Coleman's Male Choir
J. D. Higgins, Jr.
Mar. 17, 1931
In a song book published 350 years ago, we find that the following statement was made: "There is not any Musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made by the voyces of Men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered." Now the opinion of this time honored musician would apply to the present day, just as appropriately as to that period. There is an increasing demand for Male Quartets and Male Chorus Work in connection with our present day Church services. It is wise to utilize a Male Chorus, or at least a Quartet of Christian Men for several reasons: First, men love to sing, and in this way, they can take an active part in the services which proves both pleasant and profitable; Second, each man has a friend or friends, or family who will come with him to the services, especially if he is to take an active part; Third, the general public enjoys and is helped by good music rendered by men.

Coleman's Male Choir contains what we consider the best songs for men to be found in this country today. In addition to the popular arrangements, which have proven their worth, this book contains many new arrangements which we believe will be appreciated. There are also here a number of OLD PLANTATION MELODIES, and for these we find an increasing demand. Most of this music is very simple, and therefore can be used by almost any Male Quartet or Chorus.

May this book be used to the Master's Glory.

THE EDITORS.

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1. Je - sù, Sav - iour, Friend of sin - ners, Waits to wel - come, waits to bless;
2. Je - sù, Sav - iour, Friend of sin - ners, Comes to cheer my heart to - day;
3. Je - sù, Sav - iour, Friend of sin - ners, Comes to com - fort, comes to cheer;
4. Je - sù, Sav - iour, Friend of sin - ners, He has been a Friend to me;

And I must not keep Him wait - ing, For I long for hap - pi - ness.
He has shoulder - ed ev - ry bur - den And will help me all the way.
And I'll not go mourning long - er, For He saves me now and here.
And to think with Him in glo - ry I shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Chorus.

He my soul with blood hath ransomed, And will keep me to the end;

He's un - ti - ted to my best love, For He is the sinner's Friend.
Just Outside The Door.

1. Oh, weary soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a-tide?
2. For-give-me Je-sus will im-part— To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass-ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come to, to free from chains of sin, So glad, be satis-fied;

Both peace and rest are wait-ing here And you are just out-side.
How can you still of-fend His heart, By stay-ing just out-side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out-side!
Be-fore the tempest breaks, come in, And leave your past out-side.

Coda.

Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, Be-hold it stands a-jar!

Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, So near and yet so far!
Shall I Crucify Him?

Mrs. Frank A. Brock.

With expression.

1. Shall I crucify my Saviour, When for me He bore such loss?
2. Are temptations so alluring? Do earth pleasures so enthral,
3. Turn my sins that crucified Him—Shall they crucify Him yet?
4. Oth! the kind-ly hands of Jesus, Pouring blessings on all men!

Shall I put to shame my Saviour? Can I nail Him to the cross?
That I cannot love my Saviour Well enough to love those all!
Flash-out day of fame-less anguish, Can my thankless soul forget?
Bleeding, nail-scarred hands of Jesus! Can I nail them once again?

Chorus.

Shall I crucify my Saviour? Crucify my Lord again?

Once oh once! I crucified Him! Shall I crucify again.
1. In the land of fad-less day, Lies the city four-square;
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the city four-square;
3. And the gates shall never close, In the city four-square;
4. There they need no sunshine bright, In the city four-square;

It shall never pass away, And there is no night there.
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is no night there.
There life's crystal river flows, And there is no night there.
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is no night there.

God shall wipe away all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fear;
God shall wipe away all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fear;
God shall wipe away all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fear;
God shall wipe away all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fear;

And they count not time by years, by years,
And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.

For there is no night there.
1. Up on a wide and stormy sea, Thou'rt sailing to eternity,
   And thy great Adon'ral doth thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
   Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not always

2. Art far from shore and weary worn—The sky e'er-cast, Thy course arrest?
   Dark ye! A voice is to Thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
   Last! Sail on! sail on! God's love and His command, "Sail on! sail on!"

3. Onward march to the distant shore, Thy weary toils are now o'er;
   No other course is thine to choose, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
   God's love and His command, "Sail on! sail on!"

4. Do comrades tremble and refuse To further dare the tempestuous sea?
   Take heart! God's word shall never fail—"Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
   God's love and His command, "Sail on! sail on!"
Is Jesus To Me.

No. 6

Copyright, 1895, by Robert H. Coleman.
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Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.

Wm. M. Knapp.
Melody on 1st Fret.

1. All that my soul in its sin can need, All that my faith in its
2. My only claim for all sin for-giv'n, Ground for my hope of a
3. Bread for the soul when I hun-gry sore, Grace for my heart when I
4. More than my song can in love de-clare, More than all measure of

pray'r can plead; Center of life and soul of creed Is Je-sus to me.
home in heart's, Power thro' which my chains are riv'n Is Je-sus to me.
thirst for more; Sheltering Rock when storms do rear Is Je-sus to me.
praise or pray'r; Comfort and balm for all my care Is Je-sus to me.

Coda.

He is my Rock in a wea-ry land, He is my Spring 'midst the
desert sand; Rough in my weakness that I may stand, Is Je-sus to me.
No. 7

Shine On Me.

Words by
E. B. McE.

Arr. copyrighted, 1910, by Robert B. Glidden.

Arr. by
B. B. McKinney.

1. My ship is sail ing o'er the sea, The unknown restless sea;
2. Thy storm and gale I can not see. The billows round me roll;
3. I see, I see, dear Lord, the light, It's shining bright for me;
4. O sailor, drifting with the tide, And tossed by wind and wave,

Oh, Je sus, let the light house shine Its golden beam on me.
Dear Jesus, ride along with me, I yield to Thy control.
Twill guide me to my home a here, And there e ter ni ty.
Oh, look to Jesus Christ for light, And He'll completely save.

Chorus. Arr.

Shine on me, shine on me, Let the light from the lighthouse shine on me;

Oh, shine on me, shine on me, Let the light from the lighthouse shine on me.
No. 8

Make Room For Jesus.


1. On that glad day when Christ was born, In manger laid like one for-him.
2. The glad warm sun on that bright morn, Shone on the in-fant hum-bly born.
3. There's room for pride, there's room for gold, There's room for all that earth can hold.
4. "O sin-sick soul, cast all a-way, Make room for Je-sus now, to-day,

He lay because there was with-in, No room for Je-sus at the inn.
Who came to save us from our sin, But found no room to en-ter in.
There's room for plea-sure, room for sin, But none for Je-sus to come in.
And keep Him there your heart with-in, Make room for Je-sus to come in.

Crown.

Make room for Je-sus, He's a Friend, Who will be faithful to the end,

Who came that you might have-en win, Make room for Je-sus to come in.
No. 9  Jesus, The Light of the World.

J. V. C.

Arranged: I. E. R.

1. All ye saints of light proclaim, Jesus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Savior's ear-nest call, Jesus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to-day, Jesus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, own-see Him as your King, Jesus, the Light of the world;

Life and mercy in His name, Jesus, the Light of the world,
Send the gospel truth to all, Jesus, the Light of the world,
Go with truth the narrow way, Jesus, the Light of the world,
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Jesus, the Light of the world.

Chorus.
We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright;

Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus, the Light of the world.
No. 10

I Am Safe.

L. E. E.

Copyright 1875, by Levi E. Eubanks, Dallas, Texas.

L. E. Reynolds.

1. I am safe from every storm, Christ doth love me so;
2. I am safe when troubles come, With my Saviour near;
3. I am safe for evermore, This the crimson flood;
4. I am safe whatever befall, With a Friend so strong;

1. I am safe from every harm, For my Lord I know.
2. I am safe from Satan's wiles, For my Saviour He'll hear.
3. I am safe and Christ I'll see, By His precious blood.
4. I am safe for heav'n and home, With the blood-washed throng.

Cho.ve.

I am safe, I am safe, For my Saviour died for me;
So safe, so safe.

I am safe, so safe, I am safe in Him, In His likeness I shall be.
shall be.
No. 11  The Church In The Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No hin-ter
2. How sweet on a clear Sun-day morn-ing, To list in the
3. There, close by the church in the valley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ringing bell; Its tone so sweet-ly are call-ing. Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps'neath the wil-low. Din-
with flow-ers bloom, When the far-est hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall
D. S. spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

But the brown church in the vale,
come to the church in the vale,
turn her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

But the brown church in the vale.

church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
No come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
No. 12
My All To Thee.

Mary McKechnie McSwain.
Copyright. 1893, by Messrs. Publishing Co.

H. von Berge.

1. Dear Lord, I bring my life to Thee, I lay it humbly at Thy feet, And pray that Thou wilt make of me One for Thy service most.
2. Dear Lord, I bring my years to Thee, The goodness of my youthful days, And ask that Thou wilt shine for me, The light of all my ways.
3. Dear Lord, I bring my hopes to Thee, My dreams of future joys or fame, And pray that Thou wilt grant to me, Some place to serve Thy name.
4. Dear Lord, I bring my will to Thee, Oh, seal it with Thy love divine, And let my purpose ever be At one, O Lord, with Thine.

All I bring to Thee, my Savour, Naught my own shall ever be; Take my strength, take my endeavor, Lord, I bring my all to Thee!
No. 13

The Haven Of Rest.

H. L. Gilmore.

1. My soul in sad exile was out on life’s sea, So burdened with
sion and distress,

2. I yielded myself to His tender embrace, And faith taking
hold of the Word,

3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
story so sweet,

4. How precious the thought that we all may revive, Like John the be-
lov ed and blest,

5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He patiently waits To save by His
power divine;

6. S.—The tempest may sweep over the wild, stormy
choice, And I entered the “Haven of Rest!”

No. 13 The Haven Of Rest.

S. M. Moore.

Arr. by R. B. McKinsey.

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, “Make Me your
My fathers fell off, and I anchored my
Of Jesus, who’ll save who so ever will
On Jesus’ strong arm, where no tempest can
Come, an anchor your soul in the “Haven of

Ferm. Crescendo.

earth; The “Haven of Rest” is my Lord.
have a home in the “Haven of Rest?” I’ve no
here. Be cure in the “Haven of Rest!”
Rest,” And say, “My Beloved is mine.”

deep, In Jesus I’m safe ever more.

and in the “Haven of Rest,” I’ll dwell the while, ever for Je-

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Arr. copyright, 1888, by Smedley R. Coleridge.

Arr. by R. B. McKinsey.

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and in the “Haven of Rest,” I’ll dwell the while, ever for Je-

No. 13 The Haven Of Rest.

Arr. copyright, 1888, by Smedley R. Coleridge.

Arr. by R. B. McKinsey.
1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, billows, roll! I fear naught in
2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, billows, roll! All God's host sur-
3. Thou what Satan should assail, Roll, billows, roll! In God's might I
4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say, "Roll billows, roll! Christ is keeping

sea or land, so Roll, billows, roll.
round my sail, so Roll, billows, roll.
shall prevail, so Roll, billows, roll.
sea each day, so Roll, billows, roll.

Roll, billows roll! Jesus is my anchor and He'll keep my soul from

foul seas, billows, roll,... Roll, billows.

Jesus is my anchor and He'll keep my soul.
No. 15 It Came Upon The Midnight Clear.


1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   That sweet, sweet Carol of peace, To hear the angels sing:
2. From an- gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
   And still their harp's-ly mu-sic soars O'er all the won-ry world;
3. In the deep, deep, deep, and low-ly plains They bend on hover-ing wing;
   Look now! for glad and golden hours Come quickly on the wing.
4. Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;
   When peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dor.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King."
A - bove the land, and low-ly plains They bend on hover-ing wing;
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing.
When peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dor.

The world is sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the a - r - en-
And ev - er o'er its pale - l lights The hush - ed a-
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the a - r - en-
And the world as o'er - the wea - ry road, And hear the a - r - en-

for Je - sus!"
No. 16

Lift Him Up.


1. How to reach the masses, men of ev'ry birth? For an answer
2. O the world is hung'ry for the liv'ing bread, Lift the fav'rous
3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pow', Pray for the good
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

Jesus gives the key; "And if I be lifted up from the earth, shall
up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, 'Tis
drive, full and free; Prove Him and you will find that promise is true, 'Tis
you the Sav'lar see; Then men will gladly follow Him who once taught, 'Tis

REFRAIN.

draw all men up to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him up, Lift Him up.

Still He speaks from a-ter-ni-ty; "And if
ed up from the earth, Will draw all men up to Me."
No. 17

I Shall Not Be Moved.

Arr. by

R. E. MCK.

Arr. by

R. E. McKinney.

1. Je-sus saves for-ev-er, I shall not be moved; His grace is a
2. On His grace re-lying, I shall not be moved; His love en -
3. With the Church I'm go-ing, I shall not be moved; Christ to last cen -
4. From the Word a - ter-nal, I shall not be moved; From its truth ex -

nev - er, I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's plant-ed
by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved. I shall not be,

sey - ling, I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's plant-ed

per - nal, I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's plant-ed

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

tree that's plant-ed; by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved.
No. 18  Follow Where The Saviour Leadeth


1. Christ Jesus is the living way, Follow where He leads,
2. There never was a friend so true, Follow where He leads,
3. In heavenly places calm and sweet, Follow where He leads,
4. Thro' thorny paths so dark and dim, Follow where He leads,

Follow where He leads, Each moment as we watch and pray,
Follow where He leads, His strength He gives to help us through,
Follow where He leads, His precious promises real,
Follow where He leads, With eyes of faith look up to Him.

Chorus.
Follow where the Saviour leadeth. Let us follow,
Follow where He leads,

Follow, Follow where the Saviour leadeth. On the land or on the sea,
follow where He leads,

Ere faithful to Him be, Let us follow where the Saviour leadeth.
No. 19

My Anchor Holds Me.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert H. Odleman. 
International copyright secured.

H. G. T. 

Quantette, or Men in Union. 

Robert G. Trevor.

1. In the Rock of ages I am there secure; He will never lose me, Al- ways is the same.
2. When the dark clouds gather, Then I feel Him near; For in Him my anchor holds, I will never, never fear.
3. Jesus is my refuge, Living Rock divine; And the storms of sin come-bling; My anchor holds me, it firmly holds.
4. In Him a home in my anchor's living line. For I'm anchored in the Rock divine.

Chorus.

My anchor holds me, My anchor holds me. It firmly holds, it firmly holds.

And the storms of sin come-bling; My anchor holds me, it firmly holds.

And my faith in Him above is my anchor's living line.

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International copyright secured.
No. 20

Don't Forget To Pray.

B. B. M.

Copyright, 1898, by Robert H. Coleman.

R. B. McKinney.

1. When the morning light is dawning, Don't forget to kneel and pray;
2. While the day is swiftly passing, Keep your mind on God above;
3. When the evening sun is hidden,neath the golden-tinted west,
4. All along your pilgrim journey, Never free from sin and care;

Ask the Savior to go with you, Through the burdens of the day;
Ask Him to ever guide you, In the pathway of His love;
Ask Him for protection, Through a night of peaceful rest;
You will overcome temptation, In the secret place of prayer.

Don't forget, don't forget, Don't forget to pray,
Don't forget, don't forget, Don't forget to pray,
No. 21

I Want My Life To Tell.

Copyright, 1906, by the J.AMES Publishing Co.

Mrs. Frank A. dressed.

1. Amid life's busy, hurrying throng, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong,
2. I want to be a bea- con light, To cheer way-farers in their night,
3. I want my life with Je-sus hid, That I may do what He shall bid;
4. To wealth and fame I would not cling, But I would know God's peace sublime;

While I am travel- ing a long, I want my life to tell for Je-sus.
And help them on their way a right; I want my life to tell for Je-sus.
I want to love as Je-sus did; I want my life to tell for Je-sus.
And ev- ry-where— and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je-sus.

Cantus.

I want my life to tell for Je-sus! I want my

I want my life to tell for Je-sus, That ev- ry-where I go.

Men may His goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je-sus!
No. 22

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 shadowy sin? 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 upon Him, let the Saviour in,

CHOIR.

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.
No. 23

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Kendall.

Copyright, 1905, by Burt H. Gilmore.

S. B. McKinney.

May be used as Duet or Chorus.

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

I can hear my Savior calling, Take thy cross and follow me,
I'll go with Him thru' the garden, I'll go with Him all the way,
I'll go with Him thru' the judgment, I'll go with Him all the way,
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me all the way.

Chorus, Arr.

Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,

I'll go with Him all the way, I'll go with Him all the way,
I'll go with Him all the way, I'll go with Him all the way.
No. 24

Somebody Here Needs Jesus.

James Rowe.

Copyright, 1918, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

Harry Dixon Luns.

1. Somebody here is weary and worn, Beside the heaving sea.
2. Somebody here is weary of sin, Longing to let the bur-dens drop.
3. Somebody here will answer His plea, Kneeling at His feet, a burden long borne.
4. Somebody here is looking above, Ready to trust His Jesus to-day.

Someday here needs Jesus to-day. Somebody here is:

Chorus.

Sad and alone, Someone whose song and laughter have flown; Come, He'll re-

save you. He will relieve you—Somebody here needs Jesus to-day.
No. 25

Pray Yourself Out.

D. E. Wade.

1. The hills low of sorrow sweep o'er your soul, And tune you sad.
2. When bent by the burden of trust his care, If you should be.
3. When storms beat up on you or foes o'er-take, And friends do not.
4. What-er be side you while here you re-main, Don't go from the.

Just pray, pray, pray your-self out. Come on.

Just pray, pray, brother, pray your-self out. Pray yourself out.

Just pray, brother, pray, pray your-self out.

pray yourself out, Je-sus, the ever-low of love ne-ver doubt; He will be.

near, read'y to hear. Pray, brother, Pray, brother, pray your-self out.
No. 26  Day Is Dying In The West.

W. F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dying in the west, Heaven is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the universe, Thy home,
3. While the deep-shing shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfold ing all,
4. When forever from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and worship while the night sets her evening lamps a-light
Gather, ye, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace,
Thou the glory and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Lord of angels, on our eyes Let eternal morning rise,

Refrain.

Thou all the sky, For Thou art high.
Our hearts ascend.
And shadows end.

Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee!

Heaven and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!
No. 27
The World Or Jesus.

Copyright, 1868, by Robert H. Oakeley.
International copyright secured.

Harry Dixon Lewis.

1. In the world there are many enjoyments, Many pleasures my
2. In the world is no true satisfaction. Its attractions but
3. When by dangers and trials overtaken, When the burdens of
4. Oh, if you were to choose between Jesus. And the riches of

[Music notation]

heart to entrall; But the joy that is mine in Christ Jesus, is far
lead to despair; But in Jesus life's path is brightest, With your
life press me hard; There is One who protects and sustains me—What a
earth and its boast; Trusting Him could you happily answer: "Give me

[Chorus]

better, you, better than all... Jesus is all that I
need; all spring everywhere... refuge in Jesus the Lord....
Jesus, and all will be best... Jesus is

want... All that I want, When troubles sur-
all that I want, Jesus is all that I want,

[Music notation]
The Riches Of Love.

1. The treasures of earth are not mine, I hold not its silver and gold; But a treasure far greater is mine, I have riches of love.

2. The treasures of earth must all fail, Its riches and honors dead. But the riches of love that are mine, Even death cannot close.

3. Compared with the riches of love, The wealth of the world is but dust; Of its wonderful fulness receive, Till you hunger and thirst no more.

4. Come, take of the riches of Christ, Exhaustless and free is the wealth untold. Are the riches of love in Christ Jesus.

Verses.

Oh, the depth of the riches of love, The riches of love in Christ Jesus, Far better than gold, or wealth untold.
No. 29
The Old Rugged Cross.

Copyright, 1868, by Rev. Bernard.


1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of 
   and pain, and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best 
   beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, 
   Soon shall bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,

2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at 
   For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, 
   To hear in the dark Calvary, 
   Where His glory forever I'll share, 

3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous 
   o'er me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, 
   pardon and sancti - fy me, 

4. To the old rugged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-
   o'er me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, 
   To lay down; I will cling to the 

Coda.

For a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll cherish the old rugged 
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry, 
To pardon and sancti - fy me, 

And exchange it some day for a crown.

Old rugged cross, 

Old rugged cross, 

And exchange it some day for a crown.
No. 30
'Twas Jesus' Blood.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

1. 'Twas Jesus' blood that bought me, When I was bound by sin; 'Twas
   Jesus' love that sought me, When I was vile with sin. O, blood-drops for my pardon, In agony alone.

2. He prayed there in the garden, "Thy will, not mine be done;" Sweet
   there's heat earth's dark shadows, Faced death by His own will. To

3. He bore my sins and sorrows, On Calvary's rugged hill; And
   Lord of all creation! His blood atoned for me. Thou

4. I praise Him for redemption, My song 'twill never be; Blest
   praise Him for atoning grace, That reached a child of sinful race.

Cho. 

'Twas Jesus' blood atoned for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;

A sin-not saved proclaims His grace, And in His service seeks a place.
No. 31  
Take Up Thy Cross.

A. H. Ackley.

Copyright, 1905, by Roger & Brothers.
International copyright secured.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

No. 31 Take Up Thy Or

1. I walked one day along a country road, And there a
2. I cried, "Lord Jesus," and He spoke my name; I saw His
3. "O let me hear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And it a
4. My cross I'll carry till the crown appears, The way I

stranger journeyed too, Best low beneath the burden
hands all bruised and torn; I stooped to kiss a way the
cross for me appeared, The one for greater, I had
journey soon will end Where God Himself shall wipe a

of His load; It was a cross, a cross I knew.
marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
cast aside, The one, so long, that I had feared.
way all tears, And friend said fellowship with friend.

Chorus:

"Take up Thy cross and follow Me," I hear the blessed Saviour call:

How can I make a lesser sacrifice, When Jesus gave His all?
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before. Christ, the royal
2. At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then,Christian soldiers, On to victory! Hell's foundations
3. Like a mighty army Moses the Church of God; Brothers, lift your voices, Where the saints have tread; We are not alone
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng. Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song; Glory, land and

Master, Leads against the foe; Forward into battle,

closer. All as one body we, One in hope and doctrine, hance, On to Christ the King! This three courtsless ages

Chorus.

See His banner gay!

Lead your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,

One in charity. Men and angels sing.
Shall You? Jesus.

Copyright, 1898, by Jos. P. Fecker.

Ernest O. Seller.

1. Some one will enter the poorly gate
   By and by, there is never a
   Taste of the glories that there await;
   Thou faithful Jesus.

2. Some one will gladly his cross lay down
   By and by, there is never a
   Hear a voice saying, "I know you not;"
   Thou faithful Jesus.

3. Some one will knock when the door is shut
   By and by, there is never a
   Some one will tramp on the streets of gold,
   Hear thy call and shall not be heard;
   Some one will greet on the gold-so-shine Loves of ours.

4. Some one will sing the triumphant song
   By and by, by and by,
   Some one will travel the streets of gold,
   Some one the glorious King will see,
   Some one will greet on the gold-so-shine Loves of ours.

There is never a

Thou faithful Jesus.

shall you shall go before the throne of God. Happy with Him forever and ever.}

Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown. Thou faithful Jesus.

Hear a voice saying, "I know you not." Thou faithful Jesus.

Some one will tramp on the streets of gold. Thou faithful Jesus.

Hear thy call and shall not be heard. They will cry to thee.

Some one will greet on the gold-so-shine Loves of ours. Thou faithful Jesus.

Shall you shall go before the throne of God, Happy with Him forever and ever.
Onward His Wings.

1. Onward, Christ, we found a retreat, Where I can so
2. As the siren by night, No arrow can
3. Like a cross, destruction at noon, No fearful for
4. Ourselves may fall at my side, Thou, thou and up

cross of
Christian, hide; No refuge nor rest so complete,
are to-day; His shadow has covered me quite,
core your wis
bring; With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
hand; A love, His wings are spread wide,

Master, I have shrunk, He shall ever reside.
I have driven away. Under His wings,
I have, salvation I sing. Under them, in safety I stand.

Under His wings, Under His sheltering wings; What comfort it

brings, My soul gladly sings, I'm under His sheltering wings.
Wonderful Jesus.

No. 35

Anne B. Russell.

Copyright, 1902, by Ernest O. Bolling.

Ernest O. Bolling.

Melody in First Tenor.

1. There is never a day so dreary, There is never a
   night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trusting Jesus
   somewhere finds a song, Wonde-rous, won-der-ful Jesus,

2. There is never a cross so heavy, There is never a
   grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Jesus is love will light us,
   cause He loveth us, A song of de-

3. There is never a care so burden, There is never a
   when we're blest ones, (not one,) But that God can in mer-
   in the heart He implanteth a song;

4. There is never a guilt-y sin-ner, There is never a
   mercy pardon, They're
   of courage and strength, In the heart He implanteth a song.
No. 36  Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julee 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 watchfires 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 Hi-* le, Christ was born across the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
bal- ed Him an al- tar in the eve- ning fires and damps; I can read His
sift- ing out the hearts of men be- fore His judgment seat, O be swift, my
glo- ry in. His bosom that trans- fig- ures you and me; As He died to

fate- ful lightning of His ter- ri- ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
righteous sentence by the din and star- ing lamps; His day is marching on.
seal, to an- ever Him be ju- li- last, my feet! Our God is marching on.
make men hol- ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.

Coda.

Glo- ry! glo- ry, hal-le- lu- jah! Glo- ry! glo- ry, hal-le- lu-
Glo- ry! glo- ry, glo- ry, hal-le- lu- jah! Glo- ry! glo- ry, glo- ry hal-le-

jah! Glo- ry! glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah! Our God is marching on.
lu- jah! Glo- ry! glo- ry, glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah!
No. 37  When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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

on-ly reach the shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the silver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Never more with anguish laden, We shall
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caress-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that bliss-ful haven, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
yield the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Chorus.

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

hal-le-lujah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee) is that far-off sweet forever, Just be
No. 38

The Wandering Sheep.

Horatius Bonar.

Copyright, 1869, by Rob't M. Coleman.

John J. Bovey.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;
   The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child;

2. No more a wandering sheep, I love to be controlled;
   I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled;
   Be followed me over vale and hill, Over deserts waste and wild;
   I love my tender Shepherd's voice, I love the peaceful fold;

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home;
   He found me high to death, Famine and faint and lone;
   No more a wayward child, I seek no more to roam;

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a far to roam;
   He bound me with the bonds of love, He saved the wandering one.
   I love my heavenly Father's voice, I love, I love His home.
No. 39  Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

P. C. W. B. Payne.  Copyright property of W. H. Doane.

TEXT OR TUNE.

1. "Th' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;

2. Hear the voice that entreats you. Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!

3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;


QUARTER.

Tho' they be red (Tho' they be red) She crum-sen, They shall be as snow;

He is of great (He is of great) com-pass-ion, And of won-der-ous love;

"Look un-to Me (Look un-to Me,) ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God!


TEXT.

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,

Hear the voice that entreats you. Hear the voice that entreats you;

He'll for-give your trans-gress-ions, He'll for-give your trans-gressions,


QUARTER.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.

Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!

And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.
No. 40  
He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Copyright, 1877, by Ackley and Hochstetter.

R. D. Ackley.

1. My faith temptation shall not move, For Jesus knows it all,
And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall!
He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
If I but lift my heart in prayer, He will not let me fall.
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall!

3. Sometimes I falter filled with fear, I cannot see at all,
His voice I never fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

Chorus.

He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall!

He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!
No. 41  When the Night Shades Are Failing.

Copyright 1912, by Rev. H. Colman.
Mrs. Hinde H. Jacobs.

1. When the night shades gently are falling, And the lights softly glow
   in the sky, (in the sky,) Then I think of the home o-ver yon-dor,
   home-land, When our day’s work here is done! We will

2. Whatever the task that is given, I will faithfully lay
   but on; (a-bor on;) Con-tent-ed if, when it is fin-ished,
   be safe home with the Fa-ther, And no sor-row shall ever come.

3. And when my day here is ended, And the twil-light of life
   Con- front ed if, when it is fin-ished,
   and wait for the lights to come.

Chorus.

And it seems to be so near by.
The Fa-ther shall say “Well done.” O the glo-ry a-wait-ing in the

... We will work is done!
No. 42  Speed Away! Speed Away!

H. N. Lincoln.

I. H. Woodbury.

1. Speed a-way! speed a-way! on thy ac-rond of light, The world is en-
2. Speed a-way! speed a-way! with the mes-sage of love, And lead many
3. Speed a-way! speed a-way! with the ti-dings of hope, To mil-lions who

shroud-ed in dark-ness of night; Hu-ly sac-tion will serve thee if souls to the mon-sters a-love! While the work is so great and the in their dark wan-der-ings groups, Go and win them to Je-sus, still

trust-ing you go, And re-pate the sweet sto-ry the whole world must work-ers so few, Can the Lord for a reap-er de-pend up-on oth-ers they'll win, Thus the bat-tle to wage and to o-ver-come

know: Bless-ed ti-dings of grace and sal-vation con-vey, you From the dawn of the morn, to the close of the day? sin, Till the earth shall be bright with mil-len-nial ray.

Speed a-way,........ speed a-way,........ speed a-way!
1. Let me travel the road, the road of life, Where the race of
    men press on, The man who are weak from their load of sin,
    And the man who are good and strong, I would not look
    with a mercy's eye, Nor hurl the eye of his ban. Let me
    travel the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.

2. Let me see as I travel up on my way, On the great high-
    way of life, The men who press on with the burden of hope,
    And the men who are faint with strife, Let me turn not a way
    from their smiles and tears, Both part of an all-wise plan, Let me
    travel the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.

3. Let me travel the road, the road of life, Where some sin-burdened
    soul I'll meet, Let me be a balm to his aching heart,
    And a guide to his wandering feet, Let me tell him of Christ
    who has died to save, Let me give him salvation's plan, Let me
The Man Born Blind.

Rev. A. B. Ackley.

Copyright, 1869, by Robert H. Colborne.
International copyright secured.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There was a man born blind, And his day was one long night; That in was his poor mind, And shut out the world of light; The morning's golden face, The evening's beam, He can make it right again; With clay of common clay, He spread those day, For the first time, and his home; And at the feet of Christ, He knelt up.

2. But Christ has eyes that see, All the blind and sons of men. Whate'er the trouble, His mother's loving face, His had never, never seen, sightless eyes, And in that touch of God, The hope of all men lies. on the soil, For Christ his soul suffused, And worshipped Him as God.

3. The beggar groped his way, To the water of Siloam, And saw the word that purple sheets; His mother's loving face, He had never, never seen, sightless eyes, And in that touch of God, The hope of all men lies. on the soil, For Christ his soul suffused, And worshipped Him as God.

Chorus.

O souls of men, so dark, so dim, Out of the blindness into light; Out of the dark-ness into light, Jesus will lead you, Believe on Him.

No. 46
No. 47
Sunset Hour.

E. C. Bate.

Copyright, 1882, by Robert H. Sisson.
International copyright secured.

E. B. McKinney.

1. Since the road leads me home, at night, Safe home at the close of life’s day; The hills I'll not mind. For
2. Since the road leads me home, at night, I'll face ev’ry storm that may blow; My heart has no fear, No
twilight will be; My burdens have wings, My

sarely I'll find. Sweet rest at the end of the way, evil is near. My Saviour walks with me, I know.
and gladly sings. For loved ones are waiting for me.

Crown.

Sunset hour. Sunset hour! Beautiful sunset hour, Beautiful sunset hour!

For ever at home, no more to roam, Beautiful sunset hour.
He Lives On High.

Words and arr. copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Ohnesorge.
Arr. by R. B. McKinsey.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Savior came from heaven's glory, To
   redeem the lost from sin and shame, On His brow He
   wore the thorn-crowned glory, And upon Calvary He took my blame.

2. He a rose from death and all its sorrow To
   dwell in that land of joy and love; He is coming
   back some glad tomorrow, And He'll take all His children home above.

3. Weary soul, to Jesus come confessing, He
   redemption from sin He offers thee; Look to Jesus
   and receive a blessing. There is life, there is joy and victory.

Crown

He lives on high, He lives on high, Triumphant over sin and all its
stains; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's coming again.
No. 49
May God Depend On You?

W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1865, by the Boston Publishing Co.

Ira N. Wilson.

1. In the war-fare that is raging For the truth and for the right,
   God needs people brave and true; May He then depend on you?

2. Sin, they come on as his pincers. Come they in Satan’s might—
   God requires the brave and true; May His love depend on you?

3. From His throne the Father sees us; Angels help us to prevail;
   Triumph crowns the brave and true;— May the Lord depend on you?

When the conflict, fierce, is raging With the powers of the night,
   God needs people brave and true; May He then depend on you?

Powers come and dark dominions From the regions of the night,
   God requires the brave and true; May His love depend on you?

And our leader true is Jesus, And we shall not, cannot fail,
   Triumph crowns the brave and true;— May the Lord depend on you?

Chorus.

May the Lord depend on you? Loyalty is but His due;
   May the Lord depend on you? Loyalty is but His due;

Say, O spirit brave and true, That He may depend on you.
   Say, O spirit brave and true,
Come Unto Me.

Mrs. W. C. E. Esling. Copyright, 1872, by Louise Pianowaring Co.

Slowly and with expression.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the heart is weary and distressed; Seeking for comfort from your heart's light sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in heav'nly music, earth too rude to press; Come unto me, all who droop in

2. Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that Father, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

3. There like an Eden, blooming in gladness, blooms the fair flow'm the

Refrain.

Come unto me; Come unto me, Come unto me, Come after last verse. For you will rest; Come unto me and I will give you rest.
No. 51
The Face Of The Master.

Mrs. E. W. Leader.
Solo.

Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.

Copyright, 1870, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

1. In the early morn, in my garden, Where
   flow'res waft perfume rare; I see the Face of the Master,
   In the rose He gives to me there,
   Face of the Master, And to me how precious His touch;
   yield a new to the Saviour, Whose love has meant so much.

2. In the noon-time's hurry and worry, In the
   crowd that throng the street; I see the Face of the Master,
   In the glance of souls that I meet. O how dear, the
   yield a new to the Saviour, Whose love has meant so much.

3. In the eve when work is all over, More
   beauty than I behold; I see the Face of the Master,
   In the glorious sunset of gold.
   yield a new to the Saviour, Whose love has meant so much.
Wandering Child, O Come Home.

1. Have you wandered a way from your Father's care, Heavy-hearted and sad do you roam? There's a sweet, gentle voice calling now to you-

2. Is your frail bark a-drift on life's raging sea, Are you tossed on its Child, come home, why longer roam? To thy Father now return.

3. Is He pleading to-day, lead His gentle voice, As He bids you no more wander, Child, come home, O come home, come home.

Moderato.

Child, come home, why longer roam?

To thy Father now return— Wandering child, O come home, come home.

Child, come home, O come home, come home.

Chorus. pp Second time.

Wandering child, wandering child, O come home, Child, come home, wandering child, why longer roam?

Wandering child, wandering child, O come home, come home.
No. 53

Comrades, Press On.

Words and music copyright 1910, by E. H. Lincoln.

Jesu's H. Coleman, owner.

W. H. Roach.

1. From morn until even, and day after day,
   Comrades in Jesus, press on;

2. The sword of the Spirit to faithfully wield,
   Comrades in Jesus, press on;

3. The world from its bondage of sin to release,
   Comrades in Jesus, press on;

on; press on; Be found at your post in the heat of the fray;
on; press on; To mercy and truth sin and sor- row must yield;
on; press on; Till vi- brates the earth with the an- them of peace;

Repeat.

Comrades in Jesus, press on,
Press on and on, press on,
Press on and on,
Press on and on,

on and on, .......... Comrades in Jesus, press on; .......... The vic- tory to press on and on,

win o- ver darkness and sin. Comrades in Jesus, press on. (press on.)
1. Go thru' the gate, O church of Christ, Cast up, cast up a safe highway;  
2. Prepare the way of holiness, Remove the stones that wound the feet,  
3. Go thru' the gate, make heavy its weight That cometh from a faith divine,  

For all the people make a road, That from the kingdom none need stay,  
That all who walk therein may find A joy and blessing pure and sweet.  
A-rise, a-rise, O church of Christ, Be true and victory shall be thine.  

Chorus:

Go thru' the gate, O church of Christ,  
Go thru' the gate, O church of Christ, And  

And lift the royal standard high; The saving pow'r of Jesus tell  
And lift the royal standard high; The saving pow'r of Jesus tell  
Of Jesus tell I'm waiting people faint and die.
Gathering Home.

Mrs. Mariana B. Slade.

1. Up to the bountiful Giver of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
2. Up to the city where faileth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His Infinite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

Gathering home! gathering home!

Never to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! gathering home!

Gathering home! gathering home! God's children are gathering home.
1. When the tempests give cause for alarm,
And shadows are deep in life's sea,
I am safe and secure from all harm.
God's angel is standing by me.

2. In distress, or in sickness or pain,
And all of the troubles that be,
Though they try me, I'll never complain,
God's heart seems to see;
Strength and comfort are mine, for I know God's

3. When my faith almost fails as I go,
And hope from my heart seems to flee,
God's angel is standing by me;
He's close by my side, and He'll be my Guide.
God's angel is standing by me.
1. I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Redeemer, my Re- redeem-er is the Light;
3. There the sun-beams are ever shining, O my longing, O my longing heart is there;

Do not de-tain me for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ever flow-ing.
There is no sor-row nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there nor any dy-ing.
Here in this coun-try so dark and dreary, I long have wand-ered, sick and weary.

Crescendo,

I'm a pil-grim and I'm a stran-ger, I can tarry.
I'm a pil-grim I'm a stran-ger,

I can tar-ry but a night, I'm a pil-grim and I'm a pil-grim
I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night, but a night.
1. It is wonderful to know that the Saviour came, That He sealed my lost soul.

2. It is sweet to know that He is my dearest Friend, All my pain and sorrow I have found for me a place in the ranks of God, May I ever faithful

set me free; I will sing a song of praise to His Holy name.
He doth see; And I know that He will keep me unto the end,
to Him be; The' it means to tread the path that the Saviour trod.

Chorus.

I'm rejoicing since His love found me. I'm rejoicing ev'ry day since His

love found me. His love found me, His love found me; And He keeps me ev'ry hour

By His grace and pow'r, I'm rejoicing since His love found me.
No. 59

Speak To My Heart.

Copyright, 1883, by Robert H. Sribner.
International copyright secured.

R. H. McKinney.

1. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Purg me from ev 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus. It is no lon- ger 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 whol- ly Thine.

Coda.

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

Yielded and still, seek-ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

1. Hark! the herald angels sing; "Glory to the new-born King;"
Peace on earth and mercy mild;" God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaims, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"

2. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of right-eousness!
Light and life to all He brings, He's with healing in His wings;
Let us then with angels sing, Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.

3. With th' angelic host proclaims, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
With th' angelic host proclaims, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"

C. Wesley

Mendelssohn
No. 61  O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

1st Tune.  2nd Tune.

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul on
   2nd Tune.

2. O Light that fell west all my way, I yield my sick'ring torch to

3. O Joy that seekest me thru' pain, I can not close my heart to
   1st and 2nd Ben.

4. O Cross that lift'st up my head, I dare not ask to fly from

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its
Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its
Thee; I trace the rainbow thru' the rain, And feel the promise in not
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And lost its gems their blossoms

May rich'er, full'er be, May rich'er, full'er be.
May brighter, fair'er be, May brighter, fair'er be.
That more shall tearless be, That more shall tearless be.
Life that shall end-less be, Life that shall end-less be.
Come, come, come, come, come, come,

All that labor, all ye that labor, Come, O come, and

He will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and

Learn of Him. For He is meek and lowly of heart,

And ye shall find rest, rest unto your souls.
The Lord Is My Shepherd.

I. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, Beside the still waters.

II. Yes, tho' I walk the valley Of shadow of death—Yea, I will fear no evil, For Thou art with me; A table set be-

III. Restoreth my soul, In paths of righteousness, He leadeth me. And my head anoints, My cup overflows.

IV. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, And in the house of the Lord, I dwell forever.
1. There's an old, old road By an old, old cross, And the road is
2. On the old, old road Went the Christ divine, With His cross of
3. Leave the wide, wide road For the narrow way, Paths of sin no

crrow bent and strait; But it leads a home to the great white throne Where the
narrow and shame; On its beam so wide Jesus bled and died, When He
longer to roam; Walk the way divine, Where the cross doth shine; It will

*Chorus*

saints in glory wait,
bore the sinner's blame. The old road is the only road That leads home to
bring you safely home.

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;
The Old Road. Concluded.

For the old road is the only road That brings the pilgrim home.

No. 65 Jesus is Pleading Still.

Copyright, 1912, by Louis Publishing Co.

Jeneale Wilson

1. Wanderer, hear the Saviour say, Come, whosoever will;
   2. Jesus is asking you now to leave Pathways that lead to loss;
   3. Yield to the gentle entreaty now, Uttered so oft before;

Hear His kind voice wheresoe'er you stray, Tenderly pleading still,
Come at His call and cease to grieve Him who endured the cross,
Come and to Jesus humbly bow, Never to wander more.


Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
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Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
Pleading still, Tenderly pleading still,
I Believe In God.

Revd. Oswald J. Smith.
Melody by Second Trust.

1. I believe in God, in His mercy and compassion, O what wonderful love in Christ Jesus did He show, When on Calvary's cross for the world He died, His unerring love to show; All I sought in prayer; O what joy to know that He lives, my

2. I believe in God, as revealed by Christ the Father, When for man He

3. I believe in God, He has answered my petitions, The true knew my

let His suffer To provide redemption, that all His grace might know, more remaineth—Christ is still the same as He was on earth below, bliss! Redeemer— I believe in God, for I've proved His love and care.

Chorus.

I believe in God, for He pardoned my transgressions, Guessed my hurt from

sin, made me whiter than the snow; I believe in God, for His Spirit
I Believe In God. Concluded.

No. 67

Close To Thee.


1. Thou, my ever-lasting portion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasures, Nor for fame my prayer's shall be;
3. Lead me there the ways of shallows, Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;

All along my pilgrim journey, Sun-hour, let me walk with Thee,
Gladsy will I toil and suffer; Only let me walk with Thee,
Then the gate of life eternal May I enter Lord with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Thou, All along my pilgrim journey, Hurcous, let me walk with Thee,
Gladsy will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee,
close to Thee, Then the gate of life eternal May I enter Lord with Thee.
The Life-Boat.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-aged, And thought it all in vain, For
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of faith I see, As

storm-y clouds of dark-ness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us
us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je-sus' name. But then we
she sweeps thru the wa-ters To res-cue you and me, And lead us

take cour-age, For we're not left a-lone; The life-boat soon is
heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand; And if you'll on-ly
safe-ly, in the port With friends we love so dear. "Get read-y," cries the

Coda:

cor-ning To gather the jew-els home. "Then cheer, my brother,
trust me, I'll guide you to that land.
Cap-tain, Ohi look, she is al-most here We're pil-grims and we're

cheer, Our tri-als will soon be o'er. Our loved ones we will
strangers here, We're seek-ing a cit-y to come. The life-boat soon is
The Life-Boat. Concluded.

No. 69 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

1. There's no friend to me like Jesus, He my every need supplies; He not only cares but keeps me, Nothing good from me denies. Yes, in Him I'm fully trusting, Yes, thru' Him I'll conquer all;

2. All, yes, all to me is Jesus, Easiest Redeemer, Shepherd, Guide; And from every foe defends me, And in Him I'll ever hide. Yes, in Him I am a-ble to sing, And someday His face I'll see.

3. I will never cease to love Him, He who died to set me free; Now in Him I am a-biding, And some day His face I'll see.

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll never let me fall.
No. 70

The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John.

Copyright, 1864, by H. F. Palmer.

R. F. Palmer.

Sresco, and lib. (Dramatic style.)

1. "Which way shall I take," shouts a voice in the night; "I'm a pilgrim, a pilgrim, s
2. "Which way shall I take" for the bright golden span That budge-at the
4. "See the lights from the palace in all very lines, How they pencil the

wased, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
waste so safely for man? To the right? in the left? oh,
hedge and fruit-laden vine—My fortune! my all for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But between us, a stream lieth sulies and still, "
me! if I know—The right is so dark, and the passage so few; "
one tangled gleam That siffs thru theill ice, and wistes on the stream." 

*Chorus.

Near, near then, my son, is the old way-side, cross, Like a gray friar robed in

E-shire and more: And its crossbeams will point to the bright golden span That

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.
The Wayside Cross.

No. 71

What Did He Do?

Copyright, 1882, by Wesley Publishing Co.

Dr. J. M. Gray. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.

1. O listen to our wonderful story: Counted once among the lost,
   Yet, One came down from heaven's glory, Saving us at awful cost!
   Who saved us from eternal loss?
   Where is He now? In heaven interesting!

2. No angel could His place have taken. Highest of the high He is!
   The loved One on the cross for us was one of the God-head Three!
   What did He do? What but God's Son upon the cross?
   He lived it then, in
   O. F. Pugh Public Co., owner.
My Anchor Holds.

Copyright, 1892, by D. B. Towner.
Hope Publishing Co., Chicago.


1. Tho' the angry sur-ges roll On my tempest-drif-en soul;
2. Mighty tides about me sweep, Peril lurks within the deep;
3. Troubles almost overwhelm the soul; Griefs like billows o'er me roll;

I am peaceful, for I know, Wildly tho' the winds may blow,
Angry clouds overspread the sky, And the tempest rises high;
Tempers seek to lure a stray, Storms obscure the light of day;

I've an anchor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall endure,
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my anchor grips the rock,
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an anchor that shall hold.

Chorus.

And it holds, my anchor holds; Blow your wild gale, then, ye
And it holds, my anchor holds; Blow your wild gale, ye

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall never, never
My Anchor Holds.

My Anchor Holds.

No. 73

Thy Will Be Done.

B. H. McK.

Copyright, 1915, by Robert B. Christie.

B. H. McKinney.

1. Thy will be done, O Father, The sorrows sweep my soul,
   My hand I place in Thine, Lord, I yield to Thy control.
   Thy will be done, O Father, at Thy dear feet I fall.
   Take full possession of me, Lord, I now surrender all.

2. Thy will be done, O Father, I do not ask to see
   To the future pathway That Thou hast planned for me.
   Thy will be done, O Father, Thro'out life's little day.

3. Thy will be done, O Father, Thro'out life's little day.
   Thou art the Master potter, And I the yielding clay.
No. 74

Going Down The Valley.

Jessie H. Brown.

Copyright, 1870, by Fifinees Bros.

J. H. Fifinees

1. We are going down the valley one by one, With our faces toward the setting of the sun; Down the valley where the labor of the weary day is done; One by one the cares of comrades you or I will there have none, But a tender hand will

2. We are going down the valley one by one, When the earth forever past, We shall stand upon the river bank at last, guide us last we fall, Chris is going down the valley with us all.

3. We are going down the valley, Going down the valley, Going down the valley, We are going down the valley, Going toward the setting of the sun;
No. 75

Fair Eden-Land, My Home.

Jesse B. Wilson.

Copyright, 1866, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

1. By faith I see thy happy shore, Where earthly trials come no more;
   There I shall rest with conflict o'er, Fair Eden-land, my home.

2. Madepure from every taint of wrong, I long to sing redemption's song;
   Among thy holy rescued throng, Fair Eden-land, my home.

3. In thy domain I shall be held Eternal mystery's un
   fold. And see my Lord with joy untold, Fair Eden-land, my home.

Chorus.

Fair Eden-land, my home! Fair Eden-land, my home!
   Fair Eden-land, my home! Fair Eden-land, my home!

long to stand upon Thy strand, Fair Eden-land, my home, (my home.)
He Will Keep.

1. Jesus Christ is my salvation, He will keep; (He will keep;) From the power of temptation He will keep; From the world's bewitching glare, fearless head He never, He will keep; In the deadly grasp of pain flesh and spirit quiver He will keep; Underneath my Saviour's arm

Chorus.

Keep. He will keep........ from every foe. Fearlessly with Him I go, For my Saviour is divine, I am

2. When life's peril o'er me hovers He will keep; My dear and lifelong friend, He will keep; In the snares of sin and death He will keep; No weapon formed against me shall prosper, for the Lord will be with me, and the angel of His presence shall go before me.
He Will Keep.

His and He is mine; Till the light of heaven shine, He will keep.

No. 77 What Shall I Do To Be Saved?

J. W. Hollman.

Text by permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in a storm When the winds are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the earth are removed, What shall I do to be saved? When the pleasures of youth are all dead? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a peace to my soul? Unto whom shall I see, Dearest Lord, but to

2. O what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of life are the grave of the dead? What shall I do to be saved? When the visions of eternity o'erspread the view? What shall I do? That will I do! To Jesus I'll go and be saved!
List To The Voice.

Words by R. B. McKinney.

1. List to the voice of the Saviour Coming from heaven above...
2. List to the voice of the Saviour Calling the weary, oppresed...
3. List to the voice of the Saviour Calling to you and to me...

Filled with a message so tender, Filled with a great love, Lovingly, tenderly pleading, "Come, and I will give you rest." Go, for the last ones are straying...

Softly it speaks to the weary, Come with your grief and your sorrow, Over the sea, Go, for the last ones are straying...

Ten- der-ly speaks to the soul, Trust in the blessed Rain, Morning, Making the heavy heart glad...

True-ly, Life everlasting you'll win, Sing, Bringing the wond-er-ful home...
List To The Voice. Concluded.

List to the voice, Oh how tender and sweet, List to the voice, List to the voice, tender and sweet, Oh how tender and sweet,

Calling you home, Where the ransomed shall meet.

Calling you home, Calling you home, ransomed, the ransomed shall meet.

No. 79

Abide With Me.


Arr. by R. E. McKinney.

R. F. Lyra.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy word before my closing eye; Shine thro' the

deep, deep; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail, and
dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all
grace can fail the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy self, my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vale

comforts flee. Help of the help-less, O abide with me!
round I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me;
stay with me! Thou cloud and sun-shine, O abide with me!
shadows flee—In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
A Watchman In The Night.

Julia H. Johnston.

M. J. Babcock.

No. 80

Copyright, 1869, by M. J. Babcock.

Robert M. Coleman, owner.

1. Where the night of sin lies dark-ly, And far the wanderer roam,
2. It is night upon the wa- ter Where life's billows toss and roar,
3. Not my own, the word of warn-ing Or the light of help and cheer,

I must keep the watch-fire burning That will guide the wan-ry home;
I must keep my watch-fire gleaming On the sands upon the shore;
But to me has been en-trust-ed Je-sus' mes-sage, sweet and clear;

To my Lord who loves the sick That has made this duty mine;
To him for this that Christ my Sav-ior Hath in love de-liv-ered me,
I can call to those in dark-ness Or far out up-on the foam;

He has given to my keep-ing This fair gleam of light di-vine;
That my light may help an-oth-er Who is out up-on the sea;
I can keep my own light burn-ing That may guide the wan-d'rer home.

O'ER THE\n
I'm a watch-man In the night,
I'm a watch-man In the night.
A Watchman In The Night.

keeper of a light; For the wanderer's returning I must
I'm the keeper of a light;

keep the watchfire burning, I'm a watchman, I'm a watchman in the night.

No. 81 Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Jeannette Kinkel.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's unseen, Control its raging moths;
3. When weight of sin oppresses, When dark despair distresses.

Mid free of evil falling, Evil tempers voices calling,
When from its dangers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thru' the life that's mortal, And when I pass death's portal.

Crown.

Remember me, O mighty One! Remember me, O mighty One!
1. I have heard of a land On a far-away strand,
In the Bible the story is told Where
And their fruits age is brighter than gold There are
There are mansions where joys are untold And per

2. There are evergreen trees That bend low in the breeze,
Cares never come, Never darkness nor gloom, And
Harps for ev'ry hand, In that fairest of lands, And
Celestial spring, Where the birds ever sing, And

Crown.

3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand;
Nothing shall ever grow old In that beautiful
Nothing shall ever grow old In that beautiful
Nothing can ever grow old In that beautiful

land, On that far-away strand, No storms with their
That Beautiful Land.

No. 83 Let The Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house o'er - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Low the an - gry bill - ows roar;
3. Trim your for - his lamp, my brother; Some poor soul - er, tem - pest - tossed,

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

D. S. Some poor fal - ing, strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue you may save.

Crescendo.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing, Send a - gleam a - cross the waves.
No. 84

Fight To Win.

James Rowe.

Copyright 1866, by the Loewen Pub. Co.

E. L. Ashford.

1. Soldiers on the battle field,
   Fight to win;

2. The strife be long and hard,
   Fight to win;

3. Follow where your Leader leads,
   Fight to win.

4. Fight to win. Have no thought that you will yield,
   Fight to win. Courage is its own reward,
   Fight to win. Crown your lives with noble deeds,
   Soldiers ever fight to win.

Yes, fight to win. Manfully your colors
God is with you, He will
Would you thin the ranks of

Soldiers, fight to win;
Soldiers, fight to win;

Show, shield, wrong,
Keep your focus to the foe,
Give your strength the sword to wield,
Sing at last the victor's song.

Give with courage blow for blow, Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Yours at last shall be the field; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Let your faith in God be strong; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Fight To Win.

REFRAIN. (Time strongly marked.)

Fight to win, yes, fight to win, Never yield an inch to sin;

Keep up the fight both day and night; Soldiers, fight, fight to win.

No. 85

Twilight Is Falling.

A. R. Kidder.

Arr. Copyright 1901, by Ruth H. Kehoe.

R. C. Unisiid.
Arr. E. E. R.

1. Twilight is falling o’er the sea, Shadows are stealing dark on the lee;
   2. Voices of loved ones, songs of the past, Still linger near me while life shall last;
   3. Come in the twilight, come, near to me, Bringing some message o’er the sea.

Burns on the night-winds, voice of yours, Come from the far-off shore.
Lone-ly I wander, far I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.
Cheer-ing my path-way while here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

D. S.—Gosynath a man-sion, filled with delight, Sweet happy home so bright!

Crescendo.

Far a-way beyond the starr’d skies, Where the love-light never, never dies.
Glorious Things Of Thee,

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He whose word cannot be broken, Fonn'd thee for His own abode.

2. Saviour, if of Zion's city I, thy grace a member be, Let the world devise or pity, I will glory in Thy name.

3. Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast-ed pomp and show; Solid joy and lasting treasure, None but Zion's children know.

Chorus:

On the Rock of Ages founded,

On the Rock... of Ages founded, What can

What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls sur-

shake... thy sure repose? With salvation's walls sur-
Glorious Things Of Thee. Concluded.

No. 87 Must Jesus Bear The Gross Alone?

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The co-nsec rate cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. O precious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rection day!

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


Solo or Unison.

Robert Harkness.

1. Fighting for right, for the cause that is true,
   Fighting for Christ, our great
   duty to do. Looking to Jesus our strength to renew.
   Lord must prevail. He is our Captain, never to fail;
   Are we down-hearted? No! Soon we shall come with the
   conqueror's shout. Leaving the issue no longer in doubt.
   Have-ing con-vic-tion to gain,
   Faith in the Lord can the spirit sustain; Without it
   battle of life,
   Fierce is the conflict, the turmoil and strife, Safe in His
   plan-ed the en-emy's nest. Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!

2. Why should we fear when trouble assails?
   All will be well, the
   step as we go; No ill war lasting the cloud doth bestow.
   Are we down-hearted? No! Courage is needed, the
   Are we down-hearted? No! Bravely we march in the
   Are we down-hearted? No! Are we down-hearted? No! Are we down-hearted? No!

3. Sometimes the clouds hung heavy and low,
   Not can we see each
   Are we down-hearted? No! Are we down-hearted? No! Are we down-hearted? No!

ILLUSTRATION.
Are We Down-Hearted? Concluded.


Troubles may come, and troubles may go, We trust in Jesus, come weal or woe;

Are we down-hearted? (Whistling) Not! Not! Not!

No. 89 Jesus Calls Us.


1. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless 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, Saviour, may we hear Thy call.

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
From each that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls to cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy allegiance, Serve and love Thee best of all.
1. O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing nigh.
   Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone.
   A day is gone; Gone for the native shore, For the other day is gone.
   Its rare is o\-ver, Soon the dark\-ning shades will come.

2. One day nearer sings the sull\-er, As he glides the yond the sky.
   While the light is softly dying, On the green fields and the foun\-tains, In our home on high.
   A day is gone; Gone for the native shore, Thus the other day is gone.
   Its rare is o\-ver, Soon the dark\-ning shades will come.

3. Near\-er home, yes, one day near\-er, To our home is drawing nigh.
   Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone.
   A day is gone; Gone for the native shore, For the other day is gone.
   Its rare is o\-ver, Soon the dark\-ning shades will come.
Nearer Home.

CANTATA.

one day nearer home, one day nearer home. Near-er home, Near-er home,

one ........ day nearer home ........

Near-er home, ........ Near-er to our home on high, To the green fields
Near-er home.

and the foun-tains, Of a land beyond the sky, beyond the sky.

No. 91 Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee.

Edward Caswall.

Rev. J. R. Dykes.

Edward Caswall.

1. Je- sus! the ver- y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. O hope of ev- ry con- trite heart, O joy of all the muck,
3. Je- sus, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize shall be;

But sweeter far, Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
Je- sus, be Thou our glo- ry now, And this e- ter- ni- ty.
The Persuasive Voice.

H. Beman, D. D., 
Arr. copy right, 1870, by Robert S. Heacock. 
Arr. B. N. McKinney.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;"
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give;"
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light;"

Lay down, that weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast.
The living water—thirty-one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.
Look unto Me, thy mourn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.

Duet.

I came to Jesus as I was—Weary and worn and sad;
I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

Partes.

I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till traveling days are done.
Will You Come?

1. We are trav'ling home to heav’n above, Will you come? Will you come?
2. We are going to see the Bleeding Lamb,
3. We are going to join the heav’nly choir,

To sing the Saviour’s dying love, Will you come? Will you come?
In rapt’rous strains to praise His name, Will you come? Will you come?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you come? Will you come?

Millions have reached that blest a-bode, A-saint-ed kings and priests to God, And
The crown of life we there shall wear, The conq’rors pain or hands shall bear, And
There saints and angels gladly sing, Ha-san-nas to their God and King, And

millions more are on the road; Will you come? Will you come!
all the joys of heav’n we’ll share, make the heav’nly arches ring; Will you come!
Tell Mother I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1890, by Charles M. Fillmore. Renewal.

Charles M. Fillmore.

Solo. (When instrument is used play Solo in treble clef.)

1. When I was but a little child, how well I recollected
2. Tho' I was oft-en way-ward, she was al-ways kind and good,
3. When I became a prod-i-gal and left the old roost-tree,
4. One day a message came to me, it made me quickly come,

How I would grieve my mother by my ful-ly and neg-lect;
She patient, ges-tile, lov-ing, when I acted rough and rude;
She almost broke her heart in yearning after me,
If I would see my mother ere the Sav-ior took her home;

And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten-dar care;
My child-hood grief and tri-al she would gladly with me share;
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care;
I promised her, before she died, for heaven to prepare;

O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there . . .

Coda. (Melody in Second Treble.)

Tell mother I'll be there, in an-swer to her prayer, This
Tell Mother I'll Be There.

message, guardian angel, to her heart. Tell mother I'll be there, heaven's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

No. 95  Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.


Melody by Euclid Towner.

1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me. Over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers rear

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Blest'rose waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Twist me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass came from Thee; Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
Wonderfoul-ness reigns of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee?"
No. 96  We Will Understand It Better.

Arr. by R. S. McKinney.
Rev. C. A. Tisdale.

C. A. T.

Copyright, 1887, by C. A. Tisdale.

1. We are oft'en tossed and driven on the rest-less sea of time, Sun-der
2. We are oft'en dis-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Was't of
3. Trials dark on ev'-ry hand and we can-not un-der-stand, All the
4. Here temp-ta-tions, hid-den snares, oft-en take us un-a-wares, And our

skies and howl-ing tem-pests oft suc-ced a bright sun-shine; In that
food and want of shel-ter, thirst-y hills and bar-ren lands; But we're
ways that God would lead us to that bless-ed prom-ised land; But He'll
hearts are made to bleed by some thoughtless word or deed; And we

land of per-fect day, when the mile has rolled a-way, We will un-der-
trust-ing in the Lord, and ac-cord-ing to His Word, We will un-der-
guide us with His eye, and we'll fol-low till we die. For we'll un-der-
won-der why the test, when we try to do our best, But we'll un-

stand it better by and by. By and by, when the morn-ing comes,

When the saints of God are gather-ing home, We will tell the sto-ry
We Will Understand It Better. Concluded.

No. 97 Were You There.

Copyright 1902 by Robert H. Gleason. Arr. by R. B. McKinley.

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there?)
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (to the tree?)
3. Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (refused to shine?)
4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (in the tomb?)

Oh, sometimes it seems to me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there?)
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (to the tree?)
Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (refused to shine?)
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (in the tomb?)
No. 100  Nearer, My God, To Thee.

S. F. Adams.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; Enth'li'ny
2. The' ros o the won-der-er, Day-light all gone; Dar-kness be
3. There let the way appear, Steps on - to heav'n; Al-so the Tho
4. Then, with my wake-ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Clear-ing the sky,

be a cross That rules eth mee; Still all my song shall be,
over me. My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
and set me in mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
stars for-got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer, my God; to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

No. 101  Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed.

1. Holy Ghost! with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine,
2. Holy Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt'y heart of mine,
3. Holy Ghost! with joy divine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine,
4. Holy Spir - it! all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine,
Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day,
Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down every lie I lie, throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 102

Rock Of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.
Melody in 2nd Time.

1. Rock of ages, let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Could my tears for ever flow, Could my soul no longer know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a time; Then must save and Thou a long;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure,
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling,
Rock of ages, let me hide myself in Thee.
No. 103  Silent Night! Holy Night!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.


Franz Gruber.

Silent Night! Holy Night! All is calm, all is bright.
Silent Night! Holy Night! Peace, Angelic Host聯絡, all is quiet.
Silent Night! Holy Night! Glad Tidings, Star, lead thy light.
Silent Night! Holy Night! Wonder Star, lead thy light.

1. Tender where they sweet vigils keep, "O'er the Babe who sits in Shepherds hear the angels sing, "Alleluia!"
2. See the East-born wise men bring Gifts and homages to With the angels let us sing Alleluia!
3. Rest in heaven, Jesus the Saviour is born. Jesus the Saviour is born. Jesus the Saviour is born.
4. Asleep In Jesus.

Wm. B. Bradbury.
Arr. L. E. B.

Margaret Mackay.

No. 104  Asleep In Jesus.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep!
Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet to be, for such a slumber meet!
Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest, Whose waking is an empty blast!
Asleep In Jesus.

A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of fees.
With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost its venomous sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man feels the Savior's pow'r.

No. 105  Hark! There Comes A Whisper

W. H. Doane.
Art. B. B. McK.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on my ear; To the Saviour
2. With that voice so gentle, Dost thou hear Him say? "Tell me all thy
3. Wouldest thou find a refuge For thy soul oppressed? Jesus kindly
4. At the cross of Jesus Let thy burden fall, While He gently

Waking.

calling, soft, soft and clear. "Give thy heart to me...... Once I died for
our race; Come, come a-way."

answer, "I am thy rest." whispers, "I'll hear it all,"
to me,

then....... Hark! hark! the Savior calls—Come, sin-ner, come, oh, come.
No. 106  More Like Thee.

1. Help me, my Lord, to grow More, more like Thee, Thy wonder
2. Thou' rough the road may be, Jag - ged and steep, Lord, tho' I
3. Or if my foot-steps sink In doubt's dark wave, May I like
4. And when from Pia-gah's height Ca - nan I view, When faith shall

love to know, Thy face to see, Lord, fill my soul with light,
may not run, Up - ward I'll creep; When mighty shad - ows fall,
Fa - ther cry, "Lord Je - sus save!" So by my faith to prove,
change to sight, Old things to new— Then in a no - ble song,

It's pel the gloom of night, And make me thou' Thy might, More, more like Thee.
When doubts and fears assail, Then may I rise from all, More, more like Thee.
Thrice all re - deem - ing love, O make me, Heavenly Dove, More, more like Thee.
Thou' all the a - ges long, I'll stand a - mid the throng, Made like to Thee.

No. 107  My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My nat - ive country thou, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the bowers, And spread but all the truest heart's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.

father's died. Land of the shin's shrub, From ev'ry mountain side. Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tempests rise, My heart with raptures thrill. Like that above.
tongues awake. Let all the hosts awake; Let sole their cross break. The sound prolong.
and be bright. With bearer's holy light. Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 108 Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber

Arr. John S. Dykes

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
2. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
3. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the

morning our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cher-ubims and seraphim
sinful man Thy glory may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!
merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons, Bless-ed Tri-ni-ty!
falling down before Thee, Which was, and art and ever-more shall be.
there is none beside Thee, Per-fect in pow'rs, in love and pur-i-ty.
merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons, Bless-ed Tri-ni-ty!
No. 109

Still, Still With Thee.
Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
Copyright, 1856, by Robert G. Colman.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaks out,
   When the bird wakes, and the shadows flee;
   Fairer than morning, sweeter than day-light,
   Wild the mystic shadows;
   Still, still to Thee, as to each new-born morning,
   Fresh and solemn splendor still is given;
   In that hour, fairer than day-light dawning,
   Wakes the soul, and life's shadows flee;

2. Abide with Thee, in breathless adoration,
   Thou with Thee is breathless adoration.
   So does this blessed consciousness a waking,
   Abide with Thee, in breathless adoration.
   So does this blessed consciousness a waking,
   Abide with Thee, in breathless adoration.
   So does this blessed consciousness a waking,
   Abide with Thee, in breathless adoration.

Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee.

In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
Breathe each day nearness to Thee and hear'st.
Shall rise the glorious thought I am with Thee.

No. 110

In The Gross Of Christ I Glory.
J.쁘쟁
Arr. by R. R. McKinnawy.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow-yielding over the wrecks of time;
   When the waves of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy.
   Thus and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified;

2. Whose with me, ever-beneath me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy.
   Thus and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified;

3. Thus and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified;
In The Gross Of Christ I Glory. Concluded.

All the light of sacred story Gather around the head sublime.
Nor shall the cross forsake me; Let it glow with peace and joy.
Peace is there, that knows no measure. Joys that flow all time a-bide.

No. 111 Watch And Pray.

Wm. H. Howe.
Copyright, 1865, by Jennie Publishing Co.
Carrie S. Adams.

In moderate time.

1. Christian, seek ye not repose, Cast thy dreams of ease a-way;
2. Gird thy heav'n-ly armor on, Wear it o'er, night and day;
3. Watch as if on that alone Hang the issue of the day;

Thou art in the midst of foes; Christian, watch and pray.
Armoured lies the evil one; Christian, watch and pray.
Pray that help may be sent down; Christian, watch and pray.

Refrain.

Watch and pray, watch and pray, Cast thy dreams of Watch, O Christian, pray.

Watch and pray, watch and pray.

Watch and pray, watch and pray.

Watch and pray, watch and pray, Watch, O Christian, pray, O Christian.
No. 112  O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

1. O Love that will not let me go,
   I rest my weary soul in Thee;
2. O Light that followeth all my way,
   I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
3. O Joy that seeketh me thro' pain,
   I can not close my heart to Thee;
4. O Cross that lifteth up my head,
   I dare not ask to hide from Thee.

Thou;...... I give Thee back the life I owe;.... That
Thou;...... My heart restores its borrowed ray;.... That
Thou;...... I trace the rainbow thru' the rain;.... And
Thou;...... I lay in dust life's glory dead;.... And

in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.
in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
feel the prom- ise is not vain That love shall bear-less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be.

No. 113  Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

J. Keble.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep, My wearied eye-bits gently sleep,
3. A-hide with me from morbid eye, For without Thee I can not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, For this is the world my way I take;

J. Keble.

W. B. Monk.
Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought sweet to rest, Forever on my Savior's breast.
A hide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A hide with me till in Thy love, I lose myself in heaven's love.

No. 114

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Arr. copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. by R. B. McKinney.

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
   days of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my
   pardon on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the
   thorn on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
   life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
   forever a

3. In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever a
   long as Thou hast set me breath; And say when the
   crown on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
No. 115

Purer In Heart.

Mrs. A. L. Davidon.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de -
vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way - ward feet,
do Thy will Most lov - ingly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to -

3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Thus I Thy -

Guides me with con - se - quence; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee in - side; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Heigh Thou my soul with-in; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

No. 116

More Love To Thee.

Mrs. E. F. Trencher.

Dr. W. H. Doane.

Copyright, 1873, by E. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'S I make, On bound - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
2. O'er earth - ly joy I crave; Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - me - su - ngers, Sweet their re - Fran, When they can sing with me;
3. Let nar - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'S shall be;
4. Thou shalt my last breath While - per Thy praise; This be the
More Love To Thee.

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

No. 117

Be A Man.

I. E. E.

Copyright, 1867, by Robert H. Schieffer.

1. As you hasten on this life, Be a man, be a man; God will
2. Stand for God and for the right, Be a man, be a man; Satan's
3. Christ, our Captain, gives command, Be a man, be a man; Struggle
4. A reward awaits you there, Be a man, be a man; You'll your

Cecil

help you in the strife, Be a man, be a man. Be a man,

best for ev'ry fight, Be a man, be a man.

on, in His demand, Be a man, be a man.

Captain's glory share, Be a man, be a man.

Be a man,

be a man, Be a man, be a man,

be a man, Be a man, be a man,

Stand for Christ and bravely fight, Be a man, be a man.
No. 118  
Our God Is Over All.

Viole S. Cassidy.  
Copyright, 1876, by Samuel H. Chisholm.  
Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.

1. When mid the trying scenes of life, In troubles great or small,  
   Mid angry tempests, bitter strife, Oh, then those words recall.
2. We are the children of His care, He loves us, great or small,  
   With love that is beyond compare, In wisdom rules o'er all.
3. He governs with almighty hand And reigns in love o'er all.
   Twill give us courage just to think Our God is o'er all.

Chorus.

Our God is o'er all, He notes each sparrow's fall;

He knows when dangers round us roll, Our God is o'er all.

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No. 119  
Stars Of The Summer Night.

H. W. Longfellow.  
Slow and gentle.  
L. R. Woodbury.

1. Stars of the summer night! Far in you a-star deep, Hide, hide your golden light;

2. Moon of the summer night! Far down you wax serene, Shink, shink in all your light;

3. Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover bides Watch, while in slumber's light;
No. 120  Lead, Kindly Light.


Melody in Second Tenor.

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

on. The night is dark, and I am far from home on. I loved to choose and see my path; but now on. Over moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-lish day, and, spite of The sight is gone; And with the morrow Angel faces

see. . . . . The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. fear. . . . Pride ruled my will, Re-mem-ber not past years. smile. . . . Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.
Peace I leave with you. My peace I give un-to you. Peace I leave with
you, My peace I give un-to you; Not as the world giv-eth,
give I un-to you. Not as the world giveth, give I un-to you.
Peace I leave with you. My peace I give un-to you. Not as the
world giv-eth, give I un-to you; Let not your heart be troubled.
Peace I Leave With You. Concluded.

Neither let it be a thrill, Be of good cheer, I have o-ver -

 come the world; Peace I leave with you, My peace I give un-to you.

No. 122 Where Will You Spend Eternity?


1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Man-y are choosing Christ today, Turning from all their cares a-way;
3. Lear-ning the strait and narrow way; Go-ing the downward road to-day,
4. Re-pent, believe, this ver-y hour, Trust in the Saviour's grace and pow-

Tell me, what shall your an-swer be? Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?

Tell the shall their happy portion be; Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?

Tell will their fin-al end-ing be,—Lost thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!

Tell will your joy-ous an-swer be. Saved thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!

1. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty!
2. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Lost thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
3. E-ter-ni-ty! e-ter-ni-ty! Saved thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty!
Blessed is He That Readeth.

No. 123

Copyright, 1855, Renewal, Hope Publishing Co., Owosso.

Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, Bless-ed is he that read-eth, and

they that hear the word, the word of the Lord; For He saith un-to you.

He saith un-to you, "Thou shalt rise be as scarlet, They shall be

be as white as snow; For they be red like crimson, They shall be as

white; For God so loved the world, That He gave His only
Blessed Is He That Readeth.

No. 124  Now The Day Is Over.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh.
2. Jo-ven, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose;
   Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch-es, May Thine an-gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wa-k-es, Their white wings a-blow-ing
   Their white wings a-blow-ing
   Their white wings a-blow-ing

1. Shadow of the even-ing, Bead a-cross the sky.
   With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
   Their white wings a-blow-ing, Watch-ing 'round my bed.
   With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
One Sweetly Solemn Thought


One sweetly solemn thought
Come to me o'er and o'er,
solemn thought

I am near-er home to-day, Than I've ever been be-fore.

Near-er my Fa-ther's home, Where the man-y man-sions be;

Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;

the bounds of life.
One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Nearer leaving the cross, nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between, winding down tho' the night.

In the silent unknown stream that leads at last to the light.

Father be near when my feet are slipping o'er the brink.

For it may be, I am nearer home, nearer now than I think.
Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
Even tho' it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my songs shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. Though like the wanderer,

The sun gone down, Darkness be o'er me. My rest a stomer: Yet, in my

dreams I'll be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee. Nearer to
Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Then, there let the way appear To heaven's
Un-to heaven;

Sendest me, In mercy given. Angels to bear me, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. Or if on joyful wings Cleaving the

sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot Upward I'll fly; Still all my songs shall be, Nearer to,

Then, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. Amen.
No Shadows Yonder.

No shadows yon-der, All light and song. Each day I won-der,

And say, "How long Shall time un-der From that dear throng?"

No weep-ing yon-der; All far a-way!

While here I won-der Each wea-ry day.....

Note—Accompaniment may be played from these staves, but better results will be obtained from the "Holy City."
No Shadows Yonder. Concluded.

And sigh as I ponder. My long, long stay.

No parting yonder. Time and space Never again shall sever.

Hearts cannot sever; Dearer and tenderer Hands clasp forever.

None waiting yonder, Bought by the Lamb. All gathered under

The ever-green palm. Lead us night's thunder. Ascend the glad psalm.
Steady, Brothers, Steady.

1. Dark in the night, and the waves run high, Steady, brothers,
   Staid are the stars, and the storm-clouds fly, Be steady;
   Read-y, my brothers, be read-y.

2. Swift on the wings of the roaring wind, Steady, brothers,
   Fly thro' the night and the day-light find, Be steady;
   Read-y, my brothers, be read-y.

3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Steady, brothers,
   Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be steady;
   Read-y, my brothers, be read-y.

Captains have we who de-
Day-light shall open her

Ev'rance will bring, Darkness or day-light is one to our King, He will de-

In vain doers of gold, Safety and Paradise we shall behold, Shoot ye for
safe to the shore—Comrades wailing to greet us once more, Comrades from
Steady, Brothers, Steady.

Ever, so joyfully sing, All glory to Jesus our Savior.
Gladness, O hearts, true and bold, All glory to Jesus our Savior.
Whom we will part never more, All glory to Jesus our Savior.

Chorus.

Steady, steady, steady; Fear ye not the billows rolling high.
Steady, steady, brothers, steady; Fear not billows rolling high.
Steady, steady, steady; There's a star high.
Steady, steady, steady; There's a star high.

Looms the dark, dark sky; Stars will soon be past,
Looms the sky;
The harbor gained at last, All glory to Jesus our Savior.
No. 129

No Burdens Yonder.

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Ada E. Harkerhous.

Robert Harkness.

Quietly.

1. No burdens yonder, not a single care,
   When home is entered, not a load to bear.
2. No trials yonder, all the testing done,
   The school-days over, and the prize won.
3. No telling yonder, and no woe new,
   No disappointments, and no more distress.
4. No parting yonder, and no sad good-byes,
   No pain, no sickness, and no weeping eyes.

No burdens yonder, all will be laid down.
No much-tried faith like gold in furnace heat.
Then the future bright, the past all understood.
But best of all my Savior I shall see.

No
No Burdens Yonder.

For we share His glory and His throne...
purifying will all be complete...
see that all the way His lot was good...
cloud will come between my Lord and me..

Counters.
No burdens yonder, All sorrows past, No burdens yonder, Home at last, at last.

*If a repetition of the chorus is desired, sing following measure and a half as written, otherwise pass to last ending.

CMC—9
Oh, I couldn't hear nobody pray, I couldn't hear nobody pray.

And I couldn't hear nobody pray.

1. Massa Jesus........
2. Chil'ly waters........
3. Hallelujah........

I couldn't hear nobody pray.

valley, Jordan, river,
With His burdens Crossing over In the kingdom

I couldn't hear nobody pray, I couldn't hear nobody pray.

And His trials, In to Canaan With my Jus-sus.

Oh, I pray. I couldn't hear nobody pray;
I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray.

Oh, Lord,
could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray, And I could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray,

Oh, way down yon-der by my-self.......
And I could'nt hear no-bo-dy

Oh, Lord.

pray.
Oh, Lord........................................

Oh, I

could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray, Oh, way down yon-der by my-

self.........................
And I could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray, No-bo-dy, pray.
No. 131 Hush! Somebody's Calling My Name.

Arr. copyright, 1938, by Robert M. Coleman.

Arr. by B. B. McKinley.

Hush! hush! somebody's calling my name; Hush! hush! somebody's calling
my name; Hush! hush! somebody's calling my name; O my

Pron.

Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do? I'm so glad that trouble don't last al-
ways; I'm so glad that trouble don't last al-
time; I'm so glad that trouble don't last al-
place; I'm so glad that trouble don't last al-

Hal-le-lu-jah!

1. I'm so glad that trouble don't last al-
2. I'm so glad I got re-lig-ion in
3. I'm so glad my soul's got a hid-ing
4. O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
5. O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
6. O glory!
No. 132

I Know The Lord.

Arr. by R. S. McKinney.

O I knew the Lord, I knew the Lord, I knew the

Lord laid His hands on me. Did e'er you see the light before?
I'll meet you in the promised land;

I know the Lord laid His hands on me. King Jesus preaching;
We'll take King Jesus

sins away, to the poor? I knew the Lord laid His hands on me.

Arr.
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home; Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home.

1. I looked over Jordan, what did I see Coming for to carry me home?
2. If you get there before I do, Coming for to carry me home;
3. I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down, Coming for to carry me home;

A band of angels coming after me, Coming for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too, Coming for to carry me home.
But still my soul is heartward bound, Coming for to carry me home.
Inching Along.

Keep a-inch-ing a-long, Keep a-inch-ing a-long, Je-sus will

come by and by; Keep a-inch-ing a-long, like a poor inch worm,

Je-sus will come by and by. 1. It was inch by inch that I
sought the Lord, Je-sus will come by and by; I be-

on the way, Je-sus will come by and by! But

Heed His word and He saved my soul; Je-sus will come by and by.

inch by inch till we get home, Je-sus will come by and by.

we must watch as well as pray, Je-sus will come by and by.
I want to be ready. I want to be ready.

I want to be ready. To walk in Jerusalem just like John.

1. O John, O John, now didn't you say: Walk in Jerusalem just like John;
2. Some came crippled, and some came late, Walk in Jerusalem just like John;
3. Now, brother, better not throw up the rose, Walk in Jerusalem just like John;
4. If you get there before I do, Walk in Jerusalem just like John;

That you'll be there on that great day, Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
Some come walkin' in Jesus' name, Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
Your feet might slip and you will get lost, Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
Tell all my friends I'm a-comin' too, Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
Climbing Jacob's Ladder.

1. We are climbing
   Jacob's ladder, ladder,
   We are climbing
   one round higher, higher,
   Each day brings me
   higher, higher.
   Each day brings me
   one round higher, higher.

2. Don't you wish you had this blessing, blessing,
   Don't you wish you
   you might have it, have it,
   Jesus died that
   you might have it, have it.

3. We are climbing
   Jesus died that
   you might have it, have it.
   We are climbing
   Jesus died that
   you might have it, have it.

Soldiers of the cross.
We will arise and shine and rise and shine and give God the glory.
Give God the glory, glory, rise and shine and give God the glory.

D.S. Soldiers of the cross.
D.S. Soldiers of the cross.
1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children got a robe;  
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children got a crown;  
3. I've got a shoe, you've got a shoe, All of God's children got a shoe;  
4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children got a harp;  
5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children got a song;  

When I get to heaven, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to shout all over God's heaven.  
When I get to heaven, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to shout all over God's heaven.  
When I get to heaven, goin' to put on my shoe, Goin' to walk all over God's heaven.  
When I get to heaven, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to play all over God's heaven.  
When I get to heaven, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to sing all over God's heaven.  

*Let the last syllable of hear'n be a hum.*
Four And Twenty Elders.

1. See four and twenty elders on their knees.
2. They're bowing round the altar on their knees.
3. See Daniel in den of lions on his knees.
4. We'll praise our Lord together on our knees.

See four and twenty elders on their knees.
They're bowing round the altar on their knees.
See Daniel in den of lions on his knees.
We'll praise our Lord together on our knees.

Coda.

And we'll all rise together and face the rising sun.

Oh, Lord, have mercy, if you please.
Oh, Lord, if you please.
No. 139 Standing In The Need Of Prayer.
PLANTATION MELODY.

Plain Air.

1. Not my brother, nor my sister, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r; Not my brother, nor my sister, but it's me, O Lord,

2. Not my fa-ther, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r; Not my fa-ther, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord,

3. Not the dea-con, nor my pas-ter, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r; Not the dea-con, nor my pas-ter, but it's me, O Lord,

Chorus.

Standing in the need of pray'r. It's me, (it's me,) it's me, O Lord,

Standing in the need of pray'r. It's me, (it's me,) it's me, O Lord,

Come, all.

Standing in the need of pray'r. Standing in the need of pray'r.
Old Black Joe.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away; Gone from the earth to a

sigh that my friends come not again! Grieving for forms now dear that I held up on my knee! Gone to the shores where my

butter land I know. I hear their gentle voices calling.

part-ed long ago, I hear their gentle voices calling,

soul has longed to go, I hear their gentle voices calling,

"Old Black Joe!" I'm coming. I'm coming. For my head is banding low; I hear their gentle voices calling. "Old Black Joe!"
No. 141

The Royal Telephone.

1. Central's never "bus-y," Always on the line, You may hear from heaven
2. There will be no charges, Tel - o-phone is free; It was built for service,
3. Fail to get the answer, Satan's used our wire By some strong de - li-cion,
4. Car nal com - bi - na - tions Can not get control Of this line to glo - ry,

Al - most an - y time, To a roy - al service, Free for one and all -
Just for you and me, There will be no wait-ing On this roy - al line -
Or some base de - sire, Take a-way obstruc - tions— God is on the throne -
Anchored in the soul, Storm and tri - al can - not Dis - con - nect the line -

Fine. Coda.

When you got in trou - ble Give this roy - al line a call.
Tel - o-phone to glo - ry Al - ways an - swers just in time. Tel - o-phone to
And you'll get the an - swer Thee' this roy - al tel - o-phone.
Hold in con - stant keep - ing By the Fa - ther's hand di - vine.

D.S. We may talk to Je - sus Thee' this roy - al tel - o-phone.

On the line; Built by God the Fa - ther For His loved and own -
Some O' These Days.

I'm a-gonna walk on the streets of glory, oh, yes.
I'm a-gonna shout and sing for- ever, oh, yes.
I'm a-gonna see my saint-ed moth-er, oh, yes.
I'm a-gonna see my bless-ed Sav-ior, oh, yes.

I'm a-gonna walk on the streets of glory some o' these days;
I'm a-gonna sing and shout for- ever some o' these days;
I'm a-gonna see my saint-ed moth-er some o' these days;
I'm a-gonna see my bless-ed Sav-ior some o' these days.

Hal-le-lujah, I'm a-gonna walk on the streets of glory, oh, yes.
Hal-le-lujah, I'm a-gonna sing and shout for- ever, oh, yes.
Hal-le-lujah, I'm a-gonna see my saint-ed moth-er, oh, yes.
Hal-le-lujah, I'm a-gonna see my bless-ed Sav-ior, oh, yes.

Gonna walk on the streets of glory some o' these days.
Gonna sing and shout for- ever some o' these days.
Gonna see my saint-ed moth-er some o' these days.
Gonna see my bless-ed Sav-ior some o' these days.
No. 143

Steal Away.

H. N. L.

Very slow.

N. N. Lincoln.

Steal a-way to Je-sus, Steal a-way.

Steal a-way, to Je-sus, Steal a-way.

way, Steal a-way home, I have not long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der.
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor six-sares stand a trem-bling.
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning.
4. Tomb-stones are burn-ing, Poor six-sares stand a trem-bling.

The trump-et sounds it in my soul, I have not long to stay here.

No. 144

In My Heart.

With feeling.

Old Melody.

1. Lord, I want to be a Christian In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
2. Lord, I want to be more hum-bie In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
3. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
In My Heart.

Crescendo.

want to be a Christian in my heart, in my heart,
want to be more humble in my heart.
want to be like Jesus in my heart, in my heart.

Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.
Lord, I want to be more humble in my heart.
In my heart, Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart.

No. 145

"Good Night, Ladies."

f Sostenuto.

I. Good night, ladies! good night, ladies! Good night,
2. Fare well, ladies! fare well, ladies! Fare well,
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams,

Allegro.

ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll a long,

Repeat up.

roll a long, roll a long. Merrily we roll a long, O'er the dark blue sea.
No. 146  Life's Railway To Heaven.

Male quartet arrangement—New York, 1876, by Charles D. Tillman.


1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engine never that's brute;  
2. You will roll up grades of trial; You will cross the bridge of strife;  
3. You will often find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;  
4. As you roll across the trestle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide;

We must make the run successful From the cradle to the grave;  
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;  
On a hill or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;  
You behold the Union Depot In which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the hills, the tunnels; Never falter, never fail;  
Always mindful of obstruction, To your duty, never fail;  
Put your trust alone in Jesus; Never falter, never fail;  
There you'll meet the Superintendant, God, the Father, God, the Son;

Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.  
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.  
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.  
With the heart-y joy-ous shout, "Wear-y pil-grim, welcome home."
Life's Railway To Heaven.

Bless-ed Sav-iour, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss-ful shore,

Where the an-gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev-er-more.

No. 147    Faith Of Our Fathers.

Arr. copyright, 1891, by Robert H. Coleman.


F. J. Faber.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of danger, fire, and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-on dark, Were still in heart and con-science free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy When e'er we hear that glo-rious word! How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee! And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

Faith of our fa-thers! holy faith! We will be true to Thee till death! 
No. 148 Grossing The Bar.

1. Sun-set and evening star, And one clear call for me; And may there
2. Twi-light and evening bell, And af-ter than the dark, And may there

be no mean-ing of the bar When I put out to sea... When
be no endness of fare-well When I, when I em-bark... When

I put out to sea. But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep,
I, when I em-bark. For the' from out our bournes of time and space,

To pull for sound and foam, When that which draw from owt the
The flood may bear me far, I know I'll see my Pi-lot

boundless deep, Turns a-gain home; Turns a-gain home,
face to face, When I have crossed the bar; I have crossed the bar.
No: 149  Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Emma Willard

Arr. by
W. B. McKechnie

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, The stormy winds swept o'er the blue

So rare I rest upon the wave, For Thou, oh, Lord, hast power to save.
Or 'tis the tempest's heavy breath без me from sleep to wreck and death.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In ocean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of immortality.

Refrain.

And calm and peaceful in my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And calm and peaceful in my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
No. 150

My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in my old Ken-ty home, "The sun-shine, the
I see no more for the pos-sum and the coon. On the meadow, the
The head must bow and the heart will have to bend. Where'er the

The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, oh
They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon. On the meadow, the
The day goes by like the shadow o'er the heart. With sorrow where

A few more days for to take the wea-ry load. - No mat-ter, 'twill

Humming Accompaniment.

dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's rip and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
happy and bright; By morn hard time sees a knock-ing at the door. Then my
hill and the shore; They sing no more by the gleam of the moon. On the
all was dis-light; The time has come when the darkies have no part. Then my
dark-er may go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end. In the
ever be light; A few more days till we trot on the road. Then my

birds make music all the day. old Ken-ty home, good-night!
bench by the old cab-in door. old Ken-ty home, good-night!
field where the sugar cane grows. old Ken-ty home, good-night!

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song

for the old Ken-ty home. For the old Ken-ty home far a-way.
No. 151  Old Folks At Home.

S. C. P.

SWANEE RIVER.  

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Way down upon the Swanee River Far, far away;  
   All up and down de whole creation Sadly I roam.

2. All rocin' de little farm I wandered, When I was young;  
   When I was playin' with my broth-er, Happy was I:

3. One little hut a-sittin' de bush-an, One that I love;  
   When will I see de been a hum-ming, All rocin' de cubb?

Humming accompaniment.

Dar's wha my heart is turn-in' ev-ar, Dar's wha de old folks stay;  
Still hang-in' for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.

Don many happy days I squandered, Many de songs I sung;  
Oh take me to my kind, old moth-er, There let me live and die.

Still sad-ly to my mem'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I roam;  
When will I hear de ban-jo turnin' Down in my good old home.

Chorus.

All de world is sad and dream-y, Ev-'ry where I roam;

Oh! dar-kin' how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.
No. 152  The Star-Spangled Banner.

F. S. Key.

Arr. by B. S. McKinsey.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming. When the foe that had borne us thron'the mist of the deep, Where the free: haughty
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the free: haughty
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the har-ri-er of
4. Oh, thus he it ever when free-men shall stand between their loved

battled, and the home of the brave. When the foe that had borne us thron'the mist of the deep, Where the free: haughty

home and wild war's de-so-la-tion, Blast with vict'ry and peace, may the

pur-some fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallant-ly streaming!
tow-er-ing steep. As it's faintly blows, half conceals, half dis-solves!
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollu-tion,
heav'n-cast-cloud land Praise the Pow'ry tells made and preserved as a na-thional

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
No refuges could save the hire:ling and slave From the ter-ror of
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our
The Star-Spangled Banner. Concluded.

right that our flag was still there. Oh, may flows that star-spangled banner yet
flung, now shines on the stream. Tie the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it
f exact! It the gloom of the grave! And the star-spangled banner is the
not - to! "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in
ware O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

No. 153 Life Is Real.

H. W. Longfellow.

1. Life is real, and life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal;
2. Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row, Is our des - tined end or way;
3. Lives of good men all re - m ined us We can make our lives sub - line;
4. Footprints that per - haps an - other, Build ing o'er life's sol - emn main,
5. Let us then be up and do - ing, Nor our on - ward course a - hate;

"Dust thou art, to dust re - turn - est." Was not spoken of the soul.
But to act, that each to - mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day.
And, de - par - ing, leave be - hind us Footprints on the sands of time:
Some for -. torn and ship - wrecked brother, See - ing, shall take heart a - gain.
Still a - dven - ting, still pur - su - ing, Learn to labor and to wait.
Dixie Land.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cotton, Old times dar un
   Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

2. Old Miss was merry Will, de wea-her, Will-iam was a
   Little wind, Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

3. His face was sharp as a ketcher's clea-her, But dat did not
   Un-derstand, Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

In Dixie land where I was born in, Early in one
But when he put his arm a round 'er He smiled as fierce as a
Old Miss he act-ed de fool ish part, And died for a man dat

fret-y morn-in', Look a-way, Look a-way, Look a-way, Dixie Land.
for-ty pounds, Look a-way, Look a-way, Look a-way, Dixie Land.
looks her heart, Look a-way, Look a-way, Look a-way, Dixie Land.

Crown.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray! In Dixie land I'll
Dixie Land. Concluded.

take my stand, To lib and die in Dix- ie, A-way, A-way, A-way.

way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

No. 155

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching. Cheer up comrades marching on, oh.

they will come, And beneath the starry flag. We will will come.

breathe the air again. Of the free-land at our own beloved home.
Auld Lang Syne.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
   We tad ha' run a-boot the braw, And pu'd the gow-an' fine.
   We tad ha' sport-ed 't the burn From morn-in' sun till dune.
   And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine;

2. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?
   But we've wandered many a wea-ry foot, Hit auld lang syne.
   But now be-tween us braid hit's reasit hit auld lang syne.
   We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

Contra.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.
No. 157  
Home, Sweet Home.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
   There's no place like home.
2. An exile from home, no greater desire have I
   Than to return and be free again.
3. To us, in de-spite of the absence of peace,
   There's no place like home.

REFRAIN.

Home, home sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home!
1. God be with you till we meet again. By His counsel guide us, up
2. God be with you till we meet again; Neath His wings protecting
3. God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick enclo-
4. God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you
hide you, Daily manna still provide you; God be with you
found you, Put His name un-failing round you; God be with you
o'er you;虽in death's threatening waves before you; God be with you

Chorus.

Till we meet again, Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet, Till we meet.
Till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet,