one's ear, Speak it for the Sav - ior; There are weak ones in the throng,
 look a - bove, Speak it for the Sav - ior; To the wand'ring ones at night,

Hearts of grief, and pain and care, Hun - ger for its mu - sic rare,
 Jeered and jos - tled by the strong, Who have list - ened for it long,
 It will be a bea - con bright, Point - ing to the Land of Light,

CHORUS.

Speak it for the Sav - ior. Speak it for the Sav - ior, Speak it for the

Sav - ior; If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav - ior.

Some Happy Day.

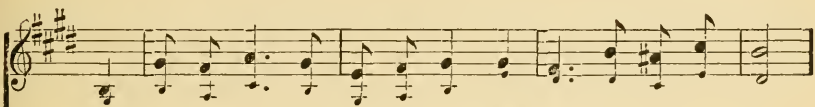
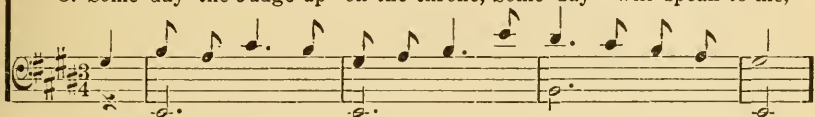
Charlotte G. Homer

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day—I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day—it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,



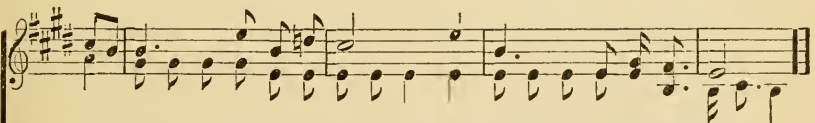
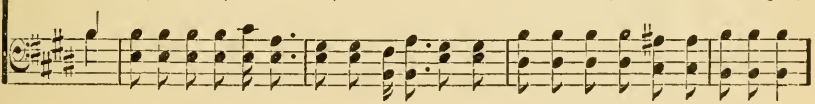
But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gath - er'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Some day—I can - not tell . . . Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but oh, I cannot tell, I cannot tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,



That I may go to dwell with Thee some happy day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some happy, happy, happy day.



No. 55. Bear the Tidings to My Mother.

John R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY O. F. PUGH.
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER.

O. F. Pugh.

1. Bear the ti - dings to my moth-er, Tell her God has saved her boy,
2. Bear the ti - dings to my moth-er, God has heard her heart's deep cry;
3. Bear the ti - dings to my moth-er, O, the smart and sting of sin;
4. Bear the ti - dings to my moth-er, Yon-der by the pearl-y gate;

Af - ter years of faith-ful pray-ing, She may know the heights of joy,
He was read - y ere I sought Him, Shame that I should pass Him by;
Thro' these years I might have cheer'd her, Had I let the Sav - ior in;
It will make her bliss the sweet-er, Tho' the news is com-ing late;

Sin's dark path I long have traveled, Days of gloom and night of woe,
But I left the stranger coun-try, Nev - er more in sin to roam;
But I steeled my-self against Him, Drank the deep-er in - to night;
By the best that God shall give me, I'll re-deem the wast-ed years,

But thro' all the pray'rs of moth-er Would not, could not let me go.
By the grace of God, I'll serve Him, Till I reach the heav'nly home.
Broke her heart, O God, for-give me, Blot my e - vil from Thy sight.
E - ven tho' I can-not mend them By my toil or by my tears.

Bear the Tidings to My Mother.

CHORUS.

Bear the ti - dings to my moth-er, It will fill her heart with joy;
 Bear the ti-ding to my moth-er, It will fill her heart with joy, with joy;

Tell her that her pray'r is answered, Christ has saved her wand'ring boy.
 Tell her that her pray'r is answered, Christ has saved her wand'ring boy, wand'ring boy.

No. 56.

He Loves Me.

Isaac Watts.

Arranged.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

FINE.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—"Tis all that I can do.

D. S.—He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so.

CHORUS.

D. S.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;
 I know;

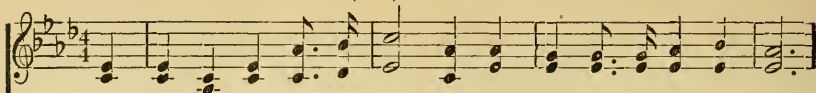
No. 57.

My Savior's Love.

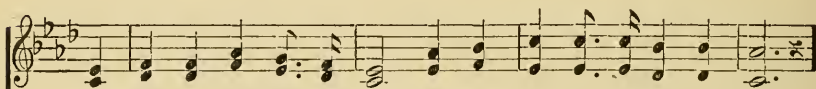
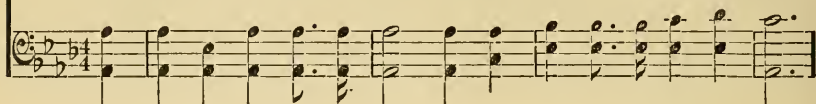
C. H. G.

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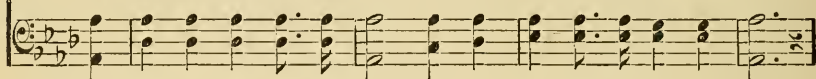
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence of Je-sus, the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed—"Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo-ry, His face I at last shall see,



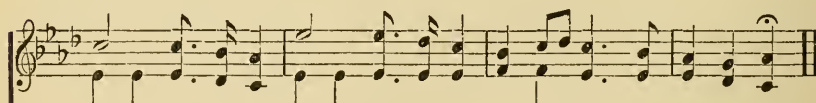
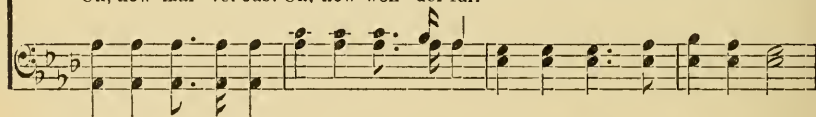
And won-der how He could love me, A sinner, condemn'd, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



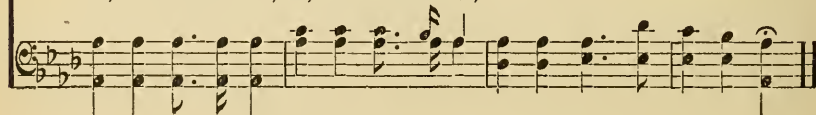
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:—
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! Oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful, Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous, oh, how won-der-ful,



No. 58.

Wonderful Name.

Lida M. Keck.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful name, it is dear-er to me And grand-er than
2. There's a mag-ic-al balm in that won-der-ful name, That baf-fles men's
3. There's a mes-sage for you in that won-der-ful name, A par-don, if

ti-tles of men; 'Tis Je-sus, the sweet-est, most beau-ti-ful name,
cun-ning and art; It brings a sweet calm to the temp-est-toss'd soul,
par-don you crave; There's no oth-er way, and there's no oth-er name,

CHORUS.

That ev-er was writ-ten by pen.
And fills with con-tent-ment the heart. Je-sus, won-der-ful name,
But Je-sus, the might-y to save.

Je-sus, the Sav-ior of men; The ti-dings pro-claim, . . . A
the ti-dings proclatm,

ransom He came, . . . Je-sus, the Sav-ior, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful name.
ransom He came,

No. 59.

Because of His Love.

O. G. Scott.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Jas. L. Gilbert.

1. Be-cause of His love the Sav - ior died, For sin of the world
 2. Be-cause of His love, O bless - ed tho't, Were won - der - ful deeds
 3. Be-cause of His love, His blest command, We'll send the glad word

was cru - ci - fied; With His own blood our ran - some paid, And for our
 of mer - cy wrought: The wind and wave o-beyed His will—Hushed by His
 to ev - 'ry land; His name, a - bove all names we'll sing, And crown Him

CHORUS.

souls de - liv - 'rance made.
 won - drous "Peace—be still." Be - cause of His love, His sac - ri - fice!
 Sav - ior, Priest and King.

Be - cause of His love! O What a price! He suf - fered and died,

was cru - ci - fied Be - cause of His love, Be - cause of His love.

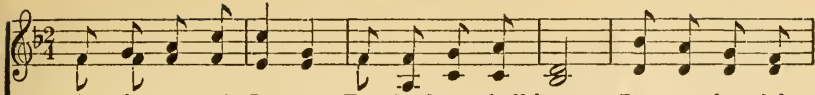
No. 60.

At the Name of Jesus.

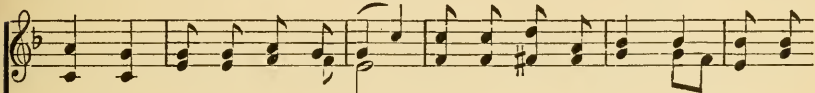
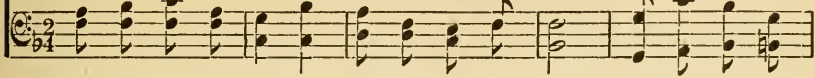
R. H. W.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY ROBERT H. WILSON.

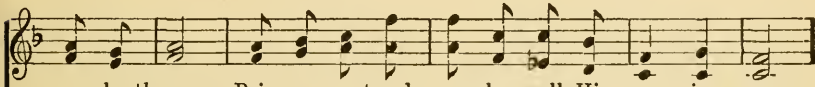
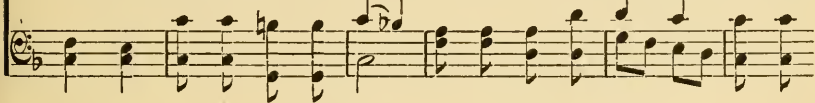
Robert H. Wilson.



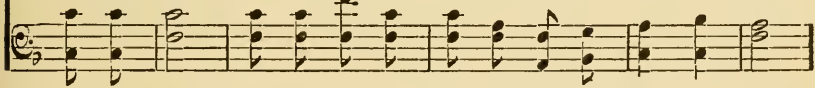
1. At the name of Je - sus, Ev - 'ry knee shall bow; Pay your law-ful
 2. At the name of Je - sus, Ev - 'ry tongue con-fess; His the name pre-
 3. At the name of Je - sus, Darkness hide a - way; At the name of



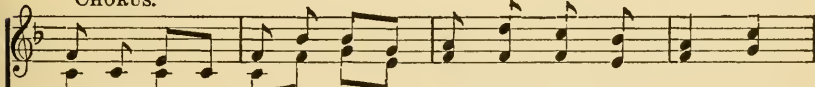
trib-ute, Fall be-fore Him now; His the on - ly king - dom, His the
 vail-ing All the world to bless; Prophet, Priest and Sav - ior, Sov'-reign
 Je - sus, Comes the per - fect day; Rise and shine ye ran-somed, Triumph



on - ly throne, Prin-ces great and peo-ple small His em - pire own.
 Lord and King, An-gel throngs and earth-ly hosts His prais - es sing.
 in His name; Bless the Lord who is from age To age the same.



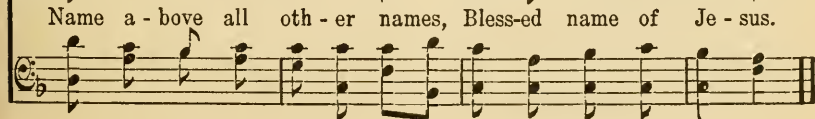
CHORUS.



Gra-cious name, ho - ly name, Prec-ious name of Je - sus;
 Gra - cious, ho ly,



Name a - bove all oth - er names, Bless-ed name of Je - sus.



No. 61.

Homeward.

Ada Powell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Home-ward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly promised land,
 2. Home-ward to meet my Sav - ior On that e - ter - nal shore,
 3. Home-ward I go be - liev - ing That there shall be no night

Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing, I see thy shin - ing strand.
 Won - der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor - rows come no more.
 In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God Him - self is light!

CHORUS.

Homeward, to join the ransomed, Beyond the borders of the crystal sea;
 Homeward bound, to join the ransomed ones, We're

Homeward, to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be.
 homeward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a
 2. Be - hold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav-y load, Comes a
 3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham-mer swung low; They are
 4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His

S:
 coun-try be-yond the blue sea, Where be-neath that fair sky Went a
 thorn-crown'd man on the way, With a cross He is bow'd, But still
 nail - ing my Lord to the tree! And the cross they up-raise, While the
 friends sad-ly weep o'er the way! But tho' lone - ly and faint, Still no

D. S.—For 'twas there on its side, Je - sus

FINE. REFRAIN.

man forth to die, For the world, and for you, and for me.
 on thro' the crowd, He's as - cend-ing that hill lone and gray. O, it bows
 mul - ti - tude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry.
 word of com-plaint Fell from Him on the hill lone and gray.

suf - fered and died, To re - deem a poor sin - ner like me.

D. S.
 down my heart, And the teardrops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;

5 Then darkness came down,
 And the rocks rent around,
 And a cry pierced the grief-laden air!
 'Twas the voice of our King,
 Who received death's dark sting,
 All to save us from endless despair!

6 Let the sun hide its face,
 Let the earth reel apace,
 Over men who their Savior have
 But, behold! from the sod, [slain!
 Comes the blest Lamb of God,
 Who was slain, but is risen again!

No. 63. I Shall Not Be a Stranger Up There.

M. B. Wharton, D. D.

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O. F. Pugh.

1. The Sav - ior has gone to the realm of the blest, His man-sions of
 2. Tho' lost in the crowd here on earth I may be, And none seek my
 3. Many loved ones have I in that glo - ri - ous land, And bright are the
 4. O lost one, a stranger to all that is good, An out - cast from

bliss to pre - pare, And when I am called to my heav-en - ly rest, I shall
 pres - ence to share, I know when the face of my Sav - ior I see, I shall
 crowns that they wear, But I know they will take me again by the hand, I shall
 heav - en so fair, But wash in the fount of the all-cleansing blood, And you'll

CHORUS.

not be a stran-ger up there. Ah, no! I have known Him too

well here be-low, To ques-tion His love and His care; And when to the

man-sions of glo - ry I go, I shall not be a stran-ger up there.

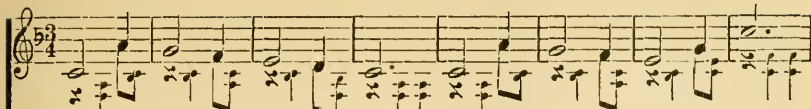
No. 64.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

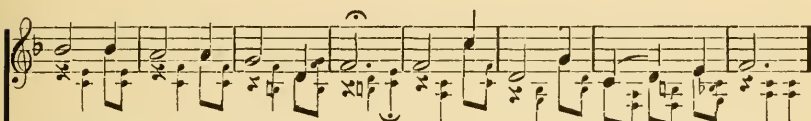
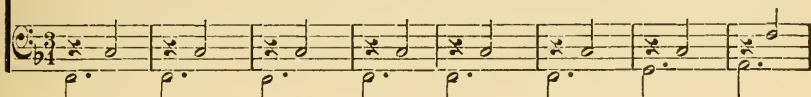
John Burton.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

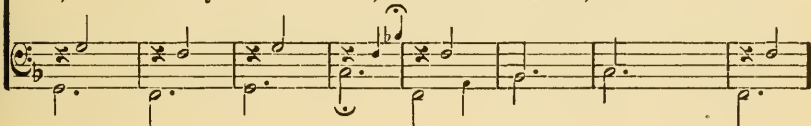
E. O. Excell.



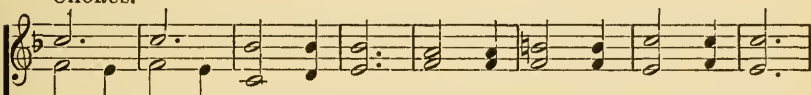
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - 'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the re - bel sin - ner's doom;



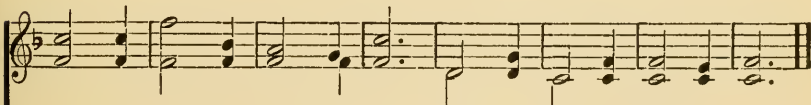
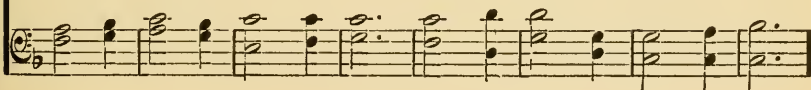
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



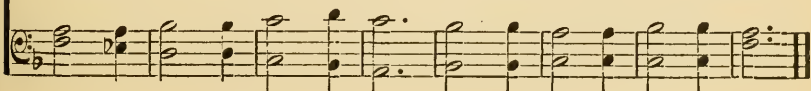
CHORUS.



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



Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



No. 65.

My Jesus.

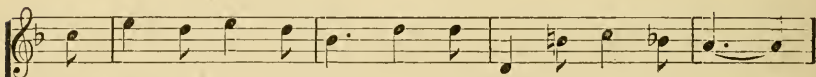
John R. Clements.

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER.

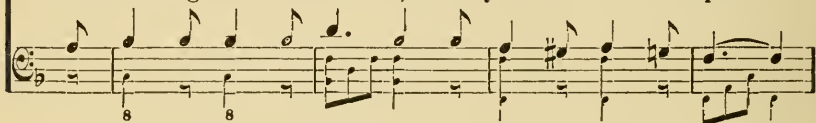
O. F. Pugh.



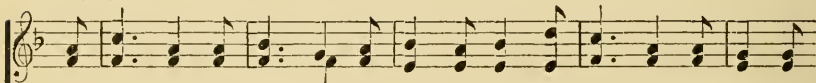
1. How sweet to tell the sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love,
2. How sweet to join the an - them Which an - gel voic - es sing,
3. How sweet to live for Je - sus, And sing a - long life's way,
4. How sweet to bear for Je - sus Each weight of care and pain,



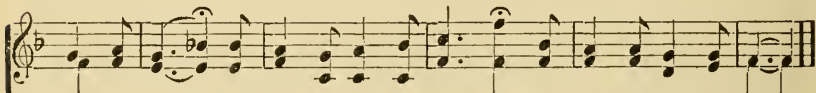
The dear old sim - ple sto - ry Sung by the hosts a - bove.
The bless - ed heav'n - ly cho - rus Of prais - es to our King.
The mes - sage of His good - ness, That bright - ens ev - 'ry day.
With smil - ing face to trust Him, The mys - ter - ies make plain.



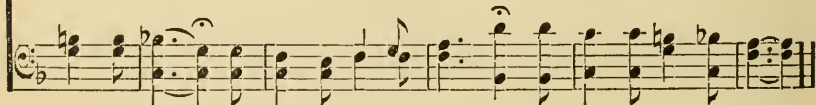
CHORUS.



My Je - sus, my Je - sus, How sweet to tell the sto - ry Of Je - sus'



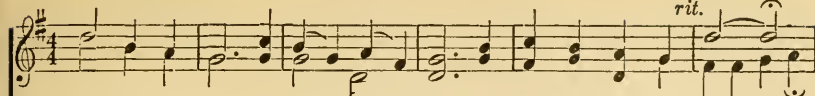
love so free; The sto - ry of re - demp - tion, God's precious gift to me.



Rev. J. M. Gray.

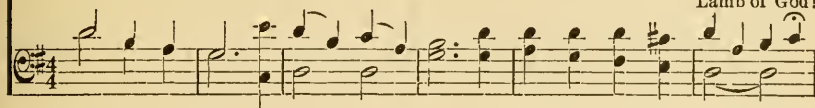
J. WILUR CHAPMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT:

O. F. Pugh.



1. See! Je - sus comes to Jor - dan's bank Be-hold the Lamb of God! . .
2. The bless-ed prom - is - es of old That love kept ev - er green,
3. O point to Him, ye men of God, Whose wit-ness-es ye are; . .
4. Who follows where the Sav - ior goes? Who heeds the witness' voice?

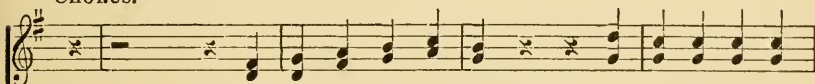
Lamb of God!



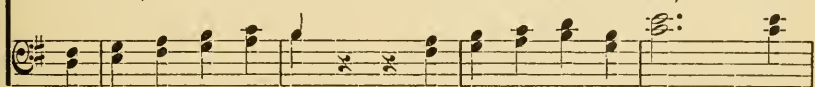
A - side! ye men of ev - 'ry rank, Be - hold, the Lamb of God.
 The hopes that all the years en - fold Meet in the Naz - a - rene.
 Ex - tol the fame of Jes - se's rod, The bright and morn - ing star.
 The man who Je - sus' dwell - ing knows For - ev - er shall re - joice.
 Behold, the Lamb of God.



CHORUS.



Be - hold, the Lamb of God! Of our lost race the
 Be - hold, the Lamb of God! Of our lost race the kin; Be -



kin; Behold, the Lamb of God! Who takes a - way our sin.
 hold, the Lamb of God! Who takes a - way our sin.



No. 67. O Tell Me The Story of Jesus.

William Barnes Lower, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Joseph D. Little.

1. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sto - ry I
 2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, There's noth - ing I
 3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, It drives a - way

oft - en have heard, The sto - ry so sweet and re - fresh - ing, That
 cher - ish so well, It tells of the cross and my Sav - ior, Who
 all of my fear, It helps me a - long in my du - ties, And

comes from God's Ho - ly Word; 'Tis new - er each time that I hear it—
 came a - mong men to dwell; There's power to save in that sto - ry,
 light - ens my task with its cheer; It helps me to love and to la - bor,

And fresh - er each time that it's told, There's some - thing that
 Which mor - tals can nev - er un - fold, And when you've re -
 It gives me new strength when I'm faint, It calls me to

charms in that sto - ry, The sto - ry that nev - er grows old.
 peat - ed the sto - ry—The half of it on - ly you've told.
 work and to serv - ice, And shows me the sin of com - plaint.

O Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

O tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus, Re - peat it a - gain and a - gain,
 For it is the life-giv-ing sto - ry, So precious to dy - ing men.
 So precious, so precious to dy-ing men.

No. 68.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
 BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His Word, Holding com-mu-nion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

FINE.

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith - ful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in - crease; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

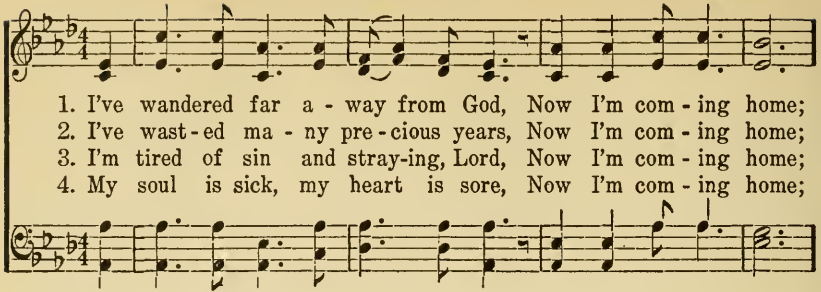
No. 69.

Lord, I'm Going Home.

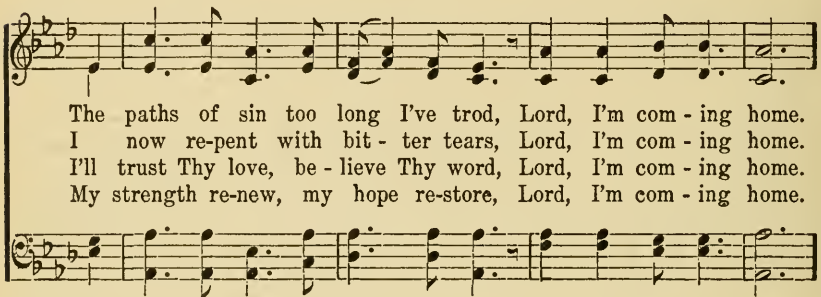
W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

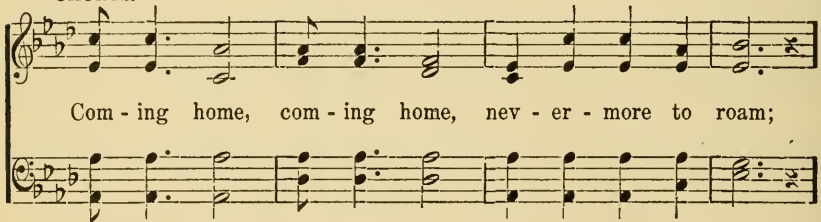


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;



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.

CHORUS.



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



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

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

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

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to in-crease, And have
 2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have
 3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will be - stow Of the
 4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a - bove, And how

ear - nest-ly, fer - vent-ly pray'd; But you can-not have rest, or be
 peace and con - tent-ment al - way? You must do His sweet will, to be
 bless - ings for which we have pray'd, Till our bod - y and soul He doth
 hap - py our hearts will be made, Of the fel - low-ship sweet we shall

D. S.—*You can on - ly be blest and have*

per - fect - ly blest Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
 free from all ill, On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your
 ful - ly con - trol, And our all on the al - tar is laid.
 share at His feet, When our all on the al - tar is laid?

peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod - y and soul.

FINE. CHORUS.

all on the al-tar of sac-ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control?

D. S.

Mrs. E. S. Black.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

Arr. by Jas. D. Little.

1. Where the winds of death are blow-ing, Wan - ders my Lord,
2. Long I wan-dered, faint and wea-ry, Bur - dened with woes,
3. Sav - ior, since I heard Thee call - ing "Come, come to me,"
4. Soul of mine, when thou hast tak - en Thy flight a - bove,

Thro' the vales of sin He's go - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord;
Dark - er grew the way, and drear - y, Fierc - er my foes;
O'er my heart a peace is fall - ing, Deep as the sea;
Filled with glo - ry—thou shalt wak - en, Ra - diant with love;

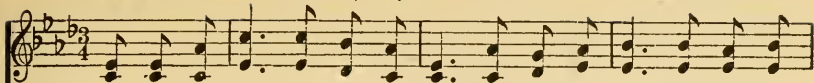
Seek-ing lost ones from Him straying, Lov'd ones, long from home de-lay-ing,
Till this ten-der Shepherd found me, Threw His lov - ing arms around me,
All to Thee I now sur - ren - der, Be my stay, my sure de-fend - er,
Heav'n shall be thy dwelling place, Thou shalt see Him face to face,

Ev - er-more He's watch - ing, pray-ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord.
With the bands of love He bound me, Brought sweet re - pose.
Make me ho - ly, pure and ten - der, More, more like Thee.
Praise Him for His won - drous grace, And bound - less love.

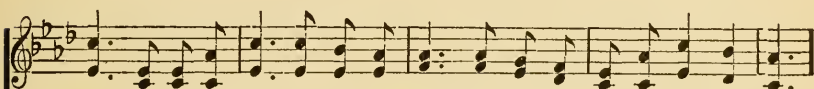
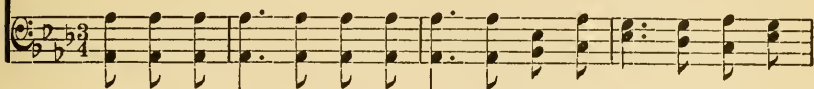
J. W. Carpenter,

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. W. CARPENTER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. It is God's way to lead me on, Sometimes in joy, sometimes op-
2. Sometimes I come where blooms the rose, And harvests grow where once 'twas
3. Sometimes I pray 'neath cloud-ed skies With-in mine own Geth-sem - a-
4. When I shall reach the val-ley deep, That bor-ders on that bet-ter



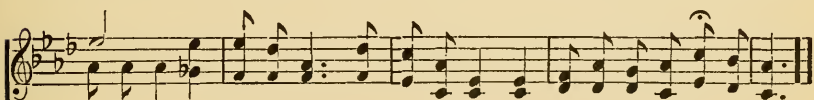
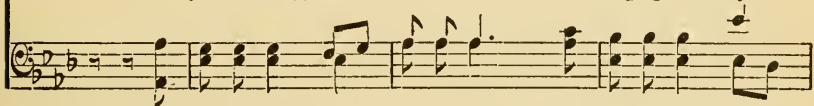
press'd; For 'tis the way the saints have gone, And entered into heav'nly rest;
 drear; I look, and lo! a foot-print shows The way is glad, for Christ was here!
 ne; I cry a-loud, and God replies: "Fear not, my child, cling fast to me."
 land, Then I shall sweet-ly go to sleep, Still clinging to my Fa-ther's hand.



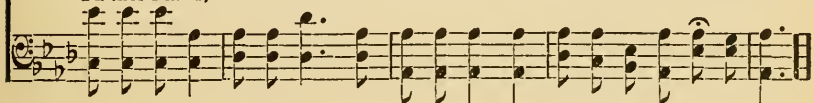
CHORUS.



It is God's way, and I to-day Am clinging to my Father's
 It is God's way, and I to-day Am clinging to my



land, For this I know, the way I go Is leading to that bet-ter land.
 Fa-ther's land,



No. 73.

Beauty for Ashes.

J. G. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. S. LORENZ, BY PERM.

J. G. Crabbe.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit a-bides with - in;
 2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav-ior, Who suffered up - on the tree;
 3. I sing the beauty of the gospel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;

Who changes all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin.
 That, in the se - cret of His presence, My bondage might freedom be.
 That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wher - ev - er are lone - ly hours.

Tho' clouds may lower dark and drear-y, Yet He has promised to be near;
 He comes "to bind the broken-hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
 The "garment of His praise" it of - fers For "Heav-i-ness of spir-it," drear;

He gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
 He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
 It gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.

D. S.—gives me sunshine for my shad - ow, and "beauty for ash-es here."

CHORUS.

He gives me joy . . . in place of sor - row;
 He gives me joy . . . in place of care;

Beauty for Ashes.

D. S.

He gives me love . . . that casts out fear; . . . He
 He gives me love . . . that casts out fear;

No. 74.

Around the Throne.

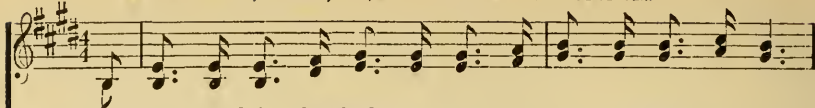
1. Around the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand:
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white, See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed:
3. What bro't them to that world above, That heav'n so bright and fair,
4. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood, To wash a - way their sin;
5. On earth they sought the Sav-ior's grace, On earth they lov'd His name:

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
 Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light And joys that nev - er fade.
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there?
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Be-hold them white and clean.
 So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb.

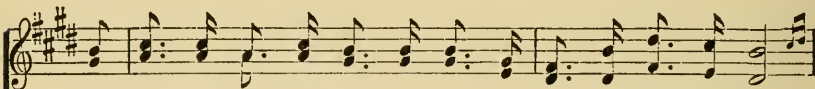
CHORUS.

Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high, Singing high.

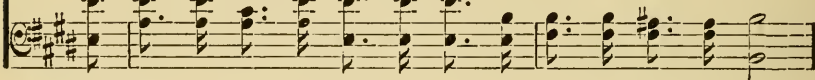
J. W. Van De Venter. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. S. WEEDEN & J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. Weedon.



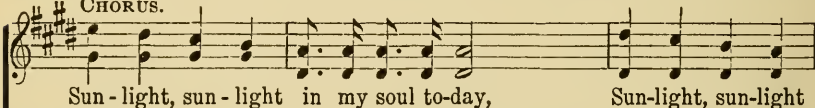
1. I wan - dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me;



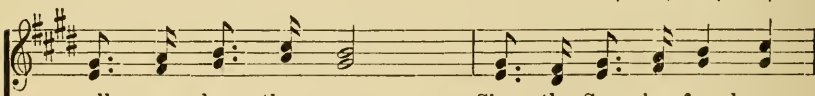
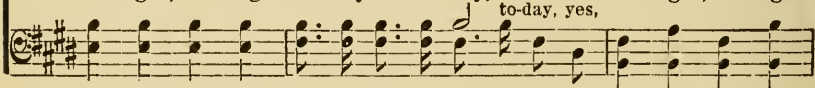
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face, Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.



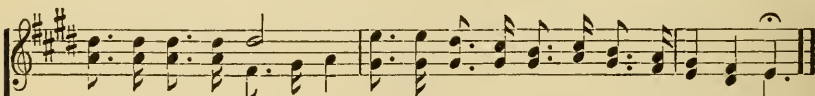
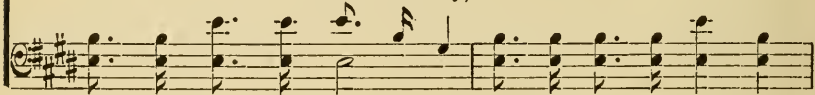
CHORUS.



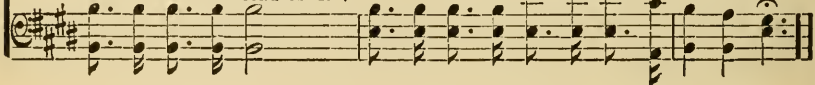
Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
 nar - row way;



Took a - way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with - in.
 load of sin.



No. 76.

Able and Willing.

E. A. H

COPYRIGHT 1905, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Je - sus is both a - ble and will - ing to save, to save;
 2. Je - sus is both a - ble and will - ing to cleanse from sin,
 3. Je - sus is both a - ble and will - ing from day to day
 4. Je - sus is both a - ble and will - ing my steps to guide
 5. Je - sus is both a - ble and will - ing with me to go,

For the res - cue of the sin - ner His pre - cious life He gave.
 And to make our hearts a tem - ple that He may dwell there - in.
 To dis - play His sav - ing pow - er with - in my heart al - way.
 Till at last in peace and safe - ty I reach the oth - er side.
 And each hour His grace will keep me be - cause He loves me so.

CHORUS.

A - - - ble is Je - - - sus and
 A - ble is Je - sus and will - ing to save us, yes,

will - - - ing to save, For . . . to re -
 A - ble is Je - sus and will - ing to save, [For to re - deem us, to

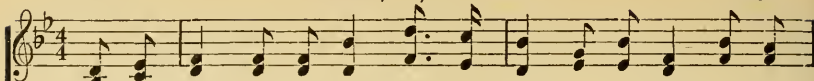
deem
 ful - ly re - deem us His pre - cious life He gave.

No. 77. There Will Be Many Stars in My Crown.

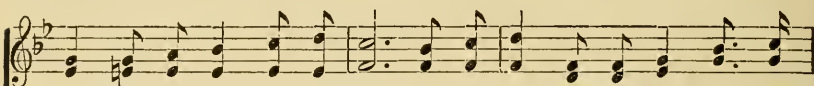
M. E. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY O. F. PUGH.

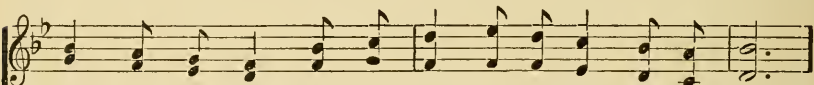
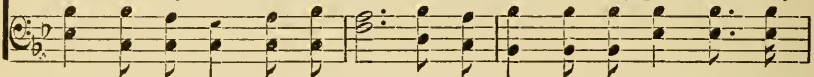
O. F. Pugh.



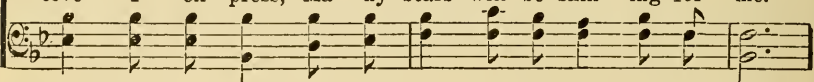
1. When the mists of the earth melt a - way in the light Of the
2. In the length of the years that have van - ished a - way, Have I
3. O Thou Lord of my life, who has o - pened my eyes; For of
4. Let me praise more and more; let me live but to bless, Till at



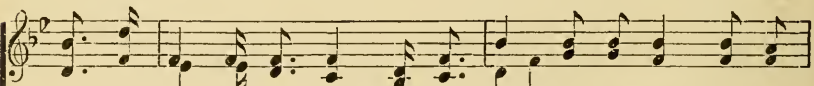
sun that will nev - er go down; When the rap - ture and bless - ed - ness
bro't a - ny souls to the light? When the hearts that were wea - ry have
old I was self - ish and blind; If the least of Thy crea - tures I
last from my bonds I am free, And when safe in Thy pres - ence my



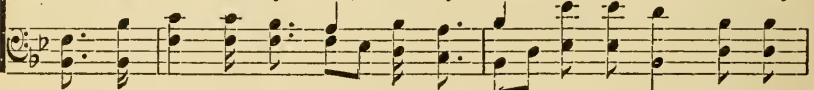
dawn on my sight, There will be ma - ny stars in my crown.
pined for the day, Have I left them in dark - ness or blight?
dare to de - spise, Not a star in my crown shall I find.
love I ex - press, Ma - ny stars will be shin - ing for me.



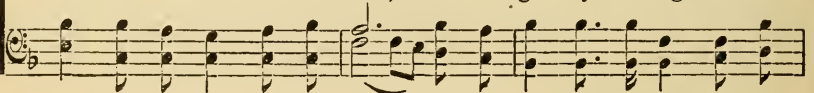
CHORUS.



There will be ma - ny stars, ma - ny stars in my crown, When my



rec - ord of life is set down; When the glo - ry and light so en -



There Will Be Many Stars in My Crown.

rap - ture my sight; There will be ma - ny stars in my crown.
ma - ny stars in my crown.

No. 78. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.

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

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

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

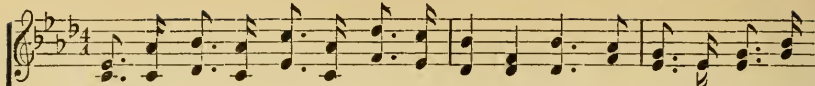
No. 79.

Sunshine and Rain.

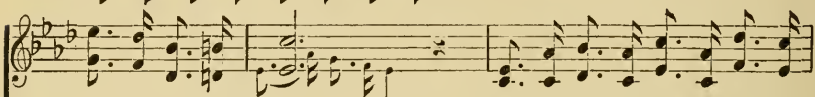
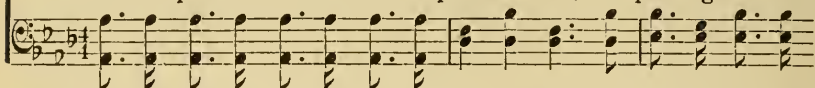
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

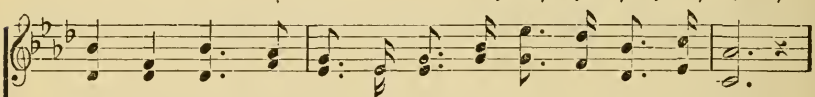
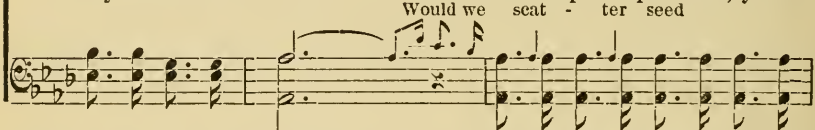
Chas. H. Gabriel.



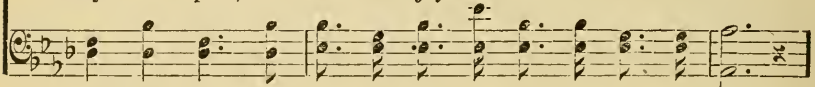
1. Had we on - ly sun - shine all the year a - round, With - out the blessing
 2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
 3. Can we prize the sun - shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the



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



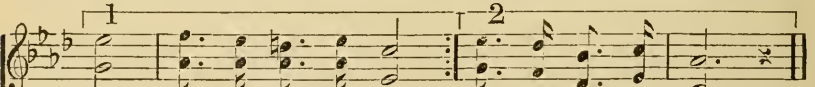
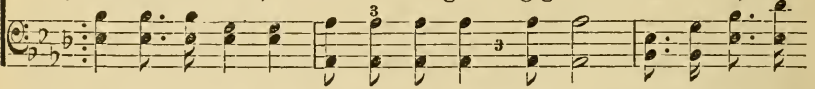
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



CHORUS.



{ Sun - shine and rain, re - fresh - ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
 { Sun - shine and rain, to nour - ish the grow - ing grain Send us Lord, the



love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.



No. 80. Open the Door for the Children.

Unknown.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

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

D.S. - O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,

No. 81.

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try - ing to fol-
 2. Pressing more close - ly to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempt-
 3. Walk - ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith-
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Up - ward, still up-

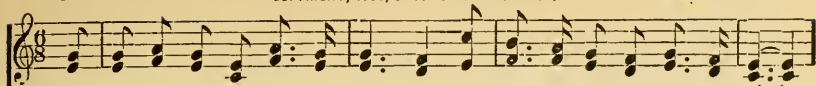
low our Sav - ior and King, Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex-
 ed to turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to def-
 ful - ness, mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly
 ward we'll fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His

CHORUS.

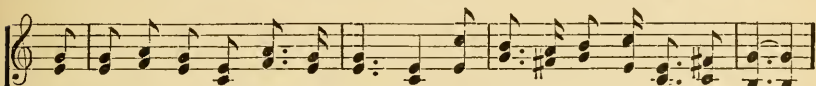
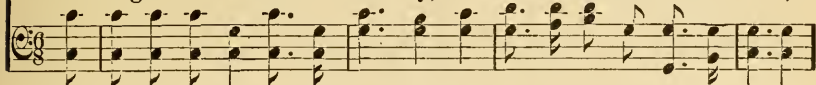
am-ple, Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk
 fend us, Hap-py, how happy, our prais-es each day.
 promised, Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
 beau-ty," Hap-py, how happy, our place at His side.

in the steps of the Sav-ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light;

How beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light.



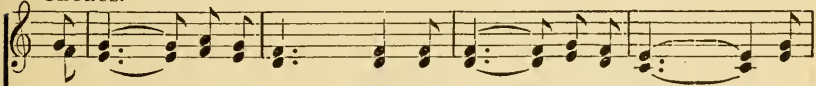
1. I journey o'er mountain and desert, Exposed to the cold and the storm;
2. Sometimes it is dark and forbidding, The highway is steep where I tread;
3. I could not continue without Him, My feet would refuse to obey;
4. Ere long I shall walk thro' the valley, The trials of life will be o'er,



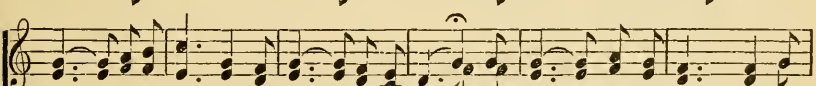
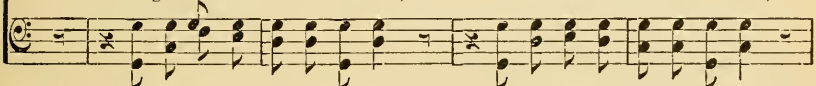
But Je-sus is con-stant-ly with me And ten-der-ly shelters my form.
 But Je-sus foresees ev-'ry dan-ger And care-ful-ly journeys a-head.
 But led by a kind, lov-ing Sav-ior, I trav-el se-secure on my way.
 I'll en-ter the por-tals of glo-ry And peace-ful-ly rest ev-er-more.



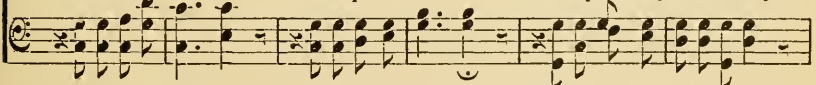
CHORUS.



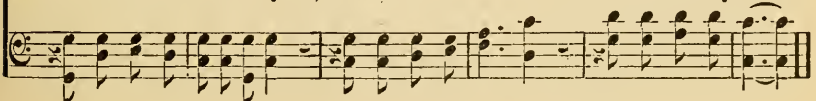
His grace is suf-fi-cient, His love will en-dure, . . . I
 His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, His love will en-dure to the end,



know He is a-ble to keep me se-secure; Tho' tem-pests may threaten And
 I know to keep Tho' tempests may threaten my soul



thun-ders may roll, The Sav-ior will keep me, Will shel-ter my soul.
 And thunders above me may roll, The Savior Will shelter my soul.



No. 83.

Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1389, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call - ing the prod - i - gal, come with - out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten - der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O

hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re - turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come to - day, Hear His loving voice calling still. . .
spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedés, Hear His loving voice calling still. . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still.
calling still,

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - ry prod - i - gal,
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, wea r prodgal, come,

come; Call - - - ing now for thee, . . .
wea - ry prod - i - gal, come, Calling now for thee, call - ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

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

No. 84.

*I'll Be a Sunbeam.

Nellie Talbot.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

*To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

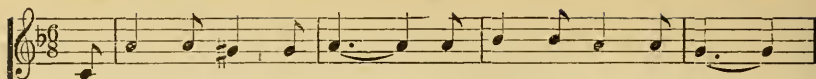
No. 85.

Shepherd Divine.

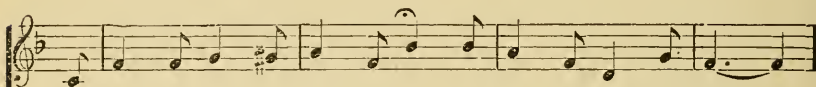
Julia H. Johnston.

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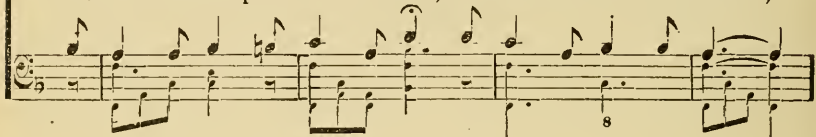
O. F. Pugh.



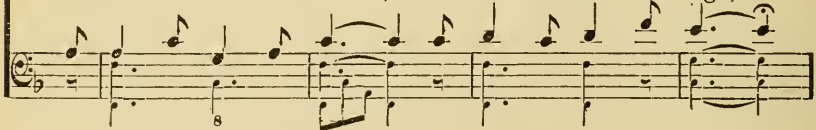
1. My shep-herd is di - vine No want my heart shall know,
 2. No sha - dow will I fear, No foe shall e'er af - fright,
 3. Are you of Je - sus fold? And do you bear His name?



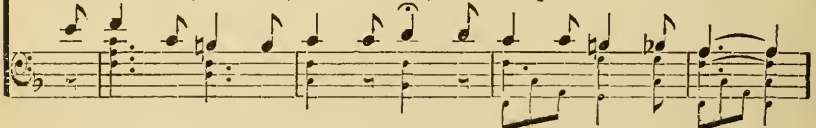
In pas-tures green His sheep re-cline, Where tran-quiet waters flow;
 My lov - ing shep-herd is so near, The dark-ness shall be light;
 Then trust the shepherd's love un-told, That bore the cross and shame;



My soul He doth re - store, And still He lead - eth me,
 He giv - eth roy - al fare, Though in the wil - der - ness,
 What-e'er the storm and shock, To Him all care re - sign;



In paths of peace for - ev - er - more, From harm and dan-ger free.
 His oil of glad-ness He doth share, As on the way I press.
 "O fear not, fear not, lit - tle flock," Your shepherd is di - vine.



Shepherd Divine.

CHORUS.

My Shep-herd is di - vine, di - vine, I take the way He trod; He told;

For I am His and He is mine, He leads with staff and rod.

No. 86.

Savior, Tarry With Us.

Effie S. Black.

COPYRIGHT, 1905. BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Joseph D. Little.

1. Sav - ior, tar - ry with us, now the day is done, Shadows, stealing
 2. Some hearts wait be - fore Thee, troubled and oppressed; Grant them Lord, a
 3. Some are watching loved ones cross the riv - er cold; Oth - ers see with
 4. Sav - ior, tar - ry with us, much we need Thy care; E - vil is with-

gen - tly, veil the dy - ing sun; Na - ture now is sleep - ing in the
 bless - ing, ere they go to rest; Some with great temptations, bat - tle
 an - guish loved ones leave the fold; Com - fort those in sor - row, grant re -
 in us, with - out, ev - 'ry - where; On - ly Thou canst keep us, in the

folds of night; Have us in Thy keep - ing till the morning light.
 for the right; O, Thou mighty con - qu'ror, give them pow'r and might.
 lief from pain, Seek and save the erring, bring them back again.
 bet - ter way, Lead us, Savior, lead us to the perfect day. Amen, Amen.

No. 87.

'Tis Sweet To Know.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1877 AND 1934, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.

Will L. Thompson.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that
 2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne, To hear His
 3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta - tion "Come to me" "Come all ye

I may rest my bur - dens at His feet, O - ver us He's kind - ly
 cheer - ing words of com - fort when we mourn, Pre - cious tho't that He is
 wea - ry, la - den ones, there's rest for thee," Je - sus' love is all per -

watching, Pointing t'ward the sky, O that all might heed His call and
 with us, At the o - pen grave, Al - ways read - y ev - er will - ing
 vad - ing, Throughout earth and sky, Happy they who know this love from

CHORUS.

to Him fly.
 us to save. This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior's
 God on high. This love is mine,

call, He of - fers you this bless - ing too, 'Tis free to all.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it
 2. Loes your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your
 3. Would you go re-joic-ing in the up-ward way, Know-ing

dark with-out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-en'd
 pray'rs un-an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-en'd
 naught of dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-en'd

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

CHORUS.

Let a lit-tle sunshine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sunshine in, . . .
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

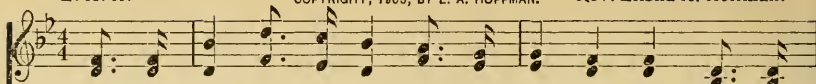
No. 89.

The Power of the Blood.

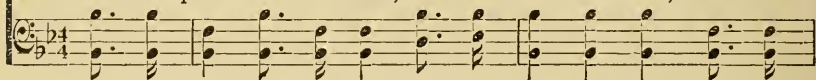
E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

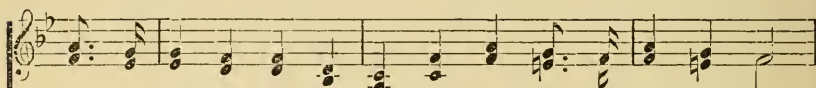
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



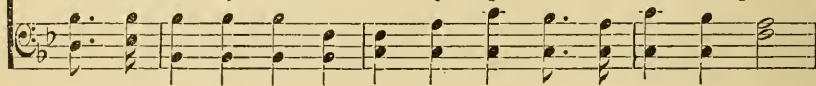
1. Troub- led heart, full of sor- row be- cause of sin, Hast thou
2. There is pow'r in the blood to re- new thy soul, There is
3. O this half- heart- ed life is no life for thee! Whol- ly
4. There is pow'r in the blood, o- ver- com- ing pow'r, It can
5. There is pow'r in the blood of the cru- ci- fied,— To de-
6. There is pow'r in the blood, O be- lieve and live, And the



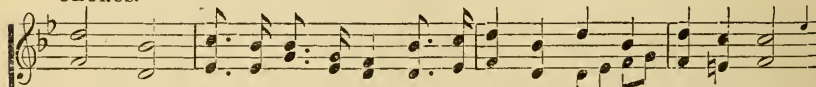
long- ings for rest and peace with- in? Then re- mem- ber the slain
 pow'r in the blood to make thee whole, There is pow'r, there is strength,
 yield- ed to Christ thy soul should be; Why not take from the Lord
 cleanse, it can keep thee hour by hour; On- ly shel- ter thy soul
 liv- er from en- vy pas- sion, pride, To re- move from thy soul
 grace of the Lord in thy soul re- ceive! Make sur- ren- der and wel-



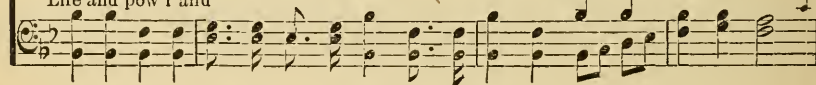
One of Cal- va- ry, For there is pow'r in the blood for thee.
 there is help for thee, For thro' the blood comes the vic- to- ry.
 all thy heav'nly dow'r, And have His ful- ness of grace and pow'r.
 'neath the crim- son flow, And peace and pow'r thou shalt ev- er know.
 all its earth- li- ness, And bring thee com- fort and ho- li- ness.
 come this ver- y hour The Ho- ly Spir- it in won- drous pow'r.



CHORUS.



Life, pow'r, cleansing in the blood, In the crim- son stream of Cal- va- ry;
 Life and pow'r and



The Power of the Blood.

Life, pow'r, cleans-ing in the blood, And sal - va - tion full and free.
Life and pow'r and

No. 90. The Christ Shall Come Again.

M. W. Miller.

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

O. F. Pugh.

1. Some blessed day, some sol-ern hour, The Christ shall come again in pow'r;
2. Some day the Christ shall come a-gain, That He may judge the sons of men;
3. Some day, some glad and joy - ful day, For which I watch and hope and pray;
4. Per-haps this day the day may be, When I my bless-ed Lord shall see;

With all the shin - ing heav'nly band, Be-fore Him ev-'ry soul shall stand.
He shall no more for sin a - tone, But shall receive and crown His own.
O may I now in Him be found, That I may then by Him be crowned.
Then I shall en - ter at the door, To be with Him for-ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

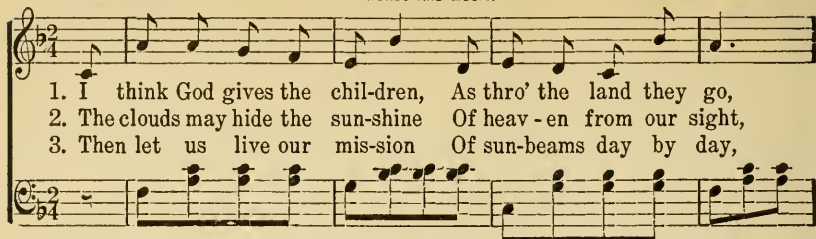
Some day, all hail that day of days, Him we shall see and shout His praise;
all hail of days,

Some day the Christ shall come a-gain, And dwell among the sons of men.
the Christ a - gain,

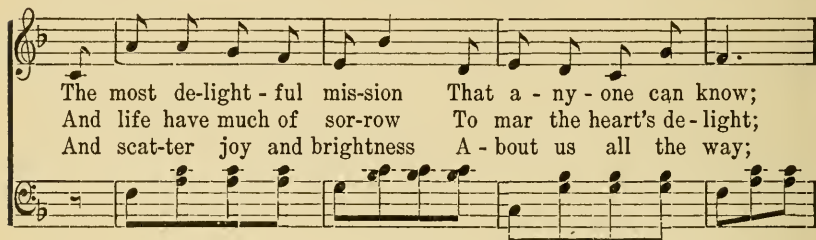
Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



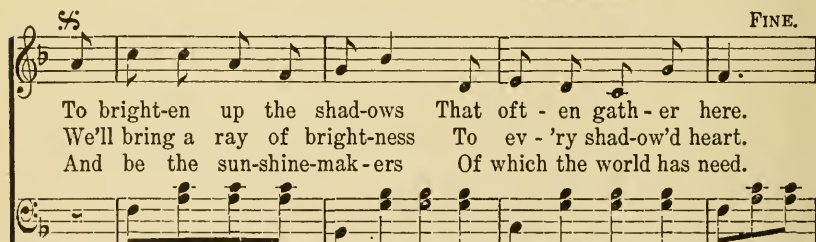
1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,



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



He wants us to be sun-beams Of love and hope and cheer,
But if, like faith-ful sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad-ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,



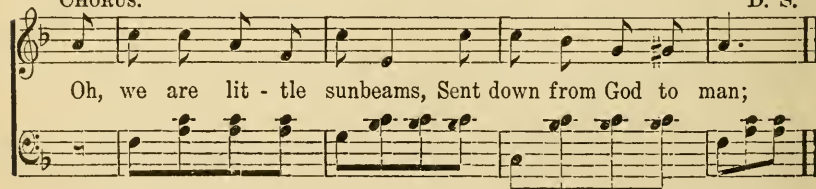
To bright-en up the shad-ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright-ness To ev - 'ry shad-ow'd heart.
And be the sun-shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.

FINE.

D. S.—*In all life's shad - y plac - es, We shine as best we can.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



Oh, we are lit - tle sunbeams, Sent down from God to man;

No. 92.

Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Annie F. Bourne.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a - bove, No gift so precious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav-ior of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it 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." "Give me thy heart,
 Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."

p

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

rit.

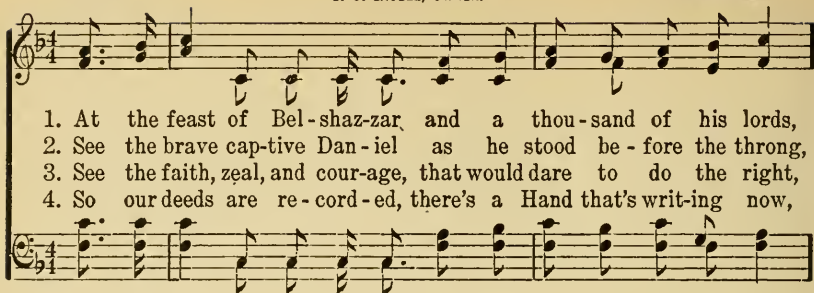
world He would draw you a - part, Speak - ing so ten - der - ly, "Give me thy heart."

No. 93. The Handwriting on the Wall.

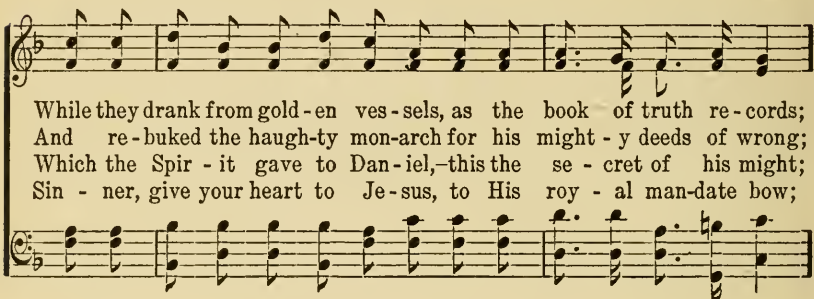
K. Shaw.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY KNOWLES SHAW.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

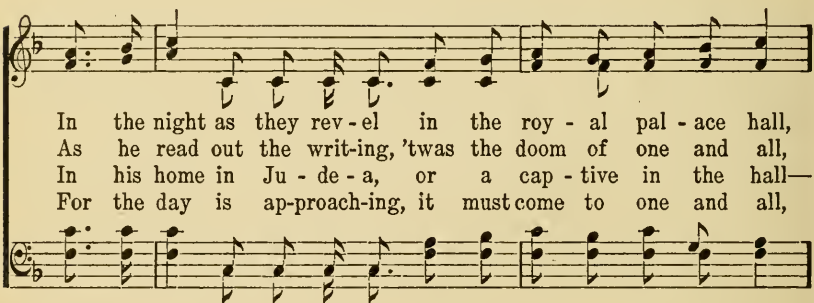
Knowles Shaw.



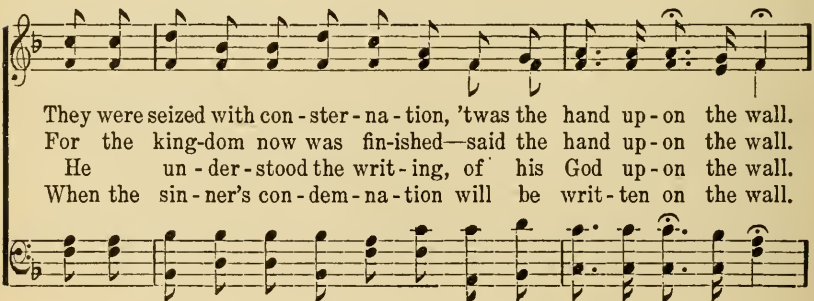
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now,



While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords;
And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel,—this the se-cret of his might;
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow;



In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall—
For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all,



They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
For the king-dom now was fin-ished—said the hand up-on the wall.
He un-der-stood the writ-ing, of his God up-on the wall.
When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
that is writ - ing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of God

God on the wall;
that is writ - ing on the wall; Shall the rec - ord be, "Found wanting," or

shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writ - ing on the wall.

No. 94. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

C. M. Bradford,

Arr. from George F. Handel.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays, for me; A
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near; His
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: Who can with - stand His will? The
4. Je - sus I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve Thou

to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
presence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
wilt return and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive. A - men.

No. 95.

Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Standing in the mar-ket-plac-es all the sea-son thro', I - dly say-ing,
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morning hours are passing and the ev'ning follows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap - ing will for-ev - er-more be past. Emp-ty-hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas-ter calls a - new: "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes, and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y,
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

Ripe and ready for the willing gleaner's hand; Rouse ye, O sleepers!
Ripe and ready for the willing gleaner's hand; O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand; O

Reapers Are Needed.

Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master,
quick-ly,

here am I." Far and wide the rip-en-ed
"Mas-ter, here am I." Far and wide the rip - ened
O an-swer! Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly
grain bends low, And in the breeze waves

wav-ing to and fro; Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are
Wav-ing to and fro; O rouse ye,
to and fro; O

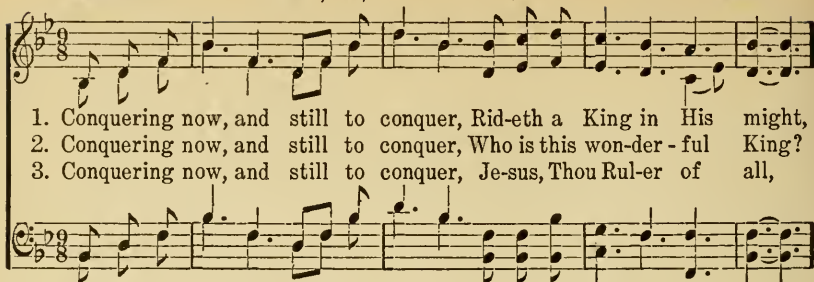
need-ed as reap-ers, And the golden harvest days are swiftly pass-ing by.

Victory Through Grace.

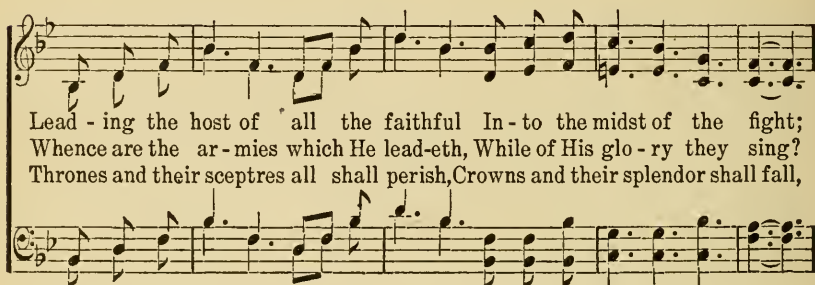
Sallie Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. BY PER.

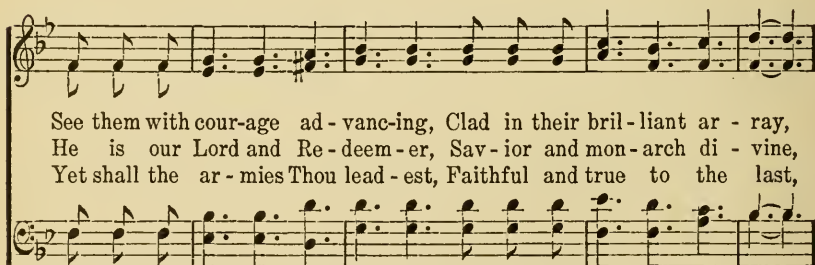
Jno. R. Sweney.



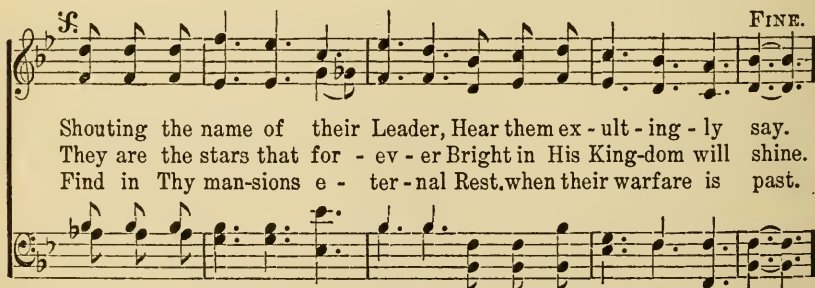
1. Conquering now, and still to conquer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
 2. Conquering now, and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
 3. Conquering now, and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all,



Lead-ing the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
 He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and mon-arch di-vine,
 Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,



Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say.
 They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
 Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest, when their warfare is past.

D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful, Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.

Victory Through Grace.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

No. 97.

Give Him the Glory.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1895 BY MEYER & BROTHER, CHICAGO, ILL.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, O the hap - py, hap - py day!
2. It was down at the feet of Je - sus Where I found such per-fect rest,
3. It was down at the feet of Je - sus Where I bro't my guilt and sin,

That my soul found peace in be - liev - ing, And my sins were wash'd a-way.
Where the light first dawned on my spir-it, And my soul was tru - ly blest.
That He cancelled all my transgressions, And sal - va - tion en-tered in.

CHORUS.

Let me tell the old, old sto - ry Of His grace so full and free.

For I feel like giving Him the glo - ry For His wondrous love to me.

No. 98. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

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W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.

Use as Solo or Duet.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
 2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

end - ed, And part - ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
 hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
 Lest from thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly,
 Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther,

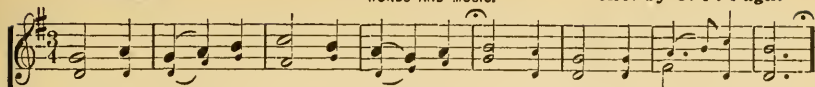
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
 Lead me gen - tly, gen-tly home.

No. 99. What Proclaims the Silver Trumpet?

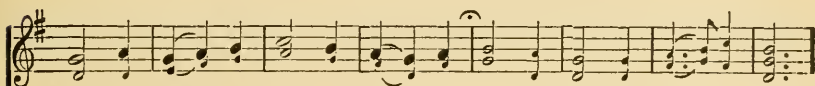
Dr. Edwards.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, O. F. PUGH.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

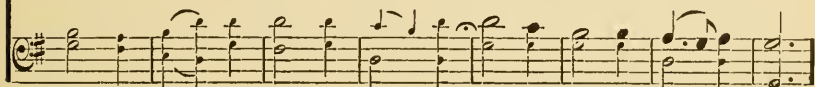
Arr. by O. F. Pugh.



1. What pro-claims the sil - ver trum-pet? Zi-on's King sends forth His call;
2. Why, oh, why the King in - vites us? Why, He is the God of love;
3. Can the old in sin be res-cued? Yes, from deep-est guilt He can;



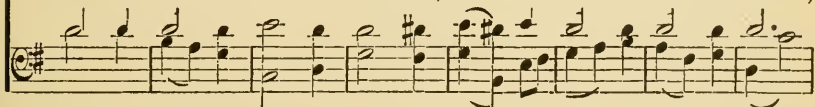
Who are thus in - vit - ed by Him? All the chil-dren of the fall;
What a - bout the e - vil in us? His own blood will all re-move;
Who will be to Him a Sav - ior? Je - sus Christ, the God and Man;



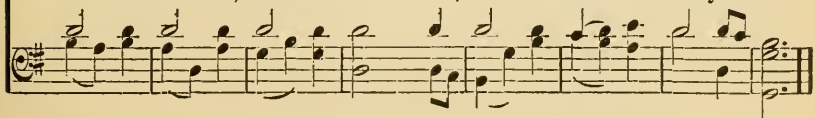
FULL Chorus.



Home, oh home; ye wand'ring chil-dren, Leave the emp-ty husks of sin,
His long - suf - fer - ing is bound-less And His patience passing great,
Sin - ners vile with all un-clean-ness, Full of sin and crush'd with doubt,



Comes to all the King's glad wel - come, To His feast to en - ter in.
Let us bow and seek for - give - ness, Now when it is not too late.
Come to Je - sus, come and wel - come, He will nev - er cast you out.

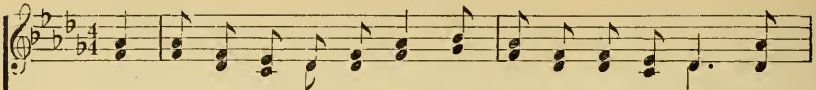


No. 100. I Will Shout His Praise In Glory.

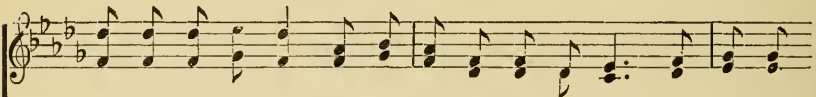
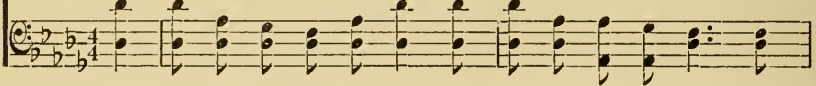
P. H. Dingman.

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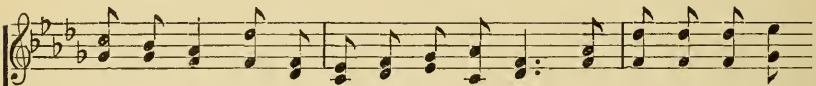
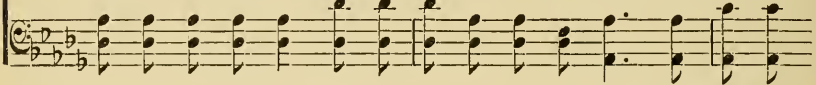
Jno. R. Sweney.



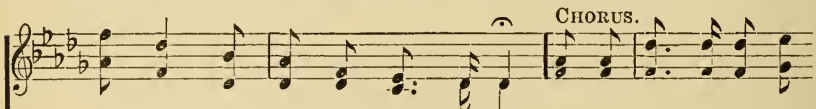
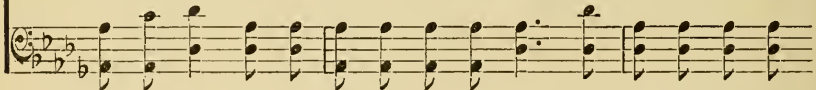
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It
3. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je - sus took me in, My
3. I wish that ev-'ry sin - ner be - fore His throne would bow; He
4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay, And



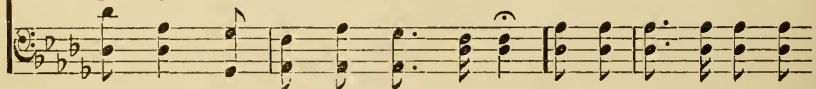
is be - cause my Sav - ior in mer - cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me
life was full of sor - row, my life was full of sin; But when the
waits to bid them welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but
when His voice shall call me to realms of end - less day; As one by



out of dark - ness and now the light I see; O bless - ed, lov - ing
blood so pre - cious spoke par - don to my soul; O bliss - ful, bliss - ful
knew the rap - ture that in His love I see, They'd come and shout sal -
one we gath - er, re - joic - ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in



Sav - ior! to Him the praise shall be.
moment! 'twas joy be - yond con - trol. I will shout His praise in
va - tion, and sing His praise with me.
glo - ry, and sing for ev - er - more.



I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

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

No. 101. To-day the Savior Calls.

S. F. Smith, alt.

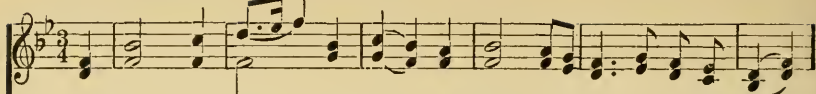
1. To - day the Sav - ior calls! Ye wan - d'ers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - ior calls! O hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - ior calls! For ref - uge fly;
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day! Yield to His pow'r;

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of just - ice falls, And death is nigh.
 O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

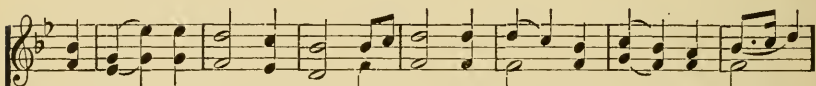
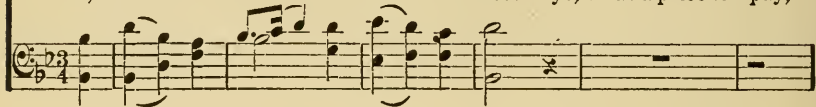
John R. Clements.

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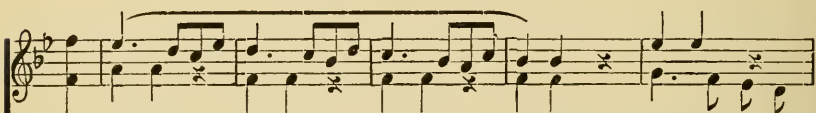
Arr. Rev. M. Evans.



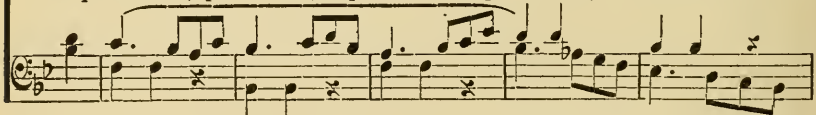
1. I'm hap - py in the love of Christ, Made new to me each day,
 2. This love has changed my view of life I've now a bright sur-vey,
 3. God loved me in my sin - ful hours, Sin made me dis - o - bey,
 4. O, Love! to suf - fer on a tree! Aye, what a price to pay,



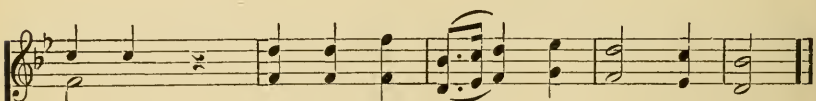
Made new to me each day; A love whose depths I'll nev - er sound,
 I've now a bright survey,—What-ev - er comes I know 'tis best;
 Sin made me dis - o-bey,—'Twas love that crush'd my sto - ny heart,
 Aye, what a price to pay To o - pen heav-en's wel - come gates,



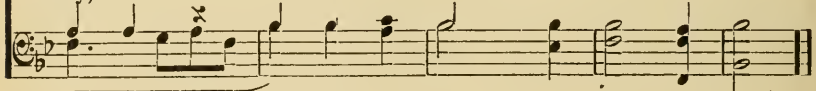
I'll praise Him, Praise Him,
 I'll praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him all the



Praise



praise Him, Praise Him, I'll praise Him all the way.



. Him,

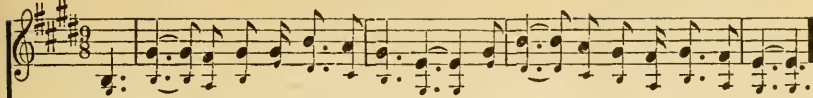
No. 103.

I am Happy in Him.

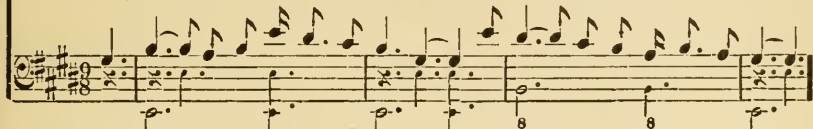
E. O. E.

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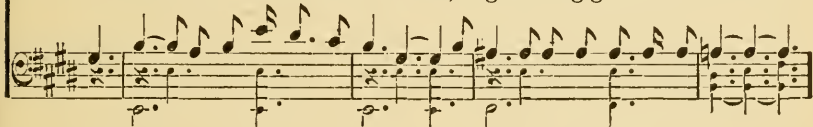
E. O. Excell.



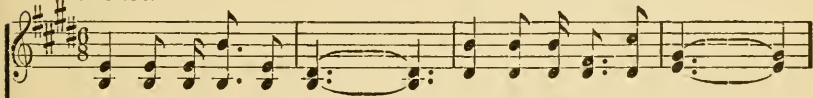
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down,



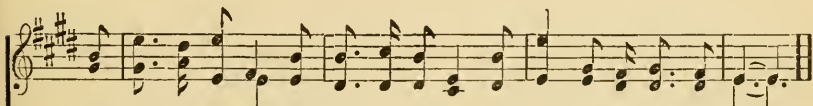
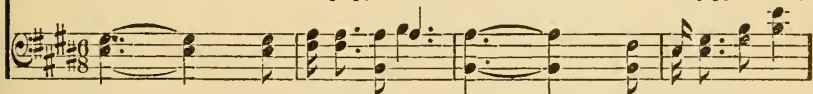
His voice it is mus-ic to hear it, His face, it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev - er be faithful, In gathering gems for His crown.



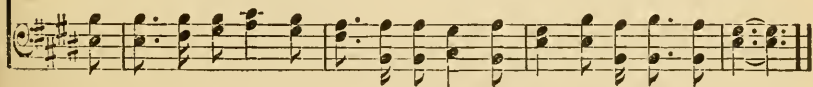
CHORUS.



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



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



No. 104.

Saving Grace.

Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY D. B. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner.

1. O gold-en day, when light shall break, And dawn's bright glories shall un-
 2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
 3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth

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

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

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

grace that saves, shall time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.
 breaks the glorious crowning day, And I shall cross to yonder side.
 conqueror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His redeeming grace.

Saving Grace.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know, as I am known, and stand complete before the throne; Then

I shall see my Sav-ior's face, And all my song be sav - ing grace.

No. 105. Yes, Heaven is Joyful.

John R. Clements.

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Arr. by O. F. P.

1. Grief and pain our por - tion here, But this tho't our hearts will cheer,
 2. Here we feed our souls by grace, There with Je - sus face to face,
 3. There Christ sit-teth on a throne, Rul - ing with Him are "His own,"

CHORUS.

That all is joy in heaven.
 Will know the joys of heaven. Yes, heav-en is joy - ful,
 And all is joy in heaven.

Ver - y, ver - y joy - ful; Sor - row past and sigh - ing o'er.

Moderato.

1. Laid on Thine al - tar, O my Lord di - vine! Ac - cept this gift to -
 2. Hid - den there-in Thy searching gaze can see Struggles of pas-sion,
 3. Take it, O Fa-ther! Ere my cour-age fail, And merge it so in

day, for Je - sus' sake; I have no jew - els to a - dorn Thy shrine,
 vi - sions of de - light, All that I have, or am, or fain would be.—
 Thine own will, that e'en If in some desperate hour my cries pre -vail,

Nor a - ny world-famed sac - ri - fice to make; But here I
 Deep love, fond hopes, and long - ing in - fi - nite; It hath been
 And Thou give back my gift, it may have been, So changed, so

bring with-in my trem-bling hand This will of mine,—a thing that
 wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs, Clench'd in my grasp 'till beau - ty
 pur - i - fied, so fair have grown, So one with Thee, so filled with

seem - eth small: And Thou a - lone, O Lord! canst un - der - stand,
 it hath none; Now from Thy footstool, where it van-quished lies,
 peace di - vine, I may not know or feel it as mine own,

Thy Will, Not Mine.

How, when I yield Thee this, I yield Thee all.
 The pray'r as-cend-eth, "May Thy will be done."
 But, gain-ing back my will, may find it Thine.

How, when I yield Thee this, I yield Thee all.

No. 107. God's Glory In His Works.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY JOHN H. VINCENT. USED BY PER.
 Psalms 8. 7s

William F. Sherwin.

1. Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame How ex - alt - ed is Thy name!
 2. When Thy heav - ens I sur - vey, Which Thy fin - gers' work dis - play,
 3. What is man that in Thy mind He a con - stant place should find?

Who hast set Thy glo - ry bright Far a - bove the heav - en's height; How
 When the moon and stars I see Or - dered all by Thy de - cree; How
 What the son of man that he Should be vis - it - ed by Thee? How

CHORUS.

great Thy name! Lord, our Lord, in all the earth How great Thy name! Who hast

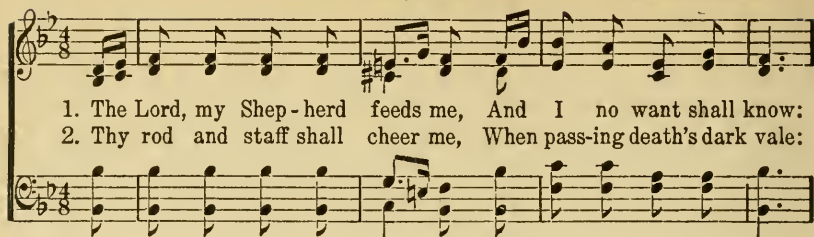
set Thy glo - ry bright Far above the heaven's height, How great Thy name!

No. 108. The Lord, My Shepherd Feeds Me.

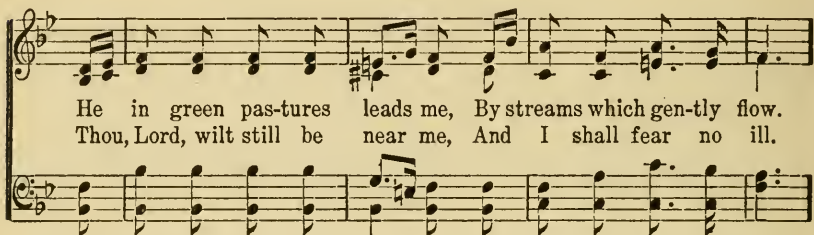
Psalm 23.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY ROBT. H. WILSON.

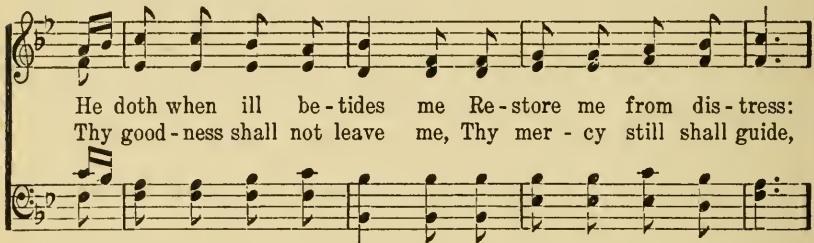
Robt. H. Wilson.



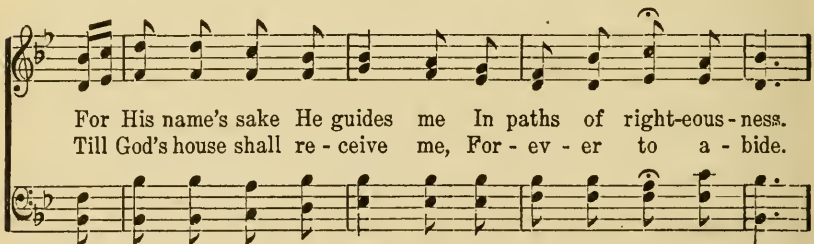
1. The Lord, my Shep-herd feeds me, And I no want shall know:
2. Thy rod and staff shall cheer me, When pass-ing death's dark vale:



He in green pas-tures leads me, By streams which gen-tly flow.
Thou, Lord, wilt still be near me, And I shall fear no ill.

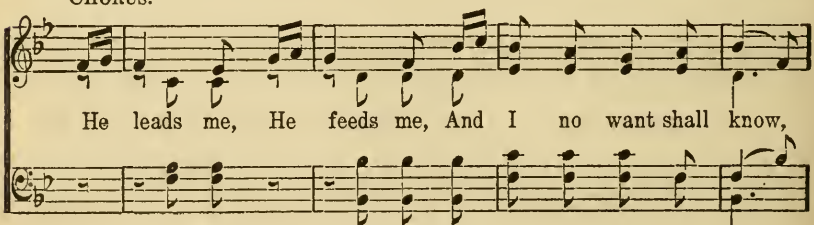


He doth when ill be-tides me Re-store me from dis-tress:
Thy good-ness shall not leave me, Thy mer-cy still shall guide,



For His name's sake He guides me In paths of right-eous-ness.
Till God's house shall re-ceive me, For-ev-er to a-bide.

CHORUS.



He leads me, He feeds me, And I no want shall know,

The Lord, My Shepherd Feeds Me.

He leads me, He feeds me, By streams which gen-tly flow.

No. 109. All Sins Forgiven, But One.

John R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Fred Bulter.

Moderato. With expression.

1. Poor soul, for whom Christ suffered, Grieve not such love a - way; God
 2. He may de-part for-ev - er Shouldst thou not let Him in; Some
 3. His knock may be so gen - tle, Thou scarce canst hear the sound; But

longs to speak your par - don, Let Him do this to - day.
 day He'll cease His striv - ing, And thou shalt die in sin.
 if the door's un - bolt - ed In wait - ing He'll be found.

CHORUS.

All sins shall be for-giv - en, All sins, yes, all but one;

God can - not hold him guilt - less, Who-e'er re - jects His Son.

No. 110. The Adoration of Heaven and Earth.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. (HALLELUJAH PRAISE JEHOVAH). USED BY PER.

Psalm 148. 8s & 7s.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, From the heavens praise His name;
 2. Let them praises give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com-mand;
 3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high;

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an-gels praise pro-claim;
 Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished, His de - cree shall ev - er stand;
 Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly;

All His hosts, to - geth - er praise Him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
 From the earth O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye drag-ons all,
 Kings of earth, and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
 Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Storm-y winds that hear His call.
 Praise His name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men and children small.

CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,
 Let them prais - es

The Adoration of Heaven and Earth.

And His glo - ry is ex-alt - ed, And His glo - ry is ex-
 And His glo - ry *pp* *p* And His glo - ry,

alt - ed, And His glo - ry is ex-alt-ed Far a-bove the earth and sky.
 And His glo-ry

No. 111.

I Lift My Soul.

!Psalm 25. 75.

Spanish Melody.

1. { Lord, I lift my soul to Thee; O my God, in Thee I trust; }
 { From con-fu-sion keep me free; Let not foes their triumph boast. }
 2. { All my sins of youth for-get, Nor my tres-pass-es re-cord; }
 { Think of me in mer-cy great For Thy goodness, sake, O Lord. }

Lord, to me Thy ways make known; Lead in truth, and teach Thou me;
 For the glo-ry of Thy name, O Je-ho-vah, I en-treat,

Thou my Sav-ior art a-lone; All the day I wait on Thee.
 Me from all my guilt re-deem, For my sin is ver-y great.

Will I Empty-Handed Be?

Rev. Neal A. McAulay.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY JOHN. P. HILLIS.

John P. Hillis.

1. Will I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
 2. When the har - vest day's are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
 3. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,

I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
 "Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"
 May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;

Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,
 Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
 When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done,"

Will I Empty-Handed Be?

With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own? . . .
 When I see the bless - ed Sav - ior face to face? . . .
 Take the crown that Love im - mor - tal doth be - stow." . . .

No. 113.

I Surrender All.

W. S. Weeden.

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J. H. VanDeVenter.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee;
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to His name!

No. 114.

Beyond the Smiling.

Bonar.

Zundel.

Andante.

mf

8:

p

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Be-

cres. *dim.*

yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall . be soon.

Solo.

mf

Chorus. *Accomp.* Love, rest, and Home,

I shall . . be soon.

Ped.

Beyond the Smiling.

sweet Home. Chorus.
 Love, rest, and Home, . . .

Solo. Chorus.
 Lord, tar - ry not,
 sweet Home. Lord, tar - ry
 Accomp. *p* *f*
 Ped.

Solo. Chorus.
 Lord, tar - ry not. but come, but come.
 Accomp. *cres.* *ff*
 not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come.
 Ped.

D. S.
p

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon!

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon!

No. 115.

The Christians' Army.

J. E. Rogers, D. D.
Voices in Unison.

COPYRIGHT BY O. F. PUGH.

O. F. Pugh.

1. Rouse, ye Christians, march to glo - ry, Vic - to - ry is
2. Brave - ly, Christians, on to glo - ry, With love's ban - ner

hov - 'ring o'er you, Sa - tan's hosts shall bow be - fore you,
float - ing o'er you, Tell in song the won - drous sto - ry

Heed the Cap - tain's call: In your ease why long - er slum - ber?
Of re - deem - ing love: With His blood the Christ has bo't us,

Snap your slug - gish bands a - sun - der, Let your shouts, like
With the spir - it sent and sought us, In - to sweet com -

Bagle call.

peals of thun - der, Ev - 'ry foe ap - pall.
mun - ion bro't us; He is Lord of lords.

The Christians' Army.

Voices in Harmony.

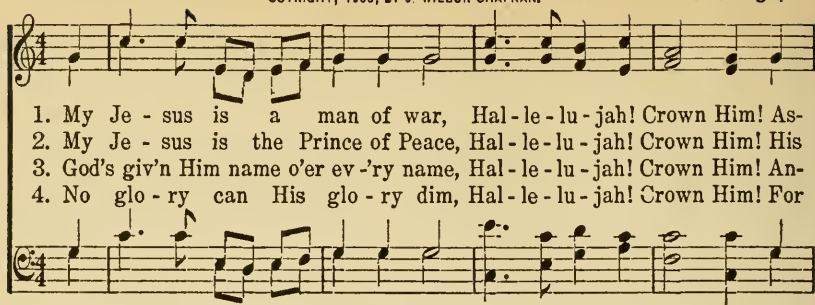
Ech - oes loud a - wak - ing, Sin's do - min - ion
In His ar - my train - ing, Truth and right main -

shak - ing, Raise your joy - ful an - thems high, The
tain - ing, Send the gos - pel far and wide, The

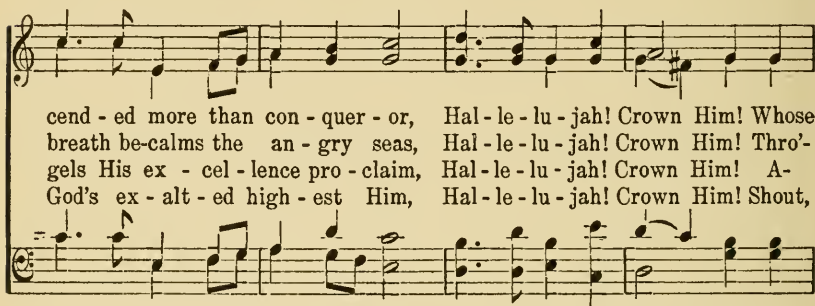
world en - chant - ments break - ing: The pow'rs of dark - ness
pow'r of sin re - strain - ing: The night is spent, the

still as - sail - ing, For - ward press with heart un - fail - ing,
day now break - ing, Na - tions stirred by truth are wak - ing,

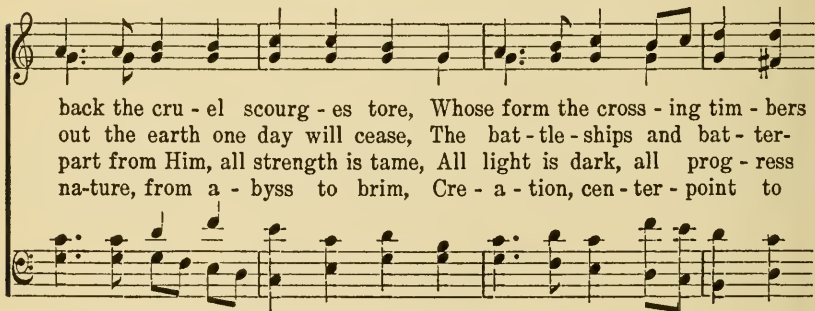
Till their le - gions learn with quail - ing Christ has con - quered all.
Christ His king - dom now is tak - ing, Crown Him Lord of all.



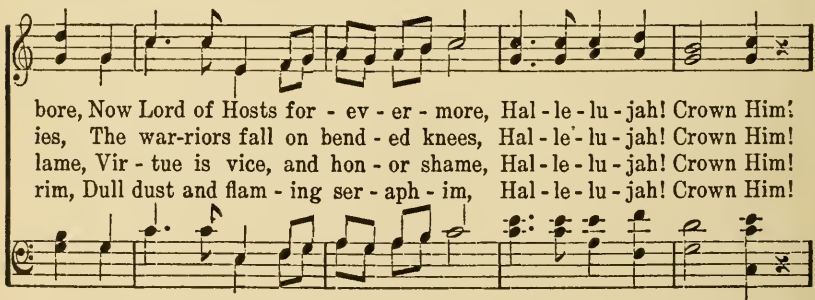
1. My Je - sus is a man of war, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! As -
 2. My Je - sus is the Prince of Peace, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! His
 3. God's giv'n Him name o'er ev'-ry name, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! An -
 4. No glo - ry can His glo - ry dim, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! For



ced - ed more than con - quer - or, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! Whose
 breath be - calms the an - gry seas, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! Thro'-
 gels His ex - cel - lence pro - claim, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! A -
 God's ex - alt - ed high - est Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! Shout,



back the cru - el scourg - es tore, Whose form the cross - ing tim - bers
 out the earth one day will cease, The bat - tle - ships and bat - ter -
 part from Him, all strength is tame, All light is dark, all prog - ress
 na - ture, from a - byss to brim, Cre - a - tion, cen - ter - point to



bore, Now Lord of Hosts for - ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him!
 ies, The war - riors fall on bend - ed knees, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him!
 lame, Vir - tue is vice, and hon - or shame, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him!
 rim, Dull dust and flam - ing ser - aph - im, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him!

Hallelujah! Crown Him.

CHORUS.

Crown Him, Crown Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him now,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Lord of Hosts for - ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him.

No. 117.

Holy and Reverend.

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DUET

Psalm III, C. M

[Robt. H. Wilson.

1. Je - ho - vah's works are ver - y great, The won - ders of His might; Sought
2. His name a - lone most ho - ly is, In fear to be a - dored; Of
3. Good un - der - stand - ing have they all Who care - ful - ly o - bey His

CHORUS.

out they are of ev - 'ry one Who in them takes de - light.
wis - dom the be - gin - ning is To tru - ly fear the Lord. Ho - ly,
just commandments ev - 'ry one; His praise en - dures for aye.

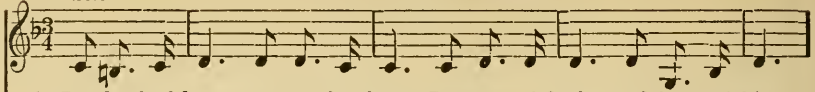
ho - ly and reverend is His name; Ho - ly, ho - ly and reverend is His name.

TO MY WIFE.

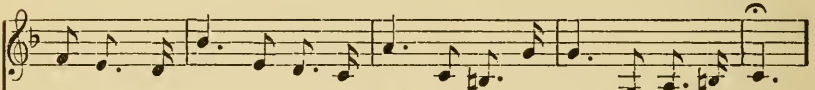
E. O. Excell.
Solo.

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E. O. Excell.



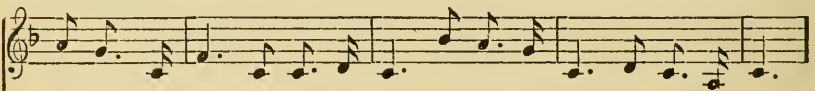
1. Be-cloud-ed long my way has been, Because of doubts and fears within;
2. Thy grace I claim from day to day, Thy blood to wash my guilt a-way;
3. Long as I jour - ney here be - low, Be Thou my Guide wher-e'er I go;



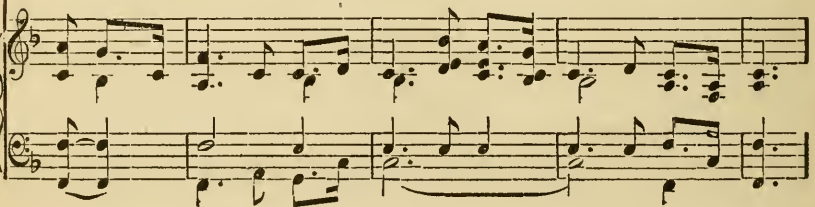
Lord, take a - way my ev - 'ry sin, And make me pure, Oh, make me pure.
Thy-self to teach me how to pray, Oh, make me pure, Oh, make me pure.
Thy presence, Lord, I need it so, To keep me pure, To keep me pure.



CHORUS.



My one de - sire, my on - ly plea, That I some day Thy face may see,



Oh, Make Me Pure.

And live with Thee e - ter - nal - ly, Oh, make me pure, Oh, make me pure.

No. 119.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.

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

ad lib. FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

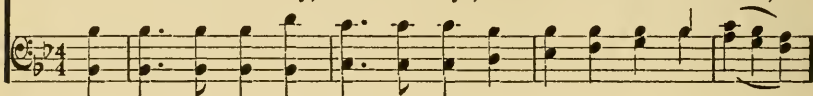
No. 120. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

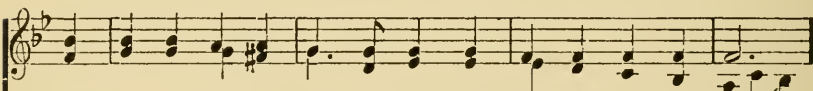
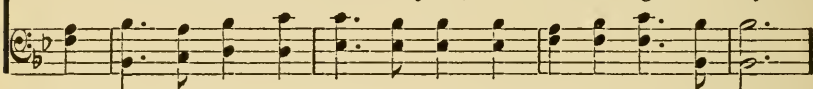
H. S. Cutler.



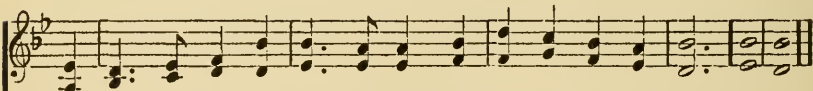
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A no-ble band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spir-it came;
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



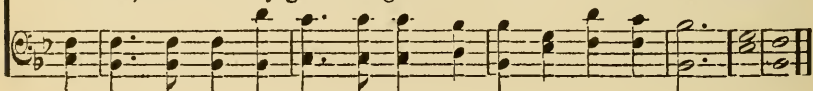
His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky; And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the torch of flame.
 A - round the throne of God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant 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 ascent 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 head the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-men.



SELECTED HYMNS.

.....

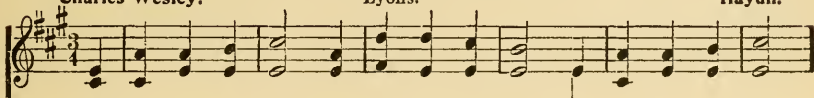
No. 121.

Ye Servants of God.

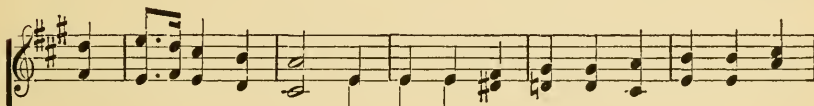
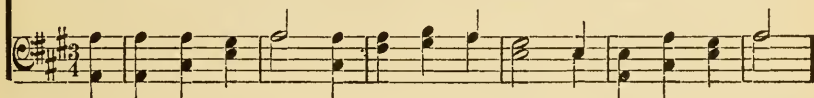
Charles Wesley.

Lyons.

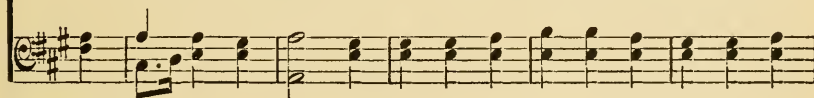
Haydn.



1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still He is nigh—
3. Sal-va-tion to God, who sits on the throne! Let all cry a-loud,
4. Then let us a-dore, and give Him His right, All glo-ry and pow'r,



His won-der-ful name; The name, all vic-to-ri-ous, of Je-sus ex-
His pres-ence we have: The great con-gre-ga-tion His tri-umph shall
and hon-or the Son: The prais-es of Je-sus the an-gels pro-
and wis-dom and might, All hon-or and bless-ing, with an-gels a-



tol; His king-dom is glo-ri-ous, and rules o-ver all.
sing, As-crib-ing sal-va-tion to Je-sus, our King.
claim, Fall down on their fac-es and wor-ship the Lamb.
bove, And thanks nev-er ceas-ing and in-fin-ite love. A-men.



No. 122.

Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
 2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
 3. There, at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be
 4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my

des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on
 pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be
 glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love
 earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home; And I shall sure-ly stand There at my

ev-ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
 o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
 Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home. A-men.

No. 123. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Ortonville. C. M.

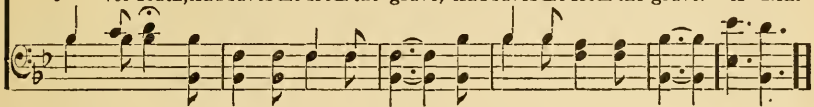
Thomas Hastings.

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

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



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

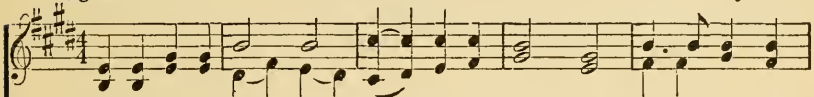


No. 124. Holy, Holy, Holy.

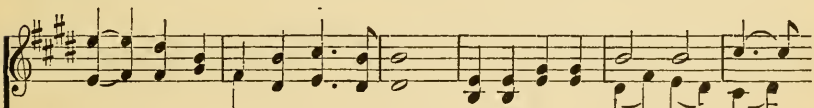
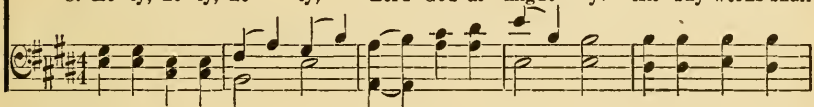
Reginald Heber.

Nicaea.

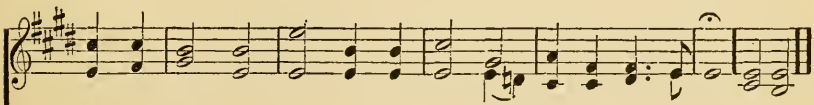
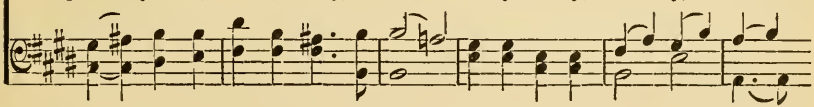
Rev. J. B. Dykes.



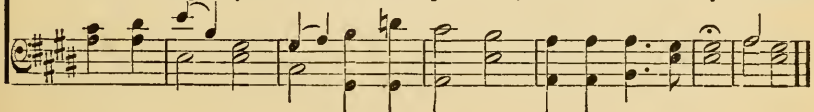
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God al-might-y! All Thy works shall



morn-ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-
 gold-en crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-him and sera-phim fall-ing
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord



ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed trin-i-ty!
 down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shall be.
 God al-might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed trin-i-ty! A-men.



No. 125.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

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

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

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee. Amen.

No. 126.

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Arr. by O. F. P.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
 4. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

No. 127.

Love Divine.

C. Wesley,

John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less may we be;

FINE.

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee;

D. S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long - ing heart.

D. S. Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.

D. S. Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise! Amen.

D. S.

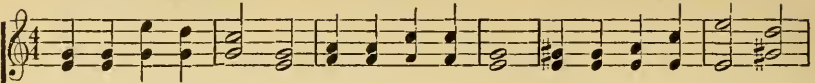
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Come, Al - mighty to de - liv - er! Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;
 Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;

Who Is on the Lord's Side?

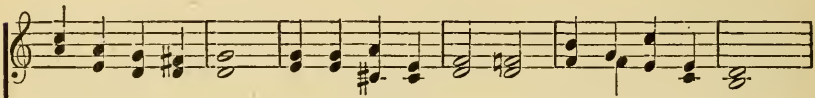
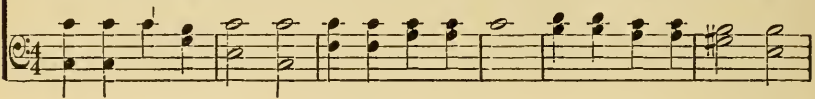
Frances R. Havergal.

Armageddon.

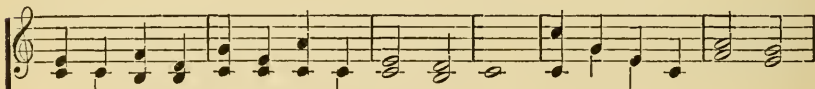
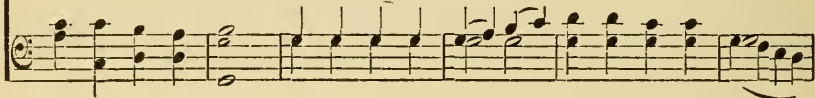
Arr. by Sir John Goss.



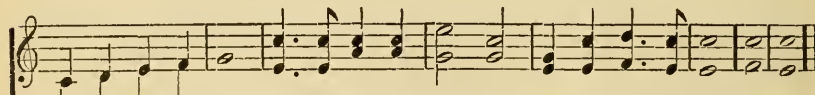
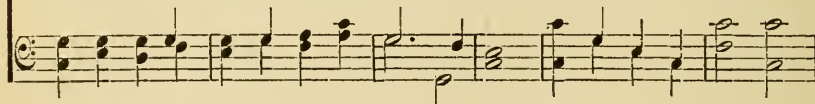
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - mv,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



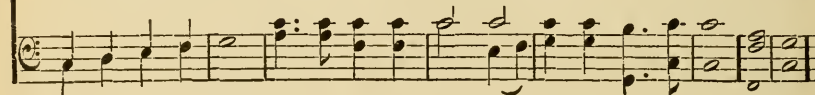
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war - rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee.
 None can o - ver - throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - changing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing



By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior we are Thine. A - men.



Sabine Baring-Gould.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the church of God; Broth - ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a -
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the
voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to

gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
Christ the King, This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 130.

Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings.

Wesley 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the lands
 2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Long by the proph-
 3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are springing, Streams ev - er co-
 4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je - ho-

that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed by the ac - cents of sor - row and
 ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mill - ions from bond - age re-
 pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mountain - tops ech - oes are
 vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of war and com-

mourn - ing; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
 turn - ing! Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vis - ion be - hold.
 ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
 mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

No. 131.

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wouud-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign alone. Amen.

No. 132. Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Hendon. 75.

1. Ask ye what great things I know That de - lights and stirs me
 2. What is faith's foun - da - tion strong? What a - wakes my lips to
 3. Who de - feats my fierc - est foes? Who con - soles my sad - dest

so? What the high re - ward I win? Whose the name I
 song? He who bore my sin - ful load, Pur - chased for me
 woes? Who re - vives my faint - ing heart, Heal - ing all its

glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 peace with God, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 hid - den smart? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied. A-men.

4 Who is life in life to me?
 Who the death of death will be?
 Who will place me on His right
 With the countless hosts of light?
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
 This delights and stirs me so;
 Faith in Him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

Ariel.

Mozart.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my-dear Lord will

glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
 dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath Di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious
 love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of
 bring me home, And I shall see His face, Then with my Sav-ior,

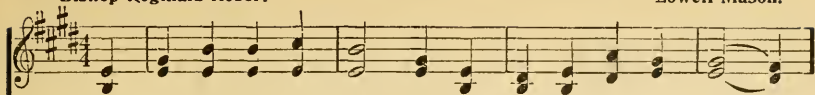
heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In
 right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly dress, My
 sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days Make
 Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-

notes al-most Di-vine, In notes al-most Di-vine.
 soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace. A-men.

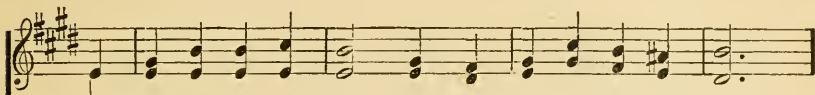
No. 134. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

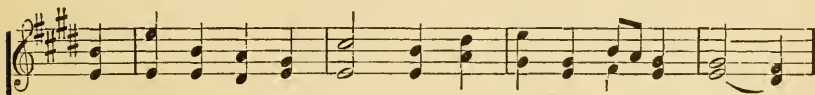
Lowell Mason.



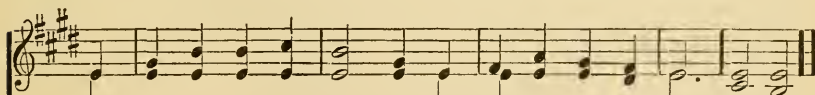
1. From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



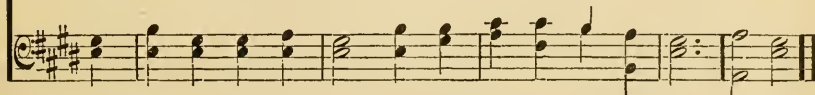
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
 Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heathen in His blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - men.



No. 135.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

By per.

J. H. Stockton.

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

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

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
 Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
 I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;

1-3. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 4. He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

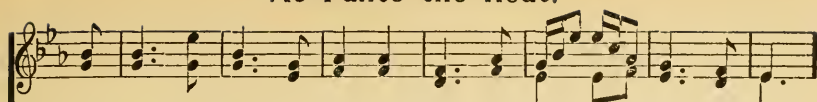
No. 136.

As Pants the Hart.

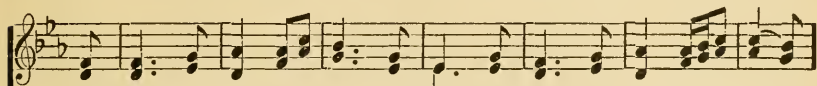
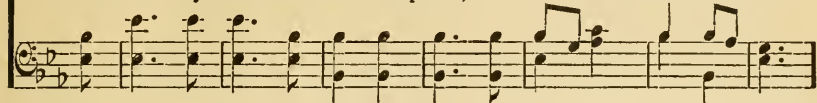
Psalm 42.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase;
 2. I sigh to think of hap - pier days, When Thou, O Lord! wast nigh,

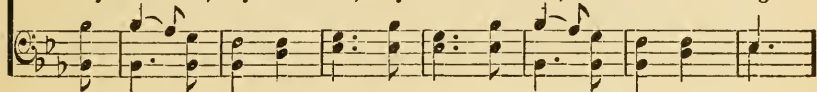
As Pants the Heat.



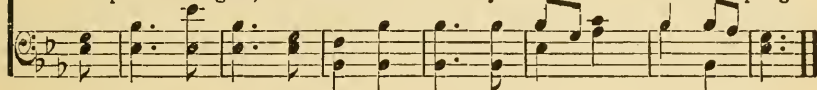
So pants my soul, O Lord! for Thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace?
When ev - 'ry heart was tuned to praise, And none more bless'd than I.



For Thee, my God! the liv - ing God! My thirst - y soul doth pine;
Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, and thou shalt sing



Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine!
His praise a - gain, and find Him still Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

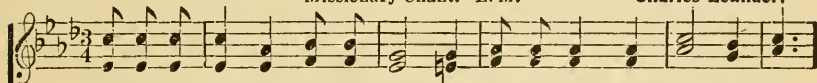


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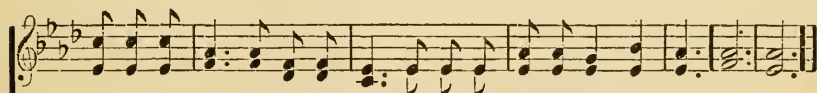
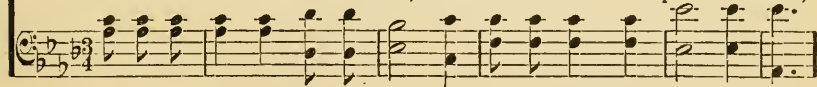
Ye Christian Heralds.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

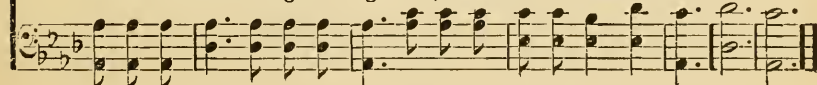
Charles Zeunder,



1. Ye Christian her - alds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. God shield you with a wall of fire, With fla - ming zeal your breast in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more;



To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempests un - to peace.
Meet with the blood - bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all. A - men.



No. 138.

Take Me As I Am.

1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt:
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break;
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D. S.—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am, . . .
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my wili, my heart renew,
 And work both in and by me, too,
 And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,
 Lord, take me as I am!

No. 139.

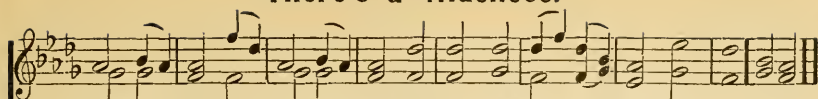
There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

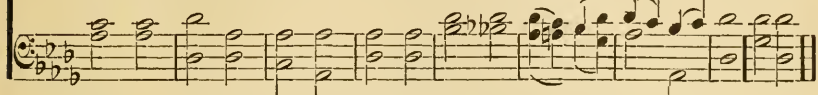
Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a Wideness.



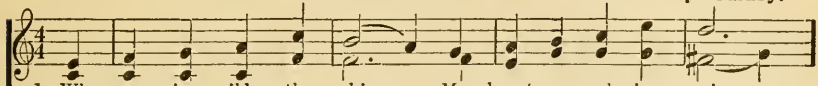
There's a kind-ness in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord. Amen.



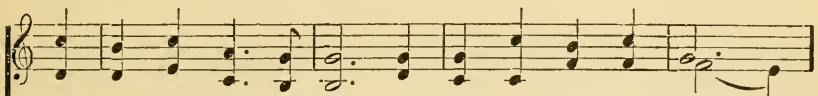
No. 140. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Laudes Domine.

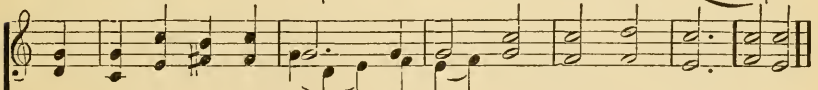
Sir Joseph Barnby.



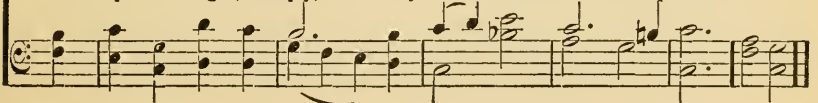
1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,
4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The lov - liest strain is this,
5. Let earth's wide cir - cle round In joy - ful notes re - sound,



May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and pray'r
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earth - ly bliss
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Let air and sea and sky,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 From depth to height, re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised.



No. 141.

We Praise Thee, O God!

Rev. William P. Mackay.

John J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each

CHORUS.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Thine the glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men! re - vive us a - gain.

No. 142.

Now the Day Is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
 4. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Now the Day Is Over.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - men.

even-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 143. How They Crucified My Lord.

Arr. Rev. Samuel H. Hadley.

1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, When I think how they
 2. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree, When I think how they
 3. When I think how they pierc'd His bless - ed side, When I think how they

cru - ci - fied my Lord; Oh, some - times it caus - es me to
 nailed Him to the tree; Oh, some - times it caus - es me to
 pierc'd His bless - ed side. Oh, some - times it caus - es me to

trem - ble, trem - ble, When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
 trem - ble, trem - ble, When I think how they nailed Him to the tree.
 trem - ble, trem - ble, When I think how they pierced His bless - ed side.

- 4 When I think of the nail-prints in His hands,
- 5 When I think how they struck Him in the face,
- 6 When I think how He washed away my sins,

No. 144. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton.

F. J. Hadyn.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; }
 { He, whose word can-not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a-bode; }
 2. { See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e-ter-nal love, }
 { Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move; }
 3. { Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov'r-ing, See the cloud and fire ap-pear, }
 { For a glo-ry and a cov'r-ing, Show-ing that the Lord is near. }

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
 Who can faint while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'as-suage?
 Blest in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on, Washed in the Re-deem-er's blood!

With sal-va-tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
 Je-sus, whom their souls re-ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God. Amen.

No. 145. I Do Believe.

Isaac Watts.

Anon.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

I Do Believe.

D. C.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 146. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

America.

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

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

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

No. 147.

Old Time Power.

C. D. T.

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Charlie D. Tillman.

1. They were gather - ed in an up - per chamber, They were all with one ac - cord;
 2. This power from heav'n de - scend-ed, As the sound of rush - ing wind;
 3. Our Fathers had this "old time" pow - er, And we all may have it too;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend-ed, Which was promised 'by our Lord.
 Tongues of fire rested there up - on them, Je - sus promised He would send.
 This He prom - ised to the faith - ful, What He's promised He will do.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 148.

Sweet the Moments.

Walter Shirley.

Dornance.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
 2. Here I'll sit, for ev - er view - ing Mer - cy's streams in streams of blood;
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie,
 4. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;

Sweet the Moments.

Life and health and peace pos-sess - ing From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.
 Precious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see di - vine com-pas-sion Plead-ing in His lan - guid eye.
 Con-stant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death. A-men.

No. 149.

Happy Day.

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 rapt-ures all a - broad. }

FINE.

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;

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 150.

Come, Holy Spirit.

Isaac Watts.

William Jones.

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

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav-i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. Amen.

No. 151.

Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

William B. 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' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt;
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind;
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, relieve,

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 - ings and fears with - in, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 152.

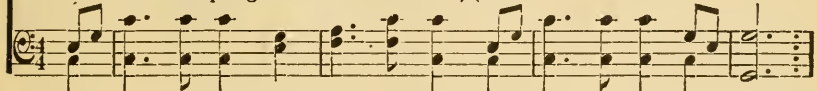
There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Lowell Mason.

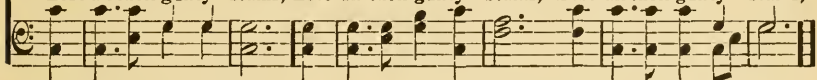


1. { There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; }
 { And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, (Omit.) }
 D. C. - And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, (Omit.)



D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,



- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

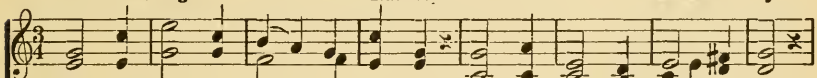
No. 153.

In the Cross of Christ.

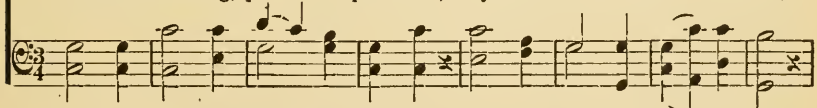
Sir J. Bowring.

Rathbun.

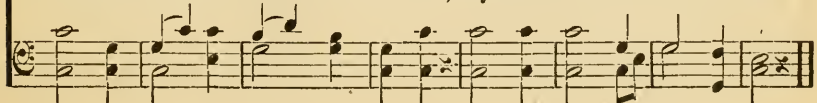
Ithamar Conkey.



- 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 de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
- 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;



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.



No. 154.

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

J. J. Rousseau. Arr.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
 4. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

f Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
 Let Thy grace now, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.
 Here's my heart: O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

FINE.

D. S.—I love Je - sus, He's my Sav - ior; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do!

No. 155.

Blest be the Tie.

Dennis. S. M.

Hans G. Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low -
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

Blest be the Tie.

ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - men.

No. 156.

All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball:

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him,
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might And crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

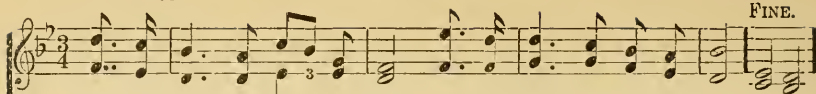
No. 157.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

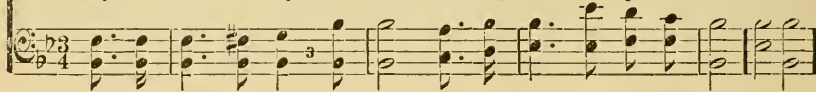
Edward Hopper.

John E. Gould

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C.—Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!" Amen.

*D. C.*

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



No. 158.

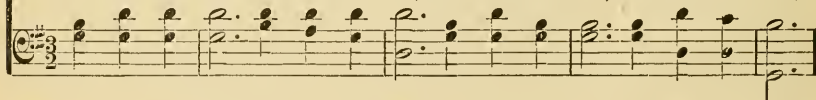
I'm Going Home.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

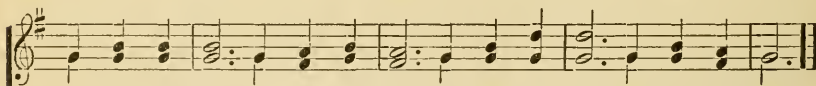
Wm. Miller.



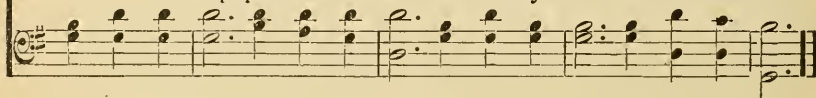
1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;
 2. My Fa - ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
 3. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames de - vour, or waves o'er - flow;



CHO.—*I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*



Its glit - t'ring tow'rs the sun out - shine, That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be.
 Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man - sion near the throne.



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

No. 159.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

D.S.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

D. C.

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.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

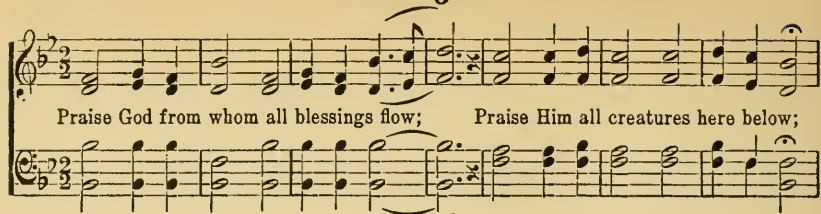
No. 160.

Gloria Patri.

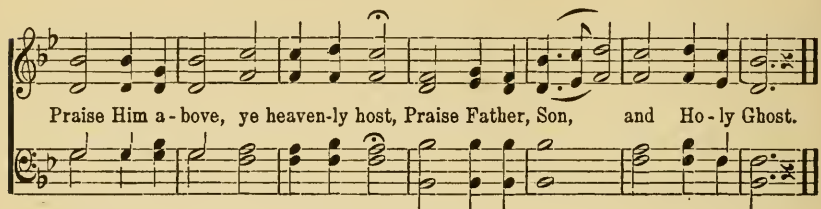
Glo - ry be to the Fath - er, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it
 was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

No. 161.

Doxologies.



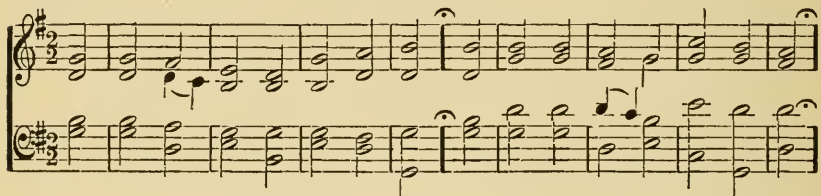
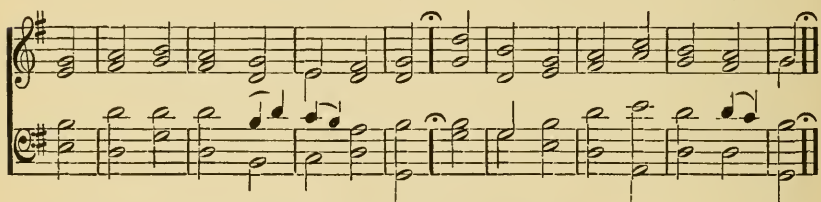
Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav-en-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

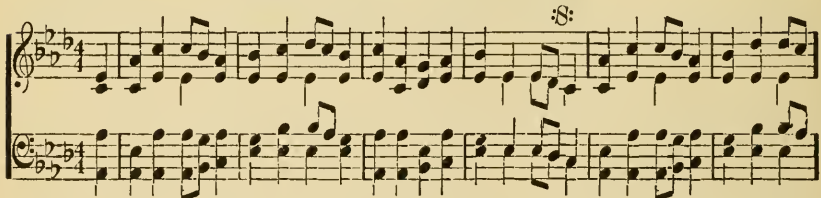
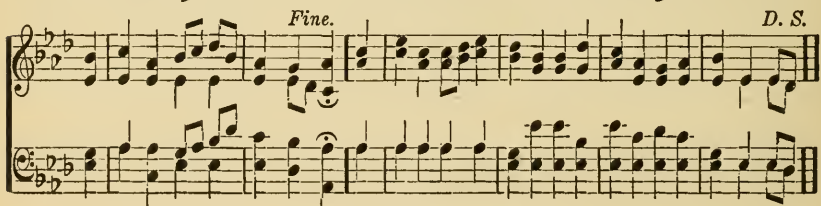
No. 162.

Old Hundred.

No. 163.

Praise God From Whom.

Fine. *D. S.*

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS.

No. 164. PSALM XIX.

THE law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have no dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the word of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 165. PSALM I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 166. PSALM XXXII.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

No. 167. PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Responsive Scripture Readings.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

No. 168. PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt

thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

No. 169. PSALM CIII.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases:

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man; his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments.

Responsive Scripture Readings.

hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

No. 170. ISAAH LIII.

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

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

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

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

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we were healed.

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

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

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

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

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

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong: because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin

of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

No. 171. ISAAH LV.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Responsive Scripture Readings.

No. 172. JOHN XV: 1-17.

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

15 Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

16 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

17 These things I command you, that ye, love one another.

No. 173. MATT: VII: 1-20.

JUDGE not, that ye be not judged.

2 For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

5 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

6 Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

7 Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?

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

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone.

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent.

11 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.

12 Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

13 Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

14 Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

15 Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

16 Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

17 Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

18 A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

19 Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.

20 Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

