

HARVEST HYMNS



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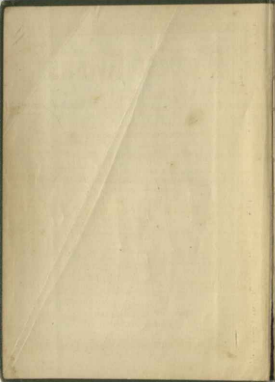
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E. Eugene Poston, President
Gardner-Webb College
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Harvest Hymns

Singable Gospel Songs

For General Use

In Churches, Schools, Young People's
Meetings and Evangelistic Services

CHURCH HYMNS
REVIVAL SONGS
CHILDREN'S MELODIES
SOLOS, DUETS AND CHORUSES

Compiled and Edited by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

PRINTED IN BOUND AND SHAPED NOTES

PRICES

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Foreword

"THRUST in thy sickle, and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the Earth is ripe." Evangelism is properly being greatly emphasized these days, and the ripening harvest calls for our most devoted attention in preaching, teaching and singing.

It is our firm conviction that real Evangelism is promoted by those who believe in the inspired Word, in the Divine Savior, in the Virgin birth of Jesus Christ, in His substitutionary sacrifice, in His resurrection and ascension, and in His Second Coming; with such convictions was this book compiled and edited, and the songs contained in this volume ring out clearly on these great doctrines.

This is a new book and contains many new songs by gifted writers. In fact, the day of capable song writers is not past, as some would have us believe; the opening song of this book was written for us by that princely song writer of ripe experience, Geo. C. Stebbins. Of course, we quite well understand that no song book is complete without certain Standard Hymns and many of the much loved Gospel Songs, and they have not been omitted from this volume.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." May these songs be used according to His will, in this Glorious Harvest Season.

THE EDITOR.

HARVEST HYMNS

SPECIAL COLLECTION

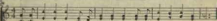
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To the Harvest field.

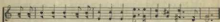
Rev. W. C. Poole.

 EDITED, AND BY ARTHUR J. GARDNER
INTERNATIONAL HARVEST MISSION

Geo. C. Stebbins.



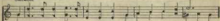
1. There is work to do, There is work for you, And the call rings clear to-day;
 2. There are souls to light, In the paths of right, There are souls who look to you;
 3. There are souls in need, There are souls who plead, There's a call that comes to-day.



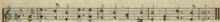
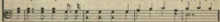
To the Mas-ter's call, And it comes to all, To the har-vest fields a - way!
 Do you lead the way To the per - fect day, Do you do what Christ would do?
 For a light to shine With a glow of - vine, Do you light for them the way?



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!

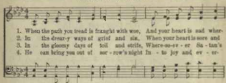


Let Jesus Be Your Friend.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

Copyright, 1900, by Rev. Alfred Barratt.
Published by Rev. Alfred Barratt.

Henry F. Morton.

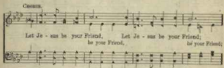


1. When the path you tread is fraught with woe, And your heart is sad when
 2. In the dreary ways of grief and sin, When your heart is sore and
 3. In the gloomy days of toil and strife, Where-so-ev-er Sa-tan's
 4. He can bring you out of sor-row's night In - to joy and ev - er



e'er you go, When the darkness clouds are hanging low, Let Je-sus be your Friend.
 dark with-in, If you now de-sire His grace to win, Let Je-sus be your Friend.
 storm-pestilence, When 'tis hard to bear the curse of life, Let Je-sus be your Friend.
 last-ing light, He al-ways can lead your steps a-right, Let Je-sus be your Friend.

Chorus.



Let Je - sus be your Friend, Let Je - sus be your Friend;
 be your Friend, be your Friend;



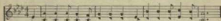
When your heart is sad He can make you glad, Let Je - sus be your Friend.

Pray Your Troubles Away.

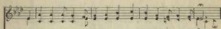
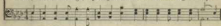
B. B. McK.

"SINGING, SING, IT COMES, O. SINGING"
"SINGING, SING, IT COMES, O. SINGING"

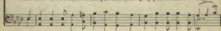
B. B. McKinney.



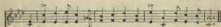
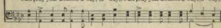
1. When you are wea-ry and sore up-pressed, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations to you come like To lead your footsteps a - stray,
3. To not dis-cour-aged, but press-a-long, And live for Je - sus to - day;
4. Oh, need in to-mor-row, why let-ter come in sin's un-end-ing dis-may?



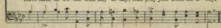
Have faith in Je - sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a - way.
 Just go to Je - sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a - way.
 He'll turn your sighing in - to a song, And pray your troubles a - way.
 Just trust in Je - sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a - way.



Just pray your troubles a-way, (a - way.) Just pray your troubles a-way, (a - way.)



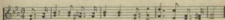
Have faith in Je - sus from day to day, And pray your trou-bles a - way.



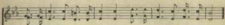
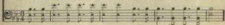
Oh! the Love That Sought Me.

Rev. Charles A. Parker. Copyright, 1880, by Charles A. Parker.

Gen. C. Stebbins.



1. I was lost and mad - ly wan - d'ring, Far - ther, far - ther did I roam,
2. Yet I heard - ed not the mes - sage, Tho' it deep - ly touch'd my heart;
3. Still He call'd me, - soth - ly call'd me, Fol - low'd me far o'er the "wild";
4. Then He sought me, woo'd and won me, As a lov - er won his bride:



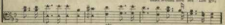
When I heard a sweet voice call - ing: "Child of Mine, come home, come home!"
 In my sin I still found pleas - ure, E'en while ach - ing from its smart.
 Day by day I heard Him call - ing: "Oh! come home, come home, My child."
 Now with Him I'm safe a - bid - ing, Walk - ing close - ly by His side.



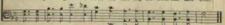
Chorus.



Oh, the Love di - vine that sought me, Love that would not let me go;
 that would not let me go;



Love un - pass - ing that af - fect - ed, Call - ing me home sin and won.



Since Jesus Whispered Peace.

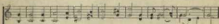
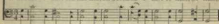
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, 1922, BY ROBERT J. PARLISER.

Robert J. Parlier.

Keith L. Brooks.



1. Like wa - ters of a trou - ble - led sea, Whose ragings are or cease, (no or cease.)
2. The voice of Je - sus calmed the storm That raged and would not cease (not cease.)
3. The Sav - ior car - ried all my grief When He be - came my Peace, (my Peace.)
4. And now I have con - tent - ment here, From sin I have re - lease, (re - lease.)



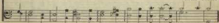
My soul cried out in an - guish deep, Till Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace."

My soul was tossed on an - gry waves, But Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace."

And now my soul is filled with joy, For Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace."

I'm sing - ing on my way to - day, Since Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace."

swell "Peace."



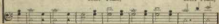
Chorus.



Since Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace." Since Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace." ..

swell "Peace."

swell "Peace."



I'm sing - ing on life's jour - ney here, Since Je - sus whis - pered, "Peace."

swell "Peace."

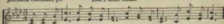


Higher Ground.

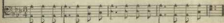
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Copyright, 1892, by Johnson Oatman, Jr.

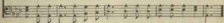
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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 doubts a-rise and tears dis-may;
3. I want to see a-bove the world, Tho' sin-ners' darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



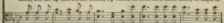
till pray-ing as I on-ward braid, "Lord, plant my foot on higher ground."
 Tho' none may dwell where thou abidest, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



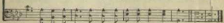
Chorus.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav'n's ta-ble-land, A high-er



place than I have found; Lord, plant my foot on high-er ground. A-men.

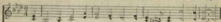


Let Others See Jesus in You.

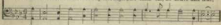
B. B. McK.

REVISED LYRIC BY ROBERT H. COLLINGS
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE SECRETARY

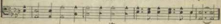
B. B. McKimsey.



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-sions be-yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith-ful, be brave and true,



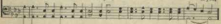
Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
 Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth-ers see Je-sus in you?
 To find some souls that you have won; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
 And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.



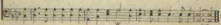
Chorus.



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.

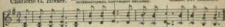


He Lifted Me.

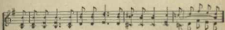
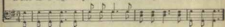
Charlotte G. Horner.

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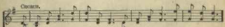
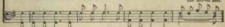
Chas. H. Gabriel.



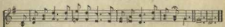
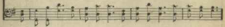
1. In her-ing-land-oom Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, He-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His love was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



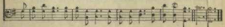
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, I burst, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. He lift-ed me.



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



From shadow of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me! A-men.



At the Roll Call.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

COMPOSED, 1844, BY ROBERT D. ASKLEY.

B. D. Askley.

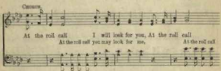


1. I will look for you up yon - der, When my days down here are o'er;
 2. I will look for you up yon - der, On that won - der - ful great day,
 3. I will look for you up yon - der, In the ci - ty of the King,
 4. I will look for you up yon - der, Will you meet me there that day?

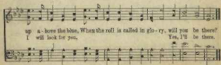


When the roll is called in glo - ry, Will you meet me on that shore?
 When we wake at call of Je - sus, And the earth shall pass a - way,
 Thro' a - ter - ni - ty's glad a - ges, There the praise of Him to sing,
 Will we meet with Christ the Sav - ior, For - ev - er - more there to stay?

Chorus



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



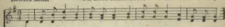
up a - bove the blue, When the roll is called in glo - ry, will you be there?
 I will look for you, Yes, I'll be there.

My Hope is Built.

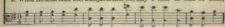
Edward Mott.

The Solid Rock, L. M.

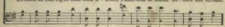
William B. Bradbury.



1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His death, His ev-il-er-rest, His blood, sup-ports me in the heav-en-ing host;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly 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.
Dressed in His right-ee-ness a-bone, Faith-ful to stand be-fore the throne.



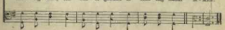
REPEAT.



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



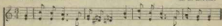
shak-ing sand, All oth-er ground is shak-ing sand. A-men.



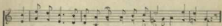
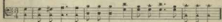
Rev. W. C. Martin.

COMPOSITION, 1840 AND 1850, BY W. C. MARTIN.
GIVEN BY PUBLICATION.

H. B. Lorenz.

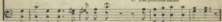


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its so - nio to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It rev - er fills my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

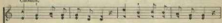


It makes my joys full and com - plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part - I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its so - nio dries the fall - en tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its praise be ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

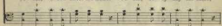
1. The precious name



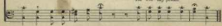
Chorus.



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



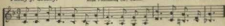
"Je - sus," let all nations pro - claim His won - thy praise for - ev - er.
 His won - thy praise



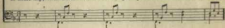
Henry J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. S. Mayhew, Boston.
First published in "Singsong."

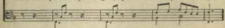
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Some day the all-verend will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly home will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun, Be-neath the ro-sy-shad-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 is 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-ior open's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



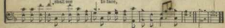
Chorus.



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,



Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Je - su, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious han - dle,
 2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its sweet - ness be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds His beams a - round me.
 Help me wait from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

Basso.

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

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

Love Is the Theme.

By Mrs. F. M. Jones

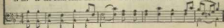
A. C. F.

Copyright, 1911, by ROBERT H. COLEMAN

Albert C. Fisher.



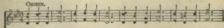
1. Of the themes that men have known, One ex-press-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of heav-en ring, Let the angels their trib-ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul has - saved, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when Israel came To the land of Mes-siah's home.



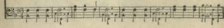
Thro' the a - ges it has shown, — 'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true praise — sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 For-ces, peace and joy are bound In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 His name, call ye on His name, — Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



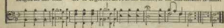
Chorus.



Love is the Theme, Love is ex-press-ly; Sweet-er it grows, Glor-ry be shown;



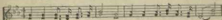
Bright as the sun — Ev-er it glows! Love is the Theme, Re-veal them- selves A - gain.



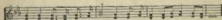
Robert Lowry.

REVISED EDITION OF "THE SINGING BOOK"
EDITED BY FRANKLIN

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 the all-er spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



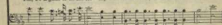
With its crys-tal tide for-er Flow-ing by the throne of God!
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-iv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.



Chorus.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—



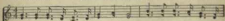
Gath-er with the an-gels of the riv-er That flow by the throne of God. A-MEN.



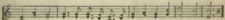
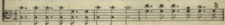
Wm. R. Newell.

COMPOSED BY W. R. NEWELL.
CHORUS BY ALFRED D. TOWNSE.

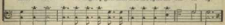
D. B. Townse.



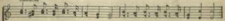
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I turn - ed at the
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
 4. O the love that drew me - va - tion's plan! O the grace that has re -



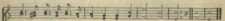
- cre - ed - ed, Know - ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
 how I'd sinned, Till my guilt-y soul im - plo - ring turned To Cal - va - ry.
 as my King, Now my raptur'd soul can can - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
 down to man! O the mighty grief that God did spare At Cal - va - ry.



Chorus.



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was un - de - piled to me;



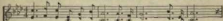
There my burdened soul found re - lie - ve, At Cal - va - ry! A - men.



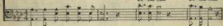
Ira Dakey, Organist.

COMPOSED BY M. D. BISHOPMAN,
S. A. BARNES, CHURCH.

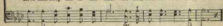
R. D. Achley.



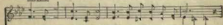
1. Who will a - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will Je - sus will
 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will Je - sus will
 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will Je - sus will
 4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will Je - sus will



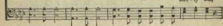
As for par-don I im-plead? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will
 Make me pure, with-out, with-in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will
 Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will
 Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will



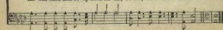
CHORUS.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! You, your lov-ing Sav-er will;
 me - ly with



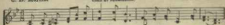
He will each and ev-ry need ful-fill, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will A-men.



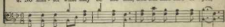
C. D. Martin.

COMPOSED, LYRIC, BY JOHN A. SMITH.
LARK OF BARNSTABLE.

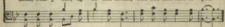
W. S. Martin.



1. He not dis-mayd, 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;



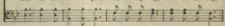
He - nath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers force your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



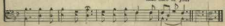
Chorus.



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



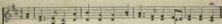
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.



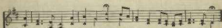
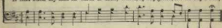
Joseph H. Gilman.

He Leadeth Me, L. M.

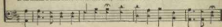
William B. Bradbury.



1. He lead-eth me! O Men-of thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



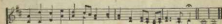
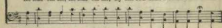
What-e'er I do, what-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Can - test, what-ev - er let I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 I'm death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Je - sus lead-eth me.



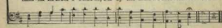
Refrain.



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me. He



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



Palmer Hartsough.

Copyright, 1900, by Palmer Hartsough.
Published by J. H. Filmore.

J. H. Filmore.

1. I am resolved no longer to linger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
 2. I am resolved to go to the Ever-lor, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
 3. I am resolved to fol-low the Ever-lor, Faith-ful and true each day;
 4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing 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 true;
 I will hae-ten, hae-ten to Him, Hae-ten so glad and true;

Hae-ten glad and true

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

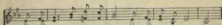
John R. Clements.

Copyright, 1911, by the Author & Music Co.

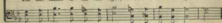
H. P. Danks.



1. In the land of fade-less day lies the "old-y four-square,"
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, in the "old-y four-square,"
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "old-y four-square,"
 4. There they need no sun-shine bright, in that "old-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 tears;
 (God shall "wipe a - way all tears") There's no death, no pain, nor tears;




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



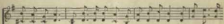
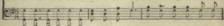
Copyright by THE BROSSE & BROS. CO.
MADE IN FRANCE.

Revised S. Ufford.

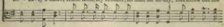
R. S. Ufford.
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



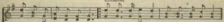
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-ghast where
4. Soon will the sea - not of you - one be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
line - get us long? See! he is sink-ing; ah; has-ten to-day - And out with the
you've never seen: Wreck of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of war Will soon land them
tar - ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



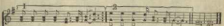
Crescendo.



Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Line! 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.



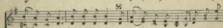
Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

Copyright, 1902, by C. A. Tindley.

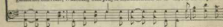
Arr. by F. A. Clark.



1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-er, Nan-gin' of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween the world - ly pleas-ure; Hap-pi-ness at life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri-als, Tho' the whole world a-



Is - a - live dream; I have renounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je - sus is
harm-less they deem, Must not my heart from Him er - er se - ve, — He is my
rest in - ter-est; Tho' it may cost me much trib-u - la - tion, I am re-
galed as con-quer; Watch-ing with pray-er and much self-de - ad - al, I'll tri-umph at



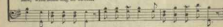
D. S. — the best of His Je - sus, Keep the way

First Chorus.



mine; let noth-ing be-tween,
all, let noth-ing be-tween.
suff-er, let noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

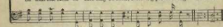
Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-er,



chor! Let noth-ing be-tween.



So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing 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 - rows like
2. Though tri - umph should be - let, the' tri - als should come, Let this blast as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin - not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - mi - loves roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sor - rows con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less ex - treme,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back 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 life ever blessed for my soul. It is well . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
"I - 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.

I Am Praying for You.

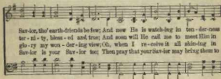
B. O'Malley Chaff.

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY IRE D. SAMPLEY.
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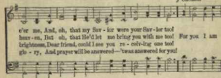
Ira D. Sampley.



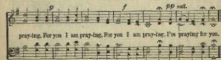
1. I have a Sav - lor, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing



Sav - lor, tho' earth - friends be - low; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ter - ri - 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 in your Sav - lor too; Then pray that your Sav - lor may bring them to

f Chorus.


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

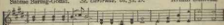


pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm praying for you.

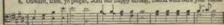
Salvius Barling-Gould.

St. Gertrude, Co. St. D.

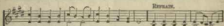
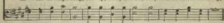
Arthur Sullivan.



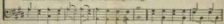
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Heralds with ours your voices



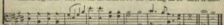
Go - ing on be-hind Christ, the roy-al Man - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic-tor-y! Hell's host doth thus quail - or At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vil - ed; All men be - y - we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, land, and hon-our, Un-to Christ the King;



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Rejoice, in your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.
This throng of countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



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

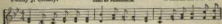


Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COMPOSED SPECIALLY FOR F. J. CROSBY.
GIVEN BY PERMISSION.

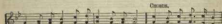
William H. Doane.



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



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

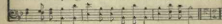


Chorus.

Tell them of Je-sus the night-y to save.
 He will be-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Church that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.



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



George Duffield, Jr.

Wells, ps. 66, D.

George J. Wells.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! To ad - dress of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The tramp - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



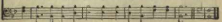
Lift high the roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 Faith to the right - y con - fess, In this His glo - rious day;
 The arm of flesh will fail you; To dare not trust your own;
 This day the robe of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;



From vic - tory on - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,
 To that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered host;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
 To him that o - ver - com - 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 du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there,
 He with the King of glo - ry shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

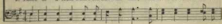


W. R. P.

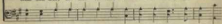
Rev. W. E. Penn.



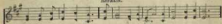
1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shel - ter falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its por - tale wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died; His blood flowed out to a



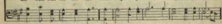
bre - ing cord, In - vi - ting pil - grims as they pass, To seek a
 treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, draw - by
 moun - tain side; The Shep - herd climbs o'er moun - tains steep; He's search - ing
 crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin of men, And love to



REFRAIN.



shade in the wil - der - ness, Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 drink, and then shall be whole, "Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 now for His wander - ing 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 Ev - 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?



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 heav - enly there, And they
 4. O they tell me that He rules on His chil - dren there, And His

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

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.
 In e - ter - nal bloom shade the fragrances thro' the un - cloud - ed day.
 that is whiter than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold,
 or - or none a - gain, In that heav - enly land of an un - cloud - ed day.

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

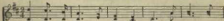
O the land of cloud - less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed day;

Joy to the World!

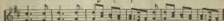
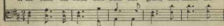
Isaac Watts.

Antioch, C. M.

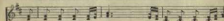
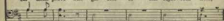
George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the world! the Son - of reig - n; 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



ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare His room,
 songs on - play; While bells and choirs, rocks, hills and plains
 but the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 no - where prove The glo - ry of His right - eous - ness,



And hear's and an - tares sing,
 Re - peat the word - ing joy,
 Far as the curve is found,
 And won - ders of His love,

And hear's and an - tares
 Re - peat the word - ing
 Far as the curve is
 And won - ders of His

And hear's and an - tares sing, And



sing, And hear's, and hear's and an - tares sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the word - ing joy.
 hand, Far as, far as the curve is found.
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - men.

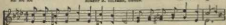
hear's and an - tares sing,



L. R. R.

Copyright, 1904, by L. R. RICHMOND.
NEW YORK: G. SCHUBERT, 1904.

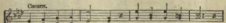
L. R. Richmond.



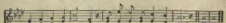
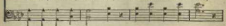
1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-ess of His grace, Hasten' 'neath His shad'-ing wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky,



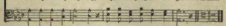
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still. In all of life's ebb and flow,
Je - sus sweep across the broken strings, Stirred the dumb' ring chords again.
All-ways lead-ing on His soul-ing tune, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
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.

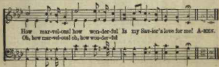
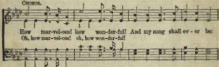
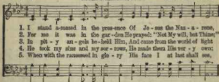


The Savior's feet

6. 10. 2013

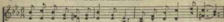
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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

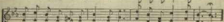
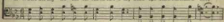


I Choose Jesus.

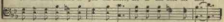
James Rowe.

COMPOSED AND BY ALBERTUS BOUTWYCK AND Samuel W. Denley.
MADE IN AMERICAN TRADE.

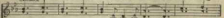
1. When I need some one in time of grief, Some one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de - beat the foe, Some one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



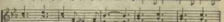
Je - sus I choose, for He given re - lief, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus I give con - trol, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 Je - sus shall bear me to you - der care, He is the best for me.



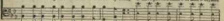
Chorus.



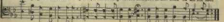
I choose Je - sus when I need a friend, What I
 Yes, I choose my life - for al - ways when I need a help - ful friend, What I need I



need I know that He will need, I have proved Him,
 know that now - by His to me will live - ly word, I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and



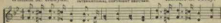
good and true is He, I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me,
 al - ways good and true is He, Yes, I choose my Father dear, He is the best of all for me.



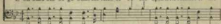
Walking with the Savior.

William M. Knyman, CHORUS, 1881, BY ROBERT G. TOWRY

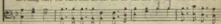
Robert G. Towry.



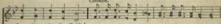
1. O the joy that here we may walk with Je - su, Not a moment wand'ring
 2. When temptations come we may well re - mem-ber Je - su in our temp-ta-tions
 3. Some have crossed the river to be in glo - ry, Va-cant now the place they
 4. On-ward will we go while the voice of Je - su Speaks its comfort to the



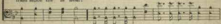
from His side! O the grace and strength for the heart in knowing That the bless-ed
 wil - der-ness: Walking now with Him there is sweet-est com-fort, Tempted as we
 need to fill: This our com-fo-rt is - then, the bless-ed Sav-ior With that weak-est
 heart's ear: On-ward with the Sav-ior for till and val-ley Find us on - a-



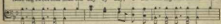
Chorus.



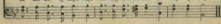
Sav-ior is the Guide!
 are, still He can bless. Walking with the Sav-ior, walking with the Sav-ior.
 meet on Je-su's Hill,
 frail since He is near.



Hold-ing sweet com-mun-ion day by day: I am walk-ing with the Sav-ior



in the ho - ly high-way, Walk-ing with the Sav-ior day by day.



1. Smile when your heart is all trou - ble, Smile when you're wea - ry and blue;
 2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your hat - -le with sin;
 3. Smile when your low - down are heav - y, Smile when you're longing for rest;
 4. Smile and give oth - ers your sun - shine, Smile as you meet with the throng.

Smile, for the Sun - -der is gold - -ing, Smile, for the Sun - -der is true,
 Smile and your heart - -age will strength - -en, Smile - -ing will help you to win,
 Nev - -er give up - - to the ev - -il, Smile - -ing is al - -ways the best,
 Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with gladness and song.

Chorus. And.

Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - -er, Sun - -ner and

sigh - -ing you may be - - gaily, Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow

light - -er, If you trust Je - -sus and smile, smile, smile, . . .

H. G. T.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY HERBERT G. TOWRY.

Herbert G. Towry.

Steady.

1. There's a place of rest - et rest-ing, Where my soul is rest-ing - et rest-ing,
 2. It is there I hear Him speaking To my heart with words so fair;
 3. O how pre-cious He is to me, And each day I find Him so;
 4. If your heart is tossed and trou-bled, And you have no rest and peace,

And where oft my trou-bled spir - it Has - tles close to Je - sus' side,
 And I find that He is will-ing All my grief and joys to share.
 To that place of sweet com-mu-nion How I love with Him to go.
 En - ter in, with Him who loves you, To that place where troubles cease.

Chorus.

'Tis the on - ly place of peace and rest, (peace and rest,) And the

on - ly place where souls are blest; (souls are blest;) It is learn-ing His sweet will

With a spir - it calm and still, 'Tis the on - ly place of peace and rest.

Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day. L. M.

E. P. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
 2. 'O hap-py bond, 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 fal-ly hear,

Will say this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its 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-lowed on, Charmed to con-fer the voice of - vine.
 Till in His lat-est hour I live, And then in death a bond so dear.

Ternary.

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.

39 Carry Your Burden With a Smile.

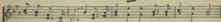
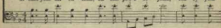
B. B. McKee.

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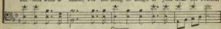
B. B. McKinney.



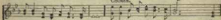
1. Do you wear - y grow on your toll - some road? Car - ry your
2. Does the sky seem dark and the way grow dim? Car - ry your
3. There are hearts that long for the sun - shine bright, Car - ry your
4. Cast your all on Him, on His pos - s' de - peral, Car - ry your



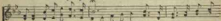
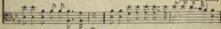
bur - den with a smile; Do you al - most sink 'neath your heav - y load?
bur - den with a smile; Look to God in faith, put your trust in Him,
bur - den with a smile; Let the glad song ring thro' the dark - est night,
bur - den with a smile; For the King of Kings is your dear - est friend,



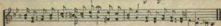
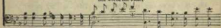
Chorus.



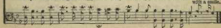
Car - ry your burden with a smile, Car - ry your burden with a smile, For



sigh - ing was never worth the while; But 'twill help the faint and
not worth the while;



weary o'er some long and rugged mile, If you'll carry your burden with a smile,

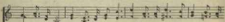
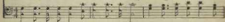


COMPOSED BY JAMES M. GRAY. THIRD BY ALFRED J. THOMAS.
 JAMES M. GRAY.

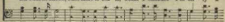
D. B. THOMAS.



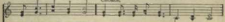
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was lost-ly, and sin ruled my heart, Came - ing my footsteps from
3. Thence - a - wall - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Not - for a sin - ner whose heart o - ver - flows, Lov - ing his Son - for to



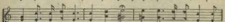
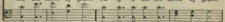
I have be-oved; Dreading ex-ehal-ed, pride I a-ban-; I'm on - ly a
 God to de-part; Je - sus hath saved me, hap - py my case; I now am a
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
 tell what he knew; Once more to tell it, would I contrance—I'm on - ly a



Chorus.



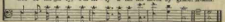
sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!



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.



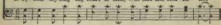
My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Russell.

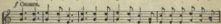
Wm. H. Bradbury.



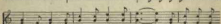
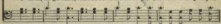
1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
 2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
 3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it land - ly strong;
 4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me.



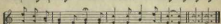
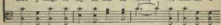
My strong-est tri - umphs now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
 For I brash the dew on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
 Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.



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



snow - y wings To my in - mor - tal home, O, bear me a -



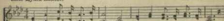
way on your snow - y wings To my in - mor - tal home. A - men.



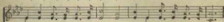
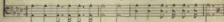
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY W. H. DOANE, CHICAGO.

W. H. DOANE.



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



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



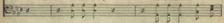
Chorus.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of

Pre-cious name,

O how sweet!



earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how

Pre-cious name, O how



sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - men.

sweet, how sweet!



Stepping in the light.

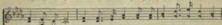
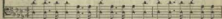
L. H. Edwards.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. A. Edwards,
New York, N. Y.

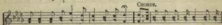
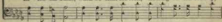
Revised. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



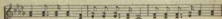
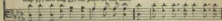
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen - tle sor - row - aces, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up - ward, still up - ward we'll



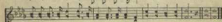
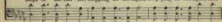
Sav - ior and King; Step - ping our lives by His blood - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"



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 - ior, Stepping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How



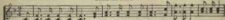
beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light. A - men.



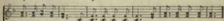
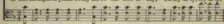
Dr. H. T. Cappel.

Copyright, 1900, by H. T. Cappel.

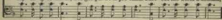
Flora H. Cappel.



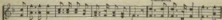
1. From e-er hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye heave, the world That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll root the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty.



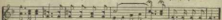
loy-al-ty to Christ; His mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; A-ries to dare and die, Ring out the watch-word true,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll sound the bugle note,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



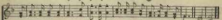
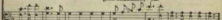
Crescendo.



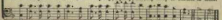
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. 'On to vic-to-ry! On to



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



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy-alty, loy-alty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-men.

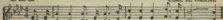


Send the light.

C. H. G.

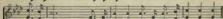
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There's a call even ring-ing a'-round the sea-son's end, "Send the Light! ...
2. We have heard the Mac - a - do - nian call to-day, "Send the Light! ...
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the Light! ...
4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love, Send the Light! ...

Send the Light!



Send the Light!"

Send the Light!"

Send the Light!

Send the Light!

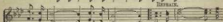
Send the Light!

There are souls to re-ceive, there are souls to save,

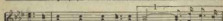
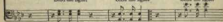
And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,

And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be bound,

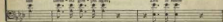
Let us gath-er Jew-els for a crown a-bounds,



Send the Light! ... Send the Light! ... Send the Light! ... the
Send the Light! Send the Light! Send the Light!



bliss-ed ev-er-est Light; Let it shine . . . from shore to
the bliss-ed ev-er-est light; Let it shine



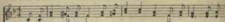
shore! . . . shine . . . let-ev-er-more. . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine let-ev-er-more.



B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1902, "LAWSON & LORAN"
PUBLISHED BY "LAWSON & LORAN"

B. 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-ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you let - low the will of the ri - en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-den-ed down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



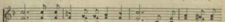
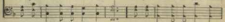
nail-scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?
 nail-scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
 nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless-ed word?
 nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - ior in,



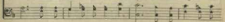
Chorus.



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



end. He's your dear - est Friend. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

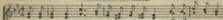


He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

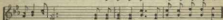
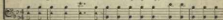
Virgil P. Brock.

REVISED, 1914, BY JAMES A. ANDERSON.
INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIANITY SINGERS.

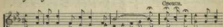
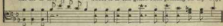
Kathleen Kaye Brock.



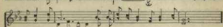
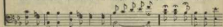
1. I was lost in sin, but Je-sus re-warded me, He's a won-der-ful
2. He's a Friend so true, no pa-ther and no bro-ther, He's a won-der-ful
3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful



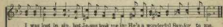
Sav-er to me; I was bound by fear, but Je-sus set me free,
 Sav-er to me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find.
 Sav-er to me, (He won-der-ful) He has-given my sin, He drives my ev-'ry tear,
 Sav-er to me; Sweet-er is His grace while press-ing on my way.



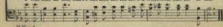
He's a won-der-ful Sav-er to me, (He won-der-ful) For He's a won-der-ful



Sav-er to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-er to me; won-der-ful



I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in; He's a won-der-ful Sav-er to me.

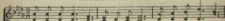


Just When I Need Him Most.

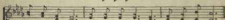
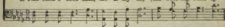
Rev. Wm. Poole.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. Poole.

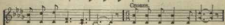
Chas. H. Gabriel.



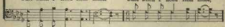
1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I feel - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - den
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -



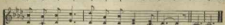
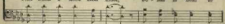
Just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ure a - now,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
as His I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall.



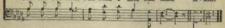
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,



Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to



com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

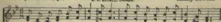


He Included Me.

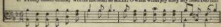
Rev. J. Outram, Jr.

COMPOSED FOR THE GREAT METHODIST
BY J. OUTRAM, JR.

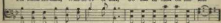
Harry Sewell.



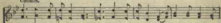
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer tarry;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my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



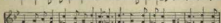
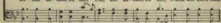
You, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 Yet I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.



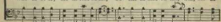
Chorus.



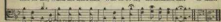
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, You, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



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



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



There is Power in the Blood.

L. H. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY L. H. JONES, NEWARK, N. J.
MADE IN AMERICA

L. H. 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 pride? There's pow'r in the blood.
3. Would you be whil - 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 e'er a - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to Cal - va - ry's side; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sta-tutes are lost in His Ble - ssed - ing flow; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His pre - cept - s to sing? There's

won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Won - der-ful pow'r

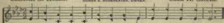
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood of the Lamb; There is

Won - der-ful pow'r in the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - men.

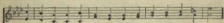
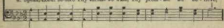
Charlotte G. Homer.

MUSIC BY CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

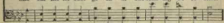
Chas. H. Gabriel.



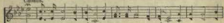
1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might-y works for Thou pre-pare, And strength-en ev-'ry heart;
3. All evil con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With our-ness and an - dour
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,



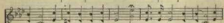
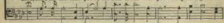
With cleans-ing, pa - ri - ty - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
 Come, take pos-ses-sion of Thine own, And re-er-ect us de-part.
 Each wait-ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re-new!
 And will not let Thee go ev - er! The bless-ing we re-ceive.



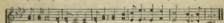
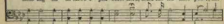
Chorus.



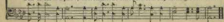
Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen-te-cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of



bless-ing on us thou o - pen wide! Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the



Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sta-ble be-con-quer'd and Thy name glo-ri - fied!



52 The Long, Long Road With Jesus.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

Harry Dixon Loos.

1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is hap - py
 2. On my path there shines a ra - diant light, And the bells of joy ring
 3. When my heart is faint, He makes me strong, And He bears my bur - den
 4. I shall reach that hap - py gold - en shore, There to dwell in joy for -

ev - 'ry day; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, 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
 ev - er - more; If I fol - low Him who goes be - fore, On the

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 weal or woe, I am sing - ing

as I go On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him.

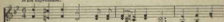
Jesus is Praying for Me.

T. O. Christy.

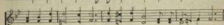
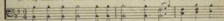
Copyright, 1902, by T. O. Christy.

Henry F. Morton.

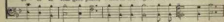
With expression.



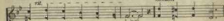
1. Dark though the clouds in the skies a'er-head, Through all the
2. Some-times it seems that I fight a - lone, Pressed be-yond
3. Faith - ful High Priest thou to in - ter -cede, Ev - er be
4. Why should I taint in the heav'n - ly race? Why should I



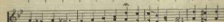
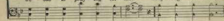
glad-ness and light be shed, Yet in this tho't I am dis - heart - ed,
 weak-ness, my strength all gone; Then I grew strong, for be - fore the throne
 I've for His own to plead; Reviv'ing my name, knowing all my need,
 or - er to fear give place, When in the light of the Fa - ther's face



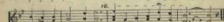
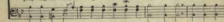
Chorus.



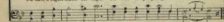
Je - sus is pray - ing for me! Pray - ing for me,



pray - ing for me, Lift - ing His hands plead - ing Cal - va - ry; There at the



Fa - ther's right hand on high Je - sus is pray - ing for me.



1. When my debt to God was rest- ing on my soul, And I told the
 2. My ac- count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
 3. Great- i - tude to Him has turned 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 to Him who died to make men whole, And He
 hear - y load; Je - sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day, For He
 gifts be - stowed; And my song will flow thro' all the com- ing days, For He
 across the road, He will guide me home and say to me, "Well done," For He

can-celed the debt I owed. Je - sus can-celed the debt I owed, I owed,

Je - sus lit - ed the night- y load, Grace di - vine touched my,
 night- y load

soul and made me whole, When He can-celed the debt I owed. A-MEN.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

Copyright, 1902, by C. H. G. & Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. No pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King. His praise all the day
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'till midnight and dawn, And pa-tient-ly wait-
 3. I stand on the mount-ains of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, there' birth

long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 and a shud-der to cast; His smile is 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. Pastor.

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

For He is so pre-cious to me, . . . The Heart-on be-low
 as pre-cious to me;

My Re-claim-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-MEN.

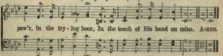
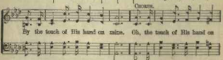
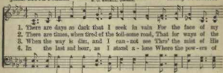
The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Executive Summary

SECRETARY OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Abstract

Dietary P. Monotonic

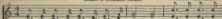


Jesus Answers Prayer.

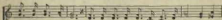
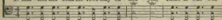
Richard Hainsworth.

COMPOSED BY RICHARD HAINSWORTH.
REVISED BY COLLEGE COLLEGE.

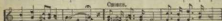
Hudson Lillman.



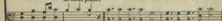
1. Plead the pre-cious prom-ise of Je-sus, Cast up-on Him
2. When the storm and stress of life sur-round you, And the load seems
3. When per-plex-ing prob-lem you are fac-ing, And the path seems
4. Not - lost not what sor-rows may en-fold you, There is One who



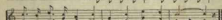
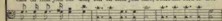
all your anx-i-ous care, Call up-on Him and He will de-ly-er, For
more than you can bear, Go to Him for aid and He will help you, For
rag-ged ev-ry-where, Look to Je-sus, He will safe-ly guide you, For
can your heart-ache share; Go to Him what-ev-er may be-fall you, For



Je-sus an-swers prayer, . . . Je-sus answers prayer, Je-sus answers prayer,
an-swers prayer.



Cast on Him your bur-den, roll on Him your care; Plead His word of love



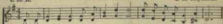
and His pre-cious prom-ise, For Je-sus an-swers prayer, . . .
an-swers prayer.



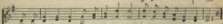
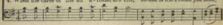
I. R. R.

REVEREND, REV. DR. ROBERT A. STEPHENS.

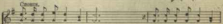
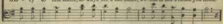
L. R. Reynolds.



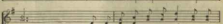
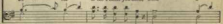
1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in Death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;



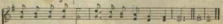
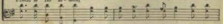
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 God a-lone can save Ours' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 Glor-y to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.



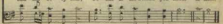
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-
 Je-sus is the Friend you need. Such



dead; He who no-tek-er-ry tear, He will
 Friend is He in-deed



ban-ish er-ry fear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.



59 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

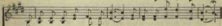
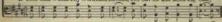
Adapted by R. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY ROBERT O. SELLERS.

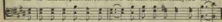
R. O. Sellers.



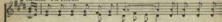
1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al-ways;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, in Thy Word Re-ta-blished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I - er - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Star-ber and Morn-ing Star.



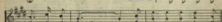
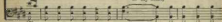
To guide and to save me from sin, - And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness an - to all men A - hid - est for - ev - er -
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.



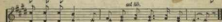
Chorus. - Ps. 119: 11.



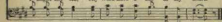
Thy Word have I hid in my heart,..... That I might not
in my heart,



sin a - gainst Thee,..... That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee,



I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.



H. G. T.

COMPOSED AND BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
INTERNATIONAL HARMONY SOCIETY.

Herbert G. Tovey.

QUARTETTE, OR SOLO IN UNISON.



1. In the Rock of a - ge I am there as - sure;
2. He will nev - er leave me, Al - ways in the same;
3. When the dark clouds gather, Then I feel Him near;
4. Je - sus is my ref - uge, Liv - ing Rock di - vine;



And tho' fierce the storm may rage, He, my ref - uge, will en - dure.
He will tes - er last my soul, Ev - er last - ing is His name.
For in Him my an - chor holds, I will nev - er, nev - er fear.
And my faith in Him a - bove is my an - chor's liv - ing line.

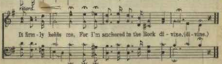
FULL CHORUS. A tempo.



My an - chor holds me, My an - chor holds me,
In firm - ly holds, In firm - ly holds,



That the storms of sin com - bine; My an - chor holds me,
com - bine; In firm - ly holds,



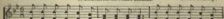
In firm - ly holds me, For I'm anchored in the Rock di - vine, (di - vine.)

Calling for IDworkers.

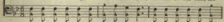
B. W. C. Parker

[illegible]

U D Activity



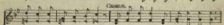
1. Work-ers are need-ed; the har-vests are white; Rice grain is fall-ing, and
2. Je - sus is call-ing for work-ers to - day; Rice grain is fall-ing; O
3. Je - sus is call-ing for those who are strong; Answer Him glad-ly, so
4. Je - sus is call-ing; it soon will be done, La - bor of har-vest, the



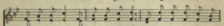
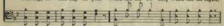
soon comes the night; Je - sus is wait - ing, what will you do? Je - sus is
has - ten a - way! Je - sus is wait - ing, what will you do? Je - sus is
forth with a song! Je - sus will lead you, show you the way, Je - sus is
vic - to - ry won; Soon will be gath - ered, har - vest - ers true. Je - sus



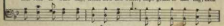
10



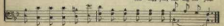
call-day, in call-day for you! Work-ers for Je - sus, Work-ers for right.



Mar-vest is walt-har, birds now are white; Edge grade is fall-har; then



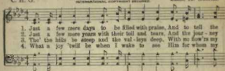
what will you do while the Bar - bar is call - ing for you
call - ing, you, call - ing for you



C. H. G.

COMPOSED, LYRIC, BY CHARLES H. GOSWELL.
ORIGINAL, CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Chas. H. Goswell.



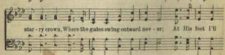
1. Just a few more days to be glad with praise, And to tell the
 2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the joy - say
 3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my
 4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my



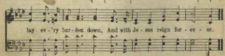
all, all glo - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
 will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
 way a - down - ing; Tho' the night be long and my rest a stone,
 heart is torn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die -



Chorus.
 I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
 With a - tor - ni - ty in blood - ed. I'll ex - change my cross for a
 Joy a - waits me in the heav - en - 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.

The Shepherd of Love.

A. S. R.

COMPOSED BY ALBERT SIMPSON, BOSTON.
Copyright, 1900, by Albert Simpson, Boston.

Duet.

1. The Shep-herd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are
2. The Shep-herd of Love knows His sheep by name, And lead-eth by
3. The Shep-herd of Love our run-ning back past, And of-fereth sal-
4. The Shep-herd of Love now seek-eth His sheep, He seek-eth what-

rough and steep; He's call-ing the lambs that have gone a-stray,
leads the way; O wa-ry one, come to the Shepherd's fold,
thou from; He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come,
over the coast; He - hold, He is call-ing the wan-d'ring home,

rit.

Crescdo.

He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep.
He's call-ing, call-ing to-day. Out of your dark-ness of
He's call-ing, call-ing for thee. Cal-ling
He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.

sin and shame, In to His love, for-ev-er the name; Come to Him
call-ing. Cal-ling. call-ing.

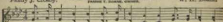
now, be-leave on His name, O an-swer the call to-day.

I Am Thine, O Lord.

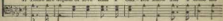
Poetry J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1882, by J. H. Crosby, New York.

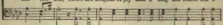
W. H. Doane.



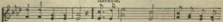
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Un-der-stand me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the



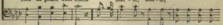
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine, Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I con-
 sume - my soul; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



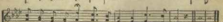
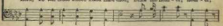
Harmon.



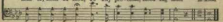
dis-solve drawn to Thee,
 will be lost in Thine, Draw me near - - er, near-er, closer of
 mine as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee, near - er, near - er,



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



near-er, closer of Lord, To Thy pre-cious, blood-ing side. A-MEN.



Jesus is Calling.

Fannie J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1871, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewed.
New York: G. Stebbins & Co., Boston.

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 let to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the am - bition of love with thee roam
 call - ing to - day; Being Him thy her - den and thou shalt be blest
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy flock at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - join;

Far - ther and far - ther a - way!
 He will not turn thee a - way. Call . . . ing to - day, . . .
 Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

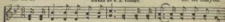
Call . . . ing to - day, . . . Je - sus is
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call . . . ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
 call - ing to - day,

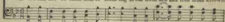
H. G. S.

Copyright, 1905, by H. G. Smyth.
Renewed by H. G. Smyth.

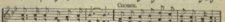
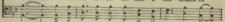
H. G. Smyth.



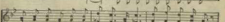
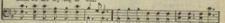
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing if our lives are not free from known



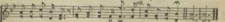
you? ... Are you tell - ing the lost of the Bar - ter? Are you
lost? ... Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
Word? ... Have you spe - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
sin? ... We will bar - ri - ere be - and a kin - dness To



read - y His ser - vice to do!
Bar - ter 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 pen - sion - ing,



My ser - vice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A-MEN.



I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

SUPERINTENDENT, CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, NEW YORK.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.




1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear them
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tended and tried I need a great Ser-vice, One who can help my
 4. O how the world is a - vil al-l-ways me! O how my heart is



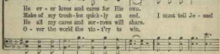

bur-den a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will do - for -
 bur-den to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin; I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me




Chorus.



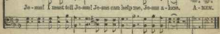
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.




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

Je - sus I must tell Je - sus Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - MEN.



Rev. Alfred Hartell.

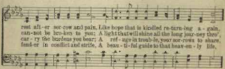
Copyright, 1904, by J. H. Reynolds.

J. H. Reynolds.

Solo - Duett.

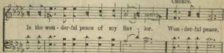


1. Like ra - di - ant sun-shine that com - fort - er pain, Like heav - e - ly
 2. So soft and re-fresh-ing, as sweet as the dew, A prom - ise that
 3. It bright-ens earth's dark-ness and ban-ish - es care, And helps you to
 4. A guard - lan in dan-ger where e - vil is rife, A might - y de-

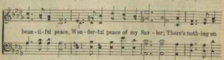


rest aft - er sor-row and pain, Like hope that is kindled re-turn-ing a - gain,
 can-not be broken to you; A light that will shine all the long jour - ney there,
 car - ry the burden you bear; A ref - uge in trouble, your sor-rows to share,
 lead - er in conflict and strife, A heav - e - ly guide to that heav - e - n - ly life.

Chorus.



In the won - der - ful peace of my Sav - ior. Won - der - ful peace,



heav - e - ly peace, Won - der - ful peace of my Sav - ior; There's noth - ing on



earth can such gladness in - part. As this won - der - ful peace of my Sav - ior.

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graef

Copyright, 1901, by Frank E. Graef

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained, Too deep - ly for
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark, With a name - less
 3. Does Je - sus care when I'm tried and failed, To re - sist some temp-
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on

earth or song; As the bur - den grows, And the cares dis - tress,
 Ours and his? As the day - light fades In - to deep nightshades,
 Is - there strength When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart when Till it near - ly breaks,

And the way grows wear - y and long? O yes, He cares, I
 Does He care a - touch to be near? know
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long? He
 Is it worth it to Him? Does He care?

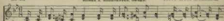
know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief. When the days are

wear - y, The long night draw - y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)

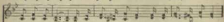
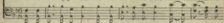
G. R.

MORSE'S NEW METHOD BOOK

Rev. Geo. Bennett.



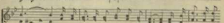
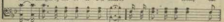
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rag-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rag-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rag-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rag-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



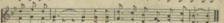
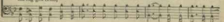
and bring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 true-ness for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-behind,
 leav-ty I see; For true on that old cross Je-sus died and died,
 preach glad-ly hear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



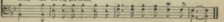
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cheer-ful-ly the old rag-ged
 To pur-sue and suc-cess-ful-ly see.
 Where the glo-ry for-er-er I'll share. cross, the



cross, Till my trou-bles at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rag-ged cross,



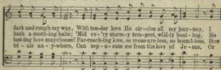
old rag-ged cross, And ex-changes it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rag-ged cross,



I Cannot Get Beyond His Love.

Mrs. Frank A. Brock Copyright, 1906, by WILLIAM BROSCH & CO. PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK Great Golden Teller.


1. Where'er I go the Sav-ior will go with me, I shall-tern not bow
2. In our-rows' hour His ten-der love a-bid-eth, For ev-'ry woe He
3. Oh, poor-love love, be-yond all un-der-stand-ing! And ev-'ry need this
4. No pow'r, no depth, no lov-ing brighten-a-love me, Nor life, nor death, nor



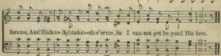
dark and rough my way, With ten-der love He cir-cles all my jour-ney, I
bath a smoth-ing balm; 'Mid ev-'ry storm-y tem-pest, with-ly heat-ing, He
last-ing love may cheer! Far-reach-ing love, no reas-on-less, no bound-less, How
til - ble an - y-where, Can sep-a-rate me from the love of Je-sus, Or



can - not get be-yond His lov-ing way, I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle
whisper peace, and there is in-stant calm, strange that heart-ache's crush love-re-veal
keep me from His watch-ful, ten-der care.



of His love, I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle of His love; His pres-ence pos-si-ble



has me, And His love's bright-er-er-er-er, So I can-not get be-yond His love.

72 I Love My Redeemer, Don't You?

James Rowe.

With expression.

William W. Bentley.

1. There is One who came down from His Fa-ther a - lone, That the lost He might
2. He has brightened the world with His wonderful light, And is calling the
3. He is a - ble to keep all who rest in His grace, And is guid-ing us
4. He is building bright homes in the cil - y a - lone, On the shores of His

seek and save; In the low land He sought us and ad - dored His love, Then His
 mind to see; He is help-ing our souls to be true in the light, And our
 on our way; He is mak-ing the world a more beau-ti - ful place For His
 crys - tal sea; Where the faith-ful shall rest in His glo - ri - ous love, And re-

Chorus.

life on the cross He gave,
 friend to the soul will be,
 children from day to day,
 join thro' a - ter - ni - ty.

I love this Re-deem-er, don't you? . . .

don't you?

This Sav - ing us he - ing and true; (no true;) He came He has died, my trans-

gress done to hide, I love this Re - deem - er, don't you? (don't you?)

His Hand is Open to Me.

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert B. McKim
Published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York

B. B. McKimsey.

1. When my soul was lost in the night of sin, God's hand was
 2. When I stood a - lone in my soul's deep need, God's hand is
 3. When I feel a friend in the time of grief, God's hand is
 4. When I reach the end of the last long mile, God's hand will

a - pen to me; When I cried to Him, Je - sus took me in,
 o - pen to me; He will hear my cry when to Him I plead,
 o - pen to me; When my soul cries out for a sweet re - lief,
 o - pen to me; He will take me in with a lov - ing smile.

For His hand was o - pen to me.
 For His hand is o - pen to me, His hand is o - pen to
 His hand is o - pen to me,
 For His hand is o - pen to me.

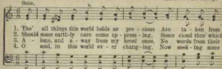
me, His hand is o - pen to me, He will lead me

home To the great White Throne, For His hand is o - pen to me.

74 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.
Solo.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HERBERT G. TOWSE. Herbert G. Towse.



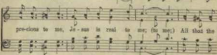
1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre-cious Are ta-ken from
2. Should none earth-ly care come up-press-ing, Some cloud them which
3. A-lone, and a-way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world ar-e charg-ing, Now seek-ing none



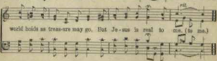
we have be-low, There's one pre-cious truth that I treas-ure,
I can-and see, I've one con-stant Friend, It is Je-sus,
None can I lose; And yet there is One far more pre-cious,
Friend that is true, There's One who is stand-fast, un-fail-ing.



Je-sus is real, this I know,
He is as real as can be, Je-sus is real and
Je-sus is real, and is true,
Je-sus is real; He seeks you.



pre-cious to me, Je-sus is real to me; (to me,) All that the

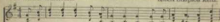


world holds as treas-ure may go, But Je-sus is real to me, (to me.)

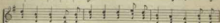
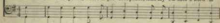
Gen. Walker Whitcomb's.

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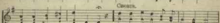
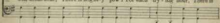
Albert Simpson Reins.



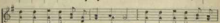
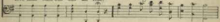
1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in, And I walk with Je - su
2. Man - y passed me by, Heed-ing not my cry, But the Sav - ior heard and
3. There's a prom-ise sure, And it shall ex-ceed, "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet-er peace, There is per-fect peace, And my Fa-ther's word is



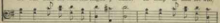
day by day; O His hand is strong! He'll hold me all day long, And with
re - cord me; I was lost and blind, Je - su was my friend, Lo, He
all the way;" And tho' hee as - sail, I shall still pre - vail, For I
was drawn near; There is night - y pow'r For each try - ing hour, There is



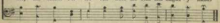
His I will not go a - stray,
touch'd my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His mighty hand!
know He helps me watch and pray,
love that "cast-eth out all fear."



He will hold me with His night - y hand! In temp - ta - tion He will



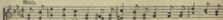
help me stand! For He will hold me with His night - y hand.



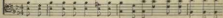
James W. Black.
Solo.

Copyright, 1904, by Herbert G. Torrey.

Herbert G. Torrey.



1. I have an-chor'd my soul in the har - bor of love, Where the waves of de-
 2. B. was night when I an-tered the har - bor of rest, There was ter - ror and
 3. There is on - ly one way to that har - bor of rest, 'Tis thro' Je - sus, the
 4. Will you give to this Fi - let command of your life, O - ver all but Him



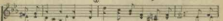

spair can-not roll; In the calm, 'neath the shad-ter of Je - sus a - bove, I'm
 darkness a - round; I was drift-ing to dan-ger, my heart was dis-tress'd, But
 Fi - let and Guide; For He knows ev-'ry dan-ger, and care-ly 'tis best That
 take full con-trol? Is the har - bor of rest there's an end of all strife, There




rit. Cresc.



rest-ing be-neath His con-trol. (His con-trol.)
 peace in the har - bor I found. (peace I found.) I am safe from the storm,
 He should be close to my side. (so my side.)
 seas of ex-rest cease to roll. (cease to roll.)

and I have no fear, I'm trust-ing in Je - sus a - bove; For the



rit. Dim.



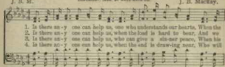
sound of His voice, "All is well," I hear, I am safe in the har - bor of love.



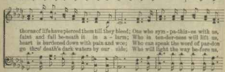
J. B. M.

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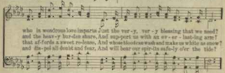
J. B. Mackay.



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



thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thize with us,
 faint and fall be-neath in a - burn; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us,
 heart is lurch-ed down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par-don
 go, thro' death's dark wa-ters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us,

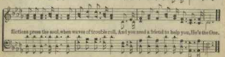


who in won-drous love in-spir-its Just the ver-y, ver-y blessing that we need?
 and the heav-y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an ev-er - last-ing arm?
 that af-fo-ids a sweet re-lease, And whose thos-teen wash and make us white as snow?
 and the-pel all-doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide?

Chorus.



Yes, there's One, an-y One, The blessed, blessed Je-sus, He's the One; When af-
 Yes, there's One, an-y One,



He'll ease your soul when you're of trouble-cill, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

To Whom Shall We Go?

Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

Copyright, 1904, by T. O. Chisholm.
Published by Chisholm, Boston, Mass.

Henry P. Morton.

1. To whom shall we go with our bur - dens of sin, For mer - cy and
 2. To whom shall we go with our wear - i - some care, When hap - less and
 3. To whom shall we go when our sin - ns are dead, When shadows broad
 4. To whom shall we go when our hearts have grown cold, When, lured by the

per - dition, for grace to make clean, For love that will pit - y and
 heal - en, al - most we de - spair, When long - ing for some - one our
 a - ver the path we may tread, When true - st are false, when
 tempt - ed we've strayed from the fold? Whom love will re - ceive us a -

gain - er us in, To whom shall we go but to Je - sus?
 trou - ble to share, To whom shall we go but to Je - sus?
 our hearts have fled, To whom shall we go but to Je - sus?
 gain us of old? To whom shall we go but to Je - sus?

Chorus.

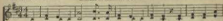
There is but One, none oth - er; One who is more than brother; Friend true and

ten - der, Al - mighty De - fend - er, There's no one can save but Je - sus.

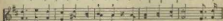
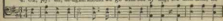
E. L. Turner.

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James McGranahan.



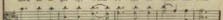
1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wait-ing, When sun-light dews'
 2. It may be at mid-day, It may be at eve-light, It may be, per-
 3. While the hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heav-en de-vo-tion-ing, With glo-ri-ous
 4. Oh, joy! ah, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no



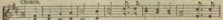
dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 clouds, that the black-ness of mid-ought Will burst in-to light in the
 skies and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up dews' the clouds with our



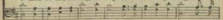
ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 Mass of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 he-le of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord be-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."



Chorus.



O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we sing the glad song, Christ re-



turn-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.



He Whispers His Love to Me.

V. McC.

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Virvian McCowen.

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a-long the way Je - su walks by my
 2. When He send - eth the gifts from His bound-less store, And His love is
 3. When my heart is at-tempt-ed and sore-ly tried, It is then that I
 4. Oh, His voice is so won-der-fully sweet to me! There's no one else

side all the live-long day, And He knows when the shad-ows be-
 bliss-ing a-round me pour, Let I be-cause His grace-ful love
 know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
 earth has such need - e - dy: There's no joy that can come to the

gle to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me e'er and a'er,
 get to be, Je - su whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me,
 vic-to-ry As He whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me,
 in-man heart Like the joy that His love ex-er-ciseth in-pact.

Chorus.

He whis-pers His love to me, He whis-pers His love to me,
 His love to me, His love to me,

Let I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me,

We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let them re - late to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand an - ced sweets, De-
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry heart be dry; We're

in a song with sweet an - ced, Join in a song with sweet an - ced,
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 here we reach the heav'n - ly fields, De - here we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 marching thro' im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' im - man - uel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus 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 hail - or worships on high, To hail - or worships on high,
 And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne,

Chorus.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God. A - men.

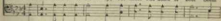
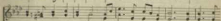
I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankley.

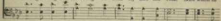
William G. Fletcher.



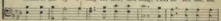
1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of ex - ceed things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, To please and to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best seem

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



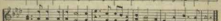

tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, 'Tis did so much for me, And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 vation of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



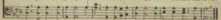
Refrain.



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

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



Hale Doxan Vale.

ARRANGED BY STANLEY BRIDGES.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. { Just to tell the Saviour's story, Just to witness for His glo - ry, There are many
 { Speak a word to friend or neighbor, Say-est for the Master la - bor, Tell - ing of His

2. { Just a word, the King con-tem-ning, Just to point the path to know-ing, Round Jesus sit-est,
 { There is work that waits your doing, Bigger hearts, your strength need-ing, Here - let for the

3. { Just to live a life so low - ly, Wit-ness for the King so ho - ly, Let your light so
 { Just a word, His voice so 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 di - vine, His love and kindness, (Chorus)..... } Win them for Him!
 { We - ar round the call so ten - der, Win them for Him! } Win them for Him!
 { Man - ner you can dai - ly see - der, (Chorus)..... } Win them for Him!
 { Show that there around may know Him, Win them for Him! } Win them for Him!
 { See - let them, how much we owe Him, (Chorus)..... } Win them for Him!

Chorus.

{ Serve Him, la - bor for His glo-ry, and your wit-ness He will bless, } Serve Him,
 { Serve Him, pointing them around you to the (Chorus)..... }

tell the wondrous story, and His love di - vine con-tem-ning, and glad-ly Lights that we'er can

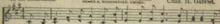
See, Hearts, for days are winging, work to Je - sus bring-ing, Win them for Him!

Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

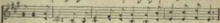
R. H. McDaniell.

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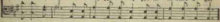
Chas. H. Gabriel.



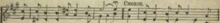
1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wail-ling and go-ing a-stray, since Je-sus came
3. I'm possessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Gl - y, I know, since Je-sus came



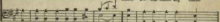
In - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 In - to my heart! And my sin which wicked-ness are all washed a - way,
 In - to my heart! And the dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob - scure,
 In - to my heart! And the gates of the Gl - y be - yond I can see,
 In - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on-ward I go.



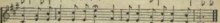
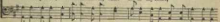
Chorus.



Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my
 Since Je-sus came in-to my heart!



heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Fields of joy a're my
 in - to my heart, since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart,



soul like the sun in-day-noon, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart,

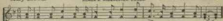


86 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

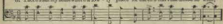
Mary Brown.

Copyright, 1901, by J. B. McManis.
 Made in the United States of America.



Carrie E. Sommerfeld.



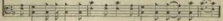
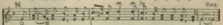
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are liv-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



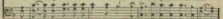

It may not be at the bar-de's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wanderer whom I should seek.
 Where I may in-ter-est His short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied.


But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O bar-de, if Thou wilt be my Guide, The dark and rug-ged the way,
 Be, trust-ing my all in-to Thy care, I know Thou lov-est me.

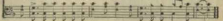
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall be - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



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



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

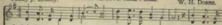


Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

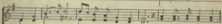
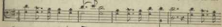
Finney J. Crosby.

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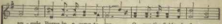
W. H. Doane.



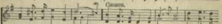
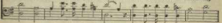
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - er - ous breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from our - ous - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



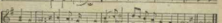
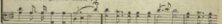
love a' - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest, Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can not harm us there, Free from the blight of
 Sick of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be, Here let me wait with



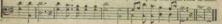
an - gels, There is a song to sing, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 our - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
 pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



O - ver the ju - per tree, . . .
 On - ly a few more tears! . . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
 breast on the gold - en shore, . . .



gen - er - ous breast, There by His love a' - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.



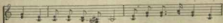
Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knox's Hymn.

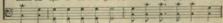
George A. Minot.



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-own, Fear-ing not - ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Har-vest, Tho' the loss may



noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds not win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 raised our spir-it all - on grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,



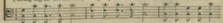
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joice-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 and the in-har-mo-ni, We shall come re-joice-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joice-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



Chorus.



Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joice-ing
 Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joice-ing



ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.



Love Lifted Me.

James Brown.

Copyright, 1914, by JAMES BROWN.

Howard H. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blood
 3. Soul in dan-ger, lack a-love, Je-sus com-plete-ly saved me will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to the re-verse; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pre-s-ence free, Ev-er His grace-on ship, 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.
 Mer-cy my soul's best song; Faith-ful, lov-ing ser-vi-ces, too, To Him be-long.
 He - loves Him will o - bey! He your Sav-ior wants to be - Be saved to-day.

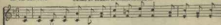
Love lift-ed me . . . Love lift-ed me . . . When sink-ing
 a - way me! a - way me!

1. 2.
 who could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A - MEN.

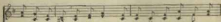
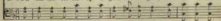
H. E. Hewitt.

MUSIC BY H. E. HEWITT.

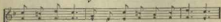
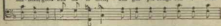
B. D. Ackley.



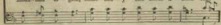
1. We're "counting" the blessings, our joys we re- cord, The won-der-ful
2. We'll go, like the lay-er, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto-ry a-gain and a-gain; Sad-ty-ten for



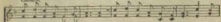
mer-cies like manna out-poured; But let us re-mem-ber while
 per-son we'll make sad-er glad, Un-til, with fresh ver-dure, His
 sto-ry, good-will us-to men, Till gen-til songs ech-o from



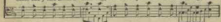
praise-ing the Lord, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.
 des-erts are clad; Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.
 man-na to give; Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.



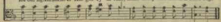
Chorus.



Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing; We'll



let our light-shine to His glo-ry al-ways, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

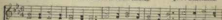


One Who Will Not Be Moved.

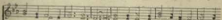
David M. Gardner.

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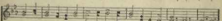
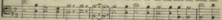
J. P. Schaeffeld.



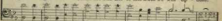
1. To the H-ill I'll be true,—I will love and live it, too, Tho' the world
2. For my sin Christ did a-see,—I am trust-ing Him a-fore, And I know that
3. Tho' we find on ev-'ry hand those who for Him will not stand, Who would bring the



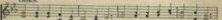
who shall woe the ev-'ry chain; I have found a full red-emption in the
He will keep me to the end; Naught from Him my heart can sever, I will
rest and doubt with-in the fold; We will not be dis-com-vert-ed, from the



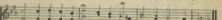
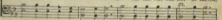
Spit-it's re-v-a-l-a-tion Of the vir-gin-born Red-emptor—bless His name!
love and serve Him ever, And His cause and truth with courage I'll de-fend,
path of right di-vert-ed, And the banner of His truth we will up-hold.



Chorus.



I am one who will not be moved; I am one who will not be moved;



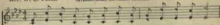
Tho' the bil-lows may rage a-bout me, I shall not be moved.



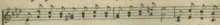
Rev. W. C. Poole.

Copyright, 1900, by W. C. Poole & Son,
Publishers, New York, N. Y.

B. D. Achley.



1. When the storm-clouds pass-or o'er the path-way that I tread,
2. When the rain-drops fall-ing hide the glo-ry of the sun,
3. When the shut-eyes pass-or at the end-ing of my way,



When the night of dark-ness hangs a-bove me o-ver-head, Ev-er shin-ing
shin-ing bright-ly on them in the light of God's own Son; Turn-ing them to
shin-ing up the shut-eyes in the light of Heav-en's day, And there's naught seen



bright-ly in an-all-or light to-stand: My light thro' all is Je-sus.
dis-monds shin-ing bright-ly, ev-ry-where,—My light thro' all is Je-sus.
lead me while in Je-sus' light I stay: My light thro' all is Je-sus.



Chorus.



He is my light when shadows fall, He is the light that shines thro' all.



He is my light by night and day, He guides me all the way.



Miss Ruth Gilbert.

Copyright, 1902, by Robert H. Coleman.
International Copyright Secured.

D. B. McKimsey.

Chorus. *Con spirito.*

1. Christ Je-sus has com-mand-ed us to go in all the world, To win the lost ones
2. For each lost soul in all this world is precious in His sight; Then may we win and
3. His mighty pow'r is o-ver us, He leads us all the way; His pres-ence we an-

back to Him, and teach them in His Word; As men-sen-gers for Him we go, with
teach them in the blessed way of right. Co-la-bor-ers for Him we go in
our-ance have while toil-ing day by day. Up-on the con-qu'ring side are we in

this great task our aim, That people of all nations might give honor to His name,
what-e'er field or land, That we may do our Father's will and car-ry out His plan,
this most glorious task, And when our work on earth is done we'll see His face at last.

Chorus.

Co-la-bor-ers, Co-la-bor-ers To-gether with God are way

To win and teach this world for Christ, Our mis-sion here shall be.

H. G. T.

"HARVEST SONGS" SERIES

Herbert G. Tovey.

1. Let us hear the sto - ry of God's love and care, Tell us how He blessed your
 2. Tell us of the answered prayer you've had to-day, It will help us have more
 3. Do not let the fear of man ter - rify you Tell how the Sav - ior con - stant-

serve us ev - ry - where, In the joy He gives you we would have a share; Tell us
 faith when - e'er we pray; Tell us of your vic - tory in the up - ward way; Let us
 ly with you doth dwell; Speak a word for Je - sus, tell the world 'tis well, Tell us

of the latest news from Glo - ry.
 hear the latest news from Glo - ry. What's the news from Glory? What's the news to - day?
 of the latest news from Glo - ry.

Tell us of the lat - est joy that has come your way, You can be a bless - ing

On the up - ward way, What's the news from Glory? Tell it out to - day.

93 It is Glory Just to Walk With Him.

Arlo M. Burgess.

Copyright, 1904, by ARLO M. BURGESS.
CHICAGO: PUBLISHED BY G. & C. GARDNER.

Halter Liffman.

1. It is glo-ry just to walk with Him whose blood has redeemed me; It is
 2. It is glo-ry when the shadows fall to know that He is near; Oh! what
 3. 'Twill be glo-ry when I walk with Him on heaven's gold-en shore, Nev-er

rap-ture for my soul each day. It is joy di-vine to feel Him near when
 joy to sim-ply trust and pray! It is glo-ry to a-bide in Him when
 from His side a-gain to stray. 'Twill be glo-ry, wond'rous glo-ry with the

Cresc.
 o'er my path may be, Bless the Lord, He's glo-ry all the way!
 when a-bove are clear, Yes, with Him, He's glo-ry all the way! It is glo-ry just to
 far - er - er - more, He - er - last-ing glo-ry all the way!

walk with Him. It is glory just to walk with Him; He will guide my steps a-
 walk with Him, walk with Him)

right, Thro' the vale and o'er the height; It is glo-ry just to walk with Him.
 walk with Him.

96 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Foxcroft.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



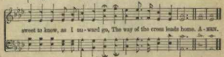
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 Far - her tread, If I ev - er dash to the heights sub - lime,
 nor - er - more; For my Lord says "Cross," and I seek my home,



Chorus.
 If the way of the cross I miss,
 Where the soul is at home with God, The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
 leads home, leads home;



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

His Promise To Me.

James F. Rogers.

Copyright, 1911, by HARRIS N. HOLMES.

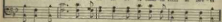
Henry P. Morton.



1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for-sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mine for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er he - lds me One will al-ways



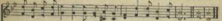
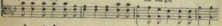
nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
love me the same; Not a tri - al or - er can - on Him to nev - er



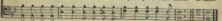
And will keep His prom-ise to me,
Ev - 'ry dream-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
From the cross who hon-our His name. His



me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
prom-ise to me, He will go



bro-ken an - y prom-ise spe-ker; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-men.



98 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.


Isa Daley Ogden.

COMPOSED AND SET TO MUSIC BY ISABELLE D. DUNN.

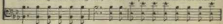
Chas. H. Gabriel.




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 will sure - ly find a need, Here re-

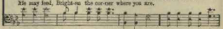
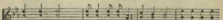
walk to shed your light a - far, To the man - y dis - tance er - er near you
car - row sell your way do - lar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may lead your
feet the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your low - ly hand the bread of




Chorus.



now be true, Bright - en the cor - ner where you are,
ring of cheer, Bright - en the cor - ner where you are, Bright - en the cor - ner
He may lead, Bright - en the cor - ner where you are,

where you are! Bright - en the cor - ner where you are! Some one far from
Slings for Je - sus where you are!



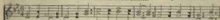

lar - her you may guide a - cross the bar, Bright - en the cor - ner where you are.



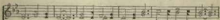
He Is Waiting for You There.

113

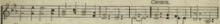
1. *Pr. 1000*



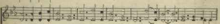
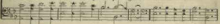
1. Have you lost the joy you had when you heard your Lord, When your willing service
2. The Holy Spirit has renewed your heart, you have given up, spending all, His leading
3. There is joy a-long the way, walking with the King, Peace and comfort all - by



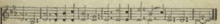
Did you af - ker? Have you wandered far from Chet, tho' you love him, will?
You turned a - way; He is wait-ing there for you, pleading your re - turn;
His pain-as sing; Tho' oft-times the be-ware here, that will lead to - wear.



You can find Him where you left Him if you will.
He'll restore to you the joy for which you
Fest-ter day to have Him lead you on your
yearn. Back there you will find Him,
ye.



Just there where you left Miss Jones to wait long now she says: Back there you will



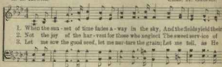
And Win, just there where you left Him, Ja-mes is wait-ing now for you.



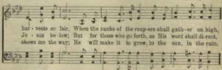
H. E. Hewitt.

COMPOSER, 1884 BY H. E. HEWITT.

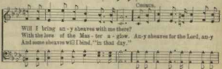
Chas. H. Gabriel.



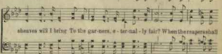
1. When the sun - set of time fades a - way in the sky, And the fields yield their
 2. Not the joy of the har - vest for those who neglect The sweet sur - ce of
 3. Let not now the good seed, let not now-tare the grain; Let me tell, as He



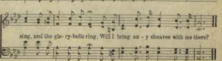
har - vests so fair. When the ranks of the reap-ers shall gath-er on high,
 Je - sus be - low; But for those who go forth, as His word shall di-rect,
 shows me the way; He will make it to grow, in the sun, in the rain.



Will I bring an - y sheaves with me there?
 With the love of the Mas - ter a - glow. An - y sheaves for the Lord, an - y
 And some sheaves will I bind, "in that day."



sheaves will I bring To the gar-ners, e - ter-nal - ly fair? When the reap-ers shall



sing, and the glo-ry-bells ring, Will I bring an - y sheaves with me there?

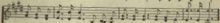
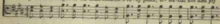
Dr. H. T. Canuel.

Copyright, 1911, by H. T. Canuel.
Musical and Lyric.

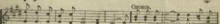
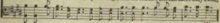
Flora H. Canuel.



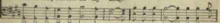
1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way.
2. This is the King's command; that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's re-ry plain, E-ter-nal life and joy



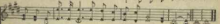
up-on a gold-en strand; An-las-en-dor is he of realm be-yond the sea,
From sin's re-duc-tive snare; That all who will a-loy, with Him shall reign for aye,
Thro'-out his vast domain; My-Row' reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,



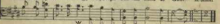
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.



bring. A mes-sage an-gels here would sing: "Oh, be ye re-con-ciled,"



Thus with my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye re-con-ciled to God." A-men.



R. H.

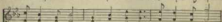
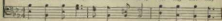
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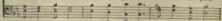
Robert Harkness.



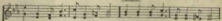
1. Trust-ing Je - su, won - der - ful Guide, In His keep-ing
2. Won-drous pres - en - ce He will ful - fill, Glad - ly do - ing
3. Friend of sin - ners, ev - er the same, Will - ing Sav - er,



saf - ly a - live, Joye e - ter - nal He will im - part,
 His ho - ly will, Peace un - end - ing He will im - part,
 praise His dear name, For He giv - ness He will im - part,



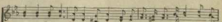
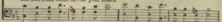
Chorus.



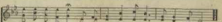
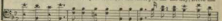
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart,

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.



One Glad Day.

A. B. B.

MUSIC BY ALBERT SHIMPSON. LYRICS BY ALBERT SHIMPSON. ALBERT SHIMPSON, BOSTON.

1. Ten - der - ly the voice of Je - sus came to me; Told me how my
 2. What had I to which my sin - ful soul could cling? Yet He bids me
 3. Now my Lord and I en - joy com - munion sweet; Now He bids me

guilt - y soul might compassed be; O what joy since I received His gift so free,
 come the' I had naught to bring. Thus I came, and now with rapture I can sing
 and my har - dem at His feet: Now each day with joy my praise to I re - pose,

Chorus.

O what peace and wonder-ful-ty!
 Songs of praise to my e - ter - nal King. One glad day my Savior washed my
 And in glo - ry, some - day, we shall meet. glad day,

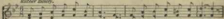
sin a - way; One glad day when I had wandered far a - stray; One glad day
 glad day

He taught me how to watch and pray; One glad day I'll dwell with Him a - way.

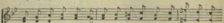
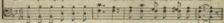
B. L.

Copyright, 1904, by Joseph W. Johnston.
Published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York.

Scott Lawrence.

Baritone Solo.

1. Whisper a prayer in the morn-ing, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whisper a prayer at the noon-time, Peace in the midst of the throng.
3. Whisper a prayer at the eve-light, All - er the day's work is done,



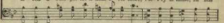
Why fear the fight, In your bat-tle for right, When you know He will
Look us - to Him, Who can con-quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, to
No oth-er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the

*Chorus.*

lead all the way?
Him then art strong. Whisper a prayer, Just whisper a prayer,
O - ri - ental Cross.



Ev - er a whisper He'll hear us, we there; Tie - t'ry to thine, In His



love as sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whisper a prayer.

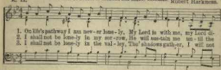


No longer Lonely.

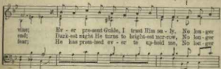
R. H.

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WRITTEN BY ROBERT H. HARKNESS AND ROBERT HARKNESS. Robert Harkness.



1. On His pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord is
 2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the
 3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, The' shadows gath-er, I will not



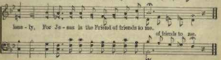
that; He - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon-ger
 end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est morn-ing, No lon-ger
 fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon-ger



lone-ly, for He is mine, ... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
 lone-ly! He is my Friend, ...
 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;

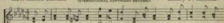


lone-ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me, ... of friends to me.

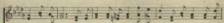
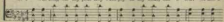
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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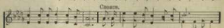
Henry F. Nixon.



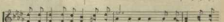
1. There is One who has suf-fered and died in my stead That a sin-ner so
2. Thro' His death now He of-fers sal-va-tion to me, His own blood to re-
3. I will sing on my jour-ney with joy in my soul, As I trav-el life's



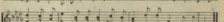
guil-ty might live; And the blood-sprinkled way He was willing to tread, By His
deem-ing He gave; And by faith all its full-ness this mo-ment I see, And His
war-i-ant way, Till at last I shall en-ter that beau-ti-ful goal, For my



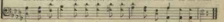
death all my sins to for-give,
won-der-ful way to save. It was love made Him die on the cross,
and have been taken a-way. on the cross,



With such ag-o-ny, an-guish and loss, (on the cross) There He suf-fered for



me That my soul might be free, It was love made Him die on the cross,



S. F. Bennett.

Copyright, 1881, by John H. Johnson.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall stay on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - a - di - ous
 3. To our home - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

we in a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
 sence of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

Chorus.

pure as a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 igh for the bless - ing of rest.
 Home - days that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, 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,

He Is Knocking.

H. T. Hewitt.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY HENRIETTA HENRIETTA
INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIANITY SOCIETY

B. D. Ackley.

1. He is knock-ing, soft-ly knock-ing at the door; Let Him in,.....
 2. He is call-ing, gen-tly 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-ness bleed-ing ev - er - more;
 O let Him in; like the plead-ing dove of mer-cy on His brow;
 O let Him in; Give Him welcome, joy-ful welcome, warm and true;
 O let Him in

Chorus.
 Let Him in,..... O let Him in! Knock-ing, knock-ing!
 O let Him in, O let Him in!

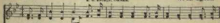
O - pen wide the door, Let Him in to - day, Ask Him in to stay;
 O let Him in, Ask Him in, He's

Knock-ing, knock-ing! No He will re - turn, When you o - pen wide the door,
 half - of door.

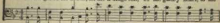
W. A. O.

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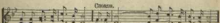
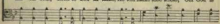
W. A. Ogden.



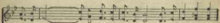
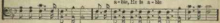
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges sung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the th-ings roll, To the gal-l'y heart, to the



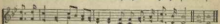
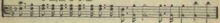
mer-tal tongue; 'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mer-tal strong; 'Tis the grand-est theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful weak; look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



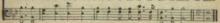
a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble



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



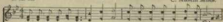
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - MEN.



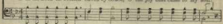
C. A. M.

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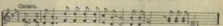
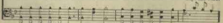
C. Austin Miles.



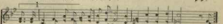
1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Far-ther to re-solve from my Lord;
2. I was humbly kneeling at the Cross, Fear-ing naught but God's angry frown;
3. In the Book 'tis written "Saved by Grace," O the joy that came to my soul!



This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word.
 When the heav-ens opened and I saw That my name was writ-ten down.
 Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made whole.
kept His word.



There's a new name writ-ten down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine!
And it's mine, yes, it's mine!



And the white-robed angel sang the story, "A sin-ner has come home," Far
has come home.



With my sin for-giv-en I am bound for heav-en, Now - er-more to roam.

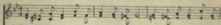


III Show Others What Jesus Can Do

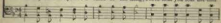
41

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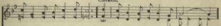
Abstract



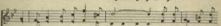
1. Prove by the smile on your face ev- 'ry day, Prove by the wis- dom He
2. Prove by the love-ness you're will- ing to bear, Prove by the com- fort and
3. Prove by each act you're a child of the King, Prove that you bear not the



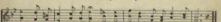
give when you pray, Prove to the world there is no oth - er way, Show
 cheer which you share, Prove in his serv - ice you'll go an - y-where, Show
 life our death's sting, Prove by your faith all in glo - ry you sing, Show



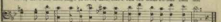
show-ers what Je-sus can do. Show oth-ers what Je-sus can do.
what Je-sus can do



How will we what do we can do..... There'll grace from a
what do we can do b b



Love, Give the message of love, and show others what Jesus can do



1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shoot, shoot the word! Spread the bless-ed ti-ings
 2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is a-pert,
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise as-sure, "Who-so-ev-er will," for-

all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found;
 no-ter while you may, Je-sus is the true, the on-ly liv-ing Way;
 ev-er most ex-act; "Who-so-ev-er will," his 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 o-ver vale and hill; This a lov-ing Fa-ther

calls the wan-d'ring hunter "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

Love found a Way.

Aris M. Christiansen.

COMPOSED BY ARIS M. CHRISTIANSEN.
ORIGINAL PUBLISHED BY THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, 1892.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I was a sinner! no hope could I see Till, in His mercy so
 2. Darkness and sin had en-veloped my soul: I was completely in
 3. Nor-er shall sin rule with-in me a-gain: Je-sus has cleansed ev-ry

sin-drop and free. Je-sus looked down in com-pas-sion on me. And
 Sa-tan's con-trail. Yet, bless the Lord, Christ in love made me whole—And
 bless-ed and stain; King of all things He for-ev-er shall reign. For

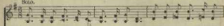
Crescdo.

Love found the way to my heart! Love found the way to my heart!
 Love found the way, the way to my heart!

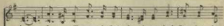
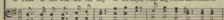
1. Love found the way to my heart! Darkness was round me, For
 Love found the way, the way to my heart!

Sa-tan had bound me. Yet Love found the way to my heart!

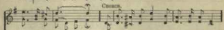
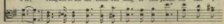
James M. Black, INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, 1882, BY HERBERT G. TOWSE. Herbert G. Towse.
Solo.



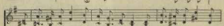
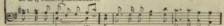
1. Thus with its tem-pests is pass-ing a-way, Some day, and soon it may
2. Oh, what a won-der-ful joy to be there, Prais-ing the Lamb that was
3. That is the won-der-ful day of all days, That day when time shall be



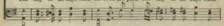
be, Je-sus will come, oh, that glo-ri-ous day! Com-ing in
shine; His-ing to meet Him, caught up in the air! Oh, He is
o'er; Tongues of all na-tions will sing of His praise On fair a-



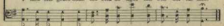
gle-ry for us. (for us)
com-ing a-gain. (a-gain). The day of all days is com-ing at last,
ter-ri-ly a-shore. (peaceful shore.)



The day of all days when sor-rows are past, The day of all days when



I thank His grace Shall see with de-light His won-der-ful face.



Flores Kirkland.

Copyright, 1901, by FLORES KIRKLAND.

I. H. Meredith.

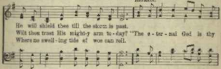


1. Do the waves of trou-ble rise e'er-whole-ing? In thy sky with
 2. He will hear and heed thy cry ap-peal-ing, He will turn to
 3. There is calm for ev-'ry earth-ly sor-row In this won-der-



tem-pest e-ver-cast? Flue to God, thy nev-er-fail-ing Ref-uge,
 Sea-ward and 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.

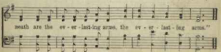
BARNES.



He will shield thee till the storm is past,
 With thou trust His might-y arm to-day? "The e-ver-nal God is thy
 Where no swell-ing tide of war can tell.



Ref-uge, The e-ver-nal God is thy Ref-uge, And no-dar-



death are the ev-er-last-ing arms, the ev-er-last-ing arms."

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY C. H. G. BOSTON.
WARD AND LOVELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

lean - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Ser - vor, 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
in 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.

F. S.

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REPRODUCED BY THE AMERICAN SINGERS' GUILD.

J. P. Scholfield.

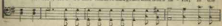
Not too fast.



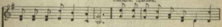
1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er sing a song that nev - er
 2. I have yield - ed to this Christ, my Sav - er, And the half has nev - er
 3. I am walk - ing ev - 'ry day with my Sav - er, And each day new treas - ures



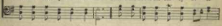
has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - er, 'Tis the
 yet been told; For each day He is to me grow - ing dear - er, 'Tis the
 I be - hold; How we thank His love and grace And God's fa - vor, in the



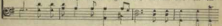
Organ, Spiced.



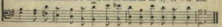
sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er



told, It's a sto - ry that nev - er grows old; How His won - der - ful



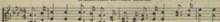
love has'nt Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told.



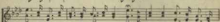
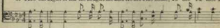
118 My Heart Keeps Singing Hallelujah.

A. B. C.

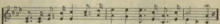
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah" Albert Simpson Mott.



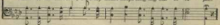
1. Oh, my life is filled with glo-ry since the Lord came in And redeemed my
2. Once I was a slave to sin and bound with Satan's chain, And I tried to
3. Thro' the night of sin He sought me and He lov'd me home; To the Fa-ther's



glori-ous and ex-cel-sed all my sin; All the past is pardoned now and
 has my soul but al-ways tried in vain; Then the mighty Bar-ter came and
 house of love He had the word for come; Now my soul is stay'd up-on the



placed beneath the blood, And my heart keeps sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah.
 set the cap-tive free; So my heart keeps sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah.
 rich - es of His love, And my heart keeps sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah.



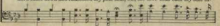
Chorus.



"Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah," let the an - gel an - thems roll, For the



Lord came down and ransom'd my poor soul; Oh, the love that cost my sin to



My Heart Keeps Singing Hallelujah.

to the deep-est sea, Keeps on sing-ing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah.

119 Treasures That Never Fade.

H. H. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1906, by H. H. Hewitt.
International Copyright Secured.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Foul will be the bloom that earthily garden yield, Drooping when the winter shall
2. Fleeting is the springtime of youth's triumphant hour, Soon the touch of autumn is
3. Earth has taught to offer that has not worth at all, Hush up-on the jaw - ed, none

Now a - cross the field; Seek the great-er Bless-ing that nev-er will de - cay;
Hush up-on the flow'r; On - ly in the Sav - or we find the chambered May;
Hush up-on our joy; Praise not them too high-ly the crum-bling things of clay;

D. S. — Nev - er fade a - way, they will nev-er fade a - way.

First Chorus.

Je-sus gives the treasures that never fade a - way. Nev-er fade a - way, no,

Je-sus gives the treasures that nev-er fade a - way.

D. S.

nev-er fade a - way! Gain-ing rich-er beau - ty from heav'n's end-less day;

C. Austin Miles.

Copyright, 1902, by C. Austin Miles.

Adam Giffel.

Solo, or All in Unison.



1. I love to think of Je - sus, who else could it be, Where could our hearts be
 2. I love to think that He has giv - en me a part in par - don that He
 3. I love to think of Je - sus when I am dis - tress, To think up - on His
 4. I love to think of Him when tears of sor - row fall, To know that He has



heart's to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not re - pay the
 pur - chased with a tre - asure; And all my sins are blotted with tears as
 pray - er brings a bliss - ful rest; In sor - row, pain and an - guish He is
 not - bereft and He knows it all; He gives me strength to bear my bur - den



And I know, I'll do my best my best - i - tude to show. . .
 I re - call What He has done for me, and for us all. . .
 now, I know, It is no won - der that I love Him so. . .
 nor non - plus, I cry - or and have called to Him in vain. . .

Chorus.



I love to think of Je - sus and His love for me; My



and to look in won - der that such love could be; I've known the love of moth - er, Of

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (alto and tenor). The upper notes (soprano) are sung by the high voices (soprano and tenor), or they may be merely played.

I Love to Think of Jesus.

From. *And.*

sin - ner, kind and brother, Like Je - sus there's no other. He's more than all be - fore.

121 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr.

Christmas Carol.

Frans Gruber.

1. Sil - ent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yea - ter.
 2. Sil - ent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness then, all is light; Sleep-ers
 3. Sil - ent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lead thy light! See the
 4. Sil - ent night! Ho - ly night! Wond'rous Star, lead thy light! With the

where they sweet vig - il keep, O'er the Babe who in sil - ent sleep
 bear the an - gel's song, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 East - ern wis - men bring Gifts and incense to our King!
 an - gel's let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

Andante

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace,
 Christ the Sav - or born, Je - sus the Sav - or is born.
 Christ the Sav - or is born, Je - sus the Sav - or is born!
 Christ the Sav - or is born, Je - sus the Sav - or is born! A - MEN.

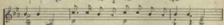
Copyright, 1909, by ROBERT H. BARKMAN and MARION BARKMAN.
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Martha S. Clingan

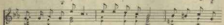
Robert Harkness



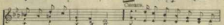
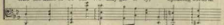
1. Just a word in sea-son To a
2. Just a word in sea-son To a
3. Might-y un-told pow-er Of a



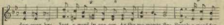
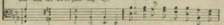
and in need; Just a heart-y hand-clang, Just a kind-ly deed;
in - the child; Just a word of Je-sus, Give the lov-ing, mild;
time-ly word; Care-less hearts are wak-ened, In - to new life stirred;



Then the dark cloud lift-ed, Gloom of sin-shine came, As the word in
The dear heart of childhood Heard the Son-of-man's call, A young life was
And the name of Je-sus We may glo-ri-fy, Speaking words in



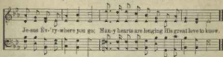
sea-son, Ho-ping in Christ's name,
field-ed, Saved from sin's dark thrall, Just a word in sea-son, As the
sea-son As we're pass-ing by.



day goes by; Just a word in sea-son, As the mo-ments fly, Speak a word for



Just a Word in Season.



Je-sus Re-ry-where you go, Man-y hearts are longing His great love to know.

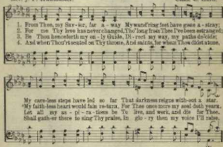
123

The Wanderer's Return.

Rev. J. F. Huffermaster.

Copyright, 1904, by J. F. Huffermaster.

Chas. C. Hard.



1. From Thee, my Sav-ior, far a-way My wander-ing feet have gone a-stray;
2. For on Thy love has never changed, Tho' long from Thee I've been estranged;
3. Be Thou henceforth my on-ly Guide, In-struct my way, my path de-vised;
4. And when Thou'rt seated on Thy throne, And saints, for whom Thou didst come,

My care-less steps have led so far That darkness reigns with-out a star.
My faith-less heart would lose re-turn, For Thee once more my soul hath yearn.
Let all my as-pi-ra-tions be To live, and work, and die for Thee,
Shall gath-er there to sing Thy praise, In glo-ry then my voice I'll raise.

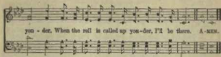
Chorus.



Fa-ther, receive with for-giv-ing grace; Give us, give us a place!
Give us, give us a place!

Thy Spir-it's help shall keep me true In what-so-ev-er Thou bidst me do.

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.



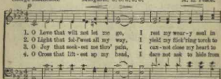
you - der, When the roll is called up you-der, I'll be there. A-MEN.

125 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

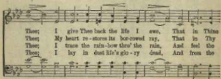
George Matheson.

Margaret, A. A. R. E. S.

A. L. France.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
 2. O Light that led'st me all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
 3. O Joy that took'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 its long-lost rap, That in Thy
 Then; I trace the rain-how thro' the rain, And feel the
 Then; I lay in dust like'st the glo-ry dead, And from the



o - cean depths the flow May rich - er, full - er be,
 sun-shine's glow the day May bright - er, fair - er be,
 price-les is not vain That more shall tear - less be,
 ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A-MEN.

C. H. O.

COMPOSED BY JOHN D. WARREN.
2. C. H. O. CHORUS.

Chorus, H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would er-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 ho-mil-i-ty; More and in la-bor, more con-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-ness of heart to bring His kingdom in;
eth-ers I would share; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee.

More con-sec-ra-tion for work He bids me do. Take Thou my
More of His spir-it, the won-der-er to win.
More like the Mas-ter I long to er-er be. Take my heart, O

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

make it all Thine own; . . . For-ge me from sin; . . . O Lord, I now in-
make it all Thine own; For-ge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More like the Master.



plea, . . . Wash me and keep . . . me Thine for-ev-er-a-more, A - MEN.
now in-plea, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er-a-more,

127 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

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New Publishing Co., Boston.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Steady.



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Then 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! Heal e'er my



Pat-ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft-er Thy
try me, Man-ter, to-day! With-er thou know, Lord, Wash me just
wear-y, Help me, I pray! Pow-er-all pow-er-ful-ly is
be-ing Ab-so-lute away! Fill with Thy light-ness Till all shall

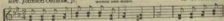


will, While I am wait-ing, Held-ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-ble I bow.
Thine! Teach me and lead me, Sav-er di-vine!
see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me! A - MEN.

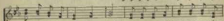
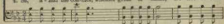
Rev. Johnson Oakes, Jr.

Copyright, 1907, by J. O. Oakes.
Revised and added.

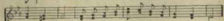
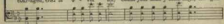
H. O. Kneff.



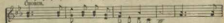
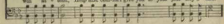
1. When up - on His bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are Co-
2. Are you ev - er bar - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



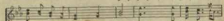
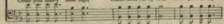
cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - 'ry
 prom - ise you His wealth ex - cell; Count your man - y bless - ings, name - 'ry
 cour - aged, God is a - vor - ally; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels



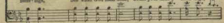
one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re - ward in Heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



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.

or tempo.

Names them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done, A-men.

129

There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. R.

Copyright, 1877, by MARGARET M. COLVERSON.

M. J. Balliett.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev-'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Most Ho - nour-er, Sav - ing, 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, Nuth - ing good from me de - clines.
And from ev-'ry foe de - livers me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bide - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

Cresc.

You, in Him I'm fal - ly trust - ing, You, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;

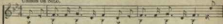
For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev-er let me fall. A-men.

R. H.

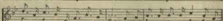
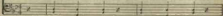
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Robert Harrison.

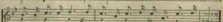
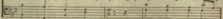
Chorus on Solo.



1. Since my Sav - for set me free, And His grace a - vails for me, The
 2. Since 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. Soon will come the glorious dawn, Of God's per - er - end-ing morn, The



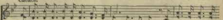
way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day; All my hope is in the Lord, In the
 way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day; In the tail and stream of life, What its
 way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day; In my nar-row life is fear, Giv-ing
 way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day; Step by step His sure-ly leads, Dearest my



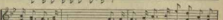
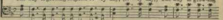
prom-ise of His Word; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.
 dan-gers, cares and strife, The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.
 con-flict, peace and cheer; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.
 bur-den, fill my soul; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.



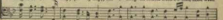
Chorus.



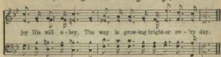
The way is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day, (ev-'ry day,) The way is grow-ing



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 a - bay, The way is grow - ing bright - er ev - 'ry day.

131 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

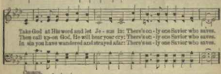
J. P. B.

Copyright, 1900, by J. P. B. Scholfield.

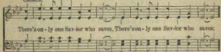
J. P. Scholfield.



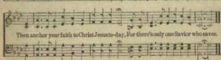
1. If you would find re - lief from all your sin, - There's on - ly one Sav - ior who saves;
2. God loves you so much He gave Christ to die, - There's on - ly one Sav - ior who saves;
3. Some day you will stand at God's judgment bar, - There's on - ly one Sav - ior who saves;



Take God at His word and let Je - sus in; 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 afar; 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 on - ly one Sav - ior who saves.

132 Tell Me More About the Savior's Love.

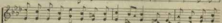
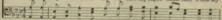
Rev. Alfred Barnett.

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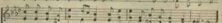
Henry F. Morton.



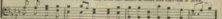
1. When the waves of grief and sor-row on my path-way roll, And the
2. When my earth-ly friends for-sake me and my cur-sels flee, Tell me
3. When the dread-ful day of judg-ment with its wrath ap-pears, And my
4. When the day of life is end-ed and my sight shall fail, When my



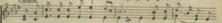
tempt-er tries to bring me un-der His con-trol, While the light of love is
more a-bout the One who means so much to me; While my faith is still un-
shak-ed in face to face with deeds of all the years, It will keep-ah all my
voice is hush-ed in si-lence and my lips turn pale, When I'm passing thro' the



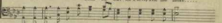
shin-ing in my faint-ing soul, Tell me more a-bout the Sav-ior's love,
dread-ed and His face I see, Tell me more a-bout the Sav-ior's love,
sor-row and dis-pel my fears; Tell me more a-bout the Sav-ior's love,
shad-ows of the dark-some veil, Tell me more a-bout the Sav-ior's love.



Chorus.



Tell me more a-bout the Sav-ior's love, Tell me more a-bout the
love of Sav-ior's love, Tell me more....



Sav-ior's love; Let me hear the sweet re- frain,
more a-bout the Sav-ior's love



Tell Me More About the Savior's Love.

Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain, Tell me more a - bout the Sav - ior's love.

133 The Kingdom is Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Blake.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's heathen race, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc - ing O'er all - mine ad - vanc - ing To con - quer the
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - M - last sing - ing, Their arms of re -

stitch shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
but - less cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion

D. R.—The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo - ry.
First Chorus.

Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His heav - en shall be for them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

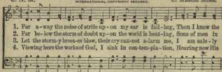
As wa - ters that run - er the sea.

Let us the sto - ry, God's heav - en ex - alt - ed shall tell.

C. A. M.

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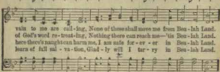
C. Austin Miles.



1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y heav-en blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the work of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

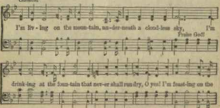


sine of earth be-set on ev-ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the an-a-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
Heav-en-ly voice, I see the way He planned; Dwelling in the Spir-it, here I



vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-creat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
burn of hell and re-ven-ge, Glad-ly will I fer-ry in Beu-lah Land.

Chorus.

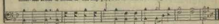


I'm liv-ing on the mount-ain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God
drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.



main-na from a heav-ni-ty sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Bea-h Land.

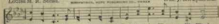


135 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

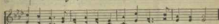
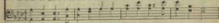
Lucius M. R. Stodd.

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L. M. Stoddard, New York, N. Y.

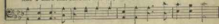
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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 cleans-ing Word;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;



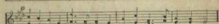
Just to rest up-on His prom-ise, Just to know, "Thine with the Lord."
Just to sin-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing cleans-ing Word!
Just from Je-sus sin-ple tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, With be with me to the end.



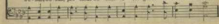
Chorus.



Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him e'er and e'er!



Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more!



Copyright, 1904, by C. Albert Tindley.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley.

Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderate.

1. If the world from you withhold, of its all - ver 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 en - e - mies an - swail, and your heart be - gins to fail, Don't hur -
 4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal - 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 - most shut - ting in de - spair, Je - sus knows the pain you feel, He can
 get that God is here on an - swer prayer, He will make a way for you and will
 bod - y loads be - yond the weight of care, He will say - or leave you there, He'll go

loads the lit - tle bird; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there,
 sure and He can bear; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there,
 load, 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.

Crescendo.

Leave it there, leave it there, Take your bur - den to the
 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.

Surely bring you out, Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there

Leaves it there.

137

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-phon-izing Je-su,
2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, O! hear the voice of Je-su,
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-su,
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-su,

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O! hear the voice of Je-su.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-su.
I love the bloom-of-Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-su.
O! how my soul de-light's to hear The charm-ing name of Je-su.

Refrain.

Sweet-est note in my-rah song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

Sweet-est car-dal-ev-ev song, Je-su, Meas-ur Je-su, A-MEN.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1901, by W. C. Martin, New York.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God when-er - or I may be,..... Up-on the land or
 2. He makes the sun an ob-ject of His care,.... In-golden-noon-gle
 3. I trust in God, for, in the E-ven's dew,.... On land or sea, or
 4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ow deep,.... But O, the sleep-er's

on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heart's
 thro' the pathless air, And surely He Re-ems here-in, - My heart's
 in the pris-on pen, Thro' pain or blame, Thro' food or flame, My heart's
 guard'd His lonely camp, And thro' the gloom He's lead me home, My heart's

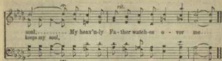
Chorus.

Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me, I trust in God, - I know He cares for

He cares for me, On storm-tide bleak or on the storm-
 He cares for me, On storm-tide bleak or on the

me, The' bil-lows roll, He keeps my
 me, the stormy sea, The' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.



and..... My heart's-ly Fa-ther watch-er o - ver me....
keep my soul,

139

More About Jesus.

H. H. Hewitt.

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Geo. B. Sweney.



1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to seek - ere show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-earn;
3. More a-bout Je-sus in His word, Hold-ing com-mu-nion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-er in glo - ry all His own;

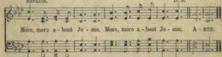


More of His say-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me,
Spoke of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me,
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each truth-tel say-ing mine,
More of His king-dom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

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

Repeat.

D. S.

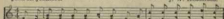


More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus, A - MEN.

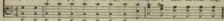
Julia H. Johnston.

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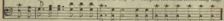
J. W. Henderson.



1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto-ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry.
2. From the depths of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness.
3. From the throats of heart's-ly glo-ry— Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry!
4. By and by with joy in-cres-ing, And with grat-i-tude in-cres-ing.



Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er-y; He in loving kindness sought me,
Je-sus hid-ed me, in mer-cy hid and free; With His precious blood He lov'd me,
Je-sus came to lift the lost in sin and was in-to life-er-ty all-glo-ri-ous,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to live, I will join the hosts there sing-ing.



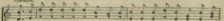
ad lib.



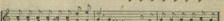
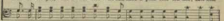
And from sin and shame hath lov'd me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
Tri-umph of His grace vic-to-ri-ous, Re-er-ec-ted re-join-ing here be-fore,
In the az-zem-ber-ing-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.



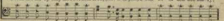
Chorus.



Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, lift him



From the mi-er-y clay and set him free, (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will re-er-ect the sto-ry,



He Ransomed Me.

and m.

Shout-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.

141 Will You Crown or Crucify Jesus?

R. B. McK.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert B. McKim.
New York: G. Schirmer, Inc.

R. B. McKimsey.

1. This is the question that you must face— Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus?
2. Will you turn-tin-ae in sin's dark night? Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus?
3. No ven-tral ground can you take to-day, You must crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus;
4. For-ae, I'm leaving the path of sin, I will crown, not cru-ci-ty Je - sus.

Will you ac-cept or re - ject His grace? Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus?
Or will you turn to the Gun - pot light? Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus?
You must ac-cept Him or turn Him a-way, You must crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus.
Trusting in Thee, I have peace with-in, I will crown, not cru-ci-ty Je - sus.

Chorus.

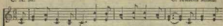
3-3. Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus? Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus?
4. I will crown, not cru-ci-ty Je - sus, I will crown, not cru-ci-ty Je - sus.

Will you let Him come in, or die in your sin? Will you crown or cru-ci-ty Je - sus?
I will live by His side, I'll follow His guide, I will crown, not cru-ci-ty Je - sus.

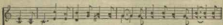
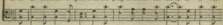
C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GAIL WARD COMPANY.

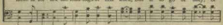
C. Austin Miles.



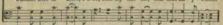
1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dan-gers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car-ry the blood-red word of life A-cross the
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ment of the Lord, It is but



in the sun-shine that I, in years, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
 leaving dis-crep-ancy to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
 bear their burden a-cross the hill-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
 fide in his lead-ing of His work; But if to go or stay, or



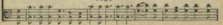
It be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
 bear my val-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
 bear my judg-ment fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an-y-where!



Chorus.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, . . . An-y-where! The heav-ens 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
 cross, His
 cross to bear;.... If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An-y-where!
 cross, His cross to bear

143

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

REVERENTLY ADAPTED BY FRANK C. JOHNS.

W. H. DOUGLAS.

1. {Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
 While an others Thou art calling, (Choir.....) Do not pass me by.
 2. {Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lic;
 Kneeling there in deep contri-tion (Choir.....) Help my un-be-lie.
 3. {Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-cy, Would I seek Thy face;
 Heal my wounded broken spir-it, (Choir.....) Save me by Thy grace.
 4. {Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me,
 When have I on earth be-side Thee? (Choir.....) When in Heav'n's hol-iest?

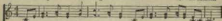
D.S.—While an others Thou art call-ing, (Choir.....) Do not pass me by.

Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;

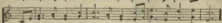
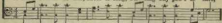
William Cooper.

Chorus: *There is a Fountain, C. M.*

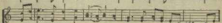
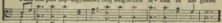
Lowell Mason.



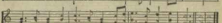
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-u-el's vein;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. For when, by faith, I see the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then is a no-bler, sweeter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



And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins 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 flap-drag, stammering tongue Lies a-lone in the grave.



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins 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



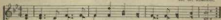
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the sin-ners church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 redeem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor flap-drag, stammering tongue Lies a-lone in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



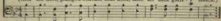
145 Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. J. DANIEL, GENERAL.

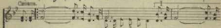
H. O. Russell.



1. [There is a loan-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veins,
And sin-ners, plunged be-tween that Bowl, Lose all their guilt-y stains.]



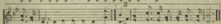
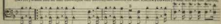
Chorus.



Sav-ior, wash me in the blood.

Sav-ior, wash me in the blood.

Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood.

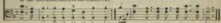


in the blood.

Oh.

And I shall be whi-ter than the snow.

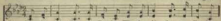
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh.



146

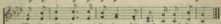
Old Time Religion.

Arranged.



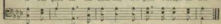
Old - Time the old time re - lig - ion, The old time re - lig - ion,

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 me love every-body.

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.

147 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

H. Pierpont.

Diadem, C. M.

James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall,
 2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - re - trial ball,
 4. O that with you - der an - crol throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pro-strate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - re - trial ball, 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,
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of

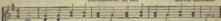


And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
 all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.
 crown Him;
 Him And crown Him Lord of all

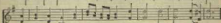
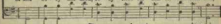
All Hail the Power.

Cromation, C. M.

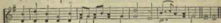
Oliver Holden.



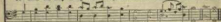
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-ra-el's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev'-ry knee-bow, ev'-ry tribe On this ter-ri-blest of all,



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,



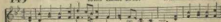
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all A-men.



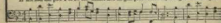
149

After Lane, C. M.

William Warburton.



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.



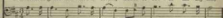
Charles Wesley.

Hymns, 78, D.

Joseph F. Halstead.



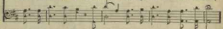

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Piousness grace with Thee is bound, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



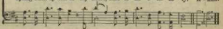

While the tem - or wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still my port and coun - dert me;
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.




Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, 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;

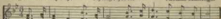
Sole in - to the la - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last,
 Cov - er my de - bauch - eous head With the shadow of Thy wing.
 False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Like to all a - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



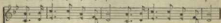
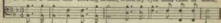
Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady, ps. M.

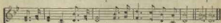
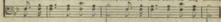
Thomas Hastings.



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

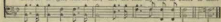


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - lone; Then must we, and Thou a - lone
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the dash - ing cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply in Thy cross I cling.

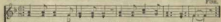
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.



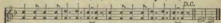
Martyrs, ps. D.

Simon S. March.

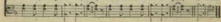
Foss.



1. [In - me, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 While the tem - or wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high]
 O C - ruce in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - solve my soul at last.



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

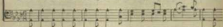


153 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

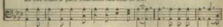
How I Love Jesus, C. M.



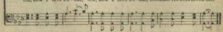
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Nav-ber's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath in store for ev'-ry day. And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe. Who in such



me die - in value say, The sweetest name on earth,
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yet his sunshine all the way,
no-rose bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.

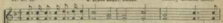


154 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L.

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Harry Dixon Loos.



Ev'-ry-body ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, He
Jesus Christ the won-der-ful Son of God



Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

Handwritten musical notation for the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

died on the cross to save us from sin. Ev-'ry-body ought to love Je - sus.

155

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

Copyright, 1884, by Robert Lowry.

Robert Lowry.

Handwritten musical notation for the first verse of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my per-son 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;

Handwritten musical notation for the second verse of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plan— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Repeat.

Handwritten musical notation for the repeat section of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Oh! pre-cious is the love That makes me white as snow;

Handwritten musical notation for the final verse of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

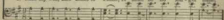
No oth-er love I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. A-men.

F. B. Hawesall.

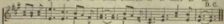
Wm. B. Bradbury.



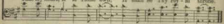
1. Take my life, and let it be O - ver - cast - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my heart, and let them be Swift and heav - y - bal for Thee;
 3. Take my self and my gold, Not a mine would I with - hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be my joy - ful song.



On - Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.
 R. C.



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 moments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

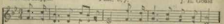


Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

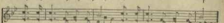
Edward Hopper.

Pilot, A. P.

J. H. Gould



1. Je - su, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - tows sea;
 2. As a moth - er with her child, Thou canst lead the e - ven wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the bar - rel break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves a - boy Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 Twirl me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wooden Sovereigns 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.

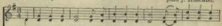


158

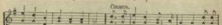
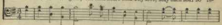
Revive Us Again.

Wm. F. Mackay.

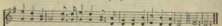
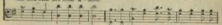
John J. Husband.



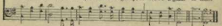
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of Light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



sted, and is now gone a - lone.
Sav - ior, and scattered our sight. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
lu - jah, and hath cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a - lone.



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



Isaac Watts.

Arlington, C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'er of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 3. Lie there no less for me to live? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In crease my cross-ags, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fight to win the prize, And sold their blood-y meat?
 Is this the world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, un-dare the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word. A-MEN.

Benjamin Schrock.

Jewett. A. C. C. C. D. 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! Thy' soon thou' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign. Thine' sur - row, or thine' joy, Con-duct me
 Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor-rowed
 I glad-ly trust with Thee, Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

as Thou wilt; And help us still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 etc. a - men, If I must weep with Thine, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - men.

161

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Evangelical Rev.

W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
 2. Swift to its close ebb out life's lit - tle 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 cross be - fore my sin-ning eyes; Shine thou' the gloom, and

Lord, with me a - bide: When ath - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
 give - rise past a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 feel the tem-pter's pow'r! Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
 point me to the shore: Hear'st thou' morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows

See, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
 tell Thy' shed and ven-der, O a - bide with me!
 see— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.

R. R. Hudson.

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MADE IN AMERICA.

C. R. Dunbar.

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-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

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

D. C. for Chorus.

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

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

P. P. B.

Copyright, 1914, by THE LONE LIONESS CO.
MADE IN AMERICA.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest in hand! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some need to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 down come at hand! "Al - most" can - not a - wait, "Al - most" is

Almost Persuaded.

so Thy way, some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
 In-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O won-d'rer, come,
 but to tell God, and, that He - ter wait—"Al-most-but best!" A - MEN.

164

Why Not Now?

El Nathan,

Copyright, 1895, by E. J. Case,
 Author of "The Christian's Guide."

C. C. Case.

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

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you see, 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.

Chorus.

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

165 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

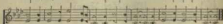
Samuel Stanforth.

Orlando, C. M.

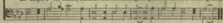
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron - ed up - on the Son's - ter's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. His name than all the deep - est seas, And flow - er to my re - lief; For us He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



- radiant glories crown - ed, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
He - then all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
here the shame - ful cross, And car - ri - ed all my grief, And car - ri - ed all my grief.
tri - umph o - ver death, And re - vives me from the grave, And re - vives me from the grave.

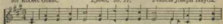


166 O Worship the King.

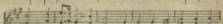
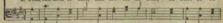
Sir Robert Grant.

Lyons, 2d. 11.

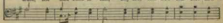
Francis Joseph Haydn.



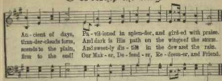
1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose rule is the
3. Thy beam - ti - ful cars what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Foul chil - dren of men, and he - ble as frail, In Thee do we



- sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py spans; His char - ity of wrath the deep
air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de -
trust, nor find Time to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



O Worship the King.

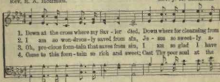


An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 From - der - clouds firm, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 sounds to the plains, And sweet - ly dis - cuss in the dew and the rain.
 from to the end! Our Mar - tyr, De - liver - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

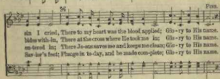
167 Glory to His Name.

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 - drous - ly 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 four - time so rich and sweet; Ours Thy poor soul at the



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name.
 taken with - in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
 on - board in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
 See his feet; Thence in to - day, and he made com - plete; Glo - ry to His name.

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

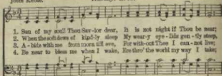


Glo - ry to His name, . . . Glo - ry to His name, . . .

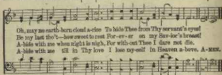
John Kuhn.

Harmony, L. M.

Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of sleep-ly sleep My wear-y eye-like gun-ty sleep,
 3. A-hide with me from morn-ing sun, 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 Sav-ior'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 Heav'n a-bove, A-HEE.

Reginald Heber.

Notes, 11, 12, 13, 14.

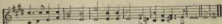
Rev. John H. Dykes.



1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Bar-ry 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 glo-ri-ous throne; Cher-a-bim and ser-a-phim
 do-ted men 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.



Mar - ci - tal and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Tri - ni - ty!
 Hail - ing down be - fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and art - er - more shalt be.
 There is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pa - ri - ty.
 Mar - ci - tal and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Tri - ni - ty! A - MEN.

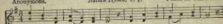


170 Come, Thou Almighty King.

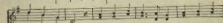
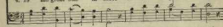
Anonymous.

Dalton Hymn, C. S.

Pollice de Glandifol.



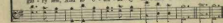
1. Come, Thou Al - mighty - y King, Help us Thy name to sing.
2. Come, Thou In - ear - nate Word, God on Thy right - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly One - born - er, Thy an - gel will - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal praise - as be



Help us to praise Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy pre - cious blood, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - mighty art, Now rule in
 Honour ev - er - more. His sov - reign ad - or - a - tion May we in



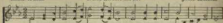
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign e - ver on, An - cient of Days.
 word un - com - ept - ible of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - ery heart, And ne - ver from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry now, And to e - ter - ni - ty love and a - dore. A - MEN.



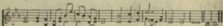
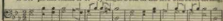
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street, L. M.

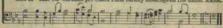
John Blottn.



1. Je - sus shall reign where-e'er the sun Does his ever-est-ing jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the pris - on meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall ead-les prayer be made, And ead-les praise-a crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and na-tions of ev - ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-sung song.



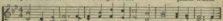
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till oceans shall war and wine no more,
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word,
His name the sweet perfume shall rise With ev - ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice,
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. Amen.



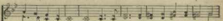
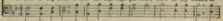
Mary A. Thomson.

Tidings, F. M.

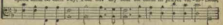
James Walsh.



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

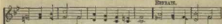


world that God is light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
Ire and mercy in love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
sped them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-ti-mous,

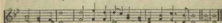
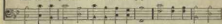


O Zion, Haste.

Refrain.



One and should per-ish, but in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Peh - leh glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - live.
And all thou spendest Je - sus will re - pay.



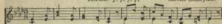
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - deem - tion and re - lease, A - MEN.



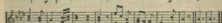
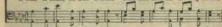
173 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Harmon. 7. 7. 7. 7.

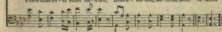
Xavier Schreyer.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Those who, homeless, sad, forlorn, Long have borne the cruel world's scorn,
3. To who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that cures for ev - 'ry wound,



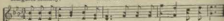
I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pilgrim, hith - er come.
Long have borne the barren waste, Wea - ry pilgrim, hith - er haste.
Ye, by there - er an - gels' care, In re - course for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A - MEN.



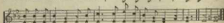
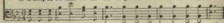
Margaret Mackay.

First, L. M.

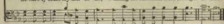
Wm. B. Brewster.



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bliss-ful 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! peaceful rest, When wak-ing is an-guish-ly blast!
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful rest-ure last!



A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the host of foes.
 With hea-ly rest-a-tion to sing, That death hath lost his venom-ous sting.
 No fear, no weep, shall dim that hour That man-ifests the Ser-vice's pow'r.
 Se-cure-ly shall my rest be, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A-men.

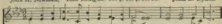


175

Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. Last Verses. No. 4. No. 4. No. 4.

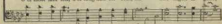
John B. Dykes.



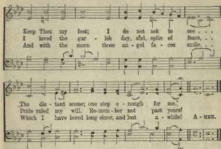
1. Lead, kindly light, a-mid th' on-cir-c'ling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



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 bog and far-ther-land, all The night is gone,



Lead, Kindly Light.



Lead, Kindly Light,
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
 I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
 And with the morn - tern an - gel fa - con stride . .

The dis - tant shore; one step a - tought for me,
 Trials ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

176

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Dominic, S. M.

Haras G. Noyes.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love; Tho' sel - low-
 2. In - here our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our tears, our
 3. We share our sin - ners' woes, Our sin - ners' sor - rows bear; And oft - en
 4. When we a - part - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

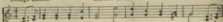
slip of kin - dred minds be Thine to that a - have,
 hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares,
 for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - this - ing tear,
 still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

177 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

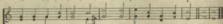
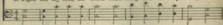
George Heath.

Laban, S. M.

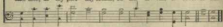
Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand 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 thine ar - mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death shall bring thee to thy God; He'll



hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the side.
now is bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine in - vites.
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode. A - MEN.



178 Come, Thou Fount.

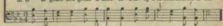
Robert Robinson.

Watts, A. M.

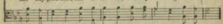
John Wyeth.



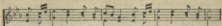
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I take mine ab - en - e - sor; With - er by Thy help I'm cleansed;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or I'm constrained to be!



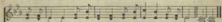
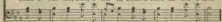
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to re - vive at home.
Let Thy goodness, like a let - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.



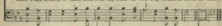
Come, Thou Count.



Teach me some - thing - o - God - son - net, Sing by thou - ing wa - ges a - lone,
Je - sus might be when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Pious to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Pious to leave the God I love.



Prize the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-own-ing love.
Be, to me—one 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.

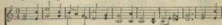


179 In The Cross of Christ

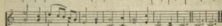
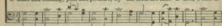
Mr. Tolson: Yes, sir.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

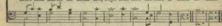
References



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing a-bove the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the cross of life a'-take me, Hope deceiveth, and hate an-oy, Nev-er
3. When the sun of life is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Pain and bleeding, cold and pleasure, By the cross are won-der-ful; Peace is



light of an - nounced - ry Gath-ers round His head ad - mires.
 shall the cross be - side me: Let it glow with peace and joy.
 cross the ra - diance streaming I'll be near Him to the day.
 there that knows no mean-ure, Jove that thro' all time a - bides. A - men.



Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

Galilee, A. P. E. P.

William H. John.



1. Je - sus calls us o'er the to - mbs Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - 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, Ser - vice, may we hear Thy call.



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

181

What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven.

Converse, St. P. D.

Charles C. Converse.

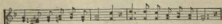


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tel - els and trou - ble - times? Is there trouble an - y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy - in - dex, Can - load with a load of care?

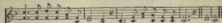
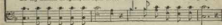


- What a priv - i - lege to car - ry In - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious ser - vice, still our re - spo - nse, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

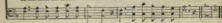
What a Friend.



O what peace we oft - en feel, O what need our souls we hear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - ceive, be - lieve them? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - 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, Then will find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.



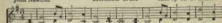
182

Amazing Grace.

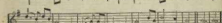
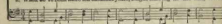
John Newton.

Michael, C. M.

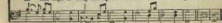
Arr. by R. O. Howell.



1. A - ma - zing 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 - lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, hills and seas, I bore a - lone - y seas; Th
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Delight still - ing us the same, We've



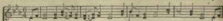
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
grace - alone did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
grace hath led me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gan. A - MEN.



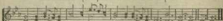
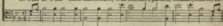
Charlotte Elliott.

Windsor, L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, wash-out ere plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not 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; De-



But Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I cannot I cannot
 Thine whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I cannot I cannot
 keep and keep with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I cannot I cannot
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I cannot I cannot
 make Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I cannot I cannot A - MEN.

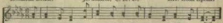


184 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

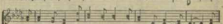
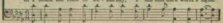
Eustace Bowen.

Jerusalem, C. M. D.

Arr. from Spahr.



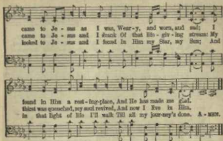
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come on - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;



Lay down, then wear-y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
 The Thirst-ing wa - ter, thirst-y one, stoop down, and drink, and live." I
 Look on - to Me; thy more 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 Rest; And

found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
Himself was quenched, my soul refreshed, And now I live in Him.
In that light of His I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done. A - men.

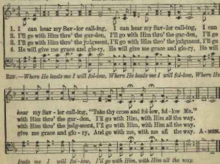
185

Where He Leads Me.

H. W. Hensley.

Copyright, 1900, H. W. Hensley.

J. B. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav - lor call - ing. I can hear my Sav - lor 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

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

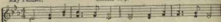
hear my Sav - lor call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - men.

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

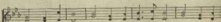
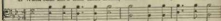
Ray Palmer.

Chorus. A. S.

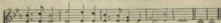
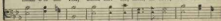
Lowell Mason.



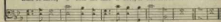
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
2. May Thy rich grace in - part Strength to my faint - ing heart.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When evil life's trans - ient dream, When death's cold, mid - den stream



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
In Thy my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Hast Sav - lor, then, in love, Fear and dis-



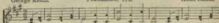
gulf a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and chearful be, A Br - ing forth
turn a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - new; O hear me make a - plea, A ran - somed soul A - men.



George Keith.

Foundation, 1713.

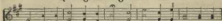
Anne Steele.



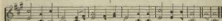
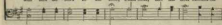
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye sains of the Lord, is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry cir-cu - lar, in sick-ness, in health, in por - er - ty's
3. "When thro' tem - pest - ual the path-way shall lie, My grace, all mil-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My mer - cy's reign, e -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



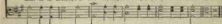
How Firm a Foundation.



With His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vile, or a-bas-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
E-arth, shall be thy sup-ply; The same shall not hurt thee—I
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hear-y hail shall their
will not de-vert to the loss; That will, tho' all hell should en-



you He hath said, You who an-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be,
on-ly de-sign Thy doom to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fuse,
tem-ple a-down, Life hath he they shall still in My bos-om be home,
Gee-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er be-ake!" A-MEN.



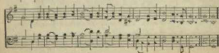
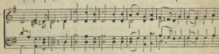
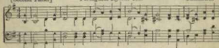
138

How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Time.]

Portuguese Hymn, 122.

Unknown.



Sarah F. Adams.

Anthony. G. & A.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Even though it
 2. Though like the win - der - er, The sun goes down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps us - to Heav'n: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Delights with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Clear - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rule-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
 i - our me, My rest a shadow; Yet in my dream I'd be, Near-er, my
 soul's in me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to lead - on me, Near-er, my
 sta - ry guide: Death - el I'll vainly; So by my won to be Near-er, my
 stars I've 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!

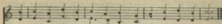
Isaac Watts.

St. Anne. C. M.

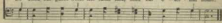
William Croft.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell as - cend;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceiv'd her frame,
 4. There, like an ev - er - re - roll - ing stream, Flows all his won - der - way;
 5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God, Our Help.



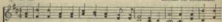
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Saf - e - ciest in Tri - um - a - lion, And our de - liver - er.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 They fly, he - got - ten, as a dream Thine at the up - rising day.
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.



191 What a Wonderful Savior!

R. A. H.

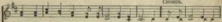
Eliza A. Hoffman.



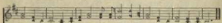
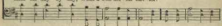
1. Christ has for sin a sanc - tuary made, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! We are re -
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! That rec - on -
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! And now He
4. He walks be - side me all the way,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



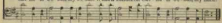
Chorus.



demed! Our price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 died my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! What a won - der - ful
 ransom and release there is; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!



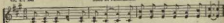
Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!



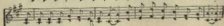
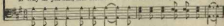
O. P. R.

Copyright, 1907, by O. P. R.

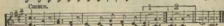
Geo. F. Root.



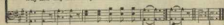
- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Why do you wait, dear brother, | Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? |
| 2. What do you hope, dear brother, | To gain by a har-dier do-lay? |
| 3. Do you not feel, dear brother, | His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? |
| 4. Why do you wait, dear brother— | The har-vest is pass-ing a-way. |



Your Sav-er is wait-ing to give you A place in His sac-ri-fi-ced throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
 Your Sav-er is long-ing to bless you, There's sin-ner and death in de-lay.



Chorus.
 Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now! A-men.



193 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

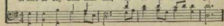
Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas, S. M.

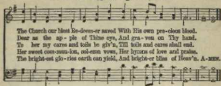
Aaron Williams, Coll.



- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, | The house of Thine a-bode. |
| 2. I love Thy Church, O God! | Her walls be-lieve Thine word. |
| 3. For her my tears shall fall; | For her my prayers as-cend; |
| 4. Be-yond my high-est joy | I prize her love's a-bly way. |
| 5. Save us Thy truth shall lead, | To Zi-on shall be giv'n |



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.




The Church our best Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ve on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mu-ni-on, nei-ther woe, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er than of Heav'n's. A-MEN.

194

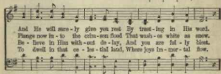
Only Trust Him.

J. H. B.

J. H. Stockton.

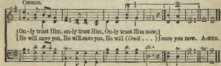


1. Come, ev-ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord.
 2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go.



And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in-to the colu-men fixed That wash-es white as snow.
 Re-serve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are fel-ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce-lestial 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 (Glori-ous) save you now. A-MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1892, by F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

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'er.

Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - ply, Keep me er - er, er - er near Thy side.
 Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.

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

Re - v'ry day, re - v'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow'r; A - men.
 Re - v'ry day and hour, re - v'ry day and hour,

John M. Neale.

Stephen, S. S. 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 - solve me, Will He say me nay?

Art Thou Weary?



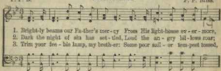
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest,"
 "In His hot and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 "For - row van-quished, in - her end - ed, For - don passed,"
 "Not all earth and not all heav-en Pass a - way." A - MEN.

197 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

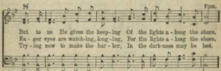
F. P. B.

CHORUS BY COMPOSER.

F. P. Bism.

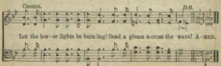


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house er - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-fled, Lead the an - gry bil-lows rear,
3. Trim your lee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - er tem-pest torn,



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

D.S.—Some poor fishing, drag-ging sea-men You may see-see, you may see.



CHORUS. D.S.

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

Rev. Richard Jones.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou- sand tho'ts re- solve;
 2. I'll go to Je- su's, tho' my sin Hath like a mount-ain risen;
 3. Per-haps He may ad- mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray-er;
 4. I can but per- sist if I go; I am re- solved to try;

Come, with your griefs and fear oppressed, And make this last re- solve;
 I know His courts, I'll en- ter in, What-ev-er may up- pose;
 But if I per- sist I will pray, And per- sist on- ly there;
 For if I stay a- way, I know I must for- ev- er die;

Come, with your griefs and fear oppressed, And make this last re- solve.
 I know His courts, I'll en- ter in, What-ev-er may up- pose.
 But if I per- sist, I will pray, And per- sist on- ly there.
 For if I stay a- way, I know I must for- ev- er die.

Parsons E. S. Hook.

Italian Hymn. 68. 68.

Polka de Châtelain.

1. Come wom- en, wife pro- claim Life thro' your Bar- ber state;
 2. Come, cheap-ear chil- dren's hands, Ste- tern from man- y lands,
 3. Work with your coat- age high, Sing of the day- break sigh,
 4. Then when the gar- nered field Shall to our Man- te yield

The Woman's Hymn.




Sing ev - er - more, Christ, God's af - ful-grace bright, Christ, who a-
 Teach to a - dore, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and
 Your love out - pour, Share shall your brow a - dore, Your heart leap
 A houn-tyne store, Christ, hope of all the weak, Christ, whom all
 see in night, Christ, who crown you with light, Praise and a-dore,
 or - or-horne, All who in darkness mourn, Pray, work, yet none,
 with the morn, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a - dore,
 earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy ev - er - more, A - men.

200 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg.

Windsor, L. M.

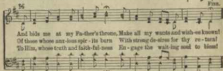
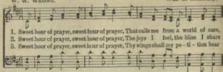
Wm. Trenchard.



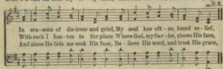
1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend? No,
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I say, When I've no guilt to wash a-way, No
 4. Till then—no! Is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a far-er shame; And,
 ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose gl'rious shine thro' endless days?
 when I think, to this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no need to move.
 oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-men.

W. W. Wallrod.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



D.S. - And oft en-caged the temple's doors, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S. - And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S. - I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



George W. Bethune.

Sweetest Name. S. p. S. p.

William B. Bradbury.



There Is No Name So Sweet.

Full.

As that be - fore His won - drous birth To Christ the Son - he giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - lone all oth - er.
That all might see the rea - son we Far - er - er - more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - er, Je - su.

D.C.—For there's no word ear - er - er heard, So dear, as sweet as Je - su.
Harmon. *D.C.*

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him blest - ed Je - su.

203 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcius M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. ps. D.

Marcius M. Wells.

Full.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side;
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tri - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend;
Lan - tern not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth - ing left but Heart's and prayer, Won - dering if our names were there.

D.C.—Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Wan - derer, cease! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.—Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Wan - derer, cease! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.—Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Wan - derer, cease! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.

Wan - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wait - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Pleas - ing thought but Je - su's blood.

Francis R. Havergal.

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 - e - ter - nal throne,
 3. I suf - fered 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 re - surrect be,.... And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night,.... For wan - d'ring sad and lone;
 Of life - I freed us - e - ry,.... To re - new thee from bad;
 Sad - va - tion full and true,.... My per - son 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?

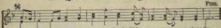
Samuel Stearns.

Arr. by R. M. McCreesh.

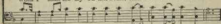


1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. All o'er those wild - er - land - ed plains Since our e - ter - nal day;
 3. No chil - ing winds, nor poi - sonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er there!

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

M.  **Fin.**

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my rest - no-where be.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And sad - ness night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are left and feared no more.
When I shall see my Fa - ther's face, And in his love - no rest!



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



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
prom - ised land,



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Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Winter.

Copyright, 1876, by W. E. Winter.

H. R. Palmer.



1. While Je - sus waits here to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, (Choir) Come, sin - ner, come!

2. Are you too lost - y - in - der? Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, (Choir) Come, sin - ner, come!

2. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, (Choir) Come, sin - ner, come!



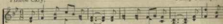


{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
{ Now is the time to know Him, (Choir) Come, sin - ner, come!
{ Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
{ Je - sus' arm now re - ceives you, (Choir) Come, sin - ner, come!
{ While Je - sus waits here to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
{ While we are pray - ing for you, (Choir) Come, sin - ner, come!

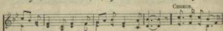
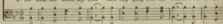


Phoebe Cary.

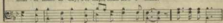
Philip Phillips.



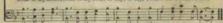
1. One sweetly sol - enn thought Comes to me a'er and a'er; I'm near-er
 2. Near-er my Fa - ther's house, Where man-y man-ohs be; Near-er the
 3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to
 4. He near me when my foot Are slip-ping a'er the brink; For I am



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

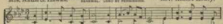


- Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

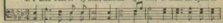


Mrs. Annie S. Hawkin.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

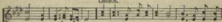


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

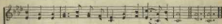
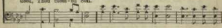


I Need Thee Every Hour.

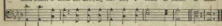
Chorus.



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



need Thee! O bless me now, my Ser-vice, I come to Thee! A-MEN.



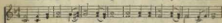
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When I Survey.

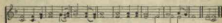
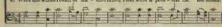
Rev. Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

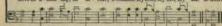
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



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



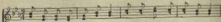
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And poor con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love as a man-ly, so de-vote, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.



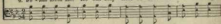
Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Brewster.



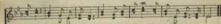
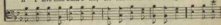
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Hi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav'n's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way.



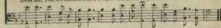
Chorus.



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



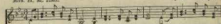
Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Hi - ble tells me so.



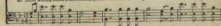
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

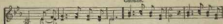


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lard, now be - lieve I And Thy pow'r, and Thine a - love, Can change the lep - er's
3. For nothing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in His com - plete, "Jesus died my soul to



Jesus Paid It All.

Chorus.

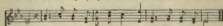
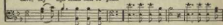


pray, Find in Me thine all in all."

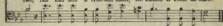
open, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I

write In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

save," My Lips shall still re-peat.



own; His had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

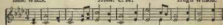


212 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Arr. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.

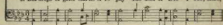


1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sav-ior die? Would

2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groined up-on the tree? A-

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When

4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here,

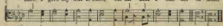


He de-vote that ex-cel-lent head For such a worm as I?

man-ly pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

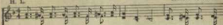
Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.

Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—Thy all that I can do. A - MEN.

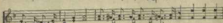


H. L.

Halvor Lillemas.



1. Man - y are the deeds that I can nev - er 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

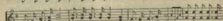


small, and be-cause I can- not; But on - to the Lord I ev - er would be true, And
 Mas-ter till the shades depart, With a new-ly won-der new courage to im-part, I'm
 ready now here on-ward to go, Do - ing as He or-ders, let-ting oth-ers know I'm

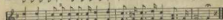
Chorus.



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

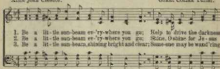


work, my du - ty I will not shirk, I'm just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.

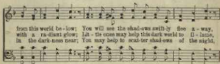
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Alice Jean Cleaver.

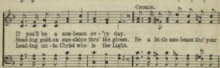
Grand Collar Teller.



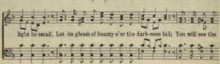
1. Be a lit-tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Help to drive the darkness
2. Be a lit-tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Shine, O shine for Je-sus
3. Be a lit-tle sun-beam, shining bright and clear; Some-one may be wand'ring



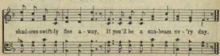
from this world be-low; You will see the shad-ows swift-ly flee a-way,
with a ra-diant glow; Lit-tle ones may help this dark world to il-lu-mine,
in the dark-ness near; You may help to ex-ter-min-ate shad-ows of the night.



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 on - to Christ who is the Light.



light be small, Let its gleam of beauty o'er the dark-ness fall; You will see the



shad-ows swift-ly flee a-way, If you'll be a sun-beam ev-'ry day.

W. H. H.

W. H. Howard.

1. To and fro the church bells ring, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
 2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "In the hour of prayer; Come, and worship
 3. Let us, like the bells a - lone, Nerv - er weary grow, Tell - ing of the

Church.

loud - ly sing Un - der -neath the sky.
 God to - day In His tem - ple fair, "Ding, ding, ding, The great bells ring,
 Lord I love, So the world may know.

Call - ing "This is Sun - day morn - ing; Ding, ding, ding, Ding, ding, ding, "The

great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing - ing in the morn - ing!

W. H. H.

Wm. H. Howard.

1-2. "Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, God gives the morn - ing.

Good Morning Song.



1. God gives the sun - shine, The bird seemed to say.
 2. God gives the rain - drops, The flow'r seemed to say.
 3. We will sing praise - us, Sing praise - us to Him!

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Give, O Give!

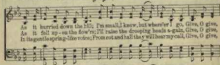
(PRIMARY.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

Acce.



1. Give, said the little stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little stream.
 2. Give, said the little rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little rain.
 3. Give, said the violet sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the violet 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'r, I'll raise the drooping heads a - gain, Give, O give,
 In fragrant spring-like robes, From out and half 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 drooping heads a - gain, And fresh on summer bow'rs.
 Give, O give, From out and half they will hear my call, They will find me and re-joice.



Chorus.
 [Singing, singing, all the day, Give a-way, give a-way.] Give, O give a-way.
 [Singing, singing, all the day, (Cant.)] Give, O give a-way.

Brightly.


1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
 2. Nap - py birth - day to you, Nap - py birth - day to you,
 3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
 4. The love brings us love, The love brings us love,



Good morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
 Nap - py birth - day, dear chil - dren, Nap - 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 love



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.

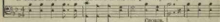
Mary B. C. Blake.

LYRICS BY MARY BLAKE AND A. B. EVERETT.
REVISED BY THE AUTHORS.

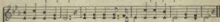
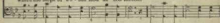
A. B. Everett.



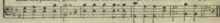
1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol-low me! And we see
2. The way lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a-long
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple he-ly, Preach-ing the word; Or in houses
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done, We will rest



where Thy footprints fall-ing Lead us to Thee.
by Si-ber-ian's low-tains, Help-ing the weak; Footprints of Je-sus, that
of the poor and low-ly, lead-ing the Lord;
where the steps of Je-sus End at His throne.

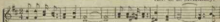


make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus where'er they go.

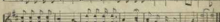
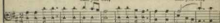


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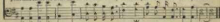
Arr. B. B. McKinney.



He will nev-er cast you out, He will nev-er cast you out; . . . He-
cast you out, cast you out,



rest and start for heav'n, For John the Bap-tist says He will never cast you out.



Fanny J. Crosby.

COMPOSED, 1888, BY FANNY J. CROSBY.
INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' BUREAU.

B. D. Arkley.

1. Look up and be joy-ful, O watch-man of Zi-on! The clouds that hang
 2. Look up and be joy-ful! God's work is pro-ceed-ing, His King-dom is
 3. Look up and be joy-ful! Our Lord and Re-deem-er The hearts of His
 4. Look up and be joy-ful, O watch-man of Zi-on! The day of His

dark-ly are break-ing a-way; And now, on the brow of the
 sun-set, the time is not far When ex-ulta-tion shall be, His
 peo-ple will con-vert and cheer; He will re-veal to con-vert the
 tri-umph in re-vel-ing a-long; The ranks of the tempt-er are

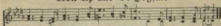
down-creat-ed moun-tains is down-ing in splen-dor the long-prom-ised day.
 we shall re-joice-ing, Shall hail in the glo-ry the Bright Morning Star.
 See that up-press them, The tread of His arm-y, their trumpets we hear,
 By-ing be-fore Him: Look up and be joy-ful, break forth in a song!

Chorus.

Oh, soon will the news of sal-va-tion be spread And cov-er the

earth, as the wa-ters the sea; The per-fect sal-va-tion that

Look Up and Be Joyful



Je - sus now of - fers The Jew and the Gen - tile, the bond and the free!



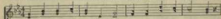
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Follow Jesus.

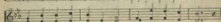
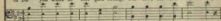
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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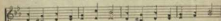
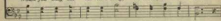
B. D. Ackley.



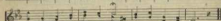
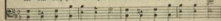
1. Would you know the path to peace, Fol - low, fol - low Je - sus;
2. Would you know the path to light, Fol - low, fol - low Je - sus;
3. Do you want to con - quere wrong? Fol - low, fol - low Je - sus;



Would you know how joys in - crease, Fol - low, fol - low Him.
He will lead to glo - ry bright, Fol - low, fol - low Him.
Would you sing the vic - tor's song, Fol - low, fol - low Him.



He will lead you in the way, He will guide you, lest you stray,
He will help your eyes to see bright - er days for you and me;
He will help you vic - t'ry win, He will help you con - quere sin.



He will keep you ev - 'ry day, Fol - low, fol - low Him.
He will lead to vic - to - ry, Fol - low, fol - low Him.
He will help you, now be - gins, Fol - low, fol - low Him.



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 C. F. WATSON. REVISED BY ROBERT H. COLLINGS AND ROBERT HARKNESS. Robert Harkness.

1. Al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, Thine a - lone is my Love has won my
 2. Al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, Thine - ed to Thy will; All of self I
 3. Al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, Noth - ing I with - hold; Pal - ly I sur -
 4. Al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, On - ly Christ in me; Hum - ily would I

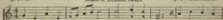
Chorus.

heart, Lord, Thy dy - ing love for me.
 give, Lord, Just now my be - ing all. Al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord,
 ren - der My life by Thee con - trolled.
 with, Lord, Un - til Thy face I see.

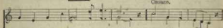
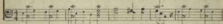
Al - to - geth - er Thine; Make and keep me, Bless - ed Sav - ior,

Al - to - geth - er Thine! Al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, Al - to - geth - er Thine;

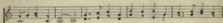
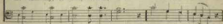
Make and keep me, Bless - ed Sav - ior, Al - to - geth - er Thine!



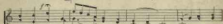
- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. I am held by God's right hand. | Roll, billows, roll! | I fear naught on |
| 2. What care I for rock or shoal? | Roll, billows, roll! | All God's hosts are- |
| 3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as-sail, | Roll, billows, roll! | In God's might I |
| 4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say | Roll, billows, roll! | Christ is keep-ing |



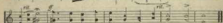
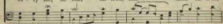
sea or land, so	Roll, billows, roll!	
round my neck, so	Roll, billows, roll!	Roll, billows, roll!
shall pre-vail, so	Roll, billows, roll!	
me each day, so	Roll, billows, roll!"	



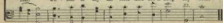
Roll, billows, roll! Je-sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from



ev-'ry foe, so roll, billows, roll! Roll, billows,



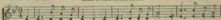
Je-sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul.



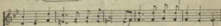
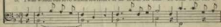
Mrs. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1904, by C. H. Morris.

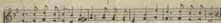
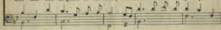
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



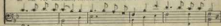
1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous grace that
 1. He shed in old Je-hu - a life's pathway long a-go; The people through-out
 2. Two wondrous love which led Him For us to seek for love - To hear with-out a



brought me back to His fold a-gain; Of height and depths of mer-cy. Far
 love Him, His sac-ri-fice to know; He healed the bro-ken-hearted, And
 mer-cy The an-gels of the cross; With saints re-dempt in glo-ry, Let



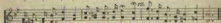
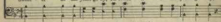
deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-ens, My theme shall ever be.
 named the blind to see; And still His great heart yearns in love for a - ver me.
 us - our re - new - al, Till heav'n and earth re-echo - With our Redeemer's praise.



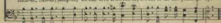
Chorus.



Sweeter as the years go by,..... Sweeter as the years go by;
 Sweet - er as the years go by, The sweet - er as the years go by;




Rich-er, fuller, deep-er, Je-sus' love is sweeter, Sweeter as the years go by.



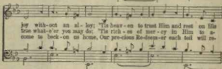
F. C. H.

Copyright, 1904, by Frank C. Huston.

Frank C. Huston.



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-tide, It pays to be
 3. Tho' sometimes the thorn-ens may hang e'er the way, And sor-row may



joy with-out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His
 love what-e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-
 come to look-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each soul will re-

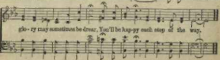


will; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
 tide; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
 pay; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.

It pays to serve Je-sus, it



pays ev-ry day, It pays ev-ry step of the way; Tho' the path-way is
 ev-ry step of the way!



glo-ry may sometimes be dear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

J. P. A.

J. P. Schellfeld.

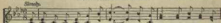
1. I've found a Friend... who is all to me... He
 2. He saves me from... ev'ry sin and harm... He
 3. When poor and low... I and all a - lone... He

low is ev - er true... 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

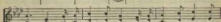
He - ed me... And what His grace can do for you...
 might - y arm... I know He'll guide me all the way...
 lead you home, To live with Me a - ter - nal - ly...

Chorus.
 Saved... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved... to new life sub-line!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

Allegro.


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




run - out, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
till - ing, But He bids me go, Tho' the voice of sin, His

Chorus.


Son of God He - here - we
in my heart is ring - ing, And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the



joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None else - er has ev - er known.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Taylor, Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, Ill.

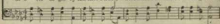
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S. L.

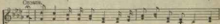
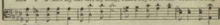
Scott Lawrence.



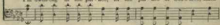
1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, Dwelling in Him, Vic - ty is cer - tain, No room for sin;
 2. Trials and temptations I take to Him, Because 'twas Je - sus Died for my sin;
 3. O - ver in glo - ry His face I'll see, Where there's a mansion Waiting for me;



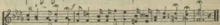
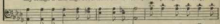
Strengthened for battle, His presence near, Fear will be vanquished, No cause to fear.
 All day He's with me, 'Tis He who leads; He doth uphold me With His right hand.
 Now I a - dore my Sav - ior, my King; That's why I love His Praises to sing.



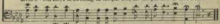
I'm dwell - ing in the pal - ace, In the pal - ace of God's love; Each



day brings a mes - sage From heav - en a - lone, While giv - ing us sweet - ly, His



love a - round me; I'm dwelling in the pal - ace, In the pal - ace of God's love.



C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GOSSEL.

Chas. H. Gosse.

1. Thro' all the dan - gers and tri - als of life, In joy, in sor - row, in
 2. When I am sore oppressed, tempted, dis - mayed, Sweetly He whis - pers, "O
 3. Oh, con - so - la - tion sweet, con - fort di - vine, I know that I am His,

peace and in strife, He - er I'm pray - ing and long - ing to be "Nearer, my
 be - not dis - mayed," Fill me with cour - age and en - courage the plea, "Nearer, my
 that He is mine! Still this one prayer I make on bend - ed knee: "Nearer, my

God, to Thee, near - er to Thee!" Pa - tient, long - suf - fer - ed One, Sav - ior di - vine,

He - ly, re - spect - ed One, Now and for - ev - er, Since Thou hast died for me,

My song of praise shall be, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, near - er to Thee."

B. B. McK.

Duet.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

From "Whispering Reed."



1. List to the voice of the Reed - for Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
 2. List to the voice of the Reed - for Call-ing the wea-ry, op - press,
 3. List to the voice of the Reed - for Call-ing to you and to me,



Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love;
 Lev - ing-ly, ten - der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest,"
 Call - ing us e - ver the in - vited, Call - ing to e - ver the lost;



Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der-ly speaks to the sad,
 Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;
 Go, for the lost ones are strong - ing, Far from the Reed - for they roam;



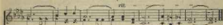
Turn-ing their sight in-to more - ing, Mak-ing the lone-ly heart glad,
 Trust in the blessed Re-deem - er, Life or - er-last-ing you'll win,
 "Go in the by-ways and hid-y - er" Bring-ing the wan-ders-ers home.

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 re - spected shall meet.....
 Call-ing you home, call-ing you home,



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Trust, Try and Prove Me.

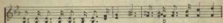
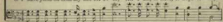
L. & L.

Copyright, 1900, by J. W. & L. L. L.

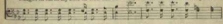
Like Shivers Lurch.



1. Bring ye all the tidings into the storehouse, All your money, talents, time and love;
2. When my war'ring faith is trike fal-ter, When His guiding hand I can-not see,
3. I have yielded Him my life for-ev-er, All I am, or have, or hope to be;

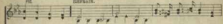


Can - no-where turn all up - on the al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a-
 Thine in won-drous love and ten-der mer - cy. There His word He says to
 Naught on earth my hold on Him can se - ver, While I hear Him say to

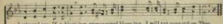
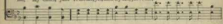


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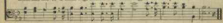
Refrain.

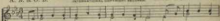


Love speaks sweet-ly, Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, with the Lord of
 me, My child, just
 me, My child, just Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,

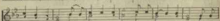
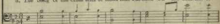


Love and we of a blas-phem-ing, un-repentant blas-phem-ing, I will not pour-out on Thee.

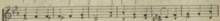
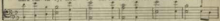




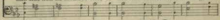
1. The Song of the Cross is more sweet to my soul Than the tone of an
 2. Ah, once the world's sin mer, and sin-ter, and sin The - cord-not-by
 3. The Song of the Cross tells of blood that was shed On the cross-till of



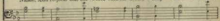
old - vi - a - lin. For its message bro't peace like the even bell's toll. As I
 soul-ed my soul. But the Song of the Cross like a blessing crop to, And I
 dark Cal - va - ry. How Je - sus the Naz - a - rene suffered and died That last



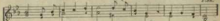
erased by the dark-ness of sin. For - got-ten my past as black as the
 field - ed to Je - sus' sac - ri - fice. I sing now of Christ who dispele ev'ry
 man-kind from sin should be free; It tells that the sinner who trusts in His



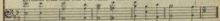
night. For - got - ten the world and its dream. — And my soul thrilled with
 was. The heart of but sin - ners are stirred; And I'll sing the sweet
 Name. And re-joice this old world with its dream. May God tell for -



D. B. — They'll for-sake all their
 Foes.



rag - tars, and glo - ry, and light. When they sang me the Song of the Cross.
 men sang when - ev - er I go. Till all of the na - tions have heard
 glorious from Him who a - rose When He died for us all on the Cross.

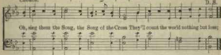


sin, and let Je - sus come in, If you'd sing them a Song of the Cross.

Chorus.

The Song of the Cross.

D. B.



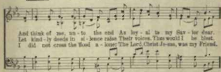
237

When I Depart.

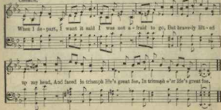
Rev. A. H. Arkley.

COMPOSED, 1884, BY ROBERT C. COLEMAN.
INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' GAZETTE

R. D. Arkley.



Chorus.



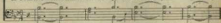
R. B. McK.

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R. B. McKenney.



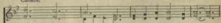
1. Love led my Sa-ter from glo-ry-land In-to a dark world with sin-ful man,
2. 'Twas love that caused Him to leave His own, And kneel in Geth-se-m-a-to a-lone,
3. 'Twas love that led Him to Cal-va-ry, To suf-fer the pain and ag-o-ry.



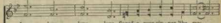
To give all na-tions sal-va-tion's plan, 'Twas love, love, love...
And cry, "My Fa-ther, Thy will be done!" 'Twas love, love, love...
'Twas love that caused Him to die for us, 'Twas love, love, love...



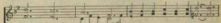
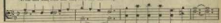
Chorus.



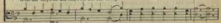
Love, love, love, love, Won-der-ful love we live,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



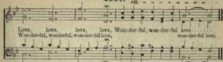
Love, love, love, love, Saved a poor sin-ner like me,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



Love, love, love, love, Com-ing from heav-en a-bove,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



Love.



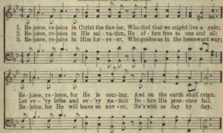
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Rejoice.

B. B. McK.

— CHORUS —

B. B. McKinney.



Chorus.



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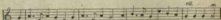
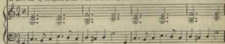
R. H.

Robert Harkness.

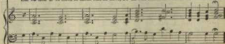
Song in D-minor. Moderato.



1. How wonderful the love of my Sav-ior to me, In giv-ing His life up-on Cal-vary's tree;
2. How great was the sac-ri-fice made for me, When He died on the cross and shed His precious blood;
3. How ful-ly complete is the work of the cross, It cleanses the heart of its sin-stains and dread;

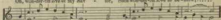


1. How we could see it this gift of God's grace, That made Him my Sav-ior, my sin to at-tend,
1. How we could see it this gift of God's grace, That made Him my Sav-ior, my sin to at-tend,
- Sal-vation is offered to those who be-lieve, To all who trust Jesus and God's Word receive.

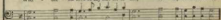


Chorus. a tempo.

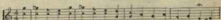
Oh, won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, Such won-der-ful love to be-shew.....



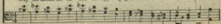
Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, my Sav-ior to me;
 Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior to me, of my Sav-ior to me;



Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, my Sav-ior to me;



Why He should die on Cal-vary, Why give His life to set me free, I



Wonderful Love.

can - not tell, I do not know! But it is not You, it is not

241 Bearing His Cross for Me.

R. H.

Copyright, 1901, by Robert C. Mackay and George H. Mackay.

Robert Mackay.

Key of D Major.

1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit-y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear-ing His cross for me.

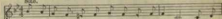
Thorn-placed His brow, why not - dare led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On naked the torture and the peo-ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will-ing to suf-fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.

Chorus.

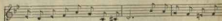
Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me.)

Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me.)

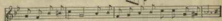
Solo.



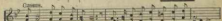
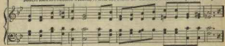
1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their
3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He



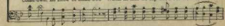
- day is end - ed and its sor - ows o'er; When the morning comes to
fade is dead in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
cross in all this glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trumpet of God shall



- meet the blest of 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,
sorrow and loneliness waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.



- Shad - ows! no need of shad - ows When at last we lay life's bur - den down;

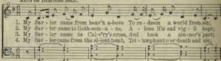


M. B. J.

Copyright, 1904, by M. B. J. Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

Also on Diamond Scale.



1. My Sav - lor came from heav'n's a-bove To re - deem a world from sin;
2. My Sav - lor came to Geth-se-ma - ne, A - lone He and 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 ci - lent tomb, Tri - umphant o'er death and sin.



He brought sal - vation and life and love To all who would let Him in.
For while He peared in deep ag - o - ny, The wear - y watch-ers slept,
And there, de - sert-ed by God and man, He died of a lov - er's heart!
He won - drous vic-t'ry dis-pelled the gloom That saddened the hearts of men.



He came on - to me, a sin - ner lost, And of - fered par - don from
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 liv - eth for - ev - er at God's right hand, My in - ter - ces-sor in Hea - ven.



My Sav - lor came from heav'n's a-bove That I might re - deemed be.
My Sav - lor came to Geth-se-ma - ne That I thro' Him might live.
My Sav - lor came to Cal-v'ry's cross, And shed His blood for me.
My Sav - lor came from the ci - lent tomb, And conquered death for me.

Chorus.



Jesus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e - ver - si - ty.

Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

This shall my song thro' the a - ges be: Je - sus paid the price for me.

245 When the Night Shades Are Falling.

M. B. J.

Copyright, 1892, by M. B. J. Co. Mrs. Harriet D. Jacobs.

1. When the night shades gently are fall - ing, And the lights softly glow in the sky,
2. What - ev - er the task that is giv - en, I will faith - fully ful - fill it;
3. And when my day here is end - ed, And the twilight of life I've seen,

Then I think of the home o - ver yon - der, And it seems to be so near by.
Can - tent - ed if, when it is fo - und, The Fa - ther shall say "Well done,"
I will face toward home in the eve - ning, And wait for the lights to come.

O the glo - ry await - ing in the home - land, When our day's work here is done!

We will be safe home with the Fa - ther, And no sur - row shall ev - er come.

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Charles M. Fillmore.

Art. Geo. C. Stebbins.

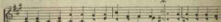
C. M. F.



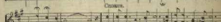
1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - al - lect
2. Though I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good,
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old mod - ern,
4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come




How I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and way - less; And
So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my days were rough and rude; My
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me; And
If I would see my moth - er ere the day - her took her home; I



now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O Sav - ior, tell my
childhood joys and tri - als 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, her heav - en to pre - pare: O Sav - ior, tell my



Chorus.
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 hear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

joys with her to share; Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there! I'll be there!

247 When We All Get to Heaven.

H. H. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1900, by H. H. Hewitt.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust - ing, nev - er - leav - ing Him;
4. On - ward to the pris - ce to face Him! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold!

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

Chorus.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!
 When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!

When we all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.
 When we all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.

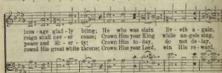
Frank E. Rowak.

ARRANGED, ORG. BY WILLIAM C. C.

Haldor Lillemas.

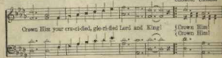


1. Crown Je - sus your Sav - lor, Lord and King, Now to Him your
 2. This won - der - ful Sav - lor, Prince of Peace, His heart - en - ly
 3. He died on the cross of Cal - va - ry, He brought you life
 4. We'll know Him as we by Him are known, In heart - en -



lon - age glad - ly bring; He who was slain for us a - gain,
 reign shall car - ry on; Crown Him your King while an - gels sing,
 peace and life - er - ry; Crown Him to - day, do not de - lay,
 round His great white throne; Crown Him your Lord, win His re - ward.

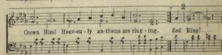
Chorus, Chorus.



Crown Him your cru - ci - fixed, glo - ri - fied Lord and King! (Crown Him!)



Crown Him! High - est arch - an - gels are sing - ing: Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Cru - ci - fixed, glo - ri - fied. (Chorus)



Crown Him! Heav - en - ly an - thems are ring - ing, for King!

Crown Jesus King.

Page.

Glory to God in the high-est! E-ter-nal-ly crown Him King! ... crown Him King!

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Ready.

S. E. L.

Copyright, 1900, by CHARLES D. TIFINIAN

Charles D. Tiffinian.

1. Ready to suf-fer 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 a/er soul to save;

Ready to stay at home and wait Oth-ers, if He seem 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, read-y in death, Ready for His re-turn.

Cresc.

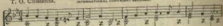
Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill.

Ready for ser-vice, low-ly or great, Ready to do His will.

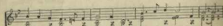
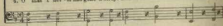
T. O. Christy.

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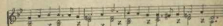
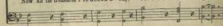
Geo. C. Stebbins.



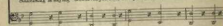
1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sadly I've wandered for many a year.
2. Why should I perish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care.
3. Sweet are the tears that come to me, Far as of loved ones a gain I see.
4. O that I nee - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day.



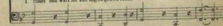
De - ven by hun - ger and filled with fear,	I	will	a - rise	and	go;
When there is shel - ter and food to spare?	I	will	a - rise	and	go;
Vi - sions of home where I used to be,	I	will	a - rise	and	go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a - way,	Yet	I'll	a - rise	and	go;



Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seeking my heav - en - ly Fa - ther's face,
Deep - ly re - pent - ing the wrong I've done, Writ - ing 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 as ill."



Wit - ting to take but a serv - ant's place,	I	will	a - rise	and	go.
Bay - ing my Fa - ther His child may own,	I	will	a - rise	and	go.
Why should I lo - ver, 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.

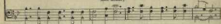


The Prodigal Son.

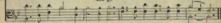
Cantata.



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

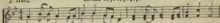


251 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus,

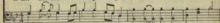
J. Hart.

Arise, A. F. A. F. A. F.

Ans.

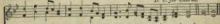


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free born - ty glo - ri - ty;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Lost and re - luct by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;



Ans.—I will a- rise and go to Je - sus, He will com- fort me in His arms

D. C. for Gloria.



Je - sus read-y stande 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 fit-ness He re - quir-eth is to feel your need of Him. A-men.



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

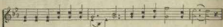
James Rowe.

"GATHERED AGAIN IN HIS GRACE"

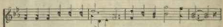
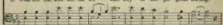
Albert C. Fisher.



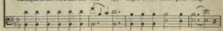
Introduction.



1. Gathered a - gain in His grace - e - nce, Bright with the light of love,
2. Out of the mire He has raised us, Made us all white as snow,
3. Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus! Joy of the pil - grim throng!



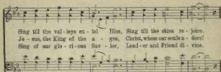
Let us ex - tol our Re - deem - er— Hal - le - lue, a - bove!
 Crowned us with won - der - ful glad - ness, Cursed all our path to glow!
 Strength of the weak and the weak - ry, Light of the home - path long!



Sing of His mar - vel - ous mer - cy, Praise Him with heart and voice,
 Praise Him and nev - er grow wea - ry, Sing of Him a' - er and a' - er,
 Sing with our souls in each moment, Hearts in each word and line;

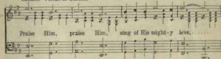


Praise Our Eternal Friend.

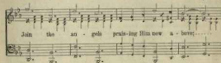


Sing all the val - leys ex - tol Him, Sing all the skies re - joice.
Je - sus, the King of the a - ges, Christ, whom our souls a - dore!
Sing of our glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, Lord - or and Friend di - vine.

Chorus. Voices in Chorus.



Praise Him, praise Him, sing of His might-y love,.....



Join the an - gels praise-ing Him now a - bore!.....



Hal - le - lu - jah, joy-ous be-nan - ces send,.....



Praise Him, praise Him, Christ our e - ter - nal Friend.....

253 The Coming of Jesus Draweth Nigh.

A. B. and C. D.

COMPOSED BY ALBERT AND OLIVER BOHLEN.

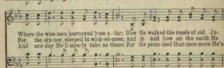
ALBERT AND OLIVER BOHLEN.



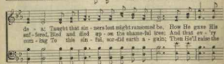
1. I would sing of Je - sus Christ, the Son - of God Who was born to
 2. O, the won - der-ful tale of our re - demp - tion Filled with peace my
 3. He has gone in - to the land of glo - ry And a place He's



death the sud - den star; With a sta - ble-man-ger for a cra - dle,
 heart in the sta - ble; For it told of His di - vine son - ship
 prom-ised to pre - pare For each one of all God's blood-bought children,



Where the wise men journeyed from a - far; How He walked the roads of old Je -
 For the sin - ner, steeped in wicked-ness; And it told how on the earth He
 And one day He'll surely take us there; For the prom-ised that once more He's



de - a; Taught that sin -ners' last night ransom'd be, How He gave His
 suf - fered, shed and died up - on the shame-ful tree; And that ev - 'ry
 men - ing To this sin - ful, so - did earth a - gain; Then He'll raise the



We for thy re - demp - tion, And in glo - ri - ous glo - ry for us
 one who'd tried and fol - low Him, from God's righteous wrath should be free,
 dead in Christ, and all His saints To - geth - er with Je - sus shall reign.

The Coming of Jesus Draweth Nigh.

Organ, Treble.

Soon He's coming, for the time draws nigh.

With His ransomed down the
sum - ing sky. And His throne stands of judge-ment, So the

as - ges prop - e - ty..... When His com-eth, if His

bids us here, Can I meet the Christ without a fear? May the

day - but find me ready, For the com-ing of Je-sus surely draweth nigh!

Charlotte G. Hooper.

COMPOSED BY CHAR. H. GABRIEL.
WITH ADDITIONS BY HOOPER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the theme of glo - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Ring
Ring out! Ring out! Ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A - wake! a -
A - wake! a - wake!
praise, re - praise, a - new the sto - ry a - gain, Till all the
re - praise, re - praise, Till all the

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry. And light is beam - ing
a - wake! a - wake!
earth, shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And about a - new the
the earth, the earth, the earth, a - new the

MAJOR VOICES IN UNISON.

from the re - dard sides; The rocks and hills, the vales and hills re - sound with
glo - ri - ous re - loud; With a - gain in the heights sing of the great sal -

FULL HARMONY.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -
va - tion has won - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Chorus.

Je - su reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Je - su reigns
sin is back-ward hurled!

Je - su reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Je - su reigns
sin is back-ward hurled!

Full Harmony.

Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His

Je - su reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Je - su reigns
and sin is back-ward hurled! Je - su reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!

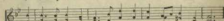
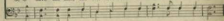
Je - su reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Je - su reigns
and sin is back-ward hurled! Je - su reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!

Bishop Joseph F. Berry.

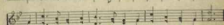
Dr. S. B. Jackson.



1. A - wake, O Chris-tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy broth-er's call!
2. Mid sleep - at gloom and dark-est night He lifts his help-less hands;
3. O save the lost, the sin-ner torn! To blind men send the light!



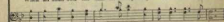
He cries to thee a - cross the deep, Where dark-est shades are full.
 Can aught but Je - sus give him light Or break his cry - at hand?
 O let thy soul with ar - dent tears To lead them to the right;



From sin and guilt and wretch-edness He knows not where to find;
 Then send, O send the Mas-ter's word A - cross the wide blue sea,
 That wh - er is that glo-rious day, The king-dom yet to be.

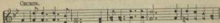


O tell him how the Lord can heed Thy broth-er calls to thee.
 Where Ma - co - do - na's cry is heard! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
 When all shall own the Mas-ter's sway! Thy broth-er calls to thee.

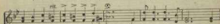
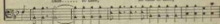


Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

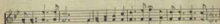
Chorus.



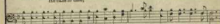
Thy brother calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee; From lands a-far a-
calls..... to thee, he calls to thee;



cross the sea He's calling, calling 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;



Coda. After last verse only.



He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy brother calls to thee;
He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy brother..... calls to thee;



Chorus may be repeated 2d.



He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy brother calls to thee.
He calls, he calls, he calls,.....



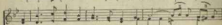
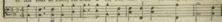
D. R. Van Sickle.

REVEREND, 1890, BY D. R. VANSICKLE,
BOSTON AND CHICAGO.

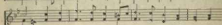
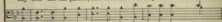
Chas. H. Gabriel.



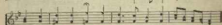
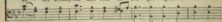
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee,
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The rub - red hosts sur-round Thee,
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - - - on King and Sav - ing!



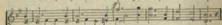
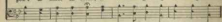
Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a -
And earth - ly won-der-fuls claim - or both Their Sov - 'reign King to
Thy hos - - - - - are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nif - - - o - - - - - test in-



Gods Thou, in praise to Thee, our Sav - ing King, The vi - brant
crown Thee, While thou re-dressed in a - - - - - ge-ness, As - - - - - sum - - - - -
ed - - - - - in Death, sin and hell no longer reign, And Sa - - - - - tan's



chorus of Hosts - on ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in - - - - - in - - - - - sur - - - - - tal song:
pow'r is burst in tears; 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 hon-our and ma-jesty, Wis-dom and pow-er be
Hail! (Glo-ry and ma-jesty, Wis-dom be

on - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

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! Hail!

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el! A-men.

A Mighty Fortress.

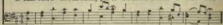
M. L.

Eise' Feite Burg, P. M.

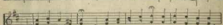
Martin Luther.



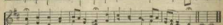
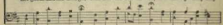
1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bul-wark now or fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be lose - ing.
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - lone all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - lld - eth;



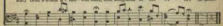
Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal life pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us ab - ideth.



For still our ad - vers'ries both seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dumb aish who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
 The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can an -
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 dare, For let his doom be sure: One lit - tle word shall tell him.
 All; God's truth a - lld - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A - men.

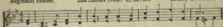


258 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

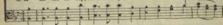
Reginald Heber.

All Saints New. C. M. D.

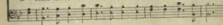
Henry B. Carter.



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



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who bid - low in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve valiant maidens, their hope they knew, And necked the cross and sacre:
 A - round the Son of God'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 per - dition on His tongue in midst of mor - tal pain, He
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry name; They
 They climbed the steep ascent of Heav'n's Thor' per - il, toil, and pain: O



He sent him to his cross be - low, He bid - low in His train.
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who bid - low in His train?
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who bid - low in their train?
 God, to us may grace be given To bid - low in their train. A - men.



Katherine Lee Bates.

Materna, C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward.



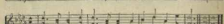
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For an-ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, in-pas-sioned strain,
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roe proved in lib-er-at-ing strife,
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-trist-dreams That rose be-yond the years



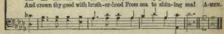

For per-ple mount-ain maj-es-ties A-bove the frost-ed plain!
 A thou-sand-lane for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
 Who more than all their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than God
 Thine al-a-ha-ba-ter cli-lis-gloom, Undimmed by hu-man beard




A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God shed His grace on thee,
 A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
 A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! May God thy gold re-fine,
 A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God shed His grace on thee,

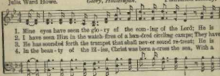
And crown thy goal with breath-or-blood From now to shin-ing morn!
 Con-sume thy soul in self-con-tent, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
 The all we can be as-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vised
 And crown thy goal with breath-or-blood From now to shin-ing morn! A-mer-i-



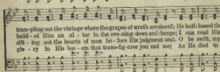
Julia Ward Howe.

Glory, Hallelujah.

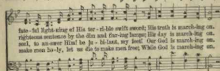
Plantation Melody.



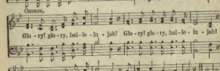
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the con-ling of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-tires of a burn-dred circling camp; They have
 3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
 4. In the beau-ty of the H-e-l-en, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a



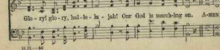
trans-ling out the victi-mage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath bound the
 bold-ed Him an ad-ler in the eve-ning down and damp; I can read His
 oth-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
 glo-ry in His hon-our that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



ful-ful Right-ing of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on,
 right-eous ven-geance by the sin and sin-ning lamp; His day is march-ing on,
 and, to an-swer Him! he is - bi-l-ant, my God! Our God is march-ing on,
 make men ho-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!

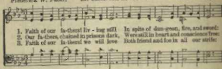


Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is march-ing on. A-MEN.

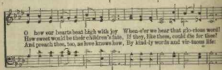
Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine, L. M. 68.

H. P. Bony.



1. Faith of our fa-thers! live - long still In spite of dan-ger, sin, and sorrow;
 2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
 3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Each 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 these, could die for them!
 And preach them, too, as we have known here, By kind-ly words and vir-tu-ous life.



Faith of our fa-thers! he-ly faith! We will be true to them till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! he-ly faith! We will be true to them till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! he-ly faith! We will be true to them till death! A - MEN.

S. P. 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 no - ble, free,
 3. Let ev - er - y swell the strain, And ring from all the trees,
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, As - sur - ed of lib - er - ty.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.



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



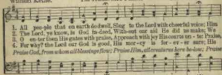
pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain-side Let free-dom sing!
 tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - lone.
 breathe-partake; Let rocks their al - lusion break, The moral pre-cept,
 ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - MEN.

263 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

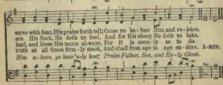
William Ketten.

The Hundredth Psalm.

Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
 2. The Lord, we know, is God to-day, With-out our aid He did us make; We
 3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un - ter Praise,
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for - ev - er sure; His
 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 seem-ly so to do.
 truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure. A - MEN.
 Him a - lone, ye bless'a-bly kneel; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

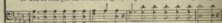
J. R. Ruckts.

Endorse. F. M.

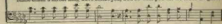
W. G. Towne.



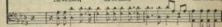
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His own-er's guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick surround you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



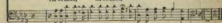
With His sheep as-care-ly hid you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Hid - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms en-vel-op-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Bids death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.



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

265 John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

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.

266 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.

Responsive Readings (Continued)

267

Matthew 3

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, 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.

268

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.

269

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.

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 us violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath 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.

1 Honour 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 into 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 have despised my word, saith the Lord of hosts, 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 purpoth 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 Misused 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 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.

11 Being enriched in every thing to all beneficence, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

12 For the Lord God is a man and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

272 1 Corinthians 13

1 *Though I speak with the tongue 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 not in iniquity, but 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.*

273 John 14

1 *Lest 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 *Believeth 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 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.*

Responsive Readings (Continued)

14 *If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.*

15 *If ye love me, keep my commandments.*

274 **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 us 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.*

275 **Psaln 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 flieth by day;*

6 *Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*

7 *A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.*

8 *Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.*

9 *Because thou hast made the Lord, which is thy refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;*

10 *There shall no evil befall thee.*

276

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.

277

Psalm 37

1 Fear 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 Consult 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.

278

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 preparedst a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou enrichedst 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.

279

Psalm 46

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 into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the stream whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

Responsive Readings (Continued)

3 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and shall not be angry.

4 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what devastations he hath made in the earth.

5 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.

6 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

9 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

10 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

11 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

12 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

13 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

14 He hath not dealt with us after our sin; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

15 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

16 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

17 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

18 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

19 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

20 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

21 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

22 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

280 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

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.

281 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;

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[illegible]

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D

Dark, that the clouds.....
Partures many a'round.....
No spot was small.....
To the waters of.....
No great weary part.....
And Jesus came.....
Down to the earth.....
Singing.....
Singing the sweetest.....

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Father's love.....	
Fatherhood of Jesus.....	
Fear will be the.....	
Fear all the work.....	
Fear your God and.....	
Fear the Lord.....	

[illegible][illegible]

am a stranger
 am held by
 am leaving you, and
 am leaving
 am never from
 am so happy
 am the King of Love
 am like my Mother
 cannot get away
 cannot leave
 come to the garden
 do not let me

[illegible][illegible]

Ember (continued)

[illegible]

11

[illegible]

Sample Name: 1 g/100ml...
 Date: 10/10/10...
 Name: Mr. John Doe...
 Address: 123 Main St...
 City: New York...
 State: NY...
 Zip: 10001...
 Phone: (212) 123-4567...
 Email: john.doe@example.com...
 Signature: John Doe...
 Printed Name: John Doe...

40	Beautiful day.....	10
41	Great, very good.....	10
42	Great deal.....	10
43	Great time with you.....	10
44	Great work on this.....	10
45	Great day with you.....	10
46	Wonderful day.....	10
47	Great work.....	10
48	Great time.....	10
49	Oh, how much I.....	10
50	Oh, how much I.....	10
51	Oh, how much I.....	10
52	Oh, how much I.....	10
53	Oh, how much I.....	10
54	Oh, how much I.....	10
55	Oh, how much I.....	10
56	Oh, how much I.....	10
57	Oh, how much I.....	10
58	Oh, how much I.....	10
59	Oh, how much I.....	10
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93	Oh, how much I.....	10
94	Oh, how much I.....	10
95	Oh, how much I.....	10
96	Oh, how much I.....	10
97	Oh, how much I.....	10
98	Oh, how much I.....	10
99	Oh, how much I.....	10
100	Oh, how much I.....	10

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Author: J. C. Gonzalez-Gonzalez

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Remember to the man who said.....	Lyrics	25	250	Let this stand to be seen.....	Lyrics	25	250
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