

The
MODERN
HYMNAL



O come let us sing unto the Lord,
let us make a joyful noise to the Rock
of our Salvation.

PSALM XCIV. 1.



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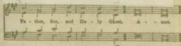
To

GARDNER-WEBB COLLEGE

By

MRS. R. C. CAMPBELL

1962

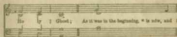
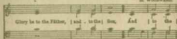


O Lord, open Thou my lips, and
my mouth shall show forth Thy
praise.

PSALM LI. 15.

Gloria Patri.

B. Weinmann.



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FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH**

The Modern Hymnal

Standard Hymns and Gospel Songs New and Old, for General Use in All Church Services

Compiled and Edited

by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

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Foreword

THE Grand Old Hymnals "of the other days" have rendered a great service, and we are glad to pay them worthy tribute. The Grand Old Hymns must be preserved, and the use of them should be encouraged. There are also many of the more recent Hymns and Gospel Songs which are very serviceable and attractive, because they have been inspired by present day experiences and have the blending of appealingly strong music with the forcefully simple Gospel Message. This is a MODERN HYMNAL in Price, in Make-up and in Contents. It is modern in Contents in that it meets the present day need and demand both for the Standard Old Church Hymn and the worthy newer Gospel Songs.

That this Hymnal may be used of the Master to the glory of His great name and to the advancement of His matchless cause is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

M
 2122
 64
 196

The Modern Hymnal

1

O Worship the King.


Sir Robert Grant.

Lyrics. 10. 11.

Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose rule is the
 3. Thy beam - i - tal cars what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and ho - ble as hell, In Thee do we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char-lots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
 air. It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-scends to the
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mor-ries how ter-ri-ble how firm to the



days, Pa-vil-loned in splen-dor, and glori-ous with praise.
 firm, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
 end! Our Mak - er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend, A - MEN.

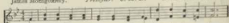
2 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass.

Copyright, 1888, by the THE PUBLISHED MUSIC OF PUBLICATION

James Montgomery.

Frederick. C. M. D.

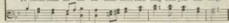
Walter O. Wilkinson.



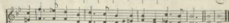
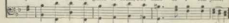
1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield.
2. A ho - ly war those ser - vants wage: Mys - te - rious - ly at strife.
3. Tho' few and small and weak your hands, Strong in your Cap - tain's strength
4. O fear not, faint not, halt not now; Quit you this morn, be strong!



And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field
The pow'rs of heav'n and hell en - gage For more than death or life.
Go to the conquest of all lands; All must be His at length;
To Christ shall all the na - tions bow, And sing with you this song. —



That bat - tle, bright - er than the star That leads the train of night,
Ye ar - mies of the liv - ing God, His sac - ra - men - tal host,
Those spears at His vic - to - rious feet You shall re - joice to lay.
"Up - lift - ed are the gates of brass, The bars of i - ron yield;



Ednae on their march, and gal - lée from far His ser - vants to the light.
Where hal - lowed foot - steps tread - or tread Take your ap - pointed post.
And lay your - selves, as tri - um - phers meet, in His great judg - ment - day.
Be - hold the King of glo - ry pass; The cross hath won the field!" A - men.

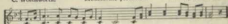


O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Woodworth.

Henderson, ps. do. D.

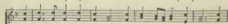
Arr. by L. Mason.



1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
 3. To-day on wear-y na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls;
 4. Now gra-cies et-er-nal gain-ing From this our day of rest,



O halm of care and sad-ness, Most heav-nly, most bright;
 On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
 To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tion The all-ter-rupt call,
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the dead.



On thee, the high and low-ly, Dead-ly he-ars the throne, Sing,
 On thee our Lord vic-to-rious The Spir-it sent from heav'n; And
 Where pon-der Light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams, And
 To Ho-ly Ghost be praise-ed, To Fa-ther and to Son; The



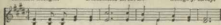
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
 Thus on thee most glo-rious A tri-ple light was given.
 Re-joyce wa-ter flow-ing With un-re-fresh-ing streams,
 Church her voice up-raised To Thee, most Three in One. A-MEN.

Crown Him With Many Crowns.

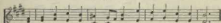
Matthew Bridges.

Diademata, S. M. D.

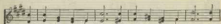
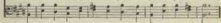
George J. Elvey.



1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! He - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - thems crown All mu - sic but its own!
 Each wound, yet vic - i - l - le a - love, In beau - ty glo - ri - ous;
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save;
 One with the Spir - it thro' His gl'a From yon - der glo - rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
 No an - gel in the sky Can tell - y hear that sigh, Not
 His glo - rious now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,
 down-ward bend his won - der - ing eye At mys - te - r - ious so bright,
 shed e - ter - nal life to bring, And drive that death away;
 Then, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-men.



Joy to the World!

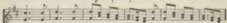
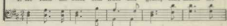
Isaac Watts.

Antioch, C. M.

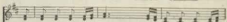
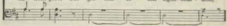
George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Son - her reign; Let men their
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



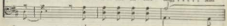
calve her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs un - play; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 feel the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 na - ture prove The glo - ry of His right - eous - ness,



And heav'n and na - ture sing,
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy,
 Far as the curve is found,
 And won - ders of His love,

And heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curve is
 And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And



sing, And heav'n and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 heard, Far as the curve is found,
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - men.
 heav'n and na - ture sing.

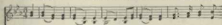


O Could I Speak.

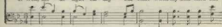
Samuel Maylay.

Anst. G. C. G. C. G. C.

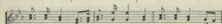
Dr. Lowell Mason.



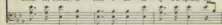
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the
 3. I'd sing the eter-nal love He bears, And all the forms of
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will



glor-ies forth Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd sing, and teach the
 dread-ful guilt Of sin, and woe di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious
 love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In left-est songs of
 bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-ior,



heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In
 right-sons-sons, In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly songs My
 sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days Make
 Death-er, Friend, A blast e-ter-nal-ly I'll spend, Tri-



notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine,
 and shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 tri-umphant in His grace, Tri-umphant in His grace. A-MEN.

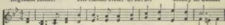


8 The Son of God Goes forth to War.

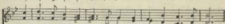
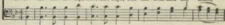
Reginald Heber.

All Saints New, C. M. D.

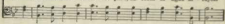
Henry B. Coker.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The war-tyr first, whose en - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious host, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A ho - ly ar - my, men and boys, The ma - trons and the maid.



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve valiant sol - diers, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
A - round the bar - ber's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain, Who
Like Him, with pas - sion on His tongue in midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The Il - len's ge - ry name; They
They climbed the steep as - cent of Hea - ven's Thro' per - il, toll, and pain: O



pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train,
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to seek: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.



Hail, Thou Once Despised.

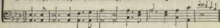
John Bakewell.

Autumn. *2d. 3d. D.*

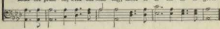
Louis von Bach.



1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-l-e-an King!
2. Pas-sion Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. War-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;



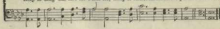
Thou didst not - far to re-lease us; Thou didst free us - ven-then bring.
By al-might-y love a-red-empt-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made,
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side
Loud-est praise - us, with-out cease - ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail, Thou ag'-a-sis-ing Sav-ior, Dear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-ers, Thine the vic-tim of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare;
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its, bring your sweet-est, no-blest lay;



By Thy mer-cy we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pen'd is the gate of heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ces-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant His name's praise! A-men.



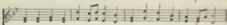
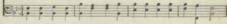
Charles Wesley.

Love Divine, &c. ps. D.

John Finkel.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-lent, Joy of Heav'n's, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it in-to ev-'ry trem-bled breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fix in them Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



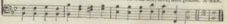
Fix in us Thy heav'n-ly dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-hab-it, Let us find that sweet and rest.
 Sol-dan-ly re-turn, and serv-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ple leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal-vation, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee.



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-boun-ded love Thou art,
 Take a-way our heart to sin-ning; Al-pis and O-ne-ga be;
 Thou we would be al-ways bleas-sing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bide,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Thou art with Thy sal-vation; Es-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as in be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-men.



Edmund H. Sears.

Carol, C. M. D.

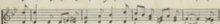
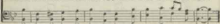
Richard S. Willis.



1. It came up - on the mid-*n*ight clear, That glo - *r*ious song of old,
2. Still thro' the air - *v*en skies they come, With peace - *f*ul wings un - *f*urled,
3. And ye, be - *n*ath life's crush - *i*ng load, Whose sor - *r*ows are bend - *i*ng low,
4. For lo, the days are hast - *e*ning on, By proph - *e*t bands fore - *t*old,



From an - *g*els bend - *i*ng near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still thro' the air - *v*en *s*hades O'er all the wear - *y* world
Who tell a - *l*ong the climb - *i*ng way With pain - *f*ul steps and slow,
When with the ev - *e*r - *e* cir - *c*ling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King;" The
A - *l*l love the sad and low - *l*y plains They bend on her - *i*ring wing. And
Lo! now! for glad and gold - *e*n hours Come swiftly on the wing: O
When peace shall a - *v*er all the earth In an - *e*st splen - *d*or ring, And



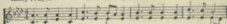
world in ad - *v*en still - *e*ven lay To hear the an - *g*els sing.
ev - *e*r o'er the fla - *m*ing sword The bless - *e*d an - *g*els sing.
rest be - *s*ide the wear - *y* road, And hear the an - *g*els sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - *g*els sing. A - *men*.



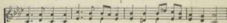
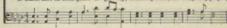
Harry F. Lyte

Elmhurst, Ill. ps. D.

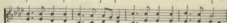
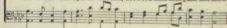
From Mount.



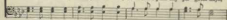
1. Je - sus, 1 my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and bid - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may trouble and dis - tress me, Twill not drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



De - vil - tate, de-spise, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
He - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - al hard may press me, Hear's will bring me sweet-er rest.
Hear's a-ter - nal day's ho - ly then, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - haps ev - 'ry bad an - ti - tho, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'do not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



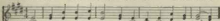
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Hear's are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unaided with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad tri - u - mph, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-men.



Reginald Heber.

Missionary Hymn, 71, 61, D.

Lowell Mason.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
 2. What tho' the spi - cy leav - en like soft e'er Cap-ten's side;
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, like sta - ry, And ye, ye wa - ters, roll,



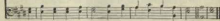
Where Af - ric's son - ny lion - tines Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Though ev - 'ry pri - vate pleas - ure, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall we to men be slight - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole



From man - y an an - cient dy - er, From man - y a pain - y slave,
 In vain with her - bi - bid - den The gifts of God are strow'd;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful word pro - claim,
 Till e'er our ran - som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



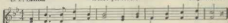
They call us to de - ly - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The hea - ven in his blind - ness Pours down to woe and tears,
 Till earth's re - mot - est in - fan Has heard of Man - of - al's name,
 Be - down - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign, A - men.



A. F. Smith.

Widd. 78, 64, D.

G. J. Webb.



1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
2. See how the na-tions bend-ing No-where the God of love,
3. Head-er-er of all-va-tion, For-see shine on-ward way;
4. Rich-dews of grace come o'er us in many a gen-tle show'r,



The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
And thousand hearts are cee-d-ing In great-i-ude a-bove;
Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion, Nor in thy rich-ness slay;
And bright-er scenes be-fore us Are open-ing ev-'ry hour;



Each breeze that sweeps o'er the ocean Brings tid-ings from a-lar, Of
Wilder-ness, now con-fer-ing, The Gos-pel's call a-bove, And
Stay not till all the ho-ly Tri-um-phants reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav-en go-ing, A-ben-dant an-swer brings, And



na-tions in con-fer-ence, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war,
seek a Sav-ior's bless-ing, A na-tion in a day,
not till all the ho-ly Pre-chairs, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gates are blow-ing, With peace up-on their wings.

A. MEN.



W. L. T.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
FIRST PUBLISHED 1871, CHICAGO.

Will L. Thompson.



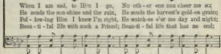
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - ble now;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;




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




When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es a'er me day and night;
Heav - e - ful life with such a Friend; Heav - e - ful life that has no end;



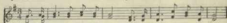

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.



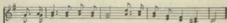
John Newton.

Sabbath, 72.

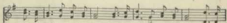
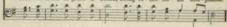
Lowell Mason.



1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way.
2. While we pray for pur - d'ring grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name.
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, con - fess - ing



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy re - con - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plainers



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble of e - ter - nal rest; Day of
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; From our
Here al - lard us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast; Here al -
Thus may all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove; Thus may



all the week the best, Em - ble of e - ter - nal rest,
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
lord us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - men.

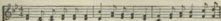


Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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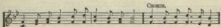
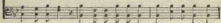
William H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Rescue them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ing - He has - led that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, De - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

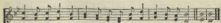


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - solve; Flood with them ear - nest - ly, Flood with them gen - tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wash - ed by kind - ness,
Love will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - the - ly with them;

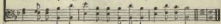


Chorus.

Tell them of Je - sus the right - y to save,
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Church that are be - liev - ers will vi - brate once more,
Tell the poor won - d'rer a Ser - ver has died.



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



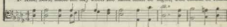
H. G. Spafford.

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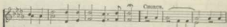
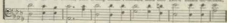
P. P. Bliss.



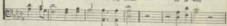
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - row like
2. Though Sa - tan should hat - tel, the' tri - als should come, Let this bless - ed
3. My sin - ce, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - mi - less roll; What - e - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
 sor - row con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less ex - treme,
 part, but the whole, Is wail - ed to the cross and I hear it no more,
 hark as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend.



It is well, it is well with my soul.
 And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . with my
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
 "E - ven so"—It is well with my soul. It is well



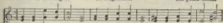
soul, with my soul. It is well, it is well with my soul. A - men.





Francis R. Havergal.

Armageddon.

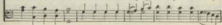

Sir John Goss.



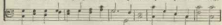
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gems, But with Thine own Be - blood,
 4. Peace may be the con - flict, Strong may be the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

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will leave the host
 Raise the warrior-pa-lis; 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; Hail His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is as - sure;

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-deem-p-tion,
 For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure, Joy-ful - ly on - set - ting,




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



20 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

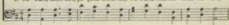
Berthold A. Ingemann,
Tr. Rev. E. Barling-Gould.

St. Anselm.

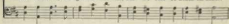
William S. Burleigh.



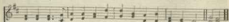
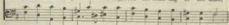
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
2. One the light of God's own pres-ence, O'er His ransomed peo-ple shed.
3. One the strain that lips of thou-sands Lift us from the heart of one,
4. On-ward, there-fore, pil-grim broth-ers, On-ward, with the cross our aid;



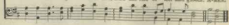
Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land;
Chas-ing far the gloom and ter-ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread;
One the con-flict, one the per-il, One the march in God be-gone;
Bear His strain, and fight His bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath His shade;



Clear be-fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
One the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One the faith which nev-er tires,
One the glad-ness of re-joic-ing On the far e-ter-nal shore,
Soon shall come the great a-wak-ing, Soon the read-ing of the book;



Broth-er clasp the hand of broth-er, Step-pling fear-less thro' the night,
One the ear-nest look-ing far-ward, One the hope our God in-spires;
Where the One Al-might-y Fa-ther Reigns in love for-ev-er-a-more,
Then the cast-ling of all shad-ows, And the end of 'hell and gloom. A-men.



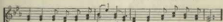
Anonymous.

Shepherd, E. F. S. F. S. F.

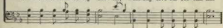
William B. Bradbury.



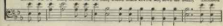
1. Sav - lor, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Fear and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



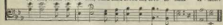
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures lead us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
 Thou hast mer-cy to re - lease us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
 Hous-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - lor, With Thy love our bos-oms fill.



Hous-ed Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Hous-ed
 Hous-ed Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray; Hous-ed
 Hous-ed Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Hous-ed
 Hous-ed Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Hous-ed



Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
 Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Je - sus, Hous-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - men.



George Duffield, Jr.

Wells, ps. 62, D.

George J. Wells.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye ad - dlers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The tramp-et call a - boy.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - low;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



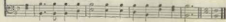
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 Forth to the night - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The host the vic - tor's song;



From vic - t'ry on - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each plate put on with prayer;
 To him that a - ver - sion - eth, A crown of life shall be;



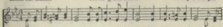
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed,
 Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose,
 Where'er He calls, or dan - ger, No sur - er wait - ing there,
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign a - ter - nal - ly. A - men.



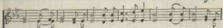
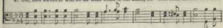
Ellen H. Gates.

Hymn of the Soul.

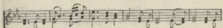
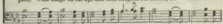
Philip Phillips.



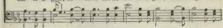
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams (Oh bright, Jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and



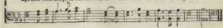
and, Where no storms ev-er beat on the gift-ter-ling strand, While the years of a-
 ges; Till I fan-cy has thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair
 stands; The King of all king-dom for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our
 pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet our an-



ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of a-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
 dis-ty and me, Be-tween the fair dis-ty and me; Till I fan-cy has
 crown in His hands, And He hold-eth our crown in His hands; The King of all
 with-er a- gain, To meet me an-oth-er a- gain; With songs on our



beat on the gift-ter-ling strand, While the years of a-ter-ni-ty roll.
 thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair dis-ty and me.
 king-dom for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our crown in His hands.
 lips and with harps in our hands, To meet me an-oth-er a- gain. A-men.



24 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

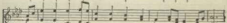
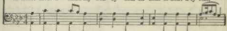
Isaac Watts.

Figak, C. M.

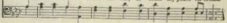
J. C. Lowry.



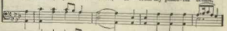
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - alone in the sky,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And he - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sin - ners fall!
4. There shall I bathe my sin - ny soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest.



I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.



And wipe my weep - ing eyes,	And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
And face a frown - ing world,	And face a frown - ing world,
My God, my Heav'n, my all,	My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace - ful breast,	A - cross my peace - ful breast,

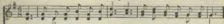


I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast. A - men.

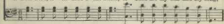


Johns Hopkins University

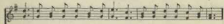
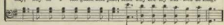
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Lowest Bidder

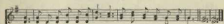
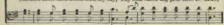
1. How Je-ho-sha and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I seal
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than an-o-oil His voice;
3. Ourselves with Je-ho-sha's life live, My all to His pleas-ure re-sig-ned.
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my soul and my mind.



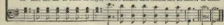
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His presence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;
No change of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
But, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why am my win-ters so long?



The mid-summer sun shines hot and dry; The little strive to walk to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus aligh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While lost with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
Oh drive those dark clouds from our sky; The soul-cher-ies are more re-are.



But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And pri-ma-ros would put-a-ros prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
He takes me up-to Him as I wish, Where win-ter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

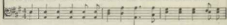


W. E. P.

Rev. W. E. Pinn.



1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shade - or falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its per - tale wife, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died; His blood flowed out in a



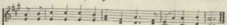
bers - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a
 treat - ing strain, "Ho, er - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly
 mount - tain side; The Shep - herd stands a - vor mount - tain steep; He's search - ing
 crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin of men, And free to



Refrain.



shade in the wil - der - ness, Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 now for His wand'ring sheep, Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 all who will en - ter in, Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?



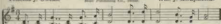
When the shel - ter - ing Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?
 When the Shep - herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
 When the crim - son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?



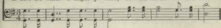
Priscilla J. Owens.

Copyright, 1900, by Priscilla J. Owens.

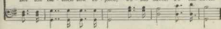
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



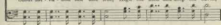
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 2. Wash it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 3. Sing a - bore the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 4. Give the winds a night - y voice, Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!



- Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!



- Hear the news in ev - 'ry land, Glash the steep and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Fish - o back, ye a - coast caves;
 Sing in soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



- On - ward!— 'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 Earth shall keep her je - si - lum; Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved!
 This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saved! Je - sus saved! A - MEN.



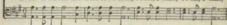
Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Stepper.

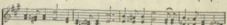
Copyright, 1911, by W. T. Stepper, Publisher. Boston, Mass. Geo. C. Stebbins.



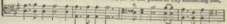
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fall-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of an-rest and ar-ris-tant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to ex-pec-tance a-bove,
 Out of the depths of re-in-un-to, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold.



Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of sin-cess to Je-hu-lent pain, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for eyes on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A-MEN.



A Mighty Fortress.

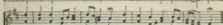
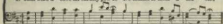
M. L.

Kiss' Poets Song. P. M.

Martin Luther.



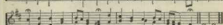
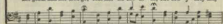
1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our trusting would be vain - ing.
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
4. That word a - lone all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bulwark.



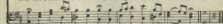
Our help—our Ho, a - bulwark the food Of mor - tal life pre - serv - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us abid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Death seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dust ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, He is He; Lord Salva - tion is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en -
Let gods and his - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bul - wark they may



great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bul - wark.
Sure, for his doom is sure: One li - ble word shall tell him.
Hail, God's truth a - bulwark still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.



Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley,

Lunar, A. A. A. A. A.

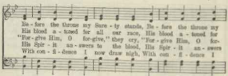
Lewis Edson.



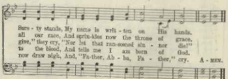
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y load;
 2. He er - er E - ven a - lone, For me to 'a - ter - cede;
 3. Five blood - dy wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
 5. My God is re - con - ciled; His per - d'ning voice I hear;



The blood - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
 They pour of - fer - ing prayers, They strong - ly plead for me;
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
 He came to be His child, I can no lon - ger fear:



Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
 His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
 "For - give Him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for -
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



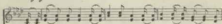
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands,
 all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace,
 give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - soomed sin - ner dis -"
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God,
 now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

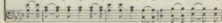
Ira D. Sankey.



1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shed - der of the fold.
2. "Lord, There hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the raiment or - or knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That mark on the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder - ed's, And up from the rock - y steep.



But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine was was - dered a - way from
Northward was thought that the Lord passed thro' Ere He heard His sheep that was
They were shed for one who had gone a - stray, Ere the Shepherd could bring him
There a voice a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Ho - yokes! I have found My



gaid— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the
Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
lost. Out in the des - ert He heard the cry— "Help and
back." "Lord, whence are Thy bands as red and torn?" "They're pierced to-
sleep!" And the an - gels re - v'ed a - round the throne, "Ho - yokes, for the



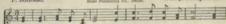
ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care,
des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep,
helpless, and ready to die; Help and helpless, and ready to die,
right by man - y a thorn; They're pierced to - right by man - y a thorn,
Lord brings back His own Ho - yokes, for the Lord brings back His own."



F. Bortomeo.

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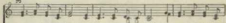
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



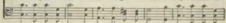
1. O spread the d-d-ays 'round, wher - er - er man is found, When
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To



34



er - er ho-man hearts and ho - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
 hush the dreadful wail and in - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-on
 er - 'ry cap - tive soul a hell de-lic-'racious brings; And thro' the va - cant
 world ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of



D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise-ful-ly: O spread the d - days

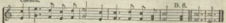


longer pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hile the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 calls the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hail, should in His in - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!

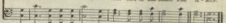


'round, wher-er - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

Cresc.




The Com - fort-er has come, The Com - fort-er has come! The A - men.



J. K. A.

Rev. J. K. Alwood.



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



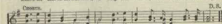
tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
 tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
 tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
 smile down their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. R.—O they tell me of a home



where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 In eter-nal throned Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
 that is whiter than snow, is the sil-ly that is made of gold.
 ev-er come a-gain, in that lov-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

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

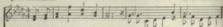


O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

J. B. Archibald.

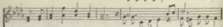
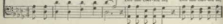
Copyright, 1904, by J. B. Archibald, General.

E. O. Russell.



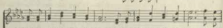
1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.

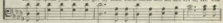


- He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a home, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.



- Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, A - men
 He will speak your sin for - gi - ven, And when earth thou all are riv'n, He will



- Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.

Amen.

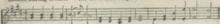


35 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

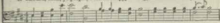
Sabine Baring-Gould.

St. Gertrude, 6s. 3s. D.

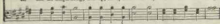
Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, 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 soldiers,
3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, Ours, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



Go - ing on be-fore Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic-tor - y! Hail's ten-thous-ands ad - ver - 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, land, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;



For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, the banner yet
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raised Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.
This cross' our con-stant a - ge. Men and angels sing.



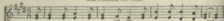
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore A-MEN.



Coel F. Alexander.

Copyright 1900 by Coel F. Alexander.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good, e-nough To pay the price of sin;



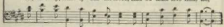
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 That we might go at last to Heav'n's, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heav'n's and let us in.



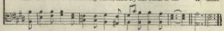
Chorus.



Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.



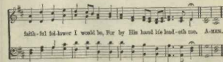
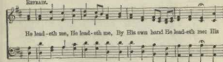
Joseph H. Gilman.

He Leadeth Me, L. M.

William B. Stebbins.



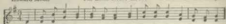
Repeat.





Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock, L. M.


William B. Bradbury.




1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
 2. When dark-ness veils His lov-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
 3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whol-ing sick;
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev'-ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 De-vised in His right-ous-ness a - lone, Fash-ion to stand be-fore the throne.




Fornace.



On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is

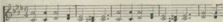
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-men.



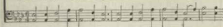
Mary A. Lathbury

Evening Prayer, pt. 2.

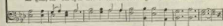
William F. Sherwin



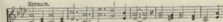
1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Hear'n is touch'g earth with rest; Wake and
2. Lord of Life, be-neath the dome Of the a-mi-verse, Thy home, Gather
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When her - er - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



we-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art al-igh-
 glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend,
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morning rise, And shut-ours and!



REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Hear'n and earth are full of



Thou! Hear'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.



Blessed be the Name.

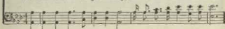
HAR. ADAPTED, 1884, BY ROBERT A. COLWELL.

Charles Wesley.

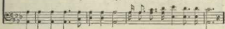
Arr. by R. B. McKinsey.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Pleased be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Pleased be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of sin - col'd sin; Pleased be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Pleased be the name of the Lord!



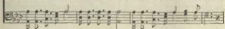
The glo - ries of my God and King! Pleased be the name of the Lord!
 "Tha - na - tis in the sin - ner's ears, Pleased be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foul - est clean, Pleased be the name of the Lord!
 When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Pleased be the name of the Lord!



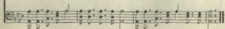
Repeat.



Pleased be the name, Pleased be the name, Pleased be the name of the Lord!



Pleased be the name, Pleased be the name, Pleased be the name of the Lord!

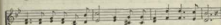
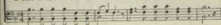


Mrs. Frank A. Brock.

Gust Collas Tullar.



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - er, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ing veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;



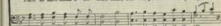
When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me!
 But a bliss - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen,
 When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



Chorus.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;...



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

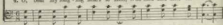


J. Hazzell.

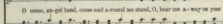
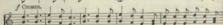
Wm. B. Bradbury.



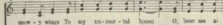
1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly past;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks of friends and kin - dreds dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it lead - ly sings,
4. O, hear my long - ing heart to Him, Who lived and died for me.



My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gon.
 For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The cross-ing point is near.
 Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

*f* Chorus.

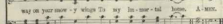
O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O, hear me a - way on your



now - y wings To my im - mor - tal home, O, hear me a -



way on your now - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.



O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day, L. M.

H. F. Kneass.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
 2. O hap-py land, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear.

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell his rap-tures all a-broad.
 Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that an-cient shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol-low'd on, Charmed to con-sume the voice di-vine.
 Till in His lat-est hour I live, And bloom in death a land so dear.

Repeat.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day!

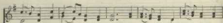
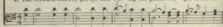
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.

Rev. George W. Becham. *Goshen, 1881.*

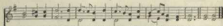
German.



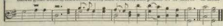
1. O Thou who in Jer-dan didst bow Thy meek head, And 'whelmed in our
2. Thy last-steps we bid - low, to bow to the tide, And are bur-ied with
3. O Je - sus, our Sav - lor, O Je - sus, our Lord, By the life of Thy
4. Till, crowned with Thy glo-ry, and wear-ing the palm, Our gar-ments all



gar - robes, didst sink to the dead, Then rose from the dark-ness to
 Thus in the death Thou hast died; Then wake in Thy life-gate to
 pas-sion, the grace of Thy word, Je - sus, our Lord, By the life of Thy
 write from the blood of the Lamb, We join the bright mil-lions of



glo-ry a-bove, And claimed for Thy chosen the king-dom of heav-
 walk in the way That brightens and brightens to shad-ow-less day,
 ev - er with-us, To keep by Thy Spir-it, our eye - lide from sin;
 saints gone before, And bless Them, and wonder, and praise ev-er-more. A-men.

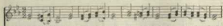


45 Bread of Heav'n, On This We Feed.

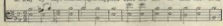
Isiah Couder.

Halleys, 78.

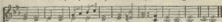
G. Hawn.



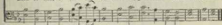
1. Bread of heav'n, on This we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - death;
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup-plies This bless-ed cup of sac-ri - fice;
3. Day by day, who strength supplied Them the life of Him who died,



Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.



Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and heav'nly bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live,
 Lord of life, O let us be Most-ol, great-ol, built in Thee! A-MEN.



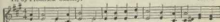
46

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Adeste Placidis. Portuguese Hymn, Terquidar.

Tr. by Frederick Oakley.

Accon.



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phal, O come ye, O
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - cel - sis - thus, O sing, all ye
3. You, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Je - sus, to



come ye to birth - in - born; Come and be - hold Him born the King of
 bright hosts of heav'n a - bore; Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
 Thou be all glo - ry giv'n, Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -

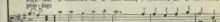


Chorus.

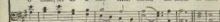


an - gels:
 high - est:
 sing, sing:

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,



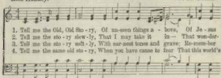
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-MEN.



Kate Hankey.

UNPUBLISHED PROPERTY OF CLAUDE F. BROWN.

W. H. Doane.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grace; Re - mem - ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have come to fear That this world's



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
Tid re - demp - tion, God's re - me - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner When Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
sim - ply glo - ry is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's




sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
eff - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing
al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry is danc - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

Chorus.

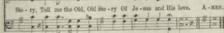


help - less and de - filed,
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
run - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes them whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.




43 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.


Sir Joseph Barnby.



1. When morn-ing glide the morn, My heart a - wak-ing cries;
2. When sleep her balm do - neth, My sl - eep-er's spir - it sighs;
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sad-ness here I find;
4. In Heart's a - c - ter - nal bliss The love-ful strain is thine;
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine.

May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts are - bare,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song.




To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is thine; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 There' all the a - ges are: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.



Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1888, by M. H. Jordan.

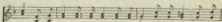
W. H. Doane.



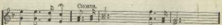
1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



fel - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the hails of His
 fan - tals of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and the
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je -
 sus and a cross shall our la - bor re - ward; When the hours of the



noon - tid our strength is re - new, Let us do with our might what our
 han - der our glo - ry shall be, While we her - alld the 6 - dings, "Hal -
 le - yuh ex - al - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Hal -
 le - luh - luh our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Hal -



hands feet to do.

va - tion is free!" Tell - ing us,

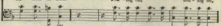
tell - ing us,

va - tion is free!"

Tell - ing us,

tell - ing us,

va - tion is free!"



21154

To the Work.



Toll-ing on, Toll-ing on, toll-ing on; Let us hope, and trust,
Toll-ing on, Toll-ing on, toll-ing on;
let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes. A-MEN.
and pray,

50 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper.

Rehman, C. M.

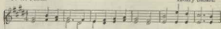
Samuel Webbe.



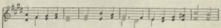
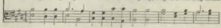
1. God moves in a mys-ter-i-ous way His won-ders to per-form; He
2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill, He
3. Ye hear-tal saints, fresh courage take; The doubts ye so much dread Are
4. Judge not the Lord by hu-man sense, But trust Him for His grace; Re-
5. His pur-pose will rip-en fast, Un-fail-ing ev-'ry hour; The
plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
trans-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov'-reign will.
big with war-ry, and shall break in show-ers on your head.
hind a town-ing pro-vi-dence He rides a smil-ing face.
but may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'n. A-MEN.

F. W. Faber.

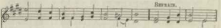
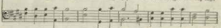
Henry Smart.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. An - gels, sing us! your faith-fal watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments

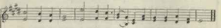


swan's war-blast above: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
 Je - sus bids you come! And thro' the dark the mel-ods sweet-ly ring-ing,
 of the songs a - lone, The morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing.

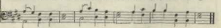


Refrain.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home, An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shadows break in chime-ful tones.



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!



Daniel March.

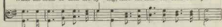
François H. Bartholémon.



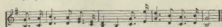
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far sea - son lands ex - plore,
 3. Let some hear you i - dy say - ing, "There is work - ing I can do."



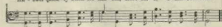
Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
 You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
 While the world of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Ear - nest - ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
 If you can - not give your thousands, You can serve with will - ing might;
 Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me!"
 And what - e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

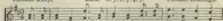


53 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

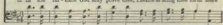
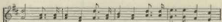
Thomas Kelly.

Slow. E. F. E. F. & F.


Thomas Hastings.



1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round - ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di -
 2. Ev - 'ry ho - man do may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful
 3. In the fur - race God may prove thee, Thence is bring thee forth more

vice: All her loss shall be con - bound - ed, Tho' the world in arms com -
 preve; Mothers cease their own to cheer - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re -
 light, But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in His




vice: Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine;
 never: But no chain - ge Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
 right: God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;




Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine.
 But no chain - ge Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light. A - MEN.



This is My Father's World.

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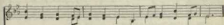
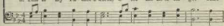
Terra Santa, S. M. D. Traditional English Melody.

Malcolm D. Babcock.

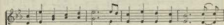
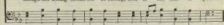
Arranged by S. F. L., 1915.



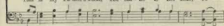
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my He-aring ears, All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That



na-burs sing, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres,
morning light, the sil-y white, De-clare their Ma-ter's praise,
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rei-ter yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-



reels and tows, of . . . skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought,
run-ning grass I . . . hear His pass, He speaks to me ev-ry-where,
one who died shall be cut—in—Red, And earth and heav'n's be one, A-men.



Phoebe Cary.

Philip Phillips.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me e'er and e'er; I'm near-er
 2. Near-er my Fa - ther's house, Whose man-y man-dre he; Near-er the
 3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to
 4. He near me when my feet Are slip-ping e'er the brink; For I am

Chorus.

home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore;
 great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal seat; Near-er my home,
 near the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown,
 near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.

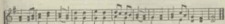
Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

Frances R. Havergal.

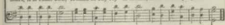
C. H. A. Mikan.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-sa-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and heav-y for Thee; Take my
 3. Take my all - vor and my gold, Not a mile would I with-hold; Take my
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine; Take my

Take My Life and Let It Be.



hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love,
voice, and let me sing Always, on-ly, for my King, Always, on-ly, for my King.
moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
heart, It is Thine own, It shall be Thy joy - at throne, It shall be Thy joy - at throne.

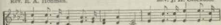


57

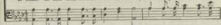
Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

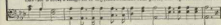
Rev. J. H. Stockton.



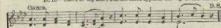
1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where he cleansing from
2. I am so won-drously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious blood that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this loan-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



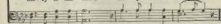
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.
hides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Je - sus was and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.



D. S.— There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.



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



I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frederic E. Havergal. Copyright, 1884, by the John Church Co.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
 3. I suf-f'ered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransom me, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth - ly right, Far wand'rings and and loss;
 Of ill-t'rust ag - o - ry, To re - new thee from hell;
 Hal - ra - tic fall and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left ought for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A - men.

59 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley.

Revision. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, Who
 2. To serve the pre - sent age, My call-ing to ful - fill, O
 3. Are we with zeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
 4. Help us to watch and pray, And on Thy grace re - ly, A -

A Charge to Keep I Have.

gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky,
may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will,
O Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give,
sured Thou'lt not my trust be-tray, Nor shall I ev-er dis- A-MEN.

60

I Would Not Live Away.

Mocklenberg.

1. I would not live al-ways; I ask not to stay
Where storm all-er storm ris-es dark o'er the (Quit.) way;
2. I would not live al-ways; no, wd- come the knock;
Since Je-sus has laid there, I dread not the (Quit.) ghost:

The tee-ble-rid men-lege that down on us here
Are e-nough for life's woes, e-nough for the (Quit.) cheer,
There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a- rise,
To hail Him in vi-sion de-scend-ing the (Quit.) skies.

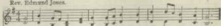
Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home. A-MEN.

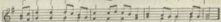
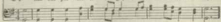
3 Oh, who would live away, away from His God,
Away from yon heaven, that blest! abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
The unspeakable of glory eternally reign!

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Rev. Edward Jones.



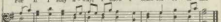
1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve;
 2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mon-ster slain me;
 3. Per-haps He may ac-cept my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
 4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve;
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may up-raise me;
 But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there;
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-er-or die;

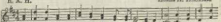


Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve;
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may up-raise me;
 But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there;
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-er-or die.



B. A. H.

Elijah A. Hoffman.



1. Christ has for sin a sac-ri-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! We are re-
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! That re-
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And now He
 4. He walks beside me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And keeps me



What a Wonderful Savior!

Chorus.

Gavest the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-er!
 called my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-er! What a won-der-ful
 religion and rules there is; What a won-der-ful Sav-er!
 faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-er!

Sav-er is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Sav-er is Je-sus, my Lord!

63

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. R. Witter.

Copyright, 1900, by W. R. Witter.

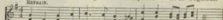
H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus waits here to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 While we are pray-ing for you, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav-y - la-zed? Come, sin-ner, come!
 Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

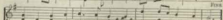
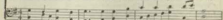
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Now is the time to know Him, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Je - sus can now re-lease you, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
 While Je-sus waits here to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 While we are pray-ing for you, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

64 All Things Bright and Beautiful.

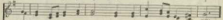
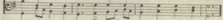
Carl Franzen Alexander. *Gregorian, With Refrain.* W. R. Waggoner.
Refrain.



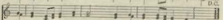
1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,



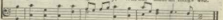
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.



2. Each lit - tle flow'r that a - rises, Each lit - tle bird that sings,
3. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas - ant summer sun,
4. The tall trees in the green - wood, The mead - ows where we play,
5. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell



He made their glow-ing col - ors, He made their lit - tle wings,
The ripe fruits in the gar - den, He made them ev - 'ry one,
The rain - so - ly the wa - ter We walk - er ev - 'ry day—
How great is God Al-might - y, Who has made all things well.

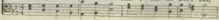


65 Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

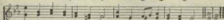
John R. Linnert. *Three.* 79. G. G. Strickner.



1. Sav - ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to a - lay;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Love in lov - ing faith-ful - play, In o - be-dience all her joy;
4. Thus may I ex - pect to show That I feel the love I owe;



Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.



Sweet - er be - come can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Sing - ing, Oh Thy face I see, O' His love who first loved me. A-MEN.



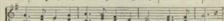
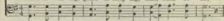
66 God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

Reginald Heber.

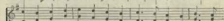
Welsh Traditional Melody.



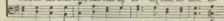
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and night;
 2. And when morn - a - gain shall call us To run His way,
 3. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



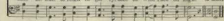
Who the day be - fore had giv - en, For rest the night;
 May we still, what - e'er be - fall us, Thy will o - bey,
 May we in Thy night - y keep - ing All peace - ful be.



May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, When - ever sweet Thy mer - cy
 From the pow'r of e - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way
 When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for-



sake us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us This Eve - ning night,
 guide us, Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us The Ev - ing day,
 make us, But, to return in glo - ry, take us With Thee on high. A-MEN.



For All the Saints.

By William W. How.

Air Joseph Barnby.

1. For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who Thine by
 2. Their want their rock, their for-tress and their might: Thee, Lord, their
 3. O may Thy ad-dress, faith-ful, true, and bold, Praise us the
 4. O bless com-mun-ion, fel-low-ship di-vine, We ho-lily
 5. From earth's wide bounds, from a-cean's farthest coast, Thine gates of

faith be-fore the world con-founded, Thy name, O Je-sus,
 Cap-tain in the well-fought fight, Thou, in the dark-ness
 saints who no-ly fought al-lil, And win, with them, the
 strong-gho, they in glo-ry shine; Yet all are one in
 pearl stream in the count-less host, Sing-ing to Fa-ther,

be for-ev-er blest, Al-le-lu-in-al! Al-le-lu-in-al!
 Great, their light of light, Al-le-lu-in-al! Al-le-lu-in-al!
 vic-tors' crown of gold, Al-le-lu-in-al! Al-le-lu-in-al!
 Thee, for all are Thine, Al-le-lu-in-al! Al-le-lu-in-al!
 Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Al-le-lu-in-al! Al-le-lu-in-al! A-MEN.

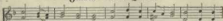
Fairer Lord Jesus.

Anon.


Arr. by R. S. Willis.

1. Fair-er Lord Je-sus, Bel-ov-ed of all na-ture, O Thou of
 2. Fair are the moon-own, Fair-er still the moon-light, Boded in the
 3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the

Fairest Lord Jesus.



God and man the Son, Thou wilt I cher-ish, Thou wilt I
bless-ing gath' of spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
twi - ning, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines




him - - er, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
per - - er, Who makes the won - der - ful heart to sing.
per - - er, Thou all the an - gels heart's can boast.



69

Something for Thee.

B. D. Phelps.

Copyright, 1870, by THEODORE LESTER, BOSTON.
MADE IN AMERICA.

Robert Lowry.



1. (See - ke, Thy dy - ing love Thou giv - est me,
Nor should I aught with-hold, (Chorus.....) Dear Lord, from Thee

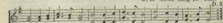
2. At the most wear - ry - seat, Plead - ing for me,
My fee - ble faith looks up, (Chorus.....) Je - sus, to Thee

3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, —
That each de - part - ing day (Chorus.....) Hence - forth may see

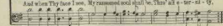
4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, —
In joy, in grief, thro' life, (Chorus.....) Dear Lord, for Thee



D. S. — Some - thing for Thee.



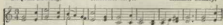
In love my soul would live, My heart till its own home at - ring bring Thou true,
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare Some way to raise or prayer,
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some word of comfort and won,
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be, Thine all e - ter - ni - ty.



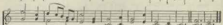
Sir John Bowring.

Ratcliff, & Co.

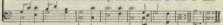
Dhamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the works of time; All the
2. When the voice of life o'er-take me, Hope deserts, and fears an-roy, Nor - er
3. When the sun of life is bearing light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Dure and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are made - ti - fed; Peace is



light of an - cred sta - ry Gath-ers round its head mid-time,
shall the cross be-take me; Let it glow with peace and joy,
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more ho - nor to the day,
there that knows no mea-sure, Joye that thro' all time a - bides. A - MEN.



71 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

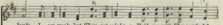
William Williams.

New, S. P. S. P. S. P.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grims thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub -



lance I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Aid me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the il - lry, chas - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
safe, Bear me thro' the swell-ing car - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
strong De - liv - 'er, Be Thou still my strength and shield;
songs of praise - as I will or - er give to Thee;

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,
strong De - liv - 'er, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
songs of praise - as I will or - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

72

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Widdows, &c. &c.

Little B. Topley.

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

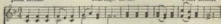
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than Ri-gor - ty.
There is mer-cy with the sin-ner; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sur-prise In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

Sun of My Soul.

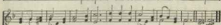
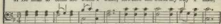
John Kubla.

Harmony. L. M.

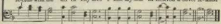
Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou far-her dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When thou'st down of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye - like you - thy sleep,
3. A - hide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thou' the world my way I take;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sun-der's breast!
A-hide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-hide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove, A-HEE.

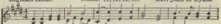


Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

Wines. 11, 12, 12, 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes.



1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Far-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 darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glan-ry wear; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin - ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!



Holy, Holy, Holy.



Mer-ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 There is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pa-ci-ty.
 Mer-ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-men.

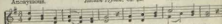


75 Come, Thou Almighty King.

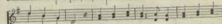
Anonymous.

Psalm Hymn. 66. 4th.

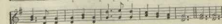
Psalm de Orléans.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King. Help us Thy name to sing.
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly One - born - of - the - Father, Thy sa-cred will - men hear
4. To the great One in Three R - ter-nal peo-ple - us be



Holy us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vi-
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov'-rign ma-j - es - ty May we in



in - vi - sible, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-dient of Days.
 word un-cre-ate Spir-it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
 glo - ry now, And to a - ter-nal-ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.



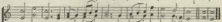
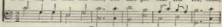
Isaac Watts.

Silver Street, S. M.

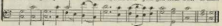
Isaac Smith.



1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -
2. He turned the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, war - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,



ho - ly is the sov - 'reign God, The a - ni - ver - sal King.
 wa - try world are all His own, And all the ad - id ground.
 are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God, A - men.



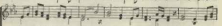
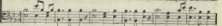
Benjamin Schmolck.

Jewett, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

From C. M. von Weber.



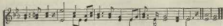
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fate soon



I would my all re - sign. Tho' sor - row, or thro' joy, One heart we
 give Him or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
 I gladly trust with Thee, Straight to my home a - bove I trust - ed



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



as Thine own; And help me will to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 calmly on, And sing in Thy or-death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.



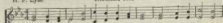
78

Abide With Me.

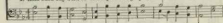
H. F. Lyte.

Evangelist. 100.

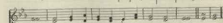
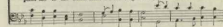
W. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to the close sides our life's in - do - day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my dim-ling eyes; Shine thou' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When eek - er help - me fail, and com-fort
 glo - ries pass a - way: Change and de-cay in all a-round I
 feel the tempter's pow'r! Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
 point me to the skies: Heart's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows



See, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 see: O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 let Thine' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
 See— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A-MEN.



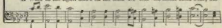
Bernard Barton.

Mannack, C. M.

From Francis J. Haydn.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That let-ter-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy dark-ness passed a-way, De-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear, Glo-



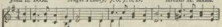
Spir - it on - ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a - lone,
 dwells in cloud-les Light enshroued, in whom no dark-ness is,
 cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day,
 thy shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there. A - MEN.



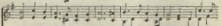
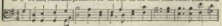
John H. Doke.

Angel's Song, p. & p. & D.

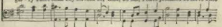
Arthur H. Mann.



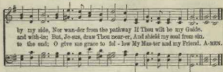
1. O Je - su, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou fear - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the signs that
3. O Je - su, Thou hast prom-ised To all who let-ter Thee That where Thou art in



near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the hat-ers If Thou art
 near-ly, The tempting words I hear; My foes are ev - er near me, A-round me
 glo - ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je - su, I have promised To serve Thee



O Jesus, I Have Promised.



by my side, Nor wan-der from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide,
and with-er; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin,
to the end; O give me grace to fol-low My Mas-ter and my Friend. A-men.

81 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Sacred Harpists.

Calverville, C. M.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Je - su - the sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Ser - ious
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of
3. He saw me plunged in deep sin - ners, And drew to my re -
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I
know; His head with ra - diant glo - rious crown, His lips with
meek; Fair - er to Him than all the fair Who fill the
Sod; For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And car - ried
love; He takes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me
grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
beat'n - ly train, Who fill the beat'n - ly train.
all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

Isaac Watts.

Arlington, C. M.

Thomas A. Aris.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A sol-dier of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On fire-ry beds of flame,
 3. Are there no foes for me to fight? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, If I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I bear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fight to win the prize, And call'd thro' bloody wars?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word. A-MEN.

83 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley.

Mattern, C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward.

1. How hap-py ev-'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n!
 2. O what a bless-ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay.
 3. O would He more of heav'n be-stow, And let the ves-sels break,

"This earth!" he cries, "be not my place, I seek a place in heav'n.—
 We more than taste the heav'n-ly pow'rs, And an-te-date that day,
 And let our ran-somed spir-its go To grasp the God we seek;

How Happy Every Child of Grace.



A men - try far from mor - tal sight, Which yet by faith I see,
We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
In rap - tures see on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me.



The land of rest, the saints' delight, The Heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glo - rious pres - ence here Our earth - en van - nals fill,
And shout and won - der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! A - MEN.

84 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

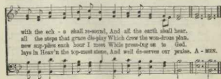
Philip Doddridge.

Obanah, S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. Grace, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Ear - mo - tions to the ear; Hear'st
2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n - ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; H



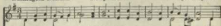
with the soul shall re - spond, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis - play Which cover the won - drous path,
new sup - plies each hour I meet While press - ing on to God.
lays in Heav'n the top - most stage, And will de - serve our praise. A - MEN.

85 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

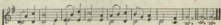
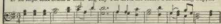
Washington Gladden.

Steady. L. M.

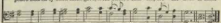
J. B. Dykes.



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell
2. Help me the slave of heart to move By some dear, winning word of love; Teach
3. Teach me Thy pathless still with Thee In cleav-er, dear-er com-pa-ny, In
4. In hope that leads a shin-ing way Far down the future's broad-ning way, In



me Thy in-cess; help me hear The strains of toil, the fret of care.
me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live! A-men.



86 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

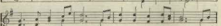
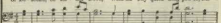
Hayward.

Linger, C. C. C. C. C. C.

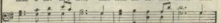
Friedrich Schneider.



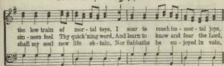
1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of an-cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de-ascend, And sit His throne with grace; Thy
3. De-ascend, coe-lestial Dove, With all Thy quick'-ning pow'rs! He-



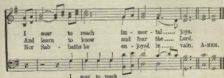
hail Thy bliss re-turm; Lord, make these no-ments black From
weep-ter, Lord en-tend, While salute ad-dress Thy face; Let
close a Sav-ing's love, And bless the an-cred hour: Then



Welcome, Delightful Morn.



the low train of mor-tal joys, I seek to reach in - mor-tal joys,
sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sabbath be en-joyed in vain.



I seek to reach in - mor-tal..... joys.
And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.
Nor Sab - bath be en-joyed in..... vain. A-men.

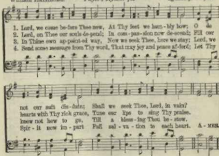
I seek to reach

87 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hazzard.

Piper's Hymns, 70.

Ignace J. Pleyel.



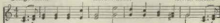
1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In con-pas-sion now de-send; Fill our
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we
4. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy

not our souls de-fer; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
Spir - it now in-part Full sal - va-tion to each heart. A-men.

George Heath.

Lohen, S. M.

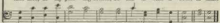
Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; The thou-sand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The sat - te ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thee ar - nor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll



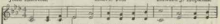
- loins of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the side,
 now it hold - ly er - try day, And help di - vine in - ply,
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown,
 take thou, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bove, A - MEN.



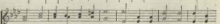
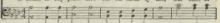
John Hinton.

Ellen, rec.

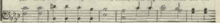
Edward J. Hopkins.



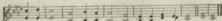
1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one vo-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth - ly life, Our hearts in



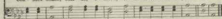
- ceed our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
 gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the Eye from sin, the
 us the dark-ness in - to light; Peace have and dan - ger keep Thy
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our



Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.



war - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 child - ren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.



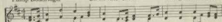
90

Awake, My Soul.

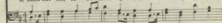
Philip Doddridge.

Christmas, C. M.

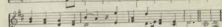
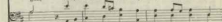
George F. Handel.



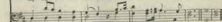
1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A - kind of wit - ness - as a - round. Hold thee in full ser -
3. The God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Hast for - got, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be -



on;
 my;
 high;
 grace;
 A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy soul, And
 For - get the steps al - ready trod, And
 The His own hand pre - sents the prize To
 And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll



an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
 thine an - gle - ing eye, To thine an - gle - ing eye.
 lay my hon - or down, I'll lay my hon - or down. A - MEN.



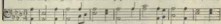
Isaac Watts.

Anon. C. M.

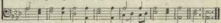
Hugh Wilson.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Son re - i - gn die? Would
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He ground up - on the tree? A -
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
 4. That drop of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,



He de - vote that ex - cell head For such a work as if
 man - ing pit - y' grace un - known! And how be - yond de - great
 Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 Lord, I give my - self to Thee, — To all that I can do. A - MEN.

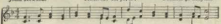


92 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

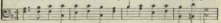
John Newton.

Anon. G. M. D.

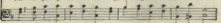
Francis J. Haydn.



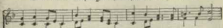
1. Glo - rious things of Thee are spo - ken, Th - ou, O - y of our God!
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from a - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion her - ring, See the crowd and fire ap - pear



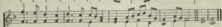
Ha, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bu - dant
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move;
 For a glo - ry and a crow - ning, Show - ing that the Lord is near!



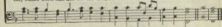
Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.



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 to assuage?
Glo - rious things of Thee are spo - ken, Th - ou, O - y of our God;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can - not be break - ed, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

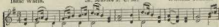


93 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

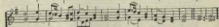
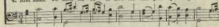
Isaac Watts.

St. Martin's, C. M.

William Tansur.



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



On a flame of in - creas - ing love In these cold hearts of ours.
Awake, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach a - bor - nal joys.
Can - not we gra - tify our tongues, And our de - vo - tions show.
Here no light, no cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.

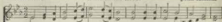


Jesus Shall Reign.

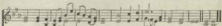
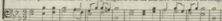
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street, L. M.

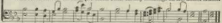
John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign where-e'er the sun Does his ori-ent live four-days run;
2. From north to south the peo-ple meet To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall ev'ry knee prayer be made, And ev'ry praise on earth His head;
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev'-ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song.



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till none shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morn-ing sacri-fice,
And in - fest val-ues shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. **ANEN.**

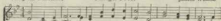


O Zion, Haste.

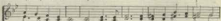
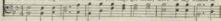
Mary A. Thomson.

Fiddlers, F. M.

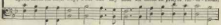
James Walsh.



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-er-ies high fel-lic-ity-ing, To tell to all the
2. Re-ward how man-y thou-would still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-ness
3. Pro-claim to ev'-ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-ri-ous; Give of thy wealth to

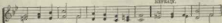


world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
peo-ple-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing.
Live and move in love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way; Fear out thy soul for them in prayer vic-ti-ous;

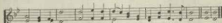
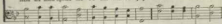


O Zion, Haste.

Baritone.



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



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-lease-Gods and re-lease. A-men.

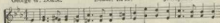


96 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

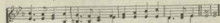
George W. Doane.

Doane, L. M.

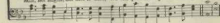
J. Baptiste Callan.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend in ad-mi-ra-tion o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heavens latch Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-ners smile, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, forward and skyward, let it float: No



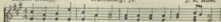
man that lights its shin-ing path, The cross on which the Sav-ior died,
vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine,
na-ture-crowd-ing to be born, Rap-ture their spir-its in its light,
teach in faith its ra-diant beam, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life,
dark, nor night, nor ev-il awe; We can-quer on - ly in that sign. A-men.



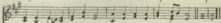
Charles Wesley,

Newbury, 79.

J. R. Abbe.



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight; the bat - tle won;
3. Told the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Live! a - gain our glo - rious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting?

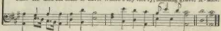


Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; then earth, reply.

Lel' our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lel' he sets in blood no more.

Death in vain be - holds His rise—Christ hath opened Par - a - dise.

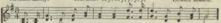
Once He died our souls to save: Where's thy vic't'ry, boasting grave? A - men.



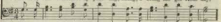
Thomas Kelly.

Hewell. A. J. A. J. J. J. J.

Lowell Mason.



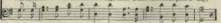
1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces burst the note of praise a - love!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - love, and gives it worth;
3. Say - ing, hark - ten Thou - sand up - bear - ing; Hark, O bring the glo - rious day.



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n's re - joice, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;

Lord of life, Thy saints on - light - ens, Cheers and cheers! Thy saints on earth;

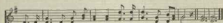
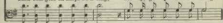
When the air - ful sons - men hear - ing, heav'n's and earth shall pass a - way!



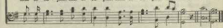
Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.



See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - su rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love His Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

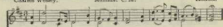


99 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley.

Merrick, C. M.

Harold.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - su, I hang up - on Thy word; I stand - fast - ly be - lieve
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos - sessed,



A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of His re - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
Then with re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.
I taste an - ni - ver - sa - ble bliss, And ev - er last - ing rest. A - MEN.



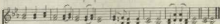
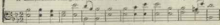
Rev. Joseph Grigg.

Reverie. L. M.

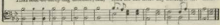
John E. Gould.



1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore.
2. O love-ly at - titude! He stands With smiling heart and in - dex hand.
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need.
4. Hush, hushed with great-est care & awe; Turn not His on - e - my and thine.



- Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat me with-er friend or ill.
 O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His Son.
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That will be strip-ping meeter, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in. AMEN.



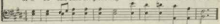
William W. How.

St. Hilda. 3/4, 3/4, 3/4, D.

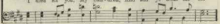
Justin H. Knecht.



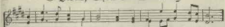
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door.
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing: And lo, that hand is raised,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,



- In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thresh-old o'er;
 And thence Thy love in - clud - ed, And there Thy love have mer-cied:
 "I died for you, My child-ren, And will ye treat Me so!"



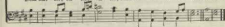
O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.



Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass-eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We a - pen now the door;



O shame, strive shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - lor, on - ly, on - ly, And have us nev - er - more, A - MEN.

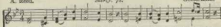


102 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

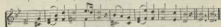
A. Reed.

Misc. 75.

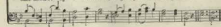
Gotthardt.



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



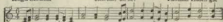
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness to - to day,
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do-mi-nion o'er my soul.
Hid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry I - dol-true, Reign supreme—and reign alone, A - MEN.



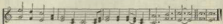
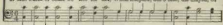
Hugh Stowell.

Retreat, L. M.

Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woe, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; The
4. Ah! which-er could we see for aye, When tempted, dis-ol-ute, dis-mayed; Or



is a calm, a new re-treat; 'Tis found beneath the cross-ey - seal,
 place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bol'd cross-ey - seal.
 numbered for, by faith they meet Around our common cross-ey - seal.
 how the hosts of hell do- beat, Had suffer-ing saints no cross-ey - seal? A - MEN.



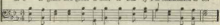
Robert Robinson.

Nicholas, &c., ps. D.

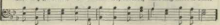
John Wyeth.



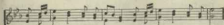
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Rh-em - o - nee; With-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Fal - ly I'm constrained to tel



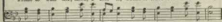
Streams of mer-cy, mer-cy cease-less, Call for songs of loud-est praise,
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a let-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;



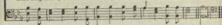
Come, Thou Fount.



Teach me some cool - o-dors son - net, Bury by Eas - ter tongues a - love;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Prize the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - love. A-MEN.



105 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

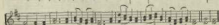
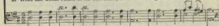
Isaac Watts.

Eucharist, L. M.

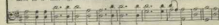
L. Woodberry.



1. When I sur-vey the won-d'rous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. Per - hid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sur-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pen - ceat for too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And poor con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to Thee bleed.
Dost a - void such love and sor-row meet, Or thine com-pan-ies so rich a crowd?
Leave me a - man-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.



106 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

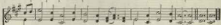
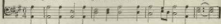
Thos. Shepherd.

Maidland, C. M.

Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free—
2. The on - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pi - er - ed feet,
4. O, pre - cious cross! O glo - rious cross! O res - ur - re - ction day!



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me,
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me,
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat,
To an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

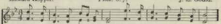


107 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

Pilot, G. F.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver His tem - pest - tows near
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Then cannot hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal:
Boat - less waves a - bay Thy will When Thou say'st to them! Be still!
Twist me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



Chart and compass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

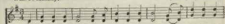


108

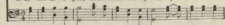
Revive Us Again

Wm. P. Mackay.

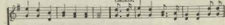
John J. Hubbard



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



Chorus.

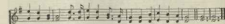
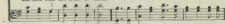


died, and is now gone a - way.

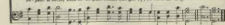
Sav - ior, and watched over our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -

lue, and hath cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

Re - vive us a - gain.



lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.



Oliver W. Holmes.

Zephyr. L. M.

William R. Beechey.

1. O Love Di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our life's truest fear!
 2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And our own cross each long-ing year,
 3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 4. On Thee we sing our hard-ing won, O Love Di-vine, be-er-or dear;

On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
 No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whis-pering, Thou art near!
 The mur-mur-ing wind, the quiv-er-ing leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
 Our trust to mid-der while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-men.

Marcus M. Wells.

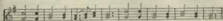
Faithful Guide. ps. D.

Marcus M. Wells.

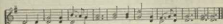
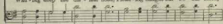
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tri - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
 Noth-ing left but Thou'st and prayer, Wond-er-ing if our names were there;

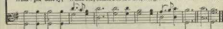
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow bold, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the di - mal flood, Flood - ing ransoms but Je - sus' blood.



Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home." A - MEN.



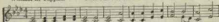
111

'Tis Midnight.

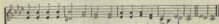
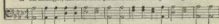
William R. Tappan.

Oliver's Dream. L. M.

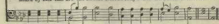
William R. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The father woe-borne here with tears; 'Tis
3. 'Tis midnight; and for sin-ners' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know; Un-



mid- night; in the gar - den now, The suf - f'ring Sav - ior prays a - lone.
that dis - ci - ple whom He loved bleeds out his Master's grief and tears.
He that bath in an - gels' blood is not for - saken by His God.
heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sinner's woe. A - MEN.



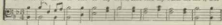
John Newton.

Holy Cross, C. M.

Thomas Hastings.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; The
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
 4. Weak in the at - tect of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But



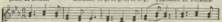
soften his sor - rows, heal his wounds, And drive a - way his fear.
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.
 nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace!
 when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, A - MEN.



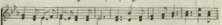
Jane C. Power.

Laudie, A. S. A. S. A. S. A. S.

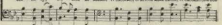
Theodore E. Perkins.



1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, our tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, a -



ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
 er - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay, Turn not for
 dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
 ter - al - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet



Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

rest-ing-places, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
 one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
 dis - mal void; Je - sus has not - to - lack; Je - sus is mine.
 moment of rest, Welcome, my Sav-ior's breast; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

114 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Barbany, & C.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

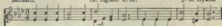
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the win - der - er, The sun goes down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Clear - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
 be a cross That taketh me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 o - ver me, My rest a - lone; Yet in my dream I'd be Near - er, my
 need'et to me, In near - er glim - mer; An - gels to look - on me, Near - er, my
 sta - ry guide Be - hold I'll raise; So by my word to be Near - er, my
 stars be - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

115 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard.

St. Agnes, C. M.

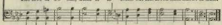
J. R. Dyken.



1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - scious heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But wait to those who find! And this No tongue nor pen can show,



- But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Son of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-men.



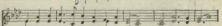
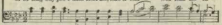
116 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lasz. Breviary. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.*

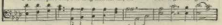
John R. Dyken.



1. Lead, kindly light, a-mid th' en - cir - cled gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



- The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, all The night is gone,



Lead, Kindly Light.



Keep Them my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
 I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of tears, . .
 And with the morn' these an - gel la - ces smile, . .

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me,
 Pride ruled my will. No-mem - ber not past years,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

117

Blest Be the Tie.

John Percotti.

Devotion, S. M.

Hans G. Nagell.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low-
 2. Ho - ly one our Fa - ther's Chosen, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our hearts, our
 3. We share our sin - ners' woes, Our sin - ners' sor - rows bear; And oft - en
 4. When we a - part - for part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

ship of sin - ners' souls is due to that a - love.
 hope, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cure.
 for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - this - log tear.
 will be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

Galilee, B. 7, A. 7.

William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the in - mists Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the war - ship Of the vain world's golden 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, Bar - ter, may we hear Thy call.



Day by day His sweet voice cometh, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me,"
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more,"
 Still He calls, in calm and pleasure, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.



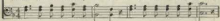
Joseph Scriven.

Geneva, B. 75, D.

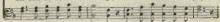
Charles C. Converse.



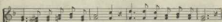
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? In these trou - ble - an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - y - in - den, Can - ned with a load of care?—



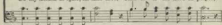
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry His 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Bar - ter, will our suf - f' - ings,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



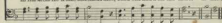
What a friend.



O what peace we oft - en feel, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be-cause we do not our - ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, That wilt find a sol-a-cio there. A-MEN.



120

Amazing Grace.

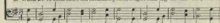
John Newton.

Metastach. C. M.

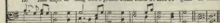
Arr. by E. O. Howell.



1. A - mar - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-leased; How
3. Thine' man - y sin-gers, toils and cares, I have al - read - y done; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



more was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see,
ye - chow did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-liev'd!
Grace hath led me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home,
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gan. A-MEN.



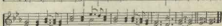
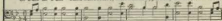
Charlotte Elliott.

Windsor, L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing rest To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, With welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-



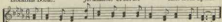
that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Those whose blood has cleansed each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 lips and heart with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need in Thee to end, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.



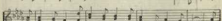
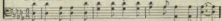
Horatius Bonar.

Jerusalem, C. M. D.

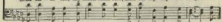
Arr. from Spahr.



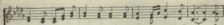
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "To - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light



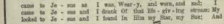
Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
 Thee re - lay wa - ter; thirst-y one, Sleep down, and drink, and live." I
 Look un - to Me; thy tears shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I




I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.



came to Je - sus as I was, Wear-y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And



found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
In that light of life I'd walk THE all my jour - ney's days. A - MEN.



123

Where He Leads Me.

H. W. Standly.

Copyright, 1900, by H. W. Standly.

J. H. Norris.



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



REV.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He



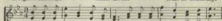
hear my Sav - ior call - ing. "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry. And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

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

Margaret Mackay.

Rust. L. M.

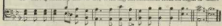
Wm. R. Bradbury.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is un-peace-fully blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful rest-ings be!



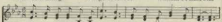
A calm and un-disturbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the host of foes,
With ho-ly an-ni-hi-lance to stay, That death hath but his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That sanctifies the Saviour's pow'r.
So - cur-ry shall my an-sa-be, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A-MEN.



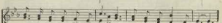
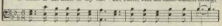
Walter O. Cushing.

Hallel. E. S. S. S.

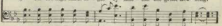
William P. Sherwin.



1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E - den! Sweet is thy moon-like calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn-er Shines-eth thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,



O - ver the heart of the wear - y, Drench-ing thy waves of balm,
Wait-ing the wings of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.



Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Refrain.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,
oh - en a - mid the wild hi - loms I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A - MEN.

126 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

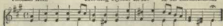
William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bids me cease to roam, And leave for
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll
Chorus,
lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
see - our on His breast Till He con - duct us home.
leave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work
Je - sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A - MEN.
We'll work

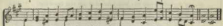
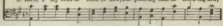
Thomas Ken.

Morning Hymn. L. M.

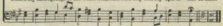
H. H. Bartholomew.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an - gelic host thy part,
3. Glor - ry to Those who such host kept, And hast re-freshed me whilst I slept
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re-new; Dis-press my sin no more-ing day;



Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 Who, 'all night long, so-wear-ding High praise to the e - ter-nal King.
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life partake
 Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thy-self my spir-it fill. A-men.

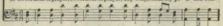


W. W. Wallford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear



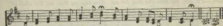
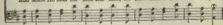
And hide me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known
 Of those whose an-cient spir - its born With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
 To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to them



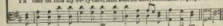
Sweet Hour of Prayer.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en heard re - lief,
With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, De-serve His word, and trust His grace.



And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on thee my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A-men.



129

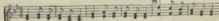
No Dying There.

F. A. B.

Copyright, 1888, by F. A. B. & Co.,
107 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

F. A. Blackman.

M.



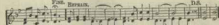
1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i-ty.
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blood domain.
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright, eternal day.

D. S.—In God's fair, heav'nly land.

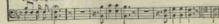


First Version.

D. S.



No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, No dy-ing there, A-men.
No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, No dy-ing there.

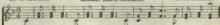


I'll Give for Him

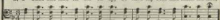
E. R. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. R. HUDSON.
REVISED EDITION OF PREVIOUS EDITION.

C. R. Dresher.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be-leave Thee dost re-cieve, 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,



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



- Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-er and my God!
 And now hereafter I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-er and my God!
 I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-er and my God! A - MEN.



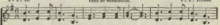
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-er and my God!

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. H.

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LONDON AND NEW YORK.

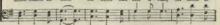
P. P. Hiba.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-leave; "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," has-ten to part! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



- Christ to re-cieve; Seem now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
 down round at last! "Al-most" can-not a-void; "Al-most" is



Almost Persuaded.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
 Be-g'ring near, Propters rise from heart so dear, O won-d'rer, come,
 but to tell! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wall—"Al-most-but not!" A - MEN.

132

Why Not Now?

El Natham.

Copyright, 1901, by E. C. Case,
LORDS OF PLEASANTON.

C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-d'ered far a - way: Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for trou-bled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and per - son take;

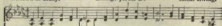
While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day. He will keep you all the way.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? now now? A - MEN.
 Why not now? why not now?

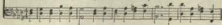
Bernard of Clugny.

Living. *ps. 68, D.*

Alex. Twing.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy own-tem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All jo-yl-lant with song, And bright with many an
3. O sweet and blessed country, Shall I e'er see thy face! O sweet and blessed



plains! Sink heart and voice oppressed; I know not, O I know not What joys a-
 wait, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is ex - er - in them, The day-light
 country, Shall I e'er win thy grace! Zi - on, O dust and ash-est! The Lord shall



wait me there; What re-dim-er of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare,
 is re-ward; The pastures of the blest-ed Are decked in glorious show,
 be thy part; His on - ly, His for - ev - er! Then shalt be, and thou art! A-rose.



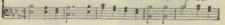
Anna B. Warner.

Raynolds.

P. Mendelssohn, Arr.



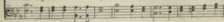
1. We would see Je - su—for the short-est length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - su—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - su—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - su—this is all we need - ing, Strength, joy, and



We Would See Jesus.



In - the land-cape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
test were set by our reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i -
years we have re-joiced to see; The blessings of our pil-grim-age are
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en.



strengthen for the last wa - ri - zed—the fi - nal strife.
In - stead, Can thou re - move us, if we see His face.
tell - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee,
plead - ing; Then we come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal sight! A - MEN.

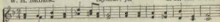


135 Holy Spirit, from On High.

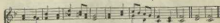
W. H. Doerflinger.

Symphony, 78.

C. M. von Weber.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Bend o'er us a pity - ing eye;
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our heart's un - god - li - ness;
3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, How - ly to in - place re - lief;
4. May we dis - ly grow in grace, And per - ceive the heav'n - ly race,



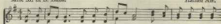
Now re - fresh the droop - ing heart; Bid the pow'rs of sin de - part.
Show us ev - 'ry de - vise way Where our steps have gone a - stray.
Then the Sav - ior's blood re - veal, And our bro - ther's spir - its heal.
Trained in wisdom, led by love, THO we reach our rest a - loves. A - MEN.



I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. E. Dana.

Italian Air.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
 2. There the glo-ry is ev-er shin-ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
 3. There's the glo-ry to which I jour-ney; My Mo-ther-er, my Re-



D.C.—I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can

Firm.



tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am
 long-ing heart is there; Here in this corn-try no dark and
 death-er is the light; There is no sor-row nor an-y



tar-ry but a night.



go-ing To where the heav-nal are ev-er shin-ing.
 dream-y, I long have wait-ed for-tern and won-ry.
 sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing. A-MEN.

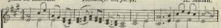


Christ is Coming!

John R. Macdoff.

Helmshy. 2s, 3s, 4s.

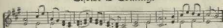
H. Nidan.



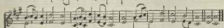
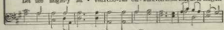
1. Christ is com-ing! let ev-ry a - gain bid her groans and tear-ful woe;
 2. Long Time ex - cuse have been ple-ing, Far from rest and home and There
 3. With that "bless-ed hope" be - fore us, Let no hap-pi-ness-ness-ness-



Christ is Coming!



Let the glo-ri-ous pro - la - na - tion Ho - re - store and hark in - crease;
But in heav'n's-ly you - tern shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see;
Let the night-y ad - vent cho-rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue

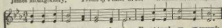


Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Haste the joy - ces Je - si - lea.
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Lord Je - su, quickly come A-MEN.

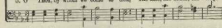


133 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

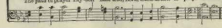
James Montgomery, *Primer of Faith*, C. M. William D. Macleagan.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un-ex-pressed or ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the hur - den of a sigh, The hid - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the con - fite sin - ner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways;
4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris-tian's an - swe - ar;
5. O Then, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way!



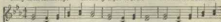
The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast,
The up-ward glance-ing of the eye, When none but God is near,
While an-gels in their songs re-joice, And cry "Be-hold, be-prayed!"
His watch-word at the gates of death: He an-swers heav'n's with prayer.
The path of prayer Thy self hast trod; lead, teach us how to pray. A-MEN.



Mary Ann Lathbury.

Bread of Life. S. A. D.

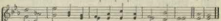
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bread Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst break the
3. Bread art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now an - to me, That He may teach my



heart He - side the sea; He - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
 bread Thy Gal - i - lee; Thou shalt all bond-age cease, All let - ture
 truth That ear - est me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -
 eye, And make me see: Show me the truth re - veal'd With - in Thy



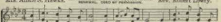
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Er - log Word.
 And; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 have; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 Word, And in Thy book re - veal'd I see the Lord. A - MEN.



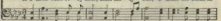
Mrs. Annie S. Hawes.

Original, one of many poems given

Rev. Robert Lowry.

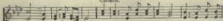


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice can
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lure their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

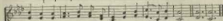
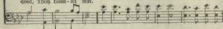


I Need Thee Every Hour.

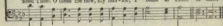
Chorus.



Thine Can peace af-ford,
 poor'st When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
 hide, Or life is vain.
 dead, Thou bless-ed Son.



and Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee! A-MEN.



141

Now the Day is Over.

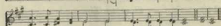
Salmon Harding-Gould.

Barbry. 64. 32.

Joseph Barbry.



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



Shed-ows of the eve-ning	Shall a-cross the sky.
With Thy ben-dict ions - ing	May our eye-s be clos'd.
Guard the soul-ers torn - ing	On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a-love me,	Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less	In Thy ho - ly ones. A-MEN.

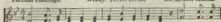


Shall a-cross the sky.

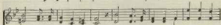
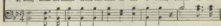
Thomas Hastings.

Woods. 11, 12, 13, 14.

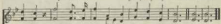
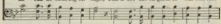
Dr. Lowell Mason.



1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
 3. Laid in the sea - cret rich flow-ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
 4. Sea, from all lands—from the Isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-



lands that in dark-ness have late! Shook in the an-cients of our race and
 proph-ets of Is - rael here - told! Hail to the roll-back from bondage re -
 co - plous are glid-ing a - long; Lead from the moun-tain-tops ech-oes are
 he - val! no-need-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and con-



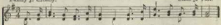
morn-ing; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad re-ice.
 turn-ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blood of - chris - to - hold!
 sing-ing, Whoso rise in war - fare and sin - gle in song.
 no - tion, Shouts of ad - ra - tion are reach-ing the sky. A - MEN.



Fanny J. Crosby.

Sung by permission.

Miss J. Vail.



1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing per - son, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for name or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of sad-ness, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;



Close to Thee.

54 Fin.

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

Chorus. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A-men.

144 Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelly.

Elm College. S.P.S.P.S.P.

Joseph Burdick.

1. Zi-on stands with hills sur-round-ed, Zi-on, kept by pow'r di-vine;
 2. Re-ly ho-man de-may per-ils; Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove;
 3. In the fir-cases God may prove thee, Thine to bring thee forth more bright,

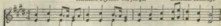
All her foes shall be con-quer-ed, Tho' the world in arms con-blew;
 Mock-ers cease their own to cheer-ish, Haze's and earth at last re-move;
 But can nev-er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in His sight

Hap-py Zi-on, What a fa-vored lot is thine.
 But no change can at-ter'd Je-ho-vah's love.
 God is with thee, God, thine ev-er-last-ing Re-g'n. A-men.

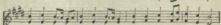
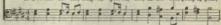
145 Ho! He Comes, With Clouds Descending.

Sicilian Hymn. 2s, 7s, 4s.

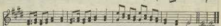
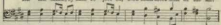
Sicilian Melody.



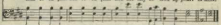
1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for us - ransomed sin-ners slain;
2. Ev-'ry eye shall now be - hold Him, Embod in dread-ful maj - es - ty!
3. Now the War-ior, long ex - pect-ed, See, in ad - van - ce ap - pear;



Thou - sand thou - sand sa - ble at - tend-ing Swell the tri - umph of His tra - cer
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Per - ceiv'd, and call'd Him to the tree,
All His sa - ble, by man re - ject-ed, Now shall meet Him in the air



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pear on earth to reign,
Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Men - of - ah - see,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear. A - men.



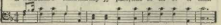
146 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stannett.

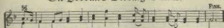
Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



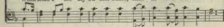
1. On Jer-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a woe - ful eye
2. All o'er those wild, ex - tend-ed plains Shines one a - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pain' - ful breath, Can reach that health - ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er there!



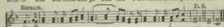
On Jordan's Stormy Banks.



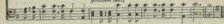
To Ca - nann's fair and hap - py land, Where my joy - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And seat - less night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are left and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?



D. S. - O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom - ised land.



I am bound for the promised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land; A - MEN.
promised land,

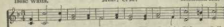


147 O That I Knew the Secret Place.

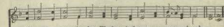
Isaac Watts.

Mus. C. M.

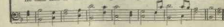
American Air.



1. O that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God!
2. I'd tell Him how my sin a - rises; What sor - rows I sus - tain;
3. He knows what ex - pec - tations I'd take To wear - Go with my God;
4. A - rise, my soul, from deep dis - tress, And han - dle ev - 'ry fear;



I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
How grace de - ceives, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake And for my Sin - ner's blood.
He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sor - rows there. A - MEN.



Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

George C. Stoddart.

George C. Stoddart.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in His
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Hush tho't and each

al-ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are
 in - need With Je - sus a - lone - By look-ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt
 see Him, What-ev-er be - side; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy
 in - sire De-moth His com-ard; Those led by His Spir - it To heav'n-takes of

weak; For - get-ting in each-ing His bless-ings to seek.
 be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His dis-creet shall see.
 Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 love, Thou soon shall be fit - ted For serv-ice a - lone. A - MEN.

149 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

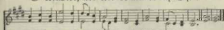
W. Gladstone.

Marylow, L. M.

H. P. Smith.

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee in low-ly paths of serv-ice true;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy patterned will with Thee in dis-cre, dear-er com-pa-n-y,
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way.

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.



Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.



150

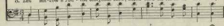
The Shining Shore.

David Nelson.

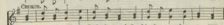
Geo. F. Root.



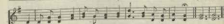
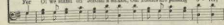
1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
2. Should some - ting days be dark and cold, We need not count our shag - ling;
3. Let our row's red - hot tempests blow, Each oar on earth to try - er;



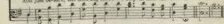
Would not de - tail these as they fly! These hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest mightst not mis - lend, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For - ev - er, O for - ev - er.



For Of we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;



And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may at - last dis - cov - er. A-MEN.

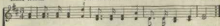


151 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

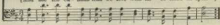
Isaac Watts.

Parson, C. M. D.

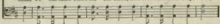
Geo. F. Root.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where solace ho-mor-tal reign;
E-ter-nal day ex-cel-ses the night, And glo-ry un-ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in De-ing green;
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Ju-dah riled be-tween.
2. Oh, could we make our doubters-sure, These glo-ry doubts that rise,
And see the Ca-naan that we love With an - be-cloud-ed eye!



There'er - er - last-ing spring a-bide, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs
But sin -ners sor-row start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



Think, Ho - a nar-row sea, Di-vides this heav'nly land from ours.
And Bri - ger, shir'ing, on the bank, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan's stream our death's cold flood should brighten from the shore. A-mos.



152 My Prayer.

P. P. Bliss.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY P. P. BLISS, THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
PUBLISHERS, LIT. AND MUSIC.

P. P. Bliss.



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ing with-in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More praise in His
3. More po - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from



My Prayer.

mel - ting, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
 glo - ry, More hope in His work; More tears for His sor - row,
 earth-shakes, More long - ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,
 More sense of His care; More joy in His mer - cies, More purpose in prayer.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for relief.
 More need would I be; More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Savior, like Thee. A - MEN.

153 In Evil Tong I Took Delight.

John Newton.

I Do Believe, C. M.

English Air.

1. In a - vil tong I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till
 2. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood, Who
 3. Bore sor - row till my lat - est breath, Can I be - get that look: In
 4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt; It planged me in do - pain; I
 5. A new - found look He gave, which said "I true - ly all for - give; This
 Rest.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me: And
 a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.
 And His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood,
 seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 saw my sin His blood had paid, And helped to nail Him there.
 blood is for thy sin - now paid: I see that thou mayst live." A - MEN.
 there His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

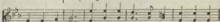
John Marriott.

Trinity. 6s. 6d.

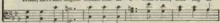
W. R. Beaton.



1. Thou, whose al - mighty - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
2. Spir - it of truth and love, life - giv - ing, Ho - ly Dove,
3. Hous - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,



And took their flight, Hush us, we born - ly pray; And where the
Speed hath Thy flight: Move o'er the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the
Truth, Love and Right! Round - us as a - cess's tide, Roll - ing in



gro - pe's day Shade not the glo - rious ray, Let there be Right
lamp of grace; And, in earth's darkest place, Let there be Right
fall - not pride, Thou' the world, far and wide, Let there be Right A - men.



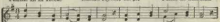
155

The Woman's Hymn.

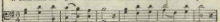
Fanny E. S. Hock.

Golden Hymns. 6s. 6d.

Fanny de Glanville.



1. Come, won - en, wide pre - chine life thro' your Bar - ber stake;
2. Come, clasp - ing chil - dren's hands, Re - turn from man - y lands,
3. Work with your own - age folk, Sing of the day - break night,
4. Then when the gar - tered fold, Shall to our Mas - ter yield



The Woman's Hymn.




Sing on - on - more. Christ, God's of - fel-gence bright, Christ, who a-
 Teach to a - dore, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and
 Your love out - pour. Stars shall your love a - dore, Your heart leap
 A houn-tyon store, Christ, hope of all the weak, Christ, whom all
 men in sight, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and a - dore.
 o - ver-borne, All who in darkness mourn, Pray, work, yet more.
 with the mourn, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a - dore.
 earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy on - on - more. A - MEN.

156 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Cragg.

Windsor. L. M.

Wm. Bradbury.

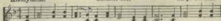


1. Je - sus! and shall it on - on be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way, No
 4. Till then—nor is my breathing vain—Till then I boast a Son-for sinners; And
 ashamed of Thee, whose angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
 when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-own His name.
 tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no need to save.
 oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.

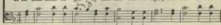
Anonymous.

Gordon, 1712.

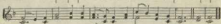
A. J. Gordon.



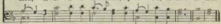
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thou art the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sion of glo - ry and ad - mired - Spirit, I'll ex - or - a -



bel - ion of sin I re - sign; My gra - tias Ho - do - mous, my Sav - ing art
 pur - cha - sed on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy
 long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death - dew has cold on my
 face Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the gli - ter - ing crown on my



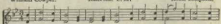
Thou; If ex - or I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 love; If ex - or I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 love, I' ex - or I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 love, If ex - or I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.



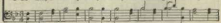
William Cowper.

Rahman, C. M.

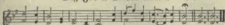
Rohd, Simpson.



1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame; A
2. Where is the bliss - ful - ness I know When first I saw the Lord? Where
3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem' - ry still! But
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mem - or - y of rest; I



Oh, for a Closer Walk.



light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
In the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word!
They have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
hale the sin that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A - MEN.



159 My faith looks up to Thee.

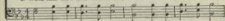
Ray Palmer.

Chorist. S. & A.

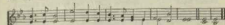
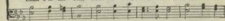
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
2. May Thy rich grace in - part Strength to my faint - ing heart.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When Death's cold, mil - lea stream



Sav - lor di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My soul in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Thel dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Hast bar - ter, then, in love, Fear and dis-

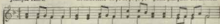


gulf a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and chari-table be, A Dr - ing Soul
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-moves; O hear me safe a - love, A ran-somed soul! A - MEN.

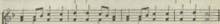
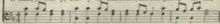


Joseph Hart.

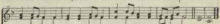
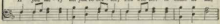
Greenwell, E. F. & F. & F. Jean Jacques Rousseau.



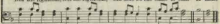
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome! God's free beau-ty glori-ty;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-g'er, Nor of sit-ting fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, hear-y - la - don, Strained and man-gled by the fall;



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, His 'ry grace that brings you nigh,
All the re-ward He re - quir-eth is to feel your need of Him;
If you tar - ry till you're lost - er, You will per - se come at all;



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing; doubt no more.
With-out men-sy, With-out men-sy, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glori-ous beam.
Not the righteous, Not the righteous, — sin-ners Je - sus came to call. A - MEN.



Edmund Jones.

Bellevue, C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson.



1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve, Come,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin like mountains round me close; I
3. Free-trude I'll be be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll
4. I can but per-ish if I try; I am re-solved to try; For



Come, Humble Sinner.

with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this sad re-solve
 know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-press.
 tell Him, I'm a wretch un-blest With-out His so-vereign grace.
 If I stay a-way, I know I must be - re - or - die. A - MEN.

162 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Coker.

Even Mr. S. P. S. P. S.

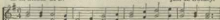
William R. Drabury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thus art send-ing hail and fire
 2. Praise me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, tho' I'd though my heart may be;
 3. Praise me not, O son - der Son - lor, Let me love and cling to Thee;
 4. Love of God, so pure and changless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,

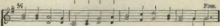
Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
 Then brighten leave me, but the rain - or Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
 I am long-ing for Thy in-vest While Thou'rt calling, O call me,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni - ty them all in me,

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, While Thou'rt calling, O call me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag-ni - ty them all in me. A - MEN.

H. R. Stokes, D. D. COMPOSER, 1850, BY J. A. C. CHURCH, GENERAL. J. W. R. B. B. B. B.



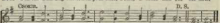
1. Her - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy ex-cel-sed feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;



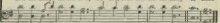
FILL me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Hear, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.



D. S.—FILL me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.



FILL me now, fill me now, Je - su, come and fill me now; A - MEN.

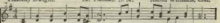


164 I love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Tranthy Dwight.

St. Thomas, S. M.

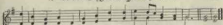
Aaron Williams, Coll.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend,
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I praise her heav'nly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To El - on shall be giv'n



I love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blood He-loom-ed saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my car-mel and to be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mu-nion, ad-mir-able, Her lyrics of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-men.



165

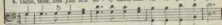
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

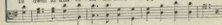
J. H. Stockton.



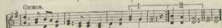
1. Come, ev-ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yea, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go.



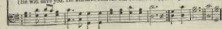
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in-to the crim-i-nal flood That wash-es white as snow.
 Be-leave in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
 To dwell in that ex-hal-sal land, Where joys in-mor-tal flow.



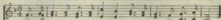
Chorus.



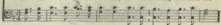
(On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now.)
 He will save you. He will save you. He will (Choir . . .) save you now. A-men.



Fanny J. Crosby. *Copyright, 1892, by F. J. Crosby, New York.* Jan. 2, 1893.



1. Take the world, but give me Je - su, — All the joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - su, Sweetest com-fort of my woe;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - su, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - su; In His cross my trust shall be.

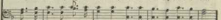


56

Finn.



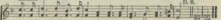
For His love a - bid-eth ev - er, There's a - ter-nal years the same.
With my sin - ful watch-ing o'er me, I can sing the' bid-levs full.
Then there's my pl - grin jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with cheer-or, bright-or vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.



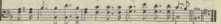
D. R. — Oh, the full-ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a - bound!

Cresc.

D. R.



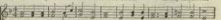
Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love! A - MEN.



Charles Wesley,

Federal Street, L. M.

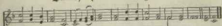
Henry K. Oliver.



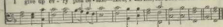
1. Je - su, the sin-ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for a - id I flee.
2. Fit - ty and heal my sin - sick soul; Thy Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should sit my-self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;



Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.



Wear-y of earth, my-self and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in.
Dark, all in me Thine life-age shine, And lost I am all Thine art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re-sign; Thine is the work, and on-ly Thine.
I give up ev-'ry plea by-side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-men.



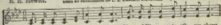
168

More About Jesus.

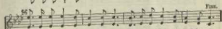
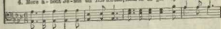
R. H. Howitt.

W. H. Howitt.

Jas. H. Greenway.



1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus in His word, Hold-ing con-ven-tion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-er in glo-ry all His own;



More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Epi-ist of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each hal-lu-el say-ing mine.
More of His king-dom's sure in-crease; More of His con-ing Prince of Peace.



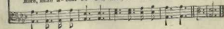
D.B.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

Barnard.

D. B.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus; A-men.



Fanny J. Crosby.

COMPOSED BY F. J. CROSBY.
(SONG OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.)

W. H. DOUGLAS.

1. Sav - or, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, till this foot - ing, foot - ing life is o - ver;

Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trus - ting Thee, I can - not stray, I can not - er, not - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, in a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.

D. S.—May Thy in - ter - love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow - er; A - MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

John M. Neale.

STEPHANUS, S. J. S. S.

Henry W. Baker.

1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
2. Hath He mark'd to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

Art Thou Weary?



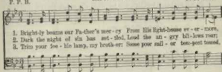
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, rest-ing, Be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prices, And His side."
 "We - row van-quished, la - bor end - ed, for - das passed."
 "Not till earth and not till Heav-en Pass a - way." A - MEN.

171 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

T. P. B.

LYRICS BY THE COMPOSER.

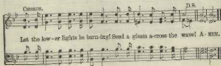
T. P. B. 1888.



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house er - er - rors.
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Lend the an - gry bil-lows roar!
 3. Trim your low - lie lamp, my broth-ers! Some poor sail - or tem-pest-torn,



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.
 A. A. — Some poor sailing, strag-gling sea-men You may see - see, you may see.

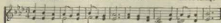


CHORUS.
 Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A - MEN.

Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine, L. M. 68.

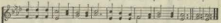
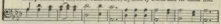
H. F. Henry.



1. Faith of our fa - ther! live - ing still. In spite of dan - ge - rs, fire, and sword;
 2. Our fa - ther, chained in pris - on dark, Were still in heart and con - science free;
 3. Faith of our fa - ther! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;



O how our hearts beat high with joy When e'er we hear that glo - ri - ous word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as here knownest thou, By kind - ly words and vir - tu - ous life.



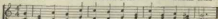
Faith of our fa - ther! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - ther! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - ther! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - men.



Isaac Watts.

St. Anne, C. M.

William Croft.



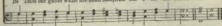
1. O God, our help in a - gony past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell as - cend;
 3. Re - live the life in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceiv'd her frame,
 4. Time, like an ex - er - cise - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sins a - way;
 5. O God, our help in a - gony past, Our hope for years to come;



O God, Our Help.



Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter-nal home!
 Saf - e-ness in Thine arm a-bide, And our de-fence is sure.
 From ev - er-last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
 They fly, far-got-ten, as a dream Done at the opening day.
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter-nal home. A-MEN.

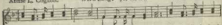


174 Work, for the Night is Coming.

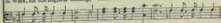
Annie L. Coghill.

Work Song. 78, 48, D.

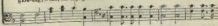
Lowell Mason.



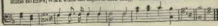
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming. Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are



sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
 la - bor, Rest comes now and soon. Give ev-'ry dy-ing min-ute something to
 glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the hot hours fade-eth, Fade-eth to



glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
 keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more,
 shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

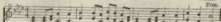


175 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

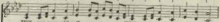
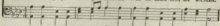
Geo. Atkins.

Holy Manna. 2d. 78.

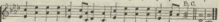
Arr.
Finn.



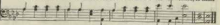
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
2. Breth-ren, see your sin - ners round you Stumb'-ling on the brink of war;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Ho - nos' sin - ner and - ed line;
D. C.—Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.



Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you hear us let them go?
Will you help the trem-bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?



ALL is vain, un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa - thers and our mothers, And our child- ren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.



176 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Foundation. 1711.

Anon. Stereo.



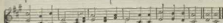
1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye an - gels of the Lord, is laid for your
2. In er - ty con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, in per - ver - ty's
3. "When thro' ter - ror and the path - way shall lie, My grace, all ad -
4. "If we down to old age, all My pro - ph - et shall prove My sov - er - eign, e -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



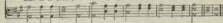
How firm a Foundation.



hath in His ex - cel - lent world! What more can He say than to
vile, or a - bounding in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
is - land, shall be thy sup - ply; The fane shall not hurt thee;—i
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hour - y hate shall their
will not de - sert to its foe; That soul, thy' all hell should co-



you He hath said, You who an - to Je - sus for re - ceive have Giff
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be,
un - by de - sign Thy doom to over - come, and thy gold to re - store,
tem - ple a - doers, like - like they shall still in My fan - can be borne,
dear - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, to, nev - er for - sake!" A-MEN.



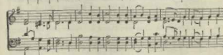
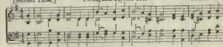
177

How firm a Foundation.

[Second Time.]

Portuguese Hymn, 178.

Unknown.



178 Come, let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

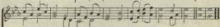
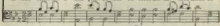
Isaac Watts.

Harwich, C. M.

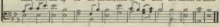
General Stanhop.



1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten
2. "War-ry the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed there;" "War-
3. Je-sus is war-ry to re-ceive Hon-our and pow'r di-vine; And
4. The whole cre-a-tion join in one To bless the ex-cel-sent name Of



them-selves them-selves are their tongues, But all their joys are one,
thy the Lamb," our lips re-ply, "For He was slain for us."
blessings more than we can give, He, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.
Him who sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb. A-MEN.



179 I love To Sing Of Heaven.

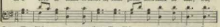
L. Hartsough.

Dunbar, S. M.

Chas. W. Dunbar.



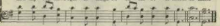
1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an-gels are; Where
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem-er reigns; Where
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom-ised land so fair; Oh,



Chorus.—There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there; In
H. C.



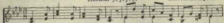
many a friend in path-ward leads From here, and hell, and care.
rag-torn songs of sor-row rise, In ev-il-ness, joy-less strain.
how my rag-torn spir-it longs To be for-ev-er there. A-MEN.



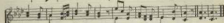
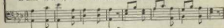
Heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

Horton, 7. 7. 7. 7.

Knox Schuyler.



1. Come, said Je - sus' as - cend vales, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, home-less, sole, forlorn, Long hast torn the proud world's worn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. With - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound.



- I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hither come.
 Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hither haste.
 Ye, by fear - or an-guish torn, In re-cesses for gulls who mourn;
 Peace that ev - er shall ex - dure, Rest o - ver - sail, as - cend, sure. A - MEN.



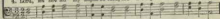
Isaac Watts.

Wynham, L. M.

David Reed.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there;
2. "Be - my thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re - deem - er's great re - com - mend;
3. The fear - ful soul that tries and fails, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart on - thy - ly new, —

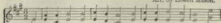


- But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
 Na - ture must count her gain, but loses, If she would gain this heav - 'nly land.
 Is but ex - tremed al - most a snare, And makes the way destruction sure.
 Which hyp - o - crisy could ne - ver attain, Which false a - pos - to - les never knew. A - MEN.

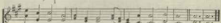
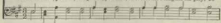


Charles Wesley.

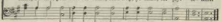
Anon. C. M.

Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Man-ter and my God, An-d let me to pre-claim, To
3. Je-sus the name that char-mes our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of sin-ful sin, He sets the pris-on-er free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ed tongues em-ploy: To



glor-ify of my God and King, The tri-um-phant of His grace,
spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name,
men-sion in the sanc-tue-ry, Thy life, and health, and peace,
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-valued for me.
Blind, be-hold your Sav-ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.

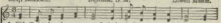


183 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

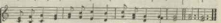
David Tuckerman.

Stephen, S. M.

Lowell Mason.



1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; He
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin-ful de-mands a tear; In



tears of pen-iten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-ry eye,
Then as-sured, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.
Heav'n's a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A - MEN.



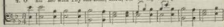
Francis R. Havergal.

Gratitude. L. M.

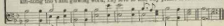
A. Root.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak in Thy name of Thy love; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things That dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Un-til my very heart o'er-flow in



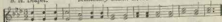
Thy heart's thought, so let me seek Thy er-ring chil-dren lost and lone.
 may stretch out a lov-ing hand To warm-these with the troubled soul.
 wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
 kin-dling tho'ts and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.



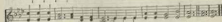
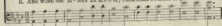
B. H. Dooper.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

H. C. Bennett.



1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds go pro-claim Sal-va-tion thro' Je-su's name—
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With healing and your hearts in-crease,
3. And when our in-boss all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—



To dis-tant climes the G-ospel bear, And plant the flag of Shal-om there.
 Bid rag-ing winds their to-ry cease, And hush the tempest in-to peace.
 Meet with the blood be-tilting to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A-MEN.



186 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

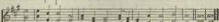
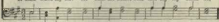
John Ryland.

Armon. C. M.

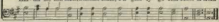
Carl G. Glaser.



1. In all my Lord's ap - pointed ways My jour - ney I'll pur - sue;
2. Thro' trials and tempta - tions, If Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
3. Thro' de - ty, and thro' tri - bu - tion, I'll go at His com - mand;
4. And when my Sav - ior calls me home, Tell this my cry shall be,



- His - for me not ye much-loved sinner, For I must go with you.
His - for me not shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell ap - peal.
His - for me not for I am bound To my im - man - uel's hand.
His - for me not deem welcome death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee! A-MEN.



187 Art Thou Weary?

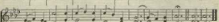
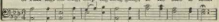
Rev. John M. Neale.

Challenger. A. S. S. S.

Rev. W. Dallinger.



1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Galile -
3. Is there si - a - den, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorn'd?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say no nay?
5. Head - ing, full wing, keep - ing strug - gling, Is He sure to bleed?



- "Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, is ver - y sore - ty, But of thorns."
"Not all earth and not all heav - en Pass a - way."
"Calist, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, Yea." A-MEN.



183 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

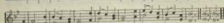
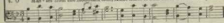
Frank Mason North.

Germany. L. M.

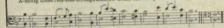
Arr. from Beethoven.



1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where noted the cries of pain and pain.
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On that weed three-holds dark with tears.
3. The cup of wa - ter giv's for Those still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas - ter from the mountain side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain.



A - lone the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where take the form of good, We catch the vision of Thy face.
Yet long these sad & broken to see The sweet com-pan-ion of Thy face.
A-mong these rest-less through-ways, O tread the city's streets a-gain. A-MEN.



189 Let Us With a Gladsome Mind.

Anonymous. 7. 7. 7. 7.

John Milton, 1643. Altered.

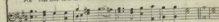
Arr. from Handel, 1748.



1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
2. Let us bless His name a - broad, For of gods He is the God;
3. He the gold-en-trous - ed sun Cursed all day his course to run;
4. All things liv - ing He doth lead, His full hand sup-plies their need;



For His mer-cies are ex-cel-sure, Ev - er rich-ful, ev - er sure.
Who by all our-mind-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light.
Th'orn-a-mented bushes by night, Mid her sparkled stars bright.
For His mer-cies are ex-cel-sure, Ev - er rich-ful, ev - er sure. A-MEN.

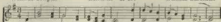


190 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

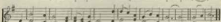
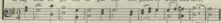
William Cowper.

Richard C. M.

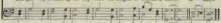
William Gardiner.



1. What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-ty like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies His gra-cious light and heat;
3. Let ev-er-last-ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re-joices to per-ceive The paths of truth and love,



It gives a light to ev-'ry age; It gives, but our eyes see not.
 It tracks up-on the an-gels' rise; They rise, but nev-er set.
 As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.
 Till glo-ry breaks up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.



191 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

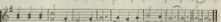
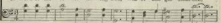
Bernard D. Barton.

Lambert C. M.

A. Schottel.



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True trans-ua from on high;
3. Pil-lar of fire, thro' watch-es dark, Or ra-diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev-er-liv-ing God, With His glo-rious face;



Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the tra-s'er's way;
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
 When waves would 'whelm our treading-back, Our an-chor and our stay;
 With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n's it-self be won? A - MEN.



192 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

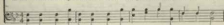
J. Bowring.

Wilmot.

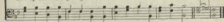
Carl Maria von Weber.



1. God is love, His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Change and change are but - er - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-ens soon - ous With His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twine - ous Hope and com-fort from a - love;



Thus He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But His mer-cy warm-eth mer - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His bright-ness streams; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.



193 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

William F. Floyd.

Septuages. S. M.

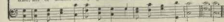
Lowell Mason.



1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je - sus, the true - el - ead!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al - ways trust in Thee!



My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
 Pleas-ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
 Those hands my cru - el sins had pleas'd Are now my guard and guide.
 And, all - er death, at Thy right hand I shall live - er - be. A - MEN.

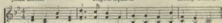


194 God, the Lord, a King Remaineth.

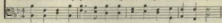
John Kelen.

Regent Square.

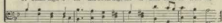
Henry Smart.



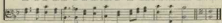
1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Subd in His own glo-ri-ous light;
2. In her ev - er - last - ing sta - tion, Earth is poised, to weave no more;
3. With all hosts of wa - ters blend - ing, Glor - ious in the break - ing deep;
4. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell - ing Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;



God hath robed Him and He reigns - on; He hath glori - ed Him with might.
Thou hast laid Thy throne's bow - dition, From all thine where thought can soar.
Glorious, beam - ing, with - out end - ing, God, who reigns on heav'n's steep,
Of Thine high a - bor - nal dwell - ing, He - li - man shall in - men be;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, Thou art her - ev - er - more.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Songs of o - cean rav - er - deep.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise be all that lives with Thee. A - MEN.

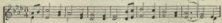


195 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

Isaac Watts.

Manuscript. C. M.

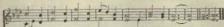
From Francis J. Haydn.



1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing, The
2. Tell of His won - drous faith - ful - o - ces, And vocal His pow'r a - broad, Sing
3. His ver - y word, of grace is strong As that which built the skies, The
4. O might I hear Thy heav'nly tongue But whisper 'Thou art mine' - Those



Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.



mighty works, or mightier name, Of our a - ter-nal King.
The sweet prom-ise of His grace, The love and truth of God,
voice that calls the sinner a - long! Speak all the prom-ise - es.
ye - fore-wards should raise my song To notes al-most di - vine.

A - MEN.



196 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

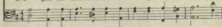
James D. Burns.

Samuel.

Arthur B. Sullivan.



1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark: The
2. The old man, weak and cold, The priest of Is - rael, slept: His
3. O give me them - self's ear.—The a - pen ear, O Lord, a -
4. O give me them - self's heart.—A low - ly heart, that waits Where



lamp was burn-ing dim, Be-fore the sa - cred ark: When sud-den-ly a
watch the tem-ple child, The Da - da Le - vite, kept: And what from Is - rael's
eye and quick to hear each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to an-swer
in Thy house Thou art, Or watch-on at Thy gates, By day and night, a



voice of - vine Rang thro' the gl - lours of the shir-
some was wail'd The Lord to Man-nah's son re - vealed.
at Thy call. And to a - boy Thou find of all!
heart that still Moves at the breath-ing of Thy will A - MEN.



197 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love To Me.

Paul Gerhardt.

St. Catherine.

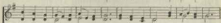
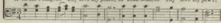
Henri F. Henry and

Translated by John Wesley.

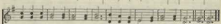
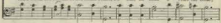
James G. Walton.



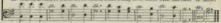
1. Je - su, Thy bound-less love to me No sin can reach, no tongue de-clare;
2. O grant that noth-ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love a-lone;
3. O love, how cheer-ing is thy ray! All pain be-fore thy pres-ence flies;
4. In mid-f-ring, be Thy love my peace; In weak-ness, be Thy love my pow'r;



O lead my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri-val there;
O may Thy love pos-sess the whole, My joy, my treas-ure, and my crown;
Ours, un-god-ly, un-true, swift a-way, Where'er thy lead-ing be-comes a-ri-sen.
And when the storm of life shall cease, Je - su, in that e - vent-ful hour,



Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-bove my con-stant flame,
Stranger than air from my soul re-mote, My ev'ry act, word, thought be-love.
O Je - su, with thy way I see, Noth-ing de-sire, or seek but Thee.
In death, as life, be Guide and Friend, That I may love Thee with-out end, A-MEN.



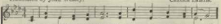
198 Give to the Winds Thy fears.

Paulus Gerhardt.

Schwenn, S. M.

Castro Landis.

Translated by John Wesley.



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un-dis-mayed;
2. Still hear - y in thy heart? Still with thy spir - it dwell!
3. Can-not thou all thy griefs And woes in - to His hands?
4. Leave to His sov'-reign will To choose and to re-ward;



Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

002



God hear thy sighs and count thy tears, God shall lift up thy head,
Cast off the weight, let hear de-part, And ev-'ry care be gone.
To His mere truth and ten-der care, Who earth and heav'n commands,
With wonder filled, then thou shalt own, How wise, how strong His hand. A-MEN.



199 For the Beauty of the Earth.

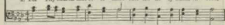
Duo.

Arranged from
Conrad Kocher.

Pollcott S. Pierpont.



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies,
2. For the beau-ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,
4. For Thy church that ev-er-more lift-eth ho-ly hands a-bove,



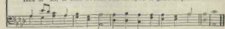
For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us flows,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of heav'n,
Fruitless earth, and friends a-bove, For all yes-the the'se and wild,
O'er-riding up on ev-'ry shore The pure an-ni-ver-sary of love,



Hymn.



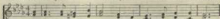
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.



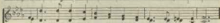
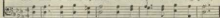
Elizabeth C. Clephane.

St. Christopher.

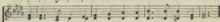
Frederick C. Mackay.



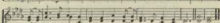
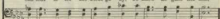
1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I take would take my stand,
 2. Up-on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bit - ling place;



The shad - ow of a night - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land,
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for thee;
 I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my soul - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess, —
 Can - test to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burning of the midnight heat, And the burden of the day,
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worth - lessness,
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the crowd A - MEN.

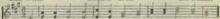


201 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Isaac Watts.

Dunfield. C. M.

Carl Glinner.



1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
 2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
 3. Firm as He throws His prom - ise stands, And He can well as - sure
 4. That will He own my worth-less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,



I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Maintain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross,
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost,
 What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour,
 And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Appoint my soul a place. A-MEN.

202 We Are Living, We Are Dwelling.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Austria.

Frans Joseph Haydn.

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing in a grand and aw - ful time,
 2. Worlds are changing, heav'n's be - hold - ing, There had but an hour to fight;
 In an age of a - ges tell - ing, To be liv - ing in sub - lime,
 Now, the tri - um - phal cross be - hold - ing, On, right on - ward for the right!
 Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;
 Ours! let all the world with - in you For the truth's sake go a - broad!
 Hark! what soundeth in cre - a - tion's Green - ing for the lat - ter day,
 Hark! let ev - 'ry nerve and sin - ew Tell us a - ges tell for God. A-MEN.

Ernest W. Scharf.

Lancashire, 34, 44, D.

Henry Sparr.

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of wrath has come; Hence-
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's seven war shall cease, And
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We fol - low, not with fear; For

both in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thy
 ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For
 glad-ness breaks the morn - ing When e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy

days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And
 not with sword and clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums; But
 cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light; The

now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our hat - tle song,
 deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'nly King - dom crown,
 crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might, A - MEN.

Old Melody.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Delight in that hap - py land, Streams of - ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
 3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand?

Happy Land.



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-ship is our
Love can-not die, Oh, then, to glo-ry run; He a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and




Sav-ior King;" Loud let His praise be ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more,
sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Hast ev-er-more,



205 Children of the Heavenly King.

Rev. John Cunnick,

Playel's Hymns. 78.


Arr. from Ignace Playel.



1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-nay, sweet-ly sing;
2. We are trav-ling home to God, In the way the Sa-thers trod;
3. Fear not, broth-ers, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land;
4. Lord, a-bide with us, Glad-ly hav-ing all be-low;



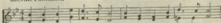

Sing your Sav-ior's wor-ship praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
Je-sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Lead you on - de-may-ed on - on.
On-ly Thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee. A-men.



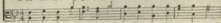
Greville Palfreman.

Air

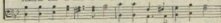
Edward J. Hopkins.



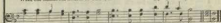
1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing morn - ing new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Del - ly doth our sins re - move;
3. Let our prayers each morn pre -vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail,
4. As the morn - ing light re -turns, As the sun with splen - did horns,



- Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pray Tell - us with the ear - ly day:
Del - ly, far as east from west, Lifts the bur - den from the breast;
And as we sin - ful the sin And the tempt - er's pow'r with - in,
Teach us still to turn to Thee, Ev - er - bless - ed Trin - i - ty,



- For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are new; Thy com - pan - ions doth re -new,
Gives us strength to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day.
Ev - 'ry morn - ing, be the strife, Feed us with the bread of life,
With our hundred hearts to raise, In un - fail - ing prayer and praise, A - MEN.



207 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

Thomas Kelly.

Evens. C. M.

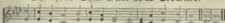
Wm. H. Mayersal.



1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low;
4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;



The Head That Once Was Crowned.



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The night-y Vic - tor's brow.
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And bear's a eter - nal light.
To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
Their name as ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n. A-MEN.



208

O Beautiful, My Country!

Frederick L. Hockett.

Salve Dances.

Lawrence W. Watson.



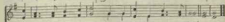
1. "O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try!" He shins a no - ble care
2. For thou our fa - thers suf - fered; For thou they toiled and prayed;
3. O beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we draw;



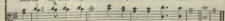
Then all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests war - ing fair;
Up - on thy ho - ly al - tar Their will - ing Dross they laid.
Thine is the grace of free - dom, The maj - es - ty of law.



Be it thy pride to lift up The ran - hood of the poor;
Then hast no com - mon birth - right, Grand men - ries on thee shine;
Be right - con - stant thy weep - ing, Jus - tice thy di - a - dem;



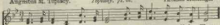
Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair free - dom's o - pen door!
The blood of pil - grim na - tions Com - muni - cated flows in thine.
And on thy shin - ing her - oic head Be peace the crown - ing gem! A-MEN.



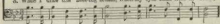
Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady, p. 61.

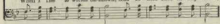
Thomas Hastings.



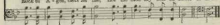
1. Rock of A - ges, clost for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears be - er - er flow, Could my soul no lan - guage know,
 3. While I draw this fast - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



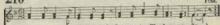
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
 These for sin could not a - lone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone,
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy Throne.



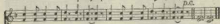
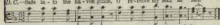
Be of sin the dash - ing cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, clost for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.



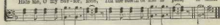
Martha, p. D.

Samuel R. Marsh.
Fras.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bor - row'd
 2. While the tem - pest wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high,
 3. O - - - - - Guide me to the heav - enly shore, O re - ceive my soul at last.



Hail me, O my Sav - ior, hail, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.



Charles Wesley.

Refuge, ps. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook.



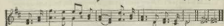
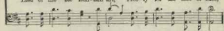
1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy lov - ers fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Then, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Pleasant grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing stream a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.



Hail me, O my Sav - ior, hild, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - store my soul at last,
 Cov - er my de - form - ed head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all a - vor - ri - ty. A - men.



Cremation, C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;
 2. To dis-sin need of Je-sus' grace, To run-saved from the fall,
 3. Let ev'-ry kin-dred, ev'-ry tribe On this ter-ra-trial ball,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all A-men.

Mildred Love, C. M.

William Shrock.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall; Bring forth the roy-al

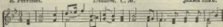
di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all A-men.

214 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

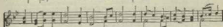
H. Piermont.

Diadem, C. M.

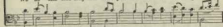
James Miller.



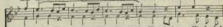
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pro-strate fall,
2. To cho - on seed of Is - rael's race, To ransom from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin kneel, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - re - trial hall,
4. O that with you, dar - ling, we at His feet may fall,



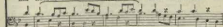
Let an - gels pro-strate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
To ransom from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - re - trial hall, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song.



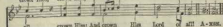
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



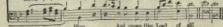
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



all crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
crown Him; crown Him;



Him; And crown Him Lord of all

1. There is a bath-tub filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veins,
And sin-ners, plunged beneath 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, Sav-ior, wash me in the blood.

In the blood. Oh, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
In the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

Ans. - The old time re - lig - ion. The old time re - lig - ion.
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers.

The old time re - lig - ion. - It's good enough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers. - It's good enough for me.

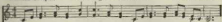
- 2 Make us love everybody.
- 3 It has saved our fathers.
- 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
- 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

- 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 can take us all to heaven.

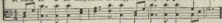
William Cowper.

Cleansing Fountain, C. M.

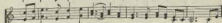
Lowell Mason.



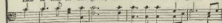
1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. For a-lone, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply.
5. Then in a no-bel, sweet-er song, I'd sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin-ners, plunged he-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sin a-way:
 Till all the sin-ners' church of God Be saved, to sin no more;
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;
 When this poor hap-less, stain'd tongue Lies a-lone in the grave.



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sin a-way, Wash all my sin a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
 lies a-lone in the grave, Lies a-lone in the grave; When



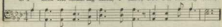
sin-ners, plunged he-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sin a-way.
 all the sin-ners' church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 redeem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor hap-less, stain'd tongue Lies a-lone in the grave. A-men.



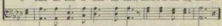
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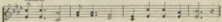
1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wait-ed man-y pe-ri-ods years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've died of sin and strag-gling, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



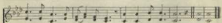
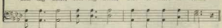
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I too re-peat with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be-cause Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je-sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 O wash me with-er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



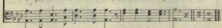
Chorus.



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



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



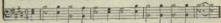
John Newton.

HAYWARD, 1877, BY G. H. HARRIS.

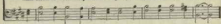
H. O. Russell.



1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag-o-my and blood;
2. Gave, nev-er, till my lat-est breath, One I for-got that look!
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in do-om-ful;
4. A-ha! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are valu-
5. A-mere-and look He gave, which said, "I free-ly all for-give!"



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



Chorus.



Oh, can it be, up-on a tree The Sav-ior died for me? My



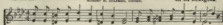
soul is thrill'd, My heart is fill'd, To think He died for me! A-men.



L. B. B.

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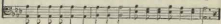
L. B. Bridges.



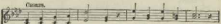
1. There's with'de my heart a - mid - a - dy Je - sus with-put sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, His-cord fill'd my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-ess of His grace, Kneel-ing 'neath His shak'-ring wing,
4. Tho' some-times He leads thro' waters deep, Tel - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



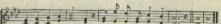
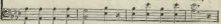
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stir'd the shak'-ring chords again,
Al-ways look-ing on His smile-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' some-times the path seems rough and steep, See His foot-prints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



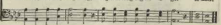
Chorus.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



Fills my ev'-ry long-ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-men.




C. H. G.

Copyright, 1900, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Published by Chas. H. Gabriel.


Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I stand a-sta-nd in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me He was in the gar-den He pray'd "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In glo-ry an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sin and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, un-blest.
He had no tears for His own griefs, Not sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows His love for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And cri-ber'd, and shed a - lone,
'Till he my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



CHORUS.



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




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



222 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.


F. H. Rowley.

MUSIC AND WORDS COMPOSED, WRITTEN BY HERB. H. BARBER.
ORIGINAL, 1904, BY A. J. BARNES.

Peter F. Wilborn.



1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was lonely, but Je - sus healed me, Pain was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come a'er me, Sin-ner's path I still re-tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er flows the wa - tern at my feet;



How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry,
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way,
Night was gone, and morn-ing pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all,
And the lov - ing still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led,
Then He'll bear me safe - ly a - way, Where the loved ones I shall meet.


Chorus.



Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry,



Christ, who died for me, Sing it with the million
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

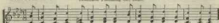


glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea,
the mil-lion glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea, the crys-tal sea.

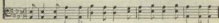
Fred P. Morris.

Copyright, 1914, by Fred P. Morris.
Published by G. Schirmer.

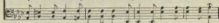
Robert Harlowe.



1. My moth-er's hand is on my brow, Her gen-tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a-gain;
3. While sick-ensured me in their pride she gen-ty drew me to her side;
4. The mem-o-ries of by-gone years, My moth-er's love, my mother's tears.
5. I'm com-ing home, by sin be-set, For Je-sus loves me a- gain yet;



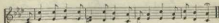
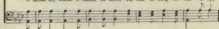
A - cross the years so marked by sin What mem-o-ries of love stand in
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit-ter woe.
When all the world had turned a-way My moth-er stood by me that day.
The love of all her con-stant care Doth bring the an-gel to her prayer.
My moth-er's love brings home to me The great-er love of Cal - va - ry.



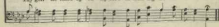
Chorus.



O moth-er, when I think of thee, Thy love a step to Cal - va - ry;



Thy gen-tle hand up-on my brow Is lead-ing me to Je-sus now.

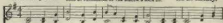


3 Am Praying for You.

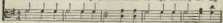
S. O'Malley Chd.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING EXTRA

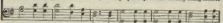
Ira D. Sankey.



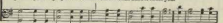
1. I have a Sav - lor, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for -
3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je - sus has loved you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing



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

*f* Crescdo.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - lor were your Sav - lor too!
 hear - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing me too!
 glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!



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



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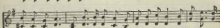
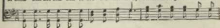
H. S. Ufford.

Edward H. Ufford.

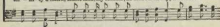
Arr. by George C. Robinson.



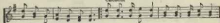
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand-pick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-draught men, Sinking in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - men of cru - el - ty be w'ed, Soon will they drift to e -



none one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
 Ru - ger so long? Feel he is sink-ing; oh! has-ten to-day—And out with the
 you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-er-ment and bil-lows of woe Will soon harden them
 tar - al - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



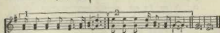
Chorus.



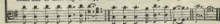
Life-Line, his per - il to share!

Life-Dead! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line
 out where the dark wa-ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to-day.



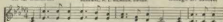
Some one is drift-ing a - way! Some one is sink-ing to-day. A - MEN.



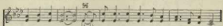
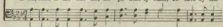
H. L. Gilemore.

VERMONT, 1878. J. ALLEN LADD.

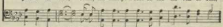
George D. Moore.



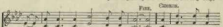
1. My soul in sail on - he was out on life's sea, So bar-tered with
2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The wing of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Har - bor, His pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His



sail and dis - trust, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
 hold of the word, My let - ture fell off, and I an - chored my soul
 sto - ry no more, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - er - or will have
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - cher your soul in the ha - ven of rest,



D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep.



And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
 The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.
 And say, "My De - lov - ed is mine."



In Je - sus I'm safe er - er - more.



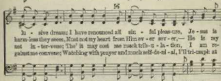
soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more,



Words and Music by
C. A. Tinsley.

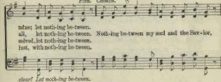
Copyright, 1904, by C. A. Tinsley.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

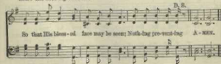


D. S.—the Lord of life for- ever. Keep the way

From Con-tem-



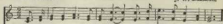
clerk! Let noth-ing be-tween.



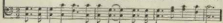
Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter.

J. W. Doxey.



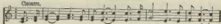
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There resides a land of rest;
 2. He is sit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor wee my lot shall share;
 4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;



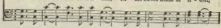
- There my Sav - ior's grace be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
 For my stay shall not be torn - apart, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But, in that ce - les - tial con - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Speed for glad - com, oh, ye ran - cored! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.



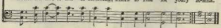
Chorus.



- { There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y,
 { On the oth - er side of Jer - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



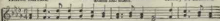
- There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is blossoming, There is rest for you. } A - men.



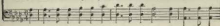
Alfred Harvatt.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY H. C. WOODS.
PUBLISHED BY H. C. WOODS.

Henry P. Morton.



1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor-row a-way.—There's par-don on
2. Since Je-sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par-don on
3. His hand is held out in com-pas-sion to you, There's par-don on
4. O han-ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par-don on

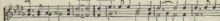


- Cal - va - ry: A par-don to sin-ners is of-fered to-day; There's
 Cal - va - ry: Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
 Cal - va - ry: Your long want-ed Evils He in love will re-cure; There's
 Cal - va - ry: Come now and ac-cept His re-demption complete; There's

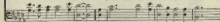


32

From, Gerson.



- par-don on Cal - va - ry. There's par-don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's par-don on
 There's par - - don on Cal-vary, There's par-

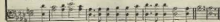


D. S.—par-don on Cal - va - ry.

D.S.



- Cal - va - ry; . . . A par-don of love from the Fa-ther's love, A A - MINE.
 don on Cal - va - ry



230 *There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.*

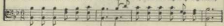
1998

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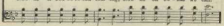
James McGovern



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 be!



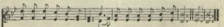
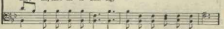
There shall be no more re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hear us Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-sec-ut-ing, Now as to Je-sus we call.



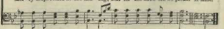
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How . . . are of blow-ing, How-are of blow-ing we need
How = are, blow-are of blow-ing.



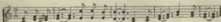
Wag-er-drops round us are full - big. Big for the others we stand. A-MUSE.



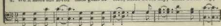
I. R. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY HENRY M. HOLEMAN.

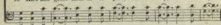
L. H. Reynolds.



1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 3. A- round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be- fore, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



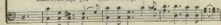
Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 E- ter- nal joy in His- to- ry to be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 A- round the great ho- san- nas raise, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 To know and greet them as of yore, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



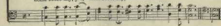
Chorus.



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . We shall dwell in "Glo-ry-land!"
 Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . With the redeemed we shall stand. A-men.
 Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.



John R. Clements.

COMPOSED BY THE AUTHOR & MADE UP BY J. R. CLEMENTS.

H. P. Danks.

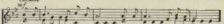


1. In the land of fade-less day, like the "cit-y four-square,"
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, in the "cit-y four-square,"
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit-y four-square,"
 4. There they need no sun-shine bright, in that "cit-y four-square,"




It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crys-tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

Chorus.



God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;



And they need not time by years, For there is "no night there," A-men.
 And they need not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

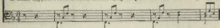
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1875, by Mrs. C. Stebbins. Renewed.
First Published by G. F. Stone.

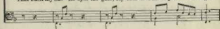
Geo. C. Stebbins.



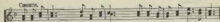
1. Some day the all-ver-cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun, Be-death the re-ty-that-ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



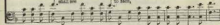
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav-er opens the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



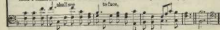
Chorus.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace;
I shall see Him face to face,



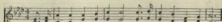
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace. A - MEN.
I shall see Him face to face,



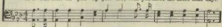
Rev. W. C. Poole.

COMPOSED BY REV. W. C. POOLE.

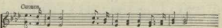
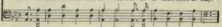
B. D. Ackley.



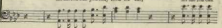
1. I will look for you up yon - der, When my days down here are o'er;
2. I will look for you up yon - der, On that won - der - ful great day,
3. I will look for you up yon - der, In the cit - y of the King,
4. I will look for you up yon - der, Will you meet me there that day?



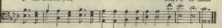
When the roll is called in glo - ry, Will you meet me on that shore?
 When we wake at call of Je - sus, And the earth shall pass a - way.
 There' e - ter - ni - ty's glad a - ges, There the praise of Him to sing.
 Will we meet with Christ the Sav - lor, For - ev - er - more there to stay?



At the roll call I will look for you, At the roll call
 At the roll call you may look for me, At the roll call



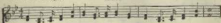
up a - bove the blue, When the roll is called in glo - ry, will you be there?
 I will look for you, Yes, I'll be there.



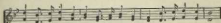
Palmer Hartough.

Copyright, 1884, by PALMER HARTOUGH, NEW YORK.

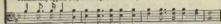
J. H. Williams.



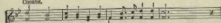
1. I am resolved no lon-ger to sin-ge, Charmed by the world's de-light;
 2. I am resolved to go to the Star-ter, Lear-ning my sin and strife;
 3. I am resolved to fol-low the Star-ter, Faith-ful and true each day;
 4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Lear-ning the paths of sin;



Things that are higher, things that are no-ble, These have al-lured my sight.
 He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.



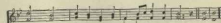
Chorus.



I will hae-ten to Him, Hae-ten so glad and free;
 I will hae-ten, hae-ten to Him, Hae-ten so glad and free;



Hae-ten glad and free;



Je - su, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-men.
 Je - su, Je - su,



B. B. McKim.

COMPOSED BY B. B. MCKIM, OF CHICAGO.
Copyright, 1892, by B. B. McKim.

B. B. McKinney.



1. Man of Sor - rows kneel - ing down 'Neath the Fa - ther's aw - ful brow,
2. Man of Sor - rows with the cross, Bear - ing all its shame and loss,
3. Man of Sor - rows on a tree, Hang - ing there in ag - o - ny,
4. Man of Sor - rows rose a - gain, 'Tis - ter o'er the dark do - main."



Hear Him pray, "Thy will be done," In Geth - sem - a - ne a - lone.
See Him stag - ger, faint and fall 'Neath the curse He bore for all.
It is dis - tress" now He cries, As He bows His head and dies.
King of Glo - ry! Live on high, He is com - ing by and by.



Chorus.



Man of Sor - rows love my Name, Man of Sor - rows took my shame,



Wan - der - ful Ser - vice, Thy love for me Has saved me, and set me free.



Gene Smith.

COMPOSED BY STANLEY A. HARRIS
ARRANGED BY THE EDITOR

R. B. McKinney.



1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vic - tory, glo - ri - ous high;
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' I see de - stry with a spir - it hold The two - aged old, but still new,



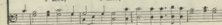
In - spired and ho - ly, the Ev - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
His life, His death, and the e - pen tomb, And His re - turn to the earth.
It leads me, com - forts me day by day, And gives me vic - tory o'er sin.
Its truth is sweet - er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.



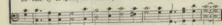
Chorus.



I know, . . . I know, . . . I know the Bi - ble is true, . . .
I know, I know, is true



Bi - ble - ly in - spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.



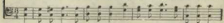
Rev. W. C. Martin.

Revised second.

E. S. Lorenz.



1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love the na - me to re - peat;
2. I love the name of him whose heart knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I long - ly love to hear, it nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

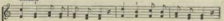


It makes my joys full and com - plete, The precious name of Je - su.
 Who bids all anx - iety leave de - part—I love the name of Je - su.
 He nev - er drives the fall - en tear: Ex - alt the name of Je - su.
 Oh, let his praise be ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - su.

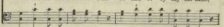
1. The precious name



Chorus.



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




"Je - su," let all voices pre - claim His wor - thy praise be - ev - er.
 His wor - thy praise

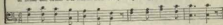


Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.



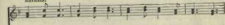
1. Je - su, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious life - time,
 2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy bound me
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



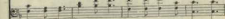


Free to all, a lead - ing stream, Flow from Cal - v'ry's cross - tide.
 There the Delight and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
 Holy me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.



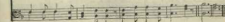
REPEAT.



In the cross, in the cross In my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rag - ged soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.



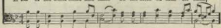
Topic 3: the Theme

Received December 1, 1999

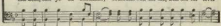
1999



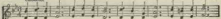
1. Of the thrones that men have known, One un-prime-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their tri-um-phant
3. Since the Lord my soul re-joice, I am tell-ing all a - round
4. As of old when Mose and Aaron To the King of Mes-sar came



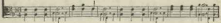
There's a - gain a has-down, — The Ho-wan-der-ful, wan-der-ful live.
 Let the world true prob-lem sing For Ho-wan-der-ful, wan-der-ful live.
 Fur-ther, peace and joy are found In Ho-wan-der-ful, wan-der-ful live.
 So now, call us on Ho-wan-der-ful, — Trust Ho-wan-der-ful, wan-der-ful live.



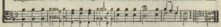
100



Love is the flame, Love is no game; Sweet or it grows, Clever be-damn!



Noticing the sun **Ex-or it glowed** **Low in the thorns, N-ter-and thorned A-moon.**



Robert Lowry.

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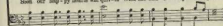
Robert Lowry.



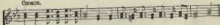
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gins of the riv-er, Wash-ing up his sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we er-'ry har-don down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



With his crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God!
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-it will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.



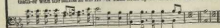
Chorus.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—



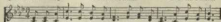
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.



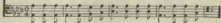
Johnson Ostrum, Jr.

Copyright, 1902, by J. H. Johnson, New York.

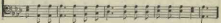
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev'-ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubt a-ries and fears dis-say;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the steepest height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



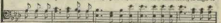
Sing pray-ing as I on-ward bend, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' none may dwell where thou abo-d, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of souls on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till I hear a I've heard, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



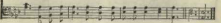
Chorus.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



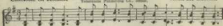
place than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A - MEN.



Charlotte C. Hosmer.

Copyright, 1888, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Published by Chas. H. Gabriel,
115 Nassau Street, New York.

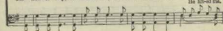
Chas. H. Gabriel.



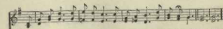
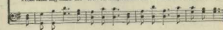
1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus raised My soul in sor-ry to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His love was pleased with many a sorrow, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



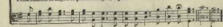
And from the depths of sin and shame Thine' grace He lift-ed me.
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
When from my guilt and grief, broken, In love He lift-ed me.
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. His lov-ing-kind-ness.



From shad-ing' mood He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



From shadow of night to plain of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me! A-MEN.



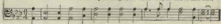
B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1904, by B. B. McKim,
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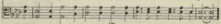
B. B. McKinney.



1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth-ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be-hold their eyes, They're reading it there and thro';
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sheds be-yond the bars,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith-ful, be brave and true,



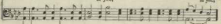
Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
 Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth-ers see Je-sus in you?
 To find some souls that you have won; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
 And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.



Chorus.



Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you,
 in you, in you;



Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faith-ful and true, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.



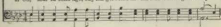
R. B. McK.

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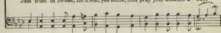
R. B. McKinney.



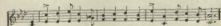
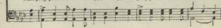
1. When you are win-ry and sore up-great, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-like To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger tarry in sin's un-end-ing dis-may?



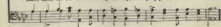
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend Divine, And pray your troubles a-way.
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.



Just pray your troubles a-way! (a-way!) Just pray your troubles a-way! (a-way!)



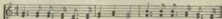
Have faith in Je-sus from day to day, And pray your trou-bles a-way.



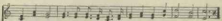
Wm. R. Newell.

Copyright, 1915, by W. R. Newell, Boston.

D. B. Townser.



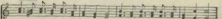
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
 3. Now I reach'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own His
 4. O the love that drew ad - va - tion's plan! O the grace that has't it



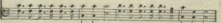
ers - ei - fed, know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
 how I'd sinned, Till my guilt-y soul to-pleas-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
 as my King, Now my raptur'd soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
 down to man! O the might-y grief that God did open At Cal - va - ry.



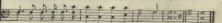
Chorus.



Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was need-ful to me;



There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry! A - men.



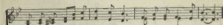
C. D. Martin.

COMPOSED, 1838, BY JOHN A. CARP,
LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

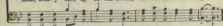
W. B. Martin.



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



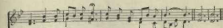
He - nenth His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers force your path as - side, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Love, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



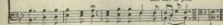
Chorus.



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



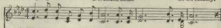
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.



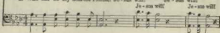
Isa Dickey Ogden.

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J. A. Johnson, Boston.

B. D. Ashley.



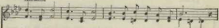
1. Who will o - pen ear-ey's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 3. Who can re-cep-tion dead-to-and-buried? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 4. Who will be my dear-est friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!



As for per-don I im - pleat? Je - sus, bleas-ed Je - sus will!
 Make me pure, with-out, with - out? Je - sus, bleas-ed Je - sus will!
 Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bleas-ed Je - sus will!
 Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bleas-ed Je - sus will!



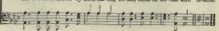
Repeat.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov-ing har-bor with,
 ever - by with



He will each and ev-ry need ful-ful, Je - sus, bleas-ed Je - sus will! A-men.



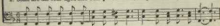
Mrs. Frank A. Brock.

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Published by G. & C. G. G. Co.

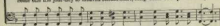
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to-day!
2. Man-y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to-day!
3. Man-y have hear-ten too hear-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to-day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to-day!



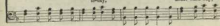
That it be in-the-neighborly deed—Help some-bod-y to-day!
 Then hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to-day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev-ry-where, Help some-bod-y to-day!
 Some one the jour-ney to Heav'n should start, Help some-bod-y to-day!



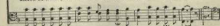
Chorus.



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



never be called, The friendless befriended, Oh, help some-bod-y to-day! A - MEN.



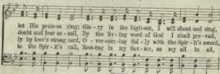
R. K. C.

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R. K. C. Co.



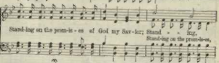
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fail, Lie-t'ning ev-'ry re-ment



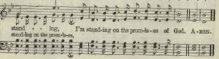
let His praise sing; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear no-sail, By the Tri-um word of God I shall pre-vail,
by the love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the promises, stand-ing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the promises,



stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-men,
stand-ing on the promises,

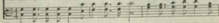
James M. Gray.

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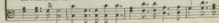
D. B. Towser.



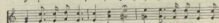
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it above
2. Once I was foolish, and sin ruled my heart, Once I lay my footsteps down
3. Thro' sin - a - wall-ing, to mor - it had I; Mar - ry had saved me, or
4. But - for a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flowed, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to



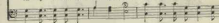
I have be-Saved; Naught ex-ceed-ed, pride I a-band; I'm on - ly a
 dard to de-part; Je - sus hath freed me, hap - py my case; I now am a
 sin I must say His had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell. O, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a



sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!



On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to



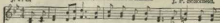
God be the glo - ry, I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! A-men.



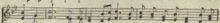
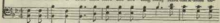
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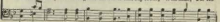
1. *Pharmaceuticals*



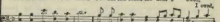
1. When my debt to God was rest- ing on my soul, And I tried the
2. My ac- count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
3. Great - i - tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate-ful for
4. When I stand a - lone and face the set - ting sun. And dark-ness ob-




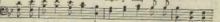
down-ward road, I looked up
 hear - y look; Je - sus said
 gifts be - stowed; And my song
 scores the road, He will guide



can-reel the debt I owed. So - you can-reel the debt I



Je - su It - al The night-y  Grace di - vine touch'd my



and and made me whole, When He can call the dead I need A grave



253 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

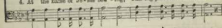
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

Copyright, 1881, by W. H. Doane, Boston.

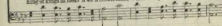
W. H. Doane.



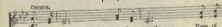
1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus or - er As a shield from ev'-ry foe;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus low - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,



It with joy and con-fest give you, Take it then, where-e'er you go.
It keep-eth close round you gall- er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - solve us, And His wings our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



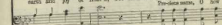
Chorus.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! O how sweet! Hope of



earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre-cious name, O how



sweet . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - men.
sweet, how sweet!



C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GARNER.

Chas. H. Garfield.

1. There's a call come ring-ing o'er the rest-less waves, "Send the Light! ...
 2. We have heard the Mas-sa-chu-setts call to-day, "Send the Light! ...
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-ry-where a-bound; Send the Light! ...
 4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love, Send the Light! ...
 Send the Light!

Send the Light! There are souls to re-ceive, There are souls to save,
 Send the Light! And a guid-en-ee el-der at the cross we lay,
 Send the Light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-ry-where be found,
 Send the Light! Let us path-er-ize for a crown a-bove,
 Send the Light!

Refrain.
 Send the Light! ... Send the Light! ... Send the Light! ... the
 Send the Light! Send the Light! Send the Light!

Shine - ed you - get Light! Let it shine from shore to
 the shine - ed you - get light! Let it shine

2.
 shore shine . . . for-ev-er-more, A-MEN.
 from shore to shore Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

Isaac Watts.

REVERENTLY ADAPTED BY MISS MARY HARRISON.
ORIGINAL LYRIC BY ISAC WATTS.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - lone, and did my Sav - ing blood? And did my Son - 'reign dead?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He granted up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe

Would He de-vote that ex - cised head For such a worm as I?
A - wai - ling pit - y grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, Tho' all that I can do

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled away, I was there by faith

I re - ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - MEN.

Jessie Brown Porcoda,

COMPOSER, with an introduction by
E. H. KIRKMAN, CHORDS.

Henry F. Morton.

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

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

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on

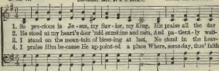
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine. There is grace and

pow'r, in the try - ing hour, in the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

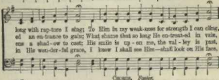
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. He pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King. His praise all the day
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-ter-nal-ly wait-
 3. I stand on the moun-tain of blis-sing at last, No stand in the heav-
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some-day, there' faith



long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 ed an en-trance to gain; What chance that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 was a shad-ow to cast; His smile be up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face.

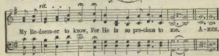
Crescendo. FASTER.



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



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

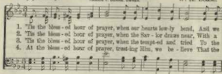


My Ex-duc-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-men.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1882, by Fanny J. Crosby, New York.

W. H. Doane.



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
 2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
 3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
 4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
 ten-der con-fes-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
 Sav-ior who loves them their sin-ful con-duc-tion; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
 bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of His



faith, His pre-ti-er-gion to share, What a balm for the wear-y
 cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wear-y
 heart He re-stores ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y
 trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y



O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of



prayer, What a balm for the wear-y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

Isaac Watts.

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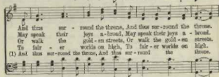
Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - hme to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand an - cored streets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry war be dry; We're



In a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
child - ren of the heav'nly King, But child - ren of the heav'nly King.
Here we reach the heav'nly fields, Ho - here we reach the heav'nly fields,
marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,



And thus we sur - round the throne, And thus we sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - bound, May speak their joys a - bound.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus we sur - round the throne, And thus we sur - round the throne.



Chorus.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Dear - ti - ful, heav - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing up to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The heav - ti - ful ci - ty of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-secrate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure dis-light of a sin-gle hour That by-lore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

love to see; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-rect; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I con-
 star-my soul; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

Soprano.

do-not draw to Thee,
 will be lost in Thine, Draw me near - - er, near-er, closer
 mine as fitted with thine
 rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,

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

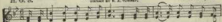
near-er, closer Lord, To Thy pre-cious, blood-buy side. A-men.

261 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

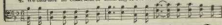
H. G. R.

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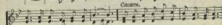
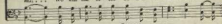
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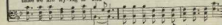
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell-ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from know-



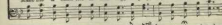
you? ... Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
lost? ... Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
Word? ... Have you spo-ken the word of sal - va - tion To
sin? ... We will har - ri - en be and a life - chance To



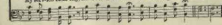
read - y His ser-vice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
Those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray: My life pos-sess-ing.



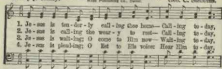
My ser-vice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A-MEN.



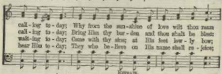
Harry J. Crosby.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home— Call-ing to-day,
 2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest— Call-ing to-day,
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing; O come to Him now— Wait-ing to-day,
 4. Je-sus is plead-ing; O list to His voice! Hear Him to-day,



call-ing to-day; Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam
 call-ing to-day; Bring Him thy bur-den and thou shalt be blest
 wait-ing to-day; Come with thy sin; at His feet low-ly bow;
 hear Him to-day; They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice;

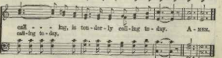
Kordecki.



Far-ther and far-ther a-way!
 He will not turn thee a-way. Call - - ing to-day, . . .
 Come, and no longer do-lay.
 Quick-ly a-rise and a-way. Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day,



Call - - ing to-day, . . . Je-sus is ten-der-ly
 Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day, Je-sus is ten-der-ly



call - - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day. A-men.



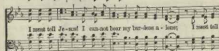
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - ble; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-ble; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world is e - vil al - lured and O how my heart is



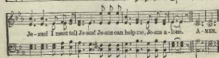
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin; I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



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

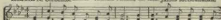


I must tell Je - sus I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

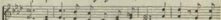
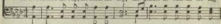


Je - sus I must tell Je - sus Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - MEN.

Maxwell N. Corns, *Composer*, and *Lyricist*, By David B. Johnson, *Arranger*. Published by James McGraw-Hill.



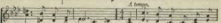
1. Not now, but in the coming year, It may be in the far-ter
2. We'll catch the long-her thread a - g - in, And ex - hibit what we have be-
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cheer-ful
4. Why what we long for is not of all, It - takes so oft our ex - per
5. One knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with con-er - ing



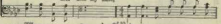
hand, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time,
 gaze, How's will the mys - ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then,
 place; Why sorrow has ceased when sorrow be - gins; 'Tis there, some-time,
 hand; Why hopes are crushed and one - day fall, Up there, some-time,
 hand; Some-time with tear - less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there,



we'll un - der-stand. Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for



He doth hold thy hand; The' dark thy way, still sing and
 doth hold thy hand;



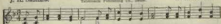
prize, . . . Some-time, some-time, we'll un - der-stand. A-men.



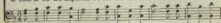
J. H. Burleigh.

Copyright, 1911, W. B. E. Turner, Boston.

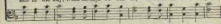
D. B. Townsen.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, Not His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our soul He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. There is fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet Or we'll walk by His



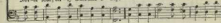
shade on our way! While we do His good-will, He a - lones with us still,
drives it a - way! Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frozen or a cross,
al - ter we lay; For the la - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go, —



Chorus.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - while while we trust and o - bey.
But is best if we trust and o - bey, Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



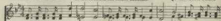
way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A - men.



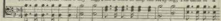
Rhode Dramatic Yolo.

ANTHONY, 117 N. BROADWAY.

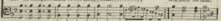
J. Lincoln Hall.



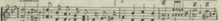
1. { Just to tell the Master's glo - ry, Just to witness for His glo - ry, There are many
{ Speak a word to friend or neighbor, Joy-ous for the Master in - his, Tell - ing of His
2. { Just a word, the King con-fer-ing, Just to point the path to blest-ing, Some have say-ed,
{ There is work that waits your doing, Finger back, your strength re-claim-ing, Serv - ice for His
3. { Just to live a life as low - ly, Witness for the King as he - ly, Let your light as
{ Just a word, His voice - say - ing, Just a word to help the stray-ing, Tell them of a



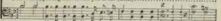
- wait - ing in their doubt and darkness, Win them for Him! }
Joy - ful - rise, His love and kindness, (Chant.....) } Win them for Him!
- serv - ice heard the call as ser - vice, Win them for Him! }
His - for you stand dai - ly now - for, (Chant.....) } Win them for Him!
- glide that those around may know Him, Win them for Him! }
Say - for them, how much we owe Him, (Chant.....) } Win them for Him!



Chorus.



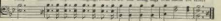
- { Serve Him, in - her for His glo-ry, and your witness His will bless, }
{ Serve Him, pointing those around you to the (Chant)..... }
Serve Him,



- tell the wonderful story, and His love in - vine con-fer, and glad-ly Light that no'er can



- live, Haste, for days are winging, work to Je - sus bring-ing, Win them for Him!

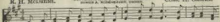


267 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

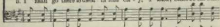
R. H. McDaniel.

Copyright, 1904, by R. H. McDaniel.
Published by the McDaniel Music Co.,
100 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

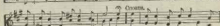
Chas. H. Oakford.



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is sted - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je - sus came



in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my shameful ways now - y are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go.



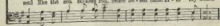
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my heart!
Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart!



heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Faded by e'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,



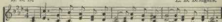
and the the sea, hi - long roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



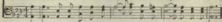
L. R. B.

COMPOSED, WRIT. BY CHARLES E. TILGNER.

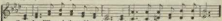
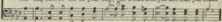
L. R. Bridgers.



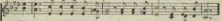
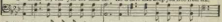
1. Some day I'll cross the sea-ter stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this sor-ry life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you tear - at on His way, There' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



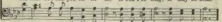
Some day I'll lay my bur-den down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my dear-er's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll wait with you and lead you home.



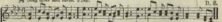
Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev - er - more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For - get the sor-row-ful long years,
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and ready now to go,
 O brother, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin.



I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon,
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon,
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a - glow; It won't be long, it may be soon,
 Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.



¶ Sing after last note, F. No.



F. No.

D.S. - There'll be no more tears, There'll be no more tears, In heav'n's shore, where all is love,



Rev. Alfred Barratt.

REVISED, 1884, BY E. J. MORRIS.
NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Are the bar - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the
 2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your
 3. He a - lone can re - deem you from dark - ness and woe; He will
 4. Cast your cares on the Lord - for each mo - ment, each day, He will

weight of your sin fill your heart with de - spair? Go to Je - sus for
 grief and your sad - ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for -
 wash all your sin till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful
 guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your

all, He will an - swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
 ask - ed, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
 grace you may con - stant - ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
 here and your sor - row a - way; There is no one who loves you so.

Refrain.

There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so. For the

cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is none who loves you so. A - MEN.

Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner.

Composed by H. L. Turner, Boston.
Copyright, 1880, by H. L. Turner.
Published by H. L. Turner.

James McInerahan.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When a light there
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-ght, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing. That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-ight Will burst in-to light in the
min-ute and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, His a-
mid-ness, no dread and no cry-bag, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
time of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."

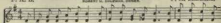
Chorus.
O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Have we shent the glad song, Christ re-

turn-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

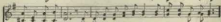
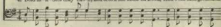
P. A. B.

COMPOSED BY P. A. B. BLACKMAN.
ROBERT L. BROWN, CHORUS.

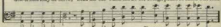
P. A. Blackman.



1. I do be-lieve the Bi-ble; the bless-ed Word of God, And none can be like
2. It was my pa-rent's com-mand, to them its truths were giv'n, And none 'ry oft a
3. I once was lost, and dy-ing in dark-ness and de-spair, And o'er my lost con-
4. Hold in-a-d-d-ate may run-a, and save the bless-ed Soul, And with their good-ness



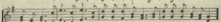
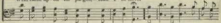
prom-ise-as I dis-cover; It points me to the pathway the saints and martyrs trod,
pictures sweet death wears Of that "old-fashioned Bi-ble that lay up-on the stand,"
dis-tin-ct long I grieved, Un-til I search'd the Bi-ble and learned of Je-sus there,
doc-trines may de-sire; Still all the while the Bi-ble brings peace to those who look



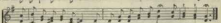
BROWN.



My Fa-ther is its au-thor,—And I be-lieve.
In life, in death, it cheer'd them,—And I be-lieve. Yes, I be-lieve the bless-ed
Whom-er-ly bless and saved me,—When I be-lieved.
With faith up-on its pa-ges,—And I be-lieve.



Word of God, It marks the path His peo-ple all have trod; The story, from crea-tion,



All thro' to "Re-vo-lu-tion," shows proof of in-spi-ra-tion,—And I be-lieve.



J. R. M.

BOSTON, 1882, BY WALL-WOOD CO.

J. B. Mackay.

1. Is there an-y one can help us, one who understands our hearts, When the
 2. Is there an-y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
 3. Is there an-y one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his
 4. Is there an-y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will

themselves have explored them, till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thize-us with us,
 faint and fall be-neath it in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us,
 heart is burdened down with pain and woe: Who can speak the word of par-don
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us,

who in wondrous love in-parts just the ver-y, ver-y blis-ting that we need?
 and the heav-y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an ev-er - last-ing arm?
 that af-fore a sweet re-lease, And whose blood-ous wash and make us white as snow?
 and dis-pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide?

Chorus.
 Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One, When af-
 Yes, there's One, on-ly One,

Refuge from the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One,

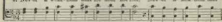
D. W. Whittle.

BOSTON, 1888, BY HART, WHITTLE & BOSTON. 1888.

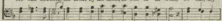
May Whittle Moody.



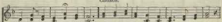
1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je - sus, a
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bar-den that
3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a cry-an, Nev-er a tear-drop and
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He death not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that



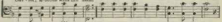
now His di-vine; Look-ing to Je - sus all glo - ry death shine, Mo-ment by
He death not fear, Nev-er a sur-row that He death not share, Mo-ment by
nev-er a mourn; Nev-er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo-ment by
He can-not lose; Mo-ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my



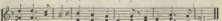
Chorus.



mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo-ment, I'm un-der His care; Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love;
mo-ment He thinks of His own,
Sav-er, a-bides with me still.



Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life been a-bove; Look-ing to Je - sus all



glo - ry death shine; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.



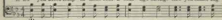
Ray H. York.

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M. Don Moroney.



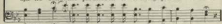
1. Have you felt as - sur-ance that your soul is saved? Do you have the
2. Does the Ho - ly Spir - it wit - ness in your soul? That the blood of
3. Does your will to Je - sus in sub-mis-sion bow? Do you know the
4. Do you meet temp - ta - tions with a cour-age strong? Are you stand-ing



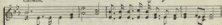
stand-ing that your heart has craved? Are you fal - ly trust-ing in the
Je - sus makes your spir - it whole? Is your heart with Je - sus now in
stand-ing of sal - va - tion now? Does your hope in Je - sus hap-py
draw a - gainst all forms of wrong? Are you not shat-ter - ed by the



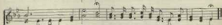
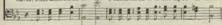
liv - ing Word? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
Hell at - tord? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
peace at - tord? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
Spir - it's word? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?



Common.



Saved (Yes, I'm saved) for - ev - er! I am saved for - ev - er thro' my ris - en Lord!



Saved (Yes, I'm saved) for - ev - er! I am saved for - ev - er thro' my ris - en Lord!



276 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.


Rev. Alfred Barratt.

ORIGINAL AND REVISED LYRICS

Thos. Boston.



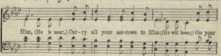
1. Is your heart a'er - bar-tered with its grief and care? Are you
2. Do you long for com - fort in your sore dis - tress? Come to
3. Are you sad and lone - ly, in the path - way drear? Car - ry
4. Let the Star - of guide you all a - long the way, From the



fast - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je - su at the
Christ your Star - of and your dis - tress; Tell it all to Je - su, He will
then no lon - ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je - su, He is
haste-ward pathway set - at go a - stray, All your heav-y bur - dens He will



Change.
place of prayer, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
head and cross, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him. Car - ry all your sor - rows to
ref - y near, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
red a - way, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.



Him, He is near, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him, (He will hear) On your



heart He love will tell, If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.

1. My sins are for - giv - en by God a - lone. He blot - ted them
 2. As far as the east is from the west, He blot - ted them
 3. I'll tell the sweet sto - ry from day to day, He blot - ted them
 4. Oh, come with your sins to the ris - en Lord, He'll blot them all

out for - ev - er, I've an - chored my soul in His bound - less love,
 out for - ev - er, He gave me a home of e - ter - nal rest,
 out for - ev - er, As hap - py I go on my home - ward way,
 out for - ev - er, Come trust in the prom - ise of His word,

Chorus.
 He blot - ted them out for - ev - er,
 He blot - ted them out for - ev - er, For - ev - er and ev - er,
 He blot - ted them out for - ev - er,
 He'll blot them all out for - ev - er.

He blot - ted them out for - ev - er, Through Je - sus the

Son, the Cri - d - del - ed One, He blot - ted them out for - ev - er.

Rev. Frank E. Goss.

COMPOSITION, BOSTON, MASS., 1882.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained The deep - ly sor -
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a lone - ly
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp -
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est one

sith or weary As the bar - den press, And the same dis - tress,
 dead and lone? As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades,
 in - the strong: When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,

Chorus.
 And the way grows wear - y and long? O yes, He cares, I
 Does He care a - rough to be near? Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is it aching to Him? Does He care?

know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief. When the days are

wear - y, The long night drear - y, I know my Sav - ing cares. (He cares.)

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rag-ged cross, The ev-angel of
 2. Oh, that old rag-ged cross, so dis-posed by the world, Has a won-drous at-
 3. In the old rag-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rag-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

not-ry and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 was - born for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 born - to I see; For Jesus on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 preach gladly hear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way.

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

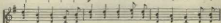
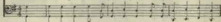
cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rag-ged cross,

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

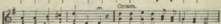
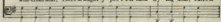
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 Geo. Walker Whitcomb, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Albert Simpson Rehn, Cincinnati, Ohio.



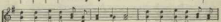
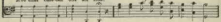
1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in, And I walk with Je - sus
2. Man - y passed me by, Heed-ing not my cry, But the Sav - ior heard and
3. There's a prom - ise sure, And it shall en - dure, "In, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet-er peace, There is per - fect peace, And my Fa - ther's word is



day by day: O His hand so strong Holds me all day long, And with
 res - cued me: I was lost and blind, Je - sus was so kind, In, He
 all the way, And the' thou as - sail, I shall still pre - vail, For I
 won - der no more, There is might - y pow'r For each try - ing hour, There is



Him I will not go a - stray, He will hold me with His mighty hand!
 taught my eyes and now I see, know He helps me watch and pray,
 love that "rest-eth" on all fear.



He will hold me with His might - y hand! In temp - ta - tion He will



help me stand! For He will hold me with His might - y hand.

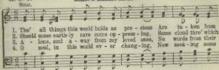


281 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.
Solo.

INTERNATIONAL HYMNARY, 1936, BY HERBERT A. TOWSE.
ROBERT H. COLLINGS WARDEN.

Herbert G. Towse.



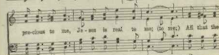
1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre-cious Are to - less from
2. Should some earth-ly care come op-press-ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O and, in this world or - er chang-ing, New seek-ing some



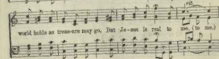
we have be - low, There's one pre-cious truth that I treas - ure,
I can not see, I've one con-stant Friend, It is Je - sus,
I can I hear, And yet there is One far more pre-cious,
I find that is true, There's One who is stand-fast, un - fail - ing.



Je - sus is real, this I know. Je - sus is real and
He is as real as can be.
Je - sus is real, and is dear.
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.



pre-cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me.) All that the



world holds as treasure may go, But Je - sus is real to me; (to me.)

Stepping in the Light.

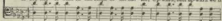
L. H. Edwards.

Copyright, 1911, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick,
New York, N. Y.

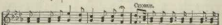
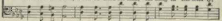
Revised Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



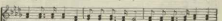
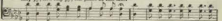
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - lor, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pleading more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot - steps of gen - tile - like - ness, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - lor, Up - ward, still up - ward we'll



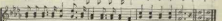
Sav - lor and King; Shap - ing our lives by His mem - or - an - ple,
 torn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly pro - mised,
 fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His tem - ple."



Hap - py, how hap - py, the songs that we bring,
 Hap - py, how hap - py, our praise on each day. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
 Hap - py, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - lone.
 Hap - py, how hap - py, our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - lor, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; Now



beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - lor, Led in paths of light. A - men.

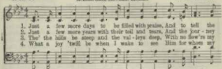


283 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

COMPOSED, LYRIC, BY JAMES A. HARRINGTON.
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE SECRETARY.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



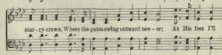
1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
 2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the joy-ry
 3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
 4. What a joy 'till be when I wake to see Him for whom my



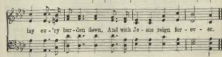
old, old sta-ry; Then, when twi-ght falls, and my soul calls,
 will be soul-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
 way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a storm,
 heart is burn-ing! Nev-er more to sigh, nev-er more to die—



Chorus,
 I shall go to Him in glo-ry.
 With a - bor - ni - ty to bleed - ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
 Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.
 For that day my heart is yearn-ing.



star-ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev-er; At His feet I'll



lay ev-'ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for-ev-er.

W. T. Stegert.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. A - - - - - came to Je - - - - - me by night, To ask Him the
 2. To child - - - - - dren of men, at - - - - - tend to the word He - - - - - said - - - - - man - - - - - ly
 3. Oh, ye who would en - - - - - ter that glo - - - - - rious rest, And sing with the
 4. A - - - - - dear one in Heav - - - - - en thy heart yearns to see, At the heav - - - - - e - - - - - ful

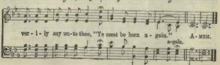
way of sal - - - - - va - - - - - tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
 at - - - - - tended by Je - - - - - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
 re - - - - - turned the song of the blest, The life or - - - - - er last - - - - - ing if ye would ob - - - - - tain,
 gate may be waiting for thee; Then let to the note of this ad - - - - - vance re - - - - - strain:




"Ye must be born a - - - - - gain." (a - - - - - gain.) "Ye must be born a - - - - -



gain," "Ye must be born a - - - - - gain, a - - - - - gain, I ver - - - - - i - - - - - ly,

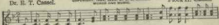


ver - - - - - i - - - - - ly say on - - - - - to thee, "Ye must be born a - - - - - gain, a - - - - - gain, A - - - - - MEN.

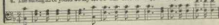
Dr. H. T. Caswell.

COMPOSED BY DR. H. T. CASWELL.

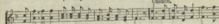
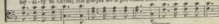
Flores H. Caswell.



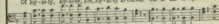
1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis *loy-al-ty*, *loy-al-ty*.
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis *loy-al-ty*, *loy-al-ty*.
3. Come, join our *loy-al* throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis *loy-al-ty*, *loy-al-ty*.
4. The strength of youth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



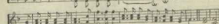
loy-al-ty to Christ; His mes-sa-ge rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-bove the dark and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the tri-um-phant note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



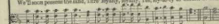
Of *loy-al-ty*, *loy-al-ty*, Yes, *loy-al-ty* to Christ, "On to vic-to-ry!" On to



vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Com-man-der; "On!" We'll march at His com-mand I,



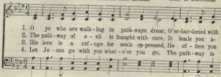
We'll march pos-sess the land, Thro' *loy-al-ty*, *loy-al-ty*, Yes, *loy-al-ty* to Christ, A-men.



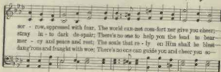
Rev. Alfred Hart.

REVISED, 1880, BY ALFRED A. HART
OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK

Geo. C. Stebbins.

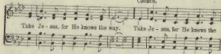


1. O ye who are walk-ing in path-ways dark, O'er-lad-den with
 2. The path-way of a-vil is fraught with care, It leads you a-
 3. His love is a ref-uge for souls op-pressed, He ed-ifies you
 4. Let Je-sus go with you wher-e'er you go, The path-way is



nor-ow, oppressed with fear, The world can-not com-fort nor give you cheer;
 stray in - to dark de-spair; There's no one to help you the load to bear;
 mor-ry and pains and rest; The soul that re-ly on Him shall be blest;
 dang'rous and fraught with woe; There's no one can guide you and cheer you so—

Chorus.



Take Je-sus, for He knows the way. Take Je-sus, for He knows the



way: ... With Je-sus you nev-er can stray, ... In weal or in
 the way; can stray



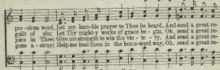
weal, Wher-ever you go, Take Je-sus, for He knows the way. (The way.)

D. B. McKee.
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D. B. McKee, Secy.

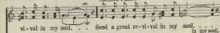


1. Com - ing now to Thee, O Christ my Lord, Trust - ing on - ly in Thy
2. Send the Ho - ly Spir - it now with - in, Breat - ing out the flame and
3. Send a great re - vi - val, Lord, in me, Help me that I may re -
4. Help me go for Thee, dear Lord, to - day, To some lone - ly soul that's



pre - cious word, Let my lone - ly prayer to Thee be heard, And send a great re -
gale of sin; Let Thy mighty works of grace be - gin, Oh, send a great re -
vival in Thee; Give me strength to win the vic - to - ry, And send a great re -
gale a - way; Help me lead them in the home - ward way, Oh, send a great re -

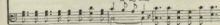
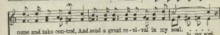
Crescendo. Pastor.




vi - val in my soul. . . . Send a great re - vi - val in my soul. in my soul,




Send a great re - vi - val in my soul, my soul, Let the Ho - ly Spir - it

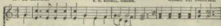
come and take con - trol, And send a great re - vi - val in my soul. in my soul.



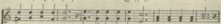
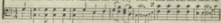
W. S. Brown.

COMPOSED, FIRST BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
S. M. BOSTON, MASS.

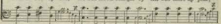
Chas. H. Gabriel.



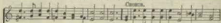
1. A call for lay-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the one-fist,
2. Yea, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry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



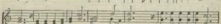
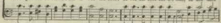
Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
He-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



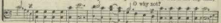
Chorus.



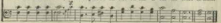
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? A vol-un-tee for Je-sus, A sol-dier



true! Oth-ers have en-listed, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,



We will an-swer hear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? A-man,



Art. from *Neve-mester*, 1671.

James McGlashan.

1. Ha - ven Je - su will re - ceive; Send this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n's by path-way leave, All who be - lieve, all who still
 He will take the sin - ful men; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, But - le - led the last de - mand.
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Hear'n with Him I en - ter in.

Refrain.

Sing it o'er, and o'er a - gain, Christ re -
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Make the message plain,
 Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Make the message plain,

clear and plain, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A - men.
 Make the message plain

290 Carry Your Burden With a Smile.

R. B. McK.

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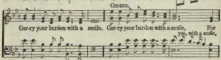
R. B. McKinney.



1. Do you wear - y grow on your tail - some road? Car - ry your
 2. Does the sky seem dark and the way grow dim? Car - ry your
 3. There are hearts that long for the sun - shine bright, Car - ry your
 4. Cast your all on him, on His pay'r do - pend, Car - ry your



bur - den with a smile; Do you at - rest sink 'neath your heavy load?
 bur - den with a smile; Look to God, in faith, put your trust in Him.
 bur - den with a smile; Let the glad song ring thro' the dark - est night.
 bur - den with a smile; For the King of kings is your dear - est Friend.



Chorus.
 Car - ry your burden with a smile. Car - ry your burden with a smile. For
 you, with a smile,



Solo.
 sigh - ing was never worth the while; That 'will help the faint and
 not worth the while;

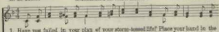


weary a'er some long and rugged mile, If you'll carry your burden with a smile.
 with a smile.

R. B. McK.

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R. B. McKinney.



1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
 2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad - ow dim? Place your hand in the
 3. Would you let - low the will of the sin - er Lord? Place your hand in the
 4. In your soul bar-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



- nail-scarred hand: Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?
 nail-scarred hand: Christ will com - fort your heart, set your trust in Him.
 nail-scarred hand: Would you live in the light of His bless - ed world?
 nail-scarred hand: Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - or in.



Chorus.



Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred



hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the



and. He's your dear - est friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.



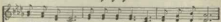
Rev. Wm. Poole.

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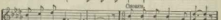
Chas. H. Gabriel.



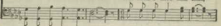
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Dear-ing my bor-ders
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-

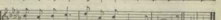
Just when I fear; Rea-d-y to help me, read-y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv-ing for bor-ders pleas-ure a - now,
all the day long; For all my sor-row giv-ing a song,
on His I call; Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall,


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




Just when I need Him most; Je-sus is near to

com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A-men.



Rev. J. Outman, Jr.

Copyright, 1910, by J. M. Gossell.

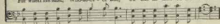
Hamp Gossell.



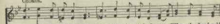
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is say-ing, "Come!" Hear the Tri-um-phant, "No longer roam!"
4. "Truly come de-lit," words the Lord to the ill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



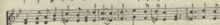
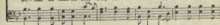
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too,"
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too,"
 But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too,
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.



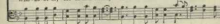
Chorus.



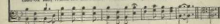
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



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



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



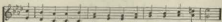
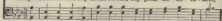
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Published by The National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., Inc.

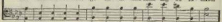
Chas. H. Gabriel.



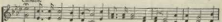
1. Lord, as of old, at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might-y works for Thine pre - pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self re - course, all sin de - stroy! With our best zeal on - die
4. Speak, Lord! be - lieve Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,



With clear - ing, pe - ri - ty - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
 Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
 Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
 And will not let Thee go un - til Thee bless - ing we re - new.



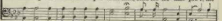
Cresc.



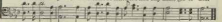
Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the Pen - te - cost - al pow'r! Thy flood - gates of



bless - ing on us there o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



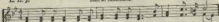
Pen - te - cost - al pow'r, That showers be - reav - ing and Thy name glo - ri - fied!



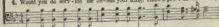
L. R. J.

Copyright, 1902, by L. R. Jones, New York, N. Y.
Sung by the Author.

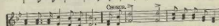
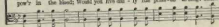
L. R. Jones.



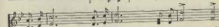
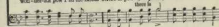
1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood.
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pain? There's pow'r in the blood.
3. Would you be white - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood.
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood.



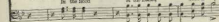
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er - ride a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
 pow'r in the blood; His-stories are told in His His - giv - ing love; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His pre - sent to sing? There's



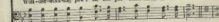
won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Won-der-working pow'r



In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood of the Lamb; There is



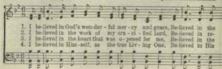
Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the pre-cious blood of the Lamb. A-men.



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Arr. from W. L. by H. Nathan.

James McGraw.



1. I be-lieved in God's won-der - ful mer - cy and grace, Be-lieved in the
 2. I be-lieved in the work of my sin - ni - ble Lord, Be-lieved in re-
 3. I be-lieved in the heart that was o - pened for me, Be-lieved in the
 4. I be-lieved in Him - self, as the true Liv - ing One, Be-lieved in His

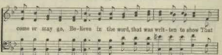


smile of His re - con-ciled face, Be-lieved in His mes-sage of par - don and peace;
 deep-then a - lone thro' His blood, Be-lieved in my Sav - ior by trust-ing His word;
 love flow-ing blood and free, Be-lieved that a yoke was all laid to the tree;
 pres-ence at high on the throne, Be-lieved in His com-ing in glo - ry full soon.

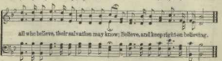
Chorus.



I be-lieved, and I keep on be-liev-ing. Be-lieved and the feel-ing may



come or may go, Be-lieve in the work that was writ - ten to show That



all who be-lieve, their sal - va-tion may know, Be-lieve, and keep right on be-liev-ing.

297 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

Adapted by R. O. S.

Copyright, 1908, by ROBERT O. SELLERS.

R. O. Sellers.

1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, is Thy Word En - ab - led and fixed on high;
3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Tho' I'm Whom Thy Word hath be - fold, The Sav - er and Morn - ing Star.

To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'nly way.
Thy faith - ful - ness ex - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er night.
For Thou art my por - tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days.
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - way.

Chorus - Pa. III. II.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart,..... That I might not
in my heart,

sin a - gainst Thee,..... That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee,

ad lib.

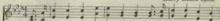
I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

298 The Long, Long Road With Jesus.

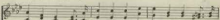
Rev. Alfred Barrett.

Copyright, 1914, BY HARRY DIXON LOOM, CHICAGO, ILL. U.S. PATENT OFFICE.

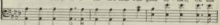
Harry Dixon Loom.



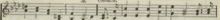
1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is lay - er
2. On my path there shines a ra-diant light, And the bells of joy ring
3. When my heart is falter, He makes me strong, And He hears my ear - den
4. I shall reach that lay - er gold - en shore, There to dwell in joy for-



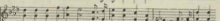
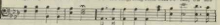
er - ry day; I am walk - ing in the nar - row way, On the
day and night; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, On the
all day long; I am sing - ing now a glad new song, On the
er - er - more; If I fol - low Him who goes be - fore, On the



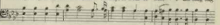
Chorus.



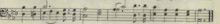
long, long road with Je - sus, On the long, long road with Je - sus, On the



long, long road with Je - sus, Thro' the days of woe or weal, I am sing - ing



as I go, On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him,



299 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

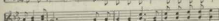
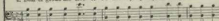
Virgil F. Brock.

Copyright, 1907, by Virgil F. Brock, New York.

Harmonized by Virgil F. Brock.



1. I was lost in sin, but Je-sus re-cued me, He's a won-der-ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful
3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful
4. Sweet-er grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful



Sav-ior to me; I was bound by fear, but Je-sus set me free.
 Sav-ior to me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find.
 Sav-ior to me; (He won-der-ful) He has-given my sin, His drink my ev-'ry tear.
 Sav-ior to me; Sweet-er is His grace while pre-siding on my way.



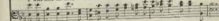
He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me, (He won-der-ful) For He's a won-der-ful



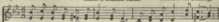
Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; won-der-ful



I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in; He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.



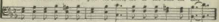
James Booth.

REVISED, 1922, BY JAMES BOOTH AND FANNED W. THORPE.
MADE IN U.S.A. COLUMBIA, U.S.A.

1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri-als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



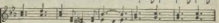
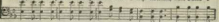
Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
 Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-fess, He is the best for me.
 Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 Je - sus shall hear me to you-der shore, He is the best for me.



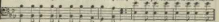
Chorus.



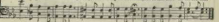
I choose Je - sus when I need a friend, What I
 Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help - ful friend; What I need I



need I know that He will need, I have proved Him,
 know that some - ty He to me will true - ly need; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and



good and true is He; I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me, . . .
 al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Sav-ior Jesus, He is the best of all for me.



B. B. McK.

REVISED AND ELABORATED BY
ARTHUR J. LLOYD, LONDON

B. B. McKinney.

1. Smile when your heart is all troub - led, Smile when you're wear - ry and blue;
 2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your bat - tle with sin;
 3. Smile when your sor - rows are heav - y, Smile when you're long - ing for rest;
 4. Smile and give glo - om your own - ship, Smile as you meet with the throng.

Smile, for the Sun - lor is guid - ing, Smile, for the Sun - lor is true.
 Smile and your cour - age will strength - en, Smile - ing will help you to win.
 Nev - er give up in the con - flict, Smile - ing is al - ways the best.
 Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with glad - ness and song.

Chorus, Ant.

Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - er, Sor - row and

sigh - ing you may be - come, Smile, smile, burden of life will grow

light - er, If you treat Je - sus and smile, smile, smile....

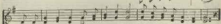
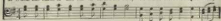
I. H. R.

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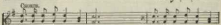
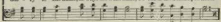
I. H. Reynolds.



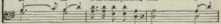
1. When thine eyes are bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When shadows of sorrow, when in death's grips you're, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;



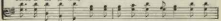
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 God a-lone can save thee' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 Glor-ify to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.



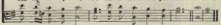
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-
 Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a



He who re-lishes ev-'ry tear, He will
 Friend is He in-deed



has-ten ev-'ry tear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.

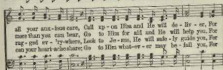


Richard Hainsworth. Copyright, 1914, by Hainsworth & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Hallelujah



1. Plead the pre-cious prom-ise of Je - sus, Cast up-on Him
 2. When the storm and stress of life sur-round you, An - the loud songs
 3. When per-plex-ing prob-lems you are fac-ing, And the path seems
 4. Hal - terned what sur-rows may en - tail you, There is One who

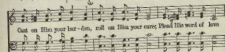


all your anx-i-ous care, Call up-on Him and He will do - be - or, For
 more than you can hear, Go to Him for aid and He will help you, For
 rag-ged or - try-where, Look to Je - sus, He will sure-ly guide you, For
 can your heart-ache share, Go to Him what-ev - er may be - fall you, For

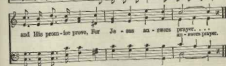
Chorus.



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



Cast on Him your bur-den, roll on Him your care; Plead His word of love



and His prom-ise prove, For Je - sus an - sours prayer, . . .
 an - sours prayer.

Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Marsh, Yonkers Publishing Co., Inc.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when our - se was filled with His praise - sa, One day when
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
 4. One day the grave could con - tain Him no lon - ger, One day the
 5. One day the tramp - et will sound for His con - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, ... Je - sus came forth to be
 raised Him to life on the tree; ... Cal - le - ing us - pe - ple, do -
 not - ed, from out - far - ing tree; ... An - gels came down e'er His
 shore called a - way from the shore; ... Then He a - rose, a - ver
 sion with His glo - rious will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is His...
 spread and re - joice - ed; Fear - ing our sin, my Re - deem - er is His...
 back to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - ior is His...
 death He had conquered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ex - er - cise...
 for - ed once bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!

Cresc.

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, His
 car - ried my sin far a - way; ... Ris - ing, He just - i - fied

One Day!

One - ly for - ev - er - One day He's com - ing - O glo - ri - ous day!

305

Just for Today.

Edwin S. Rexford.

Music published by Victor H. Doane.

Victor H. Doane

1. My Fa - ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thee will grant the plea,
 2. I do not ask a life of ease, Nor for a smooth and thorn-less road;
 3. Strength for the present hour and need - This give me, then, I'm blest in - deed;
 4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some good work glad, for Je - sus' sake;

For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day - just for to-day.
 Simply for strength enough to bear Life's dai - ly bur - dens an - y-where.
 For each day, as it comes, will bring suf - fi - cient strength for an - y-thing.
 Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.

Chorus.
 Strength for each tri - al and each task, What more, my Fa - ther, should I ask?

Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness, - this I pray.

W. Spencer Walton.

A. J. Gordon.



1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Woe - ry and sick with sin,
 2. He washed the blood - ing sin - words, And poured in oil and wine;
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed,
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face,
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest;



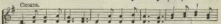

And on His blood - shed he's not me, Back to His fold a - gain. While
 He white - pared to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine," I
 A mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
 While with a - dor - ing won - der His blood - stains I re - trace. In
 I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When





an - gels in His pres - ence sing Un - til the courts of Heav - en ring.
 nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice
 won - dered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 seems as if e - ter - nal days are far too short to spend His praise.
 He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.



Chorus.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that



In Tenderness He Sought Me.

He's me to the fold, Wondrous grace that led me to the fold A-men.

307 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

Copyright, 1902, by THE LAMAR BROTHERS CO.
MADE IN AMERICA.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;

2. Christ, the bless-ed One, given to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;

3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Ere- now, led to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Words of Life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and de-vot;

All so free-ly giv-ing, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Je-sus, on-ly sav-ing, Won-der-ful words of Life.

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;

2. Christ, the bless-ed One, given to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;

3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Ere- now, led to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.

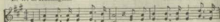
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Words of Life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and de-vot;

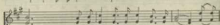
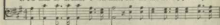
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. A. BRADY, COMPOSER OF ACCOMPANIMENT.

Tullius C. O'Keefe.

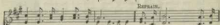


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - lieve in the just-ice here
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 rest, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

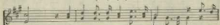
o - ver there,



rejoice in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God, O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the blest, O - ver there, o - ver
 watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there,

O - ver there,



there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there,

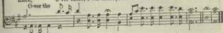
o - ver there,



The Home Over There.



There, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sis-ter is now o-ver there.
 o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-men.



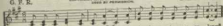
319

Why Do You Wait?

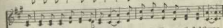
012

REPRODUCED FROM THE 1975-76 ANNUAL REPORT OF THE
COMMISSION OF THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITIES

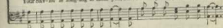
1999



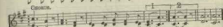
- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Why do you wait, dear brother, | Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? |
| 2. What do you hope, dear brother, | To gain by a far - ther de - lay? |
| 3. Do you not feel, dear brother, | His Spir - it now stir - ring with - in? |
| 4. Why do you wait, dear brother? | The bar - ren is pass - ing a - way, |



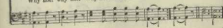
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sac-re-d-ed throne.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.



100



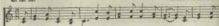
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A. YES.



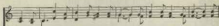
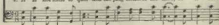
C. A. M.

COMPOSITION, BY WILLIAMS CO.

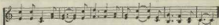
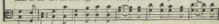
C. Austin Miles.



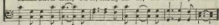
1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but



in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—If
burn-ing des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-dens a-cross the mil-lion's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
vinced to fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



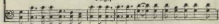
It be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my cal-cross there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
less my judg-ments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-stant an-y-where!



CHORUS.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, An-y-where! To heav-en to me, Where
I'll go,



If Jesus Goes With Me.

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.... His
 His cross, His
 cross to bear;... If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An-y-where!
 cross, His cross to bear

311

Pass Me Not.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF HARMONY SOCIETY

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
 While on others Thou art calling, (Chorus.....) Do not pass me by.
 2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lict
 Kneeling there in deep contrition, (Chorus.....) Help my un-belief.
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-cy, Would I seek Thy face
 Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (Chorus.....) Save me by Thy grace.
 4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (Chorus.....) When in Heav'n's host Thou art

D.S. - While on others Thou art call-ing, (Chorus.....) Do not pass me by.

Chorus.
 Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
 D. S.

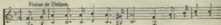
312 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sturma.

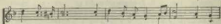
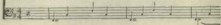
Sturma, M. J. P. P. P.

H. Ernest Nichol.

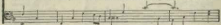
Voice in Dulcino.



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a nar - row to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



heart to the right,	A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
heart to the Lord,	A song that shall con - quere o - vil And
reign - ing a - lone,	With word as His Son to save us, And
now - row has tried,	That all of the world's great peo - ple Might



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



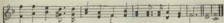
Chorus.



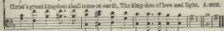
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And



We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



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



313 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Ways.

Living Hymns, L. M.

American Melody.



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful ways, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praises
2. He saw me re - luct in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Tho' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. He when I pass'd death's gloomy vale, And life and joy - ful peace re - valed full,




He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness is so free
And saved me from my last as - tute, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong
O may my last ex - pir-ing breath His lov - ing-kind - ness sing in death:




Love-ing-kind-ness, love-ing-kind-ness, His love-ing-kind-ness is so free.
Love-ing-kind-ness, love-ing-kind-ness, His love-ing-kind-ness is so great.
Love-ing-kind-ness, love-ing-kind-ness, His love-ing-kind-ness is so strong.
Love-ing-kind-ness, love-ing-kind-ness, His love-ing-kind-ness sing in death. A-MEN.



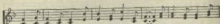
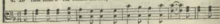
John H. Vinton.

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Published by the Author.

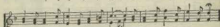
Ira D. Sankey.



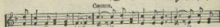
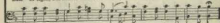
1. En-camp'd a-long the hills of light, To Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His banner o-ver us in love, Our sword the Word of God; We tread the
3. On ev'-ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; He-fore the



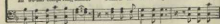
bat-tle ere the night shall veil the glow-ing dawn; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph tread; By faith, they like a
con-queror be be-liev'd, And on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hol-iest
ar-gu-ment he shall know his name con-fess'd in heav'n; Then onward from the



vain be-liev'd Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know,
whic'h ed-if-ic'd, Scep-ters o'er-ev'-ry fold; The faith by which they conquer'd Death
on each head, With truth all giv-a-bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread.
hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,



That o-ver-comes the world.
Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the
And oth-er with our shout.
In Je-sus' con-quer-ing name. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the



Faith Is the Victory.

vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world. A - men.
 vic - to - ry!

315 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

H. P. Wilson.

Copyright, 1904, by H. P. Wilson. Boston, Mass.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing God' a storm - y way;
 2. Bright - ly dash His spir - it abase In - to this poor heart of mine;
 3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is dark;
 4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past;

E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fail, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, He His call; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jar - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;

Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

Julia H. Johnston.

Copyright, 1914, by J. W. Henderson.

J. W. Henderson.



1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto-ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry.
 2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
 3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo-ry— Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry!
 4. By and by with joy in-crown-ing, And with glad-i-ty take tri-um-phant,



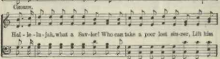
Just to re-sume me from sin and mis-er-y; He in loving kind-ness sought me,
 Je-sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and true; With His precious blood He b'ought me,
 Je-sus came to lift the lost in sin and was in-to glo-ry all-glo-rious,
 Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

al. sf.

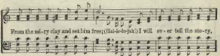


And from sin and shame hath b'ought me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.
 When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
 The-phan of His grace vic-tor-ious, He-er-more re-joic-ing here be-low.
 In the at-ten-er-er sing-ing, To the King of love who ran-somed me.

Cresc.



Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him



From the mi-er-y day and set him free; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will ev-er tell the sto-ry,

He Ransomed Me.

and 4th

Shout-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! He-ran-somed me.

317

To the Harvest field.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is work to do, There is work for you, And the call rings clear to-day;
2. There are souls to light, In the paths of right, There are souls who look to you;
3. There are souls in need, There are souls who plead, There's a call that comes to-day.

To the Master's call, And it comes to all, To the har-vest field a-way!
Do you lead the way To the per-fect day, Do you do what Christ would do?
For a light to shine With a glow di-vine, Do you light for them the way?

Chorus.

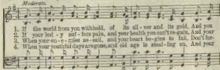
A-way, a-way to the har-vest field! The Mas-ter calls for you, (for you)

Then a-way, a-way to the work He gave, For there is much to do!

Copyright, 1904, by C. Albert Tinley.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tinley.

Arr. by Chas. A. Tinley, Jr.

Moderate.


1. If the world from you withhold, of its all - vor and its gold, And you
 2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your
 3. When your co - o - r - m - an - ce fail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
 4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is stand-ing on, And your



have to get a-long with men-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He
 and is al-mighty-ing to do-again, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can
 get that God is hear-ing an-swer-er, He will make a way for you and will
 lead-y hands be-neath the weight-of care, He will say - or leave you then, He'll go



leads the lit - tle birds: Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
 save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
 lead you safe - ly there; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
 with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

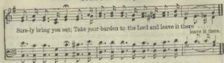
Cresc.


Leave it there, leave it there, Take your bur-den to the
 Leave it there, leave it there, Leave it there,



Lord and leave it there: If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
 leave it there

Leave It There.

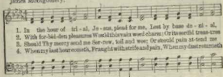


319

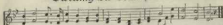
In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery.

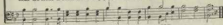
Spencer Lane.



Dwelling In Babel Land.



man-na from a heav'n-ly sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Babel Land.



321 Bearing His Cross for Me.

R. H.

Copyright, 1901, by Robert Harkness, New York, N. Y.

Robert Harkness.

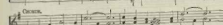
Solo or Unison.



1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me.
2. I see Him pass thro' the rit-y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
3. I see Him laden with this world's care, Bear-ing His cross for me.



Thorn-pierced His brow, why sad-dest he, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On which the lawns and the peo-ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will-ing to suf-fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.



Chorus.

Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me.)



Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me.)



R. H.

COMPOSED, SANG, BY ROBERT H. HARKNESS, AND ROBERT HARKNESS.
IN PRACTICAL, SUPPLEMENT, SINGING.
SINGING BY ROBERT H. HARKNESS.

Robert Harkness.

Tune on Solo.



1. Show my Saviour set me free, And His grace a-vails for me, The
 2. Show from sin I am made whole, I have peace with-in my soul, The
 3. What a joy it is to know, As with Christ I on-ward go, The
 4. Next will come the glorious dawn Of God's new - er - end-ing morn, The

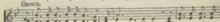


way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; All my hope is in the Lord, In the
 way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; In the toil and stress of life, hidden in
 way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; In my on-ward He is near, His-ing
 way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; Step by step His safe-ly leads, through my

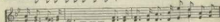


prom-ise of His Word; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.
 dan-ger, care and strife, The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.
 con-flict, pain and cheer; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.
 long-er, his my needs; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.

Chorus.

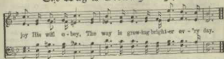


The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day, (ev-'ry day,) The way is grow-ing



bright-er ev-'ry day; (ev-'ry day,) As I keep in touch with Je-sus, And with

The Way is Growing Brighter.



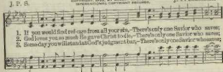
by His will o - bey, The way is grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.

323 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

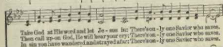
J. P. G.

Copyright, 1882, by J. P. G. & Co.,
New York, N. Y.

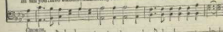
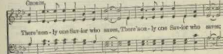
J. P. Schofield.



1. If you would find re - lief from all your woes, - There's only one Sav-ior who saves;
2. God loves you so much He gave Christ to die, - There's only one Sav-ior who saves;
3. Some day your will stand in God's judgment day, - There's only one Sav-ior who saves;



Take God at His word and let Je - sus be: There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves.
Then call up-on God, He will hear your cry: There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves.
In sin you have wandered and strayed a far: There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves.

There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves, There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves;



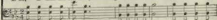
Then anchor your faith to Christ Je - sus to - day, For there's only one Sav-ior who saves.

Rev. Johnson Ostrander, Jr. Copyright, 1901, by J. O. Carroll.

E. O. Carroll.



1. When up - on life's hill-tops you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bor - dered with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. No, a - mid the con - flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



our-aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them
 here - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - 'ry
 prom - ised you life wealth un - told; Count your man - y bless - ings, man - y
 our-aged, God is a - vor - ally Count your man - y bless - ings, as - gold



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



Chorus.



Count your bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man - y bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man - y



Bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless - ings,
 Bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man - y bless - ings.



Count Your Blessings.

at tempo.

Count them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-men.

325 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. R.

Copyright, 1897, by Robert M. Coleman.

M. J. Ballant.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, His cry ev-'ry need sup-plies
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, That Re-deem-er, Sav-er, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on-ly saves but keeps me, Suth-er good from me de-ries.
And from ev-'ry foe de-fends me, And in His I'll ev-er hide.
Now in Him I am a-bid-ing, And some day His face I'll see.

Cresc.

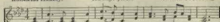
Yes, in Him I'm fel-ly trust-ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev-er let me fail. A-men.

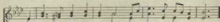
Katherine Hankey.

Hankey, jr. D.

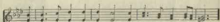
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of an - nent things a - bore,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best



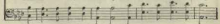
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 Than all the gold - en han - cers Of all our gold - en dreams.
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet,
 Seem han - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, For none have nev - er heard
 And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,



It ad - vi - ses my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 Tell to the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



I Love to Tell the Story.

Barnes.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

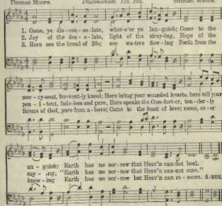
327

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Disconsolate, 1771, 1804.

Samuel Webbe.



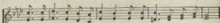
1. Come, ye dis-con-solate, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the dis-con-solate, Light of the stray-dog, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing forth from the
mer-cy-seat, for-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, pain-ful and pure, Here speaks the Cross-bor-er, ten-der-ly
thru of God, pure from a-lone; Come to the feast of love; come, or-er
an - guish; Earth has no mer-row that there's can-not heal.
sorrow. "Earth has no mer-row that there's can-not cure."
long-ing Earth has no mer-row but there's can re-medy. A-MEN.

328 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Francis J. Crosby, Copyright, 1875, by Fanny Crosby, Lowell, Mass. Robert Lowry, Music by permission.



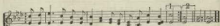
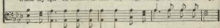
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Choers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



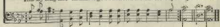
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' His love has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-um-phant, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-sonal love to me is pre-cious, In my Fa-ther's house a-bode.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vine con-sol-a-tion, Given by faith in Him to dwell
Though my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed in-im-mortal, Wings its flight to realms of day.



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Guiding from the Rock before me, Let a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ge, Je-sus led me all the way; way. A-MEN.



329 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. O.

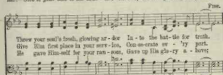
Barnard, &c. &c. D.

Mrs. Charles Barnard.



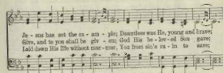
1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

2nd.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;



There your soul's torch, glowing ar - der In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your ser - vice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - lone;

God is al - so - ver - dy's full ar - mer, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Fearless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed ones gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ra - in to save;



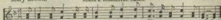
Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

330 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

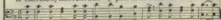
Mary Brown.

Copyright, 1904, by G. S. McWhorter.
Songs & Musicals, Inc., Chicago.

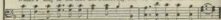
Carrie R. Rosenbath.



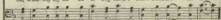
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's har-vest-field so wide.



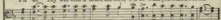
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the pa-ties of sin, Some wan-derer whom I should seek.
Where I may in-ter-duce His short day For Je - sus, the Cru - el - Not.



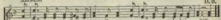
But if by a still, small voice He calls To pa-ties I do not know,
O Sav - ing, if Thou wilt be my Guide, The dark and rag-ged the way,
Be, trust-ing my all on - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me.



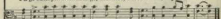
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo in the new-morn-ing sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



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



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



Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, January 1, 1886.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - te breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from care - ful - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the

low o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest, Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp - ta - tions, Sin - can - not harm me there, Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be, Here let me wait with

an - gels, Dwell in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 me - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
 pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing

Credo.
 O - ver the Je - sus - per - son, . . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
 On - ly a few more hours . . . Break on the gold - en shore.

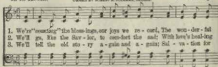
gen - te breast, There by His low o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.

332 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

R. R. Hewitt.

COMPOSED BY R. R. HEWITT,
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK.

B. D. Arkley.



1. We're 'meeting' in the morn-ing, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, His the Sav - ing, to con-vert the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for



mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
per - tains we'll make all - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good-will ex - te - nse, Till gos - pel scraps eek - o' from

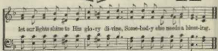


prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are stark; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
morn - tins to glow; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

Chorus.



Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing; We'll



let our lights shine to His glo - ry di - vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

James Brown.

REPRODUCED, 1914, BY HOWARD E. SMITH,
MUSICAL PUBLISHER, CHICAGO.

Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Yet - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Rock in dan-ger, look a-love, He - has com-plete-ly saved; He will save you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pre - sence His, Ev - er His pre-sen-ces stay. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
 He - has my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing ser-vice, too, To Him be - long.
 He - has His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

Chorus.

Love lift-ed me! . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . When troth-ing
 o - ver me! o - ver me!

she could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A - men.

H. R. P.

COMPOSITION, LYRIC, BY H. R. PALMER, CHICAGO.

H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Show e-vil con-que-rence, And language dis-claim, God's name hold in
 3. To him that e-ver-con-eth God giv-eth a crown, There' faith we shall




help you Some oth-er to who; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 re-volve, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, The' all-en-cast down; He who is our Sar-lor,





Dark pas-sions sub-duc, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Evil-heart-ed and true, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



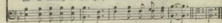
Chorus.



Ask the Ser-vice to help you, Con-vert, strengthen and keep you;





He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.




Knoxian Psalm.

George A. Miller.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shade-ows, Fear-ing not - ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss un-



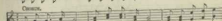

men-tals and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 cheeks our win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 tained our spir-it off - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver,



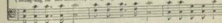

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves,
 and the la - bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves,
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



Chorus,



bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing
 bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing




ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.



336 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

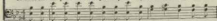
Ina Dickey Ogden.

Copyright, 1904, by Ina D. Ogden.
JOHN A. HARRINGTON, CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Do not wait un - til some deed of greatness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - lone are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may use - ly find a need, Here re-



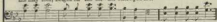
wait to shed your light a - far, To the man-y de - tain - er - or near you
near - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
feet the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of



Chorus.



now be true, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are,
sing of cheer, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are, Bright-en the cor - ner
life may find, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.



where you are! Bright-en the cor - ner where you are! Some-one far from
shine for Je - su where you are!



har - bor you may guide a - cross the bar, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.



Rather slowly.

1. Whisper a prayer in the morn - ing, Just at the break of the day;
 2. Whisper a prayer at the noon - time, Praise in the midst of the throng,
 3. Whisper a prayer at the ev - ing, Aft - er the day's work is done,

Why fear the night, in your bat - tle for right, When you know He will
 Look on - to Him, Who can con - quer all sin; In thy weak - ness, in
 No oth - er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the

Cresc.
 lead all the way? Him thou art strong. Whisper a prayer, Just whisper a prayer,
 On - ce - led *Cresc.*

Ev - en a whisper He'll hear o - ver there; Vic - t'ry is thine, in His

love as sub - ject. When to Je - sus you whisper a prayer.

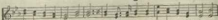
J. P. S.

J. P. Schellfield.

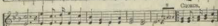
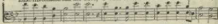
Spoken



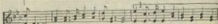
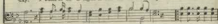
1. I want my life to glo-ri-ty my Lord and King: I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might magni-fy the Son-of-man's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to



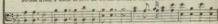
hon-or Him in ev-ry thing: I want my life to tell men and He is my
 will-ness to His grace each hour: Oh, that my words might nearly His ho-ly
 make His chosen ban-ner wave; I want to tell the thum-b of His ev-ry



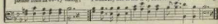
Guide: I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pre-claim. I want to live as
 day: I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.



Jesus live, I want to love as Jesus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and



please Him in ev-ry thing: I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.



R. H.

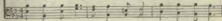
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WRITTEN BY ROBERT H. HARKNESS

Robert Harkness.



1. Trust-ing Je - sus, won - der - ful Guide, In His keep-ing
 2. Won-drous prom - ise He will ful - fill, Glad - ly Je - sus
 3. Friend of sin - ners, ev - er the same, Will - ing sac - ri -



ful - ly a - ble, Joya - ble ter - rest - rial He will in - part,
 His in - ly will, Peace an - nounc - ing He will ex - part,
 praise His dear name, Full of - giv - ing He will in - part,



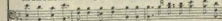
Chorus.



Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart,
 Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart. Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart,
 Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.



Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the



gloom of life a - way, If you get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.



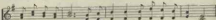
Flora Kirkland.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM WENDELL CHURCH.

I. H. Merrell.




1. Do the waves of trou-ble rise o'er-whelm-ing? In thy sky with
 2. He will hear and heed thy cry ap-peal-ing. He will turn no
 3. There is calm for ev-'ry earth-ly sor-row In this won-drous




tem-pest a-ver-cast? Flee to God, thy nev-er-fail-ing Ref-uge,
 har-dened soul a-way; What-so-e'er thy trou-ble, He can help thee,
 Ref-uge of the soul, And a hid-ing place from ev-'ry tem-pest,


Chorus.



He will shield thee till the storm is past.
 With thee trust His mighty arm to-day? "The e-ver-nal God is thy
 Where no swell-ing tide of war can roll.



Ref-uge. The e-ver-nal God is thy Ref-uge. And ex-er-



cise are the ev-er-last-ing arms, the ev-er-last-ing arms."

341 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Roth.

Copyright, 1924, by G. B. McKittrick.
 Printed by H. B. McKittrick.

H. B. McKittrick.



1. I was drift-ing far from the "Ten-ten Store," Clouds of sin had
 2. Thro' the storm-y night of the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
 3. Sings a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll



over and the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
 un-phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in.
 or - or be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore.



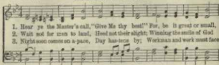
Chorus.
 And His love came shin-ing thro',
 And His love came shin-ing thro', Since His love came shin-ing through,
 Since His love came shin-ing thro'.



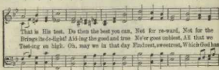
I've a joy that's al-ways new; al-ways new; All the clouds are



eth - er And my bur - den eth - er, Since His love came shin-ing through.

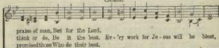


1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to lead, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night and comes on a pace, Day has gone by; Workman and work must face



That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
Brings the light! Aiding the good and true. Ev'ry good and true, All that we
Testing on high. Oh, may we in that day Findrest, sweetrest, Which God has

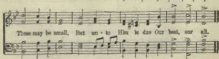
Chorus.



praise of man, Not for the Lord,
think or do, Do it the best. Ev'ry work for Je-sus will be best,
praised those Who do their best.



But He asks from ev'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,
But He asks from ev'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,



These may be small, But on - to Him is due Our best, our all.

The Day of All Days

James M. Black. INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, 1944, BY HERBERT G. TOWSE. Herbert G. Towse.
 HERBERT G. TOWSE, CHURCH.

Slow.

1. Time with its tem-pests is pass-ing a-way. Some-day, and soon it may
 2. Oh, what a won-der-ful joy to be there, Praising the Lamb that was
 3. That is the won-der-ful day of all days, That day when time shall be

be, Je-sus will come, oh, that glo-ri-ous day! Com-ing in
 clouds; His-ing to meet Him, caught up in the air! Oh, He is
 our; Tongues of all na-tions will sing of His praise On that a-

Common.

glo-ry for me. (for me)
 com-ing a-gain. (a-gain). The day of all days is com-ing at last,
 for-al-ty a-fore (searched there.)

The day of all days when our-rows are past, The day of all days when

I thro' His grace Shall see with de-light His won-der-ful face.

C. S. N.

Copyright, 1900, by C. S. N.

Cyrus S. Nashum.

1. Would you live for Je - su, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and be - lieve at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His king - dom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
 true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice be al - ways

Chorus.
 all your heart? Let Him have His way with thee.
 now - or lat? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 at your heart? Let Him have His way with thee.

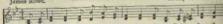
might to beg His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your

and, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

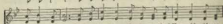
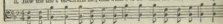
James E. Brown.

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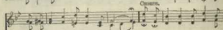
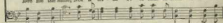
Henry P. Morton.



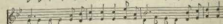
1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song be - side me, But a - lone I
 2. Should mis-er-y meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
 3. How the tho't en-ter-ains me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways



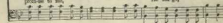
nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
 Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
 Love me the more; Not a tri - al or - er can-er Him to nev - er



And will keep His prom-ise to me.
 Ev - 'ry dear-er mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
 From the cross who bore-er His name. His name.



me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
 prom-ise to me, He will go;



break-en an-y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-men.



347 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

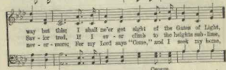
Josiah Brown, Portland.

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Copyright, 1890, by J. B. Brown.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



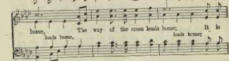
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
 3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it



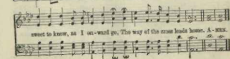
way but this I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 Ser - ve true, If I en - de -avour to the heights sub - lime,
 ne - ver - more, For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home.



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



home leads home. The way of the cross leads home. It is
 leads home.



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

Fanny J. Crosby.

REPRINTED, WITH, BY J. H. A. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is re-veal'd Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sal-va-tion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sal-va-tion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-er am



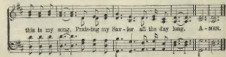
glo-ry di-vel'd Hail of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



Chorus.
 Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood,
 Re-luc-sant of mer-cy, wit-ness of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



sing. Praise-ing my Sav-er all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



this is my song. Praise-ing my Sav-er all the day long. A-MEN.

E. F. Bennett.

Copyright, 1901, by J. P. Webster.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our beau - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pro-
 mpts of the best, And our up - ris - ing shall no more, Set a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

Chorus.

pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sight for the bloom - ing of rest.
 bloom - ings that bel - low our days. In the sweet

by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by. by and by.

sweet by and by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A - men.
 In the sweet by and by.

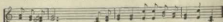
H. E. Hewitt.

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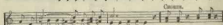
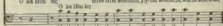
R. D. Ackley.



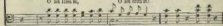
1. He is knock-ing, soft-ly knock-ing at the door; Let Him in,.....
 2. He is call-ing, man-ly call-ing to you now; Let Him in,.....
 3. He is wait-ing, kind-ly wait-ing still for you; Let Him in,.....



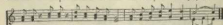
O let Him in; He will bring you rich-est blessing ev - er - more;
 O let Him in; Now the pleas-ing down of man-ly on His brow;
 O let Him in; Give Him welcome, joy-ful welcome, warm and true;



Let Him in,..... O let Him in! Knock-ing, knock-ing!
 O let Him in, O let Him in!



O-pen wide the door, Let Him in to - day; Ask Him in to stay;
 O let Him in, Ask Him in, He's



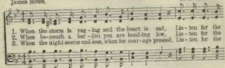
Knock-ing, knock-ing! He He will re-ceive, When you o-pen wide the door - - -
 half - of door.



James Royce.

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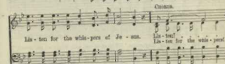
H. B. LORRA.



1. When the storm is rag - ing and the heart is sad, Lis - ten for the
 2. When be - neath a bur - den you are bend - ing low, Lis - ten for the
 3. When the night seems end - less, when for our - aye pressed, Lis - ten for the



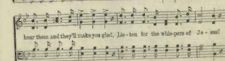
whis - pers of Je - sus; Sore - ly you will hear them and they'll make you glad,
 whis - pers of Je - sus; When your friends forsake you and the sad tears flow,
 whis - pers of Je - sus; When the soul is won - ry and you sigh for rest,



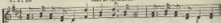
Chorus.
 Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus. Lis - ten! Lis - ten for the whis - pers!



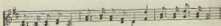
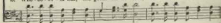
Lis - ten! Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus! Sore - ly you will
 Lis - ten for the whis - pers!



hear them and they'll make you glad, Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus!



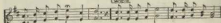
1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," about about the world! Spread the blessed G-os-pel
 2. Who-so-ev-er can-eth need not do-ubt, Now the door is a-pen.
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise so-cure, "Who-so-ev-er will," he-



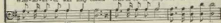
all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found;
 on-ly while you may; Je-su is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way;
 ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," the life for-ev-er more



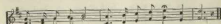
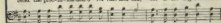
Chorus.



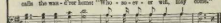
"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will."



Send the pro-claim-ation a-ver yale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther



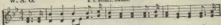
calls the wan-d'ring lambs; "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."



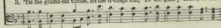
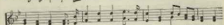
W. A. Q.

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. H. & A. Carter, Publishers.
P. O. Box 111, Chicago, Ill.


W. A. Ogden.



1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges sung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
 2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or water; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
 3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilty heart, to the


mer-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung. "Our God is
 mer-tal strider; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain. "Our God is
 de-fi-ant; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole. "Our God is



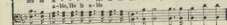
Chorus.



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

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





Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-MEN.



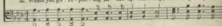

Adm. Blankfort.

COMPOSED BY JOHN A. CARROLL.
E. M. STODOL, VOCALIST.

Class. II. Gabriel.



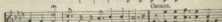
1. Do you fear the ice will in the win - ter win? Is it dark with -
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the name you love? Are your prayers un -
 3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know - ing naught of

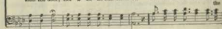

out you—dark - or still with - in? Clear the dark - eyed win - dows, o - pen
 an - swered by your God a - lone? Clear the dark - eyed win - dows, o - pen
 darkness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - eyed win - dows, o - pen




Chorus.



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

in, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in, Clear the dark - eyed
 sun - shine in, the sun - shine in




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



Robert Lowry.

Copyright, 1880, by Robert Lowry. Printed by F. J. Johnson.

Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je—sus my Sav—ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
 2. Vain-ly they watch His bod—Je—sus my Sav—ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death can-not keep His pray—Je—sus my Sav—ior! He tore the bars a-way—

BARNES, Foster.

Je—sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a—rose, (He a—rose,) With a

right-y tri-umph a'ter His loss; (He a—rose!) He a—rose a Vic-tor from the

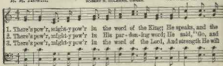
dark do-main, And He lives for—ev—er with His saints to reign. He a—

rose! He a—rose! He a—rose! Hal—le—lu—jah! Christ a—rose! A—MEN

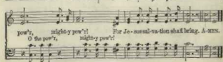
H. R. Howill.

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Published by H. R. Howill, Chicago.

Howard M. Smith.



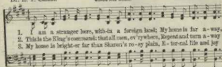
Chorus.



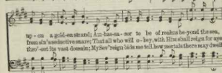
Dr. E. T. Cappel.

Copyright, 1904, by E. T. Cappel.
Revised and Enlarged.

Fiona H. Cappel.



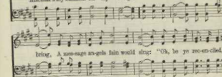
1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. Think the King's command; that all men, ev'rywhere, Repeat and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Shave's re-ry plain, E-ter-nal life and joy



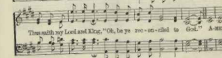
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-ba-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond these,
From sin's unwholesome care; That all who will a-loy, with Him shall reign for aye,
Thou' not the vast domain; My Son's reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,



Chorus.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.



King. A mes-sage an-gels him would bring: "Oh, be ye re-con-ciled,"



Then with my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye re-con-ciled to God." A-men.

J. E. M.

COMPOSED, 1874, BY CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

J. Edwin McCoswell.

1. I am hap - py to-day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
 2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
 3. O what joy - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should

called a - way; For the Sav - ior said, Who - so - ev - er will, May
 shed my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
 do for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

Chorus.
 come with Him to stay, (to stay.)
 lived, hath made me whole, (now whole,) "Who-so-ev-er," care-ly mean-eth me,
 now I am set free, (set free.)

care-ly mean-eth me, O care-ly mean-eth me, "Who-so-ev-er,"

care-ly mean-eth me, "Who-so-ev-er," mean-eth me. A-MEN.
 mean-eth me.

C. H. G.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY E. H. BENTLEY,
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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 - i - mense grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be those I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv-er a-

boon - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
Hear - 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,

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

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

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

C. H. G.

COMPOSED BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
C. H. GABRIEL, BOSTON.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be. More of His work-ness,
 2. More like the Mas-ter in my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more he-si-ta-t-y; More need to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
 cross-es I must bear; More sac-rif-ice to bring His kingdom in
 with-us I would share; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,

More con-sen-sen-tion for work He bids us do. Take Then my
 More of His Spir-it, the won-der-er to win.
 More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. Take my heart, O

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

make it all Thine own; . . . Purge me from sin. O Lord, I now in-
 make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-ry sin, O Lord,

More Like the Master.



glory, . . Wash me and keep . . me Thine for-ev-er-more. A - MEN.
 now in-glor-y, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.

361 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins.
 New Publishing Co., Boston.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.



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



Pat-ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me Af-fair Thy
 try me, Mas-ter, to-day! What-er thou move, Lord, Wash me just
 wear-y. Help me, I pray! Pow-er-all pow-er-Sure-ly is
 in-ter-ing Ah-so-lete away! Fill with Thy Spir-it THE all shall



will, While I am wait-ing, Yield-ed and still.
 now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.
 Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-er of vi-vant
 me (Christ on-ly, al-ways, liv-ing in me) A - MEN.

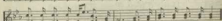
H. E. Hale.

J. W. Childs, arr.

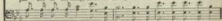
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



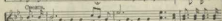
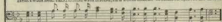
1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our heart-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harp of an - gels ring, And the host for - ev - er sing, In the



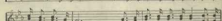
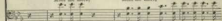
storm of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-moves a-way
 Hear's no throbs of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where is sweet com-mu-nion blood



In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.



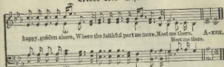
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
 Meet me there, Meet me there,



Mean-ing, Meet me there; When the storm of life are o'er, On the
 Meet me there;



Meet Me There.



Happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there. A-MEN.
Meet me there.

363 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.


London M. R. Street.

REVISED BY THE
REV. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleanse-ing blood;
3. Yea, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and evil to come;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ing, Friend;



Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thou with the Lord."
Just in sin - ple faith to plunge me "Nearth the heal-ing, cleanse-ing blood;
Just from Je - sus sin - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Will be with me to the end.



Cre-ate,
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Thee! How I've proved Thee o'er and o'er!

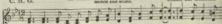


Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him now! A-MEN.

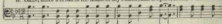
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY C. H. GOSWELL, NEWARK, DEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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

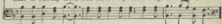


call-ing, call-ing now for thee; That you've wandered so far from His
 call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it is
 call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Let the in-ter-est be spread and the

by thee



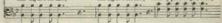
pre-sence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.
 mer-cy in-ter-venes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.
 least is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)



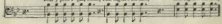
Chorus.



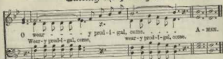
Call . . . ing now for thee, O wear . . . y
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,



prod-i-gal, come! Call . . . ing now for thee,
 wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,



Calling the Prodigal.



O wear - y prod-i - gal, come, wear - y prod-i - gal, come, A - MEN.

365

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY HARRY HUNTER, LONDON.
ORIGINAL LYRIC BY PERKINS.

Robert Lowry.



1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my pur-ga-tion this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;



What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righte-ous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Refrain.



O! pre-cious is the dew That makes me white as snow;



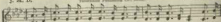
No oth - er heart I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. A - MEN.

366 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

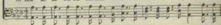
J. M. B.

Copyright, 1893, J. M. B. Co., Boston.

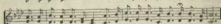
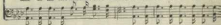
J. M. Black.



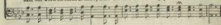
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and there shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us be - lieve for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



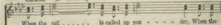
morning break, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the sword of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur - ec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wonders love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



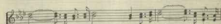
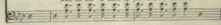
a - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
to that home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



Chorus.



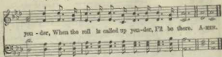
When the roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



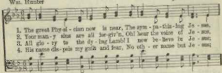
you - der, When the roll is called up you - der, I'll be there. A - MEN.

367

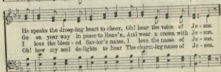
The Great Physician.

J. H. Stockton.

Wm. Hunter

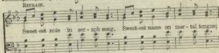


1. The great Phy - sician now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus.
4. His name dis - pels my pain and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus.



He speaks the drop - ping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bleas - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de - lights to hear The cheer - ing name of Je - sus.

Refrain.



Sweet - est note in ear - ly song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,



Sweet - est note of ev - er song, Je - sus, bleas - ed Je - sus. A - MEN.



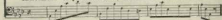
1. I've a Sav - lor, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - lor full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heav - en To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've sinned - as loath - some - thy, He has not - stand - been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - lor, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav - lor, too;



And a word of who - ling sweet - ness Ev - er beams up - on His face:
Dare my guilt, tho' He was guilt - less, And tho' blame - less, took my blame:
Tho' I wronged Him, He for - gave me When I would my sins re - new;
Will you not ac - cept the par - don Which He free - ly of - fers you?



In my heart's statue of ad - mi - tion He shall hold the high - est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good - name to pro - claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kind - ness My re - bel - lion heart did win.
Take Him now as your Re - deem - er, Earth has not a friend so true.



Chorus.



How I love Him! . . . How I love Him! . . . Since for
How I love Him! How I love Him!



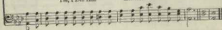
no . . . He died and died; now I love . . . Him!
Since for me He died for my help, now I love Him!



My Savior.



You, I love Him . . . More than all . . . the world be-able. A-MEN.
You, I love Him More than all



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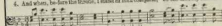
Jesus Paid It All.

John T. Grape.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.



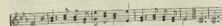
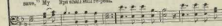
1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lo! now be-fore I bid Thy pow'r, and Thine a-ware, Can change the deep and's
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to-claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in His com-plete, "Je-sus died my soul to



Chorus.



pay, Pled in Me thine all in all."
spoke, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I
white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
save, " My eye shall still re-peat.



even He had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow. A-MEN.



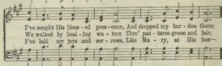
Lila Scott Taylor,

COMPOSITION, WORDS, BY W. H. PERRY.

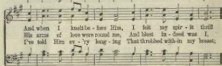
W. H. PERRY.



1. I've had a talk with Je - sus, I've told Him all my care;
 2. I've had a talk with Je - sus, His prom - ised peace to share;
 3. I've had a talk with Je - sus, We hold com - munion sweet;



I've sought His bless - ed pres - ence, And dropped my bur - den there;
 We walked by hand - ing wa - ters Thro' pas - sure green and fair;
 I've told my joys and sor - rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—

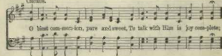


And when I knelt be - fore Him, I felt my spir - it thrill
 His arms of love were round me, And bless - ed - ness was I,
 I've told Him ev - 'ry long - ing That thrived with - in my breast;



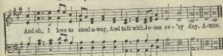
To hear His gen - tele with - per, "I love thee; peace, be still."
 And oh, I dwell in soli - ty With such a re - fresh - ing night!
 He filled my soul with com - fort, And gave His peace and rest.

Chorus.



O most com - for - tion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com - plete;

I've Had a Talk With Jesus.



And oh, I love to stand a-way, And talk with Je-sus ev-'ry day. A-men.

371 The Kingdom is Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Black.

R. M. McIntosh.



1. From all the dark place Of earth's heathen na-tion, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar-mies all-ran-ning To con-quer the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And in a last ring-ing, Their arms of re-



dark-ness-ful! The voice of sal-va-tion A-wakes ev-'ry na-tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His pres-ence shall bless them,
hol-ly-ness cast down; At last ev-'ry na-tion The Lord of sal-va-tion

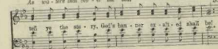
D. S. — The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo-ry.
First Chorus.



Come a-verse and help us, O'er-ry.
His beam-ty shall ex-ter-thin in. The king-dom is com-ing, O
Their King and life-giv-er shall crown!

As we love that ev-'ry sin.

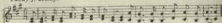
D. S.



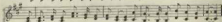
Let us the sin-ty, God's beam-ty ex-ter-thin shall be!

Fanny J. Crosby.

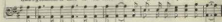
Silas J. Vail.



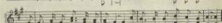
1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, poor sin-ner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Mas-ter is call-ing thee, sin-ner, In tones of com-pas-sion and love,
3. An sin-ner is wan-ing, poor sin-ner, Re-peat, ere the morn-ing is past;



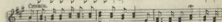
Why sell for the wealth that will per-ish, The treasures that rust and de-cay?
To feel that sweet rapture of par-don, And lay up thy treasure a-bove;
God's goodness to thee is ex-trin-sic, As long as the day-beams shall last;



O! think of thy soul, that for-ev-er Must live on e-ter-nal-ty's shore,
O! heed at the cross where He suffered, To pur-sue thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warn-ing re-peat-ed With all the bright moments that roll.



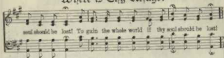
When thou, in the dust art for-got-ten, When pleasure can share thee no more,
The arm of His mer-cy will hold thee, The arm that is right-eous to save.
Nor say, when the har-vest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.



Tell proof of thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



Where is Thy Refuge?



373

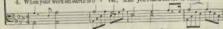
Only Trust in Jesus.

Miss Fannie Saffler. CHORUS AND 2D VERSE BY MISS F. S. S. S.

R. B. McKinney.



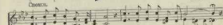
1. When the way is dark and drear - y. And your path would lead a - stray.
2. When your heart is sad and lone - ly. And your grief is hard to bear.
3. Though temptations come upon you. Call - ing, calling day by day.
4. When your work on earth is o - ver. And you reach the tri - um - ph.



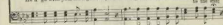
- If you'll on - ly trust in Je - su, He will all your sorrows chase.
 If you'll on - ly trust in Je - su, You can nev - er go a - stray.
 Christ the Savior will go with you. He will bear you o'er the tide.



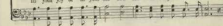
Chorus.



He'll go with you, He'll go with you, He'll go with you to the end.



In your joy or in your sor - row He will be your dear - est Friend.

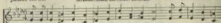


374 Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

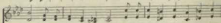
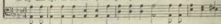
James Royce.

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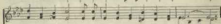
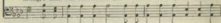
Henry F. Morton.



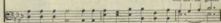
1. As I walk at the side of my Sav-er di-vine, In the mar-vel-ous
2. Mighty storms may be-tide and the tem-pet-er an-sail, I shall still press a-
3. By and by, in the cit-y of glo-ry a-bove, With a glo-ri-fied



light of His glo-ri-fied face, Sweet be-fore the at-ten-ance which
long tow'rd the heav-en-ly place; If I'm true to my Sav-er I
thru'g, I shall look on His face, There for-ev-er my soul will re-



al-ways be true; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace,
nev-er shall fall; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace,
false in His love; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace,
won-der-ful grace.



Chorus.



Saved by His won-der-ful grace, I'm saved by His
saved by His won-der-ful grace,



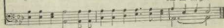
won-der-ful grace; She condemned me to die, but for-
won-der-ful grace



Saved By His Wonderful Grace.



gave me life: I am saved by His won-der-ful grace. . . .
won-der-ful grace.



375 Always Together, My Lord And I.

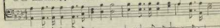
JAMES ROYCE.

Copyright, 1904, by JAMES H. ROYCE.
PUBLISHED BY THE ROYCE BROTHERS.

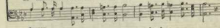
Henry F. Morton.



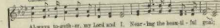
1. Deep in the love of my far-ther dear, Kept by His grace so hap-py and free.
2. Shielding my heart when the foe appears, Calm-ing my life a bless-ing to be.
3. So that where joy-bells for-ev-er ring His bless-ed face at last I may see,—



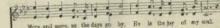
Help-ing the lost the glad mes-sage to bear, Al-ways to-geth-er are we.
Mak-ing me His ev-er-more true the years, Al-ways to-geth-er are we.
So that for-ev-er His praise I may sing, Al-ways to-geth-er are we.



Chorus.



Al-ways to-geth-er, my Lord and I, Near-ing the heav-nly goal.



More and more, as the days go by, He is the joy of my soul.



Rev. J. J. Plummer.

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NEWTON, MASS., CHURCHMAN PUBLISHING.

James M. Black.

1. When my heart is o-ver-lar-den-ed with a heav-y load of care,
 2. Now I car-ry all to Je-sus, and I tell Him ev'-ry-thing.
 3. He is near me ev'-ry day in bloom-ed Cal-lew-ship so sweet.

And the day seems clouded full of man-y tri-als, hard to bear; Then, in
 For I know He un-der-stands, and He a-lone can comfort bring; Given me
 Ev'-ry tri- al, ev'-ry bur-den now I lay at Je-sus' feet; And He

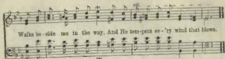
love, He speaks to me. From the cross of Cal-va-ry, And my hap-py soul is
 strength for ev'-ry hour, I can feel His keep-ing pow'r, And my hap-py soul is
 pure in - to my heart joys that nev-er will de-part, And my hap-py soul is

Chorus.

more than sat-is-fied, I am more than sat-is-fied with Je-sus,
 sat-is-fied.

Ev'-ry long-ing of my heart He knows, . . . And gives me grace for ev'-ry day.
 Jesus knows.

More Than Satisfied.



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Come Into My Heart.

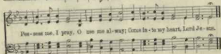
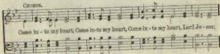
Martha S. Clingan.

Copyright, 1904, by Martha S. Clingan.

Robert Harkness.



Chorus.



C. H. M.

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Henderson,
New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a - rose, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-tor-y; The host of

armies" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-tory will as-sure; Go, look - be on the ar - mer
prom - ise spans the next-est day; His glo - rious name is ex - 'ry

on to vic-tor-y, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength on - to the end ex-cure.
hand shall be-ward be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. Chorus.

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray. With

ar-mies gleam-ing, and colors stream-ing, The right and wrong en-gage to-day!

The fight is On.

Harmony

The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A - MEN.
Vo-c'y, Vo-c'y,

379

More love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

Words by the Composer.

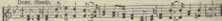
W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Near Thee the
2. Cross earth-ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath While-per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This be my ear-nest plea:
love I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This will its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.

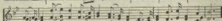
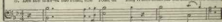
Adapted by B. B. McKim.

REVISED, 1882, BY JAMES S. CHURCH.

B. B. McKimsey.

Duet, *Allegro*.

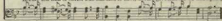
1. Let me trust of the road, the road of life, Where none the traces of man press on,
2. Let me see as I trust of up-on my way, On the great high-way of life,
3. Let me trust of the road, the road of life, Where none do burdened and I'll meet,



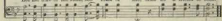
The man who are weak from their load of sin, And the men who are good and strong,
The man who press on with the anchor of hope, And the man who are lost with striving;
Let me be a help to his ach-ing heart, And a guide to his way-ward feet;

*Piano.*

I would not look with a scorn-er's eye, Nor heed the eye-to's ban,
Let me turn not away from their smiles and tears, Both part of an all-wise plan,
Let me tell him of Christ who has died to save, Let me give him ad-ven-ture's plan,

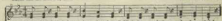


Let me trust of the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.
Let me trust of the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.
Let me trust of the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.



Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr.

Geo. F. Root.



1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-ders fair!
3. Knock-ing, knock-ing, what, still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair!



Knocking, Knocking.

'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly. Nev-er such was seen be-fore.
 But the door is hard to o-pen, For the watch and i-vy-vine,
 Yes, the place-ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the crown-ed half

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Will thou not un-do the door?
 With their dark and cling-ing ter-rills, Ev-er round the ring-as twice.
 From the pa-ment eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-ior, wait-ing there.

382

Come to the Savior.

G. F. R.

George F. Root.

1. Come to the Sav-ior, make no de-lay! Here in His word He's
 2. 'Said - for the chil-dren! Oh, hear His voice, let ev-ry heart leap
 3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day! Hush now His blood com-

shows us the way; Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day, Tender-ly say-ing, "Come!"
 Let's and re-join, And let us free-ly make Him our choice, Do not de-lay, but come,
 make, and a-hey, Hush now His words ten-der-ly say, "Will you, my child-ren, come?"

D. S.—And we shall gather, Savior, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

Chorus.

D. S.

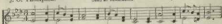
Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

The Call for Reapers.

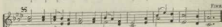
1.0. The Project

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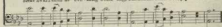
1206



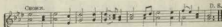
1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of rip-mat grain;
2. Send them forth with man's foot leaping, Send them to the meadow's glade;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;



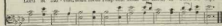
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, bid them gather on - 'ry where
Heav'n's rays they at eve-ning wend-ing, Then shall come with joy un-told.



D. R. - Send them over the channels gold - or. On the last - real-time pass by



Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry:



Twilight Is Falling

A. B. Collins

© 2006 The Authors
Journal compilation © 2006 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

H. C. Brown



1. *Tai* - light is fall-ing o - ver the sea, *Shad-ow* are steal-ing dark-ness of the
2. *Vai* - sea of loved ones, songs of the past, Still I'm - got round me while life shall
3. *Come* in, the *tai*-light, *come*, *come* to me! Bring-ing some new songs o - ver the

Twilight Is Falling.

From

See: Hark on the night-wind, ye - men of yore Come from the far - off shore.
 Last: Lone - ly I was - der, sad - ly I roam, seek - ing that far - off home.
 now, Chase - ing my path - way while here I roam, seek - ing that far - off home.

D. S. — Gloom - ath a man - a - lion, filled with de - light, Dared leap - py home so bright!

Chorus.

Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies, Where the love - light never, nev - er dies.

385

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Words by Anonymous.

B. C. Foster.

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

all that would a - lorn; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The
 doct'rs and tears with in; Once was a - blind to trust a lov - ing God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was lost, but now in Christ I live, To

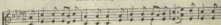
D. S. — Be - cause He first loved me, And

From

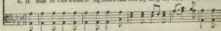
D. S.

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

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - vary's tree.

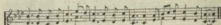
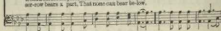
How I Love Jesus. C. M.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
 2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
 3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath in store for ev-'ry day. And tho' I
 4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who is each

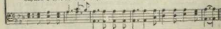
*Chorus.*

name is mine ear, The sweetest name on earth,
 of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea,
 tread a dar-ing path, Yield to none all the way,
 my-ner bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

Oh, how I love Je-sus,



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me.

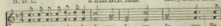


387 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L.

Copyright, 1902, by H. D. L.

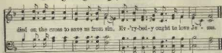
Harry Dixon Loren.



Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus; His
 Je-sus Christ the won-der-ful Sav-ior;



Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.



388

O Why Not To-night?

Elizabeth Reed.

MADE BY PERMISSION OF A. B. HALL, CHURCH OF CHRISTIANITY.

J. Calvin Bushby.



Chorus.



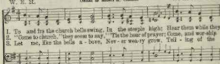
Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

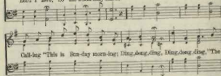
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Conrad & Nelson, N. Y. Publishers.

W. H. H.

W. H. Howard.



Chorus.



Good Morning Song.

(PRIMARIES.)

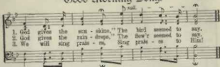
Copyright, 1896, by Wm. H. Howard.

W. H. H.

Wm. H. Howard.



Good Morning Song



1. God gives the sun - shine, "The bird seemed to say.
 2. God gives the rain - drops, "The dew seemed to say.
 3. We will sing praise - us, Sing praise - us to Him!

391

Give, O Give!

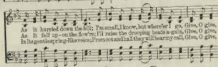
(PRIMARY.)

Wm. B. Reedbury.

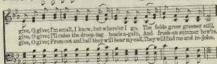
ANON.



1. Give, send the little stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, send the little stream,
 2. Give, send the lit-tle rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, send the lit-tle rain,
 3. Give, send the vio-let sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, send the vio-let sweet.



As it hurried down the hill: I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, Give, O give,
 As it fell up - on the flow'rs, I'll raise the drooping heads a-gain, Give, O give,
 In its gentle spring-like voice, I'll call out and call they will hear my call, Give, O give,



give, O give, I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, The fields grow greener still,
 give, O give, I'll raise the droop-ing heads a-gain, And fresh-as summer bow'rs,
 give, O give, I'll call out and call they will hear my call, They will find me and re-join.



Chorus.
 [Singing, singing, all the day, Give a-way, give a-way.] Give, O give a-way.
 [Singing, singing, all the day, (Cant.).....]

Brightly

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you.
 2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you.
 3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you.
 4. The love brings us here, The love brings us here.

Good morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
 Hap - py birth - day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
 A wel - come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
 The love, dear chil - dren, The love brings us here.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.

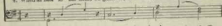
P. P. B.
Tune.

Copyright, 1881, by P. P. B. & Co., New York.

P. P. B. & Co.



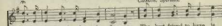
1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the skill-y waves of Je - ran
4. When at last to our home we gain - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-



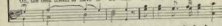
roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace in - part;
 bring; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
 roll, Nev - er need I shak - en fear, For my Sav - ing Je - sus is so near;
 here, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er - more;



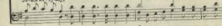
Cresc. Spirited.



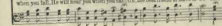
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is



Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus; He will help you
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Je - sus all the way.



when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.



Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

Cresc.

Let - the ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His Sa - ve the child come in. Yes, Je - sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 H I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

396 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Anne H. Shepherd.

Arr. by H. B. M.

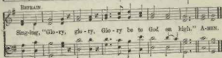
1. A - round the Throne of God in Heav'n's thousands of an - gels stand,
 2. What longed for them is that world a - bove, That Heav'n so bright and fair,
 3. He - came the Sa - ve - lor shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
 4. On earth they sought the Sa - ve - lor's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Around the Throne of God in Heaven.



Child-ren whose sins are all for-giv-en, A ho - ly hap - py band,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love, How came these children
 Brought in that pure and pre-cious blood, Ho - ly and these whom
 So now they see His blood-ed face, And stand be-fore the Lamb

1000



Singing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on High." Amen.

397

Footsteps of Jesus

MARTIN, J. C. 1984.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. In this case, the problem is that the system is not working properly.

A. B. P. 1994-1995



- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, to - low - | And we see |
| 2. That they lead us to the cold, dark mountains, Seeking His sleep; | Or a - long |
| 3. If they lead thee the two - ple - ly, Forgetting the word; | Or in homes |
| 4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, | We will rest |

100



where Thy footprints falling
by Je - su's crucifixion,
of the poor and low - ly,
where the steps of Je - su

Lead us to Thee.
Help - ing the weak;
Serving the lowly;
Kind at His throne.

Footprints of Je - su, God

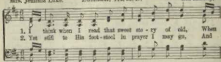


make the pathway clear. We will follow the steps of Jesus wherever they go.

Mrs. Juliana Lake.

Doverport, 112, St. D.

Old Melody.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And



Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called si - the child - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly



haste to His side, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - lone.



I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that heav - e - ly home He has gone to pre - pare For



arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His And
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear child - ren are

That Sweet Story of Old.

look when He said, "Let the El - the come come to - to Me."
 gain - er - ing there." For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

399

Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. M.

Copyright, 1900, by The American Baptist Music Publishing Co., New York.

P. P. M.

1. I am so glad that my Pa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
 2. That I for - get Him and wan - der a - way. Still He can't love me when -
 3. Oh, if there's an - y one who I can sing, When in His heav - en I

Back He has giv'n, Wan - der - ful things in the El - ble I see,
 or - er I stray, Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
 see the Great King, This shall my song in a - ter - ni - ty be

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

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

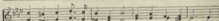
Serve the Lord in Youth.

Edith Sanford Tiltonson.

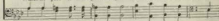
J. Lincoln Hall.

J. Lincoln Hall.
Arr. from Jules Granier.

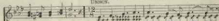
1. Serve the Lord in the days of youth. Learn His law and accept His truth;
2. Give to Him what He gave to you, Body and strength and a new-age love;
3. Serve Him then, ev'ry youthful day, Choose His guidance without de-lay.



Sing His praise with a glad - y tongue, While the heart is young, While
 Sing - ing voi - ces and eyes a - light, Souls all pure and white, Un-
 Waste no part of these pre-cious years, Youth soon dis - appears, Too



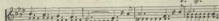
Chorus. (Arr. from Jules Granier.)
 Unison.



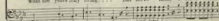
yet the heart is young,
 stained and pure and white. Serve the Lord in youth - ful . . . days . . .
 soon it dis - appears.



Do His will and walk His ways, Wait not for



what the years may bring . . . But serve Him, O serve Him:



Serve the Lord in Youth.

Piano.

While life is like the spring, O serve our Lord and King.

401 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. H. A. Hoffman.

COMPOSED BY H. A. HOFFMAN,
CHURCH OF CHRISTIANITY.

A. J. Monrother.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

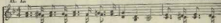
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

Refrain.


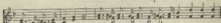
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-lar-m;
Lean - ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus.

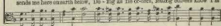
H. L.



1. Man - y are the deeds that I can see - or do, For my strength is
 2. Speaking words of kind-ness to the troub-led heart, Shin-ing for the
 3. Work-ing for the Mas - ter joy - ful-ly I go, Where-ev-er He

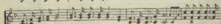
small, and in-ead-i-able-ly; But in - to the Lord I en - or would be true, And
 Mas-ter till the shades depart, With a new-sym-bolic new courage to his part, I'm
 send-ing me here on earth below, Do - ing as He or-der-eth, let-ting oth-ers know I'm




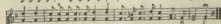
Chorus.




be a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.
 just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus. Just a lit - tle help - er for
 just a lit - tle work - er for Je - sus.

Je-sus an - y-where, Gladly doing service for Him here and there; Patiently I will





work, my du - ty I will not shrink, I'm just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.




Alice Jean Chester.

Grant Collier Teller.




1. Be a lit - tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Help to drive the darkness
2. Be a lit - tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Shine, O shine for Je - sus
3. Be a lit - tle sun-beam, shining bright and clear; Some-one may be wond'ring



from this world be - low; You will see the shad-ows swiftly flee a - way,
with a re - dant glow; Lit - tle ones may help this dark world to il - lumine,
in the dark-ness here; You may help to scat-ter shad-ows of the night.



Chorus.
If you'll be a sun-beam ev-'ry day,
Send-ing gold-en sun-shine thro' the gloom, Be a lit-tle sun-beam tho' your
Lead-ing us - to Christ who is the Light.



Light be small, Let its gleams of beauty s'ur the dark-ness fall; You will see the



shad-ows swiftly flee a - way. If you'll be a sun-beam ev-'ry day.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



405

Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr.

Christmas Carol.

Francis Gruber.



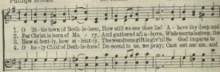
Andantino



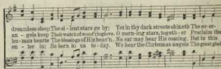
Phillips Brooks.

St. Louis.

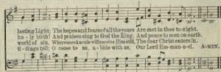
Lewis H. Redner.



1. O - lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - lone thy sleep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - round, While mortals sleep, the
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The woods are still, no bird - song, And hark! the angels
 4. O - be - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and



dreamless sleep; The sil - lent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er -
 an - gels sleep Their watch of wond'ring sleep. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Praise him the
 ho - ly - man hearth The blessings of His birth. No ear may hear His coming, But in this
 on - ly in; He born to us to - day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad



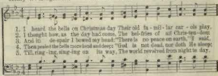
last - ing light: The hope and fear of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 ho - ly birth! And peace to men of good will. And peace to men of good will.
 world of sin. Wherever I walk with you, The dear Christ enters in.
 He - days tell: O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - men.

407 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

Henry W. Longfellow.

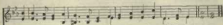
William L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkins.



1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play.
 2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bell-tongues of all Chris - tian - dom
 3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said;
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
 5. Till ring - ing, ring - ing on, his way, The world revolved from night to day.

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.



And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men,
 Had rolled along th' unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 "The hate is strong, and now be hearing Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
 The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men."
 A voice, a chime, a chord rolls on, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-MEN.

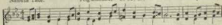


408 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

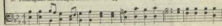
Nathan Tate.

Tingmouth. C. M. D.

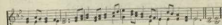
Anonymous.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the
 2. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, is born of Da-vid's line, The Saviour, who is
2. Thanksgiving the seraph, and hark who appeared watching throng Of angels, praising



Lord came down, And glory shone around. "Fear not," said he, be mighty dread Had
 Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heavenly Hosts ye there shall find To
 God, and thus Adore the Holy Child: "All glo-ry be to God on high And



raised their voices: "God bring you all great joy I bring To you, and all, rejoicing,"
 he must view displayed, All ready round to sing hymns, And in a mighty hall,
 to the earth be peace, Good-will towards men's race Begin, and never cease." A-MEN.



409 The Story of Jesus Will Never Grow Old.

R. R. McKinney.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY ROBERT H. HARKNESS.
INTERNATIONAL SONGS, NEW YORK.

John Joney.

1. The sto-ry of Je - sus is pre-cious and sweet, Its mes-sage brings glad-ness and
2. The sto-ry of Je - sus the cru-el-ies may hat, 'Twill shine thro' the a-ges a
3. He tell the sweet sto-ry to ev-'ry last soul, That Je-sus the har-bor will

joy so com-plete, More pre-cious than the moon or sil-ver and gold; The
bright warn-ing star, The guide to that cit-y where joys are un-told; The
dear and make-whole and give them a home in that shin-ter-ing fold; The

D. S. - 'Twill lead to that cit-y where streets are pure gold, The
First Chorus.

sto-ry of Je - sus will nev-er grow old. The sto-ry of Je - sus will
sto-ry of Je - sus will nev-er grow old.

nev-er grow old, Its mes-sage is sweet-er each time it is told;
D. S.

410 Are We Down-Hearted?

R. H.

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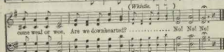
Robert Harkness.

Are we down-heart-ed? No! No! No! Are we down-heart-ed? No! No! No! (Oh no!)

Are We Down-Hearted?



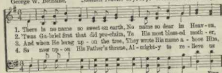
Trou-ble may come and trou-ble may go, We trust in Je - su,



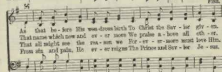
come real or soon, Are we downhearted? Nol Nol Nol

411 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Rathbone, *Sweetest Name, S. S. S. S.* William B. Bradbury.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav - en.
2. 'Twas Ga-b'el first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed name - er.
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him.
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re - live us

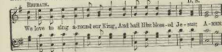


As that be - fore His won-d'rous birth To Christ the Son - let give - us
That name which now and ev - er more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er more must love Him.
From sin and pain, Ho - er - er reigns The Prince and Son - let Je - su.

D.S. For there's no word ear - er heard so dear, as sweet as Je - su.

Refrain.

D. S.



We love to sing a-round our King, And hail His bless-ed Je - su: A-men.

James Rowe.

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R. D. Achley.

Do not hurry.

1. Oft in dreams I stand on the gold - en strand, With the Friend who
2. Am I Ev - ing right in the Mas - ter's sight, To the life - line
3. Hiss - ed Har - bor dear, make my du - ty clear, Keep me true all

Widen my path; And with Him I share all the glo - ries there, Will my
troub - led last? Will the crown be won, when the day is done, Will my
life be past; I am weak, I know; but I love Thee so! Let my

Chorus.
dreams come true at last?
dreams come true at last? Will my dreams come true at last,
dreams come true at last.

When the cares of earth are past? Shall I see that place,

and my lov - er's face, Will my dreams come true at last?

Why Should He Love Me So?

R. H.

Copyright, 1908, by ROBERT H. HARKNESS.
INTERNATIONAL MUSIC COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Robert Harkness.

1 Love sent my Sis - ter to die in my stead, Why should He
2 Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He
3 O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He

love me so? Meek - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
love me so? He suf - fered more my sal - va - tion to win,
love me so? Noth - ing with - hold - ing my sin to ef - face,

Chorus

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so? . . .

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sis - ter to
love me so?

Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? . . .
love me so?

414 The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

Eleanor Allen Schreff, COMPOSED BY THE CHURCH MUSIC DEPT. J. H. Williams, ORIGINAL LYRIC, CHURCH MUSIC DEPT.



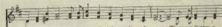
1. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing. There's a place that is
 2. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing. And I go with my
 3. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing. And He bids you to






was-drawn by fair: For it glows with the light of His pres-ence. 'Tis the
 bea-ty-ful and rare Just to learn from His lips words of con-fert. In the
 come meet Him there: Just to hear, and re-ceive a new bless-ing. In the




bea-ty-ful gar-den of prayer. O the bea-ty-ful gar-den, the

gar-den of prayer, O the bea-ty-ful gar-den of prayer: There my Father a-

waits, and He o-pens the gates To the bea-ty-ful gar-den of prayer.



Mrs. C. D. Martin.

Copyright, 1890, by Mrs. C. D. Martin.
Published by W. S. Gilman & Co., New York.

W. S. Gilman & Co.

1. One of God's days er-'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of
 2. One of God's days, them who are new Faith-ful to Je-sus in
 3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo-ry are

14
 heav-en-ly grace, He will re-move, And here to here, we shall see
 He's con-stant cross, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
 sing-ing His praise, Last for a-while, We shall soon meet, with all the

Chorus.

Je-sus One of God's days.
 mean-les One of God's days. One of God's days, beau-ti-ful days.
 ran-somed, One of God's days.

We shall in glo-ry sing His praise, Night-long all day.

Vi-to-ries won. We shall see Je-sus, One of God's days.

C. A. M.

Doubt.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a - round me be

me - an, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, While
fall - ing, But He bids me go, Tho' the voice of we, His

Cresc.

ten of God dis - cuss - es. And He walks with me, and His
is my heart be ring - ing. And He walks with me, and His
voice to me be call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar - ry there, Some oth - er has ev - er known.

W. C. Poole.

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Marie M. Hill.

1. It helps when temptation sweeps over my soul, And tem-ting is Ee's real-ize
2. It helps me, when pleasure would lead me astray, To know that the Sav-er, in
3. Be on-ward I jour-ney in glad-ness to-day, When-ev-er my path-way may

me, . . . To know that my Fi - let has per-fect con-fid, And Je-
love, . . . Is ten-der-ly guid-ing me o-ver Ee's way, And watch-
ing, . . . I know that my Sav-er is lead-ing the way, And Je-

Chorus.

me is think-ing of me. . . . Think-ing of me, . . think-ing of
ing from heav-en a - love, . . .
me is think-ing of me. . . . Je - sus is

me (of me) Je - sus my Sav-er is think-ing of me; When-ev-er I may

be on the land, on the sea, Je - sus my Sav-er is think-ing of me.

Mabel J. Rosewood.

Copyright, 1904, by TOLLAND BROS. CO.

Great Golden Teller.

Smoothly.

1. In His ra-dy-ing love Christ came from heav'n a-bove, Came to re-deem us from
 2. While we in sin were dead, Christ the Re-dem-er died, Suffered and sorrowed on
 3. Je-sus, the Ho-ly One, God's well-be-lov-ed Son. Of-fer to re-son thy

death and de-ath; Come, then, make us be-liev-ing, turn from thy sin a-way,
 Cal-vary's tree; Matchless the love He showed, it was the debt we owed,
 sin-ful-dead soul; Plead with these ten-der-ly, will-ing to par-don them;

Crescendo.

Cast-ing on Him ev-'ry sor-row and care.
 Show-ed the way, that He suf-fered for me. Oh, it is won-der-ful, so ver-y
 Yield to His love, let Him now make thee whole.

a tempo.

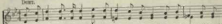
won-der-ful. That we by grace should be saved thro' a-ter-ni-ty; Oh, it is

won-der-ful, so ver-y won-der-ful. That He should suf-fer on Cal-vary for me.

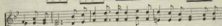
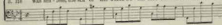
Martha S. Chappin,
Dress.

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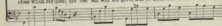
Robert Harkness.



1. Christ had come to His own, they from Him turned away, Hear their shout—“Crucify!”
2. He was calm in the midst of their rage and their strife, Tho’ His friends all for-
3. He was sin-ner, the sin of the world Je-sus bore On the cross, on the

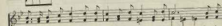


ty! Crucify!” On the cross which He carried that sorrowful day. For the
sick Him and fast; And His cry—“My Father, forgive them,” when He offered His life, As a
cross when He died; He our sin will forgive, will re-mem-ber no more, if we

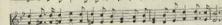
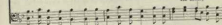


sin of the world He rent His
back to the slaughter was led.
trust in the Christ—our di-der.

O they led Him a-way us to



Cal-vary one day, There a-ton-ment for sin Je-sus made; . . . On the
He made



cross, on the cross, dreadful anguish and loss, It was your debt and mine that He paid.

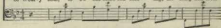


Words by
R. H. McKinney.

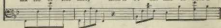
Arr. by R. H. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.



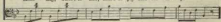
1. Christ the Sav - lor came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
2. Ho - ly ones from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-deem-er from



lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com-ing back some glad to-
sin He of-fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re-cieve a



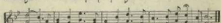
glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
sor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - gain.
bles - sing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!



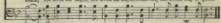
Chorus.



He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its



sin; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.



1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is
 2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-fall, It pays to be
 3. The sacrifices the shut-out may bring e'er the way, And ser-vice may

joy with-out an al-loy; To bear-on to trust Him and rest on His
 true what-e'er you may do; The risk-on of mer-cy in Him to re-
 come to back-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each soul will re-

Chorus.
 w/acc. It pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it
 tale; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
 pay; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.

pays ev-ry day, It pays ev-ry step of the way, The' the pathway to
 ev-ry step of the way

gle-ry may sometimes be dear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

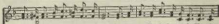
422 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

COMPOSED, 1880, BY JOHN DE MARBELLA.

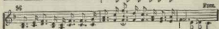
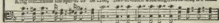
Dion De Marbelle.



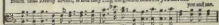
1. There's a land beyond the riv-er, That we call the west-ern-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we're wearily slumber, When the



on-ly reach that shore by faith's de-vot-ing; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
happi-ness shall call beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King who made the spir-it to be free; No more with an-guish la-den, We shall



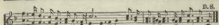
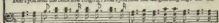
dwelt with the in-sor-ta-ble, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Pa-ther's sweet car-ol-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that lone-ly al-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.



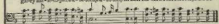
Do not grieve the aching riv-er, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)



Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? Tis the



glor-y land-in-to-let, Ju-bi-lee, (Ju-bi-lee) In that far-off sweet home, Just be-



Saved, Saved.

COMPOSED, 1911, BY ROBERT D. THOMAS

J. P. S.

J. P. Schofield.

1. I've found a friend... who is all to me.... His
 2. He saves me from... ev'ry sin and harm... He
 3. When poor and sore... y and all a lone... He

love is ev'ry-where... I love to tell... how He
 saves my soul each day... I'm lean-ing strong... on His
 love He said to me... Come on - to Me... and I'll

in - ed me... And what His grace can do for you...
 might - y arm... I know He'll guide me all the way...
 lead you home, To live with Me a - ter - nal - ly...

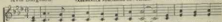
Chorus
 Saved... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved... to new life ad-mired
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life

Life new is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

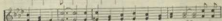
Avis Burgeson.

Copyright, 1914, by Avis Burgeson.
Published by the Burgeson Music Co., Boston.

Arthur W. McKee.



1. The One who once walked on the wa - ters. The Mas - ter of
 2. The One who could heal ev - ry sick - ness. And cause the blind
 3. And now He is liv - ing in glo - ry. Some day His dear



earth and of sea, The Christ who speaks peace to the tem - pest. Is the
 sin - ner to me. The Christ who bro't life to the dy - ing. Is the
 face I shall see. The Christ whose re - turn I am wait - ing. Is the

Chorus.



ver - y same One that loves me. This ver - y same Je - sus loves me.
 ver - y same One that loves me. This ver - y same Je - sus loves me.
 One that has al - ways loved me. This ver - y same Je - sus loves you.
 the Je - sus loves me.



This ver - y same Je - sus loves me; The Christ who could
 This ver - y same Je - sus loves me; The Christ who could
 This Je - sus so ten - der and true. The Christ whose dear
 the Je - sus loves me.

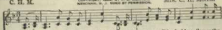


walk on the waves of the sea, Is the ver - y same One that loves me.
 cause the blind sin - ner to see, Is the ver - y same One that loves me.
 face you are wait - ing to view, Is the One that has al - ways loved you.

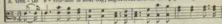
C. H. M.

Copyright, 1888, by T. J. LEECH, NEW YORK.
REVISED, 1890, BY THE SAME.

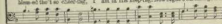
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



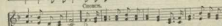
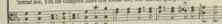
1. When the early morn-ing break-ing, Swee-ter from my eye-lids shak-ing, Comes the
 2. Some-thing dark clouds hang a-brood, Not one step I see be- fore me, Still, my
 3. Oun-der a - ven-ue is near-ing, Light from Heav-en be-fore me, Still the



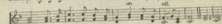
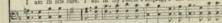
Mom-ent tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Truly ad - ven-ure, la - bor
 Day - lar, I a - dare Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
 Mom-ent tho't no cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now right's cer-tain-gather



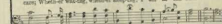
ing-ing. Ours, her words 'round me sing-ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing-ing.
 guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can a-brood me,
 'round me, Yet the dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards sur-round me,



I am in His care. I am in my Fa-ther's keep-ing, I am in His ten-der



care; Whether wak-ing, whether sleep-ing, I am in His care. A-MEN.



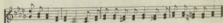
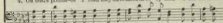
Martha S. Clingan.

COMPOSED, TEAL, BY ROBERT HARKNESS.
ORIGINAL TUNING, ALFRED HARKNESS.
REVISED BY THOMAS W. GILBERT.

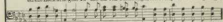
Robert Harkness.



1. On the sea of life I sail, small my bark and wild the gale, I am anchored
2. Love of God which will endure, is my rock strong and sure, I am anchored
3. Peace and safety here are found, and my bark is homeward bound, I am anchored
4. On God's promise I rest, they have stood in ev'ry test, I am anchored



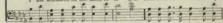
on the Rock of A-ges And the anchor will hold fast, un-till all the storms are past,
on the Rock of A-ges: Love of God with strength unaltered the angry waves will hold,
on the Rock of A-ges: Waiting for me e - ver there, is a mansion bright and fair,
on the Rock of A-ges: To the ha-ven I draw nigh, full of hope with courage high.



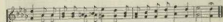
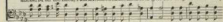
Chorus.



I am anchored on the Rock of A - ges. Anchored on the Rock, safe by



anchored on the Rock, I am anchored on the Rock of A-ges: The danger and strife may



blow, blessed peace of soul I know, I am anchored on the Rock of A - ges.



B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1906, by Herbert W. Holden.
International Music Company, Inc.

D. B. McKimsey.

Steady.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus. He has done so much for me.
 2. He is with me in my tri - als. Best of friends of all in this
 3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus. Call - ing out so glad - ly - ly.
 4. When my work on earth is end - ed. And I cross the way - to me.

He has suf - fered to re - deem me. He has died to set me free.
 I can al - ways count on Je - sus. Can He al - ways count on me?
 "Go and win the lost and stray - ing." Is He sat - is - fied with me?
 Oh, that I could hear His say - ing. "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

Cresc.

I am sat - is - fied. I am sat - is - fied. I am sat - is -

fied with Je - sus. But the ques - tion comes to me, As I

think of Cal - va - ry. In my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

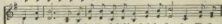
J. P. S.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY
INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

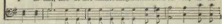
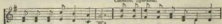
J. P. Schellberg.

Not too fast.

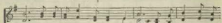
1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er Sing a song that nev - er
 2. I have yield - ed to this Christ, my Sav - lor, And the half has nev - er
 3. I am walk - ing ev - 'ry day with my Sav - lor, And each day new treas - ures



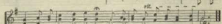
has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - lor, 'Tis the
 yet been told; For each day He is to me grow - ing dear - er, 'Tis the
 I be - hold; How we thro' His love and grace find God's fa - vor, In the

*Chorus, Spelled.*

sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er



told. It's a sto - ry that nev - er grows old; How His won - der - ful



love has led Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told.



E. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY ROBERT HARKNESS, INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, EXTENDED.
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Robert Harkness.

1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly. My Lord is with me, my Lord is
 2. I shall not be lone-ly in my mor-row, He will sus-tain me un-till the
 3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, Tho' shadow-gath-er, I will not

Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly. No lon-ger
 Iack-not right His turn to bright-en mor-row. No lon-ger
 He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me. No lon-ger

Chorus.
 lone-ly for He is with...
 lone-ly He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly. No lon-ger lone-ly. For
 lone-ly He will be true...

Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me... No lon-ger lone-ly. No lon-ger
 to me

lone - ly. For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
 of friends to me

430 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B.

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RENEWAL, 1949

F. P. Bilborn.



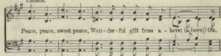
1. There came to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus our Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bid, (a - bid,) And



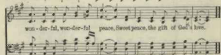
glad and a joy - unspeakable, (re - frain,) I sing it a -
 gain by His death was all paid; (all paid,) No sin - or fault
 heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound,) In His rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but



gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love,
 da - tion in all, For peace, the gift of God's love,
 thank - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love,
 peace doth be - hold, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;) Oh,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

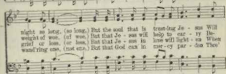
Annie B. Russell.

Copyright, 1904, by Annie B. Russell.

Ernest G. Schmitt.



1. There is nev - er a day so dear - y, There is nev - er a
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a
 3. There is nev - er a care or sor - row, There is nev - er a
 4. There is nev - er a grief - y and - sor - row, There is nev - er a



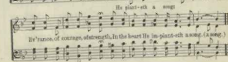
might so long, (so long,) But the word that is trust - ing Je - sus Will
 weight of sin, (of sin,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry He
 grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus is love will light - en When
 wand'ring ones, (not ones,) But that God can in car - ry par - don There



some - where God a song, (a song,) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,
 cause He lov - eth us, (loves us,) car - ried to the cross, (the cross,) Je - sus Christ, His Son, (His Son.)



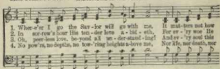
In the heart He im - plant - eth a song, A song of de -



He plant - eth a song
 He'rance, of courage, and strength, In the heart He im - plant - eth a song, (a song.)

432 I Cannot Get Beyond His Love.

Mrs. Frank A. Brock. COMPOSER. MADE BY PUBLISHED BY GOSWELL. Great Colfax Teller.



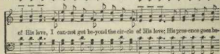
1. When-e'er I go the Sav-ior will go with me, It must-ber not how
 2. In an-ny's heart like ten-der love a-bid-eth, For ev-'ry man' He
 3. Oh, peer-less love, be-yond all un-der-stand-ing! And ev-'ry soul this
 4. No pow'r, no depth, no how-er-ing heights a-love me, Nor life, nor death, nor



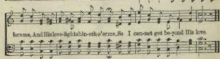
dark and rough my way, With ten-der love He cir-cles all my jour-ney, I
 bath a watch-ful train; 'Mid ev-'ry storm-y tem-pest, wild-ly beat-ing, He
 last-ing love may close! For-ward-ing love, so sweet-er love, so bound-less, How
 tri-ble an-ny-where, Can sep-a-rate me from the love of Je-sus, Or



can-not get be-yond His love-long-way, I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle
 with-put peace, and there be in-stant calm, strange that low-ly car-riage
 keep me from the watch-ful, ten-der care,



of His love, I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle of His love; His pres-ence must be



here me, And His love-ly light in-ether's arms, He I can-not get be-yond His love.

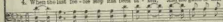
433 When I Get to the End of the Way.

Copyright, 1886, by CHARLES D. TILLMAN.
 LYRIC BY HARRINGTON.

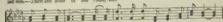
Charles D. Tillman.



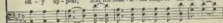
1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the stran-ger on
2. There are no man-y life to climb up-ward, I oh-ten am
3. He loves me too well to let me go, Or give me a
4. When the last ter-ri-ble step has been ta-ken, And the gates of that



D. C.—And the tale of the road will seem worth-while, When I get to the
 last one.—Then the tale of the road, etc.



Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub-due'd the rough Mt - levi
 long-ing for rest; But He who ap-oints me my path-way,
 tri - al too much; All this peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased,
 oh - y ap-poor, And the heav-ly-est songs of the an-gels

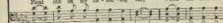


and of the way; And the tale of the road will seem worth-while.

Fin.



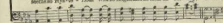
Will be heard in Ju-de-a no more. But the path of that
 knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
 And Sa-tan can nev-er chain such. By and by I shall
 Fight on on my Sa-tan-ic way; When all that now



When I get to the end of the way.



long Gal - i - le - an With joy I will tel-low to-day;
 word He hath prom-ised That my strength "shall be as my day;"
 see Him and praise Him, is the cit-y of re-mem-bering day;
 seems as eye-to-ri-ous Will be bright and as clear as the day; A-men.

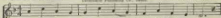


He Will Hold Me Fast

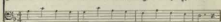
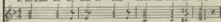
Ada R. Halvorsen.

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Published by G. Schirmer, Inc.

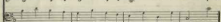
Robert Hartmann.



1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
 3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;



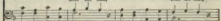
When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast...
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast...
 Though His arrows are His de - light, He will hold me fast...
 Dought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast...



Basso. - a tempo.



He will hold me fast, hold me fast, He will hold me fast, hold me fast



For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.



James F. Tompkins.

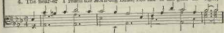
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Quincy, Mass. U.S.A.

B. D. Ackley.

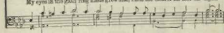
Duet.



1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the find-ing of the soul, The bright-er the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the lives are shown;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair-er the gold-ens bright;



I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
 I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
 The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
 My eyes in the gull'ring white grow dim, Then the clearer in-mor-tal light.



Chorus.



Home, Home, Hark-en-to Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweeter thou art to me. A-MEN.



M. D. J.

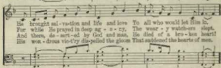
Copyright, 1914, by M. D. J. Co., New York.

Mrs. Maudie B. Jacobs.

All in One Harmony Song.




1. My Sav - lor came from heav'n's a-bove To re - deem a world from sin;
2. My Sav - lor came to Gol - lem - a - no, A - lone His sad vig - il kept;
3. My Sav - lor came to Cal - v'ry's cross, And took a sin - ner's part;
4. My Sav - lor came from the al - low's tomb, Tel - ephant a - ter death and day.



He brought sal - vation and life and love To all who would let Him in.
For while He prayed in deep ag - o - ny, The wear - y watch - men slept.
And then, de - sert - ed by God and man, He died of a ter - ror heart!
His won - drous vic - ty dis - pelled the gloom That shadowed the hearts of men.



He came to - be - me, a sin - ner lost, And of - fered per - son free;
An an - gel from heav - en heard His plea, And strength to Him did give.
O won - der - ful love that could suf - fer so, That sin - ners might go free!
He strength - ened for - ev - er at God's right hand, My in - ter - res - sor is He.



My Sav - lor came from heav'n's a-bove That I might re - turned be.
My Sav - lor came to Gol - lem - a - no That I thro' His might live.
My Sav - lor came to Cal - v'ry's cross, And shed His blood for me.
My Sav - lor came from the al - low's tomb, And over - came death for me.

Chorus.



Jesus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for a - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

This shall my song thro' the a - ges be Je - sus paid the price for me.

437 When the Night Shades Are Falling.

M. B. J.

Copyright, 1884, by August A. Jacobs. Mrs. Minnie M. Jacobs.

1. When the night shades gently are fall - ing, And the light softly glow in the sky,
2. What - er - er the task that is giv - en, I will faith - fully do - for - on;
3. And when my day here is end - ed, And the twilight of life I've seen

by theodora
jacobson
1884

Then I think of the home o - ver yon - der, And I seem to be so near by.
Can - test - ed if, when it is in - loked, The Fa - ther shall say "Well Come."
I will face toward home in the eve - ning, And wait for the light to come.

Chorus.

O the glory awaiting in the home - land, When our day's work here is done!

work here

We will be with home with the Fa - ther, And no more shall we - er - er come.

438 My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1880, by W. C. Martin.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I trust in God when-er I may be,..... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the same an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the vagrant
3. I trust in God, for, in the S-on's com-pan-y,.... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The valley may be dark, the cloud-ey deep,.... But O, the Shep-herd



on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heart's-ly
thou' the path-less str, And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me, - My heart's-ly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' food or thame, My heart's-ly
guards His flock-ly sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead us home, My heart's-ly



Chorus.
Fa-ther watch-er o-ver me, I trust in God, - I know He cares for



me,..... On trou-ble-ful head or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On trou-ble-ful head or on the



me,..... Thro' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
me, the storm-y sea; Thro' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.

and,..... My heart-ly Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me.
keeps my soul,

439 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Margaret, S. S. S. S. S.

A. L. Parn.

p

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I read my wear-y soul in
2 O Light that hid'st sweet all my way, I yield my sick'ning heart to
3 O Joy that seek'st me thro' the pain, I can-not close my heart to
4 O Cross that lift'st me up my head, I dare not ask to hide from

Then; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Then; My heart re-stores the long-lost ray, That in Thy
Then; I trace the rain-how thro' the rain, And feel the
Then; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And turn the

a - cross, despite his flow May rich - er, full - er be.
sun-shine's glow the day May bright-er, fair - er be.
prom-ise is not vain That soon shall tear - less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - men.

T. O. Christman.
Not just.

REPRINTED, WITH, BY THE PUBLISHERS FROM

C. Harold Lowden.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Near-ing on Cal-v'ry my
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's wide wide, My dear-est treas-ure, the

all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
 sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
 His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
 light of His smile, Seek-ing the last cross He died to re-deem.

* Crescdo. Unison. A little slower.

This is the path-way of bless-ing for me,
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and
 Drown-ing each tri-al a part of my cross,
 Bring-ing the won-ry to find rest in Him.

Sar-ve, I give my-self to Thee; For Thee, in Thy A-basement, Dignity

give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

* Crescdo. — Melody to lower voices. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

Living for Jesus.



thence, My life I give, henceforth to Thee, O Christ, for Thou art love.

441

Ready.

S. H. L.

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Charles D. Tillman.



1. Ready to set-ter grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, ready to hear, Ready to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er soul to yearn;

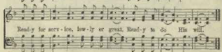


Ready to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best,
Ready to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Ready to stand where He sees fit, Ready to stand the strain,
Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His re-torn.

Chorus.



Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;



Ready for ser-vice, low-ly or great, Ready to do His will.

Rev. J. B. Abbotson.

Arr. R. B. McKinney.

Adapted as a Solo.

1. I have read of a heav-ni-fel cit-y, Far a-way in the kingdom of God;
 2. I have read of bright mansions in heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
 3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
 4. I have read of a Christ so lov-ing, That the sinners may ask and re-cieve

I have read how the walls are of jas-per, How the streets are all golden and broad,
 And the saints who on earth have been faithful, How they sit with Christ o-ver there;
 When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter, And my glo-ry e-ver-last-ly share;"
 Peace and pardon from ev'ry transgression, If which ask-ing they can-ly be-ieve.

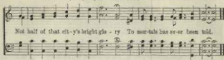
In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be-hold;
 There no sin-er en-ter, nor sor-row, The th-ink-er ac-tu-ate or grown old;
 How the righteous are evermore bless-ed, As they walk there the streets of pure gold;
 I have read how He'll guide and protection, If for safe-ty we en-ter His fold.

But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To man-kind has ev-er been told,
 But not half of the joys that a-wait them To man-kind has ev-er been told,
 But not half of the won-der-ful cit-y To man-kind has ev-er been told,
 But not half of his goodness and mer-cy To man-kind has ev-er been told.

Chorus.

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

Not Half Has Ever Been Told.



443

Tread Softly.

Parry J. Crosby.

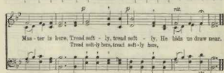
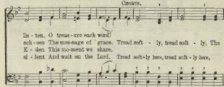
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W. H. Doane.

Gentle.



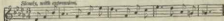
Cresc.



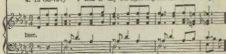
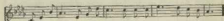
Rev. W. C. Poole.

REVEREND, 1880, BY ROBERT H. COLLINGS.
SUPERINTENDENT, CHRISTIANITY BELLFONTS.

B. D. Ackley.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Up Cal-vary—there obtained our way God's on-ly Son up-on His way
2. On Cal-vary—His life He gave, My sin-ners there, my soul to save;
3. On Cal-vary—God's on-ly Son O'er death and sin the vic-t'ry won,
4. To Cal-vary— I look to-day For light to guide me on life's way,

*Inter.*

To die for you, to die for me, Up-on the cross of Cal-vary.
Up-on the land was laid my sin, That I His courts might en-ter in.
And to the cross be't glo-ry bright, To fight the world with His-ly light,
And to the cross my trust-ing soul Shall cling while op-er-ous a- gain roll.

*Cresc.*

On Cal-vary— He died for me, And took the stain of sin a-way,



On Calvary.



And showed the way to vic-tor-y— E-ter-nal life and end-less day.


445 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

J. H. Towney.



1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
 2. Man-y are choos-ing Christ to-day, Turn-ing from all their sin-a-way;
 3. Leave-ing the strait and nar-row way, Go-ing the broad-ward road to-day,
 4. Ho-ping, be-liev-ing, this ver-y hour, Trust in the Sav-er's grace and pow'r.



Tell me, what shall your an-swer be? Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?
 Heav'n shall their hap-py por-tion be; Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?
 And will their il-lud end-ing be,—Lost thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
 Then will your joy-ous an-swer be, Saved thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!

Refrain.



1-2. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?
 3. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Lost thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
 4. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Saved thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!

C. B.

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Charles Butler.

1. There's none oth - er name giv - en a - mong men, There's
 2. On a cross lift - ed high went a Man forth to die, And the
 3. This Lamb that was slain has ris - en a - gain, His

none can with His com - pare; All oth - ers are marred, by
 sin of the land re - vealed; In sor - row for - gotten, our
 tri - umph we all shall see; Once dy - ing in shame, soon

as they are marred, He's fair - er than all the fair,
 giveth the back bones, And with His stripes we are healed.
 com - ing a - gain, This Sav - ior the King shall be.

Chorus.

Je - sus the Lamb of God has God, O - pen - ing the door to heav - en wide;

No Other Name.

all who be-fore are ju-diced Free-ly from ev-'ry sin.

447

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

Andante.

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul, re-
deem'd the Fa-ther meeteth him out up-on the way, Wel-come-ing Him

2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wan-d'ring
Yea, a soul is re- deem'd from his sin-ful way, And is born a-

3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the
Toll the joy-ful ti-dings! hear it far a-way, For a pre-cious

D.C.—For the ransomed or- - gan, like a night-y rose, Poul-ing forth the

Fine, Cadenza.

turn-ing from the wil-
won-ry, wan-d'ring child.
now is re - con-ciled! Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
now is re - con-ciled!
glad tel - an - gels strain!
and is born a - gain.

an - gels of the Free.

an - gels sing: Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harp sings!

D.C.

B. B. McK.

NEW, UNPUBLISHED, SONG, BY ROBERT H. CHURMAN.

Arr. by B. B. McKimsey.
From "Whispering Song."

Duet.



1. List to the voice of the Star - her Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
2. List to the voice of the Star - her Call-ing the wea-ry, op - press'd,
3. List to the voice of the Star - her Call-ing to you and to me,



Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love,
Lov - ing-ly, ten-der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest,"
Call - ing us o - ver the bi - nald, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;



Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der-ly speaks to the sick,
Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;
Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Star - her they roam;



Turn-ing their sight lo-ve more - ing, Mak - ing the lone-ly heart glad,
Trust in the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Life or - er - last-ing you'll win,
"He is the by-ways and high-ways" Bring-ing the wan-ders-ers home.

Chorus.



List.....to the voice,..... O how ten - - der and sweet,.....
List to the voice, List to the voice, Ten-der-ly sweet, O how ten-der and sweet,

First to the Voice.



Call - ing you home..... Where the rest - of us shall meet.....
 Call - ing you home, call - ing you home,

449 Trust, Try and Prove Me.

L. S. L.

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 Boston, U. S. A.

Lida Shivers Leach.




1. Bring ye all the tithes in to the storehouse, All your money, talents, time and love;
 2. When my war-ring faith in trials fal-ter, When His guiding hand I can-not see,
 3. I have yield-ed Him my life for-ev-er, All I am, or have, or hope in be;



Con - se-crate them all up - on the al - tar; While your far - le from a -
 Then it won-drous love and ten-der mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to
 Night on earth my hold on Him can nev - er, While I hear His say to

Harmon.



har-mon-ize sweet-ly. Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, with the Lord of
 me, My child, just
 me, My child, just Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,



haste, and see If a bless-ing, un-meas-ured bless-ing, I will not pour out on Thee.

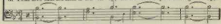
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. Love led my Sav-ior from glo-ry-land In-to a dark world with sin-ful man,
 2. 'Twas love that caused Him to leave His own, And loved in Geth-se-m-a-ne a - lone,
 3. 'Twas love that led Him to Cal-va-ry, To suf-fer the pain and ag - o - ny.



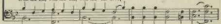
To give all ma-nerned - ra-tion's plan, 'Twas love, love, love....
 And cry, "My Fa-ther, Thy will be done!" 'Twas love, love, love....
 'Twas love that saved Him to die for us, 'Twas love, love, love....



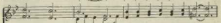
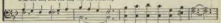
Chorus.



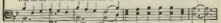
Love, love, love, love, Won-der-ful love so true,
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



Love, love, love, love, Saved a poor sin-ner like me,
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



Love, love, love, love, Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



Solo.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's
 2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If - their
 3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He

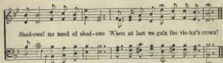
day is end - ed and the sor - row o'er; When the morning comes in
 faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
 come in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall

meet the bless - ed Sa - vior, When we rise to dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.
 Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a - dored,
 soul and loved ones waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

Chorus.

Shad - ows! no need of shad - ows! When at last we lay life's bur - den down;

Shadows



Shed-rows! no need of shed-rows. When at last we ride the vic-tor's crown!

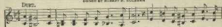
434

Sometimes!

11

PROFESSOR, DEPT. OF CHEMISTRY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE. Robert Hargrave.
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA 92506

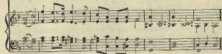
11



1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end - ed, is - bor
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for



more! Oh, what re-joice-ing on the golden shore,
 meet, On-ly to sit for-ev-er at His feet, Some-time, some-time more!
 done, Oh, what a crown for ev'-ry vic-t'ry won, some-time more!
 me. There I shall reign with Him e-ver-mal-ly,



Tell Mother I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1905, Renewed, by Charles M. Fillmore, Boston.

C. M. F.

Charles M. Fillmore,
Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I re - mem - ber
 2. Though I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good;
 3. When I be - came a proud - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,
 4. One day a true - love came to me, it made me quick - ly see



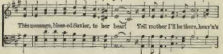
How I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and mis - do - ings; And
 So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My
 She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing af - ter me; And
 If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I



now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care; O Sav - ior, tell my
 childhood griefs and trials she would glad - ly with me share; O Sav - ior, tell my
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care; O Sav - ior, tell my
 promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare; O Sav - ior, tell my



moth - er I'll be there! Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer;
 I'll be there!



This message, O Sav - ior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

joys with her to share; Yea, tell my darling mother I'll be there!
I'll be there!

455 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. H. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. O. Wilson.

1. Sing the war-drum joys of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace!
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky!
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust Him, nev - er - try - ing day!
4. On - ward to the pris - on - house till Jesus His beau - ty we'll be - hold!

In the man - sion bright and blest - ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when true King - dom days are o - ver, Not a shut - out, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the tale of life re - pay.
From the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for in a place.

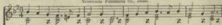
Chorus.
When we all get to heaven, What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!

When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry
When we all and shout the vic - to - ry.

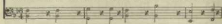
T. O. Clithorn.

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Published by The Clithorn Music Co., Boston.

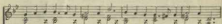
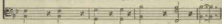
Geo. C. Stebbins.



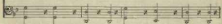
1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for many a year.
2. Why should I perish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care.
3. Sweet are the mem'-ries that come to me, Fa-ther of loved ones a - gain I see.
4. O that I nev - er had gone a - stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day.



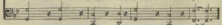
Do-ve - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
 When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
 Th - stone of home where I used to be, — I will a - rise and go;
 Now all its treasures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go.



Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
 Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, War-ry no more to be called a son.
 Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed a - new,
 Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill."



Wit-ting to take but a serv-ant's place, — I will a - rise and go, —
 Rep-ting my Fa-ther this child may own, — I will a - rise and go, —
 Why should I lin-ger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go, —
 I must not wait for the night grows dark, I will a - rise and go, —



The Prodigal Son.

Chorus.

Back to my Fa-ther and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,
and home,
I will a-rise and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.
and go

457 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart.

Arise. 3. 7. 3. 7. 3. 7.

Ans.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free hem-my glo-ri-ty;
3. Come, ye wan-ry, heav-y - la-den, Lost and re-lin-ed by the fall;
4. Let not con-science make you dis-ger, Nor of sit-ness kind-ly dream;

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

D. C. for Chorus.

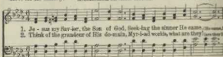
Je-sus read-ly stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be- lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev'-ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the sit-ness He re-quit-eth in to lead you from of Etern. A-MEN'

In the arms of my dear Son-der, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

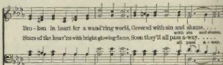
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

CHORUS BY H. D. ACKLEY.
ORIGINAL LYRIC, H. D. ACKLEY.
ORIGINAL MUSIC, H. D. ACKLEY.

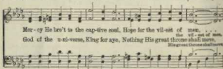
H. D. Ackley.



1. Je - sus my Sav - ior, the Son of God, seek - ing the sinner He came, (re - peat)
2. Think of the grandeur of His do - main, Myr - iad works, what are they?



Two - ten in heart for a wand'ring world, Covered with sin and shame, . . .
Stars of the heav'n with bright glowing faces, Soon they'll all pass a - way. . . .



Mer - cy He has't to the cap - tive soul, Hope for the vil - est of men, . . .
God of the un - de - vout, King for aye, Nothing His great throne shall move.



Love that endures when all oth - ers fail, King it a - gain and a - gain,
Love to the world now in Christ re - main, He is the best King of Love.



Chorus.
He is the King of Love, . . . Changeless, trans - forming, Giv - ing.
of Love, trans - forming, Giv - ing.

He is the King of Love.

He is the King of my life, What a wonderful joy is mine . . .

Of His great love I'll sing, Sent from the Father a - love, the Father a - love.

To Him for-ev-er my soul will cling, He is the King of Love, the King of Love.

459 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. J. Havergal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-sac-rat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and bound - ed for Thee;
 3. Take my all - vor and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine.

Chor.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

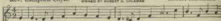
Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my no-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

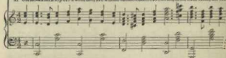
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INTERNATIONAL HYMNARY ASSOCIATION.
EDITED BY ROBERT H. COLLINGS.

Rev. Campbell Coyle.

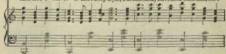
Robert Harrison.



1. Be-side the Cross I'm tent-ing, and I feel a promise there That touches me with
2. No gold have I of goodness stored e-ter-nal life to buy; To purchase at such
3. Be-side the Cross I'm tent-ing, and I'd by the Cross a-bide, And sheltered in my
4. On mountain's top He's with me, He whose blood-purchase Christ, And with Him, all He



- cap-ture and heal all my pain and care; The cross stream flows e-ver me, a
empty prize I've long since ceased to try; My hope is built on bet-ter ground, all
Ravine's love for ev-er more shall hide; No present storm can harm me there, nor
calls me, I will ev-er more keep trust; The time may have their streams, but I



- now-am all my sin; My soul is filled with glory that my soul and Christ are kin.
be-cause worth is done I've traveled back to Calv'ry, and I'm tenting by the Cross.
storm of time to come; His presence will protect me, and will bring me safely home,
count them all but loss; I've traveled back to Calv'ry, and I'm tenting by the Cross.



Tenting By the Cross.

Chorus, Duet.

Ten-t-ing by the Cross, yes, I'm tent-ing by the Cross I've

trav-eled back to Cal - v'ry, and I'm tent-ing by the Cross.

461

Keep On Praying.

R. B. McK.

Copyright, 1900, by ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

R. B. McKimsey.

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro'.

God's great prom-ises are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro'.

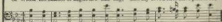
Miss Galla Adoloff.

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PUBLISHED BY THE CHILMAN MUSIC COMPANY.

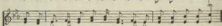
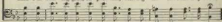
B. H. McKinney.



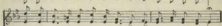
1. There's a home of man - y man - alone in the Fa - ther's house a - lone.
2. When the storms of life are rag - ing, doubts and fears my soul as - sail.
3. When the shadows of night are fall - ing, and my loved ones have passed on.



That our Sav - ing is pre - par - ing for the still - ness of His love.
His "Let not your heart be trou - bled," I can hear a - lone the gate;
And I'm wait - ing glad, ex - pect - ant, wait - ing for the heav'nly dawn.



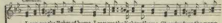
So my heart knows not de - spair - ing, tho' in sor - row oft I roam,
So with love turned ev - er home - ward, while the bill - lows dash and foam,
Brighter, bright - er, ev - er bright - er, till the an - gels for me come.



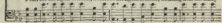
Glean - ing from the man - y man - alone, I can see the Lights of home,
Glean - ing from the man - y man - alone, I can see the Lights of home,
Glean - ing from the man - y man - alone, I can see the Lights of home.



Chorus.



I can see the Lights of home, I can see the Lights of home, Glean - ing from the man - y




I Can See the Lights of Home.



masons, I can see the lights of home, I can see the lights of home Far a-
 cross the billows' foam, glancing from the many masts and, I can see the lights of home.

After last stanza.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Je-ssie, I'll soon be at home.

463

No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar.

From Alfred R. Gail.



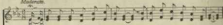
1. No shadow yon - der! All light and song! Each day I was - der, And
 2. No weep - ing yon - der! All glad a - way! While here I was - der, Each
 3. No part - ing yon - der! No space of time! Shall heart's re - ven - der, In
 4. None waiting yon - der! Dashed by the latch, All glad - ness on - der The

say, "How long shall time we was - der From that dear thorn?"
 was - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay,
 that fair olive, Dear - er and fond - er - in friend - ship with - love,
 o - ver - green palm, Lord, as night's than - der Swells out the glad psalm.

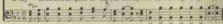
A. F. L.

COMPOSED, WORDS BY A. F. LINGG.

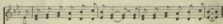
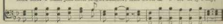
Arthur F. Ingles.

Andantino.

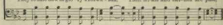
1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit - y. Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-low'd in that cit - y. And nothing de - fil - ing or mean;
3. No heart-aches are known in that cit - y. No tears or - er moist-en the eye;
4. My loved ones are path - er - ing you - der, My friends, too, are pass-ing a-way;



John saw it de-send-ing from heav-en, When Pal-mes, in ex - ce, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No craps on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No an - ny an-d-strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in a - ter-ni-ty's day;



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

*rit. ad lib.*

And when my trial test here is hold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be-hold.
No part-ing words or - er are spo - ken, There's nothing to hurt or de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bliss-ful-ty I share.
They've - ven-came and the tempter, They've reached that lib-er-ty of heart.



The Pearly White City.

Harmon. Slow.

In that bright cit - y, . . . pearl - y white cit - y, . . . I have a
man-sion, an harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing, and
long-ing. For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down. A-MEN.

465 Softly Now the Light of Day.

Geo. W. Doane.

Symphony. 78.

Carl M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Then whose all - per - vail - ing eye Naught un - escapes, with-out, with - in.
3. Hunt for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way.

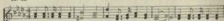
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
Far - den each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fast and we - most glad
Thee, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

H. L.

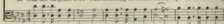
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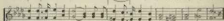
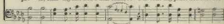
Halter Lohman.



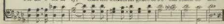
1. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Greater than all my sin; How shall my tongue be
2. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reaching to all the lost. By it I have been
3. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reaching the most de-filed, By its trans-forming



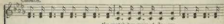
scrib - it. Where shall its praise be-gin? . . . Tak - ing a-way my sin - der,
 purified, Saved to the ex - ter - min - ty. . . . Chas - tity have been born a - sin - der,
 pur - er, Wash - ing His God's dear child, . . . Per - chas - ing peace and heav - en.



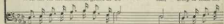
Set - ting up a - gain its host; For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es us.
 giv - ing us Je - sus - ty; For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es us.
 For all ex - ter - mi - ty, And the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es us.



Chorus.



the match - less grace of Je - sus,
 Won - der - ful the match - less grace of Je - sus, Deep - er than the



the ex - ter - mi - ty Won - der - ful
 might - y ex - ter - mi - ty High - er than the heav - en - ly,



Wonderful Grace of Jesus.

grace all - and - d - - - clest for us, for e - ven us,
 sparkling like a fountain, All and - d - clest grace for e - ven us,
 Great - er than the scope of my trans - gres - sions, Great - er far than all my sin and
 transgression, sing it,
 shame, O mag - ni - ty the pre - cious name of Je - sus, Praise His name!
 my sin and shame,

467 New Every Morning Is the Love

Robert K. Rutter

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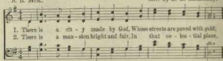
Robert E. Rouseman

1. Now ev-'ry morn-ing is the love, Our wak'ing and up-ris-ing prove,—
2. Now near-er each re-tur-n-ing day, Hie-or-a round us while we pray,—
3. On-y, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for per-fect rest a-been,

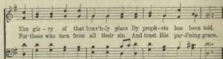
Thro' deep and dark-ness cal-le-by bro't, Re-stored to life, and pen't, and glo'ry,
New par-ble past, new alms for-giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n,
And help us, this and ev-'ry day, To live more near-ly as we pray.

C. E. L.
B. B. McK.

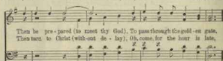
AND CHORUS, MADE BY ROBERT H. COLLINGS.

C. E. Leslie.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.


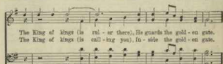
1. There is a city made by God, Whose streets are paved with gold;
2. There is a mansion bright and fair, In that city - God's place.



The glo - ry of that heav'nly place By proph - ety has been told.
For those who turn from all their sin And trust His pur -ifying grace.



Then be pre - pared (be meet thy God), To pass through the gold - en gate,
Then turn to Christ (with-out de - lay), Oh, come, for the hour is late,



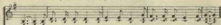
The King of Kings (is real - ly there), He guards the gold - en gate.
The King of Kings (is call - ing you), In - side the gold - en gate.

Solo, Advo.



Is there any one here who is not pre - pared to en - ter the gold - en

That Beautiful Golden Gate.



gate! Be read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

First, Tenor and Alto.



Don't let it be said, too late, too late, to en - ter that gold - en gate. Be




read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.



All Parts.



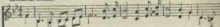
That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, Be



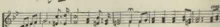
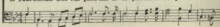

read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.



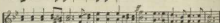
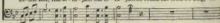
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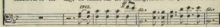
1. The cross is stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-ry-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. True be-cause debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on



er-ty slain, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here-shine, There
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its cross the cross we sing, Of



world has hate hath shown, Yet it is not a-ter-drawn, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross
Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our Re-ign-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

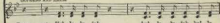


* Solo. Sop. or Tenor, or Bass.



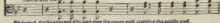
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah

Soprano and Alto.



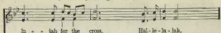
Chorus, esp. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah

Tenor and Bass.



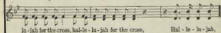
* The Chorus, the Soprano and Alto sing over the upper staff, and the Tenor and Bass over the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross.



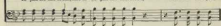
In - - jah for the cross,

Hal - le - lu - jah,

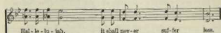


In - jah for the cross, hal-le - lu - jah for the cross,

Hal - le - lu - jah,



Hal - le - lu - jah,



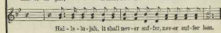
It shall nev-er suf-fer loss,

Hal - le - lu - jah,

It shall nev-er

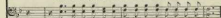
suf-fer

loss.



Hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.




Hal - le - lu - jah,

f *Fin. Cresc.*

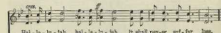


Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah for the cross,

Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah for the cross,



Hal - le - lu - jah,



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah,

hal - le - lu - jah,

It shall nev-er

suf-fer loss.



Hal - le - lu - jah,

*For a final section, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

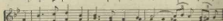
D. R. Van Helden.

REVEREND, JOHN, OF D. D. HARRIS,
HARRIS AND HARRIS.

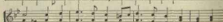
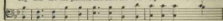
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ra - mped hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - . . . on King and Sav - ior!



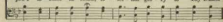
Let ev - 'ry heart a - boy Thy will, And ev - 'ry voice a -
And earth - ly pow-er-ful claim - or both Their Sov - 'rign King to
Thy host are van-quished, and Thine art Om - nip - o - tent be-



fore Thee, In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The vi - brant
crown Thee, While thou re- deemed in a - gony gone, As - sum - ble
ev - er. Death, sha and hell no Im - per reign, And Sa - tan's



chords of Heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strains
round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song:
poe't is lost in task; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name



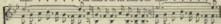
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el



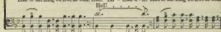
All Hail, Immanuel!

Chorus.

Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail!



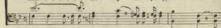
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well!



Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!



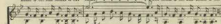
Hail! Im-man-u-el! Glor-y and honor and majesty, Wis-dom and power be
Hail! the-ry and maj-es-ty, Who - dom be



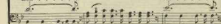
an-to Thee, Now and ev-er - more! . . . Hail! Im-
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!



Hail! Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im-man-u-el!



Hail! Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im-man-u-el!

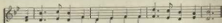
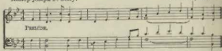


King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el! A-men.

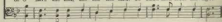


Hishop Joseph F. Barry.

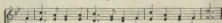
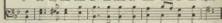
Dr. R. B. Jackson.



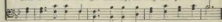
1. A - wake, O Chris-tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy broth-er's call!
 2. Mid deep - est gloom and dark-est night He lifts his help-less hands;
 3. O save the lost, the sin - ner turn! To blind men send the light!



He cries to thee a - cross the deep, Where dark-est shad-ows fall,
 O'er-sight but Je - sus give him light Or break his cru - el ban-ds!
 O let thy soul with ar - dent love To lead them to the right;



From sin and guilt and wretch-ed-ness He knows not where to see,
 Then send, O send the Mas-ter's word A - cross the wide blue sea,
 Then wh - er in that glo - rious day, The king-dom yet to be.



He tell him how the Lord can bless! Thy broth-er calls to thee,
 Where Ma - gon - de-via's cry is heard! Thy brother calls to thee,
 When all shall own the Mas-ter's way! Thy broth-er calls to thee.

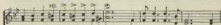
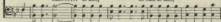


Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

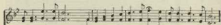
Chorus.



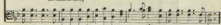
Thy brother calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee; From lands a-far a-
calls..... to thee, he calls to thee;



cross the sea He's calling, call-ing thee; Thy brother calls to thee, Thy
He's call - ing, calling thee; Thy brother calls..... to thee,



brother calls to thee; O send the news, the joyful news, Thy brother calls to thee,
He calls to thee;



Gita. After last verse only.



He calls, he calls, Thy brother calls to thee;
He calls, he calls, Thy brother..... calls to thee;



Chorus may be repeated 2d.



He calls, he calls, Thy brother calls to thee,
He calls, he calls, Thy brother..... calls to thee;



Charlotte G. Roberts.

MUSIC BY ALFRED A. KEMP.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
 2. Ring out! Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -
 A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! a - wake!
 peal, re - peal, re - peal, a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the
 Re - peal, re - peal, Till all the

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
 a - wake! a - wake! And light is beam - ing
 earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And about a - new the
 the earth, And about a - new the

MATE TROUSSEAU.

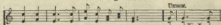
from the re - dant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re - sound with
 glo - ri - ous re - buds; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great ad -

FRED. BARNARD.

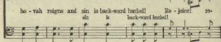
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -
 su - s' that He wro't - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Tenor.




he - vah reigns and sits in back-ward busi-ness! He - joins re-
sits in back-ward busi-ness!



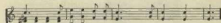
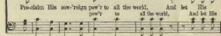

joins His heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!



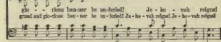
Full Harmony.



Pro-claims His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His



glo - rious hon-our be ascribed! Je - ho - vah reigns
glorious hon-our be ascribed! Je - ho - vah reigns Je - ho - vah reigns

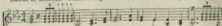


Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.

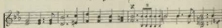


473 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

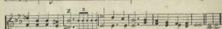
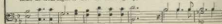
Daniel C. Roberts. National Hymn. 10, 10, 10, 10. George W. Warren.



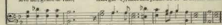
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly sin - ti-ments,
4. Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toil-some way.



Lead us forth in love - ty all the star - ry host	Of shin-ing worlds in
In this free land by Thy care let us meet	Be Thou our sal - ve,
Be Thy strong arm our re - st and our de-fence;	Thy true re - lig-ion
Lead us from night to morn - ing and - ing days;	Fill all our lives with



up-ten-der them the skies,	Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.
guard-ian, guide and stay,	Thy word our law, Thy path our cho-ice way.
In our hearts in-cense,	Thy boundless goodness nourish us in peace.
love and grace di-vine,	And glo-ry, hon-our and praise be ev-er Thine. AMEN.



474

I Would Be True.

MADE BY PERMISSION OF J. WATSON PUBLISHING.

Howard Arnold Walter.

First.

Joseph Yates Peck.



1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-foe; I would be



I Would Be True.



pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
 give - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be true - life,
 there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to
 for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
 dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
 life, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and life. A - MEN.

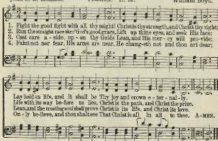
475

Fight the Good Fight.

John S. B. Monnell.

Postlude. L. M.

William Boyd.



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race that God's good grace, Lick up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide lean, and His mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang - eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with his way be - fore to lead, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the truth and shall prove Christ is the life, and Christ the love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - MEN.

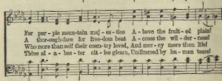
Katherine Lee Bates.

Melodist. C. M. D.

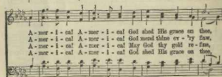
Samuel A. Ward.



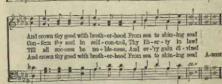
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For sea - her waves of gold,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for all - grain best, Whose stern, in - pas - sioned storm
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved in the - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dreams That men be - yond the years



For per - ple men - tale maj - es - ties A - love the free - ed plain
 A cheer - ful dare for free - dom best A - cross the wil - der - ness
 Who more than sell their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than bid
 These al - a - bus - ter old - en gleams, Unfaded by hu - man tears



A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God send thine er - 'ry foe,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee,

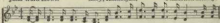


And crown thy good with brother - hood From sea to shi - ling coast
 Con - form the soul in self - con - trol, Thy Is - er - ty is least
 Till all are - one be no - ble - men, And er - 'ry gain di - vined
 And crown thy good with brother - hood From sea to shi - ling coast A - mer.

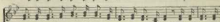
Julia Ward Howe.

Glory, Hallelujah.

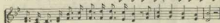
Plantation Melody.



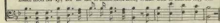
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-tires of a boat-crew circling camps; They have
3. He has wounded both the trumpet that shall not be or sound re-trust; He is
4. In the heav-ty of the Mi-li-ta-ry, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a



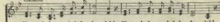
trans-plant-ing out the vine-ages where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath bound the
bold-ed Him an al-tar in the eve-ning down and danger; I can read His
sign-hug out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat, O be swift, my
glo-ry in His hos-ey that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



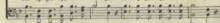
into-fel Right-ing of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on,
right-ness ex-ter-mines by the din and war-ing lan-gue; His day is march-ing on,
well, to an-swer Him be-fore His face, my feet! Our God is march-ing on,
make men ba-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.



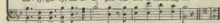
Chorus.



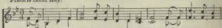
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



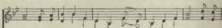
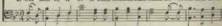
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is march-ing on. A-men.



Francis Scott Key.



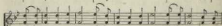
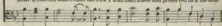
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we
2. On the shores, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that land, who so vainly-ly swore That the har - or of
4. Oh, thus be it - or when ironies shall stare De - troen their loved



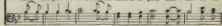
hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
 host in dread silence re - pos - on, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
 become and the war's de - o - la - tion; Hail'd with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



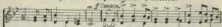
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 ter - or - ing sleep, As H - H - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clo - s -
 leave us no room? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion;
 Hail's re - moved land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!



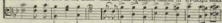
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
 how it catch'd the gleams of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No reli - ge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our



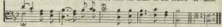
The Star-Spangled Banner.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
float—oh, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it
flit—on the breeze of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
not—no: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A-MEN.



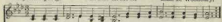
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God of Our Fathers.

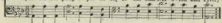
Rudyard Kipling.

Solms. L. M. 61.

Isaac H. Woodbury.



1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung but-ter-lye, Do
reach whose are his hand we hold Do-mine-ten o-ver pain and place
2. Tho' to-morrow and the short-est day, The cap-tives and the things de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient wa-ter-ways, An hon-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-tives seek a-way, On dunes and headland stake the eye,
To all our pomp of yester-day is one with Na-tion and Tyre.



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.



S. F. Smith.

America.

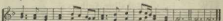
English.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of Thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, Thee, Land of the so - ble, free,
 3. Let our a - ble arms swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of Lib - er - ty.



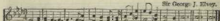

Of Thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song: Let our a - ble arms swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

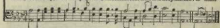
pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!
 ten - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bore,
 breathe partake, Let rocks their al - lence break, The sword pre - long,
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - men.



Sir George J. Elvey.



Lead, heavenly Father, lead us on, And in - crease our hearts to keep this law. A - men.



482 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Samuel Davies.

Senson, L. M.

Luther O. Emerson.



1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood & vine;
 2. Grant me pur-sue - net runs a place Among the chil-dren of Thy grace;
 3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine there' all e-ver-a-b-ly;
 4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood, That bought my guilt-y soul for God,
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov-er-ign right is so.
 A watch-ed sin-nor, lost to God, Not ransom-ed by Im-man-u-el's blood.
 The vow is past be-yond re-pent, And now I set the soul-eyes seal.
 Then, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And con-se-crate to Thee my all. A-men,
 Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

483 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

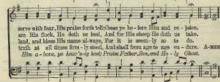
William Kethe.

The Psalter, 1534.

Genevan Psalter.



1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voices;
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God be-fore, With-out our aid He did us make;
 3. O ev-er then His praises with praise, Approach with joy His courts ex-ult;
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er more;
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise



serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
 are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 land, and bless His name al-ways, For it is meet-ly so to do.
 truth at all times true - ly stand, And shall from age to age ex-sist. A-men.
 His a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

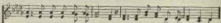
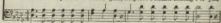
J. H. Rankin.

Endorse, P. M.

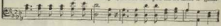
W. G. Towner.



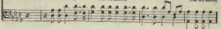
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His own-ark guide, up-hold you.
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick surround you.
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you.



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Del - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Strike death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-men.
 Till we meet, till we meet,



Responsive Readings

485

Matthew 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was sat, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name;

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

486

John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The name was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

487

John 3

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 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.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

488

John 10

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth: and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are

thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all: and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

489

John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest: and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

10 Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

490 Romans 8

1 What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

2 God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

3 Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

5 For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection:

6 Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

7 For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

491 Romans 8

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

492 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom

they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

493 Romans 12

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office;

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, or exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer,

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

494 1 Corinthians 11

1 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you,

That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

495 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

496 Galatians 6

1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well

doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

497 Ephesians 6

1 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

2 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

3 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

5 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

7 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

9 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching earnestly with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

498 Philippians 2

1 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth:

7 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

8 Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

9 For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

10 Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

11 That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world:

12 Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the way of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

499

Philippians 4

1 Rejoice in the Lord, always: and again I say, Rejoice.

2 Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

3 Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

4 And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

5 Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

6 Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do; and the God of peace shall be with you.

7 But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

8 Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

9 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

10 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

500

Revelation 7

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pains: for the former things are passed away.

7 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

501 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way:

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the

slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 His back poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

502 Psalm 1

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

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

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

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

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

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

503 Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

504 Psalm 24

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting

doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

505 Psalm 37

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Cease thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

506 Psalm 43

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear,
though the earth be removed, and
though the mountains be carried in-
to the midst of the sea:

3 Though the waters thereof roar
and be troubled, though the mountains
shake with the swelling thereof. *Selah.*

4 There is a river, the streams
whereof shall make glad the city of
God, the holy place of the taber-
nacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she
shall not be moved; God shall help her,
and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the king-
doms were moved: he uttered his
voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the
God of Jacob is our refuge. *Selah.*

8 Come, behold the works of the
Lord, what desolations he hath made
in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth; he breaketh the bow,
and cutteth the spear in sunder; he
burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am
God: I will be exalted among the
heathen, I will be exalted in the
earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the
God of Jacob is our refuge. *Selah.*

507 Psalm 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret
place of the Most High shall abide
under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my
refuge and my fortress: my God; in
him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from
the snare of the fowler, and from the
noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his
feathers, and under his wings shalt
thou trust: his truth shall be thy
shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the
terror by night; nor for the arrow that
flew by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walk-
eth in the darkness; nor for the de-
struction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side,
and ten thousand at thy right hand;
but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou
behold and see the reward of the
wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord,
which is my refuge, even the Most
High, thy habitation;

10 There shall be no evil befall
thee.

508 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the
Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness:
come before his presence with sing-
ing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God:
it is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves; we are his people, and the
sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with
thanksgiving, and into his courts
with praise: be thankful unto him,
and bless his name.

5 For the Lord is good: his mercy
is everlasting; and his truth endureth
to all generations.

509 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul; and
all that is within me, bless his holy
name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and
forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from
destruction; who crowneth thee with
loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with
good things; so that thy youth is re-
newed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteous-
ness and judgment for all that are
oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto
Moses, his acts unto the children of
Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gra-
cious, slow to anger, and plenteous
in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither
will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us
after our sins; nor rewarded us ac-
cording to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above
the earth, so great is his mercy toward
them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the
west, so far hath he removed our
transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his chil-
dren, so the Lord pitieth them that
fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he
remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as
grass; as a flower of the field, so he
flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it,
and it is gone; and the place thereof
shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is
from everlasting to everlasting upon
them that fear him, and his righteous-
ness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant,
and to those that remember his com-
mandments to do them.

510

Nativity

(Luke 2:8-30)

1 And there were in the same coun-
try shepherds abiding in the field, keep-
ing watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord
came upon them, and the glory of the
Lord shone round about them: and
they were sore afraid.

3 And the angel said unto them,
Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which shall be to
all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in
the city of David a Saviour, which is
Christ the Lord.

5 And this shall be a sign unto you:
Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the heavenly
host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and
on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the
angels were gone away from them
into heaven, the shepherds said one
to another, Let us now go even unto
Bethlehem, and see this thing which
is come to pass, which the Lord hath
made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and
found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe
lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it,
they made known abroad the saying
which was told them concerning this
child.

11 And all they that heard it won-
dered at these things which were told
them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things,
and pondered them in her heart.

13 And the shepherds returned,
glorifying and praising God for all the
things that they had heard and seen, as
it was told unto them.

511 Resurrection

(Matthew 28:1-10; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy: and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10 Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

12 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

13 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

14 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

15 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

512

Exhortation

(Matthew 25:34-46)

1 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

2 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

3 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

4 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

5 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

6 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

7 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

8 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

9 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

10 I was a stranger, and ye took

me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

11 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungry, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

12 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

13 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

513

Doing

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes hither the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

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

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth

the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

514

The Word

(Psalms 119:9-16; 18; 32; 44-48; 54-58)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in

thy commandments, which I have loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

515 The Ten Commandments

(Exodus 20:3-17)

I Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

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

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

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

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

VI Thou shalt not kill.

VII Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII Thou shalt not steal.

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

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

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100

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and I was	in my heart	189
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We'll make another top job.....	\$6.
The old, new house I guess.....	\$8.
A tragedy what kind stand.....	\$9.
I think we're too far down.....	\$7.
There's one left, and no.....	\$5.

1000

[illegible]

Fig. 1. Model of the system of the control of the process of the formation of the structure of the material.

[illegible]

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

100

[illegible][illegible]

100

[illegible]

100

I look with me
 He was disappointed
 When the low
 Was as strong as the wind
 And as with you all we
 And that moment
 Look, kindly light
 When the day is over
 Having again the day
 Before, like a shadow
 But in your eyes
 When the world of man

1000

[illegible]

1998

Kana, Takan, were very
 well received. The
 with a lot of interest
 and a lot of money.
 and then every day
 again, my heart
 was broken for
 the first time in my life.
 In writing to you
 in the past of me.
 I am now
 I am now
 and in the old days
 and in the old days
 and in the old days

100

1. right eye closed	100%
2. change to open	100%
3. measure the time to	100%
4. 1 is better than 2	100%

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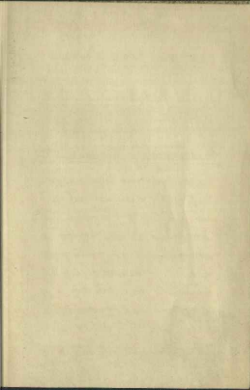
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O worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness.

PSALM XCIV. 2.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be
Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give
us this day our daily bread. And forgive us
our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass
against us. And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the
Kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever
and ever. Amen. Memorial Library

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O sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

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God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be
with you all. Amen.

