Gospel Melodies

A Choice Compilation of New and Old Hymns and Gospel Songs Most Suitable for Present Day Needs in Churches, Schools, Young People's Meetings and Evangelistic Services

Compiled and Edited by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

ORCHESTRATION FOR FIFTEEN INSTRUMENTS

Book 1—Corneta, 1st and 2nd, and Saxophone (E-Flat Alto) or A-Flat Alto Horns
Book 2—1st Clarinet and 2nd Clarinet
Book 3—1st Violin and Flute
Book 4—2nd Violin and Viola
Book 5—Trombone Treble and Trombone Base
Book 6—Cello and Bass, and Soprano Horn

Single Book, $2.50; Six Books, $15.00, Postpaid

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BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
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
PLEASE LEAVE IN Pew

CHURCH
January Baptist Church
Crawfordville, 1768.
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Nashville, Tennessee
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The Editor.
Tell the Good News to Others.

1. If Jesus has lifted your burden of sin, Tell the good news to others!
2. If Jesus is helping you carry your load, Tell the good news to others!
3. If Jesus has whispered love's message to you, Tell the good news to others!

If gently He whispers sweet peace within, Tell the good news to others.
If safely He leads on the narrow road, Tell the good news to others.
If gladly you trust ev'ry promise true, Tell the good news to others.

Chorus:

Tell the good news! Tell the good news! Tell the good news to others;

Go forth in His name, His love to proclaim, Go tell the good news to others.
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 beam so wide Jesus bled and died, There He bore the sinner's blame.
Walk the road divine where the cross doth shine, It will lead you safely home.

Chorus.

The old road is the only road That leads home to God. The old road is the
only road, The way that Jesus trod; 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.
1. O why do you wander in sorrow, When Jesus invites you to come? His grace will impart boundless joy to your heart, ever you roam. God never despairs, He is one who still cares, shines thro' the gloom. Close, close to your side is the wonderful Guide.

2. Thou you are a poor wretched outcast, For such woe. The door of forgiveness is open. The light of love invites you to come? His grace will impart boundless joy to your heart, ever you roam. God never despairs, He is one who still cares, shines thro' the gloom. Close, close to your side is the wonderful Guide.

3. The door of forgiveness is open, The light of love invites you to come? His grace will impart boundless joy to your heart, ever you roam. God never despairs, He is one who still cares, shines thro' the gloom. Close, close to your side is the wonderful Guide.

Chorus

And it's only a little way home. It is only a little way. Tho' you have gone astray, Only a little way home; ... It is only a little way home. Tho' you have gone astray, Only a little way home; ... It is only a little way home. Tho' you have gone astray, Only a little way home; ... It is only a little way home.
Blessings Just Ahead.

P. S. K.

1. Be 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. The' you often tempted to, Trust the Man of Cal-va-ry, There are blessings un-

numbered just ahead; Jesus knows what's best for you. He will lead you safely thro',
numbered just ahead; Two' the dark clouds gather fast, They will disappear at last,
numbered just ahead: Take the prom-is-es di-vine, Sing and pray and shout and shine.

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;

reach a little higher,

Jesus is willing, for you His blood was shed. 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

algirm in an octave higher.
1. There are many hearts of sorrow here below, They are burdened with their weariness and woe; You can make their pathway brighter as you go—Just a path of doubt and fear; You can make their lonely hearts resound with cheer—Just a sorrow they for sake; There are others on the journey you can make


Just a Little Better Every Day; Make the world where'er you go,
With its sorrow, grief and woe, Just a Little Better Every Day.
Since His Love Found Me.

B. B. McKinney.

1. It is wonderful to know that the Savior came, That He cleansed my heart and set me free; I will sing a song of praise to His Holy name, I'm rejoicing since His love found me.

2. It is sweet to know that He is my dearest Friend, All my pain and sorrow to Him be; The'it means to tread the path that the Savior trod, I'm rejoicing every day since His love found me, His love found me, His love found me; And He keeps me every hour by His grace and pow'r, I'm rejoicing since His love found me.

3. I have found for me a place in the ranks of God, May I ever faithful. Common.
1. There's a garden where Jesus is waiting. There's a place that is wondrously fair; For it glows with the light of His presence. 

2. There's a garden where Jesus is waiting. And I go with my burden and care Just to learn from His lips words of comfort. In the come meet Him there; Just to bow, and receive a new blessing. In the

3. There's a garden where Jesus is waiting. And He bids you to

REFRAIN.

bean-tiful garden of prayer. O the bean-tiful garden, the garden of prayer, O the bean-tiful garden of prayer; There my Savior a-

waits, and He opens the gates To the bean-tiful garden of prayer.
He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.

1. "Tis the grandest theme thru' the ages rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
mortal tongue; "Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; "Tis the grandest 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

2. "Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
Crescendo.

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

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

3. "Tis the grandest theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the

Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-MEN.
1. There's a cleft in the Rock, there's a hiding place Where the storm of life cannot not a-larm; Thro' the dark-ness and gloom Jesus 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

shelter in the time of storm. He's a shelter in the time of storm.

safely keep me from all a-larm. He's a shelter in the time of storm.
Why Should He Love Me So?

1. Love sent my Savior to die in my stead, Why should He love me so?
2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He love me so?
3. O how He agonized there in my place, Why should He love me so?

Mock-ly to Cal-va-ry's cross He was led,
He suffered sore my salvation to win,
Nothing with-hold-ing my sin to ef-face,
Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so?

Cal-va-ry go? Why should He love me so?
Speak To My Heart.

1. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Speak that my soul may hear;
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Calm ev'ry doubt and fear.
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Help me the lost to win.
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, I would be wholly Thine.

2. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Purge me from ev'ry sin;
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Calm ev'ry doubt and fear.
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Help me the lost to win.
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, I would be wholly Thine.

3. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, It is no longer mine;
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Calm ev'ry doubt and fear.
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Help me the lost to win.
   Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, I would be wholly Thine.

Chorus.

Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;
Yielded and still, seeking Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to-day.
1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul; 
2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me; 
3. And now I am singing al-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;

It told of a Saviour who came to save, And make a broken life whole. 
He lifted that burden and gave me peace, And set my captive soul free. 
Now He is my Shepherd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ever glad.

His love won my heart, A love that will nev-er de-part; 
yes, won my heart, 
no, nev-er de-part;

He took sin a-way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.

I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.
No Longer Lonely.

1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
   vine; Ever pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on-ly, No lon-ger
   end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger
   fear; He has prom-ised ev-er to up-hold me, No lon-ger

2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the
   lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
   lone-ly! He will be near....

3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, The' shad-ows gath-er, I will not
   lone-ly, for He is mine....

To me;

Jesus is the Friend of friends to me;... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger

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

(Coda)
Whisper a Prayer.

S. L.

1. Whisper a prayer in the morning, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whisper a prayer at the noon-time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whisper a prayer at the twilight, After the day's work is done,

Why fear the fight, In your battle for right, When you know He will
Look unto Him, Who can conquer all sin; In thy weakness, in
No other friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Jesus, the

Chorus.

lead all the way?
Him then art strong. Whisper a prayer, Just whisper a prayer,
Cruci-fied One.

Even a whisper He'll hear over there; Vict'ry is thine, In His
love so sublime, When to Jesus you whisper a prayer.
1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the rose; And the voice I hear, Palling on my ear, The
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their singing, And the melody, That He gave to me, With-
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be falling, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

Chorus.
Son of God dis-closes, in my heart is ringing. And He walks with me, and He voice to me is calling.
talks with me. And He tells me I am His own; And the
lov we share, as we tarry there, None other has ever known.
1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for-sake me, But a-bove I never shall be; For the Friend beside me promised He would guide me Jesus I stay He will still uphold me, let His love enfold me love me the same; Not a trial ever causes Him to never

2. Should mis-fortune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true is

3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-o'er be-falls me One will always

And will keep His promise to me.

Ev'-ry dreary mile of the way. He will keep His promise to From the ones who honor His name. His

All the way with me He will go; He has never broken any promise spoken; He will keep His promise, I know. Amen.
Our Best.

S. C. Kirk.

1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,

2. Wait not for men to lead, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God,

3. Night soon comes on apace, Day has tarried by; Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for reward, Not for the
Brings its delight! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblent, 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 Jo-sue will be blest,

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

These may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.
1. Beyond the shadows the sun doth shine, Amid earth's sorrow;
    Beyond the quick-ly pass-ing years, Beyond the sigh-ing

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

Crown.

all, God's guid-ing hand.
waits, thro' heav'en's gate. Be-yond the shad-ows, be-yond the
Sav-ior 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.
The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other way but this; I shall never get sight of the Gates of Light, The way of the cross leads home.

2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Saviour trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, The way of the cross leads home.

3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world, To walk in it never more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home, The way of the cross leads home.

Chorus.

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

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home. Amen.
1. Tho' the path of life seems hard and long, Still within my heart there rings a song; Tho' sur-round-ed oft by man-y foes, Somewhere Lord for-get; Light-er ev'-ry bur-den dai-ly grows, Somewhere doubts and fears; 'Round my path a gleam of sun-shine throws, Somewhere on the way there is One who knows.

2. Why should I lose faith tho' cares be-set? Never will my bless-ed one. 

3. There's a hap-py tho't my spir-it cheers, Driv-ing from my soul all Crea-tus.

wind-ing way, Sweet-er ev'-ry day His presence grows; Somewhere on the way—the way—the wind-ing way. Somewhere on the way is One who knows.
21 Have You Counted Your Blessings To-day?


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

but gloom and rain! Have you tho't of the sun-shine that lights up your way, Or
toll and de-spair? Do you en-ly count troub-le and sad-ness and strife, Or
trou-bles and woe. You will thank the dear Sav-i-or each step of the way: For

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

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

Sav-i-or for gifts from a-bove? Have you counted your bless-ings to-day?
your bless-ings to-day?
I Need Jesus.

George O. Webster.

1. I need Jesus, my need I now confess; No friend like Him in times of deep distress; I need Jesus, the need I gladly own; Though some may hear their life is dim; I need Jesus, when foe my soul assail; A lone I know I sinner's Friend; I need Jesus, no other friend will do; So constant, kind, so

2. I need Jesus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of

3. I need Jesus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the

Chorus.

I need Jesus. I need Jesus. I need Jesus.

I need Jesus ev'ry day; Need Him in the sunshine hour.

Need Him when the storm-clouds low 'r; Ev'ry day a-long my way. Yes, I need Jesus.
23 What a Wonderful Time That Will Be.

Dora E. Bowman, B. B. McKinney.

1. When I have entered the harbor at last, And all of life's sorrows are past; When the great city of God I shall see, What a wonderful time that will be.

2. When I have landed up on that fair shore, Where billows can sweep me no more, Jesus my Savior will there welcome me; What a wonderful time that will be.

3. Mother will meet me with arms open wide, And father who walks by her side; Many dear loved ones again I shall see; What a wonderful time that will be.

Chorus:

What a wonderful time that will be. What a wonderful time that will be. No sorrow, no sighing. No sickness, no dying. What a wonderful time that will be.
His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

Copyright, 1853, by C. L. Holbrook.

Cyrus S. Nasham.

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him within the narrow road? Would you have Him bear your burden, carry peace that comes by giving all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can true in providential test? Would you in His service labor always

2. Would you have Him make you free, and fellow at His call? Would you know the all your load? Let Him have His way with thee, never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your

3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him soul, 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.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I was drifting far from the "Beacon Star." Clouds of sin had covered the blue; From His throne on high Jesus heard my cry, and my burdens lifted, Since His love came shining through.

2. Thro' the stormy night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-phant and new; Jesus saved from sin, gave me peace within, and my burdens lifted, Since His love came shining through.

3. Souls afar in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll count. I've a joy that's always new; All the clouds are rift-ed And my burdens lifted, Since His love came shining through.
Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett.  
J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar; For the Father waits o'er the way, To present the best; And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a tribune of praise, For the glorious gift of His love, And the Council.

pore us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. Amen.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a tribune of praise, For the glorious gift of His love, And the Council.

3. To our beautiful Father above, We will offer the pure us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. Amen.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. Amen.
Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
    glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
    burst on my sight; Angel descending, bring from above
    happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above,

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now
    Burn of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
    Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my
    Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Savior am
    song, Praising my Savior all the day long; This is my story.
    this is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long. Amen.
One Glad Day

A. S. R.

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Albert Simpson Reitz.

1. Tenderly the voice of Jesus came to me; Told me how my guilty soul might ransomed be; O what joy since I received His gift so free; Come thou I had naught to bring. Thus I came, and now with rapture I can sing cast my burdens at His feet; Now each day with joy my praise as I repeat, Cast a way; One glad day when I had wandered far astray; One glad day glad day

2. What had I to which my sinful soul could cling? Yet He bade me O what peace and wondrous victory! Songs of praise to my eternal King. One glad day my Savior washed my sins a way; One glad day glad day

3. Now my Lord and I enjoy communion sweet; Now He bids me He taught me how to watch and pray; One glad day I'll dwell with Him alway.
Get God's Sunshine.

1. Trust-ing Jo-se, won-der-ful Guide, In His keep-ing
2. Won-drous prom ise He will ful-fill, Glad-ly do-ing
3. Friend of sin-ners, ev er the same, Will-ing Sav-ior,

saf-ely a-bide, Joys e-ter-nal He will im-part,
His ho-ly will, Peace un-end-ing He will im-part,
praise His dear name, Full for-giv-ness He will im-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 life a-way, If you get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.
No Setting Sun.

E. H. Hewitt.
Solo, Duet or Quartet.

Henry P. Morton.

1. No setting sun, no fading ray, In that fair
   land of perfect day; No falling leaf, no drooping
   there, no tearful eye; In that bright home joy reigns su-

2. No weary sigh, No sorrow
   Lord His ransomed dwell; Dear Sav-iour, bring us safe-ly

3. No taint of sin, no sad fare-well, Where with the
   tear, No clouded sky, no parting tear.

   Steve, Each breath a song, and love the theme. No setting sun, no fading
   there, To see Thy face Thy beauty wear.

That for in that land of perfect day Shines on un-

dimmed the Liv-ing Light; Where Je-sus is can come no night.
I Have a New Song In My Heart.

1. I have a new song in my heart to-day, A song of gladness and peace; For Jesus has taken my sins away,
2. I have a new song in my heart to-day, A song of victory and light; I walk in His love and His word obey,
3. I have a new song in my heart to-day, A song of glory and love; Soon I shall go home with my Lord to stay,

Cresc. And caused my sorrows to cease. His hand is leading me right. I have a new song, a wonderful song.

To reign forever above.

G. M. -- 2
He Lives On High.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

From Hawaiian Folk Song.

Words by B. B. McKinney.

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re - deem the lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crowned land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to -

2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that wear - y soul, to Je - sus come con - fess - ing, Re - demption from sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a ho - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame. mor - row, And He'll take all His chil - dren home a - bove. bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!

Cassette.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri - umph an - ver sin and all its He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com - ing a - gain.
1. I want my life to glorify my Lord and King; I want to please and
honour Him in every thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
Jesus lived, I want to love as Jesus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and
2. Oh, that my life might magnify the Saviour's power; Oh, that my deeds might
make His crimson banner wave; I want to tell the blessed story every
please Him in every thing; I want my life to tell that He's my Lord and King.
3. I want my life to testify that He can save; I want to help to
witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His holy
Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.

name. So let my heart and voice His mighty power proclaim. I want to live each
day; I want to be a light to others on their way.
Trust, Try and Prove Me.

L. S. L.

1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your mon - ey.
2. When my wav'ring faith in tri - als fal - 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; Con - se-crato them all up - on the
hand I can - not see, Then in won-drous love and ten - der
have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him can

al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a - bove speaks sweet - ly,
mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just
ser - ver, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just

REFRAIN.

Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see
Trust Me, yea, then try Me, prove Me,

If a bless - ing, un - mea - sured bless - ing, I will not pour out on thee.
Love Lifted Me

James Rowe, Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deeply
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Safe in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves; He will lift you

stained within, Sinking to rise no more; But the Master of the sea
presence live, Ever His praises sing. Love so mighty and so true;
by His love Out of the angry waves. He's the Master of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lifted me, Now safe am I.
Hears my soul's best song; Faithful, loving service, too, To Him belongs.
Hill hears His will obey; He your Savior wants to be—He saved today.

Come, come.

Love Lifted me! Love Lifted me! When nothing even me!

she could help, Love Lifted me. Love Lifted me. Amen.
1. I've found a Friend— who is all to me,.... His
love is ever true;............ I love to tell... how He
saves my soul each day;........... I'm leaning strong... on His
love He said to me,................ "Come unto Me... and I'll
lifted me... And what His grace can do for you....
mighty arm;... I know He'll guide me all the way....
lead you home, To live with Me... eternally....

Counters.
Saved.... by His pow'r divine, Saved.... to new life sublime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!
Victory Is Coming

B. B. McK.

1. Soldiers in the army of the King divine, Standing in your places
2. Press the battle onward, the foe is strong; Lift your banner higher,
3. When the war is over and the victory won, When the faithful soldiers

on the firing line, See the signal waving from the Captain high; rent the giant Wrong; Jesus is the Captain, on His strength rely; gather one by one, In the house eternal up above the sky,

Vic-tor-y is com-ing by and by, Vic-tor-y is com-ing by and by, Vic-tor-y is com-ing, We will crown the Savior King most high.

sound the battle cry, Lift the Gospel banner to the sky; Thro' the blood of Jesus living up on high, Victory is coming by and by.

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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 renew. In His

sorrows are so many, and the world won't seem to care; Turn aside from pain and
feel almost discouraged and you think you live in vain; Put your trust in Christ so
serve-ice never 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 sunshine brightly thro' the gloom.
dear, For you'll feel He's always near, And He'll make the sunshine brightly thro' the gloom.
past, We shall see His face at last, Then He'll make the sunshine brightly thro' the gloom.

Chorus

Yes, He'll make the sunshine 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 de-pend.
When They Ring the Golden Bells.

Copyright, 1867, by Enoch De Mar bele. Dion De Mar belle.

1. There's a land beyond the river, That we call the sweet forever, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sorrow, In that haven of tomorrow, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the

only reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
harbor shall sail beyond the silver sea; We shall only know the blessing of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Nevermore with anguish laden, We shall
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet encouraging, When they ring the golden bells for you and me,
reach that lovely abode, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

D.E.—'tis the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)

Cut out.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the

glo-ry hallelujah Jubilee, Jubilee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-
Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Pammy J. Crosby.

Copyright Property of Fannie Y. Harris.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'er-shad'ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of world's tempta'tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of Earth of Ages, Ever my trust shall be. Here let me wait with angels, Borne in a song to me, O'er the fields of glo-ry, sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears; Only a few more tri als, patience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing.

Chorus.

O-ver the jasper sea... Only a few more tears! Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His Break on the gold-en shore... gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad'ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Amen.
1. We’re counting the blessings, our joys we record; The wonderful
mercy like sun-beams out-poured; But let us remember while
mercies, good-will unto men, Till gospel songs eech o from
praising the Lord, Somebody else needs a blessing.
deserts are clad; Somebody else needs a blessing.
mountain to glee; Somebody else needs a blessing.

2. We’ll go, like the Savior, to comfort the sad; With love’s healing
portion we’ll make others glad, Until, with fresh verdure, life’s
sinners, good-will unto men, Till gospel songs echo from

3. We’ll tell the old story again and again; Salvation for
praising the Lord, Somebody else needs a blessing.
deserts are clad; Somebody else needs a blessing.
mountain to glee; Somebody else needs a blessing.

Ossana.

Somebody else needs a blessing, Somebody else needs a blessing; We’ll

let our lights shine to His glory divine, Somebody else needs a blessing.
The Life-Boat.

My Mother's favorite song — H. B. McK.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The stormy clouds of
darkness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us all take courage, For
Christian life. And walk in Jesus' name. But then we heard the Master say,"I'll
waters To rescue you and me. And land us safely in the port With
we're not left alone, The life-boat soon is coming To gather the jewels home,
friends we love so dear. "Get ready," cries the Captain. Oh! look, she is almost here.

Chorus.

Then cheer, my comrades, cheer, Our trials will soon be o'er, Our loved ones
We're pilgrims and we're strangers here. We're seeking a city to come, The life-boat
we will meet, will meet Upon the golden shore;
soon is coming To (Ossia ) gather the jewels home.
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
morn- tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har- vest,
and the time of reap-ing. We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breezes; By and by the har- vest,
and the la- bor end-ed. We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas- ter, Tho' the loss sus-
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,
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-

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

Bring-ing in the sheaves; bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps today there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a lovely place In earth's harvest-fields so wide.

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wanderer whom I should seek.
Where I may labor through life's short day For Jesus, the Crucified.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Savior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Thou dark and rugged way,
So, trusting my all unto Thy care, I know Thou lov'st 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 message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

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

Refrain.

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

Charlotte G. Homer. Copyright 1897 by Robert H. Helman.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be my Guide, Thou great Je- bo-vah! As I trave-el thro' this life, Thou art
   round me Thy pro-tec-tion, Fit me for its care and strife; Be my to-wer to find so many by-ways bright with pleasures' gleam and glow; When in doubt and will, O Guide of Ages, Mark the pathway for my feet; Then when I have

2. O'er the straight and narrow pathway, Without Thee I can-not go, For I
   shall nev-er be con-found-ed By the foes I'm sure to meet; If Thou

3. What though my way is full of toil, With strength and wisdom lead me when my feet would stray; Feed me with Thy heavy fear 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-

REFRAIN. (Arranged.)

man-na, Strengthen me from day to day. "Bread of heav-en! Feed me
bur-den, Need Thy grace my cross to bear. "Strong De-liv-erer! Be Thou
ev-er, In the Home-land of the soul. "Songs of prais-es I will

still I want no more; Bread of heav-en! Feed me till I want no more." still my strength and shield; Strong De-liv-erer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, still give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee."
1. Face to face with Christ my Savior. Face to face, how can it be,
2. Only faintly now I see Him, With the dark-lit veil between;
3. What rejoicing in His presence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O blissful moment! Face to face, to see and know;

When with rapture I behold Him, Jesus Christ, who died for me?
But a blessed day is coming, When His glory shall be seen,
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

Chorus.

Face to face shall I behold Him, Far beyond the starry sky;

Face to face in all His glory, I shall see Him by and by!
The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

1. The name of Jesus is so sweet, I love its music to repeat;  
2. I love the name of Him whose heart knows all my grief, and bears a part;  
3. That name I fondly love to hear, It never fails 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 complete, The precious name of Jesus.
Who bids all anxious tears depart— I love the name of Jesus.
Its music dries the fallen tear; Exalt the name of Jesus.
Oh, let its praises ever swell, Oh, praise the name of Jesus.

I. The precious name

Chorus.

"Jesus," Oh how sweet the name! "Jesus," ev'rey day the same;

"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

Its worthy praise
My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock. L. M.  

William B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-cum veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the overwhelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
In ev'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-sunless robe, Faithless to stand before the throne.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is

sink-ing sand, All other ground is sink-ing sand. A-men.
Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury.  
Evening Praise.  71. 4.  
William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dying in the west, Heav’n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro’ all the sky.

2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the universe, Thy home, Father,
we, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art high.
glory and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascent.

3. While the deep’ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfold-ing all, Thro’ the
angels, on our eyes Let eternal morning rise, And shadows end!

4. When forever from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
Thee! Heav’n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A-men.
Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.  

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, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, 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,Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, come home,

Earnestly, ten - der - ly Je - sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! Amen.
1. I am resolved no longer to linger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Saviour, Learning my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to follow the Saviour, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to enter the Kingdom, Leaving the paths of sin;

Things that are higher, things that are nobler, These have allured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may set me, Still will I en-ter in.

CHORUS.

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

Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-men.
Pray Your Troubles Away.

1. When you are weary and sore oppressed, When sorrow darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you come-bite To lead your footsteps astray,
3. Be not discouraged, but press along, And live for Jesus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why longer roam In sin's un-ending dism-ay?

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

Crescendo,

Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;)

Have faith in Jesus from day to day, And pray your troubles a-way.
God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dismayed, what e'er betide, 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 provide, God will take care of you;
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Beneath His wings of love abode, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.
Nothing you ask will be denied, God will take care of you.
Lean, weary one, upon 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.
1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim age will cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Chorus:

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God. Amen.
Let Others See Jesus in You.

B. B. McK.

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

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

Chorus.

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

Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faith-ful and true, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
I Know the Bible Is True.

Gene Routh.

1. I know the Bible was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the story of Christ is true, His virgin, glorious birth,
3. I know the Bible is wholly true, For peace it gave me within;
4. The foes dismay with a spirit bold The message old, but still new,

Inspired and holy, the living Word, I know the Bible is true. His life, His death, and the open tomb, And His return to the earth. It finds me, comforts me day by day, And gives me victory o'er sin. Its truth is sweeter each time 'tis told, I know the Bible is true.

Chorus.

I know, I know, I know the Bible is true; I know, I know, I know the Bible is true;

Divinely inspired the whole way thro', I know the Bible is true.
At the Roll Call

Rev. W. C. Poole

B. D. Ackley

1. I will look for you up yonder, When my days down here are o'er;
2. I will look for you up yonder, On that wonderful great day,
3. I will look for you up yonder, In the city of the King,
4. I will look for you up yonder, Will you meet me there that day?

When the roll is called in glory, Will you meet me on that shore?
When we wake at call of Jesus, And the earth shall pass away,
Thro' eternity's glad ages, There the praise of Him to sing,
Will we meet with Christ the Savior, Forever 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 above the blue, When the roll is called in glory, will you be there?
I will look for you.

Yes, I'll be there.
Love Is the Theme.

By my friend, E. E. Jones.

A. C. F. Albert C. Fisher.

1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-pre-me-ly stands a - lone; 
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring,  
3. Since the Lord my soul un-bound, I am tell-ing all a-round  
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bliss-ed Mas-ter came, 

There the a-gos it has shown,—Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love. 
Let the world true praise-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.  
Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.  
Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love. 

Chorus.

Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows; 

Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-men.
Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts.  

Antioch. C. M.  

George F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-

ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare His roes,

And Heav’n and na - ture sing.  

And Heav’n and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their

songs en - joy; While fields and flood, rocks, hills and plains

Re - peat the sound - ing joy,  

Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.

3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in -

but the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow

Far as the curse is found,  

Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right -eous - ness,

And won - ders of His love,  

And won - ders of His love.

And Heav’n and na - ture sing, . . . .  

And Heav’n and Heav’n and na - ture sing.

And Heav’n and na - ture sing.

And Heav’n and na - ture sing.
1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave. There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong. Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men. Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the season of rescue be o'er. Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Somebody's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the lin-gers so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And out with the you've never been: Winds of tem-p-ta-tion and billows of woe Will soon hurl them ter- ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the

Life-Line, his peril to share?
Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! cast 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. Gilmour.

George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad exile was cast on life's sea, So burdened with
sin and distrust, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,
hold of the world, My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
story so blest, Of Jesus, who'll save who so ever will have
power divine; Come, anchor your soul in the haven of rest,

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep.

And I entered the haven of rest.
The haven of rest is my Lord. I've anchored my
A home in the haven of rest.
And say, "My Beloved is mine."

In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

D. S.

soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;
Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently, grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way Patiently win them;

2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the persistent. Though they are far from Him, Yet He is watching, Watching the returning. Though they are enemies, Yet He is loving, Loving them tenderly, Loving them patiently.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings buried, that are waiting to be stirred. Down in the soul, That is lost and wandering, Being sought by merciful Jesus, Whose love is never ending.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the Saviour has given. Rescue the perishing, Jesus the mighty to save. He will forgive if they truly believe. Rescue the perishing, Chords that are broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Chorus.

Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. He will forgive if they truly believe. Rescue the perishing, Chords that are broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save. Amen.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's boast doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Going on before! Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
On to victory! Hell's brandished quiver At the shoot of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi-sed; All one bod- y we,
In the triumph song; Glor-y, laud, and hon- or, Unto Christ the King;

Refrain.

For- ward in- to battle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Lord your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i- ty.
This throng, counting ages Men and angels.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before! A-men.
The Son of God Goes forth to War.

Reginald Heber.  All Saints New. C. M. D. Henry S. Cutler.

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

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

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o-ver pain, Who Like Him, with par-son on His tongue In midst of mort-al pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The Il-on's ga-ry mane; They They climbed the steep as-cend of Heav'n Thro' peril, toil, and pain: O

pa-tient bear 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, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-men.
A Mighty Fortress.

Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.

Martin Luther.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;
3. And the world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a bidth;

Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ill prevailing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph thro' us.
The Spirit and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us dwellth.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mortal life al-soe; The body they may

great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
dare, For lo! his doom is sure: One little word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a bidth still, His kingdom is for ever. A-MEN.
He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

1. There's within my heart a melody Jesus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feasting on the riches of His grace, Resting 'neath His sheltering wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thru' waters deep, Trials fall across the way,
5. Soon He's coming back to welcome me Far beyond the starry sky,

Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of Life's ebb and flow.
Jesus swept across the broken strings, Stilled the aching chords again.
Always looking on His smiling face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus—Sweetest name I know,
Fills my every longing, Keeps me singing as I go. Amen.
My Savior's Love.

C. H. G.

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Telemark Publishing Co., owners.

C. H. Gabriel.

1. I stood amazed in the presence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar- den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my scro-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, con-cea-ened, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the nar-rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-y'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the an-gels 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.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r;
4. Ever since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds suppley,
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sinners, plunged in death that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains: And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away: Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more: Re-deeming love has been my theme; And shall be till I die: When this poor lip-ting, stum-ling tongue Lies si - lent in the grave;

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

sinners, plunged in death that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more. Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. this poor lip-ting, stum-ling tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A-men.
The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold.
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. "But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed;"
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. "But all thru the mountains, thunder-riv'rs, And up from the rocky steep,

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of Mine Has wandered a-way from
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'; Ere He found His sheep that was
'They were slain for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heart's, "Rejoice! I have found My

gold—A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the
Me. And al-tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
lost. Out in the desert He heard its cry—Sick and
back. "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" 'They're pierced to-sheep!' And the an-gels echoed a-round the throne, "Rejoice, for the

ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care,
desert to find My sheep, I go to the desert to find My sheep,"
helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
right by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn." Lord brings back His own! Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."
Let the Tide Come In.

Rev. David Ross.

B. B. McKinney.

1. We thank Thee, Lord, that per'se 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 precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-ver dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheer-ing, Signs of conquest 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 cre-a-tion, 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 cleans-ing
bil- lows sweep a-way our sin; Let the tide come in,

Let the tide come in, Oh, let the might-y tide come in.
I Shall Not Be Moved.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. Je-sus saves for-ev-er, I shall not be moved; He will leave me nev-er
2. On His grace re-lying, 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 lost ones 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,

I shall not be moved, 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.
On the Homeward Way.

William M. Runyan.  Ethel M. McKee.

1. I am on the heav'n-ly high-way, With the Sav-i-or 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 bless-ing for the jour-ney, There is grace for ev-ery 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,
Turn-ing from all sin and fol-ly Seek the bless-ed home-ward way!

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

home-ward way; How my heart with joy is

sing-ing On the home-ward way, On the bless-ed home-ward way.
Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.  COPYRIGHT, 1852, BY W. H. Doane, NEW YORK.

W H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
2. Take the name of Jesus ever As a shield from every snare;
3. O the precious name of Jesus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bowing, Falling prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then, wheresoe’er you ro.
If temptations round you gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav’n we’ll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

Crown

Precious name, O how sweet! Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of Heav’n; Precious name, O how sweet!

sweet, how sweet!
Anchored on the Rock.

1. On the sea of life I sail, small my bark and wild the gale, I am anchored on the Rock of Ages; And the anchor will hold fast, until all the storms are past,
on the Rock of Ages. Love of God which will endure, is my anchor strong and sure, I am anchored on the Rock of Ages; Love of God with strength untold, through the angry storms will hold,
on the Rock of Ages. Peace and safety here are found, and my bark is bound and bound, I am anchored on the Rock of Ages; Waiting for me over there, is a mansion bright and fair,
on the Rock of Ages. On God's promise I rest, they have stood in every test, I am anchored on the Rock of Ages; To the haven I draw nigh, full of hope with courage high,
on the Rock of Ages.

CLOSING.

I am anchored on the Rock of Ages. Anchored on the Rock, safely anchored on the Rock, I am anchored on the Rock of Ages; Thou the gates of death may blow, blessed peace of soul I know. I am anchored on the Rock of Ages.
1. Just when I need Him, Jesus is near, Just when I falter,
   just when I fear; Ready to help me, ready to cheer,
   Just when I need Him most; Jesus is near to comfort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. Amen.

2. Just when I need Him, Jesus is true, Never forsaking
   all the way thru; Giving for burdens pleasures anew,
   Just when I need Him most. Amen.

3. Just when I need Him, Jesus is strong, Bearing my burdens
   all the day long; For all my sorrow giving a song,
   Just when I need Him most; Amen.

4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, Answering when up
Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

Copyright, 1862, by John J. Neale.

Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Through eternal ages.

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Through eternal ages.

2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail, When the bowling storms of life overspree.

3. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him eternal.

4. Standing on the promises I cannot fall, Lian'ting ev'ry moment, looking up to heaven.

Let His praise ring; Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing.

doubt and fear assail, By the living word of God I shall prevail.

ly by love's strong cord, Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword.

to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Savior, as my all in all.

Standing on the promises of Christ my King. Standing, standing.

Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the promises of God my Savior; Standing, standing.

Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

standing, I'm standing on the promises of God. Amen.
Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. H. T. Casel.

From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, "Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, "Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, "Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, "Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's ban-neers float We'll send the loy-al note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His ges-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'out the world's domain,

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to vic-to-ry!
Cries our great Com-man-der; "On!" We'll move at His com-man-d, great Com-man-der; "Go!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-men.
1. Smile when your heart is all trodden, Smile when you're weary and blue;
2. Smile when the tempest is raging, Smile in your battle with sin;
3. Smile when your burdens are heavy, Smile when you're longing for rest;
4. Smile, and give others your sunshine, Smile as you meet with the throng,

Smile, for the Saviour is guiding, Smile, for the Saviour is true.
Smile and your courage will strengthen, Smiling will help you to win.
Never give up in the conflict, Smiling is always the best.
Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with gladness and song.

Chorus. Amr.

Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow brighter.
Sighing you may be guilty, Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow

Lighter, if you trust Jesus and smile, Smile, smile, smile...
He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

1. I was lost in sin, but Jesus rescued me, He's a wonderful Savior to me;
2. He's a Friend so true, so patient and so kind, He's a wonderful Savior to me;
3. He is always near to comfort and to cheer, He's a wonderful Savior to me;
4. Deeper grows the love of Jesus day by day, He's a wonderful Savior to me;

I was bound by fear, but Jesus set me free,
Ev'rything I need in Him I always find,
Forgiven my sins, He dries my every tear,
Sweet is His grace while pressing on my way,

He's a wonderful Savior to me. (So wonderful) For He's a wonderful Savior to me;

I was lost in sin, but Jesus took me in; He's a wonderful Savior to me.
1. I am satisfied with Jesus, He has done so much for me,
He has suffered to redeem me, He has died to set me free.
I am satisfied, I am satisfied, I am satisfied.

2. He is with me in my trials, Best of friends of all is He;
I can always count on Jesus, Can He always count on me?
"Go and win the lost and straying;" Is He satisfied with me?

3. I can hear the voice of Jesus calling out so pleadingly,
Oh, that I could hear Him saying, "I am satisfied with thee."

4. When my work on earth is ended, And I cross the mystic sea,
But the question comes to me, As I think of Calvary, Is my Master satisfied with me?
The Nail-Scarred Hand.

1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; Are you weary and worn from its toil and strife?

2. Are you walking alone thru the shadowed dim? Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; Christ will comfort your heart, put your trust in Him.

3. Would you follow the will of the risen Lord? Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His blessed word?

4. Is your soul burdened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart open wide, let the Savior in.

Chorus.

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the end, He's your dearest Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Pentecostal Power.

Charlotte G. Homer.  Copyright, 1900, By CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, as of old at Pentecost Thou didst Thy pow'r display,
   With cleansing, purifying flame Descend on us today.
   Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pentecostal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of
   blessing on us throw open wide! Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the

2. For mighty works for Thee prepare, And strengthen every heart;
   Come, take possession of Thine own, And never more depart.
   That sinners be converted and Thy name glorified!
There is Power in the Blood.

1. Would you be free from the burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood.
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood.
3. Would you be whit-er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood.
4. Would you do service 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 clean-ling to Cal-va-ry's tide; There's pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its hi-giv-ing flow; There's pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing? There's

wonder-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r there is

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r in the precious blood of the Lamb. A-men.
1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is happy.
2. On my path there shines a radiant Light, And the bells of joy ring.
3. When my heart is faint, He makes me strong, And He bears my burden.
4. I shall reach that happy goal — on shore, There to dwell in joy forever.

Every day; I am walking in the narrow way, On the
day and night; I am walking in the sunshine bright, On the
all day long; I am singing now a glad new song, On the
ever-more; If I follow Him who goes before, On the

long, long road with Jesus. On the long, long road with Jesus. On the

long, long road with Jesus; Thro' the days of weal or woe, I am singing

as I go On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him.
1. Some-body here is weary and worn, Bending beneath a burden long borne; Tired of the storms and thorns on the way.

2. Some-body here is weary of sin, Longing to let the Blessed One in; Ready to take the heavenly way.

3. Some-body here will answer His plea, Kneel at His feet, a Christian to be; Some-body here for pardon will pray, knowing what danger lies in delay.

4. Some-body here is looking above, Ready to trust His mercy and love; Somebody here needs Jesus today. Somebody here is sad and alone, Some-one whose song and laughter have flown; Come, He'll receive you, He will relieve you. Somebody here needs Jesus today.
I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe

Copyright, 1873, By Holabird & Burtett Co. Samuel W. Beazley.

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 Over 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,

Jesus I choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me.
Always to Jesus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Always to Jesus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Jesus shall bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me.

Chorus.

I choose Jesus when I need a friend... What I need I know that He will send;... I have proved Him, good and true is He;... I choose Jesus, He is the best for me...
Win Them One by One.

C. A. M.

1. If to Christ our only King Men redeemed we strive to bring,
   Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.
   So you bring the one next to you. And I'll bring the one next to me. In all kinds of weather, we'll all work together, And see what can be done;

2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
   They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by prayer.
   If you'll bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me. In no time at all we'll have them all. So win them, win them one by one.

3. Only cowards dare refuse, Dare this gift of God misuse;
   Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.

4. Not for hope of great reward, Turn men's hearts unto the Lord;
   Just to see a saved man smile Makes the effort well worth while.

C. Austin Miles.
Just to Know Him.

W. W. S.

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 mission I may here fulfill, Just to know the Master
4. Just to know He's pleading now for sinful men, Just to know He's coming

every day and hour; Just to know He leads me by His hand divine,
in this desert-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 service here;
back to earth again; Just to know my Savior, once for sinners slain,

Give me strength to witness, Jesus Christ is mine,
Saying, "Come," ye faith-ful—welcome home at last, Just to know Him,
Fills my soul with glory, and my life with cheer,
Shall be crowned for ever—King of kings to reign,

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

Just to trust Him and be made complete, Fills me, thrills me with His love so sweet.
The Wonderful Day.

Woodie W. Smith.

1. There's a wonderful day, for the prophets all say That the Lord in His
2. As I think of that day, I can joyfully say, Blessed Savior, I'm
3. Earthly joy shall recede with its pomp and its greed, When the light of His
4. Oh, that wonderful day! Oh, the rapture for aye! Oh, the marvelous

glorious day; All the saints shall arise and ascend to the skies,
ready to go; For I'm trusting His grace, and shall look on His face,
glory I see; I will fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
love of the King! How I long to be there. His communion to share.

Glorious day; All the saints shall arise and ascend to the skies,
ready to go; For I'm trusting His grace, and shall look on His face,
glory I see; I will fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
love of the King! How I long to be there. His communion to share.

Ever more to be with Him at home.
Oh, what rapture, my Savior to know. He's coming some day, He's
Jesus' blood made atonement for me.
And His praises forever to sing.

coming some day, Oh, what will it mean to you? Shall you welcome that day,

Share His glory for aye, Fellow traveler, oh, what will you do?
I Must Tell Jesus.

H. A. H.


1. I must tell Jesus all of my trials; I cannot bear these burdens alone; in my distress He kindly will help me.

2. I must tell Jesus all of my troubles; He is a kind, constant Friend; if I but ask Him, He will deliver, burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus, and He will help me.

3. Tempted and tried I need a great Savior, One who can help my temptations to sin; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus, and He will help me.

4. O how the world to evil allure us! O how my heart is curious,

Chorus.

He ever loves and cares for His own. Make of my troubles quickly an end. I must tell Jesus!

He all my cares and sorrows will share. O ver the world the victory to win.

I must tell Jesus! I cannot bear my burdens alone; I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus! Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

A - MEN.
Jesus is Calling.

1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling today,
calling today; Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam?

2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling today,
calling today; Bring Him thy burden and then shalt be blest:

3. Jesus is waiting; O come to Him now—Waiting today,
waiting today; Come with thy sins; at His feet bowly bow;

4. Jesus is pleading; O lift to His voice; Hear Him today,
hear Him today; They who believe on His name shall rejoice;

Further and farther away!
He will not turn thee away.

Come, and no longer delay.
Quickly arise and away.

Calling, calling today, today,
Calling today, . . .

Calling today, . . .
Jesus is
Calling today, today, Jesus is tenderly

Calling, is tenderly calling today.
Amen.
Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. Smyth,

Copyright, 1880, by H. G. Smyth,

1. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is the love of God flowing thro' you? ... Are you telling the lost of the Saviour? Are you lost? ... Have you urged up on those who are straying, The Him? ... Have you spoken the word of salvation To sin; ... We will barriers be and a hindrance To read y His service to do?

Savior who died on the cross? Make me a channel of blessing to-day, those who are dying in sin? those we are trying to win.

Make me a channel of blessing, I pray; My Life possessing,

My service blessing, Make me a channel of blessing to-day. Amen.
I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1874, by W. H. Doane, New York.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.

2. Con-scru-cate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stand-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.

3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy near-er, near-er, nearest friend with friend near-er, near-er, Lord, near-er, near-er.

4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I near-er, near-er, nearer, near-er, nearer, nearer; near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.
1. I was sinking down in the waves of sin. Darkness covered the light of day, with a tender hand Jesus took me in.

2. There's a song of joy ringing in my soul. As I traveled the homeward way, since my Lord divine has complete control.

3. I am anchored safe in the Rock divine. Bliss as assurance I have today, for I know I'm His and I know He's mine.

4. Oh, what joy to tell of His matchless love. Of His wonderful grace for me, and to point the lost to this Friend above. Who'll save them and set them free.

Chorus.

He lifted me up to stay. He lifted me up to stay.

He lifted me up to stay. And I go resting on my homeward way. For He lifted me up to stay.
Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

1. Though all things this world holds are precious, Are taken from me here below, There's one precious truth that I treasure, There's one precious truth that I treasure.

2. Should some earthly care come pressing, Some cloud thro' which I can not see, I've one constant Friend, it is Jesus, Jesus is real, this I know.

3. Alone, and a way from my loved ones, No words from their lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more precious, Jesus is real, and is near.

4. Oh, seal, in this world ever changing, Now seeking some friend that is true, There's One who is steadfast, unfailing, Jesus is real; He seeks you.

Precious to me, Jesus is real to me; To me, All that the world holds as treasure may go, But Jesus is real to me, To me.
1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained
   Too deeply for

2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark
   With a nameless

3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed
   To resist some tempt-

4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye"
   To the dearest one

mirth or song; As the burdens press, And the cares distress,

dread and fear? As the daylight fades In to deep night shades,

suffer strong; When for my deep grief There is no relief,

earth to see, And my soul heart aches Till it nearly breaks,

And the way grown weary and long?

Does He care enough to be near? O yes, He cares, I

The' my tears flow all the night long?

Is it aught to Him? Does He care?

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

wear-y, The long night dreary, I know my Saviour cares. (He cares.)
1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrou
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and re-
suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove, beam-fy I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suffered and died, proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,

C'son:

For a world of lost sinners was slain, To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-god To par-don and sacri-fi-ly me, Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-god cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.

The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

Stepping in the Light


1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gentle heartlessness, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by His blessed example,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mercy, and love, Looking to Him for the grace freely promised,
follow our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beauty."

Chorus.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring,
Happy, how happy, our praises each day. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our journey a-bosom,
Happy, how happy, our place at His side.

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light. Amen.
Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.


Thos. Bentson.

1. Is your heart o'er-burdened with its grief and care? Are you 
2. Do you long for comfort in your sore distress? Come to 
3. Are you sad and lone-lv, is the pathway drear? Tarry 
4. Let the Saviour guide you all along the way. From the 

lament now beneath the cross you hear? Tell it all to Jesus at the 
Christ your Saviour and your sins confessed; Tell it all to Jesus. He will 
then no longer in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Jesus, He is 
home-ward pathway never go astray; All your heavy burdens He will 

place of prayer, Carry all your sorrows to Him.
heal and bless, Carry all your sorrows to Him. Carry all your sorrows to 
very near, Carry all your sorrows to Him. Carry all your sorrows to 
roll away, Carry all your sorrows to Him. Carry all your sorrows to 

Him, (He is near,) Carry all your sorrows to Him; (He will hear;) On your 
heart His love will fall. If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.
I'm On the High Road.

1. Once I was lost, without a Savior, The path of sin I chose to roam.

2. I yielded to His tender pleading, And turned my feet from sin and wrong; I heard the voice of Jesus saying, "Ceus unto Me, I'll lead you home."

3. Again I heard His voice so tender, "Take up thy cross and follow Me;" To Him I made a full surrender To bear the cross of victory.

4. When Thou shalt come in all Thy glory, O blessed Christ of Calvary, Around the world I'll live forever, I'm on the high road, I'm on the high road, I'm on the high road traveling home; My Lord is guiding. In Him I'm hiding. I'm on the high road traveling home.

B. B. McKinney.
Do It for Jesus To-day.

1. O think of the work that is waiting for you; O think of the things that no
2. Some-where is a load that is heavy to bear; Some-where is a life that is
3. There's some-one who's waiting the story to hear, Of won-der-ful love that will
4. O hast-en, for soon will be set-ting of sun; O hast-en, for soon will your

speak can do. Then go in the name of the Mas-ter so true,
ans-i-ous with care; Go quickly with Je-sus their bur-den to share,
ban-ish all fear; To hearts that are wea-ry bring com-fort and cheer;
life work be done; Go quickly if you would have vic-to-ry 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.
Do something for Je-sus to-day.

Do it for Je-sus to-day; Some bur-dens make lighter,
for Je-sus to-day;
Some path-way make brighter. O do it for Je-sus to-day.

to-day.
1. With the coming of the morn, Lord, my heart for Thee aspire;
2. As the day advances, Lord, May my pow’rs for service grow;
3. Keep me by Thy mighty pow’r Ev’r from the snares of sin;
4. This my morning prayer shall be, Give me from Thy boundless store

New de-tur-mi-na-tions born, Fill my soul with new de-sires
Strength as I shall need af-terd; Wis-dom un-to me be-stow
Watch a-bout me ev-ry hour That I may the vic-t’ry win.
Grace for great-er works for Thee, Grow-ing strong-er, more and more.

For a con-se-cra-tion new, Bet-ter work for Thee to do.
That I may thro’-out the day Walk up-right-ly in Thy way.
With-out Thee, Lord, I must fail—Self with sin can-not a-vaIL.
Then to Thee shall praise be Now and in et-er-ni-ty.

Refrain.

This my song shall be, This my ear-nest plea;
Give me work to do, Keep me pure and true;
This my song shall be, This my ear-nest plea;
Give me work to do, Keep me pure and true.

Ev’ry morn-ing, as to Him I pray;
Guard me in the (Omit.................) straight and nar-row way.
103 We Will Understand It Better By and By

C. A. Tindley.

Rev. C. A. Tindley.

1. We are oft'en tossed and driv'n on the rest-les sea of time, Somber
2. We are oft'en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of
3. Trials dark on ev'-ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand All the
4. Here temptations, hid-den snare, oft-en take us un-a-wares, And our

skeins and howling tempests oft succeed a bright sunshine; In that land of
food and want of shelter, thirst-y hills and bar-ren lands; But we're trusting
ways that God would lead us to that bless-ed Prom-ised Land; But He'll guide us
hearts are made to bleed by some tho't-less word or deed; And we won-der

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

D. S.—We will un-der-stand it

FINISH CHORUS

bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morn-ing comes,
bet-ter by and by, (by and by.)

When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the story how we've overcome,
1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that Jesus walks by my side all the live-long day, And He knows when the shadows be:

2. When He scatters the gifts from His boundless store, And His showers of grace know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the earth has such melody; There's no joy that can come to the gin to low'r, And He whispers His love to me o'er and o'er, victory. As He whispers His wonderful love to me,

3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sure-ly tried, It is then that I know the human heart like the joy that His love ev'ry cloth impart.

4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no music on least I should stray from Him a-way. He whispers His love to me.

He whispers His love to me,

He whispers His love to me;

His love to me,

His love to me;
We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts

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Robert Lowry

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, children of the heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'n-ly King, for we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, marching thro' Im-man-u-el's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But may speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets, To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

3. The hill of Zii-on yields A thou-sand an-cient sweets, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, marching thro' Im-man-u-el's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're marching up-ward to Zii-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God. Amen.

We're marching to Zii-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zii-on; We're marching to Zii-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zii-on; We're marching up-ward to Zii-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God. Amen.
I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey.

1. I love to tell the story, Of unseen things so lovely, Of
2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What
4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seen

Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love, I love to
all the golden sunshine Of all our golden dreams, I love to
seem, each time I tell it, More wonderful and sweet, I love to
hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when in
tell the story Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my
tell the story, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the story, For some have never heard The message of sal-

REFRAIN.

longing As nothing else can do. reason I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story, 'Twill
vision From God's own Holy Word. story That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.
1. Some day I'll cross the mystic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mortal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's coming back with glory rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you travel on life's way, There waters deep or billows break;

Some day I'll lay my burdens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Savior'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 Jesus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.

Some day I'll reach the golden shore, And dwell with Jesus evermore;
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, Forget the struggles of long years;
If He should call me, this I know; I'm saved and ready now to go;
O brother, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin.

I'll meet the ones who've gone before, It won't be long, it may be soon;
I'll know no sorrow, pain, nor tears; It won't be long, it may be soon;
I'm waiting with my heart aglow; It won't be long, it may be soon;
Till heaven's door you enter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

Sing after last clause. Fug.

D. S. - There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, in heaven's above, where all is love,
Lift Him Up.

1. How to reach the masses, men of ev'ry birth? For an answer
2. O the world is hungry for the living bread, Lift the Savior
3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gospel
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

Jesus gave the key, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, simple, tall and free; Prove Him and you will find that promise is true, you the Savior see. Then men will gladly follow Him who once taught,

REFRAIN.

Will draw all men unto Me." Lift Him up. Lift Him up,
"I'll draw all men unto Me." Lift Him up,
"I'll draw all men unto Me." Lift Him up,
"I'll draw all men unto Me." Lift Him up,

Still He speaks from eternity, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth Will draw all men unto Me."
1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my ward-ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is sted-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Git-y, I know, Since Je-sus came

into my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart! And my sins which were 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 Git-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py, as on-ward I go,

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

heart,

Floods of joy o'er my

soul. Like the sea bli-ness roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus
2. Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in—That wonder-
3. Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember
4. Tell me the same old story, When you have come to fear That this world's

and His glory, Of Jesus and His love; Tell me the story
ful redemption, God's remedy for sin; Tell me the story
I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me the story
empty glory Is costing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And every, For I forget so soon, The "early dew" of morning Has always, If you would truly be, In any time of trouble, A glory Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Story: "Christ

Crossing.

helpless and defiled,
passed away at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old comforter to me.
Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story Of Je-sus and His love. A-men.

III

May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ling cries:
2. When sleep her balm de-nies, My si- lent spir-it sighs:
3. Deeds sad-ness fill my mind, A sol- ace here I find:
4. In Heav’n’s e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,

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

To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast; May Je-sus Christ be praised.
My com-fort still is this; May Je-sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear; May Je-sus Christ be praised.
Thro’ all the ages on; May Je-sus Christ be praised. A-men.
Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. Austin Miles.

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

sins of earth be - set on ev - ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tie long the en - o - my with - stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
sheltered here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al - ways shining,
bless - ed lo - ves, I see the way He planned; Dwel - ling in the Spir - it, here I

vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beul - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Nothing there can reach me — 'tis Beul - lah Land.
here - there's no manthatcan harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beul - lah Land.
learn of hell sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beul - lah Land.

Crown.

I'm liv - ing on the moun - tain, un - der -neath a cloud- - less sky,

Praise God!

drink - ing at the foun - tain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the
Dwelling In Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beul-ah Land.

113 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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, Precious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

Just to rest up-on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je-sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

Camea.

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

Je-sus, Je-sus, prec-ious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A-men.
1. We've a story to tell to the nations, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A story of truth and sweetness, A story of peace and light, A story of peace and light, A story of peace and light.

2. We've a song to be sung to the nations, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall conquer evil And shatter the spear and sword. And shatter the spear and sword. And shatter the spear and sword.

3. We've a message to give to the nations, That the Lord Who reigneth above, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And sorrow has trod, That all of the world's great people Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

4. We've a Savior to show to the nations, Who the path of hearts to the right, A story of truth and sweetness, A story of peace and light, A story of peace and light, A story of peace and light. For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And...
We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.


115 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful lays.

Loving-Kindness, L. M. American Melody.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruled in the fall, Yet loved me not with standing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes, Where earth and hell my way oppose,
4. So when I pass death's glossy vale, And life and mortal pow'rs fall, I may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death:

He justly claims a song from me, His loving-kindness is so free:
And saved me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness is so great:
He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness is so strong:
O may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death:

Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so free.
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so great.
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so strong.
Leave It There.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley.

Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato.

1. If the world from you withhold, of its silver and its gold, And you
2. If your body suffer pain, and your health you can’t regain, And your
3. When your enemies assail, and your heart begins to fail, Don’t for-
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is stealing on, And your

have to get along with meaner fare, Just remember, in His word, how He
soul is almost sinking in despair, Jesus knows the pain you feel, He can
get that God in heart’s an answer; He will make a way for you and will
body bends beneath the weight of care, He will never leave you then, He’ll go

feeds the little bird; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safely thro’; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.

Leave it there, leave it there, Take your burden to the
Leave it there, never there,
Lord and leave it there; If you trust and never doubt, He will
leave it there;
Leave It There.

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

Lord, Send a Revival.

B. B. McK.


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

Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me,
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-to-ry,
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me,

Come.

Lord, send a re-viv-al, Lord, send a re-viv-al,

Lord send a re-viv-al And let it be-gin in me.
1. A Savior who is able to pardon all my sins, Whose grace is all-sufficient.
2. A help in time of trouble, a "Present Help" indeed, A hand that's strong and able.
3. The God of love and wisdom, who sitteth on the throne, Who rules the times and seasons, all kingdoms are His own; Who speaks, and worlds obey Him; come in me to make me brave and true; A happy home in glory, where

set the prison free, O that's what my Religion means to me.

The Gospel Religion that Jesus died to bring, The same old Religion that made the martyrs sing; The grand old Religion that made the martyrs sing;
My Religion.

In the Book I see, Salvation forever it means to me.

119 Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

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Geo. C. Stebbins

1. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I knew Thy will is best;
2. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Choose Thee for me my way;
3. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I cannot see afar;
4. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! What-er-er this may bring;

If, sometimes, otherwise it seems, I still believe and rest.
If I should try to walk alone, My feet would surely stray.
The things that lie beyond my sight, Thou seest as they are.
In trials, whether great or small—Thy will in every thing.

Coda

Thy will is best, 'tis there I rest; In shadow or in sun.

My prayer to Thee shall ever be: Thy perfect will be done.
Count Your Blessings.

                                  WORDS AND MUSIC.        R. O. Excell.

1. When up on His billows you are tossed, When you are dis-
   cour-aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
   bear-y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev'-ry
   promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
   cour-aged, God is o-ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an-gels

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

   Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
   Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y

   bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
   bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,
Count Your Blessings.

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

There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

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M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je-sus, He my ev'-ry need supplies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je-sus, Blest Ro-deem-er, Sav-ior, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not ev-ly saves but keeps me, Nothing good from me de-nies.
And from ev-ly foe de-fends me, And in Him I'll ev-er hide.
Now in Him I am a-bid-ing, And some day His face I'll see.

Cause.

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

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

B. H. McK.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

From "Whispering Hope."

1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Coming from heav-en a - bove,
2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Calling the wea - ry, op - press,
3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Calling to you and to me,

Filled with a mes - sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes - sage of love;
Lor - ing-ly, ten - der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest."
Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;

Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der-ly speaks to the sad;
Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur - dens of sin;
Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Sav - ior they roam;

Turn-ing their night in - to morn - ing, Mak - ing the lo - cal - ly heart glad.
Trust in the bless-ed Re - deem - er, Life ev - er-last - ing you'll win.
"Go in the by-ways and hedg - es" Br ing - ing the wan - der-ers home.

Chorus.

List, list to the voice, O how ten - der and sweet,
List to the voice, list to the voice, Ten - der and sweet, O how ten - der and sweet,
Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

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

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

Refrain,

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,
More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Master I would ever be, More of His meekness,
2. More like the Master is my daily prayer; More strength to carry
3. More like the Master I would live and grow; More of His love to

more humbleness; More zeal to labor, more courage to be true,
crosses I must bear; More unselfish effort to bring His kingdom in;
others I would show; More self-denial, like His in Galilee.

More consecration for work He bids me do. . . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spirit, the wanderer to win. . . . . . Take Thou my
More like the Master I long to ever be. . . . . . Take my heart, O

heart... I would be Thine alone;... Take Thou my heart... and
take my heart, I would be Thine alone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin... O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I
More Like the Master.

plere, .. Wash me and keep .. me Thine forevermore. A-men.
now implore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine forevermore.

125 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson, Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 6.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee;
2. O Light that sol-i-ly all my way, I yield my sick'ring torch to Thee;
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee;
4. O Cross that lift-ed up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich-er, fall-er be.
My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prou-ness is not vain That mor-n shall tear-less be.
I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be. A-men.
126 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. Black


J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather

2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
glo-ry of His res-ur-rection share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when all of life is o-ver,

3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us
o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home bey-ond 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.

Coun-

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 yon - der, I'll be there. A - men.

127

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

1. The great Phys-i-cian now is near, The sym - pa-this-ing Je - sus,
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n. Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis - pel's my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to Hear'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de - delights to hear The charm - ing name of Je - sus.

Ex-press,

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song. Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;

1. As I walk at the side of my Savior divine, In the marvelous light of His glorified face, Sweet indeed the assurance which always is mine; I am saved by His wonderful grace.

2. Mighty storms may be-tide and the tempter assail, I shall still press a-foot; I am saved by His wonderful grace. Never shall fail; I am saved by His wonderful grace.

3. By and by, in the city of glory above, With a glorified Jesus in His love; I am saved by His wonderful grace. Sin condemned me to die, but for—

Saved by His wonderful grace. Saved by His wonderful grace.
Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

I am saved by His wonderful grace.

129 Silent Night! Holy Night!


1. Silent night! Holy night! All is dark, save the light You-der.
2. Silent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness still, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Silent night! Holy night! Gold-ing Star, lead thy light! See the
4. Silent night! Holy night! Wonde-rous Star, lead thy light! With the

where they sweet vig-ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si- lent sleep
bear the an-gels sing, "Al-lo-la-la! hail the King!
Est-ern wise men bring Gifts and hon-our to our King!
An-gels let us sing Al-lo-la-la to our King!

Christ the Sav-i-or born, Je-sus the Sav-i-or is born;" Christ the Sav-i-or is born, Je-sus the Sav-i-or is born!
Christ the Sav-i-or is born, Je-sus the Sav-i-or is born! A-men.
1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must carry the blessed word of life Across the
3. But if it be my portion to bear my cross at home, While others
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of the Lord, It is but

In the sunshine that I, in peace, abide; But this one thing I know—if
burning dews to those in sinful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their burdens across the hollow's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
mine to follow the leadings of His word; But if to go or stay, or

If it be dark or fair, If Jesus is with me, I'll go any-where!
bear my colors there, If Jesus goes with me, I'll go any-where!
less my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go any-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Saviour, content any-where!

Chorus.

If Jesus goes with me, I'll go,—any-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where
I'll go,
If Jesus Goes With Me.

s'or I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lage here.... His His cross, His

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

131

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
(2) While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing. (Omit.) Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Prod a sweet re-Bef;
(2) Kneel-ing there in deep ex-ecu-tion, (Omit.) Help my un-be-Bef.
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-ry, Would I seek Thy face;
(2) Heal my wound-ered, bro-kenn spir-it, (Omit.) Save me by Thy grace.
4. Thou the Spr-ing of all my com-fort, More than life to me.
(2) Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? (Omit.) When in heav’n but Thee?

D.S.—While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing. (Omit.) Do not pass me by.

Cau-ses.

Sav-i-or, Sav-i-or, Hear my hum-ble cry;
My Dream.


Solo.

1. I have a dream... within my heart
   No ear has ever heard.
2. No word can picture that bright home
   That one day shall be mine.
3. And standing by... the open gate
   Are pilgrims waiting there.

And some day it... shall be fulfilled.
When God shall speak the word,
No voice of music can describe Its music so divine.
And watching be... the loved of earth Its blessed joys to share.

It is the dream... of Him I love.
Whose goodness gave me sight,
Eternal joys... await me there Beside a crystal stream.
And Christ, my Savior and my God. Shall lead me by the hand;

Whose face is fairer than the day, And purer than the light.
The Tree of Life... in faceless bloom With fragrance fills my dream.
Transformed, His image I shall bear Forever in that land.

REFRAIN.

I have a dream within my heart. And some day I shall see
My Dream.

My dream fulfilled in Christ the Lord, My dream's reality.

A Friend of Mine.

B. B. McKinney.

1. There is joy in my heart as I journey To the city of love divine.
2. Tho' the world may despise and disown me, And the sun may refuse to shine,
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Savior, I will follow His wise design.

And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet story, Jesus is a Friend of mine.
There is One who never will forsake me, Jesus is a Friend of mine.
Till He calls me to meet Him in glory; Jesus is a Friend of mine.

C. C. Pyle.

Jesus, Jesus is a Friend of mine, Jesus, Jesus is a Friend divine;

In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Jesus is a Friend of mine.
134 Have You Heard the Voice of Jesus?

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There's a voice that thru' the silence Speaks with in the souls of men. And the
time may come when you won't hear No more words of comfort given.

2. In life's busy, crowded street, Where the clouds may gather, Yet my heart can still rejoice; For I
know He cares for me, And He will keep me in His love.

3. He will speak the words of comfort When the tears of sorrow flow; He will
heart bowed down with burdens Finds the path of peace again; 'Tis the voice of
have the Savior with me. And I hear His blessed voice; So with Him I'll
give you hope and gladness Thru' the years that come and go; Tho' a far you

Je-sus speaking. And He calls to you and me As He called to humble
fear no evil. tho' the shadow round me fall; O, 'tis good to walk with
may have wandered Down a long sin's devious ways. He will speak the words of

Coun-

Seth-era Long ago In Gal-lee, Have you heard the voice of
Jesus; It is good to heed His call.
par-don. He will give you songs of praise. Have you heard the

Je-sus? Have you found the nar-row way?
voice of Jesus? Have you found 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?

Is He Satisfied With Me?

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

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

Refrain.

Is my Mas-ter sat-is-fied, Is He sat-is-fied with me?
Is my Mas-ter 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?
The Judgment Day Is Coming.

1. You've heard the message of the Lord, His Spirit it calls within, O
2. O do not till tomorrow wait, Today may be your last. Lost!
3. The blessed Master lingers still To save your dying soul. Then

give your heart to Jesus ere you die; While Christian friends now pray for you,
in eternity will be your cry; Believe in Him with all your heart,
to the precious arms of Jesus fly; Do not delay, the moments pass,

Repent of all your sin. The judgment day is coming by and by.
Repenting all your past, The judgment day is coming by and by.
You're on sin's treacherous shod. The judgment day is coming by and by.

Crosses.

O sinner, are you ready? the Savior calls to thee. He

ofers thee a man-son in the sky; O do not now reject Him, nor
The Judgment Day Is Coming.

**Verse 1:**

1. The height I cannot measure, And the depth I cannot sound.
2. Love abides above all others, Shines undimmed by changing time.
3. Lord, perfect my fleshly dwelling, Make my heart Thy holy throne.

**Chorus:**

Of the love that is my treasure Since the Saviour I have found.
Bids us own and serve as brothers Men of every race and clime.
Till Thy love all love excelling Shall perfect me as Thine own.

There is faith, there is hope, There is love sent from above;
And what-er be-tide, these shall still abide, And the greatest of these is love.
138 Christ Will Our Pilot Be.


1. We sail a-long in our lit-tle boats O-ver the great life sea.
2. We sail a-long in the morn-ing 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 ask as the rocks draw near, Who will our Pi-lot be?
We face the storms with a heav-y heart, Who will our Pi-lot be?

Refrain.

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.

139 God Has Blotted Them Out.

Anon.

God has blot- ted them out, I'm hap-py and glad and free; God has
God Has Blotted Them Out.

blotted them out; I'll turn to Isaiah and see; Chapter forty-four.

Twenty-two and three; He's blotted them out and now I can shoot. For that means me.

140 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabith Milla. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Savior's side, No more my steps shall rove; With Him I'll

lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
soc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home,
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heart's home. We'll work

Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home, A-men.
We'll work
141

**Lead On, O King Eternall!**


1. Lead on, O King E-t er-n al! The day of march has come; Henc-
2. Lead on, O King E-t er-n al! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And
3. Lead on, O King E-t er-n al! We fol-low, not with tears; For

forth in fields of con-quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' ho-
ho-
ho-
ho-
ho-

days of prepa-ra-tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And not with sweet'shood clashing, Nor roll of stir-ring drums; But cross is lift-ed o'er us; We jour-ney in its light: The

now, O King E-t er-nal, We lift our bat-tie song.
deads of love and mer-cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
crown a-waits the con-quest; Lead on, O God of might. A- men.

142

**Old Time Religion.**

Arranged.

1. The old time religion, The old time religion,
2. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers.
Old Time Religion.

‘Tis the old time religion—It’s good enough for me,
It was good for our mothers—It’s good enough for me.

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

Faith of Our Fathers.

1. Faith of our fathers’ lying still, In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in prison dark, Were still in heart and conscience brave;
3. Faith of our fathers! we will love, Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When e’er we hear that glorious word! How sweet would be their children’s fate If they, like them, could die for thee! And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life;

Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death! Amen.
1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;  
2. Send them forth with men's first beaming; Send them in the noon-tide's glare;  
3. O then, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gather now the sheaves of gold;  

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain,  
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-ery-where,  
Heav'ned with them at eve-ning weld-ing, Then shall come with joy un-told.  

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

CHOICE.  

Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;  

145 Old-Time Power.  

C. D. T.  

1. They were in an up-per cham-ber. They were all with one ac-cord,  
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-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 Holy Ghost descended, As was promised by our Lord,
Tongues of fire came down upon them, As the Lord said He would send,
This is promised to believers, 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.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost upon the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a-harm; Gone ev-er-more, and by His grace I know The
deeds and fears within; Once was afraid to trust a loving God. But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live. To

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

precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow,
now my guilt is washed away in Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

purchased my salvation on Calvary's tree.
1. I open my heart to Jesus, The door that was closed swings wide;
2. My heart has been dark and lonely, But Jesus now fills with peace;
3. My joy is His radiant presence, The sunshine is not so bright;

In patient love long He waited; Come, Lord, in my heart abide.
He speaks, and the shadows vanish, He enters, my strivings cease.
All selfishness lost in glory, Makes service with Him delightful.

Chorus.

Come into my heart, Come into my heart, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;

Possess me, I pray, O use me alway; Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

148 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

Chorus.

Jesus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for eternity:
Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

This shall my song thru' the a-ges be: Jesus paid the price for me.

149 Bearing His Cross for Me.

1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;

2. I see Him pass thro' the cit-y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;

3. I see Him burdened with this world's care, Bear-ing His cross for me;

Thars-pierced His brow, as by sol-diers led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On mockest the taunts and the peo-ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will-ing to suf-fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.

Chorus,

Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me.)

Wonder-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me.)
150  He Leadeth Me.

1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bea'rus blooms,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever more nor more repine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic'try's won,

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me,
By wa-ters still, o' er trou-bled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-e'er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
Even death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thru' Jordan lead-eth me.

[Repeat...

151  Stand Up for Jesus.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trump- et call a' hoy, Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus—Stand in His strength alone, The arm of
Stand Up for Jesus.

roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His mighty con-flict, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar- mor, And, ar-my shall He lead, Till ev'ry foe is vanquished! And Christ is Lord indeed,
gainst un-numbered foes: Let cour-age rise with danger, And strength to strength he oppose,
watch-ing un-to prayer, Where ev'ry call, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.

152  Jesus Is Passing By.


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 thou shalt go forth in peace, Je-sus is pass-ing by.
This is the time to be-Heve His word, While He is pass-ing by.
And you will find Him a Friend in-deed, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

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

Cresc.

Je-sus is pass-ing by... Je-sus is pass-ing by.
153 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.
Samuel Stennett. Odenville, C. M. Thomas Hastings.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Up on the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glory crowned;
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mortal can with Him compare;
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

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

154 O Worship the King.
Sir Robert Grant. Lyes. 10. 17. Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O worship the King all glorious above,
And grateful ly sing;
Sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the light,
Whose banner o'er us waves;
His chariots of wrath the deep air,
It shines in the light, it streams from the hills, it destines
To arms, nor chance, nor time;
Thy mercies how tender! how

2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the tri-umphant throng;
Triumphant throng, through gates of pearl;
To arms, nor chance, nor time;
Thy mercies how tender! how

3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can re-cite?
It breathes in the air,
In Thee do we

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we

...
O Worship the King.

Ancient of days, Pavil-ioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
Thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
Soons to the plain, And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

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

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.
bles with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
entered in; There Jo-vene and keep me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Savior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

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

Glory to His name... Glory to His name...
1. Some-time all sorrows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earthly care be known no more! Oh, what rejoicing on the golden shore, 

2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we meet, On ly to sit for ev er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!

3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour ney end ed, la bor done, Oh, what a crown for ev'ry vic t'ry won, some-time soon!

4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a gain for me, Then I shall reign with Him e ter nal ly,

---

157  I Am Coming to the Cross.

Wm. McDonald, W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; Gvo. I am trust ing, Lord, in Thee; Best Lamb of Cal va ry;

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned with in;

3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
I Am Coming to the Cross.

D. C.

I am counting all but three, I shall find salvation and
Jesus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and body Thine to be, Whelmed Thine forevermore.

Humble at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

158

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, The' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a glimpse of glory bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
The world may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heaven's found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Coda.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land. A higher

plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground. Amen.
159  Why Do You Wait?

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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a far-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,- The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,

Your Sav-i-or is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanct-i-fi ed 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-dens of sin?
Your Sav-i-or is long-ing to bless you, There’s dan-ger and death in de-lay.

A-men.

160  I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.  St. Thomas. S. M.  Aaron Williams, Coll.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Zion a-bodes,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend;
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav’n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv’n
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the apple 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-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ri-ous earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

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

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

Chorus.

{On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;}
{He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omnit ...) save you now. A-MEN.
1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand throats re-voice;
2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sins Hath like a moun-tain rose;
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-pose;
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-pose;
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.

163  I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.
J. Hart.
Arr. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Come, ye sin-ner, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-ty;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ra-ised by the fall;
4. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of St - mes-foul-dy dream;

CHO.-I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will en-brace me in His arms;
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

D. C. for Chorus.

Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and pow'!
True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh.
If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all.
All the fitness He requests is to feel your need of Him. Amen.

In the arms of my dear Savior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Revive Us Again.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

Cresc.

sioned, and is now gone above.
Savior, and scattered our night, Hail-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hail-le-
sians, and hath cleansed every stain.
kissed with fire from above.

In-jah! amen; Hail-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, revive us again. Amen.
165  Nearer, My God, to Thee.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my
2. Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be my rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my
3. There let the way appear, Steps on to Heav'n: All that Thee send'st to me, In mercy giv'n: Angels to beck'on me, Nearer, my
4. Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stars for-got, Upwards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my
5. Or if on joyful wing, Clearing the sky, Sun, moon, and God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

166  Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowing beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
Am I A Soldier of the Cross?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me un to God?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - men.

What a Wonderful Savior!

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

des-erted, the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
cled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! What a won-der-ful reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

Savior is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!
168

More About Jesus.

R. H. Hewitt.

More of His saying fullness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spirit of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in every line, Making each faithful saying mine.
More of His kingdom’s scope increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—More of His saying fullness see, More of His love who died for me.

Refrain.

More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus; Amen.

169

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal.

Ono.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine forever, evermore to be:
Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Take my hands and let them move At the impulsion of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy royal throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine forevermore to be.

170 Let the Lesser Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house evermore.
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the angry billows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother! Some poor soul or tempest tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights along the shore.
Eager eyes are watch-ing, long-ing For the lights along the shore.
Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor fainting, struggling mariner You may rescue, you may save.

Oceans.

Let the lesser lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam across the wave! A-MEN.
171  Break Thou the Bread of Life.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the leaves Beside the sea; Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, bread By Galilee; Thou shalt all bondage cease, All fetters close; That saving grace; Give me to eat and live With Thee a- Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word. fall; 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 revealed I see the Lord. Amen.

172  I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.  COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY MARY DUNTON LOWRY. GENERAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy 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 hide. Or life is vain. deed. Thou bless-ed Son.

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

173

Now the Day is Over.


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

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

Shal a-cross the sky.
174  I Gave My Life for Thee.
Frances R. Havergal.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light, My glory circled throne,
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home above,

That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earthly night, For wan'drings sad and lone;
Of bitterest agony, To rescue thee from hell;
Salvation full and free, My pardon 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 Stennett.
Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a thoughtful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ext'nd-ed plains Shines one e - ter nal day,
3. No chill ing winds, nor pale'sness 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.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
There God, the Son, forever reigns, And scatters night away.
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When I shall see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?

D.S. - O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.
I am bound for the promised land, . . . . I am bound for the promised land;

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you, (Osw) . . . . . Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden, (Osw) . . . . . Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing, (Osw) . . . . . Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (Osw) . . . . . Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you, (Osw) . . . . . Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you, (Osw) . . . . . Come, sinner, come!
Jesus Loves Me.
(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heav'n's gate to open wide;
3. Jesus loves me! He loves me still, Though I'm very weak and ill;
4. Jesus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;

Chorus.

Little ones to Him belong, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash away my sin, Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus 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.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray."
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-rose, Can change the lop'er's ways.
3. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments white.
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him complete, "Jesus died my soul to save.
Jesus Paid It All.

Chorus.

pray, Find in me thine all in all."
spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I
white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
save," My lips shall still re-peat.

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

179 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?


1. A- las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov-reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned 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.
mas-ling pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-greed
Christ, the night-y Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—Tis all that I can do. A-MEN.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known!
   In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
   There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heaven,

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
   Of those whose anxious spirits soar With strong desires for thy return!
   With such I have ten to the place Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
   Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim, To His most blessed mother,

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear
   To Him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless
   And since He bids me seek His face, He loves His word, and trust His grace,
   And when He hung upon the tree, They wrote His name above Him,

D.S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S. And gladly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S. I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

181

There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune.  Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.  William B. Bradbury.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heaven,
   There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heaven,

2. Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim, To His most blessed mother,
   Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim, To His most blessed mother,

3. And when He hung upon the tree, They wrote His name above Him,
   And when He hung upon the tree, They wrote His name above Him,

4. So now upon His Father's throne, Almighty to relieve us
   So now upon His Father's throne, Almighty to relieve us
There Is No Name So Sweet.

As that before His wondrous birth To Christ the Savior given.
That name which now and ever more We praise above all other.
That all might see the reason we For ever more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ever reigns The Prince and Savior, Jesus.

D.S.—For there's no word our ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing around our King, And hail Him blessed Jesus.

182 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.


   Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land;
2. Ever present, truest Friend, Ever near Thine aid to lead,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,
   Nothing left but Heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names were there:

D.C.—Whispering softly, “Wan’d’rer, come! Follow Me, I’ll guide thee hence.”
D.C.—Whisper softly, “Wan’d’rer, come! Follow Me, I’ll guide thee hence.”
D.C.—Whisper softly, “Wan’d’rer, come! Follow Me, I’ll guide thee hence.”

D.C.

Wear-y souls for-ever rejoice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o’er,
Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus’ blood,
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for you
faith in His ex- cel- lent word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?

2. In ev- ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.

3. "When thro'fer-y tri- als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hear-y hairs shall their

4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo-ple shall prove My sov-reign e-

5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
will not de-sert to its foe; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
vo-er nev-er, nev-er, nev-er for-sake!" A-MEN.

184
Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Thon, my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;

2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;

3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;
Close to Thee.

D.S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, 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.

REFRAIN.

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

185

O Happy Day.


1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
   Well may this glow-ing heart re-jole, And tell its rup-tures all a-broad.
   O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
   Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa -cred shrine I come.

2. Till done; the great trans-action’s done! I am my Lord’s, and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con-fess this voice di-vine.
   High Heav’n, that heard the sol-emn vow, That vow re -newed shall dai -ly hear,
   Tell in life’s lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

3. He taught me bow to watch and pray, And live re -jole -ing ev -ry day;

4.  55
   123
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 music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth. Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus, Because He first loved me.

2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of the precious blood, The sin-sner's perfect plea. Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus, Because He first loved me.

3. It tells me what my Father hath in store for ev'ry day, And the I

4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can heal my deepest woe, Who in each

Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L. 

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Harry Dixon Loe.

Ev'rybody ought to love Jesus, Jesus, Jesus; He Jesus Christ the wonderful Savior;
Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

died on the cross to save us from sin. Ev’rybody ought to love Jesus.

Nothing But the Blood.

188

1. What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
2. For my pardon this I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
3. Nothing can for sin atone—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my cleansing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain.

Oh! precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No other foot I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Amen.
O Why Not To-night?

Elizabeth Reed.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light,
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lus-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y linger's still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our blessed Lord re-lus-es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night,
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night,
Re-sounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night,
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done. Be saved, O to-night.

Crescendo.

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 then be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

190 The Sunshine of My Heart.

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 doth im-part, Je-sus Is the sun-shine of my heart.

191: When We All Get to Heaven.

R. E. Hewitt.  
Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Chords will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-ry day;
4. On-ward to the prime be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be- hold;

In the man- sham bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place,
But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of His re-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

1. for us a place.

When we all got to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.
192

Ready.

S. E. L.

Copyright, 1881, By CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Chasie D. Tillman.

1. Ready to suffer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
   Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
   Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
   Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Others, if He sees best,
Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way,
Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Ready to stand the strain,
Read-y in life, read-y in death, Ready for His re-turn.

Crown.

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;

Ready for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Ready to do His will.

193

Keep On Praying.

B. B McK.

Copyright, 1902, By ROBERT H. CULLINAN.

B. B. McKinney.

Keep on praying till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro';
Keep On Praying.

God's great promises are always true, Keep on praying till you pray it thro'.

194 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. Slowly.


Geor. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the Potter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me. After Thy try me, Master, to-day! Whiter than snow, Lord, Wash me just weary, Help me, I pray! Power—all power—Surely in being Ab-so-lute-away! Fill with Thy Spirit Till all shall will, While I am waiting, Yield-ed and still.

2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and know, As in Thy presence, Humbly I bow.

3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and sore, Thine! Teach me and heal me, Sav-ior di-vine!

4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my see Christ on-ly, al- ways, Liv-ing in me! Amen.
195 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.
Isaac Watts.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died,
2. Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

196 Almost Persuaded.
P. P. B.

1. "Almost persuaded" now to believe; "Almost persuaded;"
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come today; "Almost persuaded;"
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded;"

Christ to receive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit,
turn not away; Jesus in yonder house, Angels are
doom comes at last! "Almost" cannot avail; "Almost" is
Almost Persuaded.

Almost persuad-

Thy way, Some more con-

more con-

On Thee I'll call.

g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-

g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-

d'r, come,

d'r, come,

but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-

but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-

ter wall—"Almost—but lost!" A-

ter wall—"Almost—but lost!" A-

men.

men.

197

Why Not Now?

Why Not Now?

El Nathan,

Copyright, 1888 Renewed


C. C. Coxe.

1. While we pray, and while we plea-

While we pray, and while we plea-

2. You have wan-

2. You have wan-

3. In the world you've failed to find

3. In the world you've failed to find

4. Come to Christ, con-

4. Come to Christ, con-

harm, While you see your soul's deep need,

t, While you see your soul's deep need,

day; Do not risk an-

day; Do not risk an-

fro´l, Peace for troub-

fro´l, Peace for troub-

son felt na-

son felt na-

lament make; Come to Christ and par-

lament make; Come to Christ and par-

song, come?

song, come?

t from God your face, But, to-

t from God your face, But, to-

de to Christ, on Him be-

de to Christ, on Him be-

peace and joy you shall re-

peace and joy you shall re-

Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je-

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je-

sus now? Why now? A-

sus now? Why now? A-

mar.

mar.
Sun of My Soul.
John Keble.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dew of kindly sleep My weary eye-lids gently steep,
3. Abide with me, from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast!
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Abide with me till in Thy love I know myself In Heaven above. Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy.
Reginald Heber.

1. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Ever in the
2. Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Holy, Holy, Holy! The' the darkness hide Thee, The' the eye of
4. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall

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

Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
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 pu-ri-ty.

200 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. Italian Hymn, 64. 64. Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Glad on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly Con-fec-tor, Thy sac-red wit-ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal praises 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 ev-er-more. His sov’rign maj-es-ty May we in

to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
ev-ry heart, And ne’er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow’r.
glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore. A-men.
Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts.  Silver Street. S. M.  Isaac Smith.

1. Come, sound His praise a-broad, And hymns of glory 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 pro-voke His rod; Come,

be-neath is the sov-reign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King.
wa-t'ry works are all His own, And all the sol-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.

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!


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

I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor-rowed
I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a-love I trav-el
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-men.

203

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.  
Eventide.  

W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;

2. Swift to its close falls out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its

3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can

4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round! I
fell the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-own

see, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!

see: O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!

be? Thro' 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?

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

Ne; 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.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way. A-MEN.

205  Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

1. Je-sus, Sav-i-or, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers rear

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


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.  
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W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;
2. thru’ this changing world below, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o’er;

Fine.

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, brighter world a - bove.

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

REFRAIN.

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,
207

Just As I Am.


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; Sigh, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-

that Thou bids't me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, 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 in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

208

Come, Thou Fount.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-on-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I’m come;
3. O to grace how great a debt -er Dai-ly I’m constrained to be!

Streams of mer - ey, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safely to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-news, like a let-ter, Bind my wan-der-ing heart to Thee:
Come, Thou Fount.

Teach me some melodious song, sung by flaming tongues above;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of Thy redeeming love.
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; seal it for Thy courts above. Amen.

209 Where He Leads Me.


1. I can hear my Savior calling, I can hear my Savior calling, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory, He will

Ex. Where He leads me I will follow. Where He leads me I will follow. Where He

hears my Savior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."
with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way. Amen.

leads me I will follow. I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
210

Now Is the Time.

Jennie Rae.

1. Now is the time to decide for Christ, Now the accepted hour;
2. Now is the time you should make your choice, Here in this sacred place;
3. Now is the time of your deepest need, Now the appointed day;

When you may taste of His love, un-priced—Learn of His grace and pow’r;
Now you should answer His pleading voice; Now is the day of grace; 
Now is the moment! O give it heed; Come to Him while you may!

Now, while He waits with pardon free; Now, while He stands to gracious be; 
Now, while He is so very near; Now, while He stands beside you here; 
Now, while you stand at mercy’s gate; Now, while the Savior design to wait;

Now, while He lingers, calling to thee, Just now, now is the time. 
Now, while the call of mercy is clear, Just now, now is the time. 
Now, lest it be forever too late, Just now, now is the time.

211

From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woe, 
2. There is a place where Jesus shed The oil of gladness on our heads; 
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend; 
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed; 

Thomas Hastings.
From Every Stormy Wind.

There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
A place than all beside more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mercy seat.
The sun-dried far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.
Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Had sufferings saints no mercy seat?

212 Time Enough Yet, You Say?

B. B. McKissian

1. To you the dear Savior has called again. The call you have failed to obey;
2. He's calling again with His "Still small voice," "Oh, come, let salvation today;"
3. Oh, trust in the Savior, no longer wait. The harvest is passing away.

Your heart is now singing that sad refrain: "I'll trust Him some other day,"
But you will not make Him just now your choice—There's time enough yet, you say.
For "time enough yet" may soon be too late. Oh, come to Him while you may.

Cæsura.

Time enough yet, you say? Time enough yet, you say? (you say?)

No, no, not time enough yet. Oh, turn to the Savior today.
213

Jesus Calls Us.


1. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies, Savior, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sounds eth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
From each idol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

214

What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. Converse, 8. 7. 7. D. Charles C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Ev'rything to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Savior, still our refuge,-Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Lead, Kindly Light.

Keep Thee my feet; I do not ask to see...
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those angel faces smile.

The distant scene; one step enough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while! A-men.

218

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Dennis, S. M. Hans G. Naegeii.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of our faith
2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, are one, Our comforts and our cares,
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear,
4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again. A-men.

ship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

G.M.
In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. 

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tewr'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the
light of sacred story Gath'rs round its head sub-lime,
shall the cross for-sake me? Lo! it glows with peace and joy,
cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more luster to the day;
that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thru' all time a-hi de. A-men.

2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Never
shall the cross for-sake me? Lo! it glows with peace and joy,
cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more luster to the day;
that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thru' all time a-hi de. A-men.

3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love op-en my way, From the
shall the cross for-sake me? Lo! it glows with peace and joy,
cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more luster to the day;
that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thru' all time a-hi de. A-men.

4. Hope and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is
shall the cross for-sake me? Lo! it glows with peace and joy,
cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more luster to the day;
that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thru' all time a-hi de. A-men.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren
shall I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'-ful
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'-ful

2. O pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing wa-ters
shall I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'-ful
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'-ful

3. When I tread the verge of Jer- dan, Bid my anx-i-ous fears sub-
shall I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'-ful
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'-ful

221

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Wellesley. 55. 75.

Lottie S. Tourofe.

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

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ver-ed is most won-der-fal-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine in the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-men.
Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.  
Duke Street. L. M.  
John Hatton.

1. Je-sus shall reign where-e'er the sun  Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;  
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet  To pay their hon-our at His feet;  
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made,  And end-less praise en-crown His head;  
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-ry tongue  Dwell on His love with sweet-est song.

His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
While western em-pires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-ry morn-ing saec-rif - ice,  
And in - fant vois-ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson.  
Tidings. P. M.  
James Walsh.

1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-ling,  To tell to all the  
2. Be-hold how man-y thou sands still are ly-ing,  Bound in the dark-some  
3. Pro-claim to ev-ry peo-ple, tongues and na-tion  That God in Whom they  
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glori-ous;  Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing  
prin-ces of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,  
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-to-rious;
O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.

One soul should perish, lost in shades of night. 
Or of the life He died for them to win. Publish glad tidings, 
And died on earth that man might live above. 
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

Tidings of peace; Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release. Amen.

Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Hymn 7777

Xavier Schnyder.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make My path your choice; 
2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast beened the world's scorn, 
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; 
4. Hither come, for here is found Balm that heals for every wound,

I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come. 
Long hast wandered the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste. 
Ye, byierce anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn; 
Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure. Amen.
225  Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The
   lamp was burning dim Before the sacred ark; When suddenly a

2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Israel, slept; His
   watch the temple child, The little Levite, kept; And what from E-li's
   live and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to answer

3. O give me Samuel's ear, The open ear, O Lord, A-
   voice divine Rang thru' the silence of the shrine,
   sense was sealed The Lord to Hannah's son revealed,
   at Thy call, And to obey Thee first of all!
   heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will! A-men.

4. O give me Samuel's heart, A lowly heart, that waits Where
   Thy house Thou art, Or watch-es at Thy gates, By day and night, a

226  Fight the Good Fight.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
   Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
   Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;

3. Cast care a-side, up-on thy Guide Lean, and His mercy will provide;
   Cast care a-side, up-on thy Guide Lean, and His mercy will provide;

4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;
   Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;
Fight the Good Fight.

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternally.
Life with its way before us, Be, Christ is the path, and Christ the prince.
Lean and the trusting soul shall prove Christ in its life, and Christ its love.
On ly believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

227 For the Beauty of the Earth.

Folliott S. Pierpoint.

Arranged from Conrad Kocher.

1. For the beauty of the earth, For the beauty of the skies,
2. For the beauty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent, child,
4. For Thy church that evermore Lifteth holy hands above,

For the love which from our birth Over and around us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends above, For all gen'ral thoughts and mild,
Of f'ring up on ev'ry shore Her pure sacrifices of love,

REFRAIN.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise. Amen.
228  God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.
   J. Bowring.

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy, ev'ry; Man decays, and ages move;
3. If 'er the hour that dark-est seems eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;

Bless He waketh and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the glean His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev -'ry -where His gla - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - men.

229  My Times Are In Thy Hand.
   William F. Floyd.
   Bopyton.  S. M.
   Lowell Mason.

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

My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleasing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
Those hands my cru - el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.
And, aft - er death, at Thy right hand I shall for - ev - er be. A - men.
230 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.
William Cowper
Belmont. C. M.
William Gardiner.

1. What glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still supplies His grace to all who seek.
3. Let everlasting thanks be Thine, For such a bright display.
4. My soul rejoices to pursue The paths of truth and love.

It gives a light to every age; It gives, but knows no end.
His truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.
Till glory breaks up on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. Amen.

231 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.
Bernard D. Barton
Lambeth. C. M.
A. Schnitthee.

1. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace Our path, when went to stray;
2. Bread of our soul, whereon we feed, True manna from on high;
3. Pillar of fire, thro' watch-es dark, Or ra-diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ever-living God, Will of His glorious Son;

Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveller's way;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
When waves would 'whelm our toiling bark, Our anchor and our stay;
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n itself be won? Amen.
Rock of Ages.
Augustus M. Toplady. Toplady. 73. 61. Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Could my tears forever flow, Could my soul no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the double care, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.
D. C.—Safe in to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Amen.
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

2. Ye cho- sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-enced from the fall. Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all! Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-re-sial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cibe, And crown Him Lord of all!

235

Miles' Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall. Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A-men.
Church Bells.
(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)
Copyright, 1894, by Wm. E. Howard.

Copyright by Robert H. Coleman.

W. E. Howard.

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
   sound - ly sing Under - neath the sky.
   God to-day In His tem - ple fair. "Ding,dong,ding." The great bells ring.
   Lord I love, So the world may know.

2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor - ship
   Call-ing "This is Sun - day morn - ing; Ding,dong,ding, Ding,dong,ding." The
   great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing - ing in the morn - ing!

3. Let me, like the bells a - bove, Nev - er wea - ry grow, Tell - ing of the

Good Morning Song.
(PRIMARY.)

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. E. Howard.

Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, God gives the morn - ing.
Good Morning Song.

1. God gives the sunshine. The bird seemed to say.
2. God gives the rain drops. The flow'rs seemed to say.
3. We will sing praises, Sing praises to Him!

238

Give, O Give!

(Primary)

Anon. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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 upon the flow'rs; I'll raise the drooping heads a-gain, Give, O give,
In its gentle spring-like voice; From cot and hall 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 en summer how'rs.
Give, O give; From cot and hall they will hear my call, They will find me and re-joice.

Cæsura.

Singing, singing, all the day, Give a-way, give a-way;
Singing, singing, all the day, (Omit.)

Give, O give a-way.
Good Morning to You!

1. Good morning to you, Good morning to you,
2. Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you,
3. A welcome to you, A welcome to you,
4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,

Good morning, dear children, Good morning to you!
Happy birthday, dear children, Happy birthday to you!
A welcome, dear children, A welcome to you!
'Tis love, dear children, 'Tis love brings us here.

Praise Him, Praise Him!

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love.
Everlasting Life Is free.

Everlast-ing life is free, Everlast-ing life is free, Everlast-ing life is free.

By believing on the Son, The Crucified One, Everlast-ing life is free.

Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Jesus loves the little children, All the children of the world; Red and yellow, black and white, They are precious in His sight; Jesus loves the little children of the world.
1. Many are the deeds that I can never do, For my strength is small, and insufficient too; But unto the Lord I ever would be true, And Master till the shades depart, With a sunny smile new courage to impart, I'm sending me here on earth below, Doing as He orders, letting others know I'm small, and insufficient too; But unto the Lord I ever would be true, And Master till the shades depart, With a sunny smile new courage to impart, I'm sending me here on earth below, Doing as He orders, letting others know I'm small, and insufficient too; But unto the Lord I ever would be true, And Master till the shades depart, With a sunny smile new courage to impart, I'm sending me here on earth below, Doing as He orders, letting others know I'm small, and insufficient too; But unto the Lord I ever would be true, And Master till the shades depart, With a sunny smile new courage to impart, I'm sending me here on earth below, Doing as He orders, letting others know I'm
244

Into My Heart.

My Prayer.

H. D. C.

Sing prayerfully.

Copyright, 1898, by Harry D. Clarke.

Harry D. Clarke.

Into my heart, Into my heart, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;

Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

245

Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary B. C. Sedge.

A. B. Everett.

Copyright, 1898, by E. M.eutting.

Copyright of song.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow me! And we see
2. Thou leaside o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a long
3. If they lead thru' the temple holy, Preaching the word; Or in homes
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We will rest

Cresc.

where Thy footprints fall ing Lead us to Thee.
by Shiloah's fountains, Helping the weak; Footprints of Jesus, that
of the poor and lowly, Serving the Lord; where the steps of Jesus End at His throne.

make the pathway glow; We will follow the steps of Jesus where'er they go.
246. **O Little Town of Bethlehem.**

**Phillips Brooks.**

**St. Louis.**

**Lewis H. Redner.**

1. O Et-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and 
   2. For Christ is born of Ma-ry, And gathered all a-bove, While morta-lisleep, the 
   3. How si-ent-ly, how si-ent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv’n! So God im-parts to 
   4. O bo-ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and 

Dreamless sleep, the si-ent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev-er-

An-gels keep Their watchful eyes above, O morn-ing stars, to-geth-er Proclaim the 

Hum-an hearts, The bless-ings of His heav’n. No ear may hear His com-ing, But in this 

En-ter in; Be born-in us to-day. We hear the Christ-mas angels The great glad 

Lasting Light: The hope and fear of all the years Are met in thee to-night. 

Ho-ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth, 

world of sin, Where seek souls and receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in. 

H-sings tell; O come to us, a-hide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el. A-MEN.

247. **I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.**

**Henry W. Longfellow.**

**Waltham. L. M.**

**J. Baptiste Calkin.**

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa-mil-iar car-ols play, 
   2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-tries 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, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,
I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
Had rolled along th' unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
"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- MEN.

248 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

Nahum Tate.  Telyowrth.  C. M. D.  Anonymous.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the
2. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, Is born of Da-vic's line, The Savior, who is
3. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising

Lead came down, And glory shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heav'ly Babe you there shall find To God, and thus Addressed their joyous song: "All glo-ry be to God on high, And

selected their tells: inc: "Glad tidings of great joy I bring. To you, and all, mankind," Ruan view displayed, All see the Babe in swaddling bands; And in a. manger laid. to the earth be peace; Good-will beareth bless'd resou's to see. Begin, and never cease." A- MEN.
1. Yield not to temptation. For yielding is sin; Each victory will help you some other to win; Fight manfully onward,
    help you Some other to win; Fight manfully onward,
    reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, conquer, Tho' oft en cast down; He who is our Savior,
    reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, conquer, Tho' oft en cast down; He who is our Savior,

2. Shame evil companions, bad language disdain, God's name held in darkness subdued, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Chorus.

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through. Amen.
Forgotten.

Rev. A. H. Ackley
Solo.

1. Forgotten, the vow you made to Jesus, Tour promise always to be true;
   To the crossed cross, You said tho' all men should forsake Him.

2. Forgotten, the love so warm and tender, The hand nailed to the cross.
   To the crescent moon, The thorns that pierced His brow of splendor.

3. Forgotten, the path of truth lies hidden, Thro' long neglected, now overgrown,
   To the garden of Gethseman, To walk the path by sorrows ridden,

4. Forgotten, the word by you once spoken, A kind and loyal deed for the dear Lord,
   To the mountain top, The smile that heals some heart that's broken.

Chorus.

The Master could depend on you,
His heart forspent with bitter loss.
Where joy and peace are never known.
The voice of comfort men once heard.

Forgotten, my vow forever,
For I turn again to Calvary.
There I see Jesus and remember That God has not forgotten me.
As I fare on my way to my daily task, 'What, O
He will come as He said, for His word is sure; In the
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 secure; But the soul that with glad
wait for the step of the Coming One; The He tarry, I'll wait:
some bright, happy day. When He calleth, what shall His servants say?
From the King would meet. Must be watching, waiting His face to greet,
He has left for me Work to finish ere His dear face I see.

Watching, watching each day for my Savior's call... Waiting, waiting for
Him who is all in all... Trusting, trusting my Lord as my
Watching for the King.

song I sing, Watching, waiting, trusting my Lord and King.

252 The Face of the Master.

Mrs. K. W. Leader. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY ROBERT M. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.

1. In the early morn, in my garden, Where flow'res waft perfume rare,
2. In the noon-time's hurry and worry, In the crowds that throng the street,
3. In the eve when work is all over, More beauties I behold;

I see the face of the Master In the rose He gives to me there,
I see the face of the Master In the glance of souls that I meet,
I see the face of the Master In the glorious sunset of gold.

O, how dear the face of the Master, And to me how precious His touch; I yield anew to the Saviour, Whose love has meant so much.
On Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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B. D. Ackley.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Up Cal-va-ry—there climbed one day God's only Son up on His way
2. On Cal-va-ry—His life He gave, My ransom there, my soul to save;
3. On Cal-va-ry—God's only Son O'er death and sin the vic'try won.
4. To Cal-va-ry— 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-va-ry.
Up on the cross of Cal-va-ry, That I His courts might enter in.
And to the cross bro't glory bright, To light the world with Ho-ly Light.
And to the cross my trusting soul Shall cling while end-les ages roll.

Coda.

On Cal-va-ry— He died for me, And took the stain of sin a-way.
On Calvary.

And showed the way to victory—Eternal life and endless day.

254 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me,  O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A loving fire!
tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side,
trust remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul! Amen.
1. The hour is fast approaching when thro' a sere-y stream Of
2. And there will be presented the Church, His worthy bride; Those
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 e-ter-nal glo-ry the judgment day shall gleam; When to the An- cient's
fault-less vir-gins cho- sen, His joint-heirs to a-hide; They share His roy-al
haste to swear al-le-giance to God's a-noint-ed Son; Drawn to the blood-stained
trait-er left to dark-en the e-den then en-joyed; With not a note dis-

pres-ence the Son of Man shall bring, Ten thousand times ten thou-sand shall
hon-ors, His na-ture, and His throne, While written in their fore-heads His
al-tar, the ransomed host shall fall In grate-ful ad-o ra-tion and
coo-dant that a-ni-ver-sal song Shall thro' e-ter-nal cy-cles Je-

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-rriage such as
crown Him Lord of all. Oh, that will be a tri-umph such as
ho-vah's praise pro- long. Oh, that will be an an-them such as
Before the Great White Throne.

earth has never known. When Christ His kingdom shall receive before the earth has never known. When the bride and bridegroom are made one before the earth has never known. When every knee is bowing low before the earth has never known. When the Hallelujah Chorus rings before the

great white throne; Oh, that will be a crowning such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be a marriage such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be a triumph such as earth has never known, great white throne; Oh, that will be an anthem such as earth has never known.

When Christ His kingdom shall receive before the great white throne. When the bride and bridegroom are made one before the great white throne. When every knee is bowing low before the great white throne. When the Hallelujah Chorus rings before the great white throne.

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Over the Line.

B. H. McK.  

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B. B. McKinney.

Over the line, Over the line, Step over the line to Jesus;

Out of your night, into the light, Step over the line to Jesus.
1. A wanderer with broken heart, My only prayer a sigh, My
2. The fire of hope to ask es burned, The dreams of life grown dim, The
3. I dare not stray from Him a-way, He claims me as His own; He
4. Will you believe 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
wasted years of yesterday, I brought them all to Him; He
is my unseen Friend in life, Unseen but not unknown; And
will you let Him in your heart, Forever to abide? The

spirit groaning in the night Of sin and deep despair, I
understood my helplessness, The pain too deep for tears; He
rose shall take from me His love, My soul's eternal breath; There
past He freely will forgive, So trust Him for to-day, And

longed for home and mother's God, And Jesus heard my prayer,
touched and healed my broken heart, And calmed my guilty fears.
all of life I'll cling to Him, To Him I'll cling in death,
sometime you shall be like Him, And dwell with Him alway.
My Only Plea.

He died for you, He died for me, The Son of God who set me free; My only hope, My only plea, That Jesus died for me.

258

Come to the Savior.

G. F. R.

1. Come to the Savior, make no delay; Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!" hast and rejoice, And let us freely make Him our choice. Do not delay, but come, mand, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

D. S.—And we shall gather, Savior, with Thee, In our e-tur- nal home.

Crescendo.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
I Can See the Lights of Home.

Miss Calia Altstaetter. Copyright, 1882, BY ROBERT G. COLEMAN. International copyright secured.

B. B. McKinney.

1. There's a home of man-y man-sions in the Fa-ther's house a - bove,
   That our Sav - ior is pre - par-ing for the chil - dren of His love;
   Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.

2. When the storms of life are rag-ing, doubts and fears my soul as - sail,
   His "Let not your heart be trou - bled," I can hear a - bove the gale;
   Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.

3. When the shades of night are fall-ing, and my loved ones have passed on,
   And I'm wait-ing glad, ex - pect-ant, wait-ing for the heav'n-ly dawn,
   Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.

Chorus.

So my heart knows not de - spair-ing, the in sor - row oft I roam,
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.

So with face turned ev - er home-ward, while the bil - lows dash and foam,
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.

Brighter, bright-er, ev - er bright-er, till the an - geels for me come,
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.

I can see the lights of home, I can see the lights of home, Gleam-ing from the many
I Can See the Lights of Home.

In the mansions, I can see the lights of home. I can see the lights of home far across the billows' foam, Glimmering from the many mansions, I can see the lights of home.

After last stanza.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Jesus, I'll soon be at home.

260

No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar.

From Alfred R. Gaul.

1. No shadows yonder! All light and song? Each day I wonder, And say, "How long shall time we stand? From that dear throng?"
2. No weeping yonder! All far away! While here I wander, Each weary day, I sigh and ponder. My long, long stay.
3. No parting yonder! No space of time Shall hearts’ ever sunder, In that fair clime, Dearer and fonder—in friendship sublime.
4. None wanting yonder! Bought by the Lamb, All gathered under. The o- ver-green palms. Loud as night’s thunder swept out the glad praise.
1. There's a won-der-ful cit-y in a won-der-ful country Where the roes of
time nev-er fade; Not a sor-row is there, neither sick-ness nor dy-ing. And no
graves on the hill-side are made. There the care's of this life are for-
mor-tal in bloom; There the saints and the mart-ys, and all our be-lieved. Re-*t* in
plea-ce from the val-ley of gloom. All the arch-es re-son with the ech-oes of
pal-ace e-ter-nal-ly mine! There'll be songs on my lips which the an-gels will
2. There life's riv-er of crys-tal flows a-long thro' a gar-den With its flow-ers im-
3. There mag-nif-i-cent pal-a-ces, all ra-di-ant in splen-dor, Rise ad-orned in a

Chas. H. Gabriel.
The Beautiful Home of the Soul.

Got-ten, As the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Not a storm to mo-
pleas-es, Ev-er free from the vi-brance of dole; Tis a coun-try of
ech-o When I reach that im-ma-e-late goal; Then the King of all

lost or a tem-pest to frighten— "Tis the beau-ti-ful home of the soul,
light and of mar-velous glo-ry— "Tis the beau-ti-ful home of the soul.
kings on His throne will receive me To that beau-ti-ful home of the soul.

Cau-tions.

Wonderful cit-y, wonderful country, Peaceful and bright while untold ages roll;

Wonderful cit-y, in a wonderful country so Peaceful and bright while untold ages roll;

Wonderful cit-y, wonderful country, Beautiful home, blessed home of the soul.

Wonderful cit-y, in a wonderful country, that Beautiful home, blessed home of the soul.

*Chorus may be sung by mixed voices, or the harmony played as an accompaniment to the soloist.

G.M.—5
Soul Rest.

C. H. G.

Moderately.

1. I have found a retreat Where my Savior I meet. In a blessed sanctuary from all else apart; Where the world has no share In the joys that are there, sanctum, and fast-close the door; Jesus graciously bears. And in love He appears, comes with its peace-ful control; And the burden of life, Of contention and strife.

2. There I fear no alarm, For no foe there can harm When I enter that softly falling, Like dew From the spirit-sky blue, Is this message that

3. As we walk and we talk, heart to heart: There I tell all the trials, All the joy and comfort on me to pour: With a balm for my sorrow, And new At the sound of His voice backward roll: And to me, in that portal, Comes a
Soul-Rest.

Sure self-denial I have met in the world's busy mart.

strength for the morrow, All I ask for, and, yes, even more.

vision immortal That shall ever remain with my soul.


mf Cresc.

Soul-rest, blessed retreat! Soul-rest, peace-ful-ly sweet:


mf

Je-sus comes in to cleanse me from sin. And make ev'ry moment complete.


Cresc.
1. We own allegiance to a King, Our tribute to His throne we bring; Forever we will shout and sing, King Jesus, love untold; Supreme, great, they ne'er grow old; King Jesus, stand or fight; If we but trust all will be right; King Jesus, scorn His word, Accept the truth which ye have heard; King Jesus, King Jesus, King Jesus, Forevermore our King.

Chorus. Soprano and Alto.

Throughout eternity, Thy praise we will ever sing; Our tribute now to Thee we bring, All
King Jesus.

glory to our King. All praise and honor.

to our King: All praise and honor. All praise and

honor. All glory, praise and honor. To Jesus Christ our

Christ our King.
All Hail, Immanuel!

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast our crowns before Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ranooned hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris-en King and Sav-iour!

Let ev’ry heart a-bey Thy will, And ev’ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-er forth Their Sov-reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip-o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-iour King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a-ges gone, As-sem-bled
ever. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan’s
chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to Im-mon-ter-tal song;
pow’r is burst in twain; 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! all hail! Im-man-u-el
All Hail, Immanuel

Hail! Im-man-u-ell! Im-man-u-ell! Hail!

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im-man-u-ell! Hail to the King we love so well!

Im-man-u-ell! Im-man-u-ell!

Hail! Im-man-u-ell! Glory and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! Glory and majesty, Wisdom be

Hail! Im-man-u-ell! Im-man-u-ell! Hail!

Hail! Im-man-u-ell! Im-man-u-ell! Hail!

Hail! Im-man-u-ell! Hall to the King we love so well! Hall! Im-man-u-ell! Hall to the King we love so well!

Hail! Im-man-u-ell!

Hail!

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-ell! Amen.
Awakening Chorus.

1. Awake! Awake! and sing the blessed story; Awake! Awake! and let your song of praise arise; Awake! Awake! the earth is full of glory, And light is beam-ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-soned with glori-ous re-son; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

2. Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-peat, re-peat, a-new the story o'er again, Till all the earth, shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And about a-new the earth, the vales and hills re-soned with glori-ous re-son; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full Harmony.

glad-ness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va-tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.
Awakening Chorus.

**Ummah.**

Jehovah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-joice!

Lift heart and voice, Jehovah reigns!

**FULL HARMONY.**

Proclaim His suv-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His pow'r to all the world, And let His


Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Jehovah reigns!
America the Beautiful.


1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
   For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ty A-beve the fruit-ed plain!

2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose eter-nal im-pas-sioned stress
   A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat Across the wil-der-ness!

3. O beau-ti-ful for her-oes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
   Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!

4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years
   Thine al-a-bas-tor cit-ies gleam, Un-tin-ined by hu-man tears!

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God lend thine ev-’ry law,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-lume,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy Lib-er-ty in law!
Till all ac-chief be no-ble ness, And ev-’ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal! A-men.
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Glory, Hallelujah.

Plantation Melody.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat; He is
4. In the beauty of the Risen, Christ was born across the sea, With a

trans-piling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build-ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damp; I can read His
shut - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soil, to an - swer Him! be ju - sis - tant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men holy, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.

Crown.

Glory! glory, halle - lu - jah! Glory! glory, halle - lu - jah!

Glory! glory, halle - lu - jah! Our God is marching on. A - men.
268 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the host in dread silence reposes. What is that which the breeze, o'er the perils fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? tow-ering steep, As it fittedly blazed, half conceals, half discloses? leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their feet footstep by footstep's pollution; Heaven's rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation! "And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory rose. No relief could save the hireling and slave From the terror of Then conquer 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 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. 

1. A·sleep in Je·sus! blessed sleep, From which ne'er wakes to weep!
A calm and un·di·tur·bed repose, Un·bro·ken by the last of foes.

2. A·sleep in Je·sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum·ber meet!
With ho·ly con·fi·dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomous sting.

3. A·sleep in Je·sus! peace·ful rest, Whose waking is su·pre·me·ly blest!
No fear, no woé, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'rt.

4. A·sleep in Je·sus! O for me May such a bliss·ful ref·uge be!
Securely shall my soul·es lie, Wait·ing the summons from on high. A·men.
America, America.

Katherine Lee Bates.  W. C. West.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber fields of grain, For purple mountain
   maj-es-ties Above the fruit-ful plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca!
2. O beau-ti-ful for pi-gri-m feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A tho-rough-lace for
   free-dom beat Across the wil-der-ness! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca!
3. O beau-ti-ful for her-oes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than sell their
   coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca!
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triots dream That sees beyond the years, Thine al-a-bas-ter
   cit-ies gleam, 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 seal
May God thy gold refine, Till all success be noble-ness, And ev'y gain di-vine! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining seal

271

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.  America.

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

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

pil-grim's pride, From ev'-ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe particlae, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tec-t us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-men.

272 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
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, Approach with joy His courts un-fe: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise

serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
land, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-men.
Him a-bove, ye here's-by host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His own-self 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 confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep so-cur-sly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Day-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Safte-death's threat-ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Cwmcar "

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, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Responsive Readings

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.
18 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 onlybegotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

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 us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? be that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayeth 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.

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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.

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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
comparing 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 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 he 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, livepeaceably 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.

283 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envyleth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;
6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but re-
7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fall; 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.
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 Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want,
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

286 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
2 Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.
3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth continueth to all generations.

287 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.
3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with
loving-kindness and tender mercies;
5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is re-
newed like the eagle's.
6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are
oppressed.
7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of
Israel.
8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous
in mercy.
9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.
10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us 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 children, so the Lord pitieth them that
fear him.
14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.
15 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he
flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof
shall know it no more.
17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon
them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his com-
mandments to do them.

288 Nativity
(Luke 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,
ye made known abroad the saying
which was told them concerning this
child.
11 And all they that heard it won-
dered at these things which were told
them by the shepherds.
12 But Mary kept all these things,
and pondered them in her heart.
13 And the shepherds returned,
glorifying and praising God for all the
things that they had heard and seen, as
it was told unto them.
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 alway, 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 hunged, 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 hunged, 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 hunged, 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 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

(Psalm 119:9-16; 18; 32; 44-48; 54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in
thou 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 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 manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor.

294 Psalm 1
1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor sitteth in the way of sinners, nor standeth 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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Minister. By what common and gracious 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 new 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 gracious tasks do we humbly assume?

Congregation. We also engage to maintain family and secret devotions; to religiously educate our children; to seek the salvation of our kindred and acquaintances.

Minister. For the sake of the unwoke for whom our Saviour died, in 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 deportment; to avoid all takings, backbiting and excessive anger; to abstain from the sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; and to be zealous in our efforts to advance the kingdom of our Saviour.

Minister. Since one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren, by what fraternal ministries are we to strengthen each other and adorn the teachings 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 stimulate Christian sympathy in feeling, and courtesy in speech; to be slow to take offense, but always ready for reconciliation and mindful of the rules of our Saviour, to secure it 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. Amen.