

Winnona Hymns

With Supplement

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Winona Hymns



COMPILED BY

J. Wilbur Chapman

EDITED BY

E. O. Excell

FOR

The Evangelistic Committee

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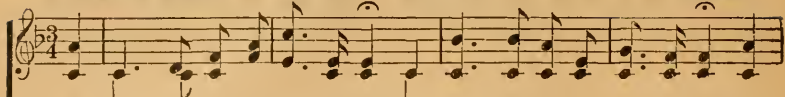
No. 2.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

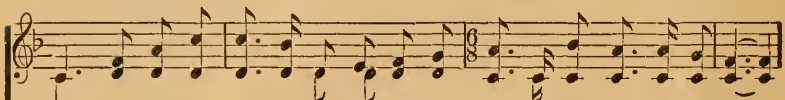
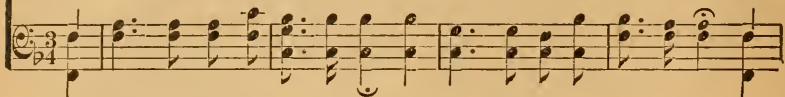
Helen L. Dungan.

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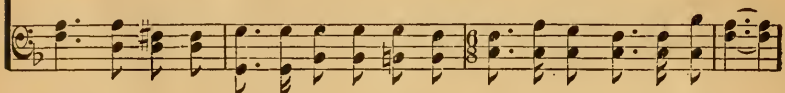
J. M. Dungan.



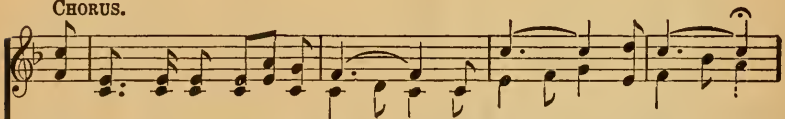
1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like o-c-ean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



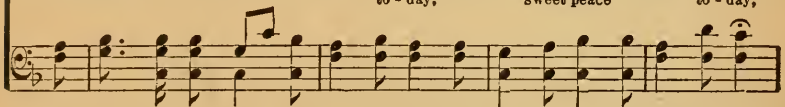
temp - est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
 ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
 sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
 chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.



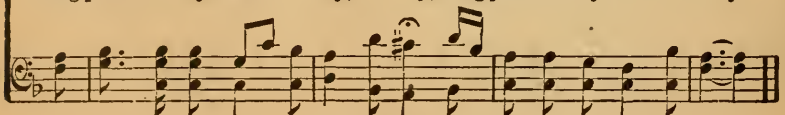
CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
 to - day, sweet peace to - day,



Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.



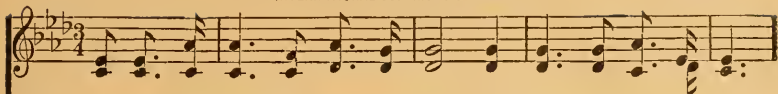
No. 3.

Grace, Enough for Me.

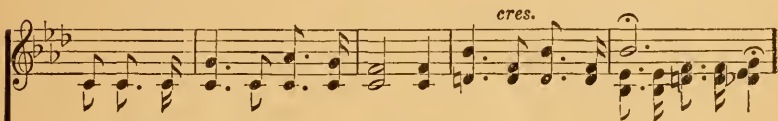
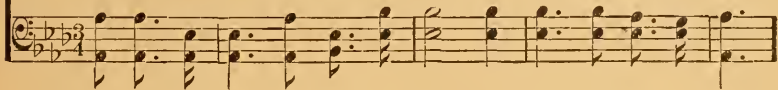
E. O. E.

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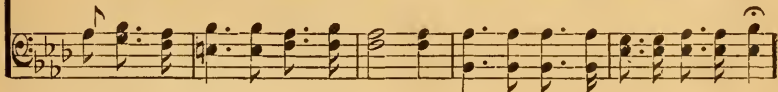
E. O. Excell.



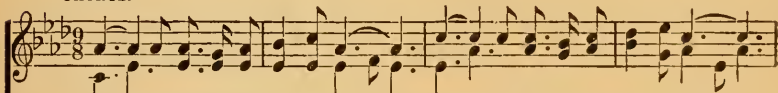
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por - tion there will be



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



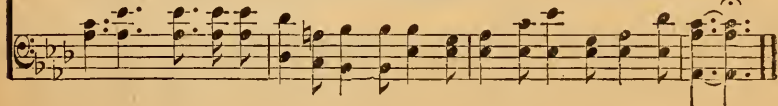
CHORUS.



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



Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . . enough for me.
 Grace for time and o-ter-ni-ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, enough for me.



W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mortal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mortal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme. tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de -
a - ble, He is a - ble,

liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op -
a - ble, He is a - ble,

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 5.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me. . . .

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

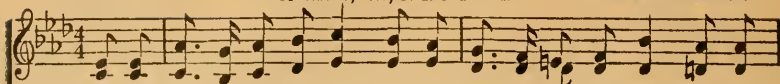
No. 6.

Keep the Heart Singing.

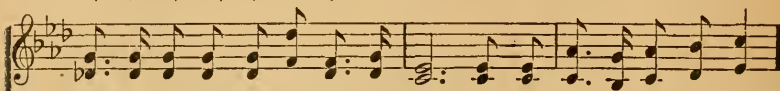
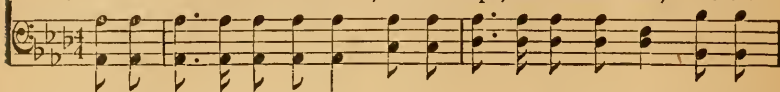
C. H. G.

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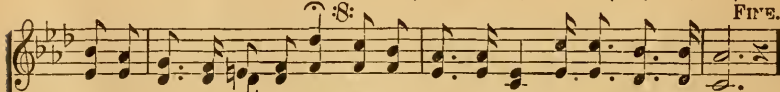
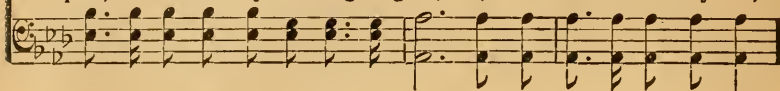
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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

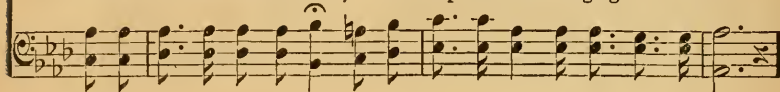


word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

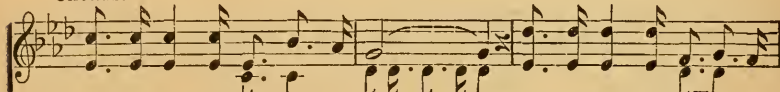


FIN^{RE}.

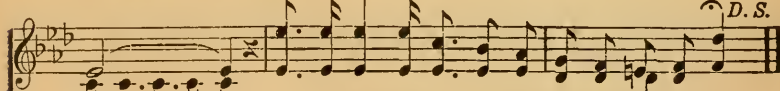
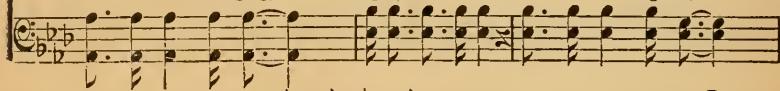
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



CHORUS.

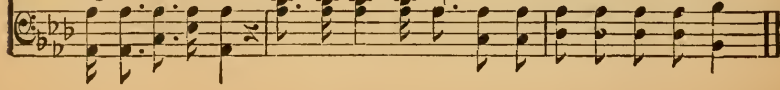


Keep the heart singing all the while; Make the world brighter with a
singing, singing all the while; brighter,



D. S.

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



No. 7.

The King's Business.

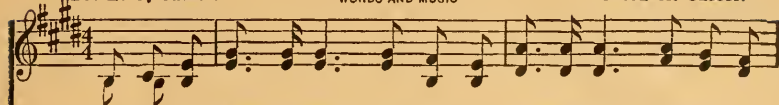
Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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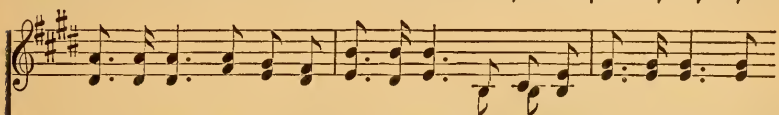
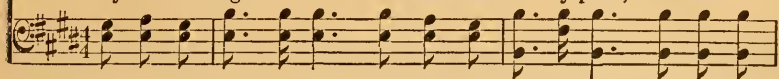
WORDS AND MUSIC

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

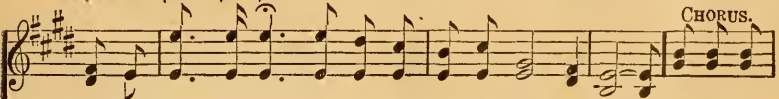
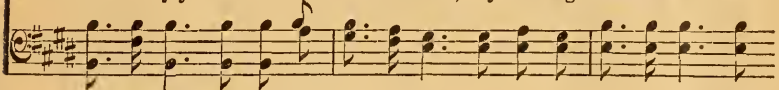
Flora H. Cassel.



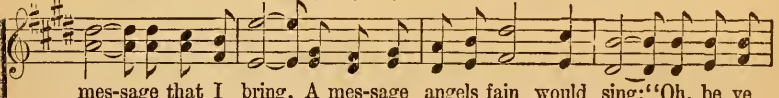
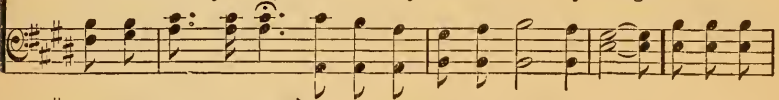
1. I am a strang-er here, with-in a for-ign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ros-y plain, E-ter-nal



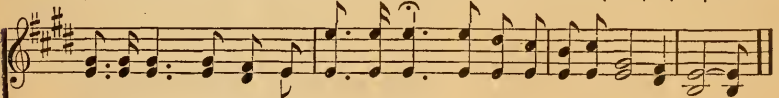
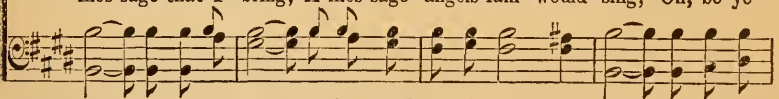
far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
 turn a-way, from sin's se-duct-ive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
 life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how



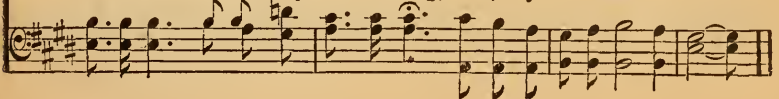
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
 Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
 mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



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



reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."



No. 8.

Everybody Should Know.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Musical notation for the first staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

- 1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Who helps me wher - er I go;
- 2. His mer - cy and love is un - bound - ed, He makes me with gladness o'erflow;
- 3. He helps me when tri - als sur - round me, His grace and His goodness to show;
- 4. My life and my love I will give Him, And faith - ful - ly serve Him be - low;

Musical notation for the second staff, bass clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

Musical notation for the third staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

That I must be tell - ing His good - ness For ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.
 Oh, He is "the Chief of ten - thousand" That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.
 Oh, how can I help but a - dore Him That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.
 Who bro't me His wondrous sal - va - tion, That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.

Musical notation for the fourth staff, bass clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the fifth staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know, Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know;
 should know, should know,

Musical notation for the sixth staff, bass clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

Musical notation for the seventh staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior, That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.

Musical notation for the eighth staff, bass clef, 4/4 time signature, key of Bb.

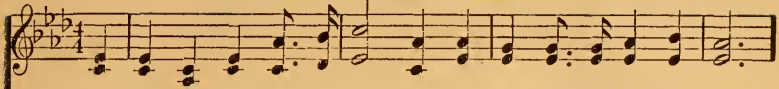
No. 9.,

My Savior's Love.

C. H. G.

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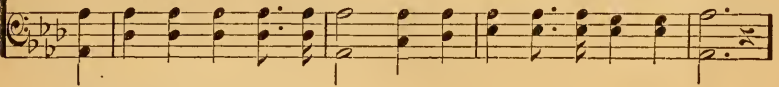
Chas. H. Gabriel.



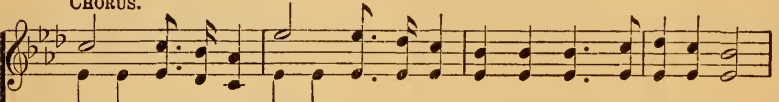
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He pray'd "Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ran-somed in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,



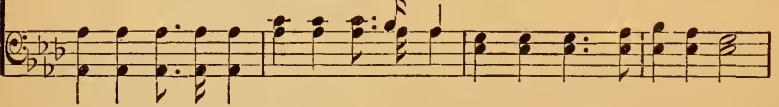
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweatdrops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-row He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



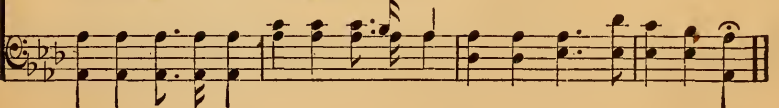
CHORUS.



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



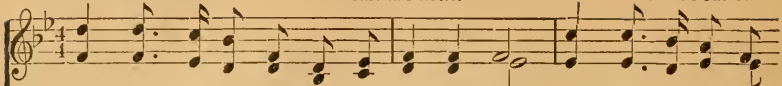
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!



Lizzie De Armond

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



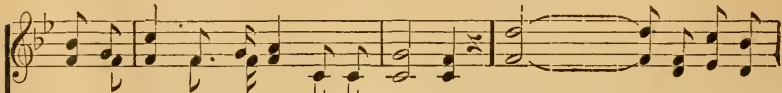
1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep - ing
2. O soul, be faith - ful, to the end en - dure, Trust - ing His prom - is -
3. When thro' the Jor - dan I must take my way, His staff will comfort



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



REFRAIN.



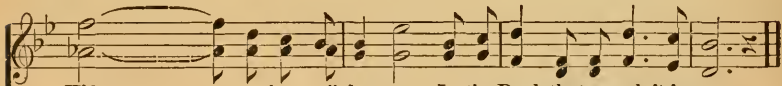
In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide me, safe-ly
Hide me, safe - ly hide.



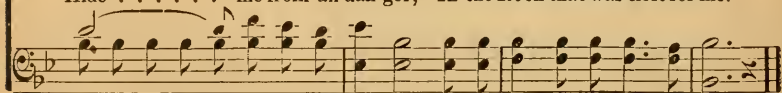
hide me, Hide me, safe-ly hide me,
Hide me, safely hide, hide me, safe-ly



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



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



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

No. 11.

He Knows It All.

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Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

C. M. Davis.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

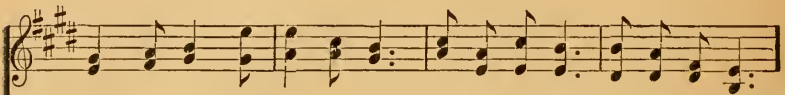
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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

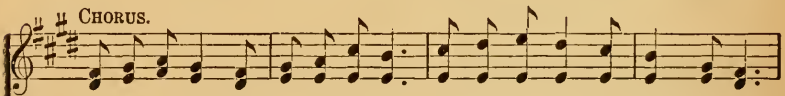
J. Howard Entwistle.



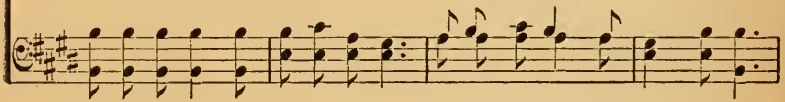
1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic-es will call, voic-es will call;



While I find my prec-ious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.



Je-sus is now and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,



Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.



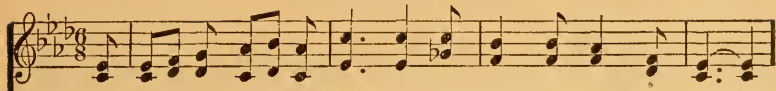
No. 13.

My Father Planned It All.

H. H. Pierson.

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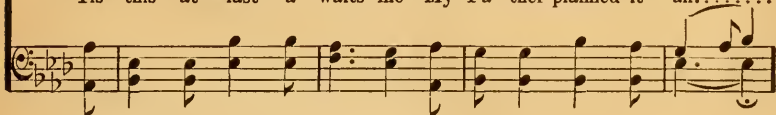
Chas. H. Gabriel.



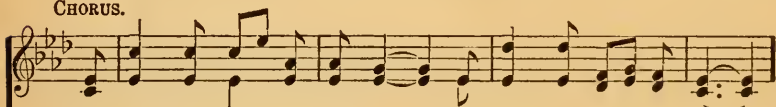
1. What tho' the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot - steps A - long the wea - ry way,
4. A day of light and glad - ness, On which no shade will fall,



I know wher - e'er it lead - eth, My Fa - ther planned it all.....
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa - ther's plan for me.....
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day.....
'Tis this at last a - waits me—My Fa - ther planned it all.....



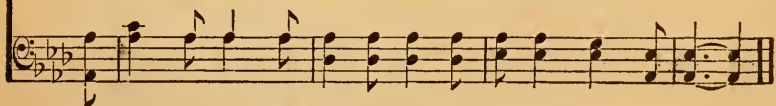
CHORUS.



I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what - e'er be - fall;



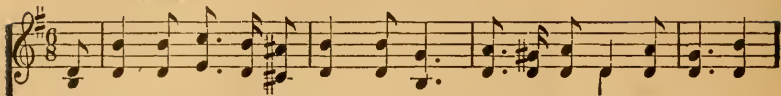
His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa - ther planned it all.



Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

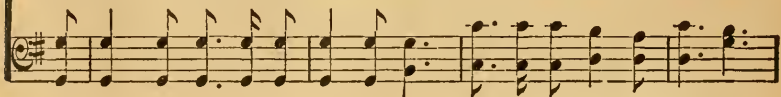
E. O. Excell.



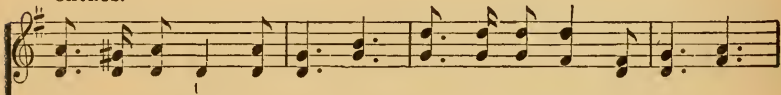
1. O pil-grim bound for the heav'n-ly land, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
2. When e'er you're tempted to go a - stray, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
3. Tho' dark the pathway may seem a - head, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
4. When death is knocking out-side the door, Nev - er lose sight of Je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



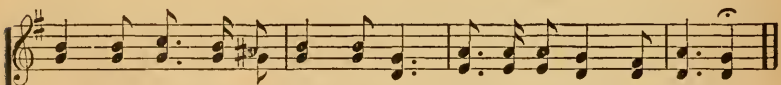
He'll lead you gen - tly with lov - ing hand, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 Press on - ward, upward the nar - row way, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 "I will be with you" His word hath said, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 Till safe - ly land - ed on Canaan's shore, Nev - er lose sight of Je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



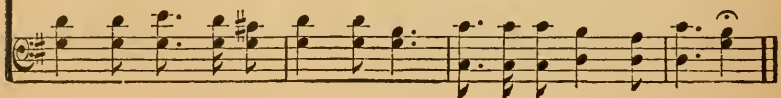
CHORUS.



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



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



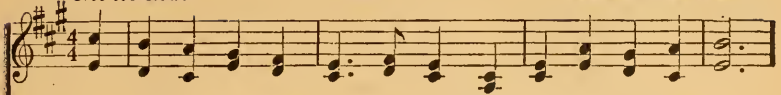
No. 15.

Bless the Lord.

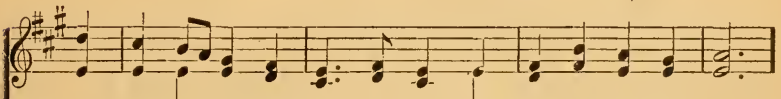
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James McGranahan.

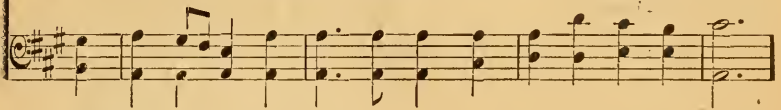
Not too slow.



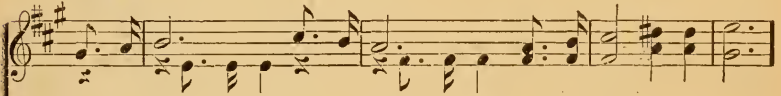
1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be
3. All thy in - i - qui - ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give:
4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down,



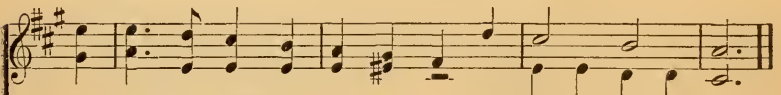
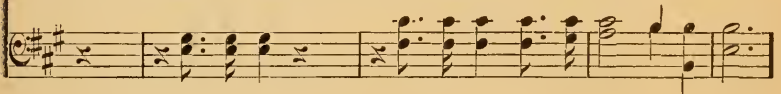
Be lift - ed up, His ho - ly name To mag-ni - fy and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben - e - fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis-eas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
Who thee with lov-ing kind-ness doth And ten - der mer-cies crown.



CHORUS.



“Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
“Bless the Lord, bless the Lord.”



And all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - ly name.”
Bless His ho - ly name.”



C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Rit.

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

No. 17. "Christ Jesus Died for Sinners."

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.

1. There's a won-der-ful theme in the gos-pel tongue, As e'er was
 2. 'Tis a won-der-ful theme and I oft have read How Je-sus
 3. 'Tis a won-der-ful theme, that the Lord should give His life, that

heard, as e'er was sung, And thro' the world the mes-sage rung,
 bowed His wea-ry head; " 'Tis fin-ished," to the world He said:
 I might life re-ceive; And now He bids me look and live,

CHORUS.

"Christ Je-sus died for sin-ners." Tell the mes-sage o'er a-
 Tell the mes-sage o'er a-

gain, Je-sus died . . . for sin-ful men;
 gain, o'er a-gain, Je-sus died for sin-ful men, sin-ful men;

Sound the word, . . . and make it plain; Christ Je-sus died for sin-ners."
 Sound the word, and make it plain, make it plain,

Effie S. Black.

J. Wilbur Chapman.

1. God so loved the world, when in dark-ness 'twas lost, That He
 2. The dear Sav-ior came all our bur-dens to bear; For
 3. O Thou who hast died to re-deem us from sin, Now

sent forth His Son from a-bove, Who came to re-deem us at
 us He lived hum-bly and poor That we, thro' His pov-er-ty,
 grant us Thy par-don-ing peace; Re-ceive us, for-give us and

in-fin-ite cost, And light-ed the world with His love.
 rich-es might share, And joys that for-ev-er en-dure.
 cleanse us with-in; Bid sin and sin's sor-row to cease.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is a-ble to save, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
 and will-ing to save, and will-ing to save;

No one but Je-sus can save you, Je-sus is a-ble to save.
 is a-ble to save,

No. 19.

No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

1. No beau - ti - ful cham - ber, No soft cra - dle bed, No place but a
 2. No sweet con - se - cra - tion, No seek - ing His part, No hu - mil - i
 3. No one to re - ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-

man - ger, No - where for His Head; No prais - es, of glad - ness,
 a - tion, No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav - ior,
 lieve Him, No staff but a spear; No seek - ing His treas - ure,

Rit.
 No tho't of their sin, No glo - ry, but sad - ness, No room in the inn.
 No sor - row for sin, No pray'r for His fa - vor, No room in the inn.
 No weep ing for sin, No do - ing His pleas - ure, No room in the inn.

CHORUS.

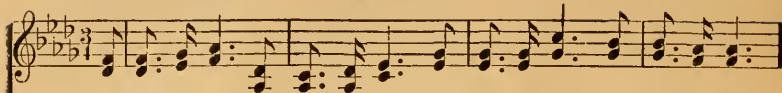
No room, no room for Je - sus, Oh, give Him wel - come free,

Rit.
 Lest you should hear at Heav - en's gate, "There is no room for Thee."

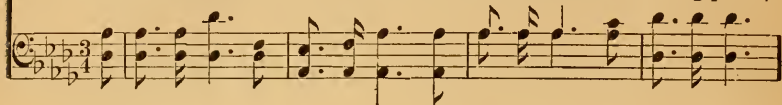
J. W. Van De Venter.

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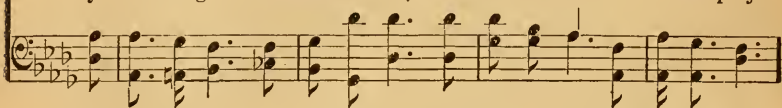
W. S. Weeden.



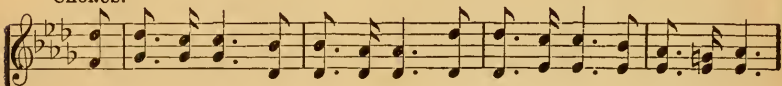
1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of joy—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleansing pow'r,



“You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r.”
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.
 I see her by the old arm - chair, My mother dear, in humble pray'r.
 My sin and guilt he canceled there, 'Twas there He answered mother's pray'r.”

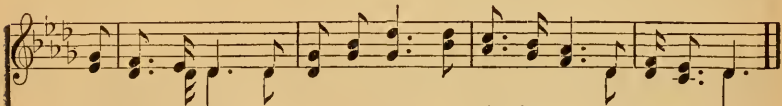
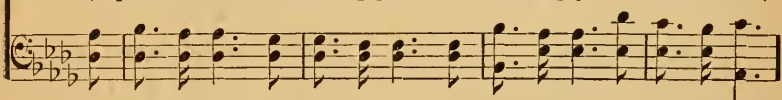


CHORUS.

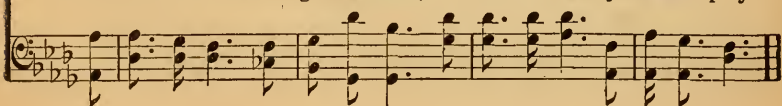


When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
Chorus for last verse.

Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face;



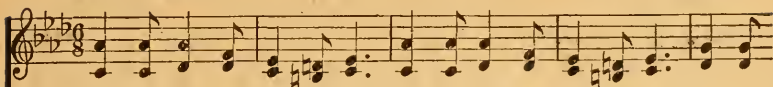
A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.



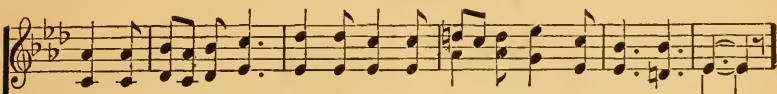
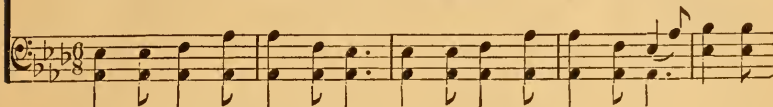
Mary Ann Lathbury.

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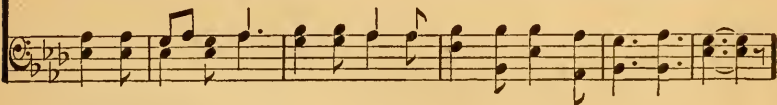
William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing a'l, Thro' the
4. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



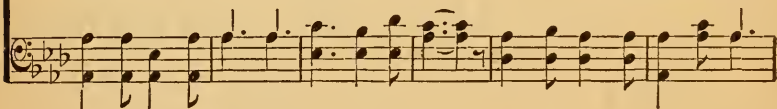
wor - ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art night.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
 an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shadows end.



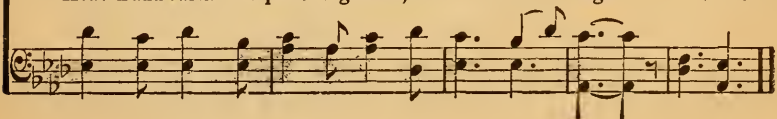
REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;



Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.



James Rowe.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I once heard a sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love, And it lift - ed the
2. Tho' a - far I had wan - dered in darkness and sin, And tho' helpless, and
3. That sweet sto - ry of Je - sus Who died on the tree Will be told on e -

cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the dear ones a - bove;
wea - ry, and poor, This sweet sto - ry left light, hope and gladness with - in;
ter - ni - ty's shore; How He came as a ran - som for you and for me;

CHORUS.

I am long - ing to hear it once more. I am long ing to hear it once

more; The sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er; . . . It is rapt - ure di -
once more; I am sure;

vine, to know He is mine; I am long - ing to hear it once more.

Edgar Page.

USED BY PER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meeting at Mount Vernon, in November 1898.

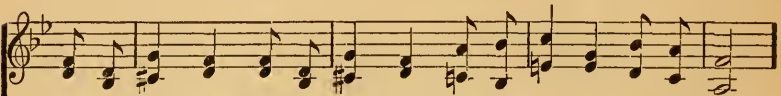
Flora Kirkland.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. S. WEEDEN.

W. S. Weedon.



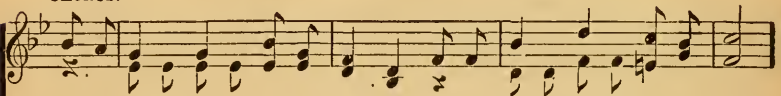
1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have cho - sen you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher - e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, We, Thy chil - dren, hum - bly wait;



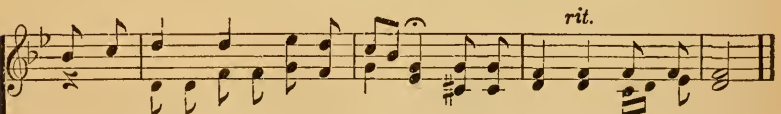
Does He tell you in com - mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
 So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
 We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.



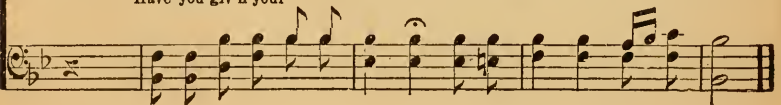
CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
 Are you in the Have you heard the



Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?
 Have you giv'n your



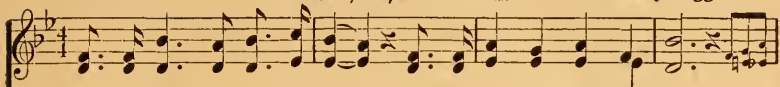
No. 25. Silently the Shades of Evening.

Dedicated to the Hillside Services.

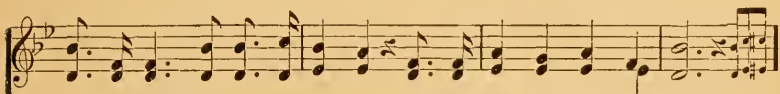
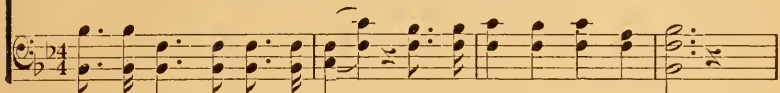
C. C. Cox.

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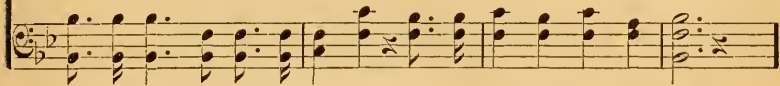
Carey Boguess.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er 'round my low - ly door,
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly memories clus - ter. Like the stars when storms are past,



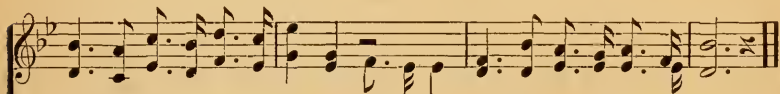
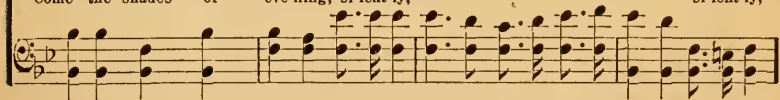
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
They unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hop - ing for its end.
Point - ing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.



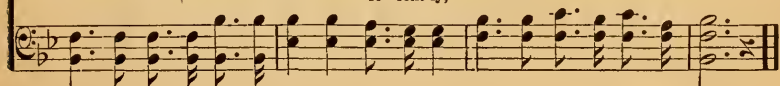
CHORUS.



Come the silent shades of eve - ning, Holy mem'ries cluster 'round me,
Come the shades of eve - ning, si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly,



Point - ing up to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.
si - lent - ly,



H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY H. G. SMYTH.

H. G. Smyth.

1. There is one who un - der-stands our hearts, Je - sus, the
 2. He will soothe and com - fort in dis - tress, Je - sus, the
 3. In temp - ta - tion He will help thee stand, Je - sus, the
 4. There is one who died for you and me, Je - sus, the

best friend of all; And for ev - 'ry need His grace im - parts,
 best friend of all; He will sym - pa - thize, and help and bless,
 best friend of all; Will sup - port thee with His strong right hand,
 best friend of all; He will give us par - don full and free,

CHORUS.
 Je - sus, the best friend of all. Je - sus, the best friend of all,
 the best of all,

Je - sus, the best friend of all; He knows our ev - 'ry care,
 the best of all,

And will ev - 'ry bur - den bear, Je - sus, the best friend of all.

No. 27.

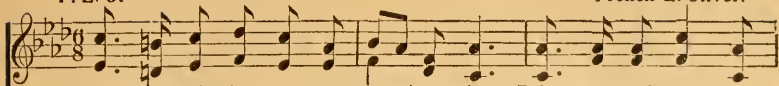
"Get Right With God."

Dedicated to Dr. R. A. Torrey.

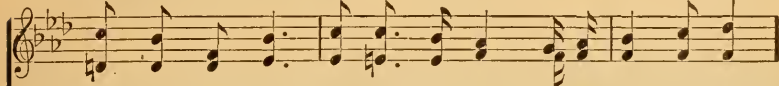
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

F. E. O.

French E. Oliver.



1. Are there with-in you base pas-sions rife, Pride and vain-glo-ry,
 2. Why not let Je-sus your bur-dens bear? Ye who are sink-ing
 3. Are you now long-ing for per-fect peace? Would you from bond-age
 4. Have you a moth-er in you-der home? Think of her pray'rs and



ran-cor and strife? Heed, heed the call to the bet-ter life;
 in-to de-spair, Lost for e-ter-ni-ty, O be-ware!
 now have re-lease? Seek ye the Lord ere His pleadings cease;
 tears as you roam; Hear her still plead-ing with thee to come;



CHORUS.



"Get right, get right with God." Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth



stand-eth here, Friend of the sin-ner, Sav-ior so dear; (so dear;)



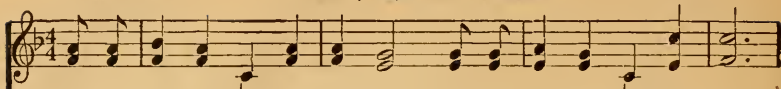
"Call ye up-on Him while He is near;" "Get right, get right with God"



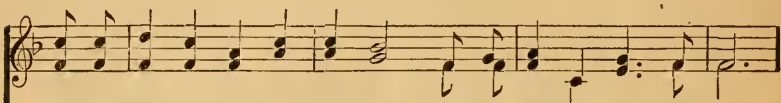
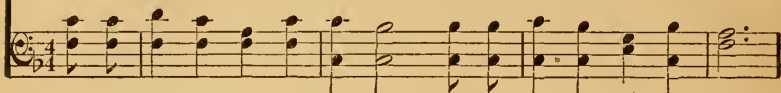
Flora Kirkland.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.

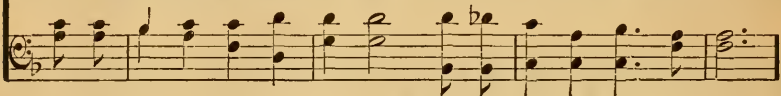
Geo. C. Stebbins.



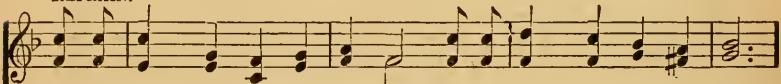
1. In the deep, deep waves of sor - row, 'Mid the strong swift tides of grief;
2. Hear it sing - ing, I am with thee!" Hear a - gain! "Be not a - fraid."
3. Doth thy way seem hedged a bout thee? "I will guide thee with mine eye."
4. Art thou wea - ry? Hark the ech - o! "Come, thou wea - ry, one to me;"



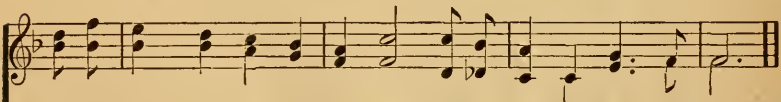
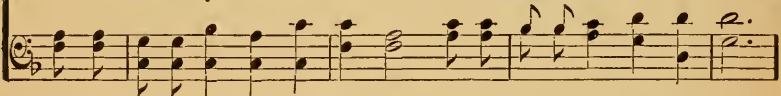
Hark, a sound of heav'n-ly mu - sic, Bringing sweet and sure re - lief!
 Can'st thou fear, when He is near thee, He, on whom thy trust is stayed?
 Do the cares of life per-plev thee? "I will an - swer ere they cry."
 Art thou trou - bled for the fu - ture? "As thy days, thy strength shall be."



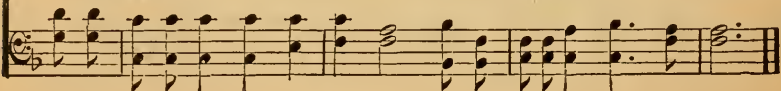
REFRAIN.



Precious mu - sic of the Bi - ble! Mu - sic saints and prophets heard!
 mel - o - dy saints and the



Bringing hope in times of an-gush; Wond'rous mu - sic of God's word!
 hope in the mel - o - dy



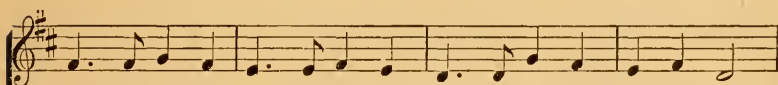
J. W. Van De Venter.

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USED BY PER.

W. S. Weeden.



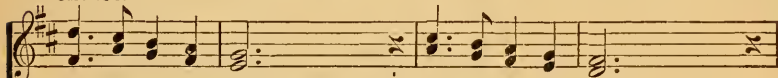
1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;



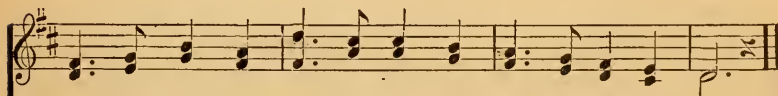
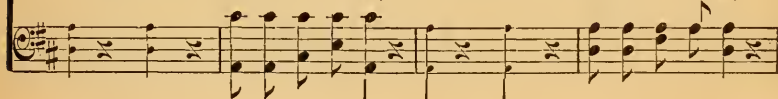
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
 World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.
 O the joy of full sal - va - tion, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.



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.



H. G. Spafford.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1904,

P. P. Bliss.

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

sor - rows like sea - billows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin— not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
 clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

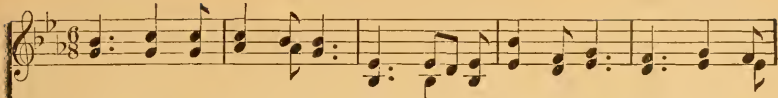
CHORUS

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

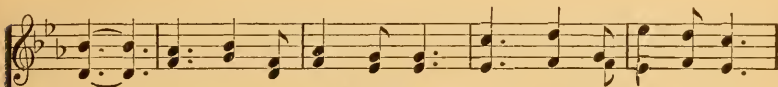
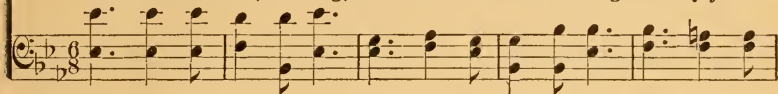
S. Wolcott,

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

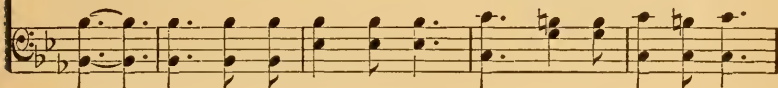
E. O. Excell.



1. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring With love and
2. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring With fer-vent
3. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring With one ac-
4. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring With joy - ful



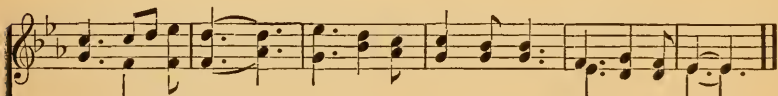
zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver-borne,
 pray'r; The way-ward and the lost, By rest - less pas-sion toss'd,
 cord; With us the work to share, With us re-proach to dare,
 song; The new-born souls, whose days, Re - claim'd from er-ror's ways,



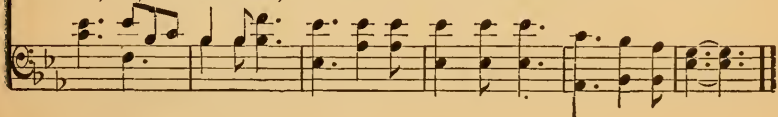
CHORUS.



Sin--sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 Re-deemed at countless cost, From dire de - spair. All, all for Christ,
 With us the cross to bear For Christ, our Lord. All, all all for Christ,
 In-spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.



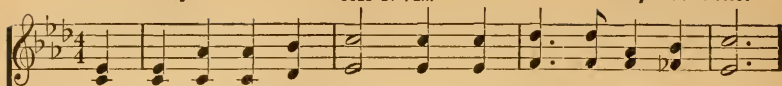
All, all for Him, All, all the world for Christ, All, all for Him.
 All, all, all for Him,



Mrs. L. Shorey.

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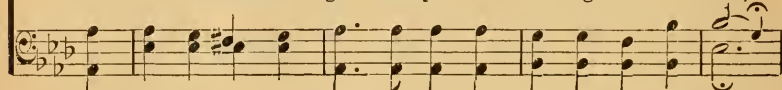
Joseph D. Little.



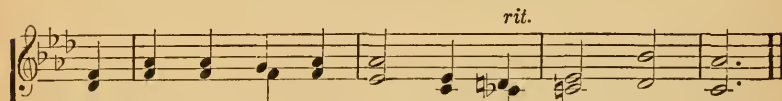
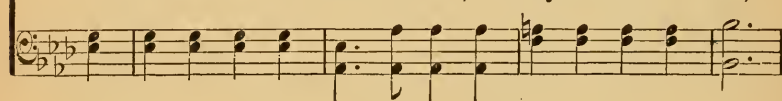
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,



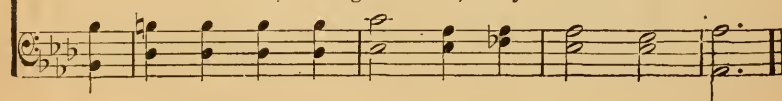
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
But with what love He lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;



And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.



No. 33.

Hallelujah!

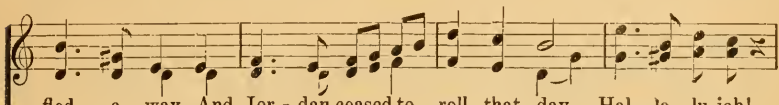
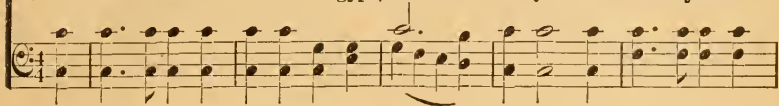
James M. Gray.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

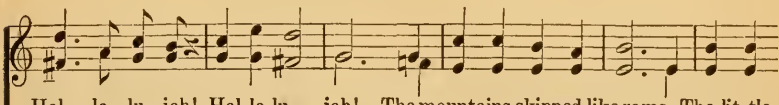
French E. Oliver.



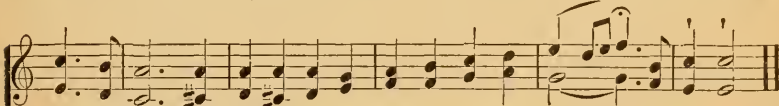
1. When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah! The sea beheld and
2. When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah! When Jesus Christ re -
3. When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah! When e'er my heart re -
4. When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah! When e'er my soul shall



fled a - way, And Jor - dan ceased to roll that day, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 deemed the world, And Sa - tan from his throne was hurled, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 turned to God, And sought the paths the saints have trod, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 take its flight, And reach the land for - ev - er bright, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! The mountains skipped like rams, The lit - tle
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! The an - gels did re - joice, The heav - ens
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! My guilt was put a - way, And put a -
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I then shall know at last The mean - ing



hills like lambs, When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 found a voice, When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 way to stay, When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 of the past, When Is - ra - el went out of E - gypt, Hal - le - lu - jah!



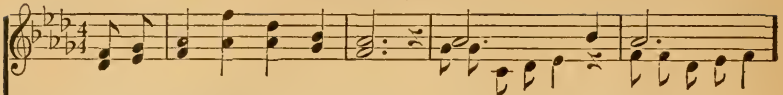
No. 34.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

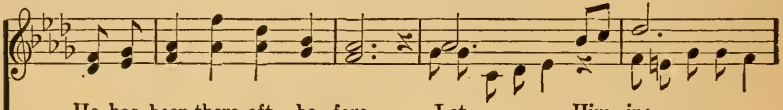
E. O. Excell.



1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest Let Him in;



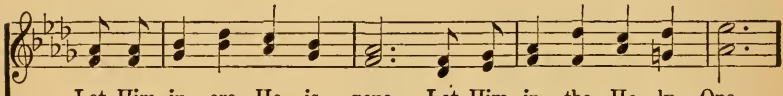
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



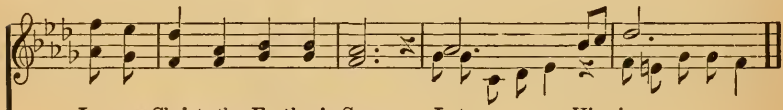
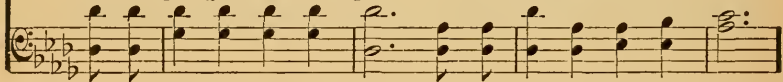
- He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;



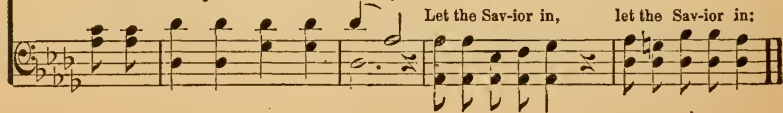
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



- 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.



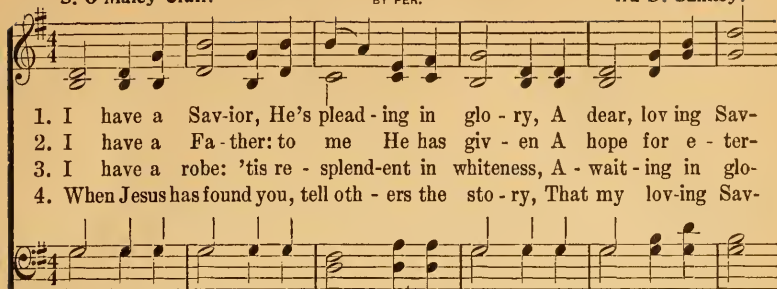
Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;

I Am Praying For You.

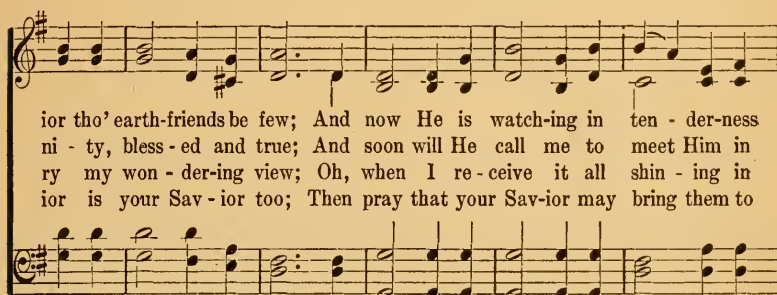
S. O'Maley Cluff.

BY PER.

Ira D. Sankey.

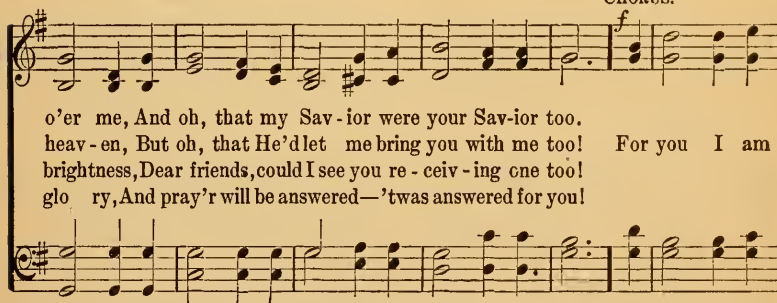


1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

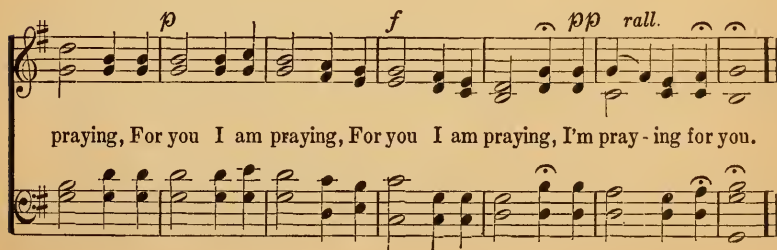


ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
 ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
 ior is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to

CHORUS.



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



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

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
 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
 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.
 will pi - lot me To heav - en's shin - ing shore.

CHORUS. *rall.*
 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,

E. E. Hewitt.

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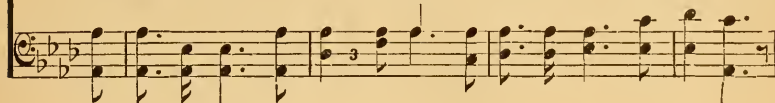
Jno. R. Sweney.



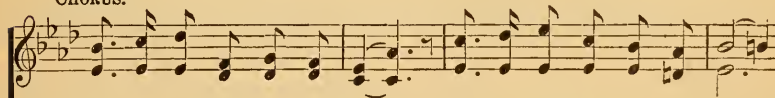
1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior,
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior,



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



CHORUS.



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



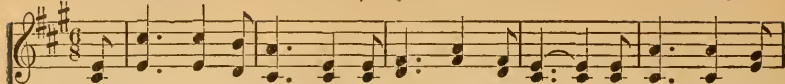
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.



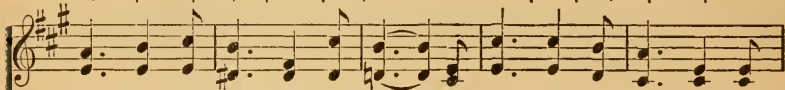
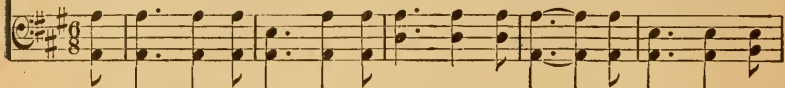
Esther Chapman.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY O. F. PUGH.

O. F. Pugh.



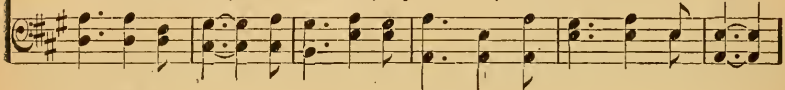
1. They tell me a sto - ry Of won - der - ful love, How One came to
 2. They tell me a sto - ry Of won - der - ful light, He rose from the
 3. They tell me a sto - ry Of won - der - ful grace, How I, tho' a



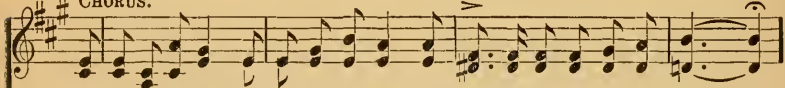
earth from His man - sion a - bove, And poured out His life - blood Up -
 grave in the pow'r of His might, That one day in glo - ry With
 sin - ner, may see His dear face, Since once in His mer - cy He



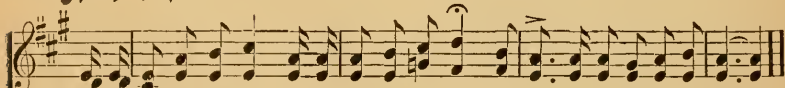
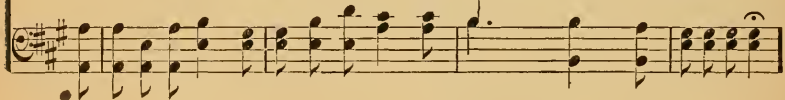
on Cal - va - ry; 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav - ior, That suf - fered for me.
 Him I might be; O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, That vic - t'ry for me!
 died to save me; O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'll now live for Thee!



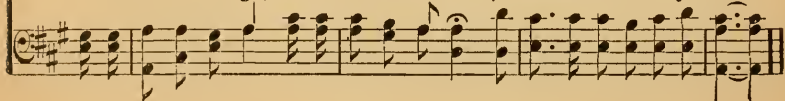
CHORUS.



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



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



Ada Powell.

COPYRIGHT, 1904-1905, BY JOHN P. HILLIS.

John P. Hillis.

1. Take me to Thy heart, my Sav - ior, I would clos - er come to Thee,
 2. In the sun - shine of Thy pres - ence, By Thy side I long to be;
 3. Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry e - vil, From sin's bondage set me free,

I would know Thy love un - fail - ing; Let Thy blessing rest on me.
 Strong to face the deep - est per - il, If Thy blessing rest on me.
 Tune my heart to sing Thy prais - es; Let Thy blessing rest on me.

CHORUS.

Let Thy bless - ing rest on me
 Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,

Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,
 Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,

Fill my soul with Thy sal - va - tion, Let Thy bless - ing rest on me.

Neal A. McAulay.
Unison.

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E. O. Excell.

1. Fa-ther, I am weak and sin-ful, Ev-er prone to go a-stray;
 2. In the bil-lows of temp-ta-tion, When its waves are run-ning high,
 3. Fa-ther, when the shades are fall-ing, And the night of death is near;
 4. O-pen, then, the pearl-y por-tals, That un-wor-thy though I be,

Like a way-ward child of er-ror, I so oft-en lose my way.
 Bear me o'er life's sea of troub-le, Leave me not to sink and die.
 Guide me thro' the gloom-y val-ley, With Thy light my jour-ney cheer.
 I may join the ran-somed le-gions, There to dwell e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS.

In Thy love, O God, have mer-cy; In Thy grace re-deem my
 In Thy love, O God, have mer-cy, In Thy grace re-

soul, Bring me back, O gentle Shepherd, Keep me safe within thy fold.
 deem my soul, Bring me back,

No. 41.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton.

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E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

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

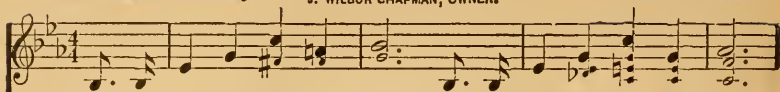
O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

Will I Empty-Handed Be?

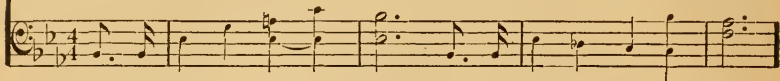
Rev. Neal A. McAulay.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY JOHN P. HILLIS.
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER.

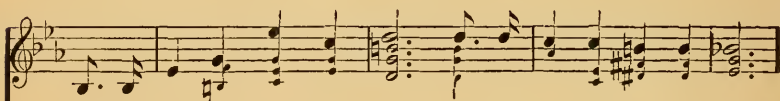
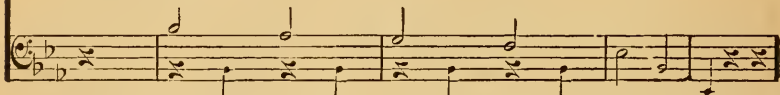
John P. Hillis.



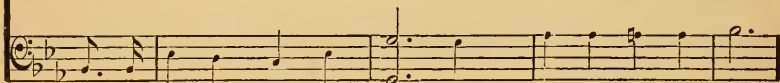
1. Will I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
2. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
3. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



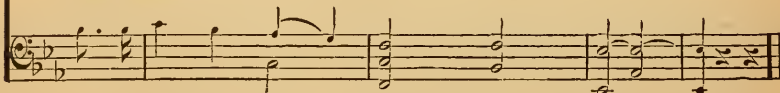
I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
 "Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"
 May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;



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



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."

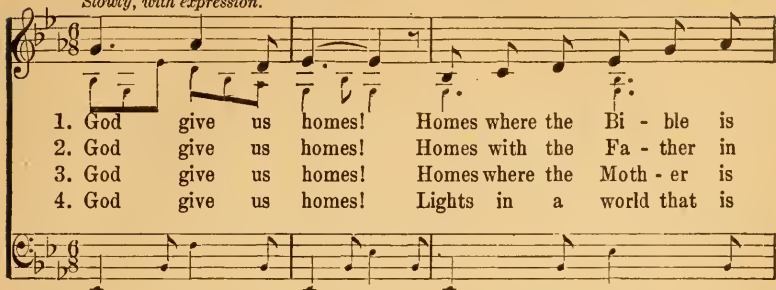


John R. Clements.

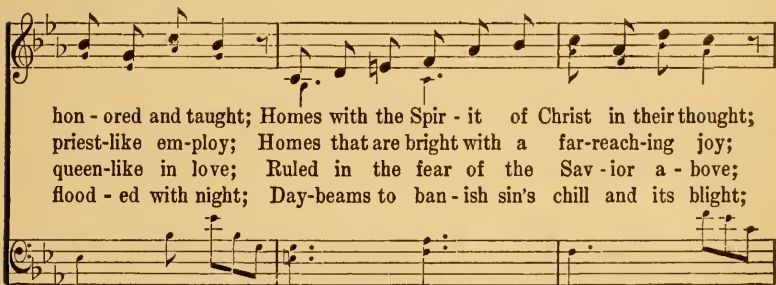
Slowly, with expression.

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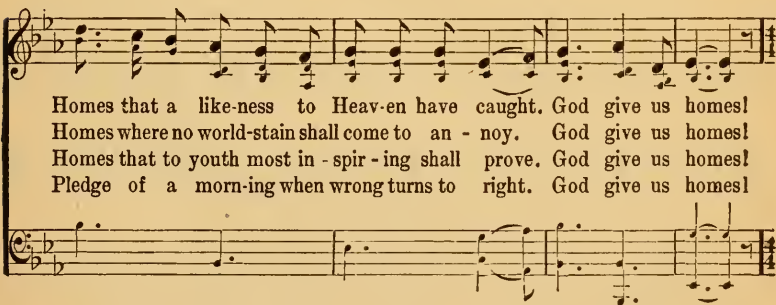
W. S. Weedon.



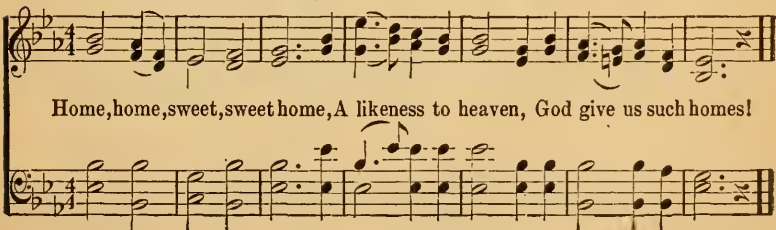
1. God give us homes! Homes where the Bi - ble is
 2. God give us homes! Homes with the Fa - ther in
 3. God give us homes! Homes where the Moth - er is
 4. God give us homes! Lights in a world that is



hon - ored and taught; Homes with the Spir - it of Christ in their thought;
 priest-like em-employ; Homes that are bright with a far-reach-ing joy;
 queen-like in love; Ruled in the fear of the Sav - ior a - bove;
 flood - ed with night; Day-beams to ban - ish sin's chill and its blight;



Homes that a like-ness to Heav-en have caught. God give us homes!
 Homes where no world-stain shall come to an - noy. God give us homes!
 Homes that to youth most in - spir - ing shall prove. God give us homes!
 Pledge of a morn-ing when wrong turns to right. God give us homes!

CHORUS. *After last verse only.*


Home, home, sweet, sweet home, A likeness to heaven, God give us such homes!

No. 44. The Victory May Depend on You,

George O. Webster.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
 2. See the might - y hosts of e - vil Spread-ing death throughout the land,
 3. Lo, a tri - umph day is com - ing, When our arms shall be laid down;

'Tis a sum - mons to the con - flict, In the cause of right and truth;
 Who is there will an - swer quick - ly, And the hosts of sin with - stand!
 Then each faith - ful, loy - al sol - dier Shall re - ceive a vic - tor's crown;

To the stan - dard of our Cap - tain, Lo, there comes a faith - ful few;
 Do not fear to join our standard, For our ranks are tried and true,
 Would you stand a - mong the vic - tors, With the band of faith - ful few;

CHORUS.

But the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de - pend on you.
 And the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de - pend on you. The vic - t'ry may de -
 Then the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de - pend on you.

pend on you, The vict'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
 on you, on you;

The Victory May Depend on You.

With the faith - ful tried and true, For the vic - t'ry may de - pend on you.

No. 45.

Christ Arose!

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep His prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
He a - rose,

foes; He arose a Victor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ever with His
He a - rose!

saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

M. E. Servoss.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
PROPERTY OF E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. O cit - y of beau - ty, I long to be - hold Thy pearl - y white
2. When sad and op - press'd with life's bur - dens and fears, Sweet tho'ts of that
3. My Sav - ior hath prom - ised for me to pre - pare A home in that

gates and thy pavement of gold; And I long for a stroll on that
cit - y my wea - ry heart cheers, And I feel that each bat - tle must
coun - try so peace - ful and fair; And I rest in this hope, till His

beau - ti - ful shore Where earth - wea - ry - feet shall grow wea - ry no more.
brave - ly be won. That I may re - joice in a Father's "Well done."
lov - ing com - mand Shall sum - mon me home to that beau - ti - ful land.

CHORUS.

But dear - er by far than all else to me, Is the tho't that the
than all else

face of my Lord I shall see; Yes, dear - er by far than
than all

City of Beauty.

all else to me, Is the tho't that the face of my Lord I shall see.

else

No. 47. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

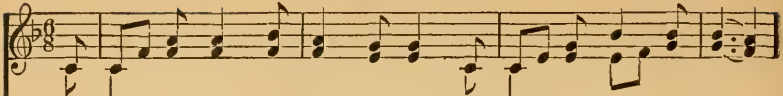
All for you, if you be-lieve, If sal - va - tion you'll re - ceive;

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

Anon.

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USED BY PER.

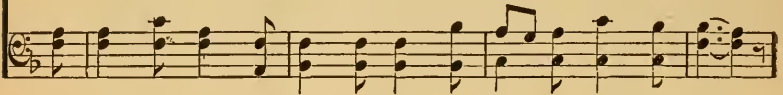
James McGranahan.



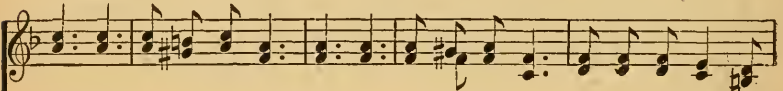
1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
3. More - o - ver, they thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;



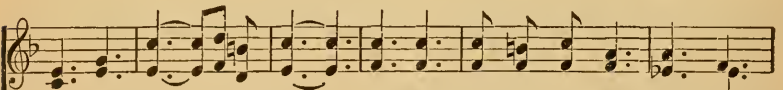
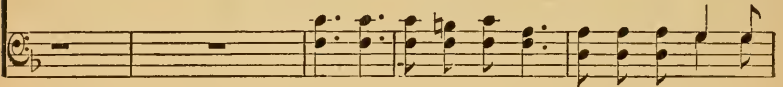
The judg - ments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous - ness more pure.
Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey comb, That drop - peth sweet - er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy ser - vant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump - tuous sins;
I shall be right - eous, then, And from the great trans - gres - sion free.



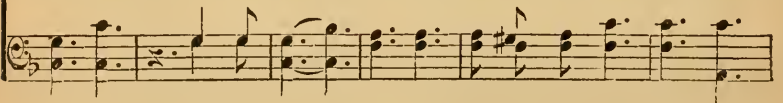
CHORUS.



"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -



ta - tion all the day. O how love I Thy law, O how



O How Love I Thy Law.

rit.

love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day." (all the day),"

No. 49.

What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

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USED BY PER.

W. Owen.

1. O list - en to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a - mong the lost;
2. No an - gel could our place have taken, High - est of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - ior? To His scap - tre hum - bly bow?

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

CHORUS.

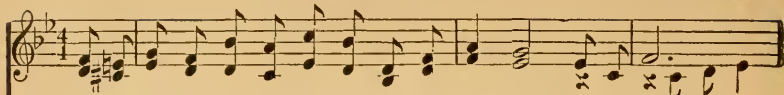
Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

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

R. L. B.

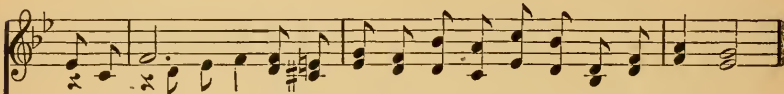
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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

R. L. Blowers.



1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor-row, Day by day,
3. He a lone can give you par-don and sal - va-tion, Full and free,

Come to-day,

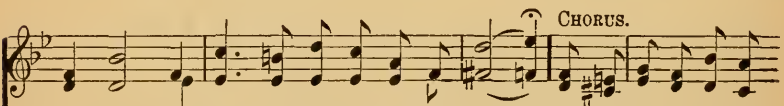


come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to - mor-row,
full and free; "Who-so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to-day;

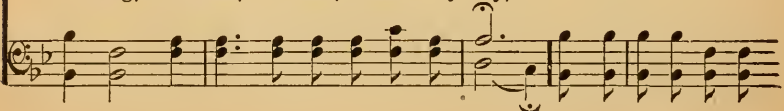


All a-way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is
All a - way, all a - way;



CHORUS.

sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;



Come Today.

voice so sweet-ly call - ing, "Come to - day, come to - day, come to - day"

The musical score for "Come Today." consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with the words "come to - day" appearing three times, each with a note above it.

No. 51.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

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

The musical score for "Beautiful Isle." consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 9/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with three numbered lines of text.

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

The musical score for "Beautiful Isle." consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 9/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with three lines of text.

CHORUS.

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

The musical score for "Beautiful Isle." consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 9/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with two lines of text.

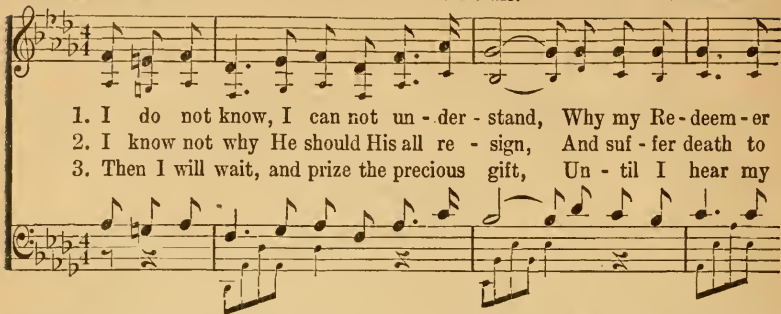
Land of the true where we live a - new, — Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!

The musical score for "Beautiful Isle." consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 9/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with one line of text.

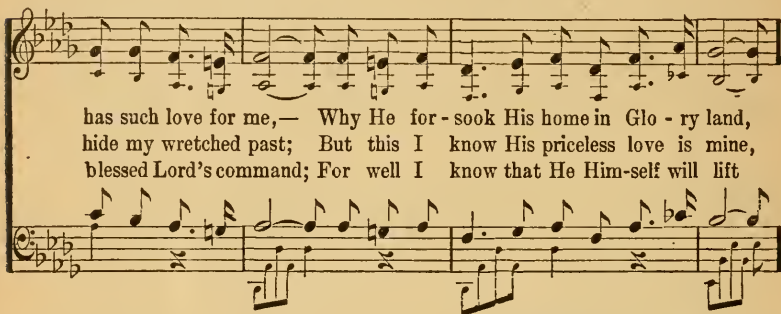
James Rowe.

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Ira B. Wilson.

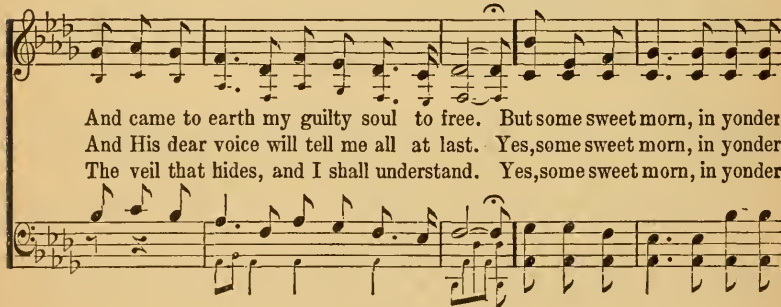


1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to
3. Then I will wait, and prize the precious gift, Un - til I hear my

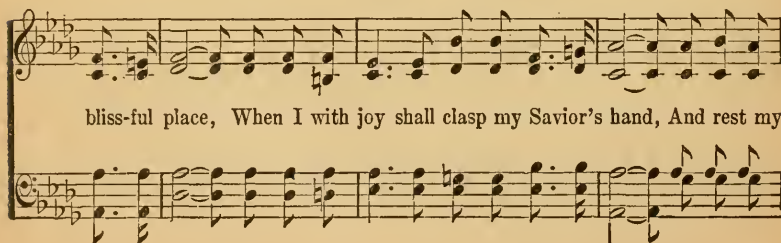


has such love for me, — Why He for - sook His home in Glo - ry land,
hide my wretched past; But this I know His priceless love is mine,
blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift

CHORUS.



And came to earth my guilty soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder



bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my

Then Shall I Understand.

eyes up-on His matchless face, My happy soul will clearly un-der-stand.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

No. 53.

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Some-body filled the day with light, Con-stant ly chased a-way the night;

Musical notation for the first system of 'Somebody', including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long, —
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right, —
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain, —
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease, —

Musical notation for the second system of 'Somebody', including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

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

Musical notation for the third system of 'Somebody', including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

C. H. G.

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 wander'd so
 hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-tur-n while the
 hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
 for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still.
 Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still.
 spread and the feast is wait-ing 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-ry prod-i-gal, come,

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

Galling the Prodigal.

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

No. 55.

I Do, Don't You?

Melville W. Miller.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I know a great Sav - ior, I do; don't you? I live by His
 2. I need Him to lead me, I do; don't you? Heav'n's man - na to
 3. I love to be near Him, I do; don't you? He speaks and I
 4. I want Him to use me, I do; don't you? For serv - ice to

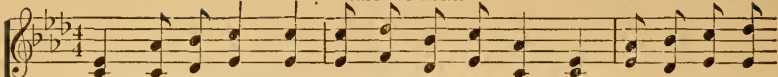
fav - or, I do; don't you? For grace I im - plore Him, I
 feed me, I do; don't you? What - ev - er be - tide me, I
 hear Him, I do; don't you? For me He is car - ing, The
 choose me, I do; don't you? I want Him to bless me, To

wor - ship be - fore Him, I love and a - dore Him, I do; don't you?
 need Him be - side me, In mer - cy to hide me, I do; don't you?
 cross I am bear - ing, I love Him for shar - ing, I do; don't you?
 own and con - fess me, Com - plete - ly pos - sess me, I do; don't you?

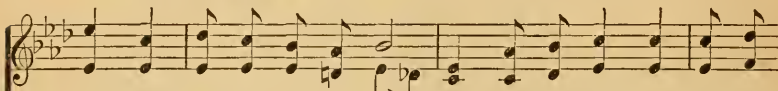
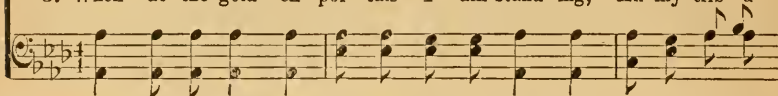
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

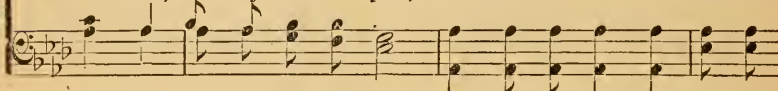
Chas. H. Gabriel.



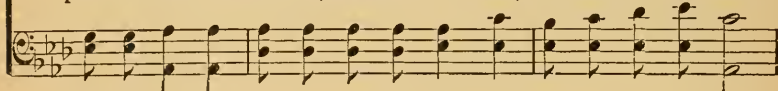
1. Sweet is the prom - ise "I will not for - get thee;" Nothing can mo -
2. Trust - ing the prom - ise "I will not for - get thee;" Onward will I
3. When at the gold - en por - tals I am stand - ing, All my trib - u -



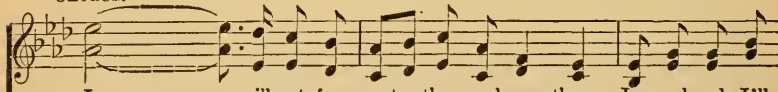
lest or turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be dark with
go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de - spise me, tho' my
la - tions, all my sor - rows past, How sweet to hear the bless - ed



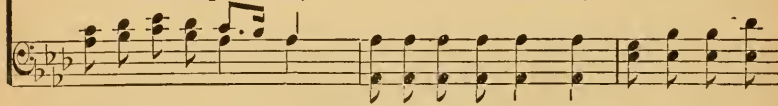
in the val - ley, Just be - yond is shin - ing an e - ter - nal day.
friends forsake me, I shall be re - mem - bered in my home a - bove.
pro - cla - ma - tion "En - ter, faith - ful ser - vant, wel - come home at last."



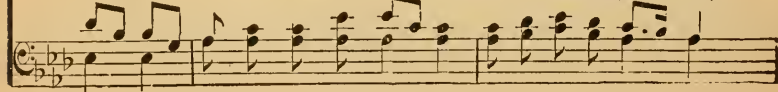
CHORUS.



I . . . will not for - get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll
I will not for - get thee; I will nev - er leave thee,



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



"I Will Not Forget Thee."

get thee or leave thee, I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

No. 57.

The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. When I sur-vey the wond-rous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

FINE.

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

D.S.-The blood, the blood a-vails for me, For me the Prince of Glo-ry died.

CHORUS.

D.S.

The cross, the cross by faith I see, With-in its shad-ow I will hide;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

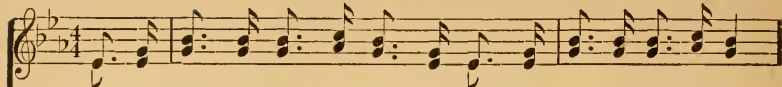
No. 58.

I am On My Way to Heaven.

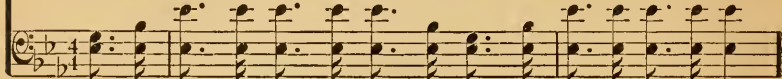
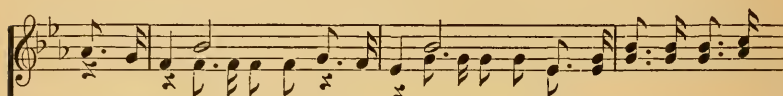
H. J. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY HALL-MACK CO.

Herbert J. Lacey.

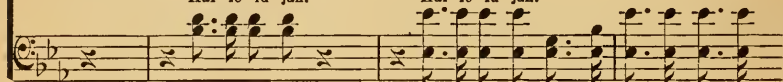



1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white,
 2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold.
 3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de - light,
 4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Sav - ior's face,

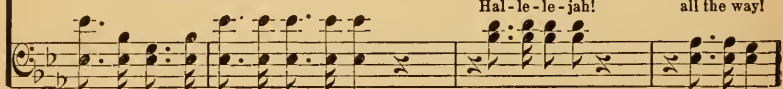
Shout - ing glo - ry, shout - ing glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im -
 Shout - ing glo - ry, shout - ing glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny
 Shout - ing glo - ry, shout - ing glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry
 Shout - ing glo - ry, shout - ing glo ry! There I'll sing redemption's

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

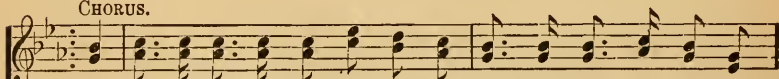



mortal where can never come the night, Shouting glory all the way!
 mansions and of glories yet un - told, Shouting glory all the way!
 na - tion and for ev - er cloth'd in white, Shouting glory all the way!
 sto ry, bless - ed song of sav - ing grace, Shouting glory all the way!


Hal - le - le - jah! all the way!



CHORUS.



O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am on the way to heav - en,



I am On My Way to Heaven.

Shouting glory, shouting glorr' all the way.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! all the way!

The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with two first endings, marked '1' and '2'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

No. 59.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

The score is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. It contains four lines of lyrics corresponding to the four verses listed. The musical notation includes chords and single notes.

FINE.

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

This section continues the musical score from the previous block, ending with a double bar line and the word 'FINE.' written above the staff.

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

This section is labeled 'CHORUS.' and 'D. S.' (Da Capo). It features a simple melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature.

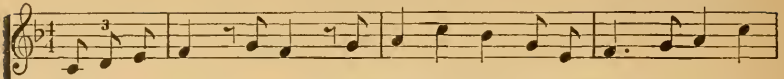
No. 60. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

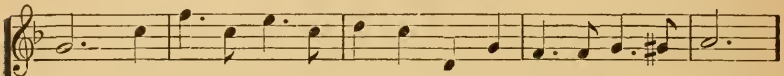
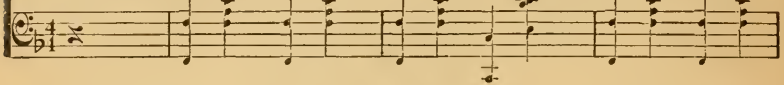
F. L. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Frank L. Bristow.



1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wan-der-er, far a-way from love to-day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy-ful-ly an-gels bring the sig-net ring Of a Father's pard'ning
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beau-ty



bound, "Sal - vation's come, the wand'r'er's home, The lost one now is found;"
 low, A call from home now bids you "come," A rise and say "I'll go."
 grace, And roy - al fare, they now pre-pare, Be - fore His smil - ing face.
 rare, With an - gel throng, join in the song Of joy be - yond com - pare.

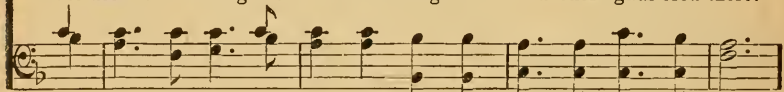


S: Sing in unison except the D. S.

FINE.



Re-joice! re-joice! with heart and voice; Re - peat the wel - come sound!
 A crown of life is wait - ing there, And rai - ment white as snow!
 A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re - ceive His fond em - brace!
 "Re - deem - er!" "King" for - ev - er sing The loved ones gath - ered there!



D. S.--Sal - va - tion's come! the wand'r'er's home, The lost one now is found!



D. S.

With songs of joy, Your tongues em - ploy, And repeat the wel - come sound;

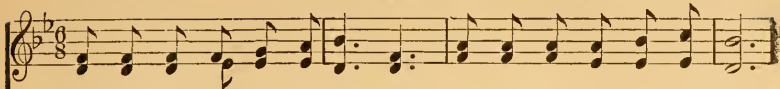


No. 61. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

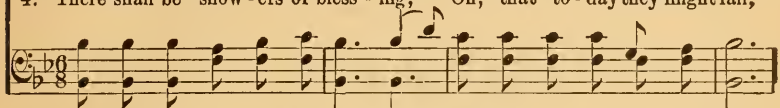
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN
USED BY PER.

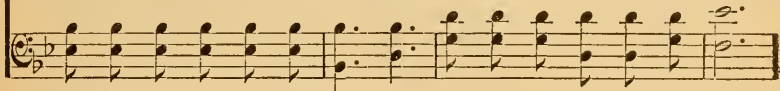
James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing;" This is the prom - ise of love;
2. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing"— Pre - cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing;" Oh, that to - day they might fall,



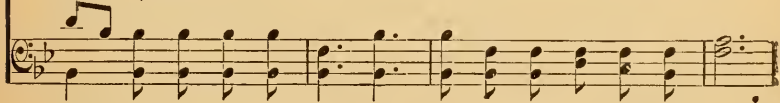
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund - ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers



Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.



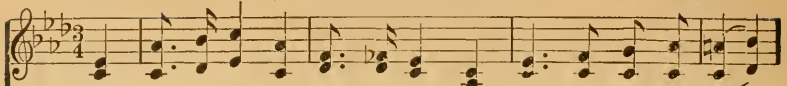
No. 62.

Where Jesus Is, Is Home to Me.

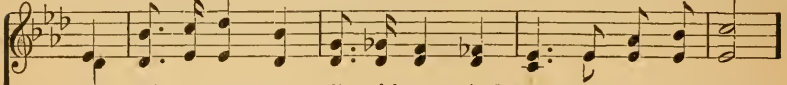
C. H. G.

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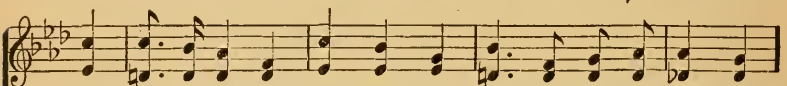
Chas. H. Gabriel.



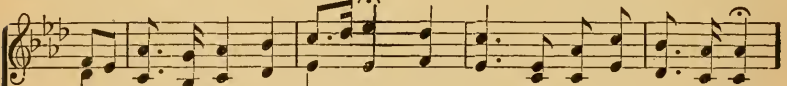
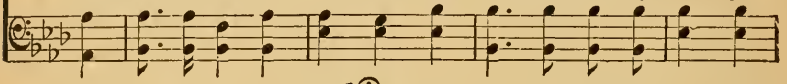
1. Where Je - sus is, is home to me; There all is bright and fair;
2. Where Je - sus is, is home to me, And all my soul de - sires;
3. Where Je - sus is, is home to me, In pal - ace, hall or mart;



He dai - ly walks and talks with me, And keeps me in His care.
To be with Him by day and night, Is all my heart re - quires.
And tho' the world may turn a - side, From Him I can - not part.



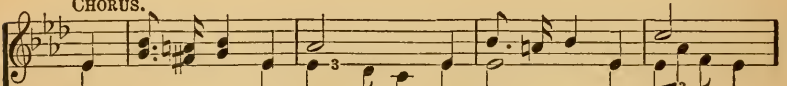
To Him my soul is cling - ing, While bells of joy are ring - ing;
His grace I can - not meas - ure; His love, a con - stant pleas ure;
His watchful care is o'er me; His love is all my sto - ry;



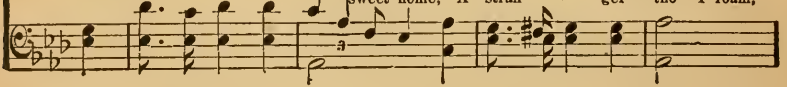
For all the time I'm sing - ing, Where Je - sus is, is home to me.
He is my on - ly treas - ure; Where Je - sus is, is home to me.
And I shall sing in glo - ry, Where Je - sus is, is home to me.



CHORUS.



Where Je - sus is, is home, A stran - ger tho' I roam;
sweet home, A stran - ger tho' I roam;



Where Jesus Is, Is Home to Me.

My lat - est breath shall sing in death, Where Je - sus is, is home to me.

No. 63.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1902.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed" har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

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

No. 64. Will there be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTOR.

Geo. R. Sweney

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me
 3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing

reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro-won-der-ful grace, by my
 watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
 gems at His feet, to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the

Sav-ior I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 glo-ri-ous day When His praise like the sea bil-lows rolls,
 cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown, When at

ning the sun I go-eth down? Will there be any stars in my crown, When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?

Will There Be Any Stars?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
an - y stars in my crown?

No. 65. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1905,

P. P. Bliss.

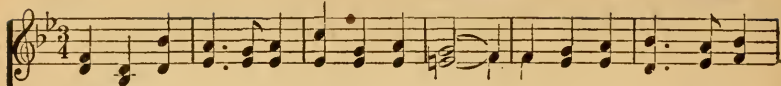
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,

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

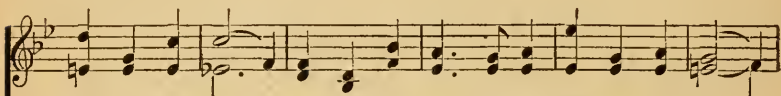
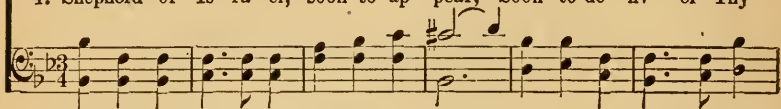
CHORUS.

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

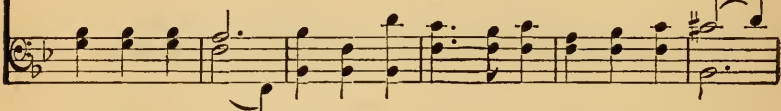
Some poor faint - ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue; you may save.



1. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, keep - ing Thy sheep—Nev - er for - get - ting in
2. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false hire - ling
3. Shepherd of Is - ra - el strong is Thine arm, Shielding Thy flock from each
4. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de - liv - er Thy



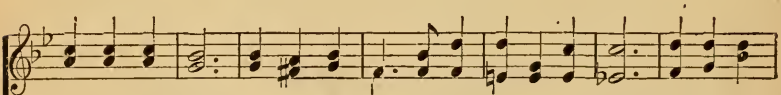
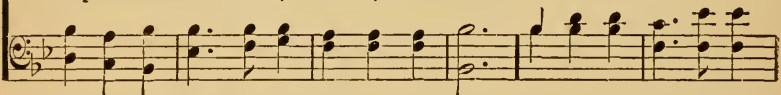
slum - ber or sleep; Fold - ing them gen - tly when night cometh on,
 ser - vant hath flown; Lay - ing Thy life down their par - don to win,
 threaten - ing harm; Gath'ring the lambs as they fal - ter and fall,
 "lit - tle flock" here! Just to be - hold Thee their rich est re - ward—



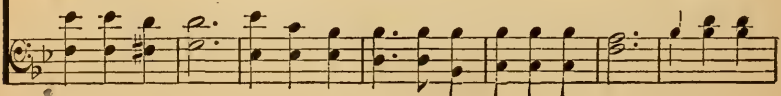
CHORUS.



Go - ing be - fore them at break of the dawn!
 Shedding Thy blood to re - deem them from sin! Shepherd of Is - ra - el
 Safe in Thy bo - som en - fold - ing them all!
 Shepherd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!



Shepherd of love! Watching Thy flock from the glo - ry a - bove! Knowing how



Shepherd of Israel.

wea - ry their wil - der - ness way; Praying for them—ev - er liv - ing to pray!

No. 67.

Something for Thee.

Wm. H. Gardner.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. H. Packard.

1. My ta - lents are few, dear - est Mas - ter, Yet I long of some
2. I can not with fi - er - y warn - ings, Make the wick - ed their
3. No rich - es, a - las! can I give Thee, For they nev - er have

use to be; Then tell me, I pray Thee, dear Je - sus, How may I
guilt to see, Yet sure - ly some path - way is o - pen, Where I may
come to me, But free - ly I lay on Thine al - tar, My life, to

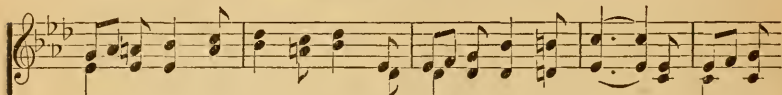
REFRAIN.

do something for Thee? Something for Thee, . . something for Thee, . . .
Something for Thee, Something for Thee.

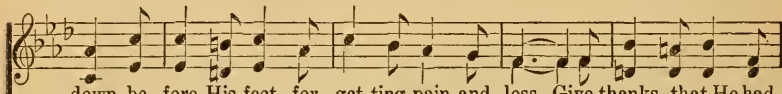
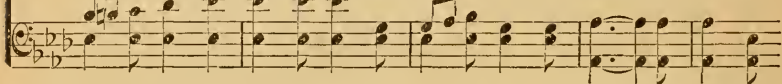
Oh, tell me I pray Thee, dear Mas - ter, How may I do something for Thee.



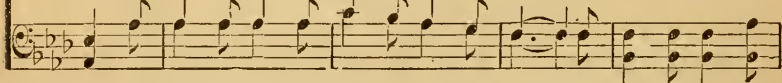
1. If I could fly be - yond the tide, where shines the per - fect day, I'd
2. Tho' an - gel choirs should welcome sing, one voice a - lone I'll hear, That
3. If I could fly be - yond the tide, the face I'd long to see Would



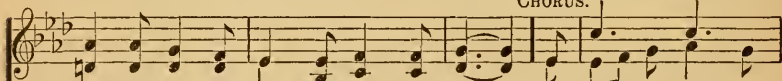
seek the One, whose ten - der love has brighten'd all life's way, And, kneeling thro' my earth - ly pil - grim - age has fill'd my soul with cheer; Its mu - sic be of Him, whose presence here makes earth a heav'n for me; Some day with



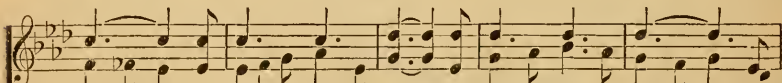
down be - fore His feet, for - get ting pain and loss, Give thanks, that He had sweet full well I know, but O the joy di - vine, To feel, that thro' e - Christ, my Lord, I'll rise to E - den's hap - py shore, And prais - es sing un -



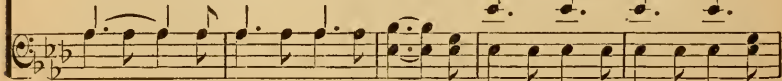
CHORUS.



laid on me the bur - den of His cross. Be - yond the ter - ni - ty this bless - ed Lord is mine. to my King who lives for - ev - er - more. Be - yond the tide, the



tide, . . the si - lent tide, My long - ing soul, . . my roll - ing tide, Be - yond the si - lent tide, My long - ing soul would ev - er be,



Beyond the Tide.

longing soul would be, And see the face . . . of Christ, my
And see the bless-ed face, sweet face of Christ, of Christ, my

Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n, . . . whose smile makes heav'n for me.
Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n for me, to me,

No. 69. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev, Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev -'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need Thee! Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

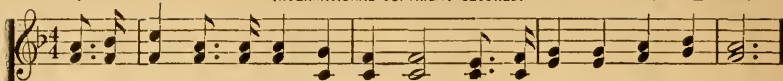
I Have Cast My Anchor.

(To Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.)

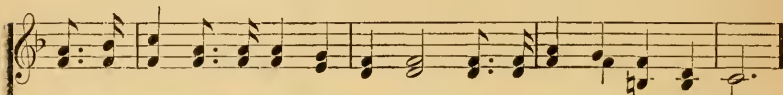
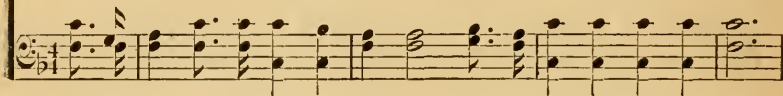
E. O. E.

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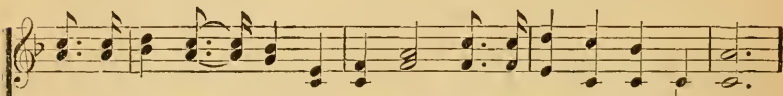
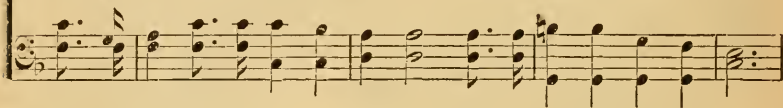
E. O. Excell.



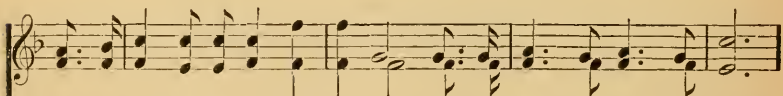
1. I was out on the o - cean sail - ing In a wild and storm - y sea,
2. Tho' the waves dashing high surround me, Tho' the winds blow cold and chill,
3. Sin - ner why will you drift in dark - ness On the o - cean of de - spair



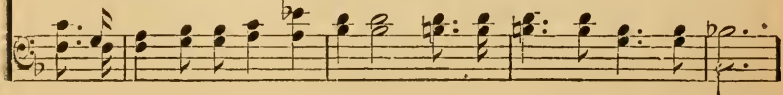
And my sin laden barque was sink - ing Help - less as a wreck could be;
 There's a calm in my soul since Je - sus Bade my troubled heart be still;
 When the Pi - lot would guide you safe - ly To the Har - bor o - ver there?



There were breakers all a - round me Darkness filled the sky a - bove,
 By His grace I shall yet be - hold Him By His blood will o - ver - come,
 Call up - on Him and He will hear you, He can calm the troub - led wave,



When I heard some one say "Cast anchor In the har - bor of my love."
 And thro' all the e - ter - nal a - ges Sing, "His love hath brought Me Home."
 From the tempt - er He will de - liv - er He is might - y, He can save.



I Have Cast My Anchor.

I have cast my anchor in a safe harbor Where no stormy billows roll;

In the love of Jesus I have found refuge, And a shelter for my soul.

No. 71.

Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. Witter.

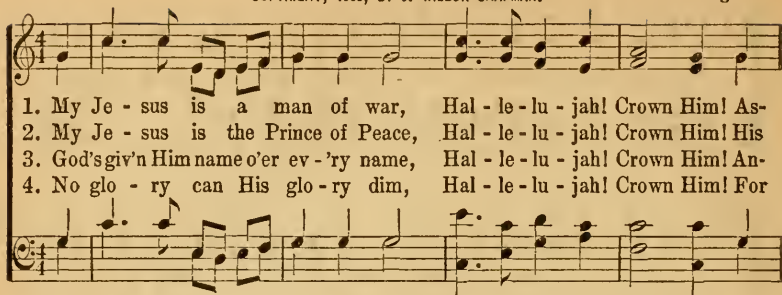
BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

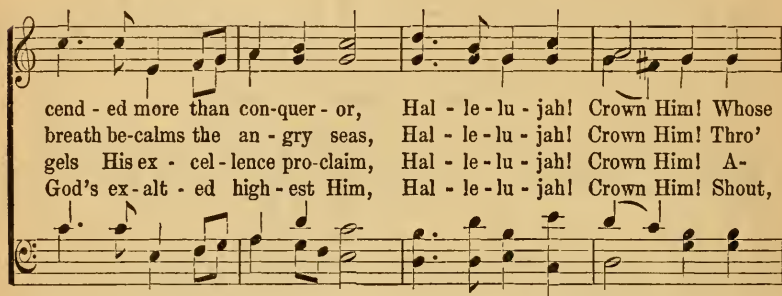
1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y - lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

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

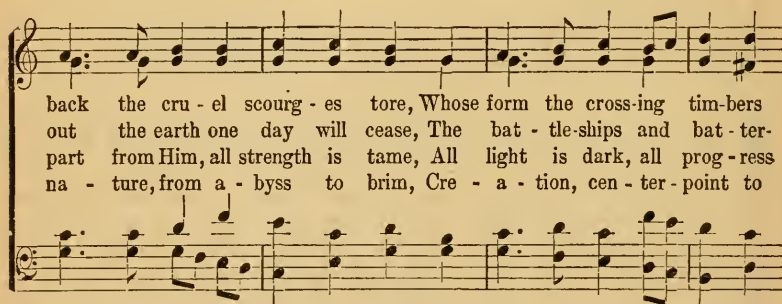
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!



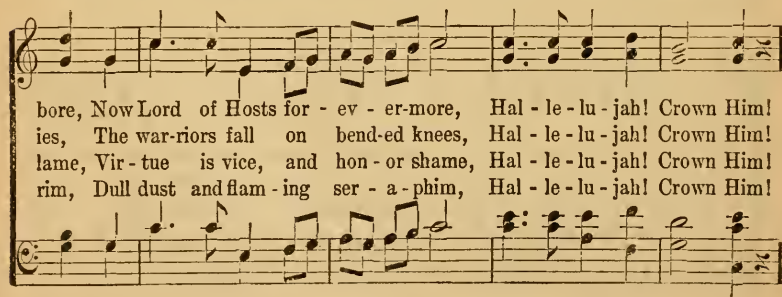
1. My Je - sus is a man of war, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! As -
 2. My Je - sus is the Prince of Peace, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! His
 3. God's giv'n Him name o'er ev - 'ry name, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! An -
 4. No glo - ry can His glo - ry dim, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him! For



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 - a - phim, Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Crown Him.

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

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

No. 73.

Jesus of Nazareth.

John R. Clements.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. Danks.

1. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, healer of men, Cur-er of halt and of blind;
2. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, cur-er of sin, Seek-er for lost and de-filed;
3. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, dy-ing for all, Hang-ing in pain on the tree;

Work-er of won-ders, a - gain and a - gain, Seek-ing the sad ones to find.
Striv-ing so kind-ly the stray-ing to win, Lov-ing each pen-i-tent child.
Suff'ring so meekly, that we who may call, Pardon thro' Him may have free.

REFRAIN.
Je-sus of Naz - a-reth, Tell it a - gain, Died on the cross for sin - ful men.

No. 74.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Eben E. Rexford.

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Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Praise the Lord for all His lov - ing kind - ness, Praise His
 2. Praise the Lord! with grate - ful hearts a - dore Him; Praise the
 3. Praise the Lord whose mer - cy fail - eth nev - er; Praise the

name with glad and might - y song; Praise the Lord, no long - er
 Lord, who reign - eth on His throne; Praise the Lord with saints who
 Lord who sent His Son to save; Praise the Lord, and trust His

let sin's blind - ness Lead us in the paths of doubt and wrong.
 stand be - fore Him; Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Him a - lone!
 love for - ev - er, Who for sin - ners such a ran - som gave.

CHORUS. *f*

Praise ye the Lord to - day, Bells in ev - 'ry stee - ple; Praise Him, all ye
 Praise Him, praise the Lord to - day, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him,

peo - ple; Earth lifts her voice to say, "Sing ho-san-na to our King!"
 Praise Him

Praise Ye the Lord.

f

Praise ye the Lord to - day, Worship Him with gladness, Lift the soul from.
 Praise Him, praise the Lord to - day, Praise Him, • praise Him, Praise Him,
 sad - ness; Up, up to heav - en's gate Let the joy - ful cho - rus ring.
 praise Him, A!

No. 75. Weighed in the Balance.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.

R. B. Mahaffey.

1. Weighed by thy love for thy brother; Weighed by thy love for thy God;
 2. Weighed by thy hope for sal - va - tion; Weighed by the Rock where 'tis built;
 3. Weighed by the rich - est of treasures; Weighed by their in - fi - nite loss;

FINE.

Weighed by thy faith in an - oth - er; Weighed by the shed - ding of blood.
 Weighed by the sweet in - vi - ta - tion: "Come, e - ven now, if thou wilt."
 Weighed by the brightest of pleasures, Weighed by the dark, heav - y cross.

D.S. - Weighed in the balance and want - ing, Weighed, sinner, what will you do?

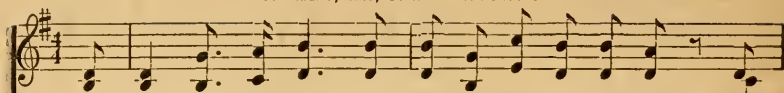
REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Weighed, but thy soul has been trifling, Weighed, and found faithless, un - true;

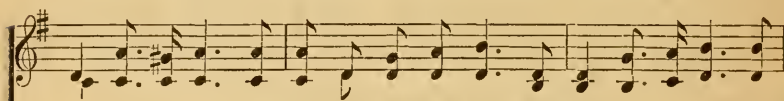
E. F. N.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY RALPH C. NORTON.

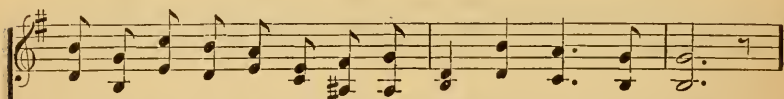
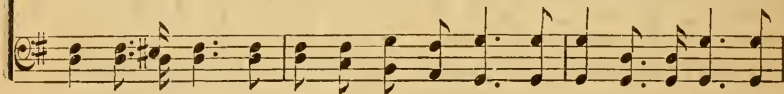
Edith F. Norton.



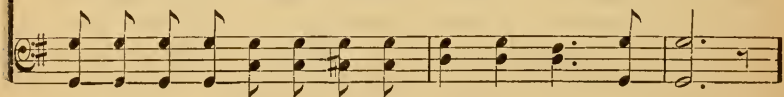
1. Oh, Chris - tian a - rise, the con - flict fierce is rag - ing, And
 2. Oh, Chris - tian a - rise, for souls a - round are dy - ing, The
 3. Oh, Chris - tian a - rise! and buck - le on the ar - mor, Go
 4. Oh, Chris - tian a - rise— for soon the morn - ing break - eth, That



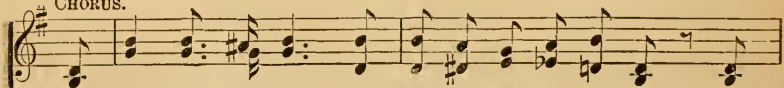
trust - ing in God, His help to - day im - plore, Be - hold what a fight, the
 call comes to you— oh, send them light to - day, The glad gos - pel news—to
 forth to the fray, for Christ Him - self is near, His grace will sus - tain, and
 glad bless - ed morn, when all earth's shad - ows flee, So fight night and day 'till



en - e - my is wag - ing, Haste nor deem the con - flict o'er.
 those in bond - age ly - ing, Speed and help them while you may.
 naught of ill shall harm you Je - sus leads why should you fear.
 Heav - en's dawn a - wak - eth, That shall bring the vic - to - ry.



CHORUS.



A - rise, oh a - rise, and hast - en Chris - tian sol - dier, Go



Arise, Christian Soldier.

forth to the fight that waits for us to - day; No time for de - lay! for

Sa - tan's power grows bold - er, Je - sus calls! we must o - bey.

No. 77.

Just for To-day.

Lizzie De Armond.
DUET.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Just for to-day, dear Father, we pray, Bright let Thy love-light gleam o'er our way;
2. Just for to-day, oh, help us to be Lights trimm'd and burning, shining for Thee;
3. Just for to-day, what ev - er be tide, Clasp our hands clos - er, walk by our side,

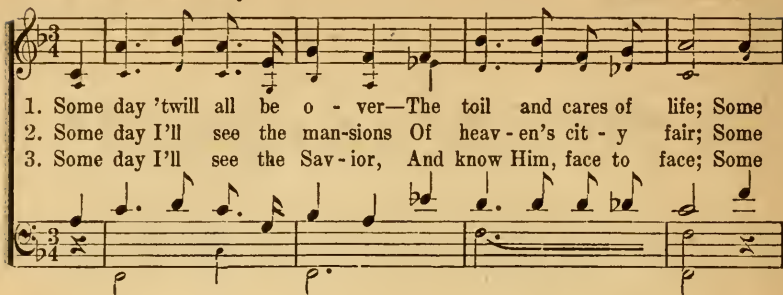
Wash us and make our hearts pure with-in, Take from us e'en the long-ing to sin.
Where du - ty calls us, point - ing the way, Serv-ing Thee tru - ly each pass-ing day.
Safe in Thy keeping, naught can af - fright, Fol - low ing Je - sus, dark - ness is light.

REFRAIN.

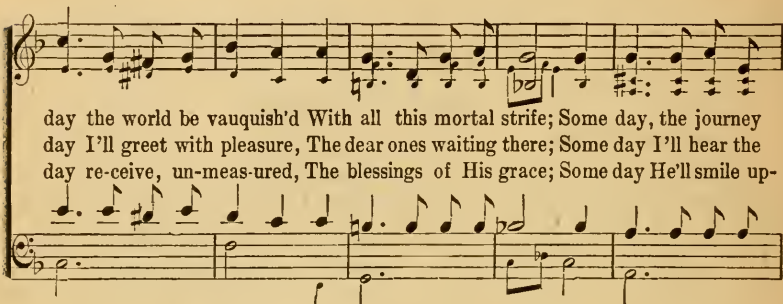
Just for to - day, Just for to - day, Guide us and keep us Just for to - day.

Dr. Victor M. Staley.

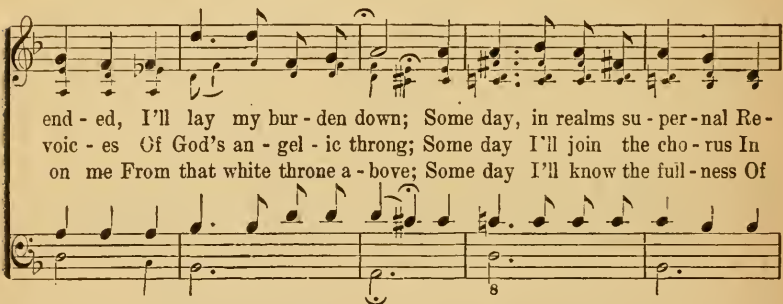
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver—The toil and cares of life; Some
 2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav - en's cit - y fair; Some
 3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some




day the world be vauquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
 day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
 day re-ceive, un-meas-ured, The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up-



end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
 voc - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
 on me From that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.



ceive, at last, my crown.
 heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, some hap-py day,
 His un - dy - ing love. some hap-py day, some hap-py day,

Some Day,

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, And I shall go to dwell with

Him, To dwell with Him some hap-py day.

No. 79. Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. B.
Moderato.

USED BY PER. THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
COPYRIGHT, 1903,

P. P. Bliss.

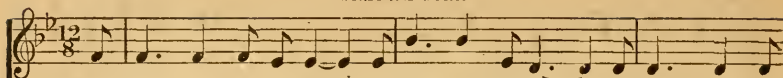
1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ruinèd sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior.
"Full a - tone-ment can it be! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior.
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior.
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior.

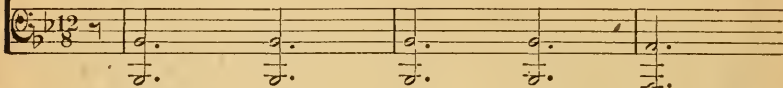
E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

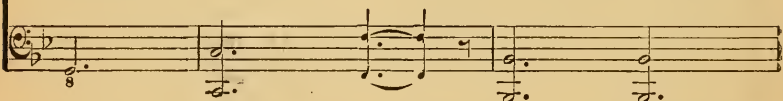
E. O. Excell.



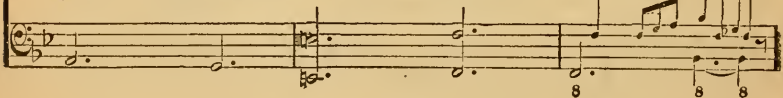
1. You told me the sto - ry of Christ and His love, You showed me the
2. You show'd me the fount-ain that cleanseth the soul, The streams of sal-
3. You told me of mer-cies that fail nev - er-more, Of grace all-suf-
4. The light of that coun-try shall nev - er grow dim, So bright is the



path-way to man - sions a - bove; I called to the Sav-ior, He
va - tion that won - drous - ly roll. I sought the Great Healer, the
fi - cient, of love's bound-less store; And now I am trust-ing the
glo - ry that stream-eth from Him; O joy ev - er-last-ing, be-

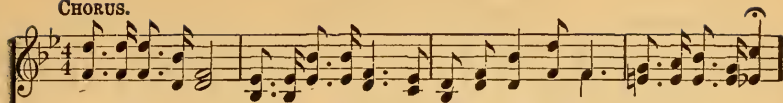


an - swered my pray'r; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
bless - ing to share; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
Fa - ther's kind care; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
yond all com-pare! You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.

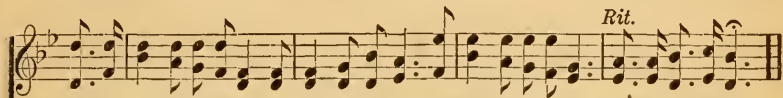
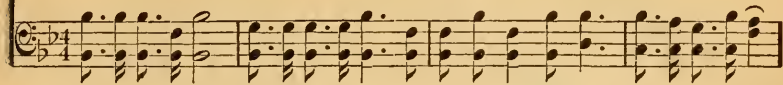


I Will Meet You There.

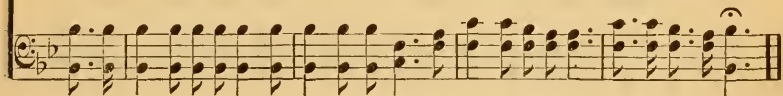
CHORUS.



I will meet you there, I will meet you there; Is anyone saying, I will meet you there,



In the beautiful city so bright and so fair? You led me to Jesus, I will meet you there.



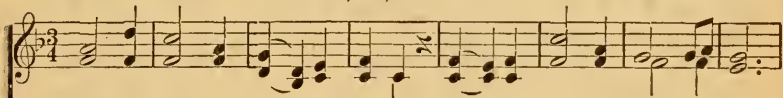
No. 81.

Glosing Hymn.

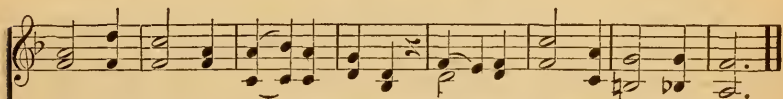
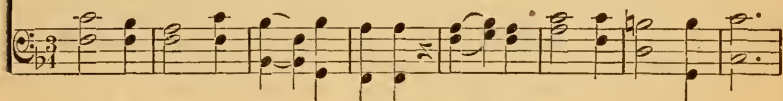
James Edmeston,

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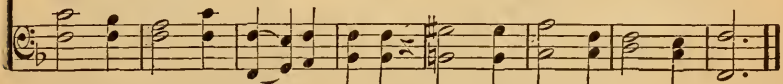
E. O. Excell.



1. Sav-ior, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,



Sin and want we come con - fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel-guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He, who, nev - er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light, and deathless bloom.



John R. Clements.

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER.

Harper G. Smyth.

1. Are you serv-ing Je - sus with your might? Are you mak-ing sun-shine
2. Are you preach-ing Je - sus by your life? Are you help-ing oth - ers
3. Are you do - ing ev - er Christ-like deeds? Are you scatt'ring glad-ness,

chase the night? Are you spread-ing glad-ness as you go? Are you
in the strife? Are you glad - ly giv - ing all your days? Are you
just like seeds, Soon to bud and blos-som, sweet and fair, And to

CHORUS.

lead - ing oth - ers Christ to know?
teach-ing oth - ers Christ to praise? Serv-ing Je - sus all a - long the way,
pour their fragrance ev - 'ry - where? Serv - ing Je - sus all the way,

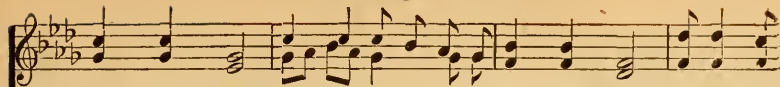
Serv - ing Je - sus all a - long the way,

Serv-ing Je - sus, faithful night and day; Serv-ing your Mas - ter as you;
Serv - ing Je - sus night and day;

Serv - ing Je - sus faithful night and day;

on - ward go, Lift this en - sign high. Ev - er faithful let there.
Ev - er faith - ful,

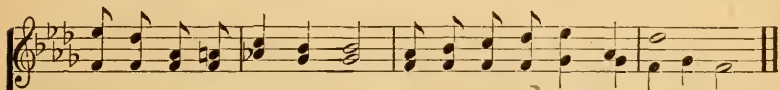
Serving Jesus.



come what may; Al - ways read - y an - y price to pay; Lov - ing your
 come what may; Al - ways read - y the price to pay;



let there come what may; Al - ways read - y any price to pay;



Mas - ter as you on - ward go, Serve Him, faithful till the end.
 the end.



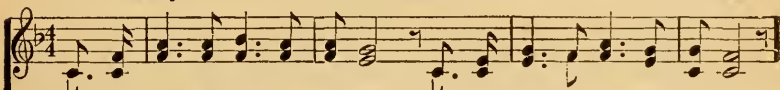
No. 83.

Where He Leads Me.

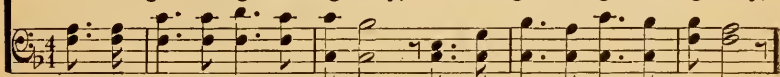
E. W. Blandly.

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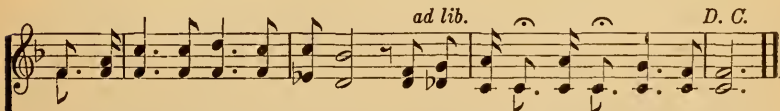
J. S. Norris.



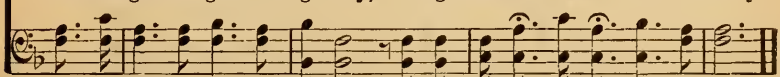
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,



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



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



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

1. Let us ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly 'round the ban - ner of the cross!
 2. Hark! the trum - pet call is sound - ing o - ver all the land to - day,
 3. Hear the bless - ed prom - ise ring - ing o'er the din of earth - ly strife—

Let us raise it high - er, high - er, for it must not suf - fer loss!
 Souls are dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing—oh, how can we still de - lay?
 "Un - to him that o - ver - com - eth I will give a crown of life!"

Are we not the Sav - ior's chos - en, pur - chased by His love di - vine?
 How the faith - ful ones are striv - ing; look! the foe be - gins to yield!
 'Tis the voice of Je - sus speak - ing, voice the sweet - est ev - er heard;

He is call - ing for the faith - ful—ral - ly, ral - ly in - to line!
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! ral - ly, ral - ly on the field!
 Take, oh, take the cross and ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly at His word!

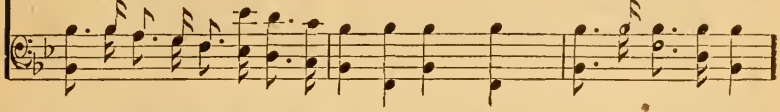
CHORUS.

Then a - wake, awake, and rally 'round the cross, A - wake for the bugle is
 Then a - wake, a - wake, and rally 'round the cross, A - wake, a - wake, the

Rally 'Round the Cross.



sound - ing, Then a - wake, a-wake and rally 'round the cross,
 bu - gle now is sound-ing, Then a - wake, a - wake, and ral - ly 'round the cross.



Let us ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, Let us ral - ly 'round the cross.

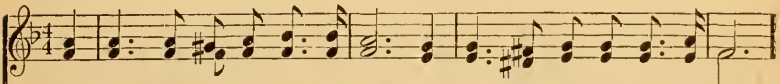


No. 85. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

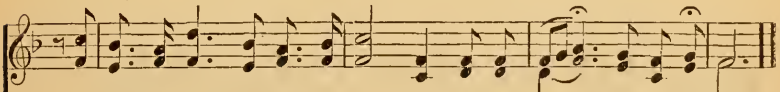
C. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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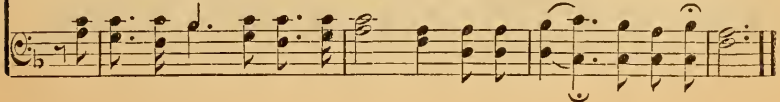
Chas. J. Butler.



1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go for-gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. My loved ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;
4. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in my Sav-ior's hand,



But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
 And if I keep the wit-ness clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
 They sweetly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.
 I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.



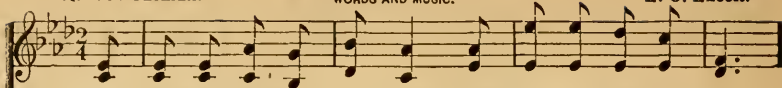
No. 86.

The Heavenly Sunlight.

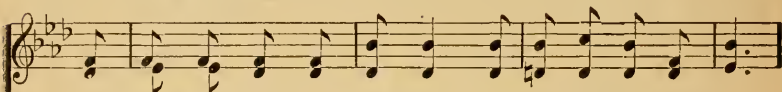
Rev. J. Oatman.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

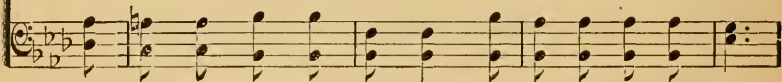
E. O. Excell.



1. Be - fore I came to Je - sus, My heart was full of sin,
 2. Tho' pleas - ures oft would tempt me To turn from Christ a - way,
 3. Some day I'll reach the val - ley When thro' my jour - ney here,
 4. When I be - hold His glo - ry With - in the jas - per walls,



My soul was lost in dark - ness, No sun - shine beam'd with - in;
 Tho' tri - als would im - pede me Or Sa - tan bid me stray,
 And with the Sav - ior near me, The shad - ow I'll not fear,
 Where one e - ter - nal sun - light For - ev - er on me falls;



But since the hand of Je - sus My guilt a - way did roll,
 Yet I am still de - ter - mined To reach the heav'n - ly goal,
 But shout when un - der - neath me The waves of Jor - dan roll,
 I'll sing thro' all the cit - y, While end - less a - ges roll,



O the Sun - light of Heav - en Is beam - ing in my soul.



The Heavenly Sunlight.

CHORUS.

O the sun-light is beam - ing since Je - sus made me whole,
since Je - sus spoke and made me whole,

O the sun - light of Heav - en is beam - ing in my soul.
is gen - tly beam - ing in my soul.

No. 87.

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 Vis - ions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

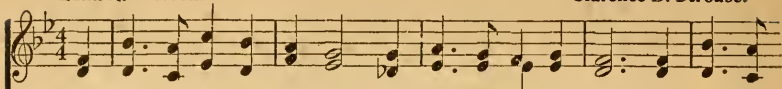
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - o'rs toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

ev - 'ning stea.s a - cross the sky,

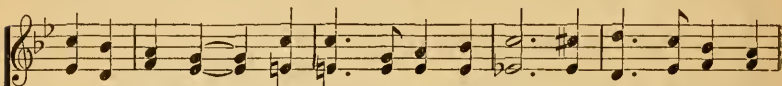
Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

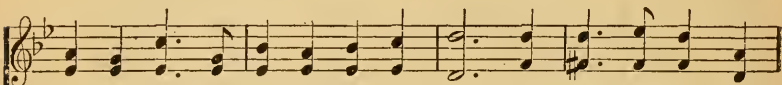
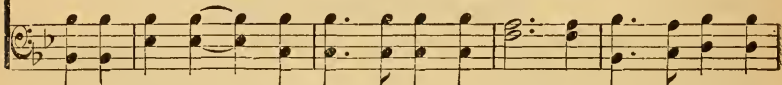
Clarence B. Strouse.



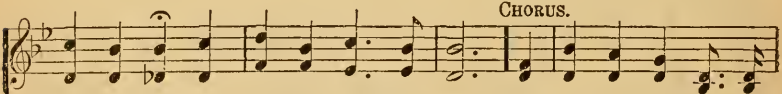
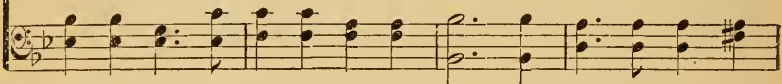
1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trouble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I con - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all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



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

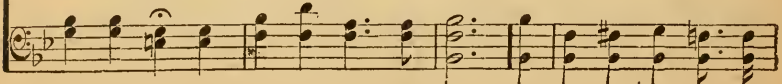


love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

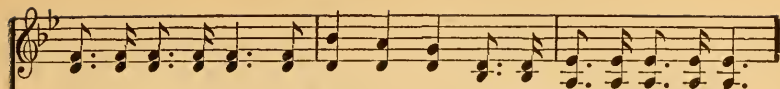


CHORUS.

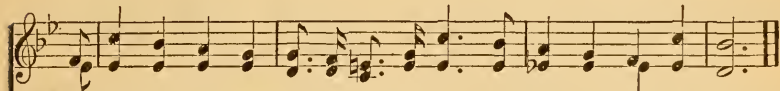
guilt to Him, The sin - clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sun - shine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.



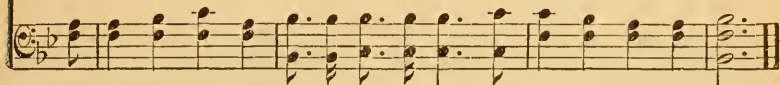
It's Just Like His Great Love.



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



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



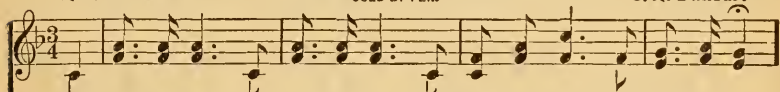
No. 89.

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

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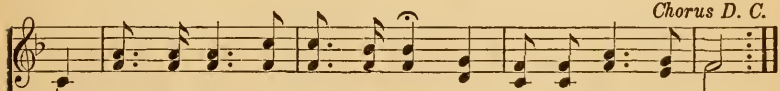
C. R. Dunbar.



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

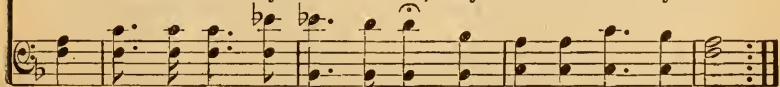


CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!



Chorus D. C.

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

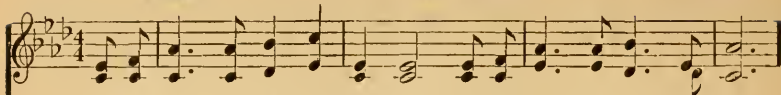


I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

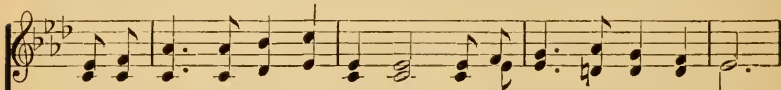
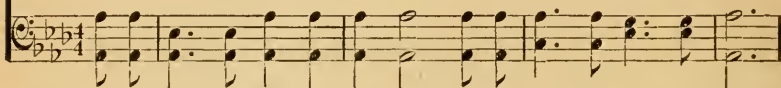
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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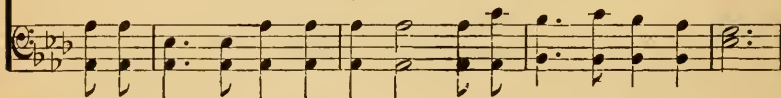
E. O. Excell.



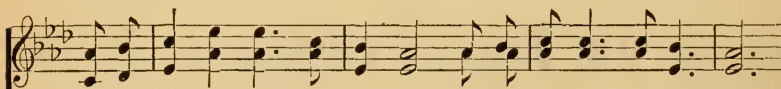
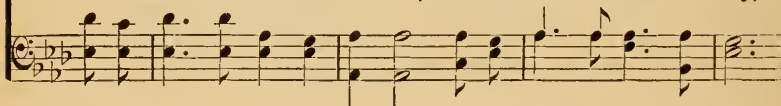
1. I am on the Gos - pel high-way, Press-ing for - ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar - mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam;



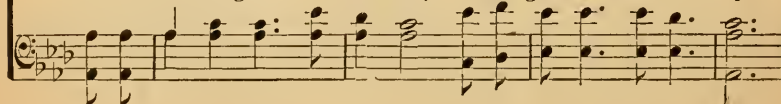
Where for me a rest re-main - eth In the home-land of the soul;
Tho' the way may be called nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar - tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light - ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home;



Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo - ment to de - lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for Da - vid in his day;
On this road they fought their bat-tles, Shouting vic - t'ry day by day;
When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a - way,



I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.
I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
I shall find the gates of ' heav - en, In the good old-fashioned way.



CHORUS.

The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fashioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fashioned way.

CODA.

Then palms of vic - to ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to ry I shall wear.

No. 91. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer.

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

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

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

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

S. R. Amy.

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J. M. Dungan

1. Your brother has a bur-den that is hard to bear He fell be-
 2. In God's own im-age with a pre-cious soul to save His strength turned
 3. If you will give him cour-age and his soul is won, Your heart will

fore the temp-ter in a sin-ful snare And he looks to you to
 in-to weak-ness, who was once so brave, He is struggling for a
 leap with glad-ness when the work is done, One more star to shine in

help him, he has drained the bit-ter cup, In the name of Christ your
 foot-hold and would fain re-nounce the cup, In the name of Christ your
 Heav-en, oh, what joy will fill your cup, In the name of Christ your

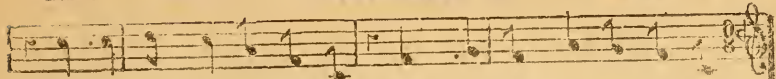
CHORUS.

Sav-ior, Lift him up, lift him up. Lift him up, . . . my Christian brother,
 You yourself . . . and not an-oth-er,
 Lift him up.

Lift him up, lift him up; In the name of Christ your Savior, Lift him up.
 Lift him up, lift him up;

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

Copyright, 1904, by E. O. Excell. H. H. Pearson



No. 93. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Copyright, 1904, by E. O. Excell.



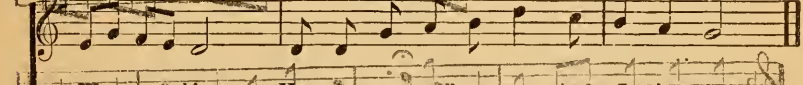
1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that



can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
 wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us



We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 See us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.



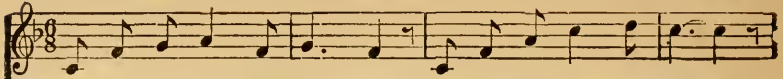
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 See us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.



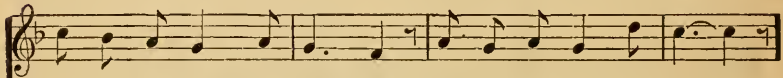
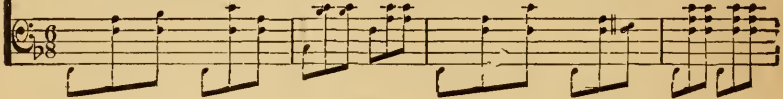
H. H. Pierson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

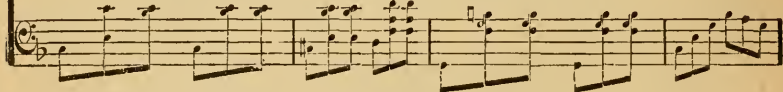
J. S. Fearis



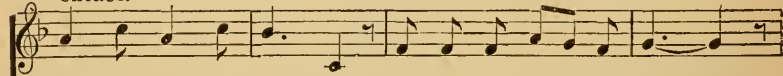
1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth - er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;



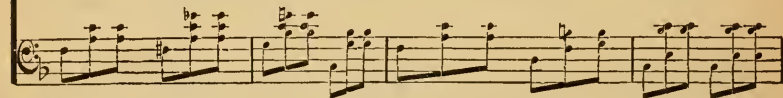
So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed - ding our gold - en light.
 We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
 We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
 We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.



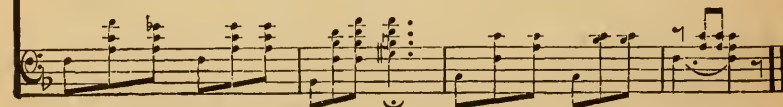
CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,



Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.



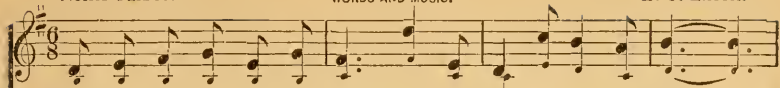
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

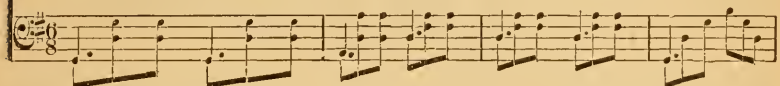
Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



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



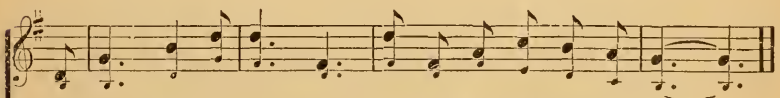
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



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



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



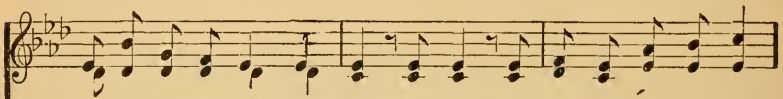
Charlotte G. Homer.

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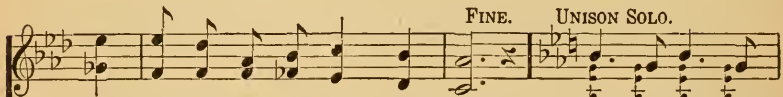
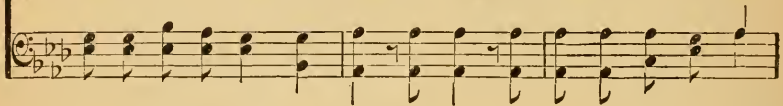
Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



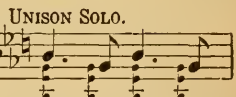
CHO.-1. March a - long to - geth - er firm and true, For lo, the world is
2. On we go with ar - mor shin - ing bright, With sword in hand to
3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the



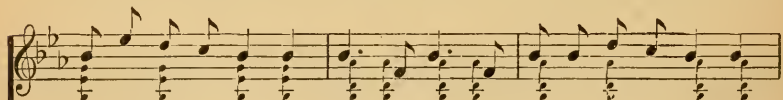
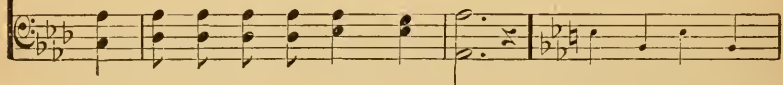
ev - er watch - ing you Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
bat - tle for the right; U - ni - ted in the serv - ice of the Lord,
shouts of vic - t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,



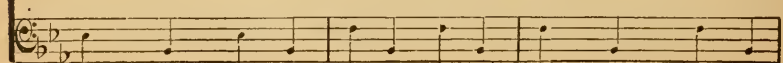
De - ter - mined that the foe shall yield.
We're march - ing at our Cap - tain's word.
Till Christ is ev - 'ry - where con - fessed.



Long and loud the
Val - iant sol - diers
Storm the forts of



bu - gle - call is sound - ing! Sin and wrong are ev - 'ry - where a - bound ing,
of the Lord are lead - ing, Ear - nest - ly for help the church is plead - ing,
sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, renew your ob - li - ga - tion;



The Young People's Army.

D.C. Cho.

"Forward!" all a-long the line re-sound-ing, Bids us march a - way.
 Slow - ly back-ward see the foe re - ced - ing, Forward march to - day.
 And with earn-est pray'r and sup-pli - ca - tion, Forward march to - day.

No. 97. Around the Throne.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil-dren stand;
2. What bro't them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood, To wash a - way their sin;
4. 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,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those chil dren there?
 Bathed in that pure and pre - cious 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; Sing-ing high.

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 bright-ness 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-owed heart.
And be the sun-shine mak-ers Of which the world has need.
D. S. - In all life's shad-y plac-es We shine as best we can.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;

Introduction and Interlude.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, Oh, hear us com-ing,
2. O - ver vale and hill re - sound - ing,
3. Je - sus is our might - y Cap - tain,

Lit - tle sol - diers of the King, Flags un - furl'd and ban - ners fly - ing,
Chil - dren, hear the might - y call, Come and join the roy - al ar - my,
His command we must o - bey, For - ward march, and nev - er fal - ter,

CHORUS.

Loud - ly let our watch - word ring.
In our ranks there's room for all. Onward, Forward. Let us march a -
We shall sure - ly win the day.

gainst the foe, In our Leader's name ad - vanc - ing, On to vic - t'ry we will go.

Neal A. McAulay.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. I dreamed one night, not long a-go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweeter tones than all, Di-rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that

love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work-ers here, In words I now re-call, "For-bid them not," He
I the lit-tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for

hap-py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
gen-tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the world of light
dai-ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yon-der choir

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mus-ic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev-er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho-san-na! bright and clear. we bring,

Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na!

The Children's Hosanna.

Our songs of love we bring, Ho-san-na! Hosanna! To Christ, the children's King.
we bring,

No. 101.

The Snow Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I learned it in the Bi-ble, A ten-der lit-tle prayer; And when the
2. For I have oft-en griev'd Him With sin-ful words and ways, I'll ask Him
3. I want to be like Je-sus, That His pure eyes may see A heart made

flakes are fall-ing So beau-ti-ful and fair, I say to my dear Sav-ior
to for-give me, And help me all my days; He shed His blood so pre-cious,
clean and spot-less, To serve Him faith-ful-ly; And so I'll ask Him dai-ly

rit. - - - -

This lit-tle pray'r I know; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."
Be-cause He loved me so; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."
His mer-cy to be-stow; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."

NOTE.—The chorus of "Whiter than Snow," may be sung by the school after the last verse,

SPECIAL SELECTIONS

No. 102.

'Twill Not Be Long.

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

For Introduction see Interlude.

1. 'Twill not be long be - fore the night is o - ver, The gloom - y
2. 'Twill not be long; be pa - tient, pil - grim, know - ing That God sees
3. 'Twill not be long; a lit - tle more rough sail - ing Be - fore the

night of sin; Al - read - y thro' the shad - ows we dis - cov - er The
what is best; His will de - crees our com - ing and our go - ing Let's
port is won, Then we'll go in, ere wind and wave pre - vail - ing, And

dawn - light steal - ing in. And just a - head we hear the an - gel
trust Him for the rest. Be sure of this He nev - er is mis -
voy - ag - ing be done. And O! what joy, to feel the sweet winds

cho - rus Sing - ing at heav - en's door— The voic - es of our
tak - en, His plans are wise and just, And nev - er yet has
blow - ing From that ce - les - tial shore, As we throw out the

'Twill Not Be Long.

dear ones gone be - fore us, Who live for - ev - er - more!
He that soul for - sak - en Who puts in Him its trust.
heav'n - ly an - chor, know - ing It holds for - ev - er - more!

REFRAIN.

'Twill not be long— a lit - tle while of wait - ing For

God to whis - per "Come!" Then heav'n, for all earth's
"wan - d'rer come,"

tri - als com - pen - sat - ing, And home, e - ter - nal home!

INTERLUDE.

No. 103.

Gather We Here.

John R. Clements.

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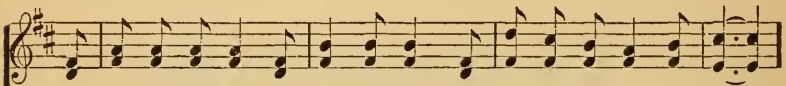
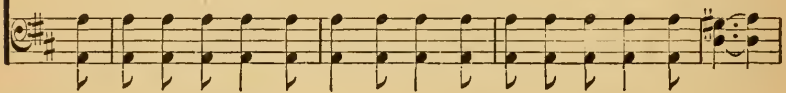
Chas. H. Gabriel.



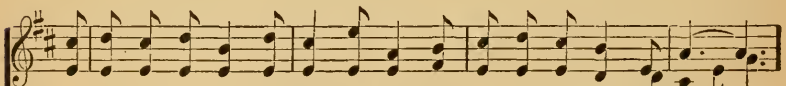
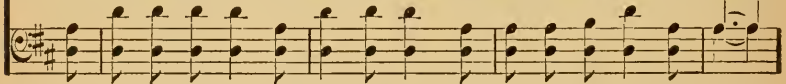
1. Gath-er we here to praise the Lord, And tell of His love and pow'r;
2. Gath-er we here to learn His will, To know what for each He's planned;
3. Gath-er we here to press His cause, To hearts to His love un - known;



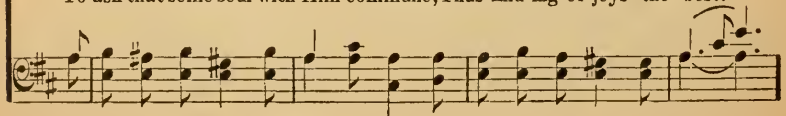
With heart and with voice in sweet ac-cord, To wait in His courts this hour.
To learn from His word His way un - til We leave our days in His hand.
To bid ma - ny more o - bey His laws, And Him as their Sav - ior own.



We sing of a love so wondrous true It suffered past all com- pare;
To make for our lives a trust - ful place In calm or in storm to hide;
To pave the way for His entrance soon, To hearts that are now un - blest,



A love beyond depths e'en angels knew; Which heaven was glad to share.
All safe un - til we be - hold His face, When reach'd is the other side.
To ask that some soul with Him commune, Thus find - ing of joys the best.



Gather We Here,

CHORUS.

Sing the beau-ti-ful song, Tell of the Sav-ior's
Sing the beau-ti-ful song, the song, That tells of love, the

love; Speed the mes-sage a-long,
Sav-ior's love; O speed, O speed the mes-sage a-long, And

Let it fill heav-en's high arch a-bove; Christ our
The Christ our Lord we

Sav-ior we praise, joy-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly we
join to praise, So joy-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly, we

Sing the song we up-raise, Christ our Re-deem-er to Thee! . . .
Sing a-loud, the song up-raise, O Christ our Lord to Thee, to Thee!

Eben E. Rexford.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

Prelude. Moderato.

♩: SOLO. *Con espress.*

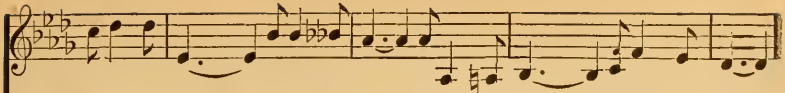
1. I oft-en wond-er what will be The song that first of all I sing
2. I shall go in a-mong the throng Of heav'n-ly wor - ship - pers that day,
3. O, grand and sweet the song must be Be-cause my heart will o - ver - flow

When heav'n swings wide its gates for me, And I go in to meet the King.
And hear the pre-lude of my song In harmon-ies the harp-ers play.
In words earth nev-er held for me, Too sweet for hu - man hearts to know.

rit.

Such rap-ture will be mine if I Shall hear God's "Well done" said to me,
Then, when I stand be-fore the throne, Whereon God sits, and see His face,
But there, in heav'n, my soul will find New words to voice its bliss di - vine—

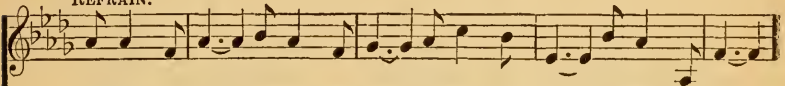
My Heaven Song.



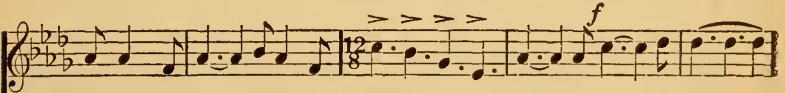
That joy will flood my lips in song, But oh, what shall my heav'n song be?
 My heart will make its rapture known In notes that thrill the heav'nly place.
 Redeemed, redeemed, O, God was kind To seek and save a soul like mine!



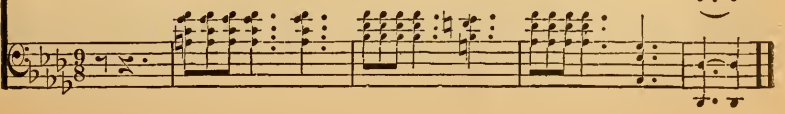
REFRAIN.



I think 'twill be the song of love That sent Christ Je - sus down to be



The Sav - ior of a sin - ful world—The love that gave us Cal - va - ry!



Charlotte G. Homer,

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

D.C.-1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;
2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;
3. On - ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er,

Leav - ing all at the call of the Commander we love;
In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;
For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray.

Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem - ble be - fore us,
Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount - ain or riv - er,
Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum - mons to serv - ice,

FINE.

“Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!” ech - o the courts a - bove!
We will go for we know in - fin - ite is His love.
Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

The Song of Triumph.

CHORUS.

Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave - ly go,
Strong in faith we brave - ly go, With

Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!
righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We bat - tle with sin on the o - pen field; We

Loy - al to com - mand, Shoul - der to shoul - der we will stand,
shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And

“Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!” is our cry!
“Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!” is our cry, and “vic - to - ry” is our cry!

Chorus, D. C. 1st verse.

Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri - umph by and by.

Eben E. Rexford

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Geo. W. Asting.

mf *rit.* *p*

p *mf*

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. Oh, haste! the night is near - ing, — The hour grows late, so late! | The |
| 2. If wakened from your dream - ing By bridegroom drawing nigh, | To |
| 3. Rouse up from foolish dream - ing, Your lamp I pray you trim, | That |

p

mf *rall.*

lamps of heav'n are light - ed The while you stand and wait,
find your lamp un - light - ed The while He pass - eth by,
when the bridegroom com - eth, Thou wilt be glad with Him,

mf *rall.*

a tempo.

Per-chance, the while you lin - ger, The bride-groom en - ter's in,
Oh, think, poor soul, what sor - row Thou'lt find at heav - en's gate,
And when with mar-riage mu - sic Thou enterest Heav - en's gate,

p

Be Not Too Late!

cres. *f*

And when you reach the gate - way You can no en - trance win.
 If it is barred and bolt - ed And thou hast knock'd too late!
 Thy heart will thrill with rapt - ure, That thou art not too late.

8va

CHORUS. *Con espress.*

Oh, great will be thy sor - row, And sad, O soul, thy fate,

p

rall. *lenio.* *p*

If at heav-en's door the an-swer Should be—"Too late, too late."

8va

Eben Rexford.

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Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath - ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have an swered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers, join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,

Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

Hear you not the call for work men sound - ing o - ver hill and val - ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by - ways,

An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas - ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day; See, the
Lo! the har - vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas - ter
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us
 com - eth and He comes, He comes this way,
 Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;

answer one and all, For a great re-ward is offered if we heed His call.
 quickly,
 an - swer quick - ly,

A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev-'ry hill and plain;
 See, the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill, on hill and plain;
 See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;

Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding
 Go and gather in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;
 Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-

ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
 go ye,
 ing ere the har-vest pass a-way,

No. 108.

A Clean Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Rev. Walter C. Smith.

FRED. H. BYSHE, OWNER.

Fred H. Byshe.

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
 2. If clear - er vis - ion Thou im - part, Grate - ful and glad my soul shall be;
 3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg - er vis - ion yet be mine,
 4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt - y tho't,

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
 But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
 For mir - rored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.
 But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, with - out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
 Wash me, Thou, with - out, with - in, Or purge with fire, it that must be,
 No matter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
 An - y - how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me,
 Die in me,

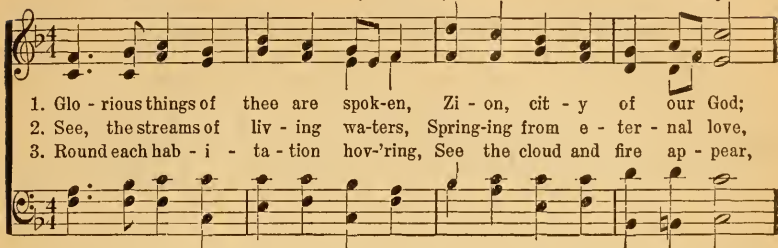
HYMNS AND CHORUSES

No. 109. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken,

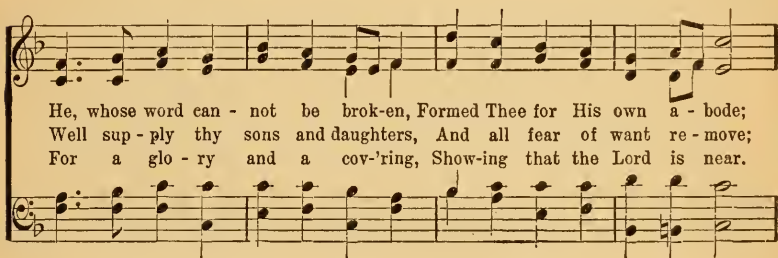
John Newton.

(AUSTRIA.)

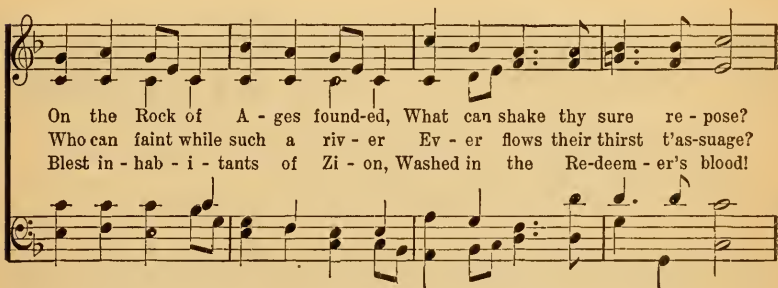
F. J. Hadyn.



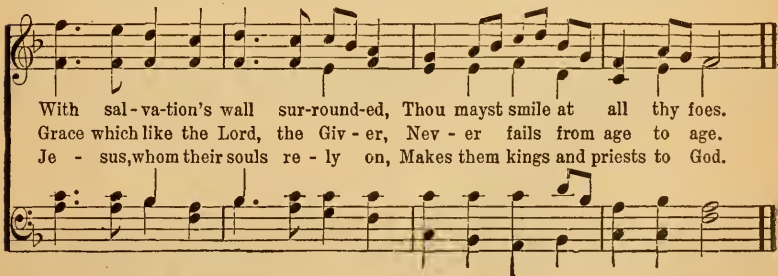
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,



He, whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed Thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move;
For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, 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!



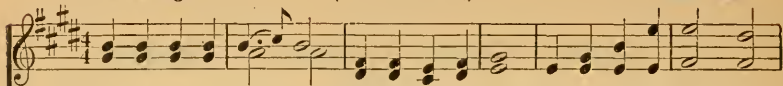
With sal - va - tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace which like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.

No. 110. Onward Christian Soldiers!

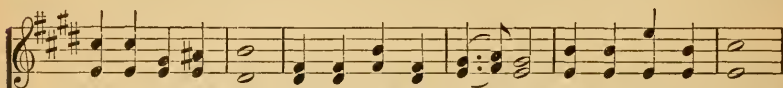
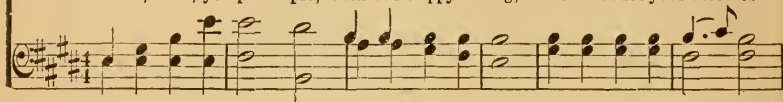
Sabine Baring-Gould.

(ST. GERTRUDE.)

Arthur Sullivan.



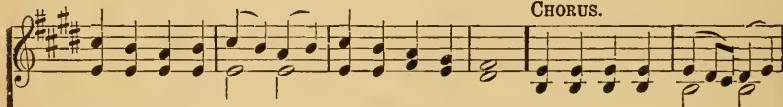
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng,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



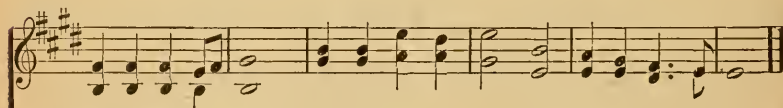
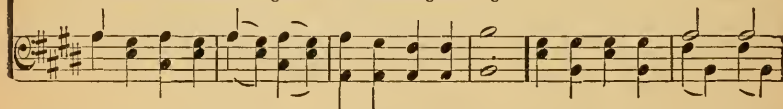
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ,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



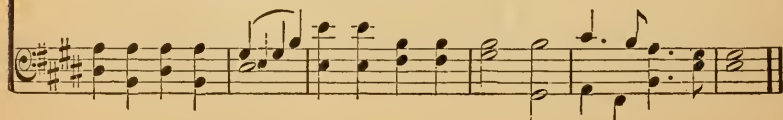
CHORUS.



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



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



No. 111.

Who Is On the Lord's Side?

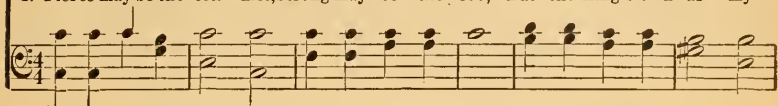
Frances R. Havergal.

(ARMAGEDDON.)

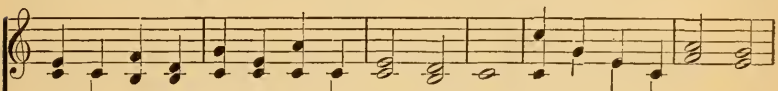
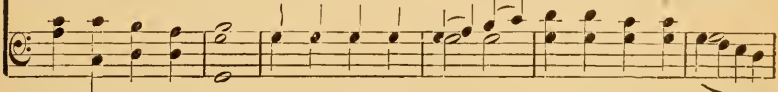
Sir John Goss.



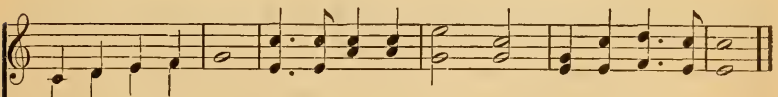
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe,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



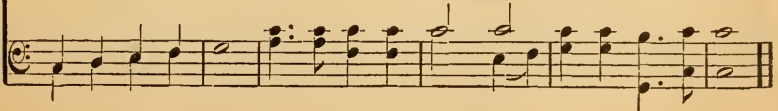
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war-rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can o - ver-throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - 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 - chang - ing 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.



No. 112.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

(LUX BENIGNO.)

J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years.
 an - gel fac - es smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!

No. 113.

Sun of My Soul.

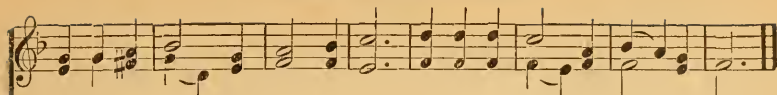
John Keble.

(HURSLEY.)

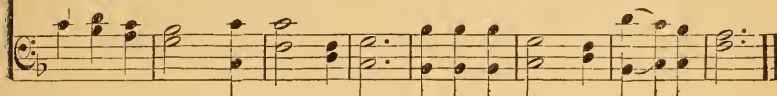
Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Sun of My Soul.



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

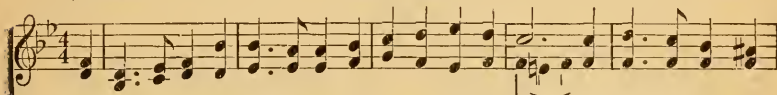


No. 114. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

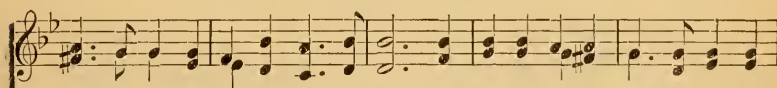
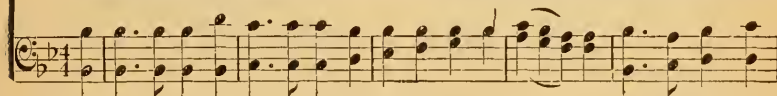
R. Heber.

EMULATION.

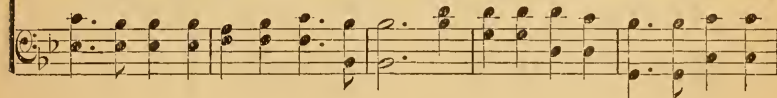
H. S. Cutler.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner
 2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw His Mas - ter
 3. A noble band, the chosen few, on whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their



streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
 in the sky; And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In
 hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The



umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears His cross below,—He fol-lows in His train.
 midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
 li - on's go-ry mane; They bow'd their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?



No. 115.

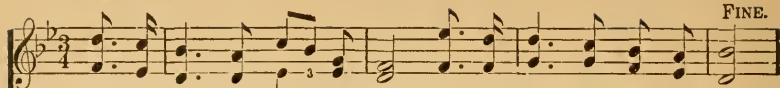
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

(PILOT.)

J. E. Gould.

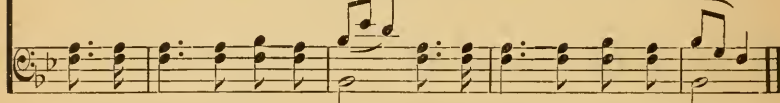
FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.



Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Chart and compass came from thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

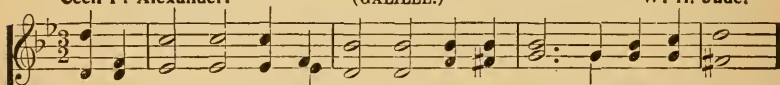
No. 116.

Jesus Calls Us.

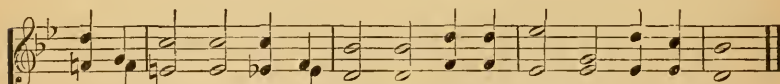
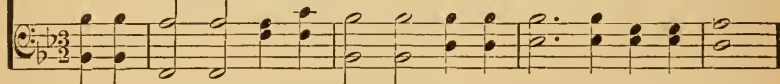
Cecil F. Alexander.

(GALILEE.)

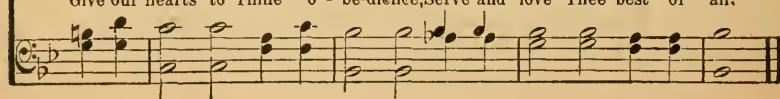
W. H. Jude.



1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, make us hear Thy call,



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "That we love Him more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.



No. 117.

Rock of Ages.

A. M, Toplady.

(TOPLADY.)

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 118.

My Shepherd is the Lord.

Anon.

(LOUVAN.)

Virgil C. Taylor.

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord most high, And all my wants shall be' supplied;
2. He in His mer - cy doth re-store My soul, when sink - ing in dis-tress;
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no e - vil will I fear,
4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Pre-pared be - fore the face of foes;

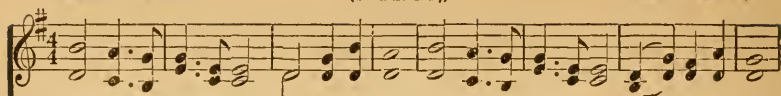
In pas-tures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.
For His name's sake He ev - er-more Leads me in paths of right-eous-ness.
Be - cause Thy pres-ence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
With oil Thou dost a - noint my head, My cup is fill'd and o - ver-flows.

No. 119. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

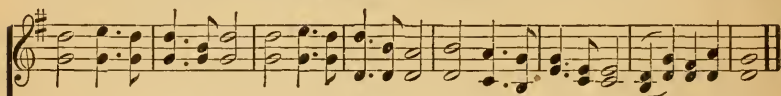
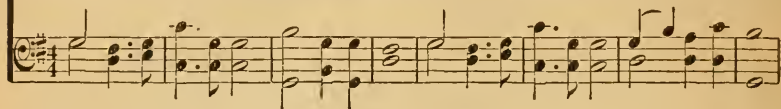
Sarah F. Adams.

(BETHANY,)

Lowell Mason,



- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
- 2 Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An - gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

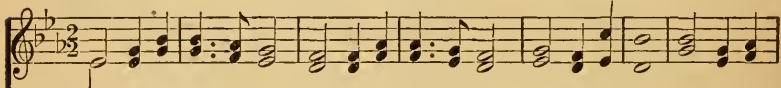


No. 120. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

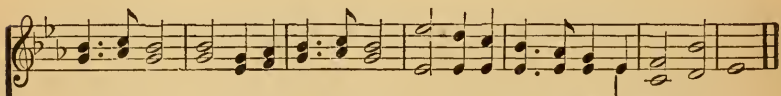
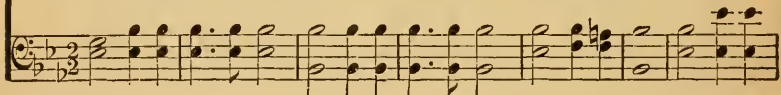
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET.)

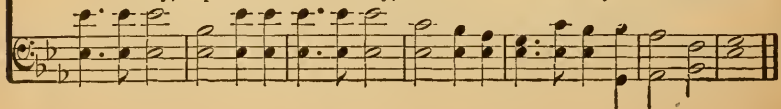
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va-ry, Sav - ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire!
 turn to - day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

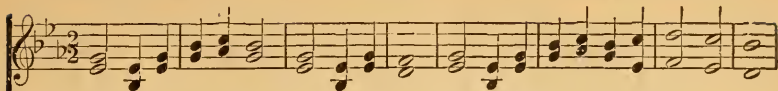


No. 121. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

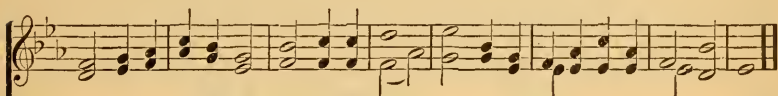
Mary Ann Lathbury.

(SHERWIN.)

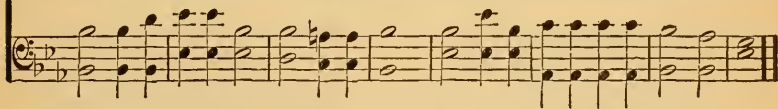
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy disciples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word.
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living One.

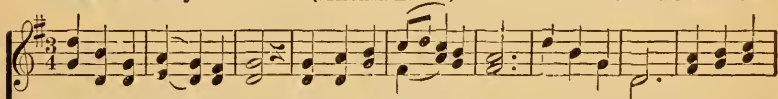


No. 122. Come, Thou Almighty King.

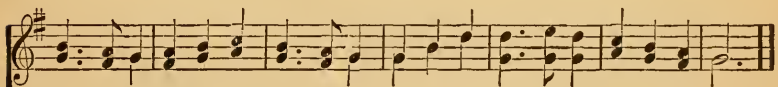
Charles Wesley.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence, ever-more! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!
people bless, And give Thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
maj - es - ty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!



No. 123.

Guide Me.

William Williams.

(ZION.)

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread or
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'rful hand; }

heaven, Feed me til I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

No. 124. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

(HOLY CROSS)

Unknown.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far Thy
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than

face to see And in Thy presence rest.
 Je - sus' name, The Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who ask, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

No. 125.

Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield.

(WEBB.)

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner,
D. S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,

FINE. D. S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vict'ry un-to vic'try His army shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

No. 126.

I Love Thy Kingdom Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

(ST. THOMAS.)

Handel.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The Church our blest Redeemer
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine

saved With His own precious blood.
eye, And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows
Her hymns of love and praise.

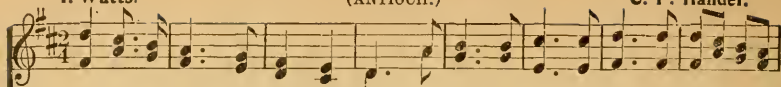
No. 127.

Joy to the World.

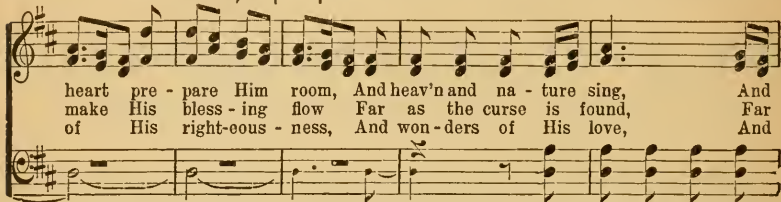
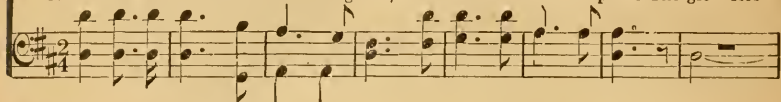
I. Watts.

(ANTIOCH.)

C. F. Handel.

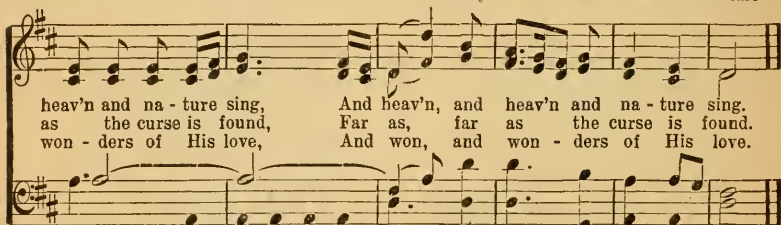


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry
2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries



heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture



heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And won, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

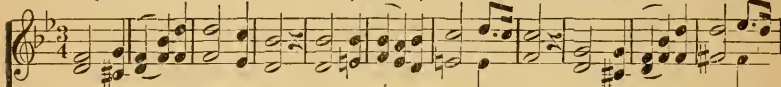
No. 128.

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

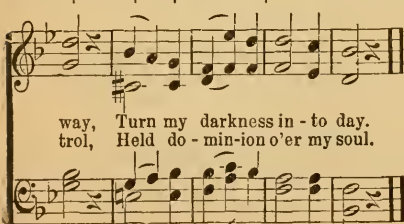
A. Reed.

(MERCY.)

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a -
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; Long hath sin without con -



way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.

- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol - throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 129. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Africa's
 2. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a

sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their golden sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
 men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
 sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
 joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remot - est na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 130.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

(RATHBUN)

Ithimar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
 cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that thro' all time abide.

No. 131. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

(SABBATH MORN.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; }
 { Let us now a blessing seek, } Walking in His courts today.

2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, }
 { Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, } Take away our sin and shame;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints;
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

No. 132. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath.

(LABAN.)

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry

hard To draw thee from the skies.
 day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay Thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till Thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Sha'll bring thee to thy God:
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

No. 133.

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

(RUSSELL.)

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend' rest care. } Blessed Je-sus,
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; } Blessed Je-sus,
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 134.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcet.

(DENNIS.)

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
 2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet agan.

No. 135. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

(MENDEBRAS.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On Thee, the high and lowly,
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright, }

Thro' a-ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depth of earth;
 On thee, our Lord victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heav'n;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3 Today on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 136. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

(WELLESLEY.)

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea, There's a kindness
 2. There is wel-come for the sinner, And more graces for the good; There is mer-cy

in His justice, Which is more than liberty.
 with the Savior, There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal,
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 137. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer.

(WORK.)

Lowell Mason.

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; }
 { Work while the dew is sparkling, } Work 'mid springing
 D. C. Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is

flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon,
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

No. 138. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

(MANOAH.)

Hadyn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow-ship of love, His Spir-it on-ly
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless

can bestow, who reigns in light above.
 light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.
 4 Walk in the light! and o'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 139. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson

ST. MARGARET.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee,
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow
My heart re-stores its bor-row-ed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day

May rich - er ful - ler be.
May bright - er fair - er be.

3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

No. 140. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

(AZMON.)

Carl Glasser.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-dee-mer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all tho

God and King, the triumphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

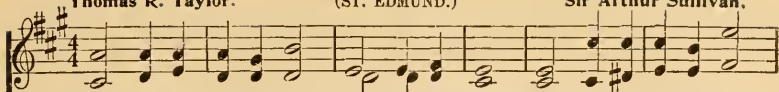
No. 141.

Heaven Is My Home.

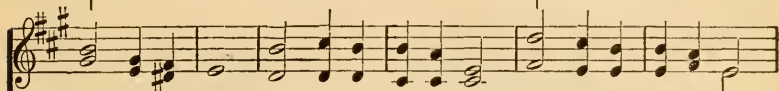
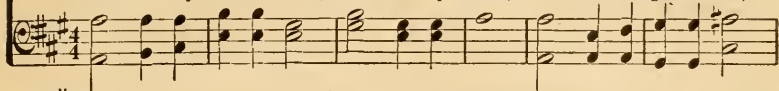
Thomas R. Taylor.

(ST. EDMUND.)

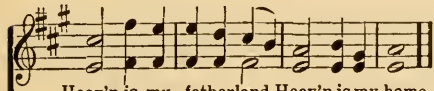
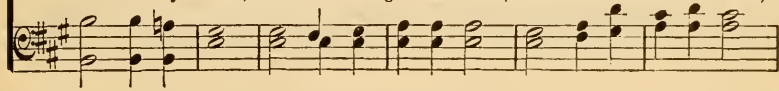
Sir Arthur Sullivan.



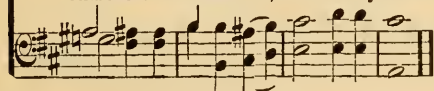
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied,



Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand,
 Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be o-ver-past,
 Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best;



Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.



- 4 Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

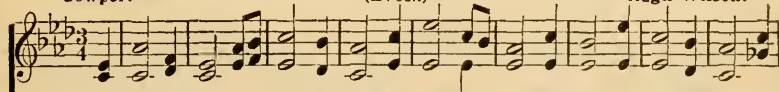
No. 142.

Oh, For a Closer Walk.

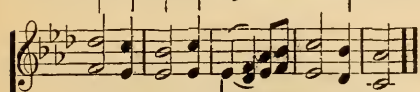
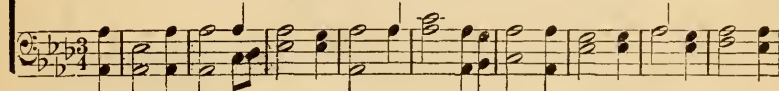
Cowper.

(AVON.)

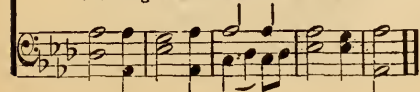
Hugh Wilson.



1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up-
- 2: Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-



on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 freshing view Of Je-sus and His Word?



- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

No. 143. O Brothers, Lift Your Voices.

Edward H. Bickersteth,

(LANCASHIRE.)

Henry Smart.

1. O broth-ers, lift your voi-ces, Tri-um-phant songs to raise; Till heav'n on high re-
 2. O Christian brothers, glorious Shall be the conflict's close; The cross hath been vic-
 3. Not un-to us, Lord Je-sus, To Thee all praise be due, Whose blood-bought mercy

joie-es, And earth is filled with praise: Ten thousand hearts are bounding With
 to-rious, And shall be o'er its foes: Faith is our bat-tle-to-ken; Our
 frees us, Has freed our brethren too. Not un-to us: in glo-ry The

ho-ly hopes and free; The gos-pel trump is sound-ing, The trump of Ju-bi-lee.
 Leader all con-trols; Our trophi-es, fet-ters bro-ken; Our captives, ransom'd souls.
 an-gels catch the strain, And cast their crowns before Thee Ex-ult-ing-ly a-gain.

No. 144. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

(BOYLSTON.)

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A nev-er-dy-ing
 2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill, Oh, may it all my

soul to save And fit it for the sky.
 pow'rs engage, To do my Mas-ter's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 And in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely.
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

No. 145.

Jerusalem the Golden.

J. M. Neale.

(EWING.)

A. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con - tem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid: And there, from care re - leased, The song of them that

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not, What
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The
 tri - umph, The shout of them that feast: And they who, with their Lead - er, Have

so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 day - light is se - ren; The past - ures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.
 con - quer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

No. 146.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

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Rev. Chas. Wesley. AND SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK. BY PER. Rev. Wm. P. Merrill.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r, Who in the strength of

3 Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:
 4 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts passed,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

God supplies Thro' His E - ter - nal Son.
 Je - sus trusts, Is more than conqueror.

No. 147.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

(LOVE DIVINE.)

John Zundel.

♩:

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
D. S.—Vis-it us with

FINE.

hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.

Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;

No. 148.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who has died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
Oh, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest,
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

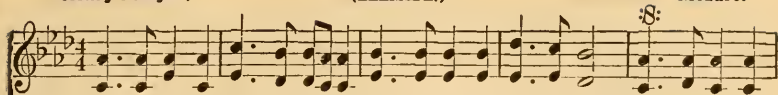
Thomas Olivers.

No. 149. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

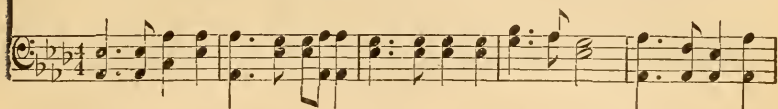
Henry F. Lyte.

(ELLISIDE.)

Mozart.



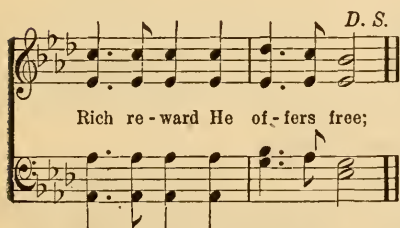
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the
D. S.—Who will an-swer,



harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth
glad-ly, saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



No. 150.



Rich re - ward He of - fers free;

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own,

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

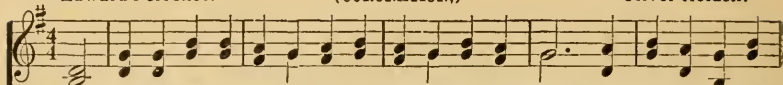
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me,

No. 151. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

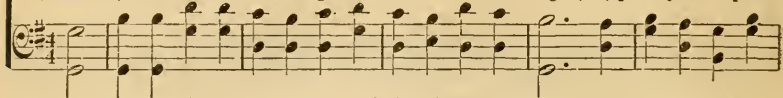
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION,)

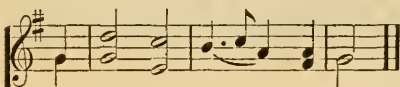
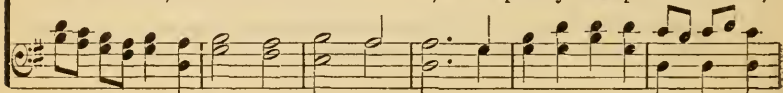
Oliver Holden.



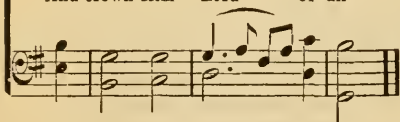
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The worm-wood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,



And crown Him Lord of all



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

- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the ever lasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 152.

All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

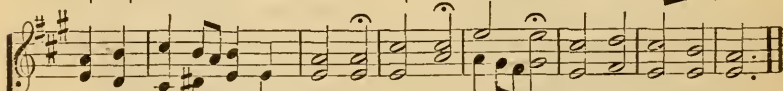
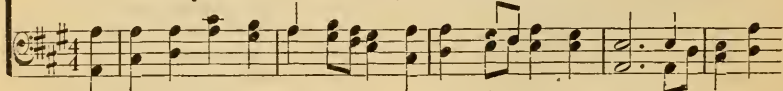
(MILES LANE.)

William Shrubsole.

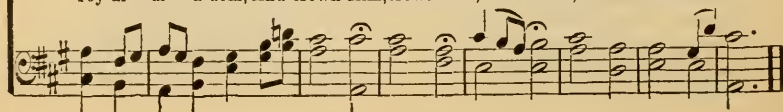
[For Hymn, see No. 151]



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the



roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.



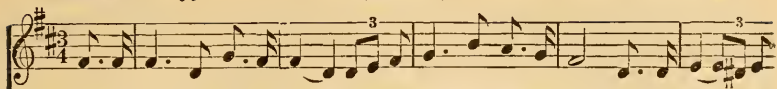
No. 153.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

(REFUGE.)

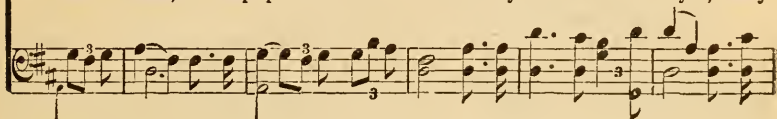
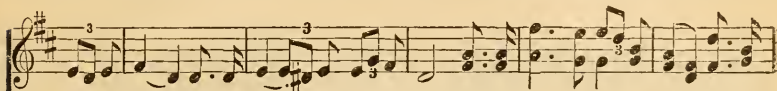
J. P. Holbrook,



1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly While the near-er
 2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me



wat-ers roll, While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the
 not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my



storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.



3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

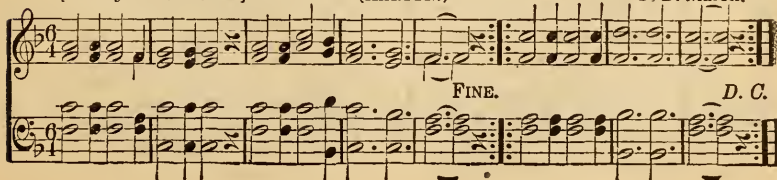
No. 154.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

[For Hymn see No. 153]

(MARTYN.)

S. B. Marsh,



No. 155.

Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliot.

(WOODWORTH.)

Wm, Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my - self of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout With many a cœn - flict, many a doubt.

And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 156.

We'll Stand the Storm.

Samuel Stennet.

(STORM)

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and
 2. O the trans-port-ing, rapt'rous scene, That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in

CHO. - We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by; We'll stand the storm, it

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks, and hills, and vales, and brooks,
 With milk and honey flow.
 happy land, Where my possessions lie.
 living green, And riv-ers of de - light.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

won't be long, We'll anchor by and by.

No. 157.

Majestic Sweetness.

Samuel Stennett.

(ORTONVILLE.)

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He

radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow; His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 He than all the fair, That fill the heav'nly train; That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief; And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 158.

I Do Believe.

Andrew Reed.

(BELIEVE.)

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. I would be Thine, oh, take my heart, And fill it with Thy love, Thy sa - cred im - age,
 2. I would be Thine; but while I strive To give my - self a - way, I feel re - bell - ion

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now believe, That Je - sus died for me! And thro' His blood, His

3 I would be Thine; but, Lord, I feel
 Evil still lurks within:
 Do Thou Thy majesty reveal,
 And banish all my sin.
 4 I would be Thine; I would embrace
 The Savior, and adore;
 Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
 And now my soul restore.

precious blood, I am from sin set free.

No. 159.

O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge.

[O HAPPY DAY.]

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 rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. } Hap - py

2. { O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love; }
 { Let cheerful athems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap - py

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away; He taught me how to watch and

D. S.

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.

No. 160.

At the Fountain.

[For hymn see No. 159]

[FOUNTAIN.]

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { O happy day that fixed my choice; I'm at the fountain drinking; }
 { On Thee, my Savior, and my God! I'm } on my journey home.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drink-ing; on my journey home.

No. 161.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

(TRUST.)

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in - to the

CHORUS.

give you rest By trusting in His word. } On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. } He will save you, He will save you,

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in Him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

On - ly trust Him now; } save you now.
 He will

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

No. 162.

At the Mercy-Seat.

[For Hymn, see No. 161.]

(MERCY-SEAT.)

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd,
 CHO.-We're kneeling at the mer - cy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat,

Chorus D. C.

Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord.
 We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.

No. 163.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

(NETTLETON.)

John Wyeth.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }
 D. C. - Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

D. C.
 Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'll come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 164.

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

[For Hymn, see No. 163.]

(GREENVILLE.)

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }
 D. C. - I love Je - sus, He's my Sav - ior; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

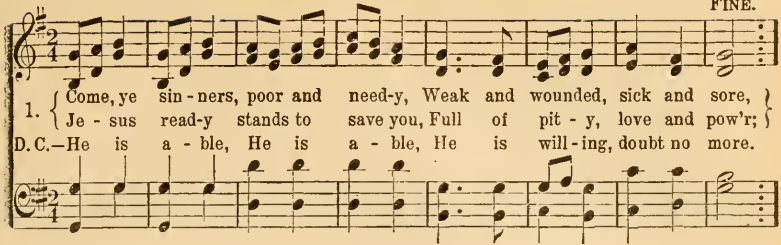
CHORUS.
 D. C.
 I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do!

No. 165.

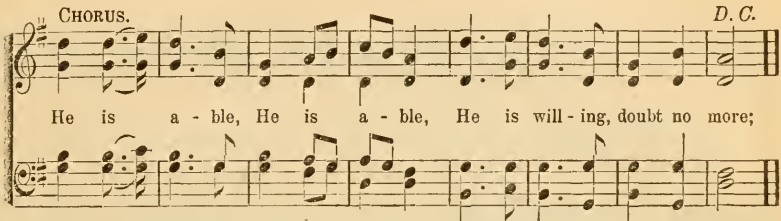
Turn to the Lord.

(TURN.)

E. O. E. Arr.
FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, }
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r; }
 D. C. - He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.



CHORUS. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more; D. C.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 |: Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :|

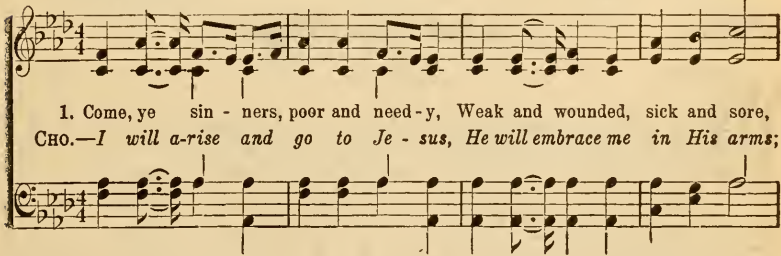
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 |: This He gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam. :|

No. 166. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

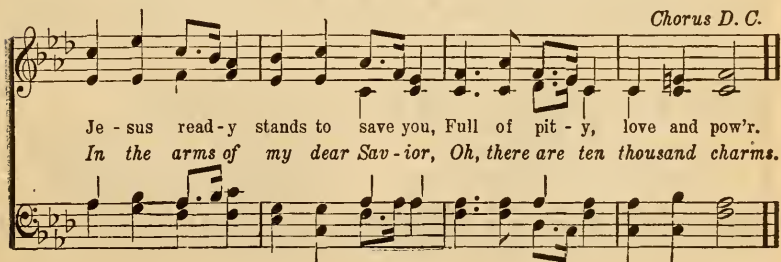
[For Hymn, see No. 165.]

(ARISE.)

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 CHOR. - I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;



Chorus D. C.
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

No. 167.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No, 168,

The Old Time Religion.

Anon.

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Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our

lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
 mothers, And it's good enough for me.

- 2 Makes me love everybody.
- 3 It has saved our fathers.
- 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
- 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
- 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
- 8 It will do when I am dying.
- 9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 169. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray; We shall
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down. Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

cryst- al tide for- ev- er Flowing from the throne of God.
walk and worship ev- er, All the hap- py gold-en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er
spir- its will de- liv- er And pro- vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
hap- py hearts will quiv-er, With the mel- o- dy of peace.

at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv-er;
at the riv-er That (Omit.) flows from the throne of God.

No. 170. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je- sus, come to Je- sus, Come to Je- sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je- sus, Come to Je- sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.
- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.
- 9 Jesus loves you.
- 10 Only trust Him.

Isaac Watts.

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R. E. Hudson.

1. { A-las! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die, } cred head For such a worm as I?
Would He de-vote that sa-

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-

way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd a-way.

No. 172, There Is a Fountain.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God;
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 173.

Wash Me in the Blood.

[For Hymn, see No. 172.]

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E. O. Excell.

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, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash me
 Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood,

in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
 in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

No. 174.

There is a Fountain.

[For Hymn, see No. 172.]

(FOUNTAIN.)

E. O. E. Arr.

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, }
 D. C.-And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, }

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 Lose all their guilty stains.

No. 175.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my
 not o - ver - flow For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy
 be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de - sign Thy dross to con-

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
 gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand."
 to thee thy deep - est dis-tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress."
 sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

No. 176.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

[For Hymn see No. 175]

FOUNDATION.

Anne Steele.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

No. 177.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

(NICAEA.)

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!
 Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er - more shalt be.
 There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pur - i - ty.

No. 178.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

LEADER.—Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.

SING.—Holy, holy, holy! Lord God, etc.

LEADER.—For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with Thee.

RESPONSE.—But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

SING.—Holy, holy, holy! All the saints, etc.

LEADER.—Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at His footstool; for He is holy.

RESPONSE.—And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

SING.—Holy, holy, holy! Tho' the, etc.

No. 179.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

(GORDON.)

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 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
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

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

No. 180.

Love.

LEADER.—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. ever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

RESPONSE.—But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. RESPONSE.—Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

LEADER.—And He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. LEADER.—We love Him because He first loved us.

RESPONSE.—Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. SING.—I love Thee, because, etc.

SING.—My Jesus, I love Thee, etc. LEADER.—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

LEADER.—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso- SING.—In mansions of glory, etc.

No. 181.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay,

[REVIVE US.]

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

CHORUS.

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

No. 182.

God So Loved the World.

LEADER.—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

RESPONSE.—In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.

LEADER.—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

SING.—We praise Thee, etc.

LEADER.—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

RESPONSE.—When He, the Spirit of Truth,

is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come.

LEADER.—He shall glorify me; for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

SING.—We praise Thee, etc.

LEADER.—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten-thousand times ten-thousand, and thousands of thousands.

RESPONSE.—Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

SING.—All glory, etc.

No. 183. How Gentle God's Commands.

(DENNIS,)

Geo. Naegell,

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day!

Come cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 184. Remember Thy Creator.

LEADER.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever.

RESPONSE.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me! I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

LEADER.—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

RESPONSE.—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

LEADER.—Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

RESPONSE.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

LEADER.—The merchandise of it is better

than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

RESPONSE.—She is more precious than rubies.

LEADER.—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

RESPONSE.—Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

LEADER.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

RESPONSE.—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

LEADER.—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

RESPONSE.—And to temperance, patience.

LEADER.—And to patience, godliness.

RESPONSE.—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

LEADER.—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

SING.—How gentle God's commands.

No. 185.

America.

(THE NATIONAL SONG OF AMERICA.)

S. F. Smith.

English.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
 4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

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

No. 186.

God Save the King.

(THE NATIONAL SONG OF GREAT BRITAIN.)

1	2	3
God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King, God save the King; Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us, God save the King.	Thro' every changing scene, O Lord, preserve our King, Long may he reign; His heart inspire, and move With wisdom from above, And in a nation's love His throne maintain.	Thy choicest gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign; May he defend our laws, And ever give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

No. 187.

His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.)

E. O. E.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the
 earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore Him. A - men.

No. 188.

Gloria Patri. No. 1.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

No. 189.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Charles Meineke.

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

No. 190.

Doxology.

Thos. Ken.

G. Franc.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

WINONA HYMNS

SUPPLEMENT.

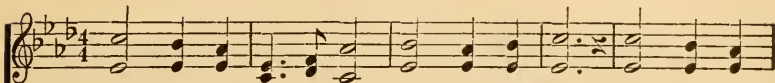
No. 191

Led by the Hand of Faith.

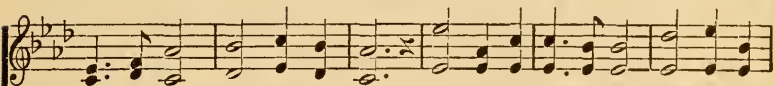
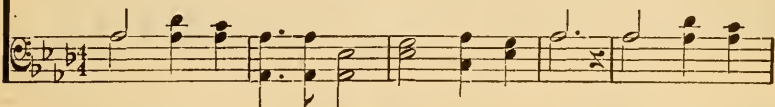
Rachel Rivers.

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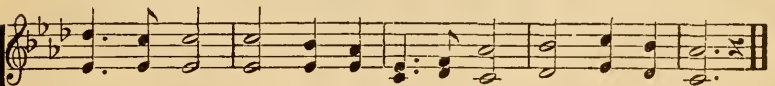
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Led by the hand of faith Near to Thy throne, Plead-ing Thy
2. Here at Thy mer-cy-seat, Just as we are, Down at Thy
3. Teach us by faith to say, "Thy will be done"; Help us by
4. Trust-ing Thy ho-ly word, Heed-ing Thy call; Safe till our



mer-it, Lord, Thy name a-lone. In our hu-mil-i-ty, Sav-ior, we
sa-cred feet Cast-ing our care. In our hu-mil-i-ty, Sav-ior, we
grace di-vine Our race to run. In our hu-mil-i-ty, Sav-ior, we
jour-ney's end We shall not fall. In our hu-mil-i-ty, Sav-ior, we



come to Thee; Look on us ten-der-ly: We are Thine own.
come to Thee; Look on us ten-der-ly: Hear Thou our prayer.
come to Thee; Look on us ten-der-ly: Bless ev-'ry one.
come to Thee; Look on us ten-der-ly: Thou art our all.



E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno, R. Sweney,

1. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! May its con - straining pow' r be mine;
2. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! My will con - trol, my heart re - fine;
3. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! Thine, Sav - ior, all the glo - ry Thine,

Love of the Christ, revealed to me, On hallow'd blood stained Cal - va - ry.
Take self a - way and sin - ful dross, Teach me the mean - ing of Thy cross.
When in my soul Thine eyes shall trace, Workings of Thy trans - form - ing grace.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, love! Show me its

rich - es O heav - en - ly Dove, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

won - der - ful love, Sing hal - le - lu - jahs, bright spir - its a - bove.

W. M. Lighthall.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is

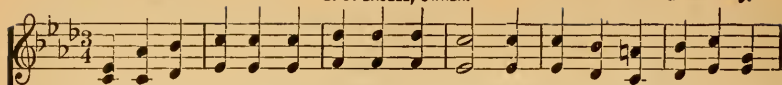
Rit.

singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

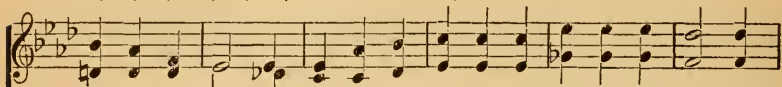
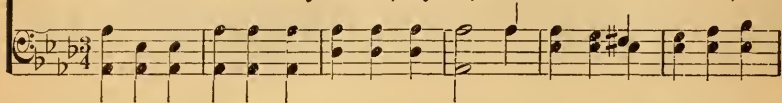
Wm. Stevenson.

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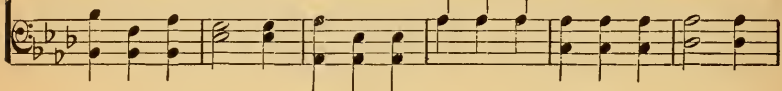
Jno. R. Sweney.



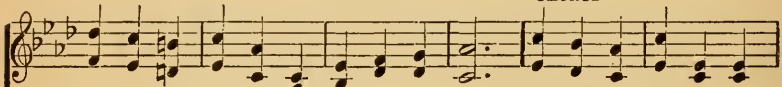
1. Je-sus is with me! O bless-ed the place Where Je-sus re-veal-eth the
2. Je-sus is with me! How can I for-get The grace that hath saved me and
3. Je-sus is with me! My Sav-ior, my all, With love He re-ceive me, He



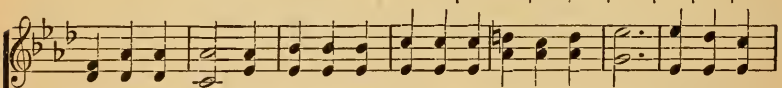
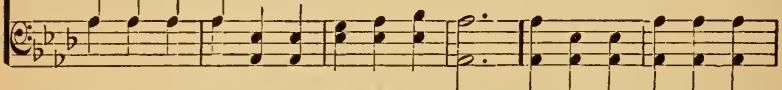
light of His face; It beams with a radiance that bright-ens my heart, Brings cancelled my debt? Geth-sem-a-ne's ter-rors for me were en-dured, And hears when I call; His smile bring-eth pleas-ure that can-not be told, No



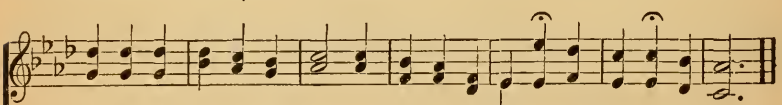
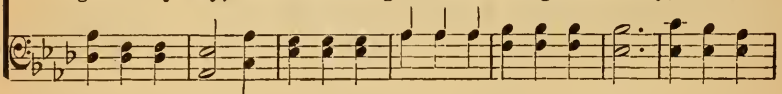
CHORUS



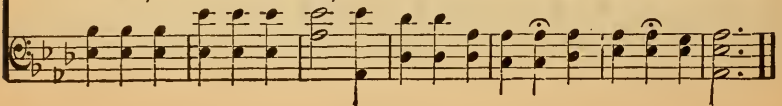
joy and re-joic-ing, bids sor-row de-part.
nought but His life-blood my par-don se-cured. Je-sus is with me by
good from the up-right His hand doth with-hold.



night and by day, To lead me and guide me tho' rough be the way; Je-sus is



with me, no e-vil I fear, No ill can be-fall me when Je-sus is near.



No. 195. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

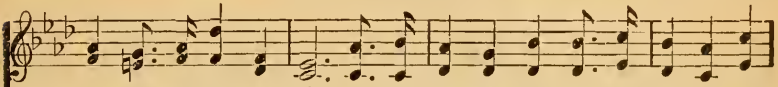
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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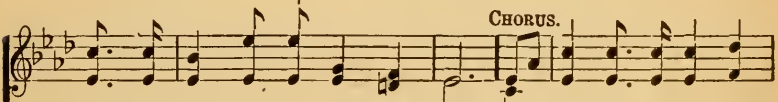
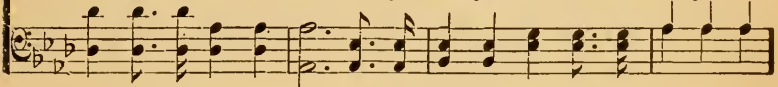
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To

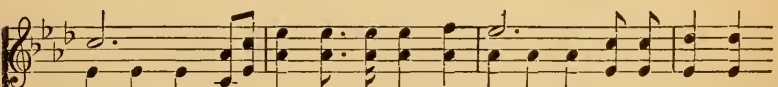


no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Saviour trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
walk in it never more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

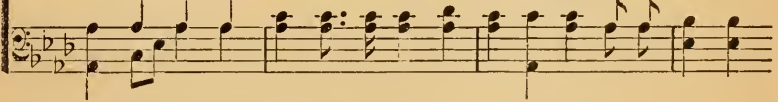


CHORUS.

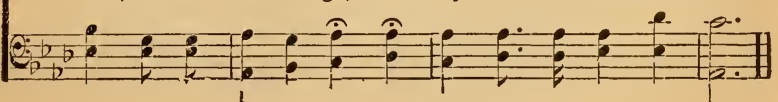
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the open door.



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



know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.



E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the fount-ain,
2. Down in - to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in - to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur-rents

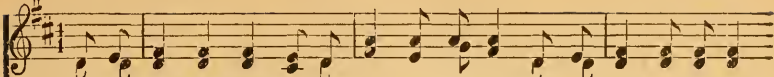
mak - ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let, and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine,
sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His won-drous love,

CHORUS.

I shall come up spot-less from the sav - ing tide. } To Galv'ry I will
Mak - ing "earth-en ves-sels" with His glo - ry shine. } His voice is call-ing
Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

go, The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanseth
still, To "Who-so - ev - er will,"

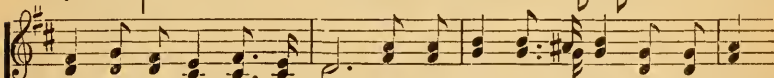
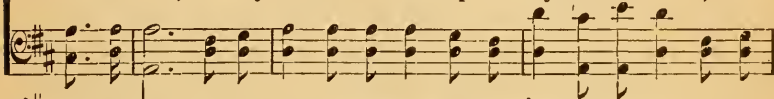
white as snow; Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep-er go.



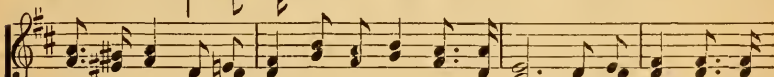
1. I have toiled all night and for ma - ny a day; For they say there are fish
2. So he bent and la-bored at wash-ing his net, While the Savior walk'd down
3. And just how 'twas done on-ly Je - sus can tell, But the net was so full



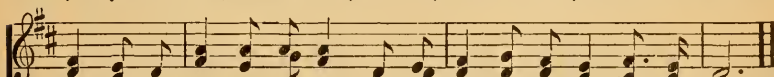
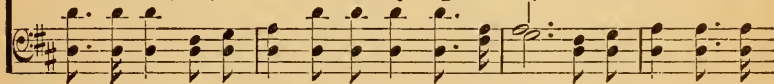
in the sea, And yet I have caught nothing, my la - bor is vain, And there to the sea, Straight way en - ter-ing in - to the ship Jesus said, "Thrust the that it brake; For they launch'd out their ship and they cast in their net, As he



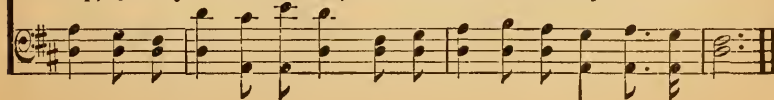
com - eth no in-crease to me. I will wash out my net, I will hang boat out a lit - tle for me, Launch it out in the deep, quick-ly let bade them to do for His sake. There-fore tho' you have la-bored in vain



it a - way, And my fish-ing boat draw to the shore; It is use - less to down the net," But the fish - er man answer'd "In vain We have labored all un - til now, Lo, the Sav - ior is say - ing to thee, "Launch out in - to the



me; I will cast out my net In these bar - ren sea wa - ters no more. night, Yet at Thy bidding, Lord, I will cast in my net once a - gain." deep, Quick-ly cast in the net; There are fish in the depth of the sea."



Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon - tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun - ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur - den of care In - to the rest He in -

God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a

change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 199. Trusting in His Power Divine.

Kate Ulmer

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Byron Burditt.

1. Where our captain leads us we will fol - low on, Lift - ing high His ban - ner
 2. In the name of Je - sus for - ward we will go, Fear - less - ly ad - vanc - ing
 3. Look - ing nev - er backward, call - ing no re - treat; All the way tri - umph - ant
 4. When the conflicts o - ver and our crowns are won, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges

with a shout and song, Vic - t'ry is our watchword all the way a - long,
 'gainst the might - y foe, E - vils strongest for - tress we may o - ver - throw,
 know - ing no de - feat, Faith can claim the vic - t'ry ere the foe we meet,
 far be - yond the sun, We shall sing the won - ders He thro' us has done;

f FINE. CHORUS.

Trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing in His pow'r di - vine. On - ward,
 On - ward, proud - ly

D. S. - Trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing in His pow'r di - vine. *f*

for - ward, ban - ners wav - ing high, On - ward, for - ward
 for - ward, ban - ners way - ing high, On - ward, glad - ly for - ward, vic - to -

vic - to - ry our cry, On - ward, brave - ly for - ward, help is ev - er nigh;
 ry our cry,

D. S.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can 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 won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him-shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}

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

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

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heed-ing the beams of
 2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like mu-sic from heav-en
 3. I need the full cleansing of Cal - va - ry's tide, The robe, fair and spotless,
 4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly,

the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin-ing for me, So
 the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross is my ref-uge, Thy prom-ise my plea, For
 Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy rich-es are bound-less, Thy mer-cy is free, So
 dis - miss-ing all fear; My strength and sal-va-tion, my vic-to - ry be, For

CHORUS.

now I am com-ing, dear Sav - ior, to Thee. Com - - ing to
 Com-ing to Thee, I am

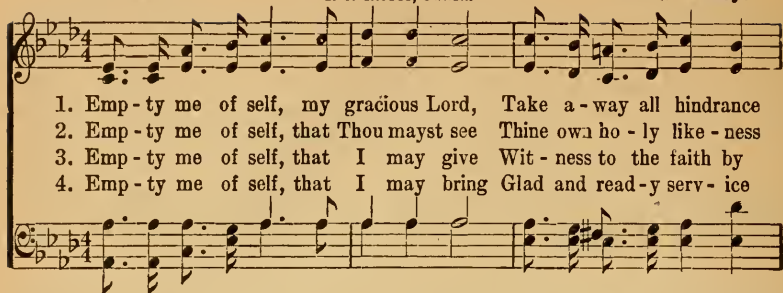
Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; Whilst
 com-ing to Thee, Com-ing to Thee, I am com-ing to Thee, Whilst Thou art

Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav - ior, to Thee.
 call-ing, art call - ing for me,

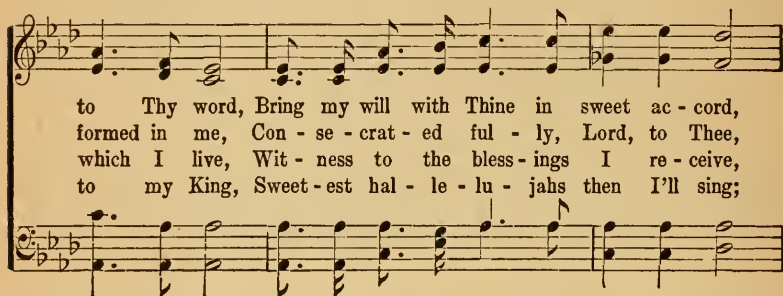
E. E. Hewitt.

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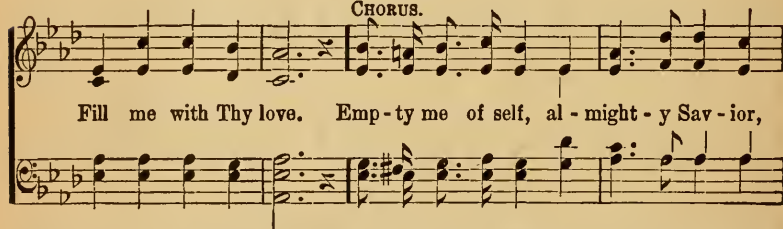


1. Emp-ty me of self, my gracious Lord, Take a-way all hindrance
 2. Emp-ty me of self, that Thou mayst see Thine own ho-ly like-ness
 3. Emp-ty me of self, that I may give Wit-ness to the faith by
 4. Emp-ty me of self, that I may bring Glad and read-y serv-ice

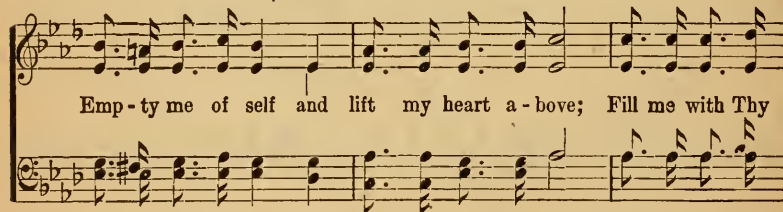


to Thy word, Bring my will with Thine in sweet ac-cord,
 formed in me, Con-se-crat-ed ful-ly, Lord, to Thee,
 which I live, Wit-ness to the bless-ings I re-ceive,
 to my King, Sweet-est hal-le-lu-jahs then I'll sing;

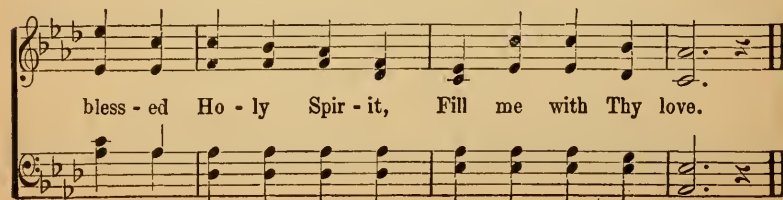
CHORUS.



Fill me with Thy love. Emp-ty me of self, al-might-y Sav-ior,



Emp-ty me of self and lift my heart a-bove; Fill me with Thy



bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it, Fill me with Thy love.

E. E. Hewitt,

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a - gain, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
3. Send the hap - py watchword all a - long the line, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,

vic - to - ry! Marching to the mu - sic of the glad re - frain, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to - ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure - ly win, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to - ry! Let all er - ror per - ish, lives the truth di - vine, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to - ry! From the courts of heaven joy - ful pæ - ans roll, Vic - to - ry in

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er - more. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry in Je - sus!

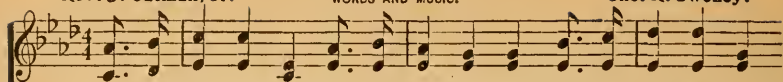
Sing His o - ver - com - ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold - ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

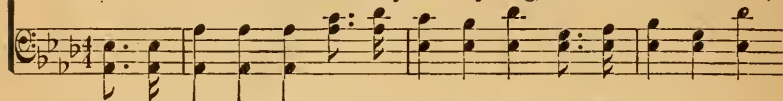
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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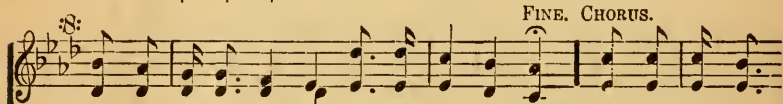
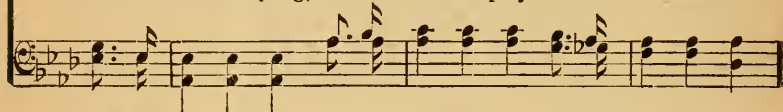
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. As the sunlight breaks thro' the clouds o'er head, When the storm has passed,
2. In the time of sor - row, and pain and grief, When I pray to Je -
3. When the morning beams with a joy - ful light, Or when dark and drear
4. So it mat - ter not what the years may bring, Whether win - ter's frosts,

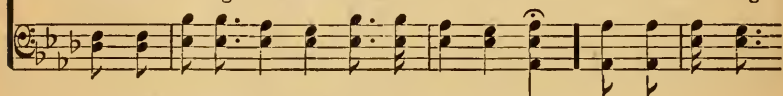


and the winds have fled, So in hours of dark-ness, and fear and trial
sus, He sends re - lief, When temp-tations sore would my soul be-guile
fall the shades of night, As we're nearing home with each wea - ry mile
or the flowers of spring, If in faith I pray to Him all the while

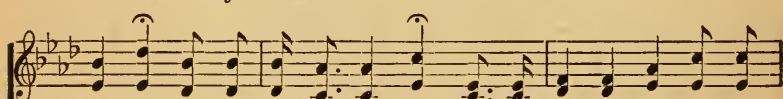


FINE. CHORUS.

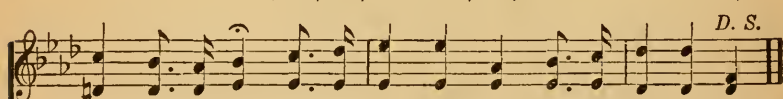
There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile. There is noth - ing



D. S.—There is nothing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile.



so sweet, there is noth - ing so sweet, As the smile He gives, when we

*D. S.*

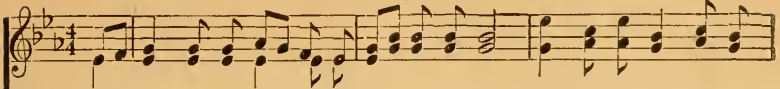
kneel at His feet, In the hour of grief, in the hour of trial,



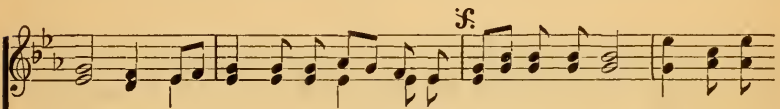
Fanny J. Crosby.

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Jno. R. Sweney



1. I've been to the fountain of blessing so free, Glo-ry to Je - sus my
2. I knelt at the fountain of blessing to-night, Glo-ry to Je - sus my
3. I love at the fountain of blessing to stay, Glo-ry to Je - sus my
4. No place like the fountain of blessing to me, Glo-ry to Je - sus my



Sav-ior; And oh, I am hap - py as mor - tal can be, Glo - ry to
Sav-ior; I laved in its wa - ters so hal - lowed and bright, Glo - ry to
Sav-ior; And lose in its mur - murs the cares of the day, Glo - ry to
Sav-ior; For there in a vis - ion my home I can see, Glo - ry to

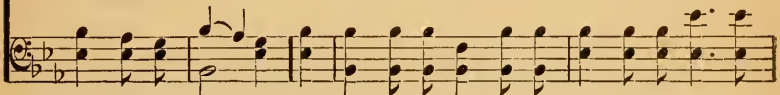


D. S.—rapture she sings, Glo - ry to

FINE. CHORUS.



Je - sus my Sav - ior. My heart, o-ver-flow-ing, with mel-o-dy rings, My

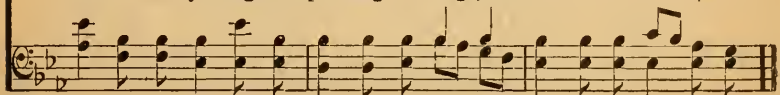


Je - sus my Sav - ior.



D. S.

soul is re - joic-ing and spreading her wings, And now in the ful - ness of

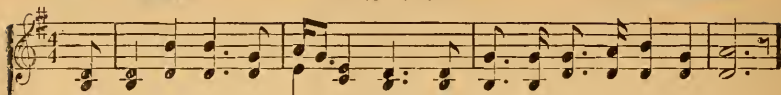


No. 206. I Hope to Meet You There Some Day.

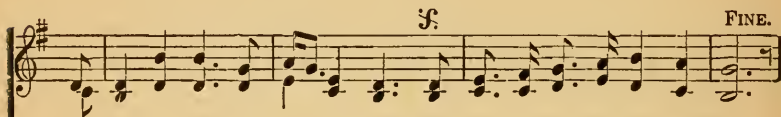
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

R. D. Burleson.



1. When I have reach'd the souls bright land, I hope to meet you there some day;
2. When I shall walk the gold - en street, I hope to meet you there some day;
3. Where sin can harm our souls no more, I hope to meet you there some day;
4. Where tears no more will dim the eye, I hope to meet you there some day;

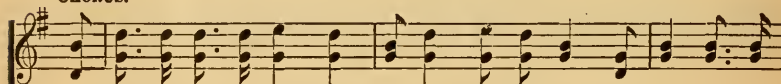


When I be - fore the throne shall stand, I hope to meet you there some day.
A - mong the friends that I shall greet, I hope to meet you there some day.
Up - on the bright e - ter - nal shore, I hope to meet you there some day.
Where we will nev - er say "Good bye," I hope to meet you there some day.

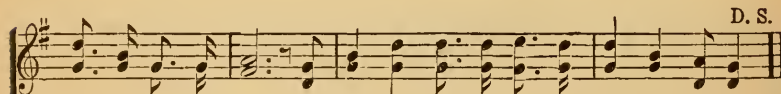


D. S. - I hope to meet you there some day.

CHORUS.



I hope to meet you there my broth - er, my sis - ter, And stand with the



saints in white a - ray; When I have reach'd my Fa - ther's home in heav - en,



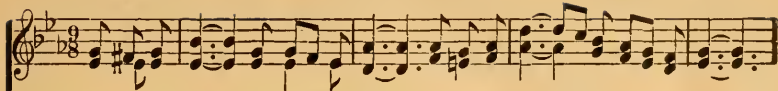
No. 207.

Lord, I am Thine.

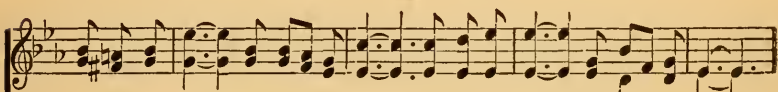
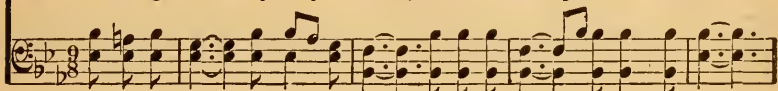
E. E. Hewitt,

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Jno. R. Sweney.



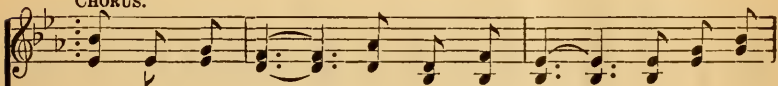
1. When on the cross, my Sav-ior died, And opened there sal-va-tion's tide,
2. No, not my own; oh, bless-ed joy! May Je-sus all my powers em-ploy,
3. In con-se-cra-tion pure and sweet My-self I lay at His dear feet;
4. When dangers shall my way surround, When fierce temptations shall a-bound,



He paid the price that set me free, For-ev-er - more His own to be.
In glad sur - ren - der to His will, Now may my life His word ful - fill.
His shoulders will my bur-dens bear, His mighty heart, my sor-rows share.
In ev- 'ry strait, this plea is mine, Lord, save my soul, for I am Thine.



CHORUS.



{ Lord, I am Thine; Lord, I am Thine; Je - sus, Re-
Bought with a price, Thy sa - cri - fice, Je - sus, my



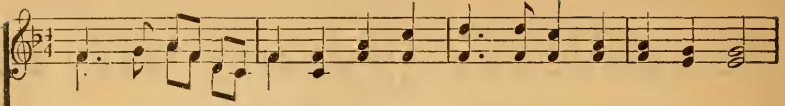
deem - er and Sav-ior di - vine; Sav - ior, I am Thine.



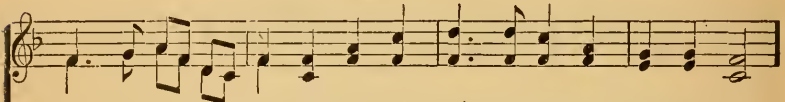
Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



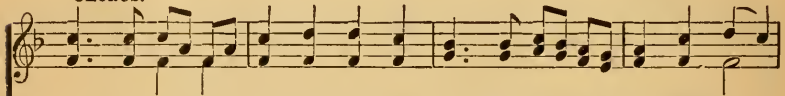
1. Glo - ry, glo - ry, all is glo - ry, O the con-stant joy I see;
2. O the rest-ing and com-mun-ing From the bus - y world a - part;
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry what a Sav - ior, How His ten - der words of love
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, I shall see Him And be - hold Him face to face;



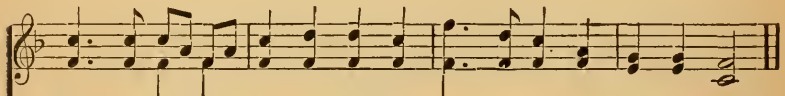
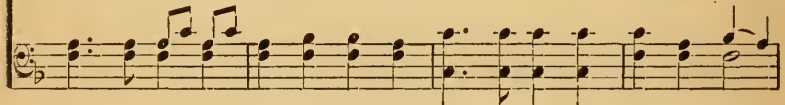
Not a shad-ow care or sor - row Hides my bless-ed Lord from me.
While the Spir - it gen - tly whisp-ers Words of prom-ise to my heart.
Draw me up - ward to the pleas-ures In the Gold - en Land a - bove.
There for - ev - er will I praise Him, For the rich - es of His grace.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, all is glo - ry, Je - sus dwell - eth in my soul;



From the full - ness of His mer - cy, Floods of rapt-ure o'er me roll.



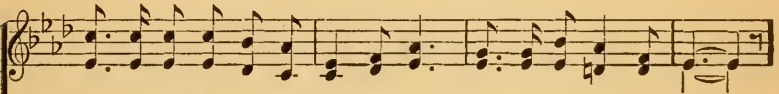
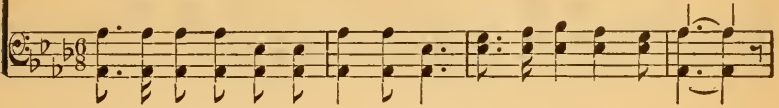
Fanny Crosby.

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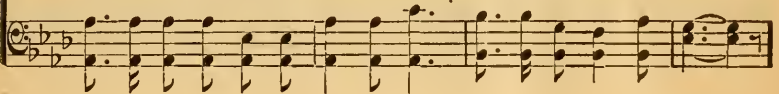
Jno. R. Sweney.



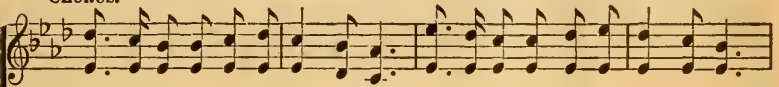
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



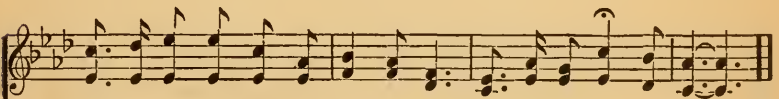
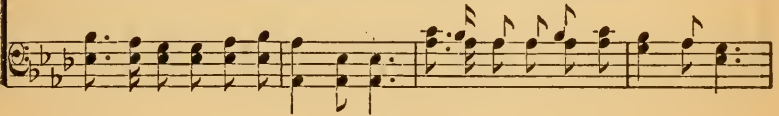
Wel - come the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
 Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er - flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



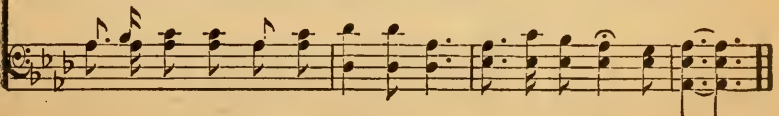
CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



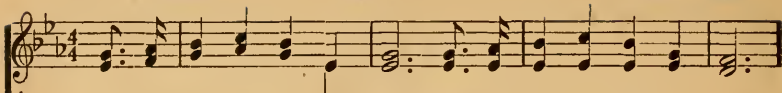
Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



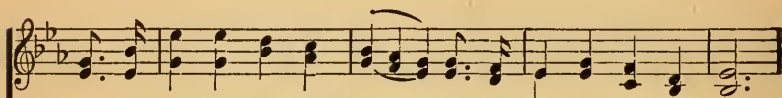
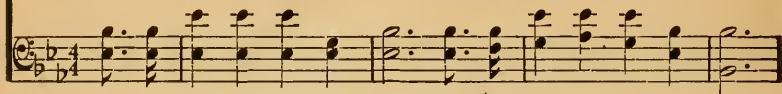
Lizzie De Armond.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY O. F. PUGH,
USED BY PER.

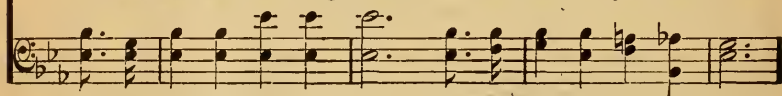
Owen F. Pugh.



1. There's a land be-yond the skies Where the new song sweet-ly swells,
2. We are home-sick for that land Still our hearts re-joic-ing sing,
3. Step by step we jour-ney on Where the love light nev-er dies,



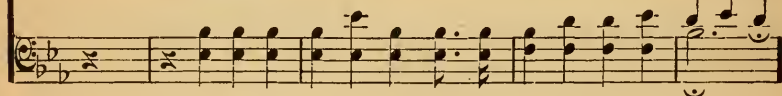
Where the Christ who saved our souls In His glo-ry ev-er dwells.
We shall lay our bur-dens down, In the pal-ace of the King.
Je - sus waits our com - ing feet, In the land be - yond the skies.



CHORUS.



We shall sing.....the glad new song Where the love light nev-er dies;.....
shall sing nev-er dies



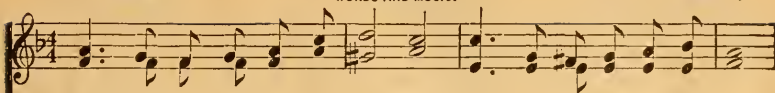
We shall sing..... and praise His name In the land be-yond the skies.
shall sing



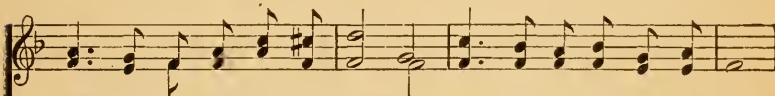
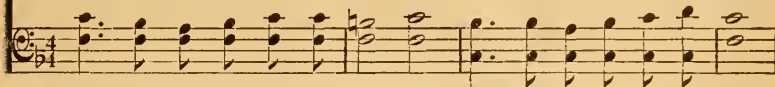
Kate Ulmer.

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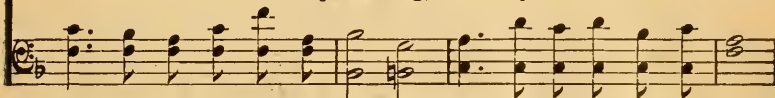
Victor H. Benke.



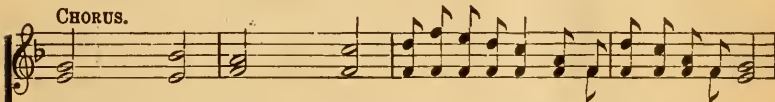
1. Teach me, O, Thou Ho-ly Spir-it, How to do my Mas-ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub-miss-ive, Free-ly con-se-crat-ing all;
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful-ly, E'ven when faith is sore-ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol-low tru-ly, Nev-er run-ning on be-fore;



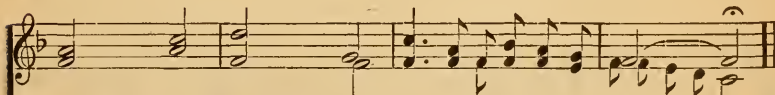
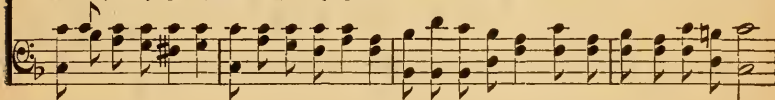
In o-be-dience to His bid-ding, Help me His commands ful-fill.
Fondest hopes with joy re-sig-n-ing, In sur-ren-der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto-ry, Of a Sav-ior cru-ci-fied.
Ev-er in His foot-steps walk-ing, Till my serv-ice here is o'er.



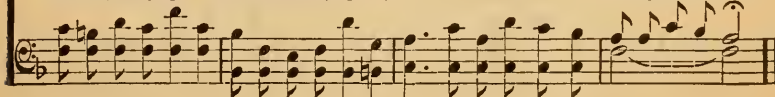
CHORUS.



Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,



Teach me, teach me, How to do my Master's will.
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, my Master's will.

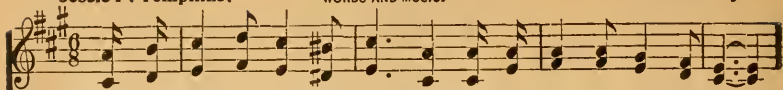


No. 212. Why Not Catch the Sunbeams?

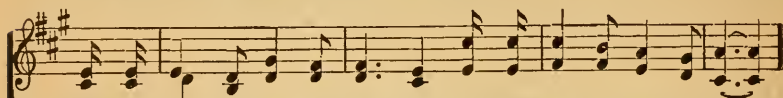
Jessie P. Tompkins.

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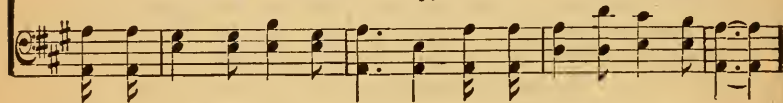
Jno. R. Sweney.



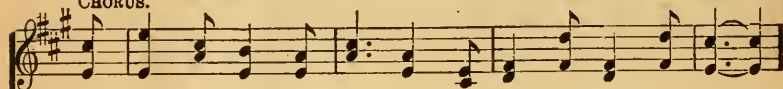
1. There are sun-beams all a - round us, But we slight them 'til they're gone,
2. There are sun-beams in our sor - rows, That we oft - en fail to see,
3. There are sun-beams in the morn - ing, When the shadows take their flight,



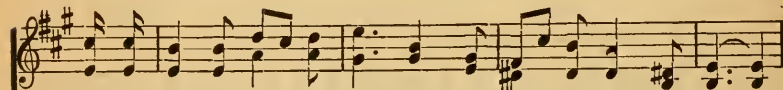
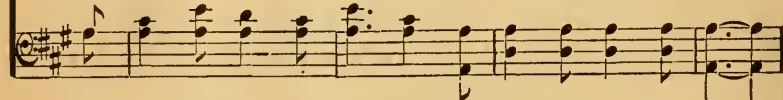
And when ev'ning shad - ows gath - er It is then we sigh for dawn.
From the gold - en land of prom - ise, Where the ma - ny man - sions be.
There are sunbeams at the noon - day, And at "eve it shall be light."



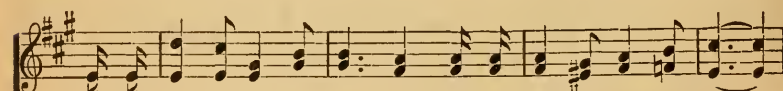
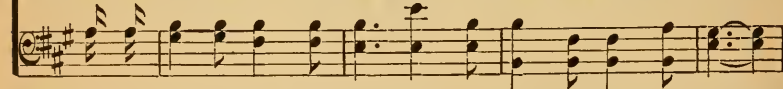
CHORUS.



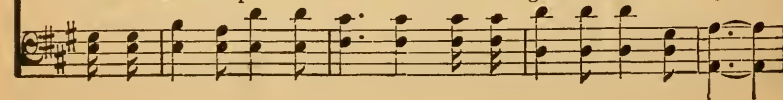
Then why not catch the sun-beams? The sun-beams of His love,



They are light - ing up the val - leys, The mount - ains glow a - bove;



We shall soon be past the shad - ows In one bright e - ter - nal day,



Why Not Catch the Sunbeams?

Where the gold-en lights are beam-ing, That shall nev-er fade a-way.

No. 213. It's Just Like My Savior.

Rev. H. J. Zellej.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When I a ransomed sin-ner see, Redeemed from death, from sin set free,
2. When all pollution's washed a-way, And I am kept from day to day,
3. While bow-ing at the mer-cy-seat, He comes my wait-ing soul to greet,
4. And when my hour shall come to die, His ho-ly an-gels from the sky

It caus-es no sur-prise to me,— It's just like my Sav-ior.
My throbbing heart with joy can say, It's just like my Sav-ior.
And our com-mun-ion is so sweet,—It's just like my Sav-ior.
Will bear me to my home on high,— It's just like my Sav-ior.

D.S.—He purchased life for me and you,— It's just like my Sav-ior.

CHORUS.

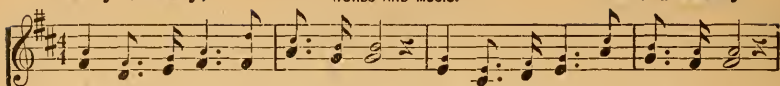
Oh, Je-sus is a friend so true! There's naught too hard for Him to do;

D. S.

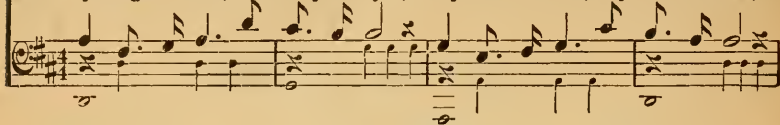
Fanny J. Crosby,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

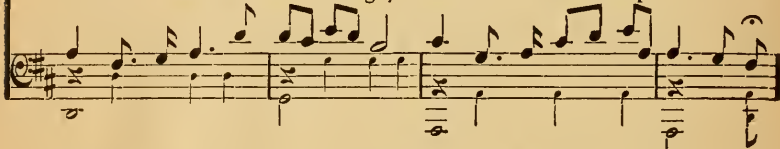
Jno. R. Sweney.



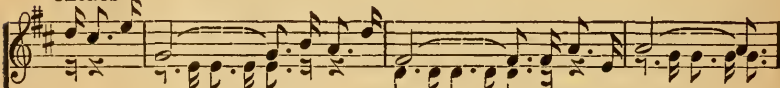
1. Why cling to earth tho' sweet and fair, Its budding flow'rs and fragrant air,
2. Why cling to earth when those we love, Are passing home to realms a - bove,
3. Why cling to earth when Je - sus came, And in His Fa - thers bless - ed name,
4. Why cling to earth, O lift your eyes, Be - yond the stars, be - yond the skies,



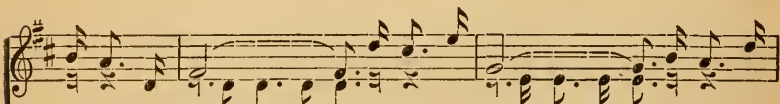
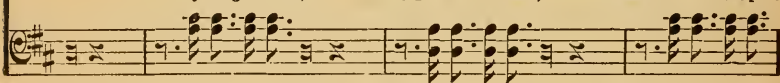
The ros - y wreath we twine to - day, Will ere the mor - row fade a - way.
Thro' pearly gates that nev - er close, Where life's e - ter - nal riv - er flows.
Prepared for us those man - sions fair, That we may rest from sor - row there.
To that ce - les - tial world on high, Where love and friend - ship nev - er die.



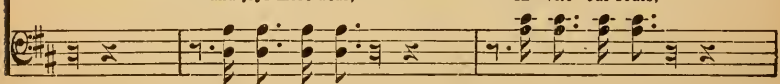
CHORUS



Why cling to earth with heav'n so near Where scenes more pure, .
Why cling to earth, with heav'n so near, Where scenes more pure



and joys more dear In - vite our souls to spread their
and joys more dear, In - vite our souls,



Why Gling to Earth.

wings Where ev-'ry vale with music rings.
 to spread their wings where ev-'ry vale, with music rings.

No. 215. He Will Come and Save You.

E. E. Hewitt.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno, R. Sweney.

1. Trust in Je - sus, trem-bling soul, He will come and save you;
2. When the swell - ing waves roll high, He will come and save you;
3. Call to Him in troub - le's hour, He will come and save you;
4. Walk - ing in the King's high-way, He will come and save you;

FINE.

At the cross, thy bur - den roll, He will come and save you.
 Till the tem - pest pass - es by, He will come and save you.
 Show His great de - liv - 'ring pow'r, He will come and save you.
 Lead you on - ward, day by day, He will come and save you.

D. S.—face will shine, He will come and save you.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Come! rest in love Di-vine, Make His sal - va - tion thine, On thee, His

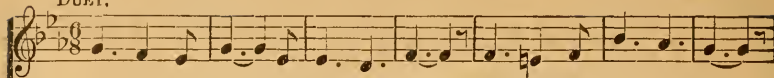
No. 216.

Faith, Hope and Love.

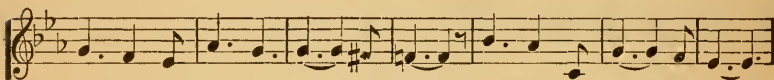
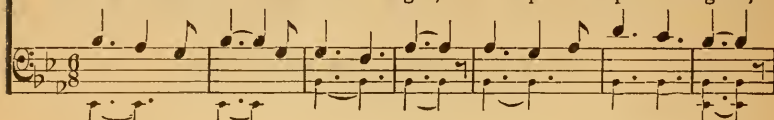
Fanny J. Crosby.
DUET.

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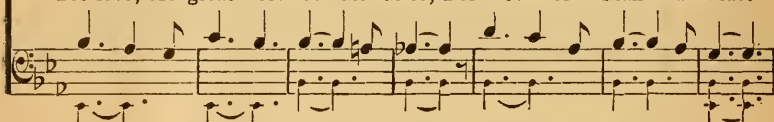
Jno. R. Sweney.



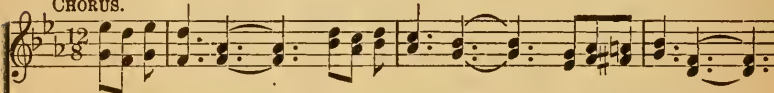
1. I have a faith in Christ my Lord, That spreads a-loft its wings,
2. I have a hope in Christ my Lord, That casts out ev-'ry fear,
3. I have a love by Him in-spired, A love that ne'er shall cease,
4. Tho' faith will soon be lost in sight, And hope to rapt-ure glide,



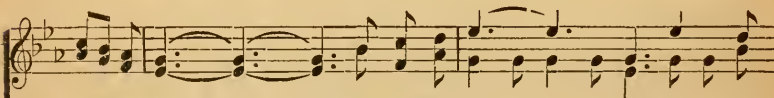
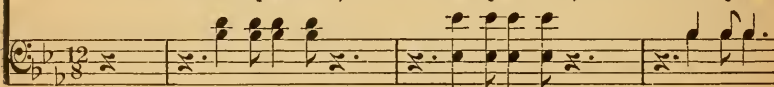
And from the sa-cred heights of joy Sweet an-swer'd pray'r it brings.
And now di-rect-ed by His word My soul to Him draws near.
A love that fills my long-ing heart With pure and per-fect peace.
Yet love, the great-est of the three, For-ev-er shall a-bide.



CHORUS.



I will praise Him, . . . I will praise Him, . . . My Sav-ior . . .
I will praise Him, I will praise Him, I will praise



and my King; And thro' the a - - - ges yet to
Him, my Sav-ior and my King; And thro' the a - ges yet to come, And thro' the



Faith, Hope and Love.

come, His bound - less grace I'll sing. . . .
 a - ges yet to come, His bound-less grace I'll sing, His bound-less grace I'll sing.

No. 217. He is My Portion Forever.

Lizzie Edwards.

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 E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. All, all to Je-sus, I con-se-crate a - new, He is my por-tion for-ev-er;
 2. All, all to Je-sus, my trusting heart can say, He is my por-tion for-ev-er;
 3. Tho' He may try me this blessed truth I know, He is my por-tion for-ev-er;
 4. All, all to Je-sus, I cheer-ful-ly re-sign, He is my por-tion for-ev-er;

f FINE.

On - ly His glo - ry hence-forth will I pur-sue, He is my por-tion for-ev-er.
 Led by His mer-cy I'm walk-ing ev-'ry day, He is my por-tion for-ev-er.
 He will not leave me, His promise tells me so, He is my por-tion for-ev-er.
 I have the wit-ness that He, my Lord, is mine, He is my por-tion for-ev-er.

D.S.-Mine is a treasure no moth nor rust de-roys; Je-sus, my portion for-ev-er.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Take, take the world with all its gilded toys, Take, take the world, I covet not its joys,

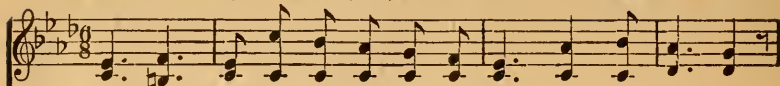
No. 218.

The Song of Victory.

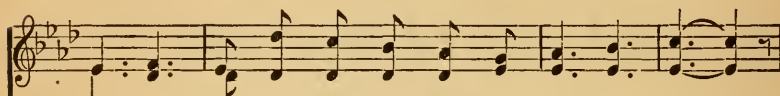
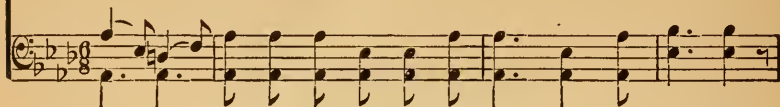
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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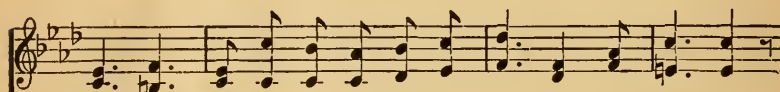
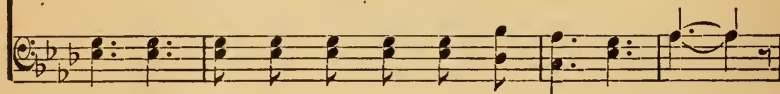
Chas. H. Gabriel.



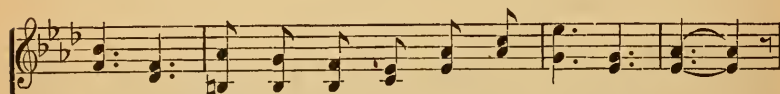
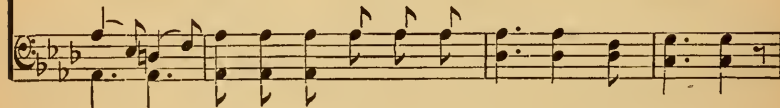
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
 2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



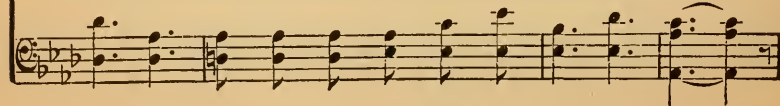
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
 Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
 For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
 Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
 Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

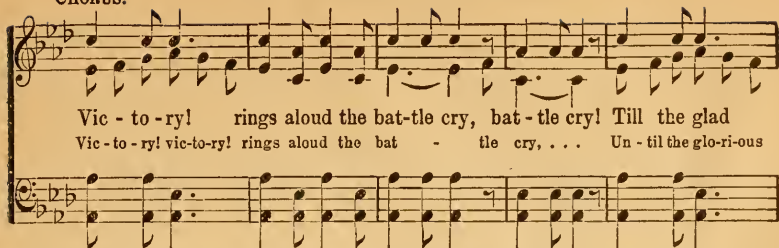


Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
 While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
 His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.



The Song of Victory.

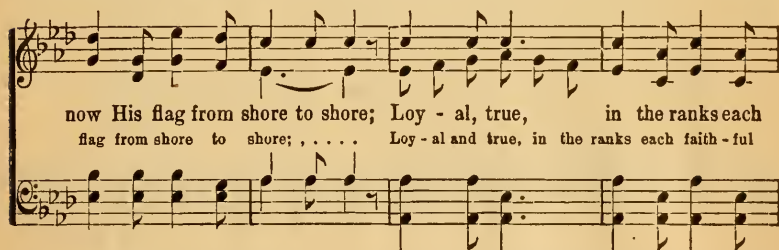
CHORUS.



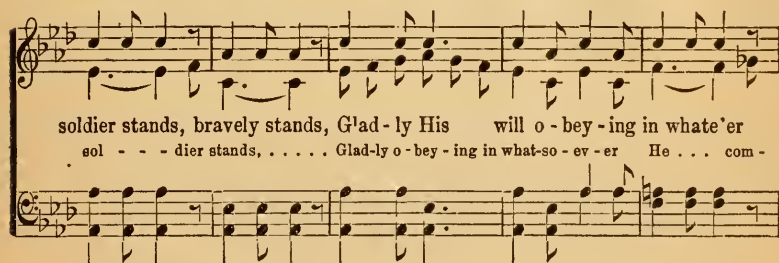
Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo - ri - ous



echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His



now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; . . . Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, . . . Glad - ly o - bey - ing in what - so - ev - er He . . . com -



He commands; He the King, and the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 219.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

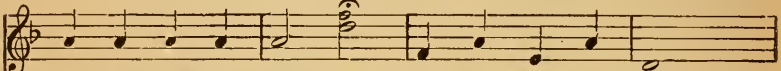
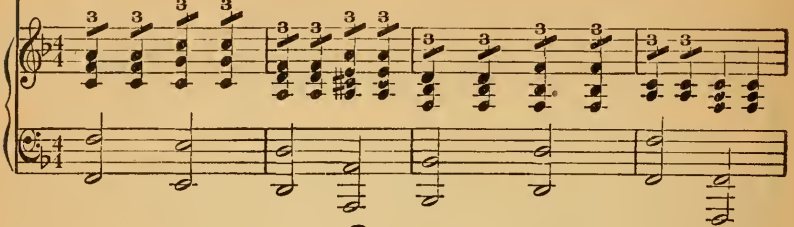
Sabine Baring-Gould.

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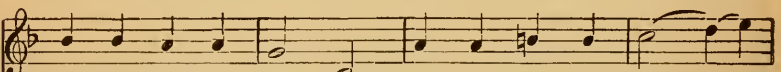
E. O. Excell.



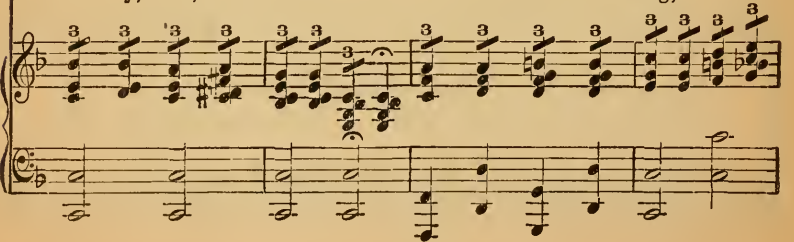
1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee;
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,



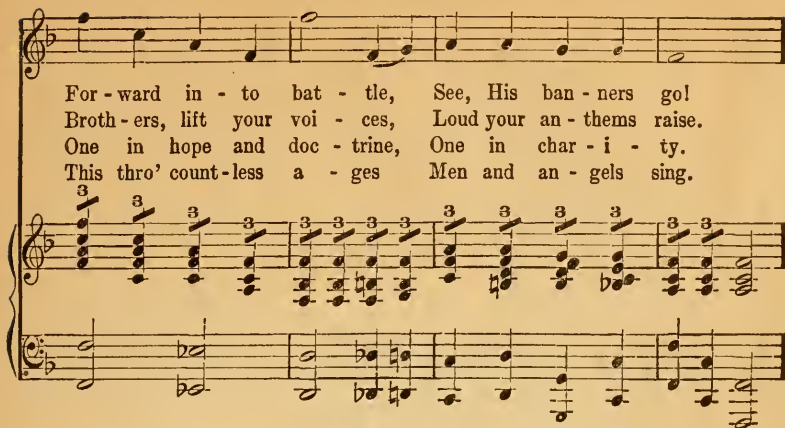
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry!
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
 Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph song;



Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



Onward, Christian Soldiers.



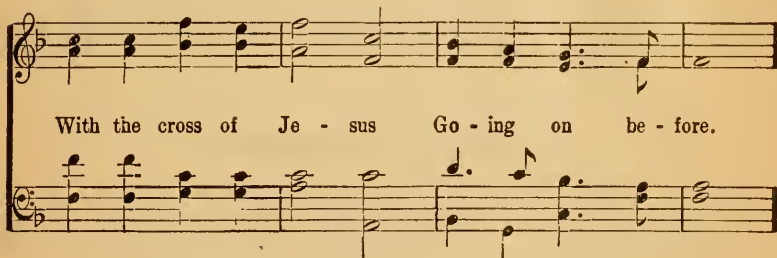
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.



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



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

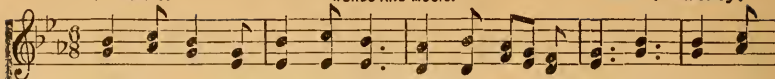
INTERLUDE.



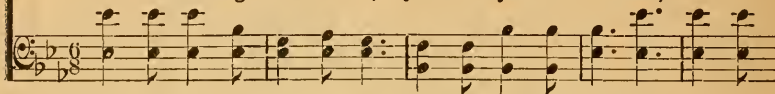
E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

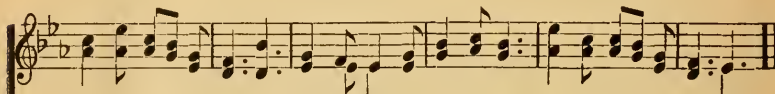


1. Sav - ior Thou didst die for me, Thou wilt leave me nev - er, I will
 2. This sweet un-ion Lord with Thee, Naught on earth can sev - er, Take, and
 3. Use me as Thou wilt, I pray, Bless my true en - deav - or, Help me
 4. When this fleeting life is o'er, By the Crys - tal riv - er, I will

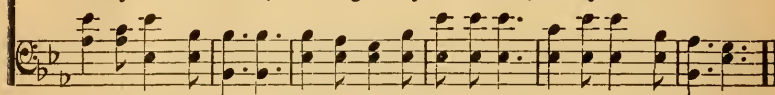


CHORUS.

give my - self to Thee, Free-ly and for-ev - er.
 keep me Thine a - lone, Free-ly and for-ev - er. Free-ly and for-ev - er,
 serve Thee ev - 'ry day, Free-ly and for-ev - er.
 praise Thee more and more Free-ly and for-ev - er.



Free-ly and for-ev - er, I will give myself to Thee, Free-ly and for - ev - er.



Contents of Supplement.

A sinner made whole	193	Lord, I am Thine.....	207
Coming to Thee.	201	Onward, christian soldiers.....	219
Faith, hope and love.....	216	O what a change.....	198
Fill me with Thy love.....	202	Teach me.....	211
Freely and forever.....	220	The hour of prayer.....	209
Glory, all is glory.....	208	The land beyond	210
He is my portion	217	The Savior's smile.....	204
He is so precious.....	200	The song of victory.....	218
He will come and save you.....	215	The way of the cross.....	195
I hope to meet you there.....	206	To Calvary I will go.....	196
It's just like my Savior.....	213	Trusting in His power divine.....	199
I've been to the fountain.....	205	Victory in Jesus.....	203
Jesus is with me.....	194	Why cling to earth.....	214
Just for His sake.....	197	Why not catch the sunbeams.....	212
Led by the hand of faith.....	191	Wonderful love.....	192

CONTENTS.

Able to Save.....	18	High as the Mountain.....	10
A Charge to Keep.....	144	His Holy Temple	187
A Clean Heart.....	108	Holy Bible, Book Divine.....	41
A Friend I Have Called Jesus.....	88	Holy Ghost with Light Divine.....	128
Alas and Did.....	171	Holy, Holy, Holy.....	178
All Hail the Power.....	151-152	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God.....	177
All to Jesus I Surrender.....	29	Hover O'er Me	59
All the World for Christ.....	31	How Firm a Foundation.....	175-176
Almost Persuaded.....	63	How Gentle God's Commands	183
America	185	I Am a Stranger Here.....	7
Are There Within You Base?.....	27	I Am Coming, Lord.....	167
Are You Serving Jesus?.....	82	I Am Coming to the Cross.....	91
Arise, Christian Soldiers.....	76	I Am on My Way to Heaven.....	58
Around the Throne	97	I Am on the Gospel Highway.....	90
At the Cross.....	171	I Am Praying for You.....	35
At the Fountain.....	160	I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.....	91
At the Mercy Seat.....	162	I Am Thinking To-Day.....	64
Beautiful Isle	51	I Can Hear My Savior Calling.....	83
Before I Came to Jesus.....	86	I Do Believe	158
Be Not Too Late.....	106	I Do, Don't You	55
Beulah Land	23	I Do Not Know.....	52
Beyond the Tide.....	68	I Dreamed One Night.....	100
Bless the Lord	15	If I Could Fly.....	68
Blest Be the Tie.....	134	I Have a Friend So Precious.....	32
Break Thou the Bread of Life.....	121	I Have a Savior.....	35
Brightly Beams Our Father's.....	65	I Have Cast My Anchor.....	70
Bring Peace to My Soul.....	2	I Have Such a Wonderful Savior.....	8
Calling the Prodigal.....	54	I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.....	167
Closing Hymn	81	I Know a Great Savior.....	55
Christ Arose	45	I Learned It in the Bible.....	101
Christ for the World We Sing.....	31	I'll Be a Sunbeam.....	95
Christ Jesus Died for Sinners.....	17	I'll Live for Him.....	89
Christ Will Me His Aid Afford.....	12	I Love Jesus; He's My Savior.....	164
City of Beauty.....	46	I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.....	126
Come To-Day.....	50	I Love to Think My Father Knows	11
Come Every Soul by Sin.....	161-162	I Need Thee Every Hour.....	69
Come, Sinner, Come.....	71	I Never Can Forget the Day.....	26
Come, Thou Almighty King.....	122	In Looking Through My Tears.....	3
Come, Thou Fount.....	163-164	In the Cleft of the Rock.....	10
Come to Jesus.....	170	In the Cross	130
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and.....	165-166	In the Deep, Deep Waves of.....	28
Day Is Dying in the West.....	21	In Thy Love	40
Doxology	190	I'm But a Stranger Here.....	141
Do You Hear the Savior's Voice?..	50	I Often Wonder.....	104
Everybody Should Know.....	8	I Once Heard a Sweet Story.....	22
Father, I Am Weak and Sinful..	40	It Is Well With My Soul.....	30
Fill Me Now	59	It's Just Like His Great Love.....	88
For God So Loved the World....	182	I Stand Amazed in the Presence..	9
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.	129	I Surrender All	29
Gather We Here	103	I Think God Gives the Children...	98
Get Right With God.....	27	It Was Good for Our Mothers.....	168
Gloria Patri, No. 1.....	188	I Was Out on the Ocean Sailing..	70
Gloria Patri, No. 2.....	189	I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.....	166
Glorious Things of Thee.....	109	I Will Not Forget Thee.....	56
Glory Be to the Father.....	188	I Will Meet You There.....	80
Glory Be to the Father.....	189	I Would Be Thine.....	158
God Give Us Homes.....	43	I've Reach'd the Land of Corn...	22
God Is Calling.....	54	Jerusalem, the Golden	145
God So Loved the World.....	18	Jesus Bids Us Shine.....	93
God So Loved the World.....	182	Jesus Calls Us.....	116
God Save the King.....	186	Jesus of Nazareth	73
Grace Enough for Me.....	3	Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.....	150
Guide Me	123	Jesus, Lover of My Soul.....	153-154
Hallelujah	33	Jesus Savior, Pilot Me.....	115
Hallelujah, Crown Him	72	Jesus, the Best Friend of All.....	26
Hallelujah, What a Savior.....	79	Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.	124
Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.	149	Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam..	95
Have You Heard the Voice of....	24	Joyfully March Along.....	60
Heaven Is My Home.....	141	Joy to the World.....	127
He Knows It All.....	11	Just As I Am.....	155
He Is Able to Deliver Thee.....	4	Just as the Stars Are Shining....	94
		Just for To-Day.....	77
		Keep Your Heart Singing.....	6

CONTENTS

Lead, Kindly Light.....	112	Silently the Shades of Evening..	25
Let Him In.....	34	Since I Found My Savior.....	37
Let Thy Blessing Rest on Me....	39	Soldiers of Christ, Arise.....	146
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning	65	Somebody	53
Let Us Rally	84	Some Day	78
Life Wears a Different Face....	37	Some Day, I Know Not When...	85
Lift Him Up	92	Something for Thee	67
Little Stars	94	Somewhere the Sun Is Shining...	51
Little Soldiers of the King.....	99	Stand Up for Jesus.....	125
Little Sunbeams	98	Sun of My Soul.....	113
Lo, All Ready for the Gathering..	107	Sweeter Than All.....	12
Love Divine	147	Sweet Is the Promise.....	56
Love	180		
Low in the Grave He Lay.....	45	Take Me to Thy Heart.....	34
		That Sweet Story.....	21
Majestic Sweetness	157	The Dying Thief Rejoiced to See.	172
Man of Sorrows, What a Name..	79	The Heavenly Sunlight.....	86
March Along Together.....	96	The Good Old-Fashioned Way....	90
My Country, 'Tis of Thee.....	185	The Children's Hosanna.....	100
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.....	120	The Inner Circle.....	24
My Father Planned It All.....	13	The King's Business.....	7
My Heaven Song	104	The Lord Is in His Holy Temple.	187
My Jesus Is a Man of War.....	72	The Music of God's Word.....	28
My Jesus, I Love Thee.....	179	The Old-Time Religion.....	168
My Life, My Love, I Give to Thee	89	Then Shall I Understand.....	52
My Lord and I.....	32	There Is a Fountain.....	172
My Mother's Prayer.....	20	There Is a Fountain Filled....	173-174
My Savior's Love	9	There Is a Wonderful Theme....	17
My Shepherd Is the Lord.....	118	There Is One Who Understands.	26
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.....	132	There's a Pardon Full and Sweet	47
My Talents Are Few.....	67	There's a Stranger at the Door..	34
		There's a Wideness.....	136
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....	119	There Shall Be Showers of.....	61
Never Lose Sight of Jesus.....	14	The Snow Prayer.....	101
No Beautiful Chamber.....	19	The Song of Triumph.....	105
No Room in the Inn.....	19	The Son of God Goes Forth to War	114
Now the Day Is Over.....	87	The Victory May Depend on You.	44
		The Wondrous Cross.....	57
O Brothers, Lift Your Voices....	143	The Wonderful Story.....	16
O City of Beauty.....	46	The Wonderful Story Is True....	38
O Christian, Arise.....	76	They Tell Me a Story.....	38
O Day of Rest and Gladness.....	135	The Young People's Army.....	96
O for a Thousand Tongues.....	140	Thro' the Land a Call is Sound'g.	44
O Happy Day That Fixed My.....	159-160	'Tis for You and Me.....	47
Oh, for a Closer Walk.....	142	'Tis the Grandest Theme....	4
Oh, Haste, the Night Is Nearing..	106	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.....	99
O How Love I Thy Law.....	43	Turn to the Lord.....	165
Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear	85	'Twill Not Be Long.....	102
O Listen to Our Wondrous Story.	49		
O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go	139	Unspotted Is the Fear of God....	48
One Thing I of the Lord Desire..	108		
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	110	Wash Me in the Blood.....	173
On Jordan's Stormy Banks.....	156	Walk in the Light.....	138
Only Trust Him.....	161	We Are Marching Under the ...	105
O Pilgrim, Bound for the.....	14	Weighed by Thy Love.....	75
O Sweet Is the Story of Jesus... 16		Weighed in the Balance.....	75
O That Will Be Glory.....	5	We'll Stand the Storm.....	156
O Thou God of My Salvation.....	148	We May Lighten Toil and Care..	6
O Thou, My Soul, Bless God....	15	We Praise Thee, O God.....	181
O Worship the King.....	1	What Did He Do?.....	49
		What Tho' the Way Be Lonely..	13
Praise God, From Whom All....	190	When All My Labors and Trials..	5
Praise Ye the Lord.....	74	When Earthly Cares and Sorrow.	2
		When Fades the Light.....	36
Rally Round the Cross.....	84	When Israel Went Out of Egypt.	33
Reapers for the Harvest.....	107	When I Survey the Wondrous....	57
Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost Is....	60	When Peace Like a River.....	30
Remember Thy Creator	184	Where He Leads Me.....	83
Revive Us Again	181	Where Jesus Is, Is Home to Me..	62
Rock of Ages	117	While Jesus Whispers to You....	71
		Who Is On the Lord's Side.....	111
Safely Through Another Week... 131		Will I Empty-Handed Be?.....	42
Savior, Breathe An Evening.....	81	Will There Be Any Stars.....	64
Savior, Like a Shepherd.....	133	Work for the Night Is Coming... 137	
Serving Jesus	82		
Shall We Gather at the River?... 169		Your Brother Has a Burden....	92
Shepherd of Israel	66	You Told Me the Story of Christ..	80

