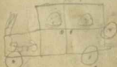


GOSPEL
MELODIES

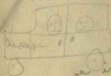


Library of W. L. Walters
 TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH
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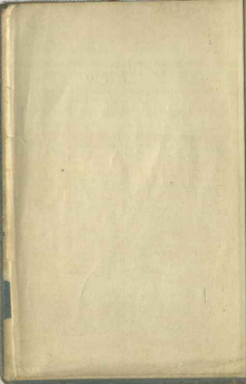
W. L. Johnson
 car



Johnson but in town



Please leave in town
 sign by
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Day Needs in Churches, Schools, Young
People's Meetings and Evangelistic Services

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Foreword

THIS Editor issued his first song book in 1909. During these 19 years he has placed in circulation more than 7,000,000 Gospel Song Books. This is not told in a spirit of boasting, but rather would he hereby express his humble gratitude to the Master that he has been able to render this slight service in the realm of Gospel Music. Most assuredly he has not done this single-handed and alone; but he has enjoyed the cordial co-operation and able assistance of many capable musicians and experienced Ministers, more gifted than himself. It is true that, because of the tolerance of the brethren, he has enjoyed a wide experience in International, National and State Conventions, but he considers that his most valuable experience has been that secured in connection with active service in a noble Church.

GOSPEL MELODIES is therefore not an experiment, but is the result of wide experience and careful study. Of course no song book is complete without the outstanding Standard Hymns and Gospel Songs which have proven their worth; but there are also many gifted song writers of the present day, and he considers the group of new Gospel Songs found in GOSPEL MELODIES to be the best he has been able to secure for any book. He does not consider it improper to say that the work connected with this compilation has been accompanied by much prayer that the great Master would give wisdom and guidance in it all, and that THE NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME might be honored in its distribution.

THE EDITOR.

PROPERTY OF
TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH
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CHURCH

Long Bridge Church

Congreg. No.

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THE EDITOR.

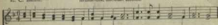
Gospel Melodies

1 Tell the Good News to Others.

F. C. Babst.

Copyright, 1904, by ROBERT M. GILBERT,
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

H. B. McKinney.



1. If Je - sus has lift-ed your bur-den of sin, Tell the good news to oth - ers!
2. If Je - sus is help-ing you car-ry your load, Tell the good news to oth - ers!
3. If Je - sus has whis-pered love's mes-sage to you, Tell the good news to oth - ers!



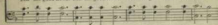
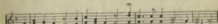
- If gen-ty He whis-pers sweet peace with-in, Tell the good news to oth - ers.
If safe-ly He leads on the nar-row road, Tell the good news to oth - ers.
If glad-ly you trust ev'-ry prom-ise true, Tell the good news to oth - ers.



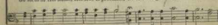
Chorus.



Tell the good news! Tell the good news! Tell the good news to oth - ers;



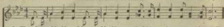
Go forth in His name, His love to proclaim, Go tell the good news to oth - ers!



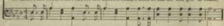
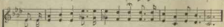
B. B. McK.

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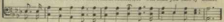
B. B. McKimsey.



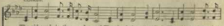
1. There's an old, old road by an old, old cross, And its way is narrow and straight;
2. On the old, old road walked the Christ divine, With His cross of sorrow and shame;
3. Leave the wide, wide road for the narrow road, Paths of sin no longer to roam;



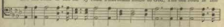
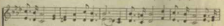
But it leads up home to the great white throne, Where the saints in glory wait.
On its beams so wide Jesus lived and died, There He bore the sinner's shame.
Walk the road divine where the crossroads shine, It will lead you safely home.



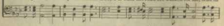
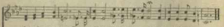
Chorus.



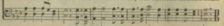
The old road is the on-ly road That leads home to God, The old road is the



on-ly road, The way that Jesus took, I'll walk the road He walked for me, And in



sin no longer roam, For the old road is the only road That leads the sinner home.

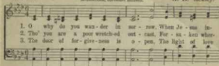


Only a Little Way Home.

A. R. A.

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Published by the A. R. A. Company, New York.

A. H. Ackley.



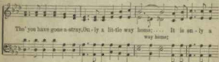
1. O why do you wan-der in sor-row, When Je-sus in-
2. Tho' you are a poor wretch-ed out-cast, For - sa - ken when-
3. The door of mer-cy is o - pen, The light of love



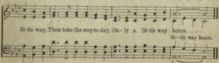
close you to come? His grace will in- part boundless joy to your heart,
er - er you roam, And nev - er de-spair, He is one who still cares,
shines thro' the gloom, Close, close to your side in the won-der-ful Guide,



And it's on - ly a lit-tle way home. It is on - ly a lit-tle way.



Tho' you have gone a-stray, On - ly a lit-tle way home; . . . It is on - ly a
way home;

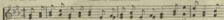


lit-tle way, Then take the step to-day, On - ly a lit-tle way home. . . .
lit-tle way home.

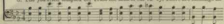
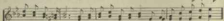
F. S. K.

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ROBERT M. GILMAN, CHICAGO.

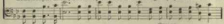
Philip S. Kerr.



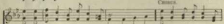
1. Do not weary or cast down, Drive away that worried frown, There are blessings un-
2. If your trials seem too hard, Just look up and trust the Lord, There are blessings un-
3. Tho' you often tempted be, Trust the Man of Cal-vary, There are blessings un-



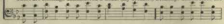
numbered just ahead; Jesus knows what's best for you, He will lead you safely thro',
numbered just ahead; Tho' the dark clouds gather fast, They will disappear at last,
numbered just ahead; Take the prize in ex-cel-sis, Sing and pray un-till about and above.



Chorus.



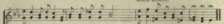
There are blessings unnumbered a-head, (my brother) Blessings unnumbered are



just a-head for you, Blessings from heaven, if you be firm and true;
be-fare in



much abundantly.



Jesus is willing, for you His blood washed, Blessings abundant are just ahead,
and many



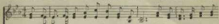
NOTE. — An effective result is obtained in the chorus if someone with a high voice sings or hums the notes from an octave higher.

Just a Little Better Every Day.

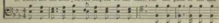
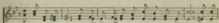
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

MUSIC BY HENRY DIXON LACK.

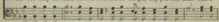
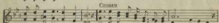
Harry Dixon Lack.



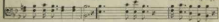
1. There are man-y hearts of sor-row here be - low, They are burdened with their
2. There are man-y on the pathway lone and drear, Walk-ing sad - ly in the
3. There are sin-ners you can help for Je-sus' sake, Till the path of sin and



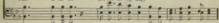
wea - ri-ness and woe; You can make their pathway brighter as you go—Just a
 path of doubt and fear; You can make their lonely hearts re-joice with cheer—Just a
 sor-row they for-sake; There are oth-ers on the jour-ney you can make Just a



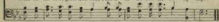
lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day, Just a lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day,
 Just a lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day,



Just a lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day; Make the world where'er you go,
 Just a lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day;



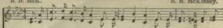
With its sor-row, grief and woe, Just a lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day.



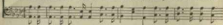
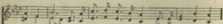
B. B. McK.

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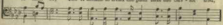
B. B. McKinsey.



1. It is won-der-ful to know that the Sav-ior came, That He cleansed my heart and
2. It is sweet to know that He is my dear-est Friend, All my pain and sor-row
3. I have found for me a place in the ranks of God, May I ev-er faith-ful



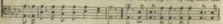
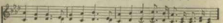
and me free; I will sing a song of praise to His ho - ly name,
He cloth me; And I know that He will keep me on - to the end,
to His be- The' it means to tread the path that the Sav - ior trod,



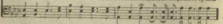
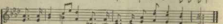
Chorus.



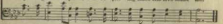
I'm re-joice-ing since His love found me. I'm re-joice-ing ev-ry day since His



love found me, His love found me, His love found me, and He keeps me ev-ry hour

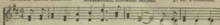


By His grace and pow'r, I'm re-joice-ing since His love found me.



The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

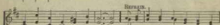
Music by Allen Schmitt. Copyright, 1900, by Allen Schmitt. All rights reserved. J. H. Williams.



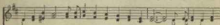
1. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And He bids you to



was-drawn-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres-ence, 'Tis the
lov-er and care Just to learn from His lips words of con-fort, In the
home meet Him there; Just to hear, and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the



beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer. O the beau-ti-ful gar-den, O the



gar-den of prayer, O the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer; There my Savior a-



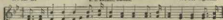
waits, and He o-pens the gates To the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer.

He is Able to Deliver Thee.

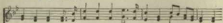
W. A. O.

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PUBLISHED BY J. W. PETERS, CHICAGO.

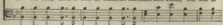
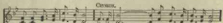
W. A. Ogden.



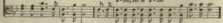
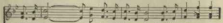
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-kings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



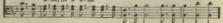
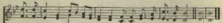
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sang, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grand-est theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



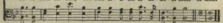
a - ble to de - liv - er thee, " He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble



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



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



9 A Shelter In the Time of Storm.

B. D. McK.

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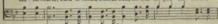
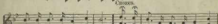
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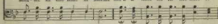
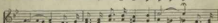
1. There's a cleft in the Rock, there's a hid-ing place Where the storm-ed life can-
2. He's an an-chor as-sure, He will hold me fast Un-der-neath His ar-
3. Come a-way, come a-way from the wreck of sin, Leave the world with all its



not a-larm; Tho' the dark-eyes and gloom Jona shows His face, He's a
last-ing arm; Tho' the tem-pest may roar 'mid the tem-pest blast, He's a
sin-ful charm; Turn to Christ, trust in Him, He will let you in, He's a



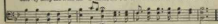
shel-ter in the time of storm. He's a shel-ter in the time of



storm. . . He's a shel-ter in the time of storm; . . . He will
of storm, of storm;



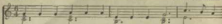
safe-ly keep me from all a-larm, He's a shel-ter in the time of storm.



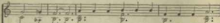
R. H.

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Robert Harkness.



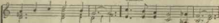
1. Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He
2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He
3. O how He ag - a - nized there in my place, Why should He



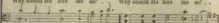
love me so? Mock - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
love me so? He so loved me my sal - va - tion to win,
love me so? Noth - ing with - hold - ing my sin to af - fect,



Chorus



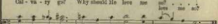
Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so? . . .




Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sav - ior so




Cal - va - ry go! Why should He love me so? . . .

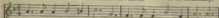


Speak To My Heart.

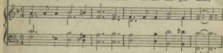
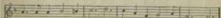
Gene Routh.

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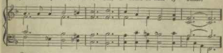
B. B. McKimsey.



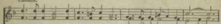
1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, It is no lon - ger mine;



Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, Help me the best to win.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, I would be whol - ly Thine.



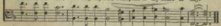
Chorus.



Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;



Vind - ed and still, seek - ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.



No longer lonely.

R. H.

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SUNG BY ROBERT H. CHILDREN

Robert Harkness.



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



view
 each
 heart

Ev-er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him an-ly. No lon-ger
 Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger
 He has prom-ised ev-er to up-hold me, No lon-ger

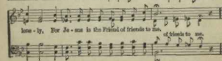


CHORUS.

lone-ly for He is mine...
 lone-ly He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
 lone-ly He will be near....



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

S. 1.

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Scott Lawrence.

Rather slowly.

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

Why fear the night, In your heart for right, When you know He will
 Look us - to Him, Who can over-come all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
 No oth-er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - su, the

Chorus.

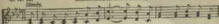
lead all the way!
 Then thou art strong. Whisper a prayer, Just whisper a prayer,
 On - d - led On.

E - ven a whisper He'll hear a - ver there; Vic-t'ry is thine, In His

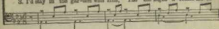
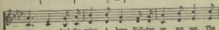
love so sub-lime, When in Je - su you whisper a prayer.

C. A. M.

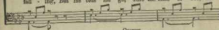
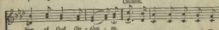
C. Austin Miles.

Simply.

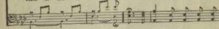
1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be



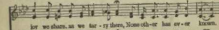
me - an; And the while I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
 fall - ing, But His love not gone, Tho' the voice of men, His

*Chorus.*

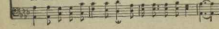
son of God On - cles - se.
 in my heart is ring - ing, And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing



take with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the



for we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.



James Rown.

COMPOSED, 1871, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Henry F. Morton.

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

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

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

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 ap-pear; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-men.

S. C. Kirk.

REPRODUCED BY THE COLLEGE OF THE SACS. Grand College Teller.

1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Walk not for men to lead, Heed not their slight; Winding the snail of God
3. Night soon comes on apace, Day has torn by: Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for reward, Not for the
brings He do light! Aiding the good and true No'er goes unmet, All that we
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has

Chorus.

praise of man, But for the Lord.
think or do, Be it the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be best,
promised those Who do their best.

But He asks from ev-'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,

Those may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.

Oliver Simon Smith.

REVISED, 1881, BY GEORGE A. COLEMAN.
INTERNATIONAL SUPPLEMENT PUBLISHED.

R. B. McKimsey.

1. Be - yond the clouds the sun doth shine, A - mid earth's sor - rows,
2. Be - yond the quick - ly pass - ing years, Be - yond the sigh - ing
3. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, I will shall be in

love di - vine; And tho' we may not un - der - stand, Be - yond it
and the tears, Oh, bliss - ful tho't to con - tem - plate! Sweet rest a -
bode's a - do - main, Be - yond the veil of mys - ter - y; At last my

Chorus.
all, God's gold - ing hand,
waits, thro' heav - en's gate. Be - yond the shad - ows, be - yond the
far - ter I shall see.

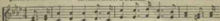
shad - ows, At home with Christ whom I a - dore; Be - yond the

shad - ows, be - yond the shad - ows, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.

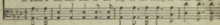
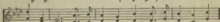
19 The Way of the Cross leads Home.

Joseph Brown Parson, "The Way of the Cross," 1871.

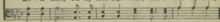
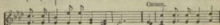
Chas. H. Gabriel.



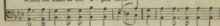
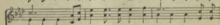
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's nooth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that tho'
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it



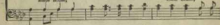
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 Sur - fer trod, If I ev - er climb to the bright sub - lime,
 nev - er - more, For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



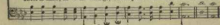
If the way of the cross I seek,
 Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.



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



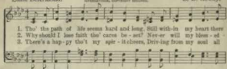
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.



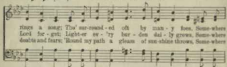
Lillian DeArmond.

REVISED, AND BY ROBERT A. CHAMBERLAIN.
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SONG BOOK CO.

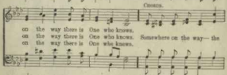
B. D. Ashley.



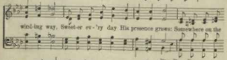
1. Tho' the path of life seems hard and long, Still with-in my heart there
2. Why should I ever think tho' cares be - aut? Nev-er will my bloom - ed -
3. There's a hap - py tho't my eye - it shows, Driv-ing from my soul all



rings a song; Tho' our round - ed off by man - y foes, Some-where
Lend for - get; Light-er ev - 'ry bur - den dai - ly grows, Some-where
doubts and fears; 'Round my path a gleam of sun-shine throws, Some-where



Chorus.
on the way there is One who knows,
on the way there is One who knows. Somewhere on the way— the
on the way there is One who knows.



wind-ing way, Sweet-er ev - 'ry day His presence grows; Somewhere on the



way— the wind - ing way, Somewhere on the way is One who knows.

21 Have You Counted Your Blessings To-day?

Rev. H. H. McGaughey.

Copyright, 1904, by H. H. McGaughey.

John B. Thomas.

1. Have you count-ed the bless-ings from Je - sus to - day. Or count-ed naught
2. Have you tho't of the bless-ings that bright-en your life. Or on - ly of
3. If you'll add up your bless-ings from Je - sus to - day. Then add up your

yet gloom and pain? Have you tho't of the sun-shine that light-en your way. Or
 toil and de-spair? Do you on - ly count troub-le and sad wea - ry strife. Or
 troub-le and woe. You will thank the dear Sav - or each step of the way for

have they been sent all in vain? (all in vain?) Have you counted your blessings to-
 do you trust God and His care? (and His care?)
 won-der-ful gifts He be-stows. (He be-stows.) your

day? . . . Have you counted your blessings to-day? . . . Have you thanked the dear
 bless-ings to-day? your bless-ings to-day?

Sav - or his gifts from a-bove? Have you counted your blessings to-day?
 your bless-ings to-day?

George O. Webster.

Copyright, 1900, by George O. Webster.
International Copyright Secured.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I need Je-sus, my need I now con-fer; No friend like Him in times of
 2. I need Je-sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of
 3. I need Je-sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him. He is the

deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I gladly own; Tho' none may hear their
 I'm sore dis-; I need Je-sus, when low-ly and small; A-lone I know I
 sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; He con-stant, kind, so

Chorus.

had a-lone, Yet I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus,
 can not fail, No I need Je-sus.
 strong and true, Yes, I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus al-ways, I need Je-sus al-ways.

I need Je-sus ev'-ry day; ev'-ry day; Need Him in the sun-shine hour,

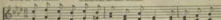
Need Him when the storm-clouds low'er; Ev'-ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je-sus.

23 What a Wonderful Time That Will Be.

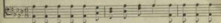
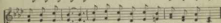
Dora E. Bowman.

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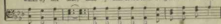
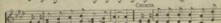
B. B. McKinney.



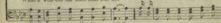
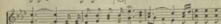
1. When I have en-tered the har-bor at last, And all of His
2. When I have land-ed up-on that fair shore, Where billows run
3. Rock-et will meet me with arms o-pen wide, And fa-ther who



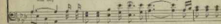
er-rows are past; When the great cit-y of God I shall see,
wrap me no more, Je-sus my Sav-ior will there welcome me;
walk by her side; Mus-y dear loved ones a-gain I shall see;



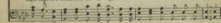
What a won-der-ful time that will be.
What a won-der-ful time that will be. What a won-der-ful time that will
What a won-der-ful time that will be.



be..... When the face of my Sav-ior I see,..... No sor-row, no
will be, I see,



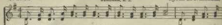
sigh-ing, No sick-ness, no dy-ing, What a won-der-ful time that will be.



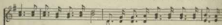
C. S. N.

Copyright, 1882, by C. S. N.

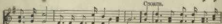
Cyrus S. Nashum.



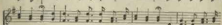
1. Would you live for Je - su, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and let you at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him



Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car-ry
 peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
 true in pur - i - ty - that test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways



all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 nev - er let? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your



and, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - men.

25 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

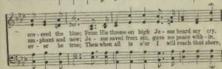
Gene Routh.

Copyright, 1911, by G. F. Johnson.
Ladies of the Church of Christ.

B. B. McKimsey.



1. I was drift-ing far from the "Dea-con Star." Circle of sin and
 2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tel-
 3. Told a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll



over-lead the way; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
 un-phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
 or - er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

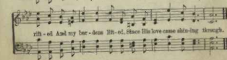
Chorus.



And His love came shin-ing through,
 And His love came shin-ing through, Since His love came shin-ing through,
 Since His love came shin-ing through.



I've a joy that's al-ways new; al-ways new; All the clouds are



rih - el And my bar - den th - el, Since His love came shin-ing through.

S. F. Bennett.

COMPOSED, 1860, BY JOHN A. WHARTON.

J. F. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The tri - u - m - ph - ant
 3. To our beau - ti - ful Fa - ther a - love, We will of - fer the

we'll a - lov; For the Fa - ther waits a - vor the way, To pre -
 sence of the bless, And our spir - its shall ac - cept no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

Chorus.

part on a dwell - ing place there, In the sweet by and
 igh for the bless - ing of rest,
 blessings that had - low our days, In the sweet

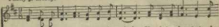
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by,

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

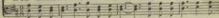
Fanny J. Crosby.

REVISED, 1876, BY J. A. GARLAND.

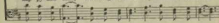
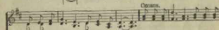
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



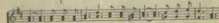
1. Hiss-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a trea - sure of
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - lor am



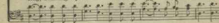
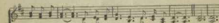
gle - ry all - vine! Hail of ad - va - tion, per-chance of God,
 burst on my sight! An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest! Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,



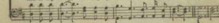
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whisper of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav - lor all the day long; This is my sto - ry.



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - lor all the day long. A - MEN.



A. S. R.

COMPOSED AND LYRICS BY ALBERT SIMPSON BOLLA.

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 bade me
 3. Now my Lord and I in - joy com - munion sweet; Now He bids me

guil - ty soul might ransom me; 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
 cast my bur - den at His feet; Now each day with joy my praise to I re - peal.

Cresc.

O what peace and wondrous vic - to - ry!
 Singed praise to my e - ter - nal King. One glad day my Saviour washed my
 And in glo - ry, some - day, we shall meet. ^{glad day,}

also 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 al - way.

Get God's Sunshine.

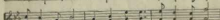
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 REVISED BY ROBERT H. HARRISON

R. H.

Robert Harrington.



1. Trust-ing Je - sus, won - der - ful Guide, In His keep-ing
 2. Won-ders pre-sent He will tell us, Glad-ly do-ing
 3. Friend of sin-ners, ev-er the same, Will-ing Sav-ior,



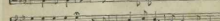
made by a-bide, Joy-ful a-ter-nal He will in-part,
 His love by will, Peace un-end-ing He will en-part,
 praise His dear name, Full of-gra-tious He will in-part,



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 the a-way, If you get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.



E. H. Hewitt.

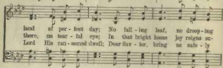
HALL, DENT AND QUARTER.

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AMERICAN COPYRIGHT SOCIETY.

Henry P. Morton.



1. No set - ting sun, no fal - ling ray, In that fair
2. No sob - bing heart, no wea - ry sigh, No set - ting
3. No taint of sin, no sad fare - well, Where with the

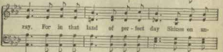


land of per - fect day; No fall - ing leaf, no droop - ing
there, no tear - ful eye; In that bright house joy reigns ac -
cords His rare - mured dwell; Dear far - ther, bring us safe - ly

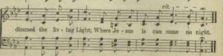
Chorus.



There's No cloud - ed sky, no part - ing hour,
press, hark! hark! a song, and here the Chorus. No set - ting sun, no fal - ling
there, To see Thy face Thy love - ly wear.



ray. For in that land of per - fect day Shines on us



glowed the Br - ing Light; Where Je - sus is can come no night.

31 I Have a New Song In My Heart.

F. C. Bailey.

REVEREND, TRUSTED BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS
OF CHRISTIANS EVERYWHERE.

B. B. McKinney.



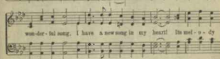
1. I have a new song in my heart to-day, A song of
2. I have a new song in my heart to-day, A song of
3. I have a new song in my heart to-day, A song of



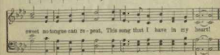
glad-ness and peace; For Je-sus has ta-ken my sin a-way.
vic-t'ry and light; I walk in His love and His word o-bey,
glo-ry and love; Soon I shall go home with my Lord to stay.



Crescendo.
And raised my sor-rows to naught.
His hand is lead-ing me right. I have a new song, a
To reign he-av-en or a-bove.



won-der-ful song, I have a new song in my heart! Its mel-o-dy

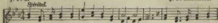


sweet no-tunes can re-peat, This song that I have in my heart!

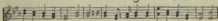
J. P. B.

COMPOSED, 1876, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

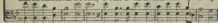
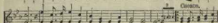
J. P. Schaffeld.

Spiced.

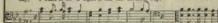
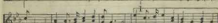
1. I want my life to glo-ri-fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might sang-sa-fely the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to



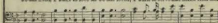
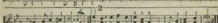
hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
 re-deem-er to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might sing-sa-fely His ho-ly
 make His or-ches-tral har-mon-y wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto-ry ev-'ry



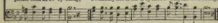
Glories; I want the world to know He's walking by my side,
 name, So let my heart-land voice His mighty pow'r pro-claim. I want to live as
 day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.

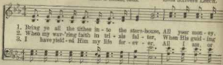


Je-sus Lord, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and

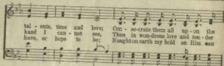


please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.

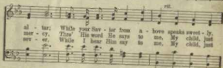




1. Bring ye all the tribes in - to the store-houses, All your mon - ey,
2. When my war'-ring faith is tri - ble - ful - ter, When His guid - ing
3. I have yield - ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or

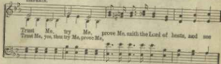


tal - ents, time and love; Can - se-crate them all up - on the
hand I can - not to; Then in won-drous love and ten - der
have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him was



al - tar; While your Sav - lor tem - a - love speaks sweet - ly,
mon - ey, Thus His word He says to me, My child, just
serv - er, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just

Refrain.



Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, with the Lord of hosts, and me
Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,



If a bless-ing, un-com-mend-able bless-ing, I will not part with thee.

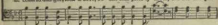
James Brown.

MUSIC BY JAMES BROWN.

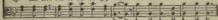
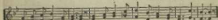
Howard H. Smith.



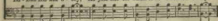
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the power-ful shore, Yer-y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Er-or to Him I'll cling, In His blood-ed
 3. Soul in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saved; He will lift you



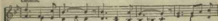
stained with sin, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pre-served me, Er-or His grace is above. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an-gry waves, He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



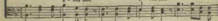
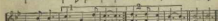
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Near side am I.
 Mer-cy my soul's best song; Faith-ful, lov-ing care-ful, too, To Him be-long.
 He has life will o-bey; His power has-ten to be-lieved to-day.



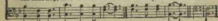
Chorus.



Love lift-ed me! . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . When noth-ing
 a - was me! a - was me!



she could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A-men.



J. P. S.

J. P. Schofield.

1. I've found a Friend... who is all to me,.... His
 2. He saves me from... ev-'ry sin and harm,.... So
 3. When poor and need-y and all a - lone,.... In

love is ev-'ry-thing true;..... I love to tell... how He
 cures my sad sick days;..... I'm lean-ing strong... on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come on - to Me... and I'll

fill - 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 pre-ci-ous Son, Saved..... to new life sub-stance
 Saved by His pre-ci-ous Son, Saved to new life,

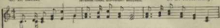
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

Victory Is Coming

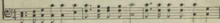
B. B. McK.

REVISED, AND BY ROBERT C. MCCLURE,
INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' BUREAU

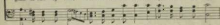
B. B. McKintory.



1. Sol-diers in the ar-my of the King di-vine, Stand-ing in your pla-ces
2. Press the bat-tle on-ward, tho' the foe is strong; Lift your ban-ner high-er,
3. When the war is a-war and the vic-t'ry won, When the faith-ful sol-diers



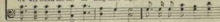
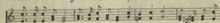
as the fr-ing line, See the sig-nal wav-ing from the Cap-tain high;
meet the gi-ant Wrong; Je-sus is the Cap-tain, on His strength re-ly;
gath-er one by one, In the heav-e-n-ly up-a-bove the sky,



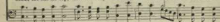
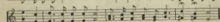
Vic-to-ry is com-ing by and by.

Vic-to-ry is com-ing by and by. Vic-to-ry is com-ing,

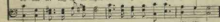
We will crown the Sav-ior King most high.



swell the bat-tle cry, Lift the Gos-pel ban-ner to the sky; Thro' the blood of



Je-sus Ev-ing up on high. Vic-to-ry is com-ing by and by.



38 He'll Make the Sun Shine Brightly.

H. L. C.

COMPOSED, AND BY ROBERT A. CARMETT,
MUSICIAN, CHAS. HARRISON, SINGERS.

H. L. Carmett.

1. There will come a time in life, when the world seems dark and drear, When your
2. When your loved ones leave this earth, and your hopes are rent in twain, When you
3. Let us put our trust in Christ, and our faith in Him re-new, In Him

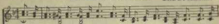
our souls are so many, and the world won't seem to care; Turn a-side from pain and
feel at least discouraged! and you think you live in vain; Put your trust in Christ as
serv-ice nev-er fal-ter, but we'll la-bor and be true; Soon our working will be

grief, Turn to Je-sus for re-lief, And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.
dear, For you'll find He's always near, And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.
past. We shall see Him face at last, Then He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.

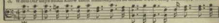
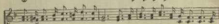
D. S. — And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.

Yes, He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom, If you'll o - pen up your

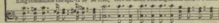
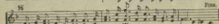
heart and give Him room; Just remember He's your Friend, And on Him you can depend.



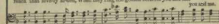
1. There's a land beyond the riv-er, That we call the sweet far-er-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sorrow, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the



on-ly reach that shore by faith's de-vot-ion; One by one we'll gain the por-tals, There to
happi-ness shall dwell beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall ex-ly know the blis-sing Of our
King who made the spir-it to be free; Nev-er more with an-guish-lad-en, We shall



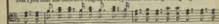
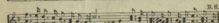
dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me,
Fa-ther's sweet re-ward-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me,
reach that lov-er-ly shad-ow, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.



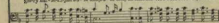
D.S. - good the shad-ing riv-er, When they ring the golden bells for you and me, (you and me.)



Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gel-sing-ing? The the



glo-ry land - la-de-jah Je-su - la-de-jah, In that far-off sweet for-ever, Just be-



Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

REVERENTLY ADAPTED BY FRANK C. BRIDGE.

W. H. DOUGLAS.

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 roll - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re - pose, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the

low e'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest, Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp - ta - tions, His arm - ed arm me there, Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - gon, Ev - er my trust shall be, Here let me wait with

an - gels, Hark in a song to him, O - ver the bells of glo - ry,
 sur - 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
 Rock on the gold - en shore.

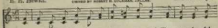
gen - er - ous breast, There by His low e'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest, A - MEN.

41 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

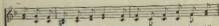
R. H. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by R. H. Hewitt,
Lyrics by Robert H. Coleman, England.

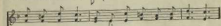
H. D. Achley.



1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Ser - pent, to con-vert the world; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for

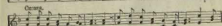


our - sins His man-beans out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
per - tain we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh vir - dues, life's
sin - ners, good-will run - to meet, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from

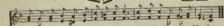


prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
sin - ners are glad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
morn - tides to glad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

Chorus.



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



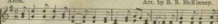
let our hymns shine to His glo - ry al - ways, Some-bod-y else needs a Bless-ing.

The Life-Boat.

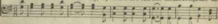
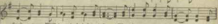
My Mother's Favorite song. — R. B. McK.
and copyright, 1888, by ROBERT B. MCKINNEY.

Accon.

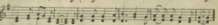
Arr. by R. B. McKinney.



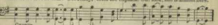
1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The stormy floods of
2. Sometimes we've hid in our - aged, And tho't it all in vain For us to live a
3. The life-boat soon is com - ing, By faith I now can see, As she sweeps thro' the



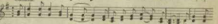
dark - ness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us all take our - age, For
Christian life, And walk in, Je - sus' name. But then we heard the Master say, "I'll
wa - tern To res - cue you and me, And land us safe - ly in the port With



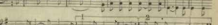
we're not left a - lone; The life-boat soon is com - ing To gather the Jew - ish home,
lend a helping hand; And if you'll on - ly trust Me I'll guide you to that land.
Friends we love so dear, "Get ready," cries the Captain. Oh! look, she is almost here.



Chorus.



[Then cheer, my comrades, cheer, Our tri - al will soon be o'er, Our loved ones
We're pilgrims and we're strangers here, We're seeking a cit - y to come, The life-boat



we will meet, will meet Up - on the gold - en shore;
soon is com - ing To (Gath - er the Jew - ish home.



Bringing In the Sheaves.

Katherine Shaw.

George A. Miner.

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, Sow-ing nei-ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss be

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Walk-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds our win-ter's chill-ing brown; By and by the har-vest,
 balm'd our spir-it all-on grieve; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

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

Chorus.

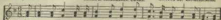
bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing
 bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing

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

44 III Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

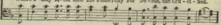
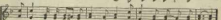
Copyright, 1902, by J. B. Connerly. Carlin E. Bouraschell.



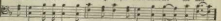
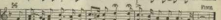
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o'er the stormy sea;
2. For days to-day there are low-ly words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



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



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Thro' dark and ragged the way,
No, trust-ing my all on - to Thy care, I know Thou let - est me



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the two-sung sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart al-o-ne, 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.
Korean.



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



Charlotte G. Homer.

BOSTON, 1881, BY HENRY H. HOLMES,
MUSICAL PUBLISHER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be my Guide, Thou great Je-ho-vah! As I trav - el thro' this life, Thine a -
 2. O'er the straight and narrow pathway, Without Thee I can - not go, For I
 3. I shall nev - er be con-fund-ed By the foes I'm sure to meet, If Thou

round me Thy pro-tec-tion, Fit me for life's care and strife; Be my tow'r of
 feel no man - y by-ways bright with pleasure's gleam and glow; When in doubt and
 with, O Guide of A - ges, Mark the pathway for my feet, Then when I have

strength and wisdom, Lead me when my feet would stray; Feed me with Thy heav'nly
 hear I fal-ter, Then I need Thy watchful care; Need Thy hand to share my
 gone the jour-ney, And have safely reached the goal, I will bless Thy name for-

BARNES. (Arranged.)

man - na, Strengthen me from day to day, "Dread of heav - en! Feed me
 bar - den, Need Thy grace my cross to bear, "Strong Je-ho - vah! Be Thou
 ev - er, in the Home-land of the soul, "Songs of praise - as I will

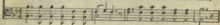
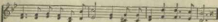
all I want no more; Dread of heav - en! Feed me all I want no more,
 still my strength and shield, "Strong Je-ho - vah! Be Thou still my strength and shield,
 or - er give to Thee; Songs of praise - as I will ev - er give to Thee."

Mrs. Frank A. Irwin.

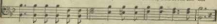
Grant Collier Tuller.



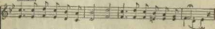
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss-ful mo-ments! Face to face, to see and know;



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



Chorus.



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



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



The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

REVEREND, TRUE AND FAITHFUL, BY H. C. LORREN,
THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1850.

H. C. Lorren.

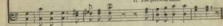


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its name - do to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It ever - er fills my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ever tell How sweet the name I love so well;

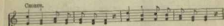


It makes my joys full and com - plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all sin - ners leave Je - sus - I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its name - do drives the fall - en tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its praise be ev - er well, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

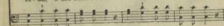
1. The precious name



Chorus.



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



"Je - sus," let all angels pro - claim: Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise

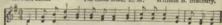


My Hope is Built.

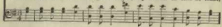
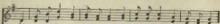
Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock, L. M.

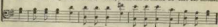
William B. Bradbury.



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' Meed and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness with His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cer-e-mo-nial, His blood, Sup-ports me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



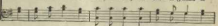
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-ous-ness a-lone, Faith-ful to stand be-fore the throne.



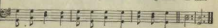
REMAIN.



On Christ, the so-lid Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



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



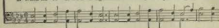
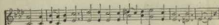
Mary A. Lathbury.

Evening Prayer, ps. 4.

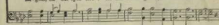
William F. Shaw's.



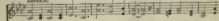
1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is looking earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life, be-moath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gather
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-beli-ing all, Thro' the
 4. When far - er - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



we sleep while the night Sets her evening lamps afloat Thro' all the sky.
 us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art sigh-
 gle - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend,
 an - gels, on our eyes let a - ter-nal morning rise, And shut-eyes end!



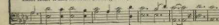
Repeat.



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



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

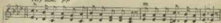


Softly and Tenderly.

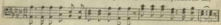
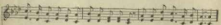
W. L. T.

MUSIC BY WILLIAM L. THORPSON.

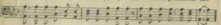
Will L. Thorpson.

Very slow. *pp*

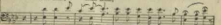
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeing, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised,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



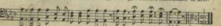
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, For - give for you and for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

Chorus, *mf*

Come home, . . . come home, . . . To who are wear - y, come home! . . .
 Come home, come home,



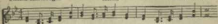
Earnestly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sinner, come home! A - men.



Palmer Hartnough.

HARTNUGH, PALMER, AN ELEGANT MUSIC, AND
BOOKSELLER.

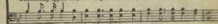
J. H. Williams.



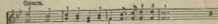
1. I am resolved no longer to be-got, Charmed by the world's de-light;
 2. I am resolved to go to the Saviour, Leave-ing my sin and strife;
 3. I am resolved to fol-low the Saviour, Faith-ful and true each day;
 4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leave-ing the palace of sin;



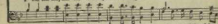
Things that are higher, things that are no-ble, These have al-lured my sight.
 He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
 Hear what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.



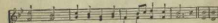
Chorus.



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



Hae-ten glad and free.



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

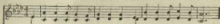


Pray Your Troubles Away.

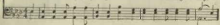
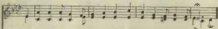
B. B. McK.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY ROBERT B. MCKINNEY.
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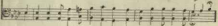
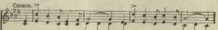
B. B. McKinney.



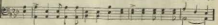
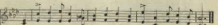
1. When you are wea-ry and sore op-pressed, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day!
4. Oh, and in hard-ship, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis-may!



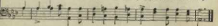
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend-ship, And pray your troubles a-way.
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.



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.



God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin.

COMPOSED BY C. D. MARTIN, A. M.
Tune by C. D. Martin.

W. S. Martin.



1. He not dis-mayed, what-e'er be-falls, 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;



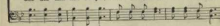
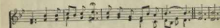
He - reath His wings of love a - ble, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers loom your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



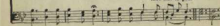
Chorus.



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.



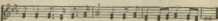
Robert Lowry.

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Robert Lowry.



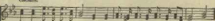
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-shes of the riv-er, Wash-ing up the old-er spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



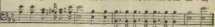
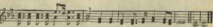
With his crys-tal tide he - er - er Flow-ing by the throne of God,
We will wash and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day,
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown,
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of praise.



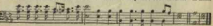
Chorus.



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



Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.



Let Others See Jesus in You.

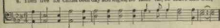
B. B. McK.

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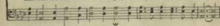
B. B. McKinney.



1. While passing thro' this world of sin, And oth - ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be - fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man - a - ble be - yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith - ful, be true and true,



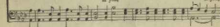
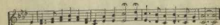
Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 Say, does it point them to the skies, Be oth - ers see Je - sus in you?
 To find some souls that you have won; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.



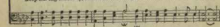
Chorus.



Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you, ... Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you, ...
 in you, in you



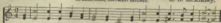
Keep tel - ling the sto - ry, be faith - ful and true, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.



Gene Routh.

"SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS."

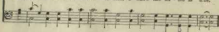
H. D. McKinney.



1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - ing
4. The hes - si - ty with a spir - it bold The mes - sage old, but still new,



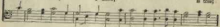
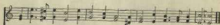
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true,
His life, His death, and the o - pen book, And His re - turn to the earth.
It feeds me, com - forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
The truth is sweet - er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.



Chorus.



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



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



Rev. W. C. Poole.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert C. Schuchman.
Musical Director, Baptist Church, New York.

B. D. Ackley.

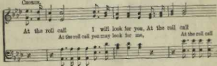


1. I will look for you up yon-der, When my days down here are o'er;
 2. I will look for you up yon-der, On that won-der-ful great day.
 3. I will look for you up yon-der, In the cit-y of the King.
 4. I will look for you up yon-der, Will you meet me there that day?

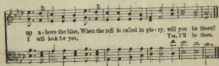


When the roll is called in glo-ry, Will you meet me on that shore?
 When we wake at call of Je-sus, And the earth shall pass a-way.
 There's a-ter-ni-ty's glad a-ge, There the praise of Him to sing.
 Will we meet with Christ the Sav-er, For-ev-er-more there to stay?

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.

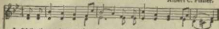
Love Is the Theme.

By Mrs. J. H. A. Jones.

A. C. F.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert H. Coleman.

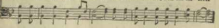
Albert C. Fisher.



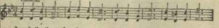
1. Of the themes that men have known, One so prom-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of heav-en ring, Let the angels their trib-ute bring,
3. Hear the Lord my soul ex - hault, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Man - ter came,



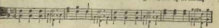
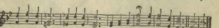
There's the a - ges it has shown, — 'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true praise be sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 For-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 His-sons, call ye on His name, — Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



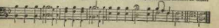
Chorus.



Love is the theme, Love is so prom-ly; Sweet-er it grows, Glor-ry be-stow-ing



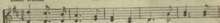
Bright as the sun Er-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-men.



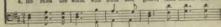
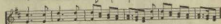
Isaac Watts.

Antioch, C. M.

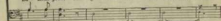
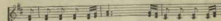
George F. Handel.



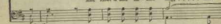
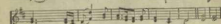
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the world! the Son - of man; Let men their
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



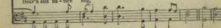
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare His room,
 sing ev - 'ry tongue; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 shout the good news; He comes to make His time - ing low
 na - tions groan; The glo - ry of His right - eous - ness,



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



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



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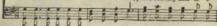
Edward B. Ufford.

H. B. Ufford.

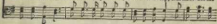
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



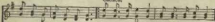
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dam-ger-fraught sea, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of rest - ease be o'er, Soon will they drift to a



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
 you've nev-er been; Wreck of temp-to-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
 for - ev-er to the shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



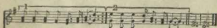
Chorus.



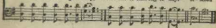
Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Boat 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.

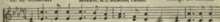


The Haven of Rest.

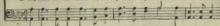
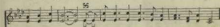
H. L. Gilmore.

COMPOSED BY GEORGE D. MOORE

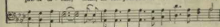
George D. Moore.



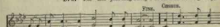
1. My soul is sad as he was sad on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yield-ed my self to His ten-der em-brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Har-bor, His pa-tient-ly waits, To save by His



die and dis-tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
 hold of the word, My let-ter fell off, and I an-chor-ed my soul
 sta-ry no more, Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so-ev-er will have
 pre-sent di-vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the ha-ven of rest,



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



And I an-tered the ha-ven of rest,
 The ha-ven of rest is my Lord, I've an-chor-ed my
 A home in the ha-ven of rest.
 And say, "My de-ter-min-ed is mine."



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

D. S.



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

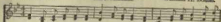


Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

REVEREND FATHERS OF THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES

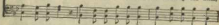
William H. Doane.



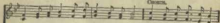
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-
itent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Foot-ings He bar-
red that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, De-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor give



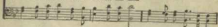
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the ar-cing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-est-ly, Plead with their pen-sive,
grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Rock to the nar-row way Pa-tras-tly win them



Chorus.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save,
He will brighten if they on-ly be-leave. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Churches that are hea-den will vi-brate once more,
Tell the poor wan-d'ring a Sav-ior has died.



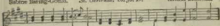
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save. A-men.



Salmon Maying-Gould.

St. Gertrude, Co., Pa. D.

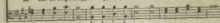
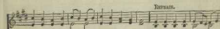
Arthur Sullivan.



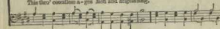
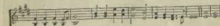
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - su
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host hath fled; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Hail with ours your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



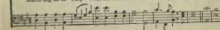
Go - ing on be-hind Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Lead a-gainst the foe;
On to vic-tor-y! Hail's thou-der-ous cul-ver - in At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, lead, and hon-our, Un-to Christ the King



For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
This thr' exults a - gain His name and ang'ling.



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

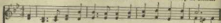


64 The Son of God Goes forth to War.

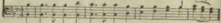
Reginald Heber.

All Saints New. C. M. D.

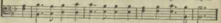
Henry R. Cotton.



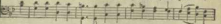
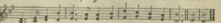
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose sa - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A ho - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid.



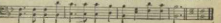
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - fur: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save
Twelve radiant souls, their hope they knew, And trocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - join, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant a - vor gain, Who
like Him, with per - dition on His tongue in midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's bloodstained sword, The D - em's ga - ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as - cent of Hore's Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O



ga - thered round his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, in us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - men.



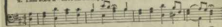
A Mighty Fortress.

M. L.

Euseb' Faust Song, P. M.

Martin Luther.

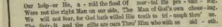
- 
1. A might-y fortress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
  2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our strive-ing would be fail - ing;
  3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
  4. That woe a - lone all worldly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bul - ing;



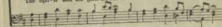
Our help - er He, a - void the fear Of our - tal He pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us aid - eth.



For still our an - cest' her Deeds seek to work us woe; His crash and pow'r are
 Deeds not 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 con -
 let quies and kin - dred go. This our - tal life al - so; The bul - 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.
 done, For lo! his Arm is now; One lit - tle word shall bid him
 fly; God's truth a - bul - ing still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.



He Keeps Me Singing.

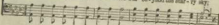
L. R. B.

Copyright, 1904, by L. R. Bridgman.
Published by CHAPMAN, MASON & CO., NEW YORK.

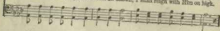
L. R. Bridgman.



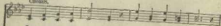
1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je - sus while pure sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, His word filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-ess of His grace, Singing 'neath His shed-d'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes His lead-ing waters deep, Td - ain fall a - cross the way,
5. Still He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



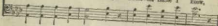
- Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's old and new,
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the shed-d'ring chords again.
Al-ways look-ing on His smile-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, For His footsteps all the way,
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



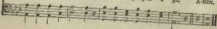
Chorus.



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



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



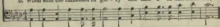
C. H. G.

Copyright, 1892, by C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



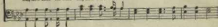
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, but sweat - drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bar - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twas in my joy that I a - gain To sing of His love for me.



Chorus.



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



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

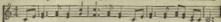


There is a Fountain.

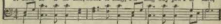
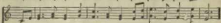
William Cooper.

Chorus: Fountain, C. M.

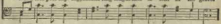
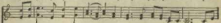
Lowell Mason.



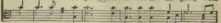
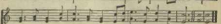
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from In-man - uel's vein;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. For a - lone, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds up ply.
5. Then in a so - ber, sweet - er song, I'd 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 sin a - way
 Till all the ran-somed 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 - log, stam - ping tongue Lies at - rest in the grave



Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains; And
 Wash all my sin a - way, Wash all my sin a - way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more; Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re -
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die; When
 this poor flap - log, stam - ping tongue Lies at - rest in the grave; When



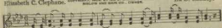
sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sin a - way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor flap-log, stamping tongue Lies at - rest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



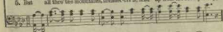
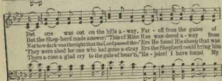
Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Copyright, 1884, by Mrs. E. C. Clephane.
Published and sold by J. W. Parker.

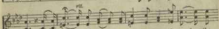
Jas D. Stanley.



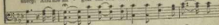
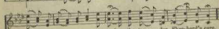
1. There were ninety and nine that rode - by lay in the stal-ter of the fold,
 2. "Lord, These East-ern Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
 3. Not none of the ransomed or - or know How deep were the waters crossed;
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way? That mark out the mountain's track?"
 5. Not all thro' the mountains, wonder-er's, And up from the rack-y steep.



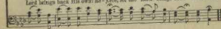
But one was out on the hills a-way, Far - off from the gates of
 But the Shep-herd made answer, "This of Mine was - saved a-way from
 Far how dark was thought that had unspanned the? Ere He heard His sheep that was
 They were dead for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him
 There a-rise a glad cry to the gates of heav'n, "He - joins! I have found My



gold - A-way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the
 Me, And al - the' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 lost. Out in the des-ert He heard the cry - Sick and
 back, "Lord, whence are Thy hands, so red and torn?" They're pierced to
 sheep!" And the an - gels all - a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the



ten - der Shep-herd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care,
 On-vert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep,
 helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
 night by many a thorn; They're pierced to death by many a thorn,
 Lord brings back His own! Re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own.



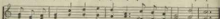
Rev. David Ross.

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INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' BUREAU.

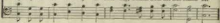
B. B. McKimney.



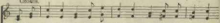
1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pain's is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing.
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's previous hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheer-ing, Signs of com-pact now ap-pear-ing.



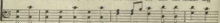
Thy ran-somed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
A-mong them show Thy new res-a-ction, Oh, may the tide come in.
Thy pleading Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



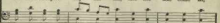
Chorus.



Let the tide come in, Let the tide come in, Let the cheer-ing



ill-lens away a-way our sin; Let the tide come in,



Let the tide come in, Oh, let the night-y tide come in.



I Shall Not Be Moved.

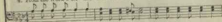
Arr. by R. B. McK.

WILLIAM WALKER, 1834, and ROBERT A. MCGEE,
 1850, published under the name of WALKER & MCGEE.
 Reprinted, under the name of R. B. McK.

Arr. by R. B. McKimney.



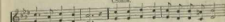
1. Je - sus saves us - er - er. I shall not be moved; He will leave us er - er
2. On His grace re - ly-ing. I shall not be moved; For His love un - dy-ing.
3. With the Church I'm going. I shall not be moved; Christ to lead us on - show-ing.
4. From the Word e - ter - nal. I shall not be moved; From its truth un - per - nal



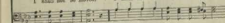
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter.
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter.
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter.
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter.



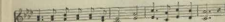
Chorus.



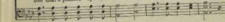
I shall not be moved. I shall not be. I shall not be moved;



I shall not be. I shall not be moved; Just like a



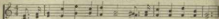
tree that's planted by the wa - ter. I shall not be moved.



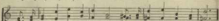
William M. Runyan.

Copyright, 1904, by W. M. Runyan.
Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

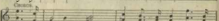
Ethel M. McKen.



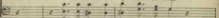
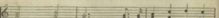
1. I am on the heav'n-ly high-way, With the Sav-ior as my guide.
2. When He speaks temp-ta-tions leave me, At His word my sor-rows cease.
3. Hour by hour I know Him near me, And His praise I glad-ly sing.
4. There is blessing for the jour-ney, There is grace for ev-'ry day.



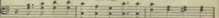
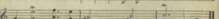
- O, 'tis sweet to feel His pres-ence, For He's walk-ing by my side.
From the woes of life that grieve me Je-sus gives me sweet re-lease.
Heav'nly grace and mer-cy cheer me On the high-way with my King.
Torn-ing from all sin and hid-ly Seek the bless-ed home-ward way!



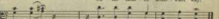
- On the home-ward way with the King. On the
On the home-ward way with the King.



- Some-ward way. How my heart with joy is
On the bless-ed home-ward way.



- sing-ing On the home-ward way.
On the bless-ed home-ward way.



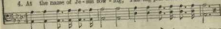
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COMPOSED, 1848, BY W. H. DOUGLAS, BOSTON.

W. H. DOUGLAS.



1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of our race and of ours;
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 fills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus low - ling, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



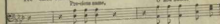
It will joy and con-fort give you, Take it then, when-e'er you go.
 If temp-ta-tions round you path - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings His name we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



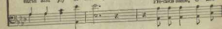
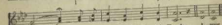
Chorus.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet, O how sweet, Hope of



earth and joy of His - ri - an; Pre - cious name, O how
 Pre - cious name, O how



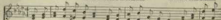
sweet . . . Hope of earth and joy of His - ri - an. A - MEN.
 sweet, how sweet!



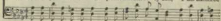
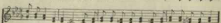
Martha B. Clingan.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARION W. HARRIS.
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MADE IN THE U. S. A.

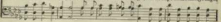
Robert Hartmann.



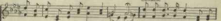
1. On the sea of life I sail, small my bark and wild the gale, I am anchored
2. Love of God which will endure, is my on-ly strong and sure, I am anchored
3. Peace and safety here are found, and my bark is homeward bound, I am anchored
4. On God's promi-se I rest, they have stood in ev-'ry test, I am anchored



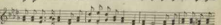
on the Rock of A-g-ee: And the anchor will hold fast, un-til all the storms are past,
on the Rock of A-g-ee: Love of God with strength untold, tho' the angry storms will hold,
on the Rock of A-g-ee: Waiting for me e-ver there, is a mansion bright and fair,
on the Rock of A-g-ee: To the ha-ven I draw nigh, full of hope with courage high,



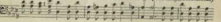
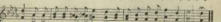
Chorus.



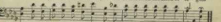
I am anchored on the Rock of A - g-ee. Anchored on the Rock, safe-ly



anchored on the Rock, I am anchored on the Rock of A - g-ee, Tho' the gales of doubt may



blow, blessed peace of soul I know, I am anchored on the Rock of A - g-ee.



Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Frode.

Copyright, 1911, by Wm. H. Campbell.
Published by W. H. Campbell.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
 2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Near - er to my heart,
 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 - ever - ing when up -

Just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
 all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - den pleas - ure a - new,
 all the day long; For all my sin - ful - ty - ing a song,
 on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall.

Chorus.

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

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

near - er and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

Copyright, 1909, by R. K. Carter.
Made in the United States of America.

R. K. Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, There' e-ter-nal a-ges
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bowed to Him e-ter-nal-ly
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fail, Liv-ing ev-ry mo-ment

let His praise ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 don't and fear us-ual, By the do-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
 ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Ser-vice, as my all in all.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Ser-vice; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promises,

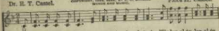
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-men.
 stand-ing on the promises,

Loyalty to Christ.

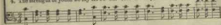
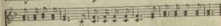
Dr. H. T. Cappel.

Copyright, 1904, by H. T. Cappel.
Revised and Enlarged.

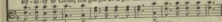
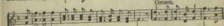
Flores H. Cappel.



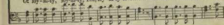
1. From e-er hill and plain There comes the signal strain, "The loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty.
2. O hear, ye heave, the sound That moves the earth around, "The loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty.
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, "The loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty.
4. The strength of pow'r we lay At Je-sus'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



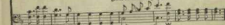
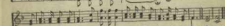
loy-al-ty to Christ; His tri-um-ph rolls a-long. The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A- rise to dance and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll sound the ho-ly note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim; Tho' out the world's domain,



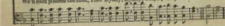
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



vic-to-ry!" O'er our great Com-mun-ion! "On!" . . . We'll march at His com-mand to
great Com-mun-ion! "On!"



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



B. B. McK.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION
OF THE ORIGINAL

B. B. McKimney.

1. Smile when your heart is all track - led, Smile when you're weary and blue,
2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your bat - tle with sin;
3. Smile when your sor - rows are heav - y, Smile when you're longing for rest;
4. Smile and give oth - ers your sun - shine, Smile as you meet with the throng,

Smile, for the Sov - er - eign is glad - ing, Smile, for the Sov - er - eign is true,
Smile and your cour - age will streng - then, Smile - ing will help you to win,
Nev - er give up in the bat - tle, Smile - ing is al - ways the best,
Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with gladness and song.

Cresc. Am.

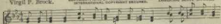
Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - er, far - row and

sligh - ting you may be - come, Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow

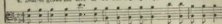
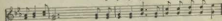
light - er, If you trust Je - sus and smile, smile, smile,....

Virgil P. Brock.

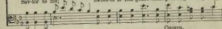
MUSIC BY VIRGIL P. BROCK. HANDED BY KATE BROCK.



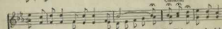
1. I was lost in sin, but Je - sus re - cued me, He's a won - der - ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa - tient and so kind, He's a won - der - ful
3. He is al - ways near to com - fort and to cheer, He's a won - der - ful
4. Dear - er grows the love of Je - sus day by day, He's a won - der - ful



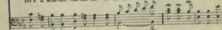
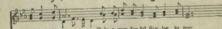
Sav - ior to me; I was haunted by fear, but Je - sus set me free,
 Sav - ior to me; Ev - 'ry - thing I need is His I al - ways find,
 Sav - ior to me; (He won - der - ful) His love gives my sin, He drives my ev - 'ry tear,
 Sav - ior to me; Sweet - er is His grace while pressing on my way,



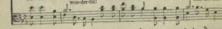
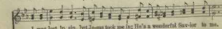
Chorus.



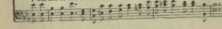
He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to me, (He won - der - ful) For He's a won - der - ful



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



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

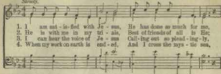


R. D. McKim.

COMPOSED BY R. D. MCKIM.
ORIGINAL TUNE, "Satisfied With Jesus."

R. D. McKim.

Slowly.



1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - su, He has done so much for me,
2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all in the
3. I can hear the voice of Je - su, Call - ing out so plead - ing - ly,
4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the joys - to me,

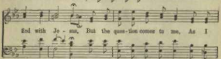


He has suf - fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free,
I can al - ways count on Je - su, One He al - ways count on me!
"He and win the last and strong - ing," Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

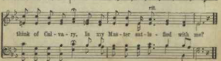
Chorus.



I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is -



fied with Je - su, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I



think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

The Nail-Scarred Hand.

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1911, by B. B. McK.

B. B. McK.

1. Have you failed in your place of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
 2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad-ow dim? Place your hand in the
 3. Would you let - low the wild of the ris - en Land? Place your hand in the
 4. Is your soul bar-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the

nail-scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toll and strife?
 nail-scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in His
 nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His blood-red word?
 nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart a - pen wide, let the Sav - ing in.

Chorus.

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred

hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the

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

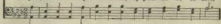
Charlotte G. Horner.

BAPTIST, 1884, 21 FINE, N. BAPTIST
CHURCH, B. BAPTIST, 1884.

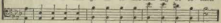
Chas. H. Gabriel.



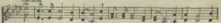
1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play.
2. For night-y works for Thine peo - ple, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All evil con - ceals, all sin de - stroy! With our - rest seal on - ce!
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,



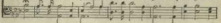
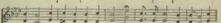
With cleans - ing, pa - ri - ty - ing flame In - stead on us to - day.
 Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
 Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
 And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.



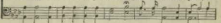
Chorus.



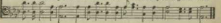
Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the Pen - te - cost - al pow'r; Thy heal - ing - gates of



blow - ing on us thow - sen - times whil' Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



Pen - te - cost - al pow'r, That sinners be converted and Thy name glo - ri - fied



L. E. J.

Copyright, 1906, by L. E. Jones. Renewed.
Hawthorne Publishing Co., Boston.

L. E. 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 whi - 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 e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's side; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing tide; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly like pre-late to sing? There's

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

in the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 in the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the pre-cious blood of the Lamb. A-MEN.

34 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 re - dunt 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 nar - row way, On the
day and night; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, On the
all day long; I am sing - ing now a glad new song, On the
ev - er - more; If I bid - low Him who goes be - fore, On the

long, long road with Je - su. On the long, long road with Je - su, On the

long, long road with Je - su; 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.

Somebody Here Needs Jesus.

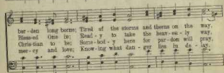
James Rowe.

Copyright, 1901, by James H. Rowe.
International Copyright Secured.

Harry Dixon Loos.

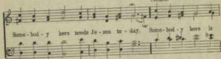


1. Some-*body* - *y* here is wea-ry and worn, Sore-ling he-neath a
 2. Some-*body* - *y* here is wea-ry of sin, Long-ing to let the
 3. Some-*body* - *y* here will an-swer His plea, Kneel at His feet, a
 4. Some-*body* - *y* here is look-ing a-bore, Read-*y* to trust His

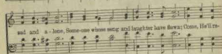


bur-den long borne; Tired of the storm and thorn on the way,
 Hound One in; Read-*y* to take the best-*ev*-ly way,
 Christian to be; Some-*body* - *y* here for par-don will pray,
 me-ry and here; Know-ing what dan-ger lies in de-lay.

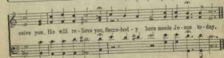
Chorus.



Some-*body* - *y* here needs Je-sus to-day. Some-*body* - *y* here is



and a-lone, Some-one whom song and laughter have born; Come, He'll re-



ceive you, He will re-*save* you, Some-*body* - *y* here needs Je-sus to-day.

I Choose Jesus.

James Ross.

Copyright, 1910, by JAMES ROSS, and CAROL W. DODD, and
PUBLISHED BY THE SINGER MUSIC CO., NEW YORK.

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

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
 Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-fid-ence, 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 shade, He is the best for me.

Chorus.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend... What I
 You, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I

need I know that He will send;... I have proved Him,
 know that He will be to me will free-ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and

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

C. A. M.

REVISED, 1874, BY WILLIAM H. WOODWARD, CHURCH MUSIC EDITOR.

C. Austin Miles.

1. H to Christ our on - ly King Men re-dressed we strive to bring.
 2. Side by side we stand each day. Saved are we, but lost are they.
 3. On - ly now - ards dare we - then. Dare this gift of God mis - use.
 4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn man's hearts us - to the Lord.

Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.
 They will come if we but dare speak a word backed up by prayer.
 Ere man's friend goes to his grave, speak a word his soul to save.
 Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

Chorus.

[So you bring the one next to you. And I'll bring the one next to you. In
 If you'll bring the one next to you. And I'll bring the one next to me. In

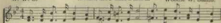
all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er. And see what can be done.

no time at all we'll have them all. So win them, win them one by one.

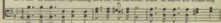
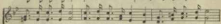
W. W. B.

Copyright, 1901, by WOODIE W. SMITH

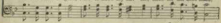
Woodie W. Smith.



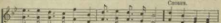
1. Just to know He loves me, just to feel His pow'r, Just to know He saves me
2. Just to know He holds me with His precious hand, Just to know He keeps me,
3. Just to know the sin - sion I may have fol - low'd, Just to know the Mas - ter
4. Just to know He's pleading now for sin - ful men, Just to know He's call - ing



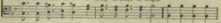
er - 'ry day and hour; Just to know He leads me by His hand di - vine,
 In this des - ert - land; Just to know He'll call me when this life is past,
 and to do His will; Just to know He calls me in His sanc - tuary;
 back to earth a - gain; Just to know my Sav - ior, once for sin - ners slain.



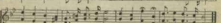
Chorus.



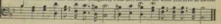
Give me strength to with - stand, Je - sus Christ is mine.
 Say - ing, "Come," ye faith - ful— wel - come home at last. Just to know Him,
 Fill my soul with glo - ry, and my life with cheer.
 Shall be crown'd for - ev - er— King of kings to reign.



Just to trust His grace, Just to love Him, look up - on His face;
 Just to trust His grace, Just to love Him, look up - on His face;



Just to trust Him and be made complete, Fill me, thrill me with His love so sweet.



Woodie W. Smith.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

Lola H. English.

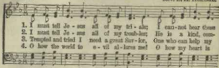
1. There's a won-der-ful day, for the prophets all say That the Lord in His
 2. As I think of that day, I can joy-ful-ly say, Blessed Sav-ior, I'm
 3. Earthly joy shall re-cede with its pomp and its greed, When the light of His
 4. Oh, that won-der-ful day! oh, the rap-ture for aye! Oh, the mar-vel-ous

glo-ry shall come; All the saints shall a-rise and as-cend to the skies,
 read-y to go, For I'm trust-ing His grace, and shall look on His face,
 glo-ry I see; I will fall at His feet, and the e-ry re-peat,
 love of the King! How I long to be there, His com-mu-nion to share,
 Crown.

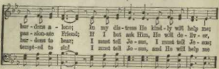
Ev-er-more to be with Him at home.
 Oh, what rap-ture, my Sav-ior to know. He's com-ing some day, He's
 Je-sus' blood made a home-ward for me.
 And His grace - oh, for - ev-er to sing.

com-ing some day, Oh, what will it mean to you? Shall you welcome that day.

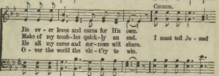
Share His glo-ry for aye, Fel-low trav'-ler, oh, what will you



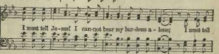
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-ble; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tangled and tried I need a great Sar-ve, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to - - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is



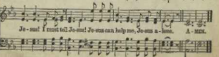
bur-den a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - den to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus
 tempt-ed to die; I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



He - er - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my trou-ble quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus
 He all my care 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



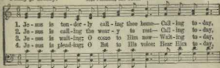
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - MEN.

Jesus is Calling.

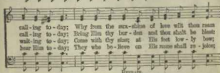
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1891, by Fanny J. Crosby.
Published by The National.

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 His arm— Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O let to His voice; Hear His to - day,



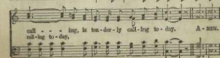
call - ing to - day; Why from the sac - ri - fice of love with them run
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sin; at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice



Far - ther and far - ther a - way!
 He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - - ing to - day, . . .
 Come, and no longer 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

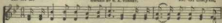


call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
 call - ing to - day,

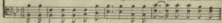
PLA

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

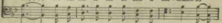
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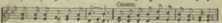
1. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is the love of God flowing thro'
2. Is your life a channel of blessing? Are you hardened for those that are
3. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for
4. We can not be channels of blessing if our lives are not free from known



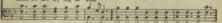
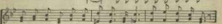
you? ... Are you tell - ing the lot of the Fur - ber Are you
 left? ... Have you signed up - on them who are stray - ing. The
 Him? ... Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
 she? ... We will har - ri - ve in and a his - dross To



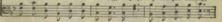
1



read - y His ser-vice to the
 Ser-vice who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of flow-ing to-day,
 those who are dy-ing in grief
 those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a channel of blessing. I pray. My life now—



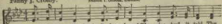
My very-ice blow-ing, Make me a chance-ful of blow-ing to-day. A-very.



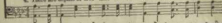
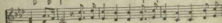
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1880, by F. J. Crosby, New York.

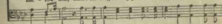
W. H. Doane.



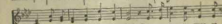
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it said Thy
 2. Can- - not - me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - lieve Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



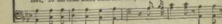
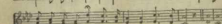
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com -
 me - re - now and; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



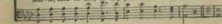
do - not drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thee, Draw me near - - er, near - er, bleed - ed
 mine as friend with friend
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



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



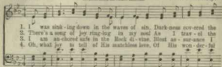
near - er, bleed - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side. A - MEN.



Gene Routh.

Copyright, 1904, by Gene Routh.
Published by Gene Routh.

B. B. McKinney.



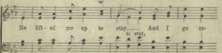
1. I was sink-ing down in the waves of sin. Dark-ness over-cast the
 2. There's a song of joy ring-ing in my soul As I tri-um-phant-ly
 3. I am an-chor-ed safe in the Rock di-vine. What as-sur-ance I
 4. Oh, what joy to tell of His matchless love, Of His won-der-ful



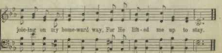
light of day. With a ten-der hand Je-sus took me in. He
 home-ward way. Since my Lord di-vine has com-plete re-trieved And
 here to-day. For I know I'm His and I know He's mine. He
 grace for me. And to point the lost to this Friend a-bove, Who'll



Chorus.
 lift-ed me up to stay.
 lift-ed me up to stay. He lift-ed me up to stay, . . .
 lift-ed me up to stay. to stay,
 save them and set them free.



He lift-ed me up to stay, And I go re-
 to stay,

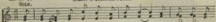


joy-ing on my home-ward way. For He lift-ed me up to stay.

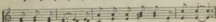
95 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.
Solo.

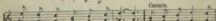
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HENRY H. THOMAS. Herbert G. Tovey.
ROBERT H. COLLINGS, CHICAGO.



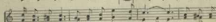
1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre-cious Are ta-ken from
2. Should some earth-ly care come up-press-ing, None cloud them which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world or - er chang-ing, Now seek-ing some



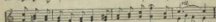
me have be - low, There's one pre-cious truth that I treas-ure,
I can-not see, I've one con-stant Friend, it is Je - sus,
You can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre-cious,
Friend that is true, There's One who is stand-fast, un - fail - ing.



Je - sus is real, this I know, Je - sus is real and
He is as real as can be, Je - sus is real and
Je - sus is real, and is near, Je - sus is real,
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 they go, But Je - sus is real to me, (to me.)

Rev. Frank H. Graeff.

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've 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 sea; As the bar - den press, And the cruel dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
 to - day strong? When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,

And the way grows wear - y and long?
 Does He care a - touch to be near?
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is itought to Him? Does He care?

Crescendo
 O yes, He cares, I

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

wear - y, The long night drear - y, I know my Sor - row cares, (He cares.)

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rag-ged cross, The sym-bol of
 2. On, 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-

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

Con-verse.
 For a world of sin-ners was slain.
 To hear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rag-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where Hing-ry for-ev-er I'll share, cross, the

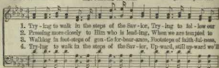
cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rag-ged cross,

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

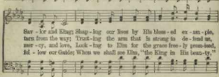
L. H. Wilmers.

Copyright, 1911, by L. H. Wilmers.

Revised, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - er, 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 - te - le - ness, Foot - steps of faith - ful - ness,
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - er, Up - ward, still up - ward we'll



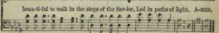
Sav - er and King; Step - ping our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 Turn from the way! Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His heav - en."



Chorus.
 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 - er, Stepping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How
 beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - er, Led in paths of light. A - MEN.

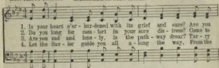


99 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

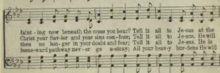
Rev. Alfred Barnard.

Copyright, 1888, by ALFRED B. BARNARD.
PUBLISHED BY ALFRED BARNARD.

Thos. Boston.



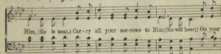
1. Is your heart a - bor - dened with its grief and care? Are you
2. Do you long for rest - lest in your sore dis - tress? Come to
3. Are you sad and lone - ly, in the path - way drear? Car - ry
4. Let the Sav - ior guide you all a - long the way, From the



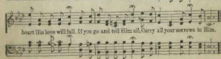
Is - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je - sus at the
Christ your Sav - ior and your sin - ners; Tell it all to Je - sus, He will
then no lon - ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je - sus, He is
home - ward pathway bet - ter - or go a - stray; All your heavy bur - dens He will



place of prayer, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
load and sin, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him. Car - ry all your sor - rows to
we - ry soul, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
roll a - way, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.



Him, (He is near,) Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him; (He will hear,) On your



heart His love will tell, If you go and tell Him all, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.

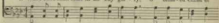
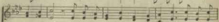
R. D. McK.

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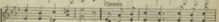
R. B. McKimsey.



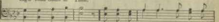
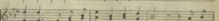
1. Once I was lost, with-out a Sav-ior, The path of sin I
2. I yield-ed to His ten-der plead-ing, And turned my feet from
3. A-gain I heard His voice as ten-der, "Take up thy cross and
4. When Thou shalt come in all Thy glo-ry, O Bless-ed Christ of



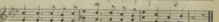
close to roam, I heard the voice of Je-sus say-ing, "Come on-to
sin and wrong; I trust-ed Him for full sal-va-tion. And now I
hid-der Me;" To Him I made a full sur-ren-der To hear the
Cal-vary, A-round the world I'll live for-ev-er, I'm on the



Me, I'll lead you home,"
sing a glad new song. I'm on the high road, I'm on the
cross of vic-tory.
High road home to Thee.



high road, I'm on the high road trav-ling home; My Lord is



glad-ing, In Him I'm hid-ing, I'm on the high road trav-ling home.



W. C. Poole.

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Published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York.

D. M. Shallen.

1. O think of the work that is wait-ing for you, O think of the things that are
2. Some-where is a load that is heav-y to bear; Some-where is a life that is
3. There's some-one who's wait-ing the story to hear, O won-der-ful love that will
4. O hasten, for soon will be set-ting of sun; O hasten, for soon will your

eth - er can do. Then go in the name of the Mas-ter so true,
un-ion with care; Go quick-ly with Je-sus that bur-den to share,
hush all fear; To hearts that are won-ry bring com-fort and cheer;
the work be done; Go quick-ly if you would have vic-tory won.

And do them for Je-sus to-day.
Go do it for Je-sus to-day. Do it for Je-sus to-day,.....
Go tell it for Je-sus to-day. for Je-sus to-day,
Do something for Je-sus to-day.

Do it for Je-sus to-day,..... Some bur-den make lighter,
for Je-sus to-day;

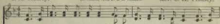
Some path-way make lighter, O do it for Je-sus to-day, to-day.

103 We Will Understand It Better By and By

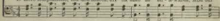
C. A. Tindley.

Copyright, 1904, by C. A. Tindley.

Rev. C. A. Tindley.



1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea, of trou - ble, Rem - ber
2. We are oft - en driv'n to - tide of the things that life de - mands, Woe of
3. Tri - ble dark on ev'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand All the
4. More temptations, hid - den snares, oft - en take us on - a - wares, And our



side and howling tempests oft en - deed a brighten - ing; In that land of
 soul and want of shel - ter, thirst-y hills and far - ren lands; But we're trust - ing
 ways that God would lead us to that bless - ed Prom - ised Land; But He'll guide us
 Snares are made to bleed by some tho't - less word or deed; And we won - der

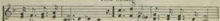


per - fect day, when the rains have rolled a - way, We will un - der - stand it
 in the land, and, ac - cord - ing to His Word, We will un - der - stand it
 with His eye, and we'll tell - low - er we die, For we'll un - der - stand it
 why the best when we try to do our best, But we'll un - der - stand it



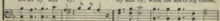
D. S. - We will un - der - stand it

First Chorus



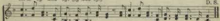
bet - ter by and by.

By and by, when the morn - ing comes,



bet - ter by and by, (by and by.)

D. S.



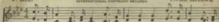
When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the story how we've over - come,



V. McC.

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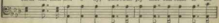
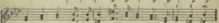
Vivian McCown.



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



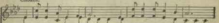
side all the eve - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be -
 long a - round me poor, Let I turn - his and grate - ful be -
 know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
 earth has such need - e - dy; There's no joy that can come to the



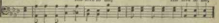
give to low'r, And He whis - pers His love to me e'er and e'er,
 yet to be, Je - sus whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me,
 the - to - ry He whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me,
 he - man heart like the joy that His love ev - er doth in - part.



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.



Isaac Watts.

MUSIC BY ROBERT LEWIS.
Copyright, 1900, by Robert Lewis.

Robert Lewis.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - late to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand an - ced streams, No
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ry tear be dry, We're

In a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
here we reach the heav'n - ly fold, No - here we reach the heav'n - ly fold,
marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel'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 - er worlds on high, To hail - er worlds on high.

(1) 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 cit - y of God. A - men.

Katherine Hankey.

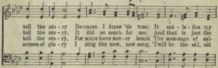
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of an - oth' things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ure to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best deem



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



tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me, And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have not - yet heard The mes - sage of sal -
 vation of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

Chorus.



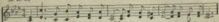
long - time As any - thing else can do,
 re - main I tell it now to thee, I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 re - main From God's own He - ly Word,
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



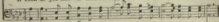
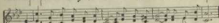
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

L. B. B.

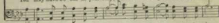
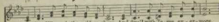
L. B. Bridgman.



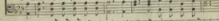
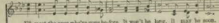
1. Some day I'll cross the crys-tal stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this sor-row, pain, and tears, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry ours, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you wait - ed on His way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



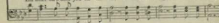
Some day I'll lay my head down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
 O He should call me, this I know; I'm saved and ready now to go,
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin.

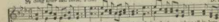


I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor tears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a - glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

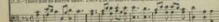


Chorus after last verse. Fin.

D. B.



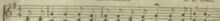
D. B. - There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n's shore, where all is love.



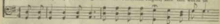
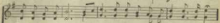
Rev. Johnson Ostrum, Jr.

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Published by H. D. Smith.

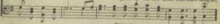
H. D. Smith.



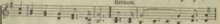
1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sar-is
3. Don't ex-act the preach-er, don't ex-act the pow, Preach the gospel
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in



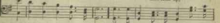
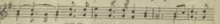
Je-sus gave the key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
sim-ple, full and free; Prove Him and you will find that promise is true,
you the Sar-is see, Then man will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught,



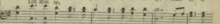
Refrain.



Will draw all men un-to Me."
"I'll draw all men un-to Me." Lift Him up,..... Lift Him
"I'll draw all men un-to Me."
"I'll draw all men un-to Me." Lift Him up,



up,..... Lift Him up, Till He speaks from a-bow-el-ty, "And I, if



I be lift-ed up from the earth Will draw all men un-to Me."

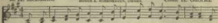


109 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

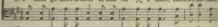
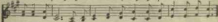
R. H. McDaniel.

Copyright, 1914, by R. H. McDaniel,
Author & Composer, Chicago.

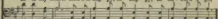
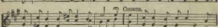
Chas. H. Gabriel.



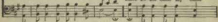
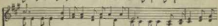
1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wail - ing and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since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



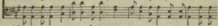
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sin - which was man - y are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Ol - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as ev - er I go.



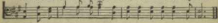
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my heart,
Since Je - sus came in, come Since Je - sus came in, come



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, come in - to my heart,



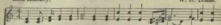
and like the sun in the sky, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



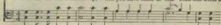
Kate Hankey.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FRANK J. HAZEN.

W. H. Donner.



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



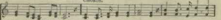
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 of re - demp - tion, God's re - ven - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 I'm the sin - ner When Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 empty glo - ry is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



dis - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
 old - en, For I have got so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing has
 al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of trou - ble, A
 glo - ry is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ



CHORUS.



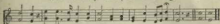
help - less and de - shed.

passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 con - fer - ence to me.

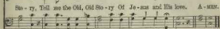
Je - sus makes them whole."



Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



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



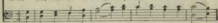
III May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.

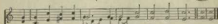
Sir Joseph Barnby.



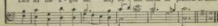
1. When morn-ing glis-ten the skies,	My heart a-wak-ing ariseth
2. When sleep her halm do-sins,	My el-est up-er-eth
3. Dawn and noon till my mind,	A sol-ace have I find;
4. In Heart's a-ter-nal bliss	The love-est strain is thine
5. In this, while life is mine,	My can-ti-cle di-vine.

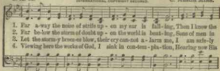



May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - lile at work and prayer	
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts re - loath,	
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or takes my earth - ly bliss,	
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,	
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Do this th' a - ter - nal song,	

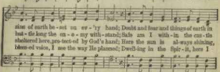



To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.	
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.	
My con-stant still be true: May Je - sus Christ be praised.	
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.	
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.	

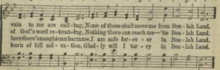




1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is break-ing, Some of men in
3. Let the storm-y waves no blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the work of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

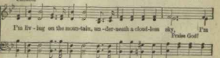


sine of earth be-not on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
hand-ic-ing the on-a-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the con-
shaded here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining,
bliss of vain, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the spir-it, here I

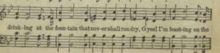


vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land,
of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land,
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land,
horns of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

Chorus.

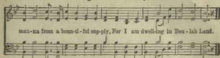


I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-derneath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!



drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm boast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.



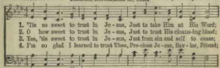
man-na from a bound-*ed* sup-*ply*, For I am dwell-*ing* in Beu-*lah* Land.

113 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Lowell M. R. Stodd.

Copyright, 1888, by Lowell M. R. Stodd.

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* blood;
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, Day - *long*, Friend;

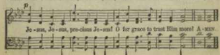


Just to rest up - on His prom-*ise*, Just to know, "Thou wilt the Lord."
Just to sin - *ners* faith to charge me "With the lead-*ing*, cleans-*ing* blood!
Just to be Je - sus sin - *ners* tak - *ing* Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, With be with me to the end.

Chorus.



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



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-*cious* Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A - men.

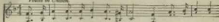
114 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Storer.

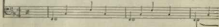
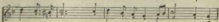
Storer, 10, E. 7, P. P.

H. Ernest Nichol.

Voice in Chorus.

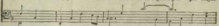
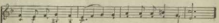


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a star - ker to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



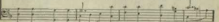
hearts to the right,
hearts to the Lord;
reign - eth a - lone,
nor - row has trod,

A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
A song that shall con - quere e - vil And
Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
That all of the world's great peo - ple Might

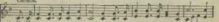


sto - ry of peace and light,
shut - ter the spear and sword,
show us that God is love,
come to the truth of God,

A sto - ry of peace and light,
And shut - ter the spear and sword,
And show us that God is love,
Night come to the truth of God,



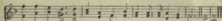
Chorus.



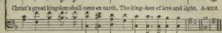
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And



We're a Story to Tell to the Nations.



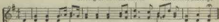
Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light. A-men.



115 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Ways.

Living-Kindness, L. M.

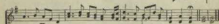
American Melody.



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful ways, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me vi - ded in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Thine mighty hand of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - posed,
4. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and joy - ful pow'rs shall fail,




He just - ly claim a song from me, His lov - ing-kind-ness is so free:
And saved me from my last ex - treme, His lov - ing-kind-ness is so great:
He safe - ly leadeth me a - long, His lov - ing-kind-ness is so strong:
O may my last ex - pir-ing breath His lov - ing-kind-ness sing in death.

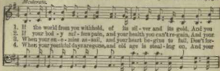
Living-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free.
Living-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so great.
Living-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so strong.
Living-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness sing in death. A-men.



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Words and Music by C. Albert Timbley.

Arr. by Chas. A. Timbley, Jr.

Andante.


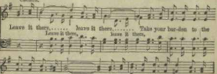
1. If the world from you withhold, of its all - ve and its gold, And you
 2. If your bod - y suf - fer pain, and your health you can't re - gain, And your
 3. When your an - i - m - i - es an - i - al, and your heart be - gins to fail, Don't let
 4. When your painful days are gone, and old age is draw - ing on, And your



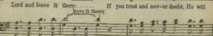
have to get a - long with non - per - fect, Just re - mem - ber, in His work, how He
 was in al - most sick - ing in - de - quate, Je - sus knows the pain you feel, He can
 get that God is hear - ing on an ever - prayer; He will make a way for you and will
 lend - y hands to bear the weight of care, He will sur - v - or leave you there, He'll go



loads the lit - tle child; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there,
 care and His own head; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there,
 head 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.

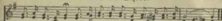
Chorus.


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
leave it there.

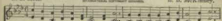
117

Lord, Send a Revival

R. B. McKim.

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PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

R. B. McKim.

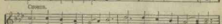


1. Send a re-vi-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea.
2. Send a re-vi-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sin a-way.
3. Send a re-vi-al to those in sin, Help them, O Jesus, to turn to Thee.
4. Send a re-vi-al in ev-'ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee.



Send it an-noon-ing in Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in us.
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, Oh, give them the vic-tor-y.
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy in-part And let it be-gin in us.

Chorus.



Lord, send a re-vi-al, Lord, send a re-vi-al

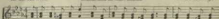


Lord send a re-vi-al And let it be-gin in us.

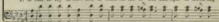
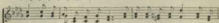
H. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1901, by H. E. Hewitt.

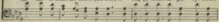
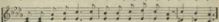
B. D. Ackley.



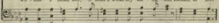
1. A Sav-ior who is a - ble to par-don all my sins, Whose grace is all-suf-
2. A help in time of troub-le, a "Pre-sent Help" indeed, A hand that's strong and
3. The God of love and wisdom, who sitteth on the throne, Who rules the times and
4. A call to joy - al serv-ice, a work for me to do, His Spir - it dwell-ing



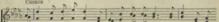
5. - dent to make me pure with-in; Who gave His life a ran - som to
6. night-y thrif-ting ways to lead; An ear that's al-ways o - pen to
7. me - ness, all blessings are His own; Who speaks, and words obey Him; com-
8. - ing me to make me brave and true; A joy-ful home in glo - ry, where



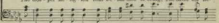
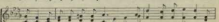
9. not the pris - 'ner free, — O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me,
10. or - 'ry trust - ful plea, — O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me,
11. mends, and shadows flee, — O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me,
12. Je - sus I shall see, — O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me.



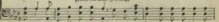
Chorus



13. The Gos - pel Re - lig - ion that Je - sus died to bring, The same old Re -



14. lig - ion that made the martyrs sing; The grand old Re - lig - ion that
15. grand old mar - tyrs sing;



My Religion.

In the Book I see, Sal - va - tion for - ev - er it means to me.

119 Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

Rev. T. G. Chisholm.

REVISED, AND IN PART A. STEDDEN.
CHISHOLM, CHISHOLM, CHISHOLM, CHISHOLM.

Geo. C. Stedden

1. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I know Thy will is best;
2. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Choose Thou for me my way;
3. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I can - not see a - far;
4. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! What - ev - er this may bring, —

If some - times, ath - er - wise it seems, I will be - lieve and rest.
If I should try to walk a - lone, My feet would sure - ly slip.
The things that he be - yond my sight, Thou se - est as they are.
In tri - al, wheth - er great or small, — Thy will in ev - 'ry - thing.

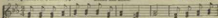
Chorus

Thy will is best, — 'In Thee I rest; In shad - ow or in sun, —

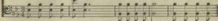
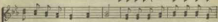
My prayer to Thee shall ev - er be Thy per - fect will be done.

Rev. Johnson Ostrum, Jr. Copyright, 1875, by J. O. Ostrum.
Published by Ostrum.

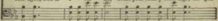
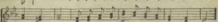
R. O. Hasell.



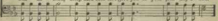
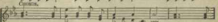
1. When up-on His hi-lows you are ten - post - toned, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bar-den'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. He, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



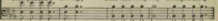
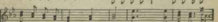
our-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 hear - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
 our-aged, God is a - way off; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



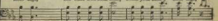
one by one, And it will sur-prize you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high,
 will at - tempt, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.



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.

a tempo

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

121 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

COMPOSITION, LYRIC, BY ROBERT M. COLEMAN.

M. J. TULLY.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev-'ry need sup-plies;
2. Ah, yes, all to me is Je - sus, That He-aven-er, Ser-ice, 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, Noth-ing good from me de-sires.
And from ev-'ry foe de-livers me, And in Him I'll ev-er hide.
Now in Him I am a-bid-ing, And some day His love I'll see.

Crescendo

You, in Him I'm fel-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 fail. A-MEN.

R. R. McK.

Duet.

AND, SUPPLEMENT, FROM AN ORIGINAL BY HENRIETTA.

Arr. by R. R. McKimsey.

From "Whispering Song."

1. List to the voice of the Har - bor   Calling from heart-on a - lone,
 2. List to the voice of the Har - bor   Calling the wan-ry, cy-press,
 3. List to the voice of the Har - bor   Calling to you and to me,

Filled with a message so ten - der,   Filled with a message of love;
 Lov - ingly, ten - der - ly plead - ing,   "Come, and I will give you rest."
 Call - ing us o - ver the to - morrow,   Call - ing us o - ver the sea;

Soft - ly it speaks to the wan - 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 stray - ing,   Far from the Har - bor they roam;

Turning their sight to the morn - ing,   Mak - ing the lone - ly heart glad,
 Trust in the kindness of Je - hovah - er,   Life at - ter - last - ing you'll win,
 "Go in the by-ways and hid - ing - out"   Bringing the wan - der - 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.



123

Near the Cross

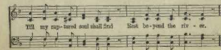
Copyrighted property of George F. Root.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.



Refrain.



C. R. G.

REVISED, 1882, BY JOHN D. WARREN,
C. R. G. CHURCH, CHURCH.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ex-er-be, More of His most-true,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray-er; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more in-vi-si-ble; More real to in-hab, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More con-stant ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
eth-ers I would show; More will-do-ful-ly, like His in Gal-i-lee.

More con-stant-ly for work His will we do. . . . . Take Then my
More of His spir-it, the won-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ex-er-be. . . . . Take my heart, O

heart. . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . . Take Then my heart. . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

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

More like the Master.

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

125 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Margaret, A. B. C. D. A.

A. I. Psalm.

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I trust my wear-y soul to
 2 O Light that led'st me all my way, I yield my shin'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

Thou; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
 Thou; My heart re-stores its long-lost ray, That in Thy
 Thou; I trace the ruin-how thro' the ruin, And feel the
 Thou; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the

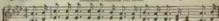
a - - - can depths be low May rich - er, full - er be.
 sun-shine's glow be day May bright-er, fair - er be.
 prom-ise is not vain That more shall tear - less be.
 ground these blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

126 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

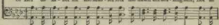
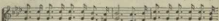
J. M. R.

Copyright, 1881, J. M. R. Co., New York.

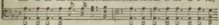
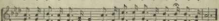
J. M. Black.



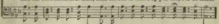
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and glorious morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us be - lieve for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



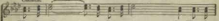
morning breaks, a - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the sword of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His re - su - re - c - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wonders here and there; Then when all of life is e - ver,



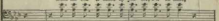
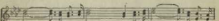
e - ver on the oth - er - shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



Chorus.



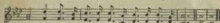
When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



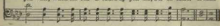
roll . . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



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



127

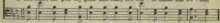
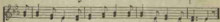
The Great Physician.

Wm. Barker.

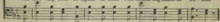
J. H. Stockton.



1. The great Phy - sician now is near, The sym - pa - this - ing Je - su.
2. Your man - y sins are all for - gi - ven, Oh! 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 - pel - sers my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - su.



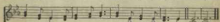
He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - su.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n's, And wear a crown with Je - su.
I love the name of Bar - ker's name, I love the name of Je - su.
Oh! how my soul de - lights to hear The charm - ing name of Je - su.



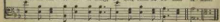
Refrain.



Sweet - est name in ear - ly song, Sweet - est name on ever - tal tongue;



Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - su, blessed Je - su. A - men.

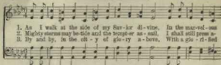


128 Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

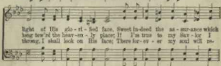
James Rowe,

WILLIAM, WARD, & SONS, 2, LUDGATE
STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Henry P. Marton.



1. As I walk at the side of my Sav-er di-vine, In the mag-ni-tude
2. Mighty storms may be-tide and the tem-pet-er an-sail, I shall still press a-
3. By and by, in the cit-y of glo-ry a-borne, With a glo-ri-fied

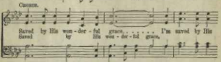


light of His glo-ri-fied face, Sweet in-deed the as-surance which
hangs o'er the heav-en-ly place; If I'm true to my Sav-er I
trough, I shall look on His face; There for-ev-er my soul will re-

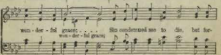


al-ways be mine; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace,
now-er shall fail; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace,
peace in His love; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace,
won-der-ful grace.

Chorus.

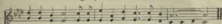


Saved by His won-der-ful grace, I'm saved by His
Saved by His won-der-ful grace,

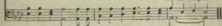


won-der-ful grace; . . . His con-stant love to die, but for
won-der-ful grace

Saved By His Wonderful Grace.



gib-ee-ah-ee: I am saved by His won-der-ful grace. . . .
won-der-ful grace

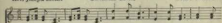


129   Silent Night! Holy Night!

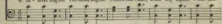
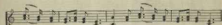
Barry, Thomas H. 1986.

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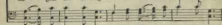
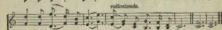
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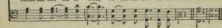
1. SE - best sight! He - ly sight! All is dark, save the light You - der,
2. SE - best sight! Peaceful sight! Dark-ness then, all is light; Sleep-herds
3. SE - best sight! He - ly sight! Gold - ing Star, lead thy light! See the
4. SE - best sight! He - ly sight! Woodcock Star, lead thy light! With the



where they sweet wig - in keep, O'er the Duke who in sl - eep sleep
 hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia" half the King!
 East - ern wis - dom bring Gifts and incense to our King!
 an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to our King!



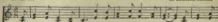
Rests in heav-en-ly	peace,	Rests in heav-en-ly	peace,
Christ the Sav - for	born,	Je - sus the Sav - for is born."	
Christ the Sav - for is	born,	Je - sus the Sav - for is born!	
Christ the Sav - for is	born,	Je - sus the Sav - for is born!	A - men.



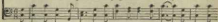
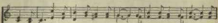
C. A. M.

COMPOSED BY C. A. M. AND G. AUSTIN MILLS.

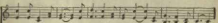
G. Austin Mills.



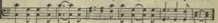
1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less-things grow hid; It may be
2. It may be I must car-ry the bleas-ed word of His A-cross the
2. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not wise to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is not



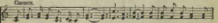
in the ex-er-cise that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
burn-ing des-ires to those in sin-ful stride; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-den a-cross the mil-low's ham, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
fident to fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



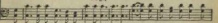
It be dark or light, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my bur-den there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
then my judg-ments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my bur-den, con-tent an-y-where!



Chorus.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, ... An-y-where! The heav-en to me, Where
I'll go,



If Jesus Goes With Me.

For I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-ileg-e here.... He
He cross, He
cross to bear;... If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An-y-where!

131

Pass Me Not.

Henry J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. [Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling, (Chorus.....) Do not pass me by.
2. [Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-est;
Kneeling there in deep contri-tion, (Chorus.....) Help my un-belief.
2. [Trust-ing ar-ly in Thy mer-cy, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (Chorus.....) Save me by Thy grace.
4. [Then the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (Chorus.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

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

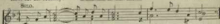
Chorus. D.C.
Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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Published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York.

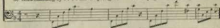
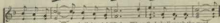
B. D. Ackley.

Solo.

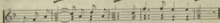


1. I have a dream . . . with-in my heart
2. No word can give - here that bright home
3. And standing by . . . the o - pen gate

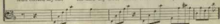
No ear has ev - er heard,
That any day shall be mine.
Are pilgrims wait-ing there.



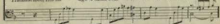
And some day it . . . shall be ful-filled. When God shall speak the word.
No voice of man - we can de-scribe the joy - no di - vine.
And waiting for . . . the loved of earth the bless-ed joys to share.



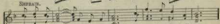
It is the dream . . . of Him I love. Whose goodness gave me sight.
E - ter-nal joys . . . a - wait nowhere No - where a crys-tal stream.
And Christ, my Saviour - he and my God. Shall lead me by the hand;



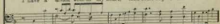
Whose face is fair - er than the day. And pur - er than the light.
The Tree of Life . . . in fad-less bloom With fragrance like my dream.
Transformed, His in - age I shall bear For - ev - er in that land.



Soprano.



I have a dream with-in my heart. And some day I shall see



My Dream.

My dream fulfilled in Christ the Lord, My dream's re-al-i-ty.

133

A Friend of Mine.

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1900, by B. B. McKim.
Published by G. Schirmer, New York.

B. B. McKinney.

1. There is joy in my heart as I jour-ney To the cit-y of love di-vine.
2. Tho' the world may despise and dis-own me, And the sun may refuse to shine.
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Sav-ior, I will follow His wise de-sign.

And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet sto-ry, Je-sus is a Friend of mine.
There is One who nev-er will for-sake me, Je-sus is a Friend of mine.
Till He calls me to meet Him in glo-ry, Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

Chorus.

Je-sus, Je-sus is a Friend of mine, Je-sus, Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

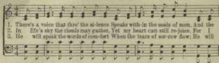
In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

134 Have You Heard the Voice of Jesus?

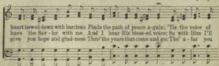
Rev. L. D. Tibbitts.

Copyright, 1904, by L. D. Tibbitts.
International Copyright Secured.

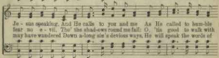
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. There's a voice that thro' the silence Speaks with in the souls of men, And the
2. In His sky the clouds may gather, Yet my heart can still re-join, For I
3. He will speak the words of com-fort When the tears of sor-row flow; He will



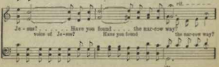
heart bowed down with burdens Finds the path of peace a-gain; 'Tis the voice of
have the nar-row with me, And I hear His bless-ed voice; He with Him I'll
give you hope and glad-ness Thro' the years that come and go. Tho' a-far you



Je-sus speaking, And He calls to you and me As He called to him-
self us a-til, Tho' the shad-ows round me fall; O, 'tis good to walk with
may have wander'd Down a-long sin's de-vil's ways, He will speak the words of



Chorus.
Sub-verse Long a-go, In Gal-i-lee, Have you heard . . . . the voice of
Je-sus; In Is-ra-el to heed His call,
par-dise, He will give you songs of praise. Have you heard the



Je-sus? . . . . Have you heard . . . . the nar-row way?
voice of Je-sus? Have you heard the nar-row way?

Have You Heard the Voice of Jesus?

Do you know . . . the sweet en-joy-ment . . . Of His presence day by day?
do you know sweet en-joy-ment

135 Is He Satisfied With Me?

G. R. M.

Brass.

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Grace B. Maxwell.

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

As I por-tend e'er His good-ness, Is He sat-is-fied with me?
Am I al-ways His de-ber-d-art, Is He sat-is-fied with me?
Do-ing all for His own glo-ry: Is He sat-is-fied with me?

Refrain.

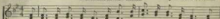
In my Man-ner - - - Is He sat-is-fied, Is He sat-is-fied with me?
Is my Master sat-is-fied, sat-is-fied with me?

I am sat-is-fied with Je-sus: Is He sat-is-fied with me?
Is He sat-is-fied with me?

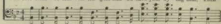
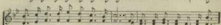
Morris.

Copyright, 1904, by Morris & Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

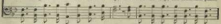
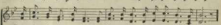
Johnston Morris.



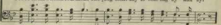
1. You've heard the message of the Lord, His Spir - it calls with - in, O
2. O do not till to-mor-row wait, To-day may be your last, Lo! I
3. The bless - ed Mes - ses - sers still To save your dy - ing soul, Then



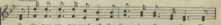
give your heart to Je - sus are you die; While Christian friends now pray for you,
in a - ter - ni - ty will be your cry; Be - lieve in Him with all your heart,
to the pre-cious arms of Je - sus fly; Do not de - lay, the moments pass,



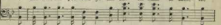
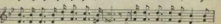
Re - pent of all your sin, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.
Re - new - ing all your past, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.
You're on sin's treas't'rous shoal, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.



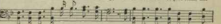
Chorus.



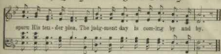
O sin - ner, are you read - y? the Sav - ior calls to thee, Ho



of - fer thee a sac - rifice in the sky; O do not now re - ject Him, nor



The Judgment Day Is Coming.



spare His ten - der plea, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.

137 The Greatest of These Is Love.

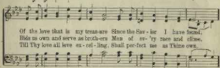
A. H. A.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert W. Colburn,
International Copyright Secured.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. O the height I can - not mea - sure, And the depth I can - not sound,
2. Love a - hides a - love all oth - ers, Whence undimmed by changing time,
3. Lord, per - fect my flesh - ly dwell - ing, Make my heart Thy ho - ly throne,

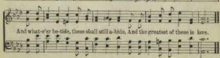


Of the love that is my treas - ure Since the Sav - ior I have found,
Hide us o - ver and serve as broth - ers Men of ev - 'ry race and clime,
Till Thy love all love en - vel - ling, Shall per - fect us as Thine own.

Chorus.



There is faith, there is hope, There is love sent from a -bove;
There is faith, there is hope, a -bove;

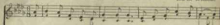


And what e'er be - side, These shall still a - side, And the greatest of these is love.

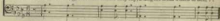
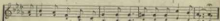
Little Deck-Chord.

Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.

Ira B. Wilson.



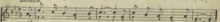
1. We sail a-long in our lit-tle boats O-ver the great life sea, . .
 2. We sail a-long in the morning bright, Hap-py and glad are we, . .
 3. We sail a-long, there are shoals they say, Dangers from which to flee, . .



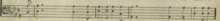
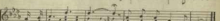
The break-ers roar and the waves dash high, Who will our Pi-lot be?
 But still we sail as the rocks draw near, Who will our Pi-lot be?
 We face the shoals with a heart-y heart, Who will our Pi-lot be?



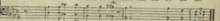
Barnes.



The Christ will our Pi-lot be, . . A won-der-ful Guide in He, . .

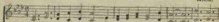


So we'll sail, sail, sail, . . Christ will our Pi-lot be.

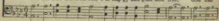


Anon.

Anon.



God has blot-ted them out, I'm hap-py and glad and free: God has



God Has Blotted Them Out.

Blot-ted them out, I'll turn to Je - su - ah and see; Chap - ter for - ty - two,
 Twenty - two and three, He's blot-ted them out and now I can shoot, For that means me.

140 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Miller.

William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for those I sigh! When will the reward come When I shall
 2. To Je - su Christ I fled for rest; He bids me cease to roam, And lean his
 3. I sought at once my Sav - er's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

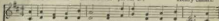
Chorus.
 lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home! We'll work till
 see - us on His breast till He con - duct me home.
 leave death's chill - ling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

2
 Je - su comes, We'll work till Je - su comes; And we'll be gathered home, A - men.
 We'll work

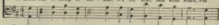
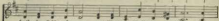
Ernest W. Schnitzler.

Lancashire, ps. 44, D.

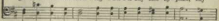
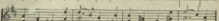
Henry Smart.



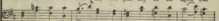
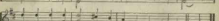
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of wrath has come; Hence-
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We tri-um-phant with tears; For



both in fields of con-quest Thy hosts shall be our hosts, Thine
 ho - ly ones shall win - per The sweet A - rous of peace; For
 glad-ness breaks like morn - ing When o'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy



days of prop-a - ra - tion. Thy grace has made us strong, And
 not with sword and dash - ing. Nor pill of stir - ring drums; But
 cross is tri-um-phant o'er us; We joy-ney in its light. The



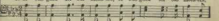
now, O King E - ter - nal, We tri-um-phant with tears.
 Goals of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly King-dom crown.
 crown a - wake the con-quer; Lead on, O God of might. A - men.



Arranged.



Chor. - In the old time re - lig - ion, In the old time re - lig - ion.
 1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers.



Old-Time Religion.



Th' the old time re - lig - ion, — It's good e-nough for me,
It was good for our moth-ers, — It's good e-nough for me.

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

143

Faith of Our Fathers.

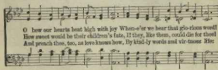
Frederick W. Fisher.

St. Catherine, L. M. 66.

H. F. Hemp.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! Ye - ing still In spite of dan-ger, fire, and sword!
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience true!
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love both friend and foe in all our strifes!



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

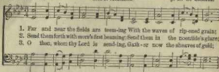


Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

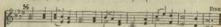
J. O. Thompson.

REVISED, 1901, BY CHARLES D. TILGNER.

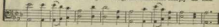
J. B. O. Chorus.



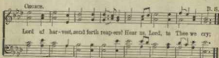
1. Far and near the fields are beam-ing With the waves of rip-mat grain;
 2. Send them forth with mow's first beam-ing; Send them in the roadside's glare;
 3. O then, when thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-or now the sheaves of gold;



- Far and near their gold is gleam-ing Over the sun-ry slope and plain.
 When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-or ev-'ry-where.
 Hear'ward then at eve-ning woad-ing, There shalt come with joy un-told.



- D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath-or, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.

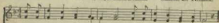


- Chorus. Lord al har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, as Thus we cry;

C. D. T.

REVISED, 1901, BY CHARLES D. TILGNER.

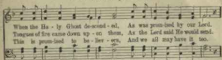
Charles D. Tilgner.



1. They were in an up-per cham-ber. They were all with one an-nod.
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-creed-ed, With the sound of rush-ing wind;
 3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

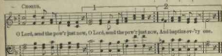


Old-Time Power.



When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom - ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom - ised to be - lie - vers, And we all may have it too.

Chorus.



O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And baptize ev'ry one.

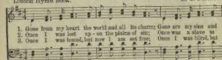
146

I Love Him.

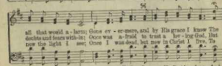
London Hymn Book.

W. H. W. W. W.

S. C. Foster.

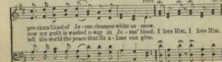


1. Gone from my heart! the world and all its charms; Gone are my sin and
2. Once I was lost up - on the paths of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but



all that would a - harm; Once ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The
darkness and heaviness; Once was a - bold to trust a ho - ly - ing God, that
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live. To

D. S. — Because He first loved me. And
First D. S.



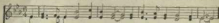
pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him.
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased up and - on - sin on Cal - vary's tree.

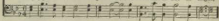
Martha S. Cline.

COMPOSED, LYRIC, BY MARY S. CLINE.
INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' BUREAU.

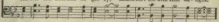
Robert Harrison.



1. I a - pen my heart to Je - su, The door that was closed swings wide;
 2. My heart has been dark and lone-ly, But Je - su now fills with peace;
 3. My joy is His ra-diant pres-ence, The sun-shine is not so bright;



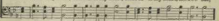
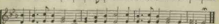
In pa - tient love long He wait - ed; Come, Lord, in my heart a - bide.
 He speaks, and the shadow van - ish, He an - swers, my striv - ings cease.
 All self - ish - ness lost in glo - ry, Make me sur - vive with Him de - light.



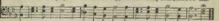
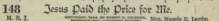
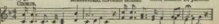
Chorus.



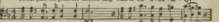
Come in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su;



Pre - sent me, I pray, O use me al - way; Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su.



Je - su paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for a - ter - al - ly;

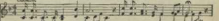


M. S. J.

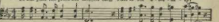
COMPOSED, LYRIC, BY MARY S. CLINE.
INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' BUREAU.

Mrs. Minnie D. Jacobs.

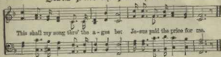
Chorus.



Je - su paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for a - ter - al - ly;



Jeans Paid the Price for Me.



149   Bearing His Cross for Me.

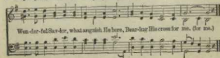
24

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1998



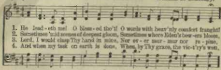
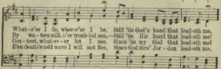
100



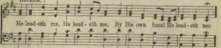
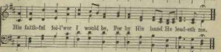
Joseph H. Gilmore.

He Leadeth Me. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



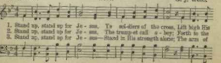
Hymn.



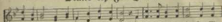
G. Duffield.

Hymn.

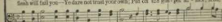
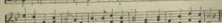
G. J. Webb.



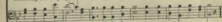
Stand Up for Jesus.



my - a - bles, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry on - to vic - t'ry, His
mighty arm - shew, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men love none Him," A -
band will tell you - Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And



or - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed,
against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strong lib - erty may be sup -
ply - ing us - to prayer, Where di - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be not - er waiting there.



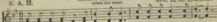
152

Jesus Is Passing By.

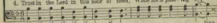
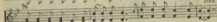
E. A. H.

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Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



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



This for sal - va - tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Trust Him and then shall ye both in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
And you will find Him a Friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.



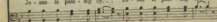
D.S. - Bring Him thy heart ere he part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

Chorus.

D.S.



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

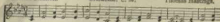


153 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

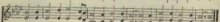
Samuel Stanwix.

Oranville, C. M.

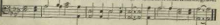
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up-on the Sav-ior's knee; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, Among the mass of men; Fair-er is
3. Heav'n no-plunged in deep-darkness, And low to my re-vel; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



- re-ward him-crown'd, His lips with grace a-while, His lips with grace a-while.
 He thus all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
 has the char-mel-crown, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
 tri-umph a-ver death, And drew me from the grave, And drew me from the grave.

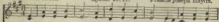


154 O Worship the King.

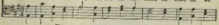
Sir Robert Grant.

Lyonn. 10. 17.

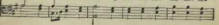
Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-ri-ous a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bound-less care what tongue can re-cite! It breathes in the
4. Fragrant-ness of dust, and fee-ble as frail, in Thee do we



- sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
 light, whose can-a-ny space; His char-bain of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, it streams from the hills, it de-
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-thous-
 and!



O Worship the King.



An- cient of days, Pa- vi- lored in splen- dor, and glori- ed with praise.
Thunder- clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
sends to the plain, And sweet- ly dis- tils in the dew and the rain.
Ere to the end! Our Mak- er, De- fend- er, Re- deem- er, and Friend.

155

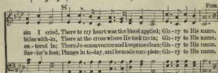
Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

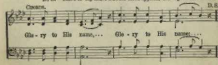


1. Down at the cross where my sin- ner died, Down where he cleansing from
2. I am so won- drous- ly saved from sin, Je- sus so sweet- ly re-
3. Oh, pre- cious blood that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Came to this heart- torn so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo- ry to His name.
bless with- in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo- ry to His name.
en- tered in; There Je- sus saved me and kept me clean; Glo- ry to His name.
Sav- ing's best; Pledge in to- day, and be made com- plete; Glo- ry to His name.

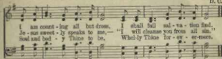
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo- ry to His name.



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

I Am Coming to the Cross.

B. C.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall tell ad-va-ntage that,
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,— I will cleanse you from all sin."
And and and—y Thine to be, Whed-by Thine for-ev-er-rest.

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

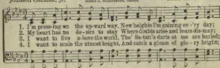
158

Higher Ground.

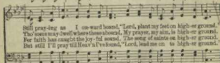
Johnson Ostrman, Jr.

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New York, U. S. A.

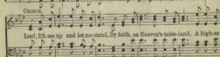
Chas. H. Gabriel.



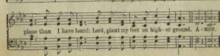
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where shadows arise and tears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the steepest height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing on I up-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where shadows shroud, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



Lead, O lead me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav'n's table-land, A high-er

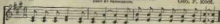


place than I have found: Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground, A - mine.

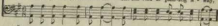
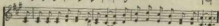
G. F. R.

COMPOSED, LYRIC, BY THE LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.
HEART OF THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

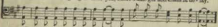
Geo. F. Root.



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 far-ther de-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,



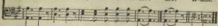
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.



Chorus.



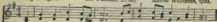
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-men.



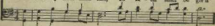
Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas, S. M.

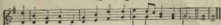
Aaron Williams, Coll.



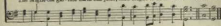
1. I love Thy King-dom, Lord,	The house of Thine a-bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God!	Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall;	For her my prayers as-cend,
4. Be-yond my high-est joy	I prize her heav'n-ly wage,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,	To Thee shall be giv'n



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blood Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mu-nion, all-mun voice, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-men.



161

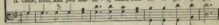
Only Trust Him.

J. H. B.

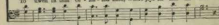
J. H. Stockton.



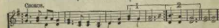
1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's rest-ry with the Lord.
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you to the rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go.



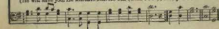
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
 Be-leave in Him with-out de-lay, And you are fel-ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce-lestial land, Where joys in-mor-tal flow.



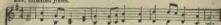
Chorus.



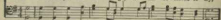
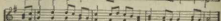
(On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now.)
 He will save you, He will save you. He will (Glad . . .) save you now. A-men.



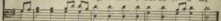
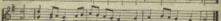
Rev. Edward Jones.



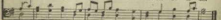
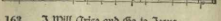
1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-solve;
 2. I'll go to Je-su-s, tho' my sin Stalk like a mon-ster's race;
 3. Per-haps He may ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
 4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



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



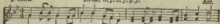
- Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve.
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-posed.
 But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.



J. Hart.

And. 2, 7, 2, 7, 4, 7.

And.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thir-st-y, weary, and welcome, God's free heav-ny glo-ri-ty;
 3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-laden, Lost and re-posed by the fall;
 4. Let not conscience make you ha-per, Nor of sin-ners fond-ly dream;



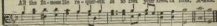
Chor.—I will a-rise and go to Je-su-s, He will com-fort me in His arms.

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

D. C. for Chorus.



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pen-tance, No-ry grace that brings you sigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit-nesses re - quire-eth is to feel your need of Him. A-men.



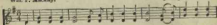
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

164

Revive Us Again.

Wm. F. Mackay.

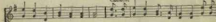
John J. Husband.



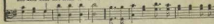
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



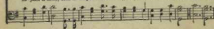
Chorus.



God, and be near unto a - love.
Far - be, and seat-tered our sight. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
luah, and both blessed ev - ry state.
Ho - med with fire from a - love.



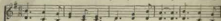
Ho - med a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain. A - men.



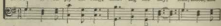
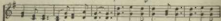
Sarah F. Adams.

Richmond, C. A.

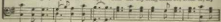
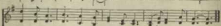
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



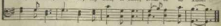
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the win - der - er, The sun goes down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps on - to Heav'n! All that Thou
4. Thou, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or If on joy - ful wing, Clear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



be a cross That rule-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 a - ver me, My rest a - lone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my
 need't to me, In mor - ny glim - An - gels to look - on me, Near - er, my
 glo - ry glim - Beth - el I'd raise; So by my word to be Near - er, my
 stars for - got, Up - wards I fly. Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my



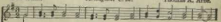
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



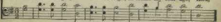
Isaac Watts.

Arlington, C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.



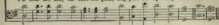
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Shall I must fight, If I would reign; In crosses my cov - ert, Lord,



Am I A Soldier of the Cross?



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize, And suffered thro' bloody sweat
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word. A - MEN.



167 What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H.

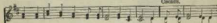
Eliza A. Hoffman.



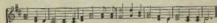
1. Christ has for sin a price made, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! We are re-
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! That rec-om-
3. He cleared my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! And now He
4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! And keeps me



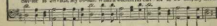
Chorus.



deemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-er!
off'd my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-er! What a won-der-ful
reigns and rules there in; What a won-der-ful Sav-er!
faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-er!



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



H. H. Hewitt.

REVISED, 1892, BY J. C. HARRIS.

Jas. R. Dowsing.

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

More of His sur-ing fall-ness see, More of His love who died for me,
 Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me,
 Hear-ing His voice in ev-ry tone, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine,
 More of His King-dom's won-der-ful grace, More of His con-ing Prince of Peace.

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

Ritard.

D. S.

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

169 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal.

Wm. R. Dowsing.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-sac-ra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my love, and let them be Swift and true—let it be for Thee;
 3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mine would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine;

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

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

D. 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 crown.

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

170 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

F. F. R.

WASH BY PETERSON.

P. P. Tillis.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tered, Lead the an - gry bil-lows rear;
 3. Trim your low-ly lamp, my broth-er! Some poor sail - or tem-pest-torn,

Fin.

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

D. S. — Some poor sailing, strap-ging sea-men You may re-cue, you may save.

Cresc.

D. S.

Let the low-er lights be keep-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the ward A - MEN.

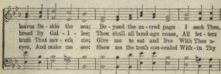
Mary Ann Lathbury.

Bread of Life. A. S. D.

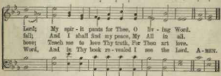
William F. Sherwin.



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



heart De - sires the sea; Be - yond the ex - ercise I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all heart-ache cease, All let - ters
truth That sur - vives me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth re - vealed With - in Thy



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

Mrs. Anne S. Hawks.

Copyright, 1878, by Mrs. Anne S. Hawks.

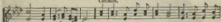
Rev. Robert Lowry.



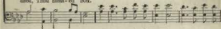
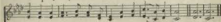
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice can
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions have their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Every Hour.

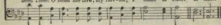
Chorus.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
 love, Or life is vain,
 dead, Thou Mine - of Son.



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



173

Now the Day is Over.

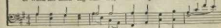
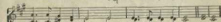
Sabbies Haring-Gould.

Barney, & Co.

Joseph Barnby.



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



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



Shed a - cross the sky.

174 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Francis R. Havergal.

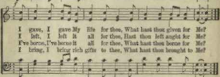
F. P. Bliss.



1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of Right, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne,
 3. I sul-tered 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-acted be, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left for earth-ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
 Of life I'vet ag-a-ny, To see thee from hell;
 And - va - tion full and free, My pa - den and My love;

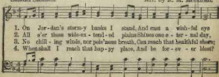


I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

175 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stanworth.

Arr. by E. M. McEstrath.



1. On Jar-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains/Chin-ese one - ter - nal day,
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor pole-a-noon breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest!

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

M. **F.**

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie,
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And wait-ers night & day,
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 re-est.

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

I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land.

176

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. H. Wither.

Copyright, 1874, by W. H. Wither.

H. E. Palmer.

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

[Now is the time to see Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (Chor.) . . . . .) Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will not de-cieve you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-deem you, (Chor.) . . . . .) Come, sin-ner, come!
While Je-sus waits here to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (Chor.) . . . . .) Come, sin-ner, come!

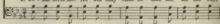
Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of Children.)

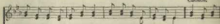
Wm. B. Bradbury.



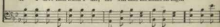
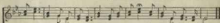
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Li - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav'n's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way.



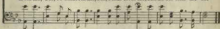
Chorus.



- Li - ble ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let Him li - ble child come in. Yea, 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.



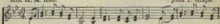
loves me, Yea, Je - sus loves me, Yea, Je - sus loves me, The Li - ble tells me so.



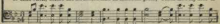
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.



1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is weak, O child of weakness, weak and
2. Low, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a - lone, Can change the lep - er's
3. For - noth - ing 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

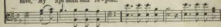
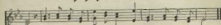


Jesus Paid It All.

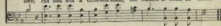
Chorus.



pray, First in Me thine all be all."
open, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I
white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb,
save," My Eye shall still re-peat.



own; His had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

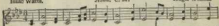


179 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Ann. C. M.

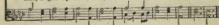
Hugh Wilson.



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

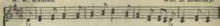


He de-vote that sac-cred head For such a worm as I
man-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-greed
Christ, the right-ful Mak-er, God, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
land, I give my-self to Thee,—Thy all that I can do. A - men.

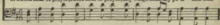


W. W. Wallford.

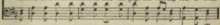
Wm. B. Bradbury.



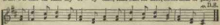
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-til - lion bear



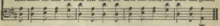
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known
Of those whose an-ger's spir-it burn With strong de-sires for thy re-tur-n!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to love:



D.S.—And oft re-capt the tem-ple's moans, By thy re-tur-n, 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.



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

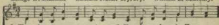


181 There Is No Name So Sweet.

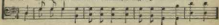
George W. Bellows.

Sweetest Name. A. P. S. P.

William B. Bradbury.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav-en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pre-claim, To His most bless-ed name—er,
3. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote His name a-bove Him,
4. So now up-on His Fa-ther's throne, Al-might-y to re-serve us



There Is No Name So Sweet.

85 From

As that he - here His won-d'rous birth To Christ the Sav - ing giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - love all oth - er.
That all might see the rea-son we For - ev - er - more must know Him.
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - ing Je - sus.

D.C. — Further there's no word ear - er - heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

Repeats.

D.C.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus;

182 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcius M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. ps. D.

Marcius M. Wells.

From.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side;
2. Giv - ing lead us by the hand, Pil - grime in a des - ert land;
3. Ev - er pres - ent, tri - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend.
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Droup - ing on in dark - ness drear;
When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease.
Noth - ing left but Heav'n's and prayer, Won - dering if our names were there.

D.C. — Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Wan - derer, com - e! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C. — Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Wan - derer, com - e! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C. — Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Wan - derer, com - e! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

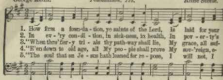
D.C.

Wan - y souls be - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hope gives o'er,
Waf - ling deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood.

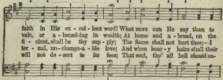
George Keith.

Foundation, 170.

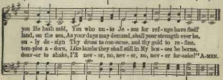
Anne Steele.



1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev'-ry con-di-tion, In sick-ness, in health, In per-er-ty's
3. "When thro' dar-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all thy pro-ple shall prove My sov'-reign, o-
5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vile, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
d-istant, shall be thy sup-ply; The same shall not hurt thee;—I
ter-mal, tri-umpha-a-ble love; And when hear-y hairs shall their
will not de-sert to his love; That soul, thy' all hell should con-



you He hath said, Yet who un-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 dress to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fuse,
tem-ple a-dorn, Like lamps they shall still in My house be borne,
dear-er to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake!" A-MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Tune by Fanny Crosby.

Silas J. Veil.



1. Then, my ex-cel-lent-est pos-sion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for name or worldly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Dear one o'er Ee-n's shad-ow;

Close to Thee.

54 Fin.

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

Re-peat. D. S.

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

185

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day, L. M.

R. P. Rinehart.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-er and my God!
 2. Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell the rag-ter-ns all a-broad.
 3. O hap-py hour, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
 4. Let cheer-ful an-thems fill the house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
 5. To draw the great transac-tion's force! I am my Lord's, and He is mine.
 6. He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
 7. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-warded shall di-ly hear.
 8. Tell in His lit-tle heart how I love, And bless in death a heart so dear.

54 Fin.

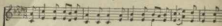
Re-peat.

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

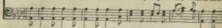
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

186 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

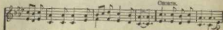
How I Love Jesus. C. M.



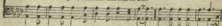
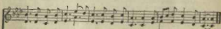
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath in store for ev-'ry day. And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can heal my deepest woe, Who is such



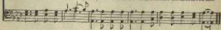
Chorus.



name in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth,
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tried a darkness path, Tied to a machine all the way,
my row bears a part, That none can hear be-low.



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

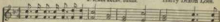


187 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L.

*Copyright, 1911, by H. D. L. Co.,
New York, N. Y.*

Harry Dixon Loos.



Ev-'ry-body ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, Ho
Jesus Christ the won-der-ful Sav-ior;



Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

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

188

Nothing But the Blood.

M. L.

Copyright, 1884, by ROBERT LOWRY, LONDON.
REVISED, 1885 BY THE AUTHOR.

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
2. For my per-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;

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

Refrain.

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

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

Elizabeth Reed.

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J. Calvin Denney.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light,
 2. To - mor-row's sun may set or rise To bless thy long do - ing - ed night;
 3. Our Lord is sit - y no-gone still, And with them thou His love re-quest?
 4. Our blessed Lord re - has - en come Who would to Him their souls e - nter;

For sin - ter, hard - en not your heart, He saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, He saved, O to - night.
 Re - sistance at once thy stub - born will, He saved, O to - night.
 Re - have, o - bey, the work is done, He saved, O to - night.

Chorus.

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

Will thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Will thou be saved, why thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

B. B. McK.

COMPOSED BY B. B. MCKINNEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

B. B. McKinney.

Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart, Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart.

The Sunshine of My Heart.

Joy and peace e - ter-nal He hath in-part, Je-sus is the sun-shine of my heart.

191. When We All Get to Heaven.

R. E. Howitt.

Copyright, 1884, by Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-der-ful love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Thro' the a - ver-sion of the sky!
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize we have won! Soon His love-ty we'll be-hold.

In the sun-shine bright and beau-ti-ful, He'll pre-pare for us a place,
But when our King-days are a - ver, Not a shadow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry 'Till the tale of His re - pay,
From the pearl - y gates will a - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
L. for us a place.

Cantata.

When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-tory.....
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-tory.

S. H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHARLES D. TILMAN.

Charles D. Tilman.

1. Ready to suf-fer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
 2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
 3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
 4. Ready to sympathize, ready to warn, Ready a/c needs to yearn;

Ready to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best,
 Ready to stand a - side and give, Till He shall clear the way,
 Ready to stand where He sees fit, Ready to stand the strain,
 Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His re - turn.

Chorus.

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;

Ready for more - less, low - ly or great, Ready to do His will.

B. B. McK.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY BUREAU OF MUSIC.

B. B. McKinney.

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro'!

Keep On Praying.

God's great prom-ises are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it true.

194 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Scholten.
New Brunswick, N. J., U.S.A.

Geo. C. Scholten.

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! Held a'er my

Fa - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me Ail - or Thy
by me, Man - ter, to - day! Wilt - or than now, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! For - or all pur - so - sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute - sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

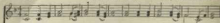
will, While I am wait - ing, Thold-ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Teach me and lead me, Sav - or di - vine!
me Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me! A - men.

195 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

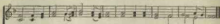
Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

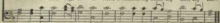
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous-cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. Far - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, None in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Scar-ew and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a price - not far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And poor contempt 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 ever-gone so rich a crown?
Leave no a-mas-ing, no di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



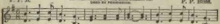
196

Almost Persuaded.

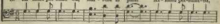
F. P. B.

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NEW YORK.

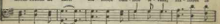
F. P. B.



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



Christ to re-ceive; Seem now some soul to say, "Oa, Sph-ir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus is - vites you here, An-gels are
down come at last! "Al-most" can-not a-void; "Al-most" is



Almost Persuaded.

go Thy way, some more con-vin-cted day On Thee I'll call.
 In-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O won-d'ron, come,
 but to tell God, and, that lit-tle wait—"Al-most-but not!" A-men.

197

Why Not Now?

H. Nathan.

Copyright, 1892, by H. Nathan, New York.

C. C. Case.

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

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

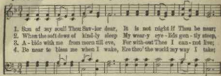
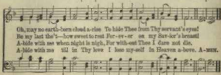
Chorus.

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

John Kettle

Harvey, L. M.

Peter Kitter



Reginald Heber.

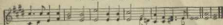
Nicene, 11, 12, 13, 16.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

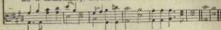
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Far-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy work-ship

more - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-a-bim and ser-a-phim
 six-hul 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-hal and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be,
 there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pa-tri-ty.
 Mar-ci-hal and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-MEN.



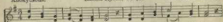
200

Come, Thou Almighty King.

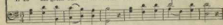
Anonymous.

Italian Hymn, 16. 11.

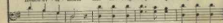
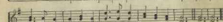
Petite de Glorifini.



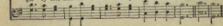
1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Glorify Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly One-bert-er, Thy sa-cred will we bear
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal praise be



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



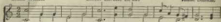
in-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days,
 word un-come Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend,
 or-vey heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r,
 glo-ry us, And in e-ter-nal-ty Love and a-dore. A-MEN.



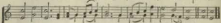
Isaac Watts.

Silver Street, S. M.

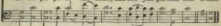
Isaac Smith.



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



hu - man in the sov - reign God, The a - al - ter - na - King.
 wa - try works are all His own, And all the ad - id ground.
 are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God. A - men.



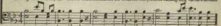
Benjamin Schrock.

Jewell, A. S. S. D. D.

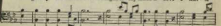
From C. M. von Weber.



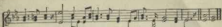
1. My Je - su, as Thou wilt O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - su, as Thou wilt 'Thy' own time' many a tear. Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - su, as Thou wilt All shall be well for me; Each changing lot become



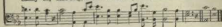
I would my all re - sign. Thine ser - vice, or Thine joy, Con - duct me
 Give me or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
 I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - home I trav - el



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt



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



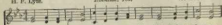
203

Abide With Me.

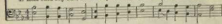
H. F. Lyte.

Reveries, nos.

W. H. Monk.



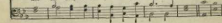
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to the close sides our life's in - de - day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy presence ev - 'ry passing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thou' the gloom,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



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
 gle - des past a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 bid the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
 point me to the skies: Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows



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

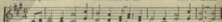


204 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

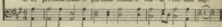
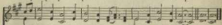
Thos. Shepherd.

Maitland, C. M.

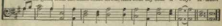
Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free!
2. The con - so - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free.
3. Up - on the crys - tal pav - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O, pre - cious cross! O glo - rious cross! O our re - de - mption day!



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

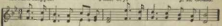


205 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

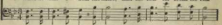
Edward Hopper.

Pilot, 6, 7.

J. R. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - tossed sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Then calm the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - den rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Said'st thou waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st it is thou "Be still!"
Twist 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.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.



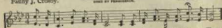
206

Savior, More Than Life.

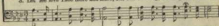
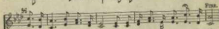
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1875, by F. J. Crosby.
New York: F. J. Crosby.

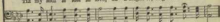
W. H. Doane.



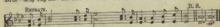
1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thine' this changing world be - lie, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this foot - ing, foot - ing life is o'er;



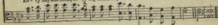
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.



D.S.—May Thy tes - ter love to me Bind me cle - ver, cle - ver, Lead to Thee.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,



Charlotte Elliott.

Hoodworth, L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing 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, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-

that Thou wilt if we come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 That Thou wilt if we come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need is Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.

Robert Robinson.

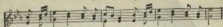
Nathaniel, L. M.

John Wyeth.

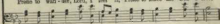
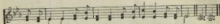
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine El-eb-er-er; High-er by Thy help I'm com-ing;
 3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dad-ly I'm constrained to be!

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

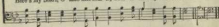
Come, Thou Sount.



Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by dam - ing tongues a-bore;
Je - sus taught me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



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



209

Where He Leads Me.

R. W. Hamby.

Copyright, 1891, by R. W. Hamby.
Published by Hamby & Co., New York.

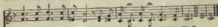
J. B. Norris.



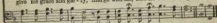
1. I can hear my Sav - lor call-ing. I can hear my Sav - lor call-ing. I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den. I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment. I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry. He will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



Rev. — 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.

Jennie Ron.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert H. Johnson.
International Copyright Secured.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Now is the time to de-side for Christ, Now the ac-cept-ed hour;
 2. Now is the time you should make your choice, Here in this as-crued place;
 3. Now is the time of your deep-est need, Now the ap-point-ed day;

When you may taste of His love, un-priced—Learn of His grace and pow'ry;
 Now you should answer His plead-ing voice; Now is the day of grace!
 Now is the mo-ment! O give it heed; Come to Him while you may!

Now, while He waits with par-don free; Now, while He stands to gra-cious be;
 Now, while He is so ver-y near; Now, while He stands be-side you here;
 Now, while you stand at ear-ry's gate; Now, while the Bar-ber deigns to wait;

Now, while He in-gers, call-ing to thee, Just now, now is the time.
 Now, while the call of ear-ry is clear, Just now, now is the time.
 Now, lest it be far-er or too late, Just now, now is the time.

211 From Every Stormy Wind.

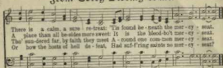
Hugh Stowell

Retreat. L. M.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ry swell-ing tide of woe,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus stands The of all glad-ness on our heads;
 3. There is a name where spirits bleed, Where blind folk find sal-va-tion with trust;
 4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, dan-er-late, dis-mayed;

From Every Stormy Wind.



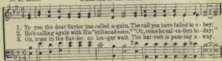
There is a calm, a sure re-tract: 'Tis found be-neath the cross - ty - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-to'th' cross - ty - seat.
Thou' men-dared far, by faith they meet A - round our com-mon cross - ty - seat.
Or how the hosts of hell do - feat, Had not 'ring saints so met - ty - seat!

212 Time Enough Yet, You Say?

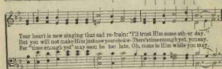
B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1904, by B. B. McKim.
International Copyright Secured.

B. B. McKim.



1. To you the dear Saviour has called a - gain, The call you have failed to a - lay;
2. He's calling again with His "will-some" voice, "Oh, come, be-cause you're to - day."
3. Oh, trust in the Sav-ior, no lon-ger wait, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way.

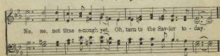


Your heart is now singing that sad re-train: 'Til trust I'll come with-er day.
But you will not make time just now your de-vice—There's time enough yet, you say.
For "time enough yet" may soon be too late, Oh, come to Him while you may.

Chorus.



Time e-nough yet, you say? Time e-nough yet, you say? (you say?)

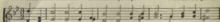


No, no, not time e-nough yet, Oh, turn to the Sav-ior to - day.

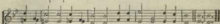
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

Galilee. *A. P. A. P.*

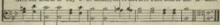
William H. Jude.



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



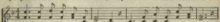
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, saying, "Christian, fol - low Me,"
 From each i - del that would keep us, saying, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in curves and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - di - ence, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.



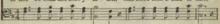
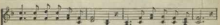
Joseph Scriven.

Converse. *A. P. A.*

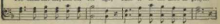
Charles C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble in - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - y - in - den, Over - laden with a load of care?



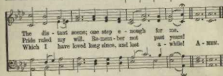
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Read, kindly fight.



Keep them my best I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar- let day, and, spite of tears, . . .
And with the morn those an- god is - one more, . . .



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

218

Must Be the Tie

W. J. Bennett

Figure 5.4

[illegible]

1. Hail be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Do - love our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our sin - ful woes, Our sin - ful bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall



slip of life - find mine is due to that a - love,
 hopes, our aims are one, Our con - ferts and our cares.
 For each with - or flow The sym - pa - this - ing tear.
 will be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - men.

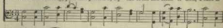
Sir John Flowering.

Rushden, Le. 70.

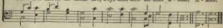
Thames Valley.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the cross of life o'er-take me, Hope deceiv'd, and fears un-true, Nev-er
3. When the sun of life is beaming light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are won-der-ful; Peace is



light of an-angel sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime,
 shall the cross for-sake me; Let it glow with peace and joy,
 cross the ra-diance stream-ing Adds more lus-ter to the day,
 there that knows no mea-sure, Joy that flows all time a-bide. A-MEN.

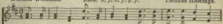


220 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

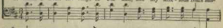
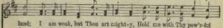
William Williams.

New, S. P. B. P. A. P.

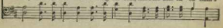
Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren
2. O-pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing wa-ters
3. When I tread the vamps of Je-r-dan, Bid my anx-i-ous heart sub-



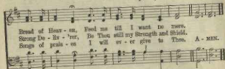
lend; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
 flow; Let the 2-ry, blood-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney
 side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing car-rent, Lead me safe on Ca-naan's



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.



hand; Bread of Hear - en, Feed me till I want no more;
 God's Strong De - re - 'ver, Do Thou still my Strength and Shield;
 alth' Songs of praise - en I will ev - er give to Thee.



Bread of Hear - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - re - 'ver, Do Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 Songs of praise - en I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

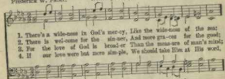
221

There's a Wideness.

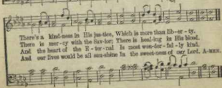
Frederick W. Faber.

Windsley, &c. &c.

Little B. Townsh.



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

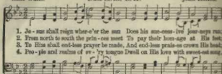


There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than dis-crep-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the sin-ner; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sin-ceive in the sweet-ness of my Lord, A-men.

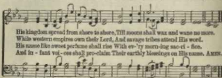
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street, L. M.

John Hutton.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his ever-lasting rays run;
 2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their homage at His feet;
 3. To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praise to crown His head;
 4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Bowed on His love with sweetest song.

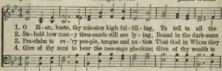


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till none shall war and waste no more.
 While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pre - claim Their earthly blessings on His name, AMEN.

Mary A. Thomson.

Tidings, P. M.

James Walsh.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
 2. Be - hold how man - y thou - sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark - ness
 3. Pre - claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue and ac - tion That God in Whom they
 4. Give of thy name to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to



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

O Zion, Haste.

Refrain.

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. *Refrain.*
And died on earth that man might live a - born.
And all that spend-ed Je - sus will re - pay.

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

224 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Motion. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Kaiser Schreyer.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Those who, home-less, sole, for-lorn, Long have borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. With - er come, for here is found Peace that flows for ev - 'ry wound.

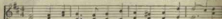
I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hither come.
Long have roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hither haste.
Ye, by des - er - an-gels torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev - er shall ex-ceed, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, need. *A-MEN.*

225 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

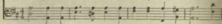
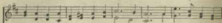
James D. Burns.

Samuel.

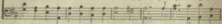
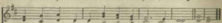
Arthur S. Sullivan.



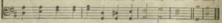
1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark, The
2. The old man, weak and mild, The print of Is - rael, slept; His
3. O give me Sam - uel's ear, — The e - ven ear, O Lord, A -
4. O give me Sam - uel's heart, — A low - ly heart, that waits Where



hush was burn - ing dim Be - fore the al - tered ark; When sud - den - ly a
watch the tem - ple child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And what from El - ih's
live and quick to hear each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to an - swer
in Thy house Thou art, Or watch - est at Thy gates, By day and night, a



voice El - iah sang they' the al - tered ark; When sud - den - ly a
seem was sealed The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed,
at Thy call, And to a - boy Thou first of all
heart that still Moves at the breath - ing of Thy will A - men,

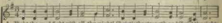


226 Fight the Good Fight.

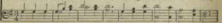
John S. B. Mansell.

Frederick L. M.

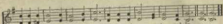
William Boyd.



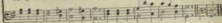
1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ the right;
2. Run the straight race thy God's good grace, Lick up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pre - vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He champ - eth not, and thou art dear;



Fight the Good Fight



Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - men.



227

For the Beauty of the Earth.

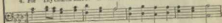
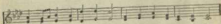
Pollett B. Pierpont.

Dir.

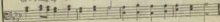
Arranged from
General Kocher.



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



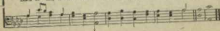
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 His and mine, and true and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friendship earth, and brother's a - love, For all good in the'n and mine,
 Of - f'ring up an ev - 'ry shore, That pure and ri - ften of love,



Refrain.



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

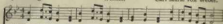


228 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

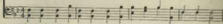
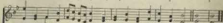
J. Bowring.

Wilmot.

Carl Maria von Weber.



1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we row;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Men de-ceive, and a - gain move;
3. N'ev-er the hour that dark-ens seem-eth Will His changeful-ness goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twine-eth Hope and our - bert from a - love;



How He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But His mer-cy war-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His bright-ness stream-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - men.

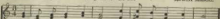


229 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

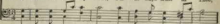
William P. Floyd.

Regulus, S. M.

Lowell Mason.



1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them Ge-ner;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What-ev-er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je - sus, the Cre - at - or!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al-ways trust in Thee;



My life, my friends, my soul I leave En-trus-ly to Thy care.
 Pleas-ing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
 These hands my cre - at-ion had placed Are now my guard and guide.
 And, all - ev-er death, at Thy right hand I shall be - ev - er be. A - men.

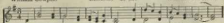


230 What Glory Glides the Sacred Page.

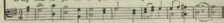
William Cowper.

Salmon, C. M.

William Gardiner.



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



It gives a light to ev-ry age, It gives, but bor-rows none.
His truths up-on the fa-thoms rise; They rise, but nev-er set.
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.
ThU glo-ry break-up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.

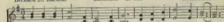


231 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

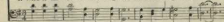
Bernard D. Barton.

Lambeth, C. M.

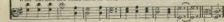
A. Schallheim.



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wand'ring stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Pil-lar of life, thro' watch-as dark, Or re-flects cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev-er-liv-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son;



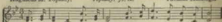
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Direct by the true life's way;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realities beyond the day;
When woe would 'whelm our footing back, Our on-ward and our stay;
With-out these how could earth be trod, Or heav'n's li-sell be won? A - MEN.



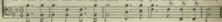
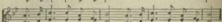
Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady, ps. 61.

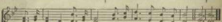
Thomas Hastings.



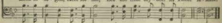
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my soul no han - ger know,
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



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



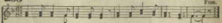
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure,
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.



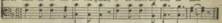
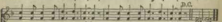
Marston, ps. 124.

Samuel B. March.

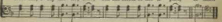
Firm.



1. { Hark, my soul, let - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bor - om fly,
 While the tem - pest wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high }
 D. C. — Safe in - to the he - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.



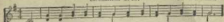
Hide me, O my Sar - vor, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.



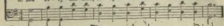
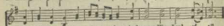
All Hail the Power.

Crescenzio, C. M.

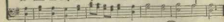
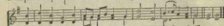
Oliver Holden.



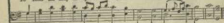
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels praise His
 2. Ye cho-rous host of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-ge'd from the East,
 3. Let ev'-ry kin-dred, ev'-ry tribe On this ter-ri-ble hill,



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-cends, 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-cends, And crown Him Lord of all A-men.



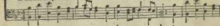
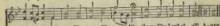
235

Miller Lane, C. M.

William Sherwin.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels praise His, Bring forth the roy-al



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



(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

W. E. H.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. E. Howard.
Conrad for Robert E. Coleman.

W. E. Howard.

1. Ta - and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship
3. Let us, like the bells a - here, Nev - er won-ey grow, Tell - ing of the

loud - ly sing Un - derneath 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!

(PRIMARY.)

W. E. H.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. E. Howard.

Wm. E. Howard.

1-3. "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. R. Sandbery.

Accon.

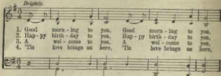
1. Give, said the little stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little stream,
 2. Give, said the little rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little rain,
 3. Give, said the violet sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the violet sweet,

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 hagen - sleeping - like voices; From out and half they will hear my call, Give, O give,

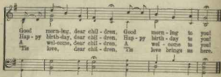
give, O give, I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, The fields grow greener still.
 give, O give, I'll raise the drooping heads a - gain, And fresh as summer bow'rs.
 give, O give, From out and half they will hear my call, They will find me and re - joice.

Chorus.

{ Singing, singing, all the day, Give a - way, give a - way; } Give, O give a - way.
 { Singing, singing, all the day, (Chorus)..... }

Allegretto


1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you.
 2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you.
 3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you.
 4. The love brings us here, The love brings us here.



Good morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
 Hap - py birth - day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
 A wel - come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
 The love, dear chil - dren, The love brings us here.



1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
 3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;



Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Ev - er - last - ing life is free, Ev - er - last - ing life is free.

By be - liev - ing on the Son, The Cru - ci - fixed One, Ev - er - last - ing life is free.

Anon.

Gen. F. Root.

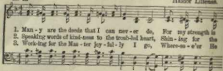
Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the

world; Red and yel - low, black and white, They are

pre - cious in His sight, Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

H. L.

Haldor Lilloren.

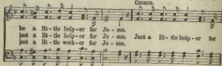


1. Man-y are the deeds that I can nev-er do, For my strength is
 2. Speaking words of kind-ness to the troub-led heart, shin-ing for the
 3. Work-ing for the Mas-ter joy-ful-ly I go, Where-ev-er He

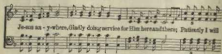


small, and in-suf-fi-cient too; But un-to the Lord I ev-er would be true, And
 Mas-ter till the shades depart, With a new-cy-cle new courage to im-part, I'm
 send-ing you here on earth below, Do-ing as He-or-ders, let-ting oth-ers know I'm

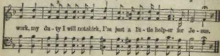
Chorus.



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, Glad-ly doing service for Him here and there; Patient-ly I will



work my du-ty I will not shirk, I'm just a lit-tle help-er for Je-sus.

Into My Heart.

My Prayer.

H. D. C.

Copyright, 1906, by HARRY D. CLARK.

Harry D. Clark.

Sing prayerfully.

Is - to my heart, Is - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su.

Come in - to - day, Come in - to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su.

245

Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary B. C. Staife.

MADE BY PERMISSION OF H. B. HARRISON,
CHURCH OF CHRISTIANITY.

A. B. H Everett.

1. Gently, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low me! And we see
2. Tho' they lead thee to the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His abode; Or a - lone
3. If they lead thee the tem - ple in - ly, Preaching the word; Or in houses
4. There at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest

where Thy footprints tell us Lead us to Thee.
by His Je - su's footprints, Help - ing the weak Footprints of Je - su, that
of the poor and low - ly, Sery - ing the Lord
where the steps of Je - su End at His throne.

make the pathway glow. We will fol - low the steps of Je - su where'er they go.

Phillips Brooks.

St. Louis.

Lewis H. Redner.

1. O - h - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Now still we see thee lie! A - lone thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - round, With mortalsleep, the
 3. How a - lone - ly, how a - lone - ly, The wordless gift is giv'n! For God imparts to
 4. O - h - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - cerned to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and

dreamless sleep The sil - ent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er -
 an - gle keep Their watch of wond'ring lights, O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Proclaim the
 ho - man heart's The kinship of His heart's. No ear may hear His coming, But in this
 ex - ter -ior; He born in us to - day, We hear the Christmas angels The great glad

lasting light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 he - ly birth! And praise song to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 world of sin, Where much we felt and to Him still, The dear Christ enters in,
 H - ding tell; O come to us, a - side with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - men.

247 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

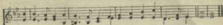
Henry W. Longfellow.

Watson. L. M.

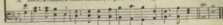
J. Baptiste Calkins.

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old - fa - mil - iar car - ole play,
 2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bell - men of all Chris - ten - dom
 3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
 5. Till, ring - ing, ring - ing on, no way, The world revolved from night to day,

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.



And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 Had rolled along the unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 "For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
 The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A- MEN.

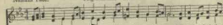


248 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

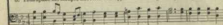
Nelson Tate.

Tiptonmouth. C. M. D.

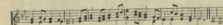
Anonymous.



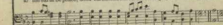
1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the
 2. "To you, in Da-vid's town, to-day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Savior, who is
 3. Then spake the seraph, and forth-with appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising



Lead us down, And glory shows a crowd. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had
 Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heav'nly hosts together shall find To
 God, and thus Admired their joy-singing: "All glo-ry be to God on high, And



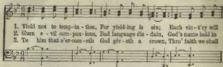
where their troth is held "That tidings of great joy I bring To you, and all mankind,"
 In-meadure view displayed, All ready-eyed to seek his face, And in a pasture fold.
 to the earth be peace; Good-will towards men and to men, And never ceases." A- MEN.



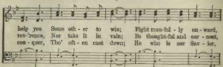
H. R. P.

COMPOSED, 1871, BY H. R. PALMER, BOSTON.

H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Show e-vil con-que-rence, But language dis-claim, God's name hold in
 3. To him that a'-er-con-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

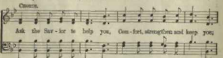


help you. Stand ath-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 re-vence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

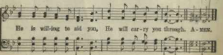


Don't pas-sion sub-duce, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Chorus.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strength and keep you;



He is wil-ling to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

Rev. A. H. Arkley.

REVEREND, D.D., DR. HENRY A. WILKINS,
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, BOSTON.

D. D. Arkley.

1. For - got - ten, the vow you made to Je - sus. Your prom - ise
 2. For - got - ten, the love so warm and ten - der. The hand mailed
 3. For - got - ten, the path of truth less hid - den. Tho' long neg -
 4. For - got - ten, the word by you once spo - ken. A kind - ly

al - ways to be true;
 In the cru - el cross,
 I met you o - ver - grown,
 Dead for the dear Lord.

You said tho' all men should for - sake him.
 The thorns that pierced his brow of splendor,
 To walk the path by our sins hid - den,
 The smile that leav'd some heart that's broken.

The Mas - ter could de - pend on you.
 His heart be - quet with his - ter love. For - got - ten, my vow be -
 Where joy and peace are nev - er known.
 The voice of com - fort men once heard.

got - ten. I turn a - gain to Cal - va - ry. There I see
 Je - sus and re - mem - ber That God has not for - got - ten me.

Julia H. Johnston,

Copyright, 1914, by Robert H. Coleman.

M. J. Rabbitt.

Dance. Not too fast.

1. As I fare on my way in my dai - ly task, What, O
 2. He will come as He said, for His word is sure; In the
 3. With my hand on the latch, with my task well done, I must

Lord, shall I do? I would now Thee ask, For I know He will come—
 promise of God we must rest on - sure; But the soul that with glad-
 wait for the step of the Com - ing One; Tho' He tar - ry, I'll wait

some bright, happy day, When He call - eth, what shall His servants say?
 when the King would meet, Must be watch - ing, wait - ing His face to greet,
 He has left for me Work to do - let all ere His dear face I see.

Chorus, Piano.

Watch - ing, watch - ing each day for my Sav - ior's call. . . . Wait - ing, wait - ing for
 the King to call.

Him who is all in all; Trust - ing, trust - ing my Lord as my

Watching for the King.

song I sing... Watching, wait-ing, trust-ing my Lord and King.

The musical score for 'Watching for the King' is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a long note on 'sing' followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

252

The Face of the Master.

Mrs. R. W. Lender.

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Mrs. J. H. Casady.

1. In the ear - ly morn, in my gar-den, Where flow'rs wait per-fume rare,
2. In the noon-day's heat-ry and war-ry, In the crowds that throng the street,
3. In the eve when work is all o-ver, More beau-ties I be-hold;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Face of the Master' includes three verses of lyrics. The melody is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat, and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

see the face of the Mas-ter In the room He gives to me there,
see the face of the Mas-ter In the glances of words that I meet,
see the face of the Mas-ter In the glo-rious sun-set of gold.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

O, how dear the face of the Mas-ter, And to me how pre-cious His

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

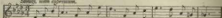
touch; I yield a - new to The Son of man, Whom here has meant so much.

The fourth and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. The melody and piano accompaniment end with a final chord. The lyrics are aligned with the notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

Rev. W. C. Frodo.

COMPOSED BY REV. W. C. FRODO.
REVISED BY REV. W. C. FRODO.

B. D. Ackley.

Steady, with expression.

1. Up Cal-vary—there climbed our lay God's on-ly Son up-on His way
2. On Cal-vary—His life He gave, My sin-men there, my soul to save;
3. On Cal-vary—God's on-ly Son O'er death and sin the vic-t'ry won,
4. To Cal-vary— I look to-day For light to guide me on life's way.



To die for you, to die for me, Up-on the cross of Cal-vary.
Up-on the Lord was laid my sin, That I His courts might en-ter in.
And to the cross let's glo-ry bring, To light the world with Ho-ly light,
And to the cross my trust-ing soul Shall cling while end-less a-ges roll.

*Crescendo.*

On Cal-vary— He died for me, And took the chains of sin a-way.



On Calvary.

And showed the way to vic-tor-y— E-ter-nal life and end-less day.

254 My Faith looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Chorus, &c.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark mass I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When sad life's true - blest dream, When death's cold, wil - der stream

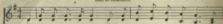
Sar - her di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My soul in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Hast Sar - her, thou, in love, Fear and dis-

with a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
Love to Thee Pure, warm and chaste - less be, A Re - lig - ious
tears a - way, Nor let me er - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O hear me sad a - lone, A sin - ners' soul! A - MEN.

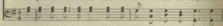
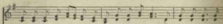
G. M. Ellis.

REVEREND, JOHN, JR. & C. BROTHERS, CHICAGO, ILL.
PUBLISHERS.

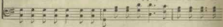
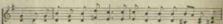
M. L. McPhail.



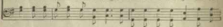
1. The hour is fast ap-preach-ing when there' a fer - y stream Of
2. And there will be pre-sent - ed the Church, His wor - thy bride; Then
3. The res - ur - rect - ed myr - iads of ev - ry land and tongue Will
4. How great the con - sum-ma - tion, with death and hell de - stroyed; No



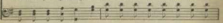
God's a - ter - nal glo-ry the judgment-day shall gleam; When to the An-cient's
fault-less vir-gins cho-sets, His join-ture to a - bide, They share His roy - al
throne to wear al - be-glass to God's a - midst - ed Son; Drawn to the blood-stained
throne left to dark-en the a - dorn-ment en-joyed; With not a tinge dis-



pre-sence the Son of Man shall bring, Ten thousand times ten thou-sand shall
con-ure, His na - ture, and His throne, While writ-ten in their fore-heads His
al - tur, the ransomed host shall tell In grate-ful ad - o - ra - tion and
con-fes-sion that a - mi - ver - nal song Shall there' a - ter - nal cy - cle be-



crown Him Lord and King. Oh, that will be a crown-ing such as
Fa - ther's name is shown. Oh, that will be a mar-shal such as
crown Him Lord of all. Oh, that will be a tri-umph such as
he - ven's praise pre-long. Oh, that will be an an - them such as



Before the Great White Throne.

earth has nev - er known, When Christ His king-dom shall re - ceive be-fore the
 earth has nev - er known, When the bride and bride-groom are made one be-fore the
 earth has nev - er known, When ev - 'ry knee is bow-ing low be-fore the
 earth has nev - er known, When the Hal - le - lu - jah Cho - rus sings be-fore the
 great white throne; Oh, that will be a crown-ing such as earth has nev - er known,
 great white throne; Oh, that will be a mar-riage such as earth has nev - er known,
 great white throne; Oh, that will be a tri-umph such as earth has nev - er known,
 great white throne; Oh, that will be an as-tem such as earth has nev - er known,
 When Christ His king-dom shall re - ceive be-fore the great white throne.
 When the bride and bride-groom are made one be-fore the great white throne.
 When ev - 'ry knee is bow-ing low be-fore the great white throne.
 When the Hal - le - lu - jah Cho - rus sings be-fore the great white throne.

256

Over the Line.

R. B. McK.

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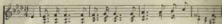
R. B. McKim.

O - ver the line, O - ver the line, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus.
 Out of your night, is - to the light, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus.

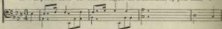
A. H. A.

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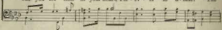
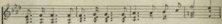
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



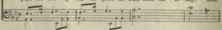
1. A wan-der-er with broken heart, My on-ly prayer a sigh, My
 2. The fire of hope is ash-en burned, The dream of life grown dim, The
 3. I dare not stray from Him a-way, He claims me as His own, He
 4. Will you be-leave on Him to-night? He stands close by your side, O-



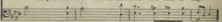
eyes too blind to see the light, My voice too weak to cry, My
 want-ed years of yes-ter-day, I brought them all to Him, He
 is my un-seen Friend in life, Un-seen but not un-known, And
 will you let Him in your heart, For-ev-er to a-ide? The



spir-it grasp-ing in the night Of sin and deep de-spair, I
 un-der-stand my help-less-ness, The pain too deep for tears, He
 name shall take from me His love, My soul's e-ter-nal breath, They
 past He free-ly will for-give, So trust Him for to-day, And

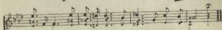


longed for home and moth-er's God, And Je-sus heard my prayer,
 touched and healed my bro-ken heart, And calmed my guilt-y fears,
 all of life I'll cling to Him, To Him I'd cling in death,
 some-time you shall be like Him, And dwell with Him a-way.



My Only Plea.

Chorus.



258

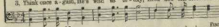
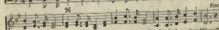
Come to the Savior.

G. F. R.

George F. Root.



1. Come to the Sav - ior, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's
 2. "I - ter - for the child - ren;" Oh, hear His voice, let ev - 'ry heart leap
 3. Think once a - gain, He's with us to - day; Hark now His sweet com -



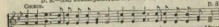
shown on the way; Here in our midst He's standing to - day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"
 forth and re - join, And let us free - ly make Him our choice, Do not de - lay, but come,
 made, and to - day; Hark now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come!"



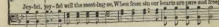
D. R.—And we shall gather, Savior, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

Chorus.

D. R.



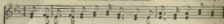
Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meet - ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;



Miss Celia Allsatter.

Copyright, 1900, by Miss Celia Allsatter.
Published by G. F. Johnson & Co.,
New York, N. Y.

B. B. McKinney.



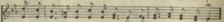
1. There's a home o' man-y man-sions in the Fa-ther's house a-bove,
2. When the storms of life are rag-ing, doubts and fears my soul as-sail,
3. When the shades of night are fall-ing, and my loved ones have passed on,



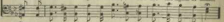
That our Sur-ior is pre-pa-ri-ng for the chil-dren of His love;
His "Let not your heart be trou-bled," I can hear a-bove the gale;
And I'm wait-ing glad, ex-pect-ant, wait-ing for the heav'n-ly dawn,



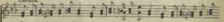
So my heart knows not de-spair-ing, tho' in nar-row-oth I roam,
So with face turned ev-er home-ward, while the bil-lows dash and foam,
Bright-er, bright-er, ev-er bright-er, all the an-gels for me come,



Gleam-ing from the man-y man-sions, I can see the lights of home,
Gleam-ing from the man-y man-sions, I can see the lights of home,
Gleam-ing from the man-y man-sions, I can see the lights of home,



Chorus.



I can see the lights of home, I can see the lights of home, Gleam-ing from the man-y



I Can See the Lights of Home.

transients, I can see the lights of home. I can see the lights of home Far a-
cross the billows' foam, Gleaming from the many transients, I can see the lights of home.

After last stanza.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Je - sus, I'll soon be at home.

260

No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar.

From Alfred R. Gail.

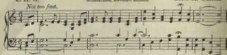
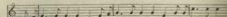
1. No shadow yon - der! All light and song! Each day I won - der, And
2. No weeping yon - der! All glad a - way! While here I wait - der, Each
3. No parting yon - der! No tears of pain! Shall hearts ever meet - der, In
4. None waiting yon - der! Hushed by the Lamb, All gather - ed un - der The

say, "How long shall time we wait - der From that dear throne?"
we - ry day, I sigh and wait - der My long, long stay.
that fair clime, Dear - er and hol - der - Is friend - ship un - done.
a - ver-green pain, Lead us right's throng - der Breeds out the glad pain.

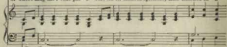
C. H. G.

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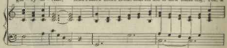
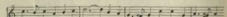
Chas. H. Gabriel.

Not too fast.

1. There's a won-der-ful cit - y in a won-der-ful country Where the ro-ses of
2. These life's riv-ers of crys-tal flow a-long thro' a gar-den With its flow-ers im-
3. These map-les i-vent pal - a - ces, all ra-diant in splen-dor, Rise adorn'd in a



fine sev-er- fold; Not a mor-row is there, neither sickness nor dying, And no
 mor-tal in bloom; There the saints and the martyrs, and all our beloved Rest in
 glo-ry di-vine, And I know there is one that for me is now build-ing, Yea, a



graves on the hills-ide are made. There the cares of this life are for-ev-er for-
 given-ess from the val-ley of gloom. All the arch-angels re-soned with the voices of
 pal - ace e-ter-nal-ly raised! There'll be songs on my lips which the angels will



The Beautiful Home of the Soul.

get - ten, As the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Not a storm to mo-
grain - us, Ev - er free from the violence of dole; Tho' a coun - try of
sch - o - When I reach that im - mor - tale goal; Then the King of all

lest or a tem - pest to frighten— Tho' the beau - ti - ful home of the soul,
light and of mar - velous glo - ry— Tho' the beau - ti - ful home of the soul,
kings on this throne will receive us To that beau - ti - ful home of the soul.

Chorus. ♩

Wonderful city, wonderful country, Peaceful and bright while mortal ages roll;

Wonderful city, is a wonderful country as Peaceful and bright while mortal ages roll;

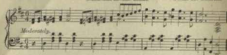
Won - der - ful city, won - der - ful coun - try, Beau - ti - ful home, blessed home of the soul.

Won - der - ful city, is a won - der - ful coun - try, that Beau - ti - ful home, blessed home of the soul.

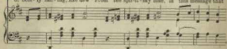
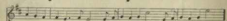
C. H. G.

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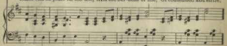
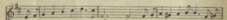
Chas. H. Gabriel.



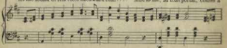
1. I have found a re-reat Where my Sa-ter I meet, In a kin-ed room
2. There I fear no a-larm, For no foe there can harm When I en-ter that
3. Beth-ly fall-ing, like dew From the spir-it-sky blue, Is this message that



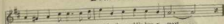
men-ber from all else a-part, Where the world has no share In the joys that are there,
mourn-ers, and fast-cloze the door; Je-sus pre-cious-ly hours, And in love He appears,
comes with his peace-ful mes-sage And the bar-dness of life, Of contention and strife,



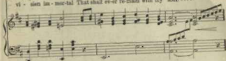
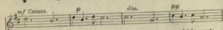
As we walk and we talk, heart to heart: . . . . There I tell all the trials, All the
Joy and comfort on me to out-pour: . . . . With a balm for my sorrow, And now
At the sound of His voice backward rolls . . . . And to me, in that portal, Comes a



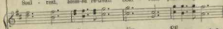
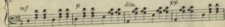
Soul Rest.



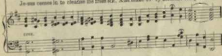
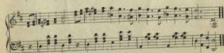
more self-de-ri-ale I have met in the world's bus-y mart ....
strength for the narrow, All I ask for, and, yes, e-ven more. ....
vi-sion im-mor-tal That shall ev-er re-main with my soul. ....



Soul - rest, bliss-ful re-treat! Soul - rest, peace-fully sweet!



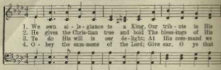
Je-sus comes in to cleanse me from sin, And make ev'-ry moment complete.



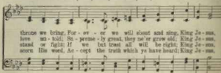
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

REPRODUCED, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE
INTERNATIONAL REPERTORY BUREAU.

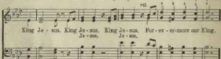
B. D. Ackley.



1. We own al - je - glance to a King, Our tri - bute to His
2. He gives the Chris - tian true and bold The blessings of His
3. To do His will is our de - light; At His com - mand we
4. O - bey the com - mands of the Lord; Give ear, O ye that



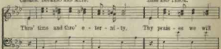
thrive we bring. For - ev - er we will shout and sing, King Je - sus,
live un - fail. So - prema - ly great, they ne'er grew old, King Je - sus,
stand or fight; If we but trust all will be right, King Je - sus,
more His word, Ac - cept the truth which ye have heard, King Je - sus.



King Je - sus, King Je - sus, King Je - sus, For - ev - er more our King,
Je - sus, Je - sus,

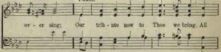
Organ, Piano and Alto.

Soprano and Tenor.



Thre' time and Ours' a - ter - ni - ty, Thy praise - as we will

Piano.



ev - er sing; Our tri - bute now to Thee we bring, All

King Jesus.

glo - ry to our King. All praise and hon - or,
our King. All glo - ry, praise and hon - or,

All praise and hon - or, All glo - ry, praise and hon - or
All glo - ry, praise and hon - or,

to our King, All praise and hon - or, All praise and
All glo - ry, praise and hon - or, All glo - ry, praise and

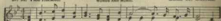
hon - or, All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Je - sus Christ our
hon - or, To Je - sus

King, All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Je - sus Christ our King.
Christ our King

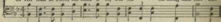
D. R. Van Helden.

REVEREND, 1870, BY D. R. VAN HELDEN.
PUBLISHED BY H. W. H. H. H. H.

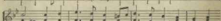
Chas. H. Gabriel.



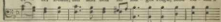
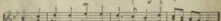
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our de - . . . on King and Sav - ior!



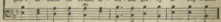
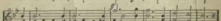
Let ev - 'ry heart a - boy Thy will, And ev - . . . 'ry voice a -
And earth - ly mon-archs claim - or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy less are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nip - . . . o - tent her -



der Thou, In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The el - i - breast
crown Thou, While thou re-deem'd in a - ges gone, As - sum - ied
ev - er, Death, sin and hell to Im - ger reign, And Sa - tan's



chorde of Hear - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain:
round the great white Throne, Break forth in - to Im - mor - tal song:
po'e's is heard in trane; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name.



All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u - el

All hail! all hail!



All Hail, Immannell

Organ.

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 majesty, Wis-dom and power be
Hail . . . . . Glor-y and maj-es-ty, Wis-dom be

we - 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.

Awakening Chorus.

Traverse.

Je - hovah reigneth and sheweth his back-ward bent! Je - hovah re-

igneth His heart and voice, Je - hovah reigneth

Full Harmony.

Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His

name be glorified in all the world, And let His

name be glorified in all the world, And let His

name be glorified in all the world, And let His

name be glorified in all the world, And let His

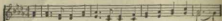
name be glorified in all the world, And let His

name be glorified in all the world, And let His

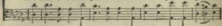
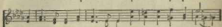
Katherine Lee Bates.

Madison, C. M. D.

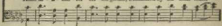
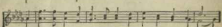
Samuel A. Ward.



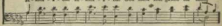
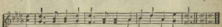
1. O beau - ti - ful for sea-climbers, For art - her waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grims feet, Whom stern, im - pos - sible stream
3. O beau - ti - ful for ho - rses' speed in lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dreams That sweep be - yond the years



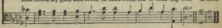
For per - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - lone the fruit - ed plain!
 A thou - sand - hore for live - den boat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than sell their coun - try loved, And mor - ey more than bid
 Their al - a - hie - ber cit - ies gleam, Un - fath - om - ed by hu - man hand



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,



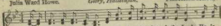
And crown thy good with heav - en - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - sume thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy Ho - ly - ty be true!
 Till all are one be no - ble - men, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with heav - en - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - men.



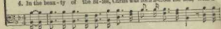
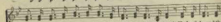
John Ward Howes.

Glory, Hallelujah.

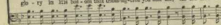
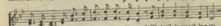
Pianissimo Melody.



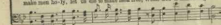
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the con-quer of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-tow-er of a lion-dread circling camp; They have
3. He has ascended forth the trumpet that shall never sound re-treat; He is
4. In the heav-ty of the Ma-jesty, Christ was born a-ross the sea, With a



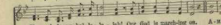
trans-yl-ing out the vic-tims where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath bound the
bail- of Him an al-tar in the eve-ning dew and damp; I can read His
oath-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat, O be swift, my
glo-ry in His bor-om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



de-ful light-nin-ing of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on,
righteous ven-geance by the din and thar-ing lance; His day is march-ing on,
and, to an-on Him be he-lad, my heart Our God is march-ing on,
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.



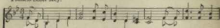
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



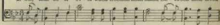
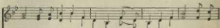
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is march-ing on. A-MEN.



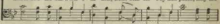
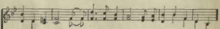
Francis Scott Key.



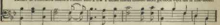
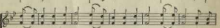
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the har - or - of
4. Oh, thus be it er - er when freedom shall stand Be - tween their loved



huffed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread af-fect re - pos - on, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the battle's on - fa - tion, A home and a coun - try should
honor and the war's des - o - la - tion; Hail with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



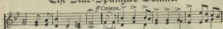
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
now - er - ing sleep, As a sil - ly - ly blow, half conceal'd, half dis - clos - ed?
have us no more! Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion;
Rise - a - roused and Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!



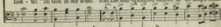
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
bow - is catch - on the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
No re - t'rage could save the Mex - i - can and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our



The Star-Spangled Banner.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
 float - ed, now aloft in the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
 float - or the gleam of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
 not - in "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
 wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.



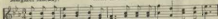
269

Asleep in Jesus.

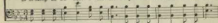
Margaret Mackay.

Rev. L. M.

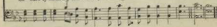
Wm. B. Peasberry.



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



A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - broken by the last of woes,
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death hath lost his ven - omed sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r,
 So - care - lessly shall my rest - ing be, Wait - ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

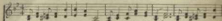


Bates. C. M. D.

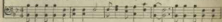
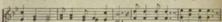
Katherine Lee Bates.

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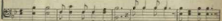
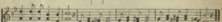
W. C. West.



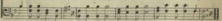
1. O bean-ti-fal for spacious skies, For amber fields of grain, For purple mountain
2. O bean-ti-fal for gallant fleet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A thousand sails for
3. O bean-ti-fal for heroes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
4. O bean-ti-fal for patriot dreams That rose beyond the years, Thine al-a-ha-ter



maj - es - ties A -bove the fruit -ful plains! A -mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca!
freed -om land A -cross the wil -der -ness! A -mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca!
con -try loved, And mer -cy more than life! A -mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca!
et - er - nal glories, Undimmed by human tears! A -mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca!



God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!
God send thee ev'ry day, Confirm my soul in self-con-trit, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
May God thy gold refine, Till all our souls be no-ble men, And ev'ry gain Di-vine!
God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!



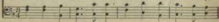
S. F. Smith.

America.

English.



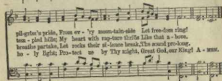
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty.
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free.
3. Let me - nce swell the strains, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, An - thor of lib - er - ty.



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 free-der's song: Let nor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing! long may our land be bright With free-der's



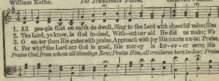
plu-gins's pride, From ev-ry moun-tain-side Let free-der ring!
 won-dered hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove,
 breathe partake, Let rocks their al-lure-ment break, The sound pro-long,
 ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-men.

272 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe.

The Hundredth Psalm.

Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice, His
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
 3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Ap-proach with joy His courts ex-ult; Praise,
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er more; His
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise



serve with fear, His praise both tell; Gaze ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
 are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 lead, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
 truth at all times firm-ly stand, And shall from age to age ex-ult, A-men.
 Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

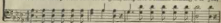
J. H. Rockin.

Endeavour, P. M.

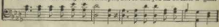
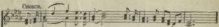
W. G. Turner.



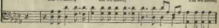
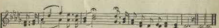
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His com-ely guide, up-hold you.
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick surround you.
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With His sheep re-care-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Del - ly com - na still pre-ride you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 For His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Scatter 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

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Matthew 5

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.

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.

275

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.

276

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.

277

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.

278

John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth me.

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 shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

279   **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.

280   **Romans 8**

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

281 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach:

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom

they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

282 Romans 12

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or be that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth in the truth; is not puffed up 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.

283 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not

284 **Isaiah 53**

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death:

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 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.

285 **Psalms 23**

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

286 **Psalms 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.

287 **Psalms 103**

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, Bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ;
who healeth all thy diseases ;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from
destruction ; who crowneth thee with
loving-kindness and tender mercies ;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with
good things ; so that thy youth is re-
newed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteous-
ness and judgment for all that are
oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto
Moses, his acts unto the children of
Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gra-
cious, slow to anger, and plenteous
in mercy.

9 He will not always chide ; neither
will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us
after our sin ; nor rewarded us ac-
cording to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above
the earth, so great is his mercy toward
them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the
west, so far hath he removed our
transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his chil-
dren, so the Lord pitieth them that
fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame ; he
remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as
grass ; as a flower of the field, so he
flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it,
and it is gone ; and the place thereof
shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is
from everlasting to everlasting upon
them that fear him, and his righteous-
ness unto children's children :

18 To such as keep his covenant,
and to those that remember his com-
mandments to do them.

288

Isaiah

(Luk. 2:8-20)

1 And there were in the same coun-
try shepherds abiding in the field, keep-
ing watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord
came upon them, and the glory of the
Lord shone round about them ; and
they were sore afraid.

3 And the angel said unto them,
Fear not ; for, behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which shall be to
all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in
the city of David a Saviour, which is
Christ the Lord.

5 And this shall be a sign unto you :
Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the heaven-
ly host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and
on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the
angels were gone away from them
into heaven, the shepherds said one
to another, Let us now go even unto
Bethlehem, and see this thing which
is come to pass, which the Lord hath
made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and
found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe
lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it,
they made known abroad the saying
which was told them concerning this
child.

11 And all they that heard it won-
dered at those things which were told
them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things,
and pondered them in her heart.

13 And the shepherds returned,
glorifying and praising God for all the
things that they had heard and seen, as
it was told unto them.

289 Resurrection

(Matthew 28:1-10; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead: and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy: and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10 Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

12 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

13 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

14 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

15 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

290 Service

(Matthew 25:34-46)

1 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

2 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

3 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

4 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

5 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

6 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

7 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

8 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

9 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

10 I was a stranger, and ye took

me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

11 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungry, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

12 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

13 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

291 Giving

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes 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 unto you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth

the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

292 The Word

(Psalms 119:9-16; 18; 32; 44-48; 54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man direct his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee; O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in

thy commandments, which I have loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

293 The Ten Commandments

(Exodus 20:3-17)

I Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor

thy stranger that is within the gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

V Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI Thou shalt not kill.

VII Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII Thou shalt not steal.

IX Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

294

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.

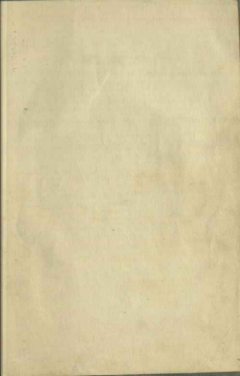
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TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH

Responsive Covenant Service

Minister. By what common and precious experience do we enter into spiritual fellowship and covenant relations with God and with one another?

Congregation. Having been led, as we believe, by the Spirit of God, to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and on the profession of our faith, having been baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we do now in presence of God and angels, most solemnly and joyously enter into covenant with one another, as one body in Christ.

Minister. What is the great bond of our union with God and each other?

Congregation. We engage, therefore, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to walk together in Christian love.

Minister. What are some of our great privileges and duties in this our own church?

Congregation. To strive for the advancement of this church, in knowledge, holiness and comfort; to promote its prosperity and spirituality; to sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline and doctrine.

Minister. What vows do we gladly make as stewards of that which God has entrusted to us?

Congregation. To contribute cheerfully and regularly to the support of the ministry, the expenses of the church, the relief of the poor, and the spread of the gospel through all nations.

Minister. For the sake of our home and our loved ones, what precious tasks do we humbly assume?

Congregation. We also engage to maintain family and moral discipline; to religiously educate our children; to seek the salvation of our kindred and acquaintances.

Minister. For the sake of the converted for whom our Saviour died, to what manner of life and conversation are we solemnly and sincerely pledged?

Congregation. To walk circumspectly in the world; to be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements and exemplary in our deportments; to avoid all tattling, backbiting and excessive anger; to abstain from the sale and use of intoxicating drink as a beverage; and to be zealous in our efforts to advance the kingdom of our Saviour.

Minister. Since now in our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren, by what fraternal ministries are we to strengthen each other and adorn the teaching of our Lord and Saviour?

Congregation. We further engage to watch over one another in brotherly love; to remember each other in prayer; to aid each other in sickness and distress; to cultivate Christian sympathy in feeling, and courtesy in speech; to be slow to take offense, but always ready for reconciliation and mindful of the value of our Saviour, to strive in without delay.

Minister. For the good of our own spiritual development, and for the best interests of the Master's Kingdom, what do we promise to do, if we remove from this place?

Congregation. We moreover engage, that when we remove from this place, we will as soon as possible unite with some other church, where we can carry out the spirit of this covenant and the principle of God's word.

Minister and Congregation. Humbly confessing our past sins, we pray for grace and strength to keep these, our holy vows, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

