

The
AMERICAN
HYMNAL



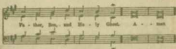
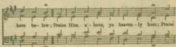
Praise ye the Lord, bring unto the
 Lord a new song, and his praise in
 the congregation of saints.

PSALM CXLIX. 1.

The Doxology.

Old Hundred.

German Psalm.

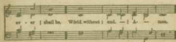
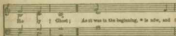
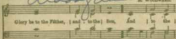


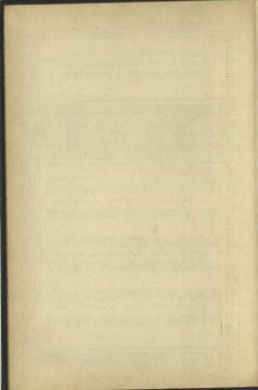
Praise ye the Lord: for it is good
to sing praises unto our God; for it
is pleasant; and praise is comely.

PSALM CXLV. 1.

Gloria Patri.

Handwritten: *Waverley* & Waverley.





The American Hymnal

For English Speaking People Everywhere

—Containing—

The Best Loved and Most Commonly
Used Old Standard Church Hymns,
the Most Popular Gospel Songs and a
Wealth of New Songs

Compiled and Edited

by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN



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ROBERT H. COLEMAN
DALLAS TEXAS

Foreword

THERE is a musical language to express every passion and emotion of the soul. A worthy Hymnal provides for the expression of a wide range of feeling in song; for, it has been said that "People sing out their feelings just as readily as they talk them out."

We love the Grand Old Hymns and find joy in encouraging their use more and more. There are in this book some hymns which have been sung for 400 years, a number of others which have been used for 200 years and are being used every Lord's Day in our churches, and a still larger number which have been popular for the past 100 years. Some of the best and most popular Hymn Tunes were written by the world's greatest musical composers, such as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others. There are also many of our more modern Hymns and Gospel Songs which are very attractive and expressive, because they have been inspired by present day experiences and have the blending of appealingly strong music with the forcefully simple Gospel Message. Why acquire new Hymnals if they contain no new songs?

We believe there is a need for THE AMERICAN HYMNAL, and we send it forth, praying that multitudes of hearts and homes and churches may be blessed, and the great Savior of men honored in its use.

THE EDITOR.

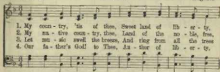
The American Hymnal

1 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

America.

English.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let us - o swell the troops, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, In - stor of lib - er - ty,



Oh thee I sing: land where my fa - ther died, Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song: Let our - tal tongues a - wake: Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain-side Let free-dom sing!
 ten - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - lone,
 breathe partake, Let rocks their al - lence break, The sword pro - long,
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - men.

America the Beautiful.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Musical, C. M. D.

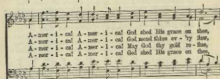
Samuel A. Ward.



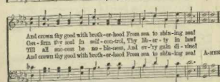
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious-ness, For an-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, ho-po-dre-d street
3. O beau-ti-ful for ho-mes proved in th-er-a-tic long strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-trial dream That was be-yond the years



For pur-plo men-tal maj-es-tic A-bove the fruit-ed plain
A thou-sand here for free-dom bent A-cross the wil-der-ness
Who more than sell their coun-try level, And nor-ry more than bid
Thine al-a-ha-ter-ah-gleam, Unfaded by ho-mes torn



A-mor-i-cal A-mor-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
A-mor-i-cal A-mor-i-cal God send thine er-ry day,
A-mor-i-cal A-mor-i-cal May God thy gold re-lease,
A-mor-i-cal A-mor-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,



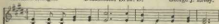
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea
Con-fer the seal to mil-lion-tribe, Thy ho-m-ry in heart
Till all men can be no-bles, And er-ry gain di-rect
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea A-MEN.

Crown Him With Many Crowns.

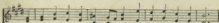
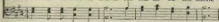
Matthew Bridges.

Diplomate, S. M. D.

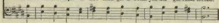
George J. May.



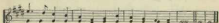
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! He - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



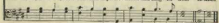
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All noise but His own!
 Kind words, yet vi - l - le a - lone, In beau-ty glo - ri - ous
 Who rose vi - to - rious to the strife For Cross He came to save:
 One with the Spir - it there! His glo'ry From yon-der glo-ri-ous throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
 No an - gel in the sky Can tell - y hear that sigh, But
 His glo - ry now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; He



hail Him as thy match-less King Tho' all a - ver - ri - ty.
 down-cast bends his won-dering eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.
 did a - ver - nal life to bring, And True that death may die.
 Thou, O Lord, thro' end-less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-men.

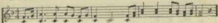


O Day of Rest and Gladness.

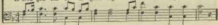
G. Wordsworth.

Mendelssohn, *ps. de. D.*

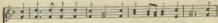
Arr. by L. Mason.



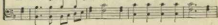
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
 3. To-day on wear-y na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na fall;
 4. Now gra-cious ex-er-cise-ing From this our day of rest,




O babe of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
 To ho-ly con-ve-na-tions The al-ter tramp-et calls,
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the just.

On thee, the high and low-ly, Bend-ing be-fore the throne, sing,
 On thee our loud vi-to-ries The Spir-it sent from heav'n; And
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams, And
 To Ho-ly Ghost be praise-ed, To Fa-ther and to Son; The




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

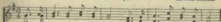


Safely Through Another Week.

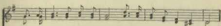
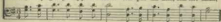
John Newton.

Sabbath, 72.

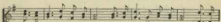
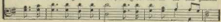
Lowell Mason.



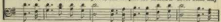
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for per - d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, con - fort sad;



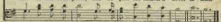
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
 Show Thy re - con - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all our - plagues



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



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

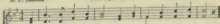


The Morning Light is Breaking.

8. 4. 2004

2004 年 6 月 20 日

Figure 1



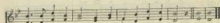
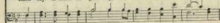
1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
2. See how then na-ture's hand-ing Re-veals the God of love,
3. How riv-er of mil-va-tion, Fur-row thrine on-ward way;
4. How dew of grace comes o'er us In many a gen-tle shower.



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And God-maid hearts are - need - ing In grat - i - tude a - bow;
Flow then to ev - 'ry su - born, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are open - ing ev - 'ry hour;



Each breeze that sweeps the a - cenn Things it-cings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now sin - ful - ing, The Gos - pel's call a - boy, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to hear - at go - far, A - lone - dand an - swer be - lings, And



na - than in com - no - the, Pre - pared for El - sa's war
 seek a Sav - ior's blood - ing, A na - than in a day.
 and till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is com -"
 long's his gates are blow - ing, With peo - ple up - on their wings. A - MEN

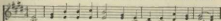


7 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

Missionary Hymns, ps. 61, D.

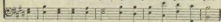
Lowell Mason.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - ry breas - es Blow soft o'er Cay-lan's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With vi-sions from on high,
4. Wash, waft, ye winds, His glo - ry, And ye, ye wa-ters, roll,



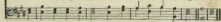
Where Ad - the's sun - ny beam - takes Roll down their gold-en sand:
Though ev - 'ry gem-pest pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!
Shall we be men be - light - ed The lamp of His de - sig!
Yea, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole



From man-y an an-chor riv - er, From man-y a palm-y plain,
In vain with her - ib kind-ness The gifts of God are strewn;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our sin-wood na - ture The Lamb for sin -ners slain,



They call us to de - ly - er Their load from ev - er's chain,
The hea-then in his blind-ness Have down to wood and stone,
Till earth's re-mot - est na - ture Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Be - down-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In His re-turns to reign, A-MEN.

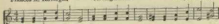


Who is On the Lord's Side?

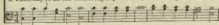
Francis R. Havergal.

Arranged.

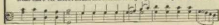
Sir John Goss.



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



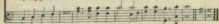
Oh - or even to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the host
 Raise the warrior-peaks; But for Love that chain-eth liars for whom He died
 For Thy di - a - dem With Thy bless-ing ill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can o-ver-throw; Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is as - sure.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer-cy,
 He whose Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side, By Thy love our chain-ing,
 Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free, By Thy grand re-deem-er,
 For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure, Joy-ful - ly as - set - ting.



By Thy grace A-mine, We are on the Lord's side, For-let, we are Thine, A-mine.

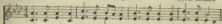


Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

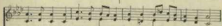
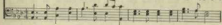
Henry F. Lytle.

Alleluia, &c. ps. D.

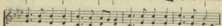
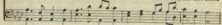
From Memory.



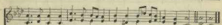
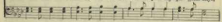
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and bid - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may treat - le and dis - treat me, Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



Two - ti - fold, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Then, from hence, my all shall be;
 He - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n's will bring me sweet-er rest,
 Heav'n's a-bet-ter- and day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



For - sake ev - 'ry fond an - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - shun, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



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



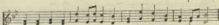
Charles Wesley.

Love Divine. No. 79. D.

John Zundel.



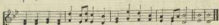
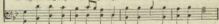
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-lent, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it in-to ev'-ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



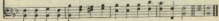
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing: All Thy faith-ful ser-vants crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-hab-it, Let us find that sweet and rest.
 Rid-ding-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ple leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee!



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



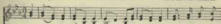
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; Re-fer ev'-ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-n'g, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 THE we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.



Samuel Mayley.

Ariol, B. B. G. B. B. B.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



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



gle - rious birth Which in my Sav - ior shines, I'd swear, and touch the
 dread - ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glo - rious
 love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In left - hand songs of
 bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,



heav'n - ly strings, And vie with the - lord while he sings in
 right - nous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
 sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
 Death - er, Friend, A most o - ber - al - ty I'll spend, Till



most al - most di - vine, In most al - most di - vine,
 and shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 all His glo - rious known, Make all His glo - rious known.
 em - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace. A - MEN.

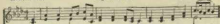


12 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

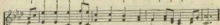
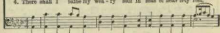
Isaac Watts.

Alfred C. M.

J. C. Lowry.



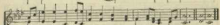
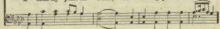
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-ners in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And so - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sin-ners fall,
4. There shall I bathe my won - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest.



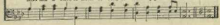
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.



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



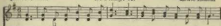
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast. A-MEN.



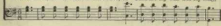
John Newton.

De Henry, &c.

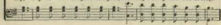
Lewis Tilson.



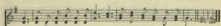
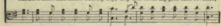
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than any-else His voice
3. Can- not with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-sig-ned,
4. Dear Lord, If in-deed I see Thee, If Thou art my son and my song,



Sweet pros-per-ty, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet-ness for me,
His pres-ence dis-ports in my place, And makes all with-in me re-joice;
No change-ment of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my wish:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The mid-noon-noon sun shows hot day; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus slight, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While thus with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a boy would ap-pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store!



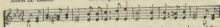
But when I am hap-py in His, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May,
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My win-ter would last all the year,
And pri-mes would pal-a-ce prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there,
Or take me on-to Thee on high, Where win-ter and death are no more. A-men.



Ellen H. Gates.

Home of the Soul.

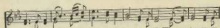
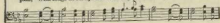
Philip Phillips.



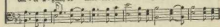
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams its bright, Jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free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



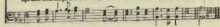
soul, Where no storm ev-er beat on the gift-ter-blest strand, While the years of e-
 me; Till I han-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair
 stands; The King of all king-dom for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our
 palm, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-



ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storm ev-er
 cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I han-cy but
 crown in His hands, And He hold-eth our crown in His hands; The King of all
 cit-or a-gain, To meet one an-cit-or a-gain; With songs on our



beat on the gift-ter-blest strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
 thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
 kingdom for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our crown in His hands.
 lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-cit-or a-gain. A-men.



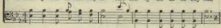
Anonymous.

Shepherd. A. P. C. P. 4. 7.

William B. Bradbury.



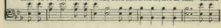
1. Sav - or, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
 2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
 3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



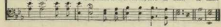
- In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures lead us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
 Thou hast mer-cy to re - love us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Hous-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - or, With Thy love our hearts re-veal:



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



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



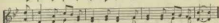
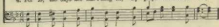
Edmund H. Sears.

Carol. C. M. D.

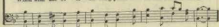
Richard S. Willis.



1. It came up - on the mid- night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the dar - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - folded,
3. And ye, be - neath the crash - ing load, Whose homes are bend - ing low,
4. For lo, the days are hast'ning on, By proph - et hands fore - told,



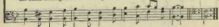
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;
Who tell a - long the dash - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King;" The
A - bove the sad and low - ly plains They bend on low - ring wing, And
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swiftly on the wing: O
When peace shall e - ver all the earth its no - blest splen - dour bring, And



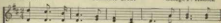
world in ad - mir - able still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing,
ev - er o'er the in - bel - ieved The blest of an - gels sing,
rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing,
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.



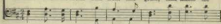
Isaac Watts.

Antioch, C. M.

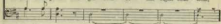
George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-
 3. No more let sin and sor-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



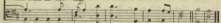
ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,
 songs ex-
 but the ground; He comes to make His blis-
 sa-
 The glo-
 of His right-
 son.



And Heav'n and na-ture sing,
 Re-
 Far as the curve is bound,
 And won-ders of His love,
 And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And



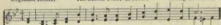
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na-ture sing.
 joy, Re-
 bound, Far as, far as the curve is bound.
 love, And won-ders, and won-ders of His love. A-men.
 Heav'n and na-ture sing.



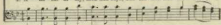
Reginald Heber.

All Saints New, C. M. D.

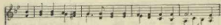
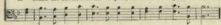
Henry B. Coffey.



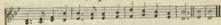
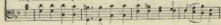
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose on-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-ri-ous land, the cho-son few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-mine ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid.



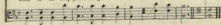
His blood-red bat-tle-stream a-far; Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve val-lant sa-lots, their hope they knew, And marked the cross and flame:
 A- round the Sis-ter's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant a-bove pale,
 Like Him, with per-son on His tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The H-ea-v'n's go-ry mate; They
 They climbed the steep as-cent of Hea-v'n Thro' per-il, toll, and pain: O



pa-thet leaves his arms be-low, Who fol-lows in His train,
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-MEN.



A Mighty Fortress.

M. L.

Rev. Peter Burg. F. M.

Martin Luther.



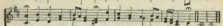
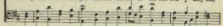
1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark now-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our strength-ing would be but - ing.
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - lone all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bul - ing.



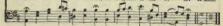
Our help-er He, a - mid the host Of mor-tal Ho-pers - fail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Mass of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us aid - eth.



For still our an-ient foe Death seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Doct ask who that may bid Christ Je-sus, He is His Lord! Sub-ject to His
 The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let gods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal Ho-pers al - so; The bul - y they may



great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 Since, From age to age the same, And He must win the last - ing.
 Sure, For his Je-sus is sure; One in - de word shall bid him
 All; God's truth a - bul - ing still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-men.

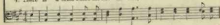


W. R. P.

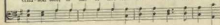
Rev. W. R. Pears.



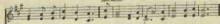
1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great hill stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died; His blood flowed out in a



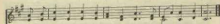
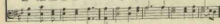
bars-ing road, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass, To seek a
 treat-ing stream, "Ho, er-'ry thirst-ing, sin-ner's soul, Come, free-ly
 moon-tain side; The Shep-herd seeks e'er moon-tain's steep, He's search-ing
 criss-cross vale, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And here to



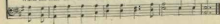
CHORUS.



shade is the wil-der-ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 drink, and then shall be whole. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
 all who will an-ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?



When the shad-ow-ing Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
 When the liv-ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?
 When the Shep-herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
 When the criss-cross cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

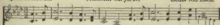


Hail, Thou Once Despised.

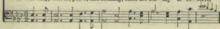
John Bakewell.

Antwerp. St. 72. B.

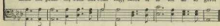
Louis von Bach.



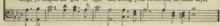
1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-sion'd Lamb, by shed ap-pas-sion'd, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, Thine for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-our, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;



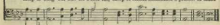
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-redeem'd, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side;
Loud-est praise us, with-out cea-sing, Most fit is for us to give.



Hail, Thou ag'-e-sin-ing Bar-lam, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thine the vic-tim of Thy blood;
Thine for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; Thine Thou hast our place pre-pare;
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its, Being your sweet-est, no-blest lay;



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



Emily H. B. H2641.

Margaret.

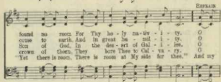
Rev. T. R. Matthews.



1. Thou didst leave Thy Throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
 2. Hear - en's arch - as rang when the an - gels sang, Pre -
 3. The let - us bound rest and the hosts their rest in the
 4. Thou can - est, O Lord, with the Ir - ing word, That should
 5. When the heart - ens shall sing, and her choir shall sing, At Thy



can - est to earth let rest, But in Beth - le - hem's home there was
 chain - ing Thy sup - al de - grow, But in low - ly birth didst Thou
 shade of the let - rest free, But Thy couch was the soil, O Thou
 set Thy peo - ple free, But with weak - ing scorn, and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing.



Sound no room For Thy ho - ly na - tive - i - ty, O
 come to earth, And in great Je - rusalem, O
 Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee, O
 crown of Thorns, They here Thine to Cal - va - ry, O
 Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee, And my



come to my heart, Lord Je - su, There is room in my heart for Thee!
 come to my heart, Lord Je - su, There is room in my heart for Thee!
 come to my heart, Lord Je - su, There is room in my heart for Thee!
 come to my heart, Lord Je - su, There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - su, When Thou comest and called be me. A-MEN.

Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today.

Anglican. With Hallelujah.

Charles Wesley

Henry Carey.



1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. Let's re - deem - ing work is done, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 4. Hail we now where Christ hath led, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Praise the light, the day - the words Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Hail - l'ring our ex - alt - ed Lord; Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Let our throats a - cleave in a - dor; Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Death is vain for - bids His rise, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Make like Him, like Him we rise, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!

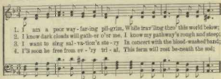


Sing, ye heav'n and earth, re - ply, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Let His name in blood no more, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Christ hath opened par - a - dize, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hal - le - lu - lu - jah! A-men.

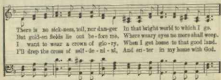
Words are,

ARRANGED BY THE REV. J. B. McCLURE,
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, CHICAGO.

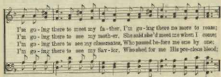
ART. B. B. McKimsey.



1. I am a poor way-far-ing pil-grim, While trav'ling thro' this world below;
2. I know dark clouds will path-er o'er me, I know my pathway's rough and steep;
3. I want to sing sal-va-tion's sto-ry In concert with the blood-washed host;
4. I'd soon be free from ev-ry tri-al, This term will rest be-neath the sod;

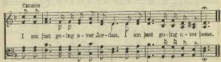


There is no sick-ness, ail, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I go.
But gold-en fields lie out be-hind me, Where weary eyes no more shall weep.
I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that good land.
I'll drop the cross of self-de-sol-ty, And enter in my home with God.



I'm go-ing there to meet my fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;
I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, Should she'd meet me when I come;
I'm go-ing there to see my dis-cer-ner, Who pass'd be-hind me once by one;
I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, Who shed for me His pre-cious blood;

Chorus

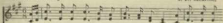


I am just go-ing o-ver Jer-dan, I am just go-ing o-ver home.

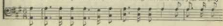
Rev. W. W. Ball.

Copyright, 1900, by J. A. Johnson.

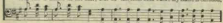
L. N. McIlhenny.



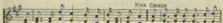
1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a-bove, The name of us
2. A man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je-sus that
3. They tell us his friend-ships and love are so pure, His joys nev-er
4. In life's won-ry con-flict, there's hinting and ease, Each year the gray



King and His in - E-nite love! His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm told;
man-sion has gone to pre-pare, Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-hold,
die, and his transoms are new; And loved ones de-part-ed, so al-lent and cold,
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blood back where my name is en-rolled,



D. S.—It glads-ens my heart with a joy that's un-tild.



Oh, will it a-bide—will we nev-er grow old?
And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be new, it will
Will greet us a-gain where we'll nev-er grow old.
I read of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.



To think of that land where we'll never grow old.



nev-er de-cay; No night ex-er ceases, it will al-ways be day;

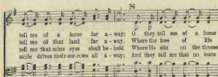


J. K. A.

Rev. J. E. Alwood.

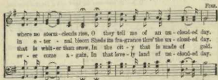


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me of a King in His heav - enly throne, And they
 4. O they tell me that He waits on His chil - dren there, And He



36
 tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
 tell me of that land far a - way, Where the true of His
 tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold, Where He sits on the throne
 smile down their sin - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

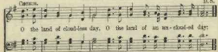


First.
 where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
 In a - ter - nal bloom, Sheds its fragrances thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
 That is whiter than snow, Is the cit - y that is made of gold.
 Or - er none a - gain, Is that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.

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

Canto.

D. S.



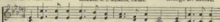
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud-ed day;

The Haven of Rest.

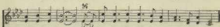
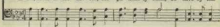
H. L. Gilmour.

THEODORE T. ALLEN, LYRIC

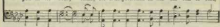
George D. Moore.



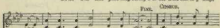
1. My soul is sad as - he was sad on life's sea, So bur-den-ed with
2. I yield-ed my-self to the tem - der en - brace, And, faith-ful-ly
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, the pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His



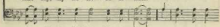
sin and dis - trust, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
hold of the word, My let - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who so - ev - er will have
pre - er - di - cation; Come, an - chored your soul in the ha - ven of rest,



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



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



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

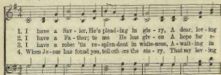


soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

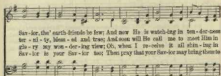


S. O'Malley Chd.

Ira D. Sankey.

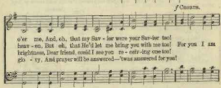


1. I have a Sav - lor, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
 4. When Je - sus has told you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing



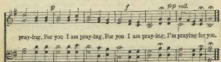
Sav - lor, the' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
 for - si - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 Sav - lor is your Sav - lor too; Then pray that your Sav -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

f *Chorus.*



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

f *pp* *rit.*

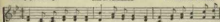


pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm praying for you.

Fanny J. Crosby.

NINTH STREET CHURCH, N. Y. C.

William H. Doane.



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



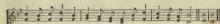
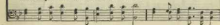
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them pen - it -
 grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win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



Chorus.



Tell them of Je - sus the right - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Church that are hea - ven will re - ceive once more.
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ing has died.



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



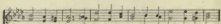
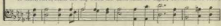
H. G. Spafford.

COMPOSED, 1856, BY THE LATE REVEREND DR.
HARRIS AND PUBLISHED BY

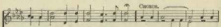
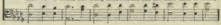
P. P. Hiss.



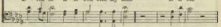
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa - tan should bid - det, the' at - tacks should come, Let this host an -
3. My sin - er, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin - er is
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - bil - lions roll; What - ev - er my lot, Then hast taught me to say,
sor - rows con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, is needed to the cross and I hear it no more,
back as a wall, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend,



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



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



Salome Darling-Gould.

St. Gertrude, 60, 3d St.

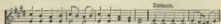
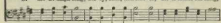
Arthur Sullivan.



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

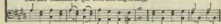


Go - ing on be-fore Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
On to vic-to - ry! Hail's been-eficacious val-our At the shock of pos-ter;
Where the saints have trod, We are not di - vid - ed; All are bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, land, and sea-or, Un-to-Christ the King;

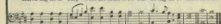


Refrain.

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



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



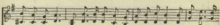
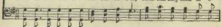
Edward B. Ufford.

H. B. Ufford.

Arr. by George C. Robinson.



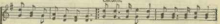
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong! Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-straight men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-men of res-cue be a'ter, Soon will they drift to o-



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
 fix - ger so long? Reel he is sink-ing; oh, how-ten to-day—And out with the
 you've ner-er been! Winds of temp-er-a-tion and bil-lows of war Will soon bar them
 ter - ri - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



Chorus.

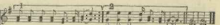
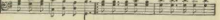


Life-Line, his per - il to share!

Life-Line! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!

out where the dark wa-ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to-day.



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



Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry.

ADAPTED PROPERTY OF BARRY ELLIOTT LOWRY.
SONG BY HARRISON.

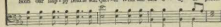
Robert Lowry.



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



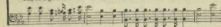
With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Gone our agh-ast will be - er - er, And pre-side a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will gath-er With the mil-lions of peace.



Chorus.



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



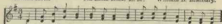
Gath-er with the select at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-men.



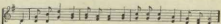
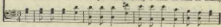
Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock, L. M.

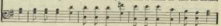
William B. Bradbury.



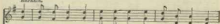
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness with its hor-ry face, I rest on His un-change-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cer-e-mo-nial, His blood, Sup-ports me in the won-der-ing hour;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



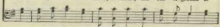
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name,
In ev'-ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-ous-ness a - lone, Faith-ful to stand be-fore the throne,



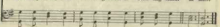
Refrain.



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



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



Day is Dying in the West.

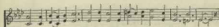
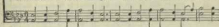
Mary A. Lathberry.

Evening Prayer. ps. c.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Hear's is hush'd earth with rest; Wail and
2. Laid of life, be-neath the dome Of the a - gi-verse, Thy home, Gather
3. While the deep'ring shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold Thy all, Thro' the
4. When her - er - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



war-ship while the night sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art high-
gla - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend,
an-gels, on our eyes Let a - ter-nal morning rise, And shed-own end!



Refrain.



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



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



Blessed be the Name.

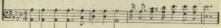
AND, LASTINGLY, WAIL, BY ROBERT D. COLMAN.

Charles Wesley.

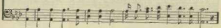
Arr. by R. D. McKinney.



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



The glo-ries of my God and King! Praise-d be the name of the Lord!
 The wa-sh in the sin-ner's tears, Praise-d be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foul-est clean, Praise-d be the name of the Lord!
 When Je-su wash'd my sin a-way, Praise-d be the name of the Lord!



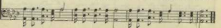
Refrain.



Praise-d be the name, Praise-d be the name, Praise-d be the name of the Lord!



Praise-d be the name, Praise-d be the name, Praise-d be the name of the Lord!



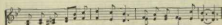
C. D. Martin.

COMPOSED, WORD, BY JOHN A. MARRS.
(SONG BY PUBLICATION.)

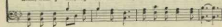
W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis-mayed, what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



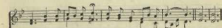
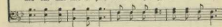
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers threaten your path a-void, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.



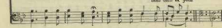
Chorus.



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



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



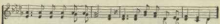
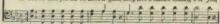
J. H. Rankin.

Endeavor, P. M.

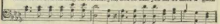
W. G. Tomer.



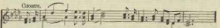
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His cross-rod guide, up-hold you.
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick surround you.
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you.



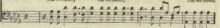
With His sheep so care-ly hold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Led - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Guide death's onward'ring wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.



Chorus.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

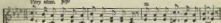


Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. -MEET.
 Till we meet, till we meet,

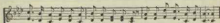
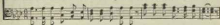


W. L. T.

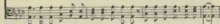
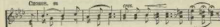
Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. *pp*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fly - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me;



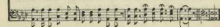
See, on the portals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cy, Mer - cy for you and for me!
 Shad - ows are gather - ing, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

Chorus. *mf*

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

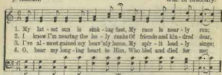


Eas - ter - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sinner, come home! A - MEN.

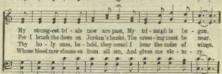


J. Hawcill.

Wm. B. Bradberry.

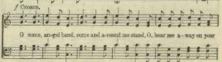


1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
 2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
 3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
 4. O, hear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;

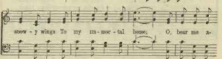


My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
 For I break the dew on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
 Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I bear the token of wings.
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

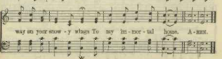
Chorus.



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



swif - y wings To my im - mor - tal home, O, bear me a -



way on your swif - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - men.

At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

REVEREND, 1707, BY JOHN BARRY, CHURCH
ORGANIST, LONDON: JOHN BY FIELDING.

B. H. Hudson.

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

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - man - ing giv - ing grace un - known, And love be - yond de - greed?
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

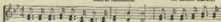
Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
 bur - den of my heart re - laxed a - way, (re - laxed a - way,) It was there by faith
 I re - ceiv - ed my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - men.

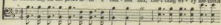
R. E. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY JAMES A. HAYES.
MADE BY HARRINGTON.

R. Edwin Carter.



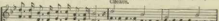
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thou' e-ter-nal a-ge
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bowed to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fail, His-tring er-ry one



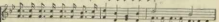
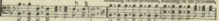
let His praise ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear no-more, By the In-ter-ven-tion of God I shall pre-vail,
By His love's strong arm, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all.



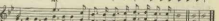
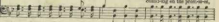
Chorus.



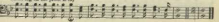
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior, Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



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



D. W. Whittle.

May Whittle Moody.



1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je - sus, a
 2. Nev-er a tel - al that He is not Thine, Nev-er a tear-drop that
 3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a griev, Nev-er a tear-drop and
 4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that




now He di-vine; Look-ing to Je - sus till glo-ry deth shins, Mo-ment by
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor-row that He doth not share, Mo-ment by
 nev-er a wound; Nev - er a dan-ger but death on the cross, Mo-ment by
 He can-not lead; Mo-ment by mo-ment, in weal or in woe, Je - sus, my



Chorus.



mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine,
 mo-ment, I'm en - ter His care; Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love;
 mo-ment He thinks of His own.
 Ser-vice, a-likes with me still.




Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - love; Look-ing to Je - sus till



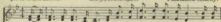

glo-ry deth shins; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.



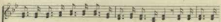
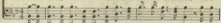
Julia Ward Howe.

Glory, Hallelujah.

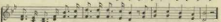
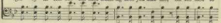
Plantation Melody.



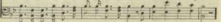
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-tower of a beleag-er'd camp; They have
3. He has sound-ed both the trumpet that shall re-call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the El-der, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a



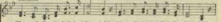
trans-plant-ing out the vine-lands where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
bold-ed Him on a-tar in the eve-ning dress and damp; I can read His
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat. O be with, my
glo-ry in His ho-sannas that trans-fig-ure you and me; As He died to



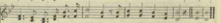
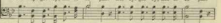
late-fal light-nings of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His to-day is march-ing on,
righteous ven-geance by the din and bar-bic-ling tramp; His day is march-ing on,
and, to an-swer Him! he is - he - here, my host! Our God is march-ing on,
make men free-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.



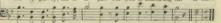
Chorus.



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



Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is march-ing on. A-MEN.

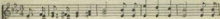


'Tis the Blessed Hour of Drunken.

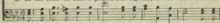
Thomas J. Cradock

THESE RESULTS INDICATE THAT THE PROPOSED PROJECTS WILL NOT CAUSE ANY SIGNIFICANT ADVERSE EFFECTS ON THE ENVIRONMENT.

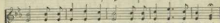
W. L. Brown



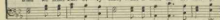
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tri-d To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust for Him, we be-lieve That He



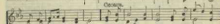
path - or to Je - sus, our Sav - lor and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der con - fes - sion His chil - dren to be; When He tells us we may
Sav - lor who loves them their sin - nes re - store; With a sym - pa - this - tic
love - ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - cover In the full - ness of His



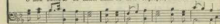
hath,	His pro-tes-tan-	to share,	What a balm	for	the wear-y
cast	at his feet or-	'ry care,	What a balm	for	the wear-y
heart	He re-mem-ber-	'ry care,	What a balm	for	the wear-y
trust	we shall have or-	'ry care,	What a balm	for	the wear-y



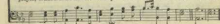
100



On how much to be there? Men of honor, Men of power, Men of



prayer. What a help for the weak-y! Oh how sweet to be there! A - M - M.



Katherine Hankey.

William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful in seem - Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; The phan - tas - to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know in heart Seem

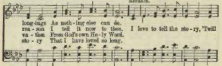


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 mean, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hear - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest, And when in

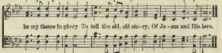


tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For none have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 vation of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

Chorus.



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



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

George Cooper.

Ira D. Sankey.



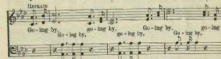
1. There are here - ly hearts to cheer - led. While the days are go - ing by,
 There are wea - ry souls who per - led. While the days are go - ing by,
 2. There's no time for i - dea - morn - ing. While the days are go - ing by,
 Let your days be like the morn - ing. While the days are go - ing by,
 3. All the lov - ing links that bind us. While the days are go - ing by,
 One by one we leave be - hind us. While the days are go - ing by,



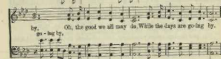
If a smile we can re - new, In our jour - ney we per - me.
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
 But the souls of good we see, Both in shade and shine will grow,



Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by,
 Help your fall - en brethren rise, While the days are go - ing by,
 And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.



Hark!
 Go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by,
 go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by,

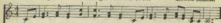


by, go - ing by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by,

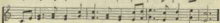
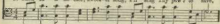
William Crozer.

Chorus: Francis, C. M.

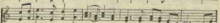
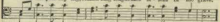
Lowell Mason.



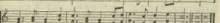
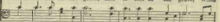
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veal;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood shall save - or lose his pow'r,
4. If'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then is a no-ther,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



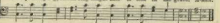
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more;
 Be-cause-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;
 When this poor flap-ping, steam'ring tongue like a - lost in the grave;



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Be-
 cause-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;
 When this poor flap-ping, steam'ring tongue like a - lost in the grave;

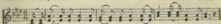


sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 down-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor flap-ping, steam'ring tongue like a - lost in the grave, A-amen.

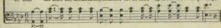


Elizabeth C. Cleghorn.

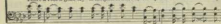
Ira D. Sankey.



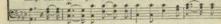
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the fold - er of the fold.
2. "Lord, Then hast here Thy ninety and nine: Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed or - er knew How deep were the waters around;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's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



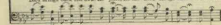
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine I am, was - dered a - way from
Nor how dark was the night that the Lost passed thro'! Ere He found His sheep that was
They were shut for one who had gone a - stray! Ere the Shep-herd could bring him
There a rose a glad cry to the gates of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My



fold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the
Me. And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
last. Out in the des-ert He heard the cry— "Pick and
back." "Lord, whence are Thy bands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to
steep!" And the an - gel ex - cels a - round the throne, "Re - joice, for the



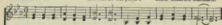
ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care,
des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep,
helpless, and ready to die. Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
sick by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn.
Lord brings back His own! Re - joice,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



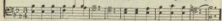
H. B. O.

Harvard, &c., ps. D.

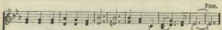
Mrs. Charles Barnard.



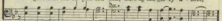
1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;



REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;



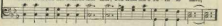
Thoue your soul's fresh, glowing ar - der In - to the bat - tle for truth.
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - so - crate ev - 'ry part.
 He gave Him - self for your sin - ners, Gave up His glo - ry a - lone;



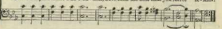
God in sal - va - tion's full ar - mer, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dacotah was His, young and brave;
 Give, and to you shall he giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
 Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's re - ft to save;

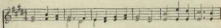


Give Him your loyal de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have,
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

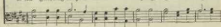


F. W. Faber.

Henry Smart.



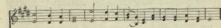
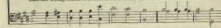
1. Hark! hark, my soul an - gel - ic songs are swelling (For earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, be
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Ring no sweet frag-ments



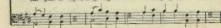
man's wave-heat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
 Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
 of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The sin - ner of the gos-pel leads us home, An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



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

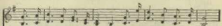


Daniel March.

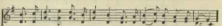
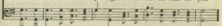
Francis H. Bartholomew.



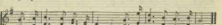
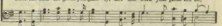
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"
2. If you can - not cross the a - cess, And far mile - stone lands ex - plore,
3. Let some hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do."



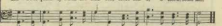
Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
 You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
 While the work of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.



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



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

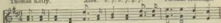


53 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

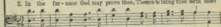
Thomas Kelly.

Rev. J. J. J. J. J.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round - ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di -
 2. Ev - 'ry ka - man the way per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful
 3. In the far - east God may prove true, Thence to bring thee forth new




vine: All her foes shall be con - sum'd - ed, Tho' the world in arms com -
 plete; Muth - ers cease their own to cher - ish, Hear'n and earth at last re -
 - bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee, Thou art pre - cious in His




love; Rap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine;
 none; But no cham - pions Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
 sight; God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing Right;




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



This is My Father's World.

WORDS COMPOSED, 1825, BY CHARLES BURTON'S SON, AND COMPLETED, 1840, BY THE PUBLISHER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF EDUCATION AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

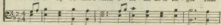
Tercio Sexta. S. M. D. Traditional English Melody.

Malvina D. Bolbrook.

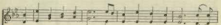
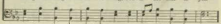
Arranged by S. F. L., 1912.



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



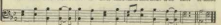
as - ter's stage, and round me rings The ma - sis of the spheres,
morn - ing light, the bl - y white, De - clare their Ma - her's praise,
though the wrong seems all so strong, God is the Red - er yet.



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



rocks and trees, of . . skies and seas—He laid the won - ders wrought,
run - cing grass I . . hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev'ry - where,
one who died shall be re - in - fed, And earth and heav'n be one, A - men.

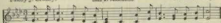


55 All the Way My Savior leads Me.

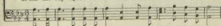
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1875, by FANNY J. CROSBY, NEW YORK.
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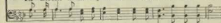
Robert Lowry.



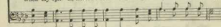
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Choost each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



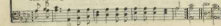
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' He has been my Guide?
 Gives me grace for ev'-ry tri- al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vinest com-fort, Here by faith he bids me dwell!
 Though my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed in-er-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day.



For I know, what-e'er he tell me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
 Gushing from the Rock before me, Let a spring of joy I see; see.
 This my song thro' endless a-ge-s Je-sus led me all the way; way. A-men.



P. P. E.

Copyright, 1874, by William Boardman. Boston.

P. P. Elias.



1. Free from the law, O hap-py one - di - tect, Je - sus hath
 2. Now are we free - there's no sin - den - na - tion, Je - sus has -
 3. "Children of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Save - ly His

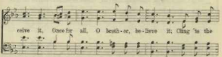


led, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and blessed by the
 vision a per - fec - tion - na - tion; "Come on - to Me," O hear His sweet
 grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His

Chorus.



fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.
 call, Once, and its voice is once for all. Grace for all, O sin - ner, re -
 call, Hushed and - va - tion once for all.



redeem it, Once for all, O death - er, be - lieve it, Cling 'to the

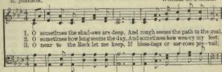


Cross, the sin - ner will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

57 The Rock That Is Higher Than I.

H. Johnson.

William G. Fischer.

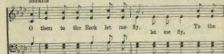


1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal.
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows be- tail;



And sorrow, sometimes how they sweep like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But sail - ing in life's dan-ger way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb - ing the mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shadow - y vale.

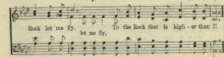
REFRAIN



O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high - er than I, high - er than I, O then to the



Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I

S. P. Bennett.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY JAMES W. WALKER.

J. P. Webster.

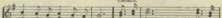


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our beau - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the




see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits a - ver the way, To pre-
sents of the best, And our spir - its shall ac - cuse no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the


CHORUS.



pare us a dwell - ing - place there, In the sweet by and
nigh for the bless - ing of rest,
bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



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



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

Fanny J. Crosby.

SUPERSEDING, 1874, BY JES. A. HARRIS.

Mrs. J. P. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sal-va-tion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sion of rag-ime now
 3. Per-fect sal-va-tion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-er am

glor-y di-vine! His of sal-va-tion, per-ches of God,
 least on my sight; An-gels de-posed-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

Chorus.
 Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Rich-ness of cur-ry, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

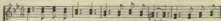
sing, Prais-ing my Sav-er all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-er all the day long. A-men.

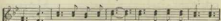
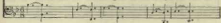
H. R. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY H. R. PALMER, BOSTON.

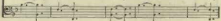
H. R. Palmer.



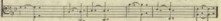
1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Show e-vil con-quer-hers, Bad language dis-claim, God's name held in
 3. To him that o-ver-comes with God giv-eth a crown, Thine faith we shall



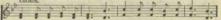
help you Some-oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 re-venge, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,



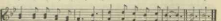
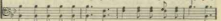
Dark pass-ages sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



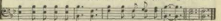
Chorus.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Con-vert, strengthen and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-men.

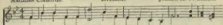


61 We Plough the Fields, and Scatter.

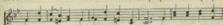
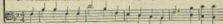
Matthias Claudius.

Dresden.

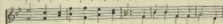
Johann A. P. Schell.



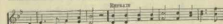
1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land. Yet it is
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far: He plants the
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good: The seed-time



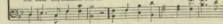
ful and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand: He sends the snow in
way-side flow - er. He lights the eve - ning star: The winds and waves o -
and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food: Ac - cept the gift we



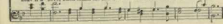
wh - o, The warmth to swell the grain, The bloss-om, and the ear-ri-ven,
lay Him; By Him the birds are fed: Much more to us the chil - dren,
of - fer For all Thy love in - parts, And what Thou most de-sire - est,



And with re - fresh-ing rain,
He gives our dai - ly bread. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from
Our heav - en, thankful hearts.



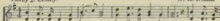
heart's a - bove: Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love.



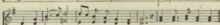
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1892, by Fanny J. Crosby.

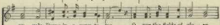
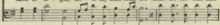
W. H. Doane.



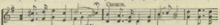
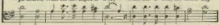
1. Safe in the arms of Je - su, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - su, Safe from our - rel - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - su, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - su has died for me; First on the



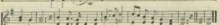
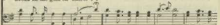
love o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest, Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp - ta - tions, His can - not harm me there, Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - gu, Ev - er my trust shall be, Here let me wait with



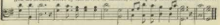
an - gels, Borne in a song to him, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 sur - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more mi - nutes,
 pasture, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



O - ver the jus - per sea, . . .
 On - ly a few more hours! . . . Safe in the arms of Je - su, Safe on His
 Break on the gold - en shore, . . .



gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.



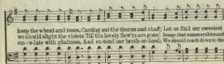
Rev. Albert Smith,
and R. H. C.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1898.

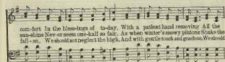
B. J. Vail.



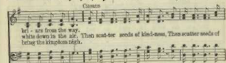
1. Let us gath-er up the seed-time, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us
 2. Struggle we not-er prize the ma-jo- r Till the sweet-voiced bird is dumb/for-ge the
 3. The ex-am-ple of our Sav-ior, As he went forth do-ing good. We should



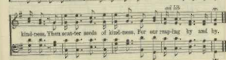
keep the wheat and roses, Chasing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest
 we should slight the violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Keep that summer blossom
 on-a-late with gladness, And ex-tend our broth-er-hood; We should reach down to the



con-fert in the bless-ings of to-day, With a patient hand restoring All the
 sun-shine Nev-er seems one-half so late, As when winter's snowy pinions shake the
 fall-en. We should not neglect the high, And with gentle touch and gracious, We should



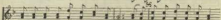
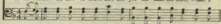
let - us from the way,
 white down in the air. Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scatter seeds of
 bring the kingdom nigh.



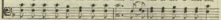
kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



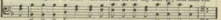
fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley,
 be - cause He's my strong and might - y tow'r; I have all for Him for - giv - en,
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,



D. S. — Lil - y of the Val - ley.
 FINE



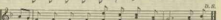
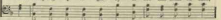
In Him a - lone I see All I need to - cleanse and make me fal - ly whole,
 and all my si - sins turn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r,
 I've nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.



the bright and burning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand in my soul.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - ble He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me more,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



He tells me ev - 'ry morn - ing on His to - rail, He's the
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal, He's the
 Where the - ore of de - light shall ev - er roll, He's the



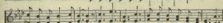
Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby.

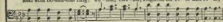
Charles G. Allen.



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sin He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heart'ly per-tain,



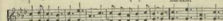
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest an-gels in glo-ry;
 suffer'd, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va-tion,
 lead with ho-san-nas sing! Je - sus, Son of God, reign-est for-ev-er and ev-er;



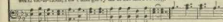
Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a sheep-herd, Je-sus will
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cre-ator, Lord of the Un-der-world, Je-sus who
 Crown Him! crown Him! Pro-phet, and Priest, and King! Christ is our King! over the



CHORUS.



guard His chil-dren, in His arms He carries them all day long! Praise Him! praise Him!
 love our ac-cords, Love un-de-cay'd, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
 world vic-tor-ious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;



tell of His ex-cel-lent great-ness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in psy-chal-ang! A-MEN.

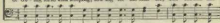


Knowles Shaw.

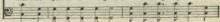
George A. Mason.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing not - ther
3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Har-vest, Tho' the loss are-



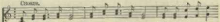
ness - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds not win-ter's chill-ing leaves; By and by the har-vest,
thine our spir-it all - on giv-est; When our reap-ing's o-ver,



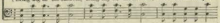
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joice-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves,
and the la - bor end-ed, We shall come re-joice-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joice-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



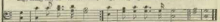
Chorus.



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



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

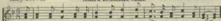


67 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

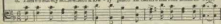
Mary Brown.

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Lester A. Ketchum, Chicago.

Carrie E. Russell.



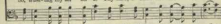
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o'er the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a lov-ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide.



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



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O bar-ter, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and ring-god the way,
So, trust-ing my all on - to Thy care, I know Thou lov-est me!



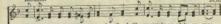
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my heart in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo - o the man-ages sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



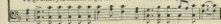
D.S. - I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Repeat.

D.S.



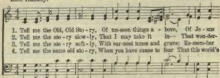
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountains, or plains, or sea;



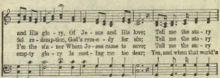
Kate Hankey.

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W. H. Doane.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of re-mem things a - love, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That was de-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grate; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have come to hear That this world's



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



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

Chorus.



help - less and de - shed,
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
con - fort - er to me,
Je - sus makes these words."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

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

69 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.

By Joseph Parahy.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing rises
 2. When sleep her hales de - sides, My sl - eep spir - it sighs
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sad - ness here I find
 4. In Heart's a - ter - nal bliss The love - best strain is this
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

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

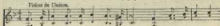
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Thus all the a - ges say: May Je - sus Christ be praised.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

Collis Stennis.

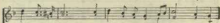
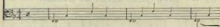
Stennis, 10. S. P. P. P.

H. Ernest Nichol.

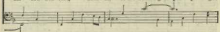
Vocal in Chorus.



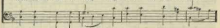
1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall fit their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a bar - ker to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



leads to the right,	A sto - ry of truth and over - come, A
leads to the Lord;	A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - lone,	Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
our - now has told,	That all of the world's great peo - ple Might



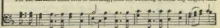
sto - ry of peace and light,	A sto - ry of peace and light,
show - for the spear and sword,	And show - for the spear and sword,
show us that God is love,	And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God,	Might come to the truth of God.



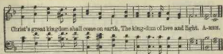
Chorus.



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



We're a Story to Tell to the Nations.



71 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Days.

Longing Blindness. L. M.

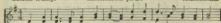
American Melody.



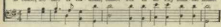
Charles Wesley.

Mendelssohn, 75. D.

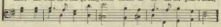
Mendelssohn.



1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of right-ous-ness!
4. Come, De - sires of ra - tions, come! Fix in us Thy love-ly home!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled."
 Late in time be-hold Him come, Off-spring of a vir-gin's womb,
 Light and life to all He brings, His with heal-ing in His wings;
 Hail, the won-der-ful, con-quer-ing seed, Thine in us the ser-pent's head;



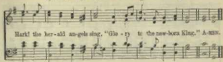
Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th' in-car-nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Here that man no more may die;
 Ad - am's sin - ners now of - face, Stamp Thine im-age in his place.



With an - gels he heav'n pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
 Pleased as man with room to ap-pear, Je - sus our in-mact-ter here,
 Born to raise the mass of earth; Born to give them sin-ners birth.
 Sec - and Ad - am form a - love, He - be - state us in Thy love.



Bark! the Herald Angels Sing.

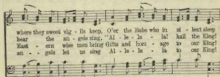
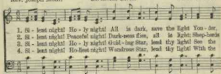


73 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Name: _____

October 2004

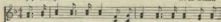
Program Outline



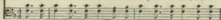
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1882, by W. H. Doane.

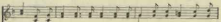
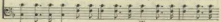
W. H. Doane.



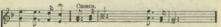
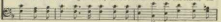
1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



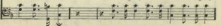
ful - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
 heal - ing of life let the wear - y be fed; In the cross and the
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - sor shall fall; And the name of Je -
 su - s and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the



cross - and our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
 hands can - our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the di - vine, "Sal -
 ve - rah ex - cel - si - ti shall be, In the land - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal -
 tu - tium - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the con - greg - ation, "Sal -



hark! hark! to do,
 va - tion is here! "Toll - ing on, toll - ing on,
 va - tion is here! "Toll - ing on,
 va - tion is here! "Toll - ing on, toll - ing on,



To the Work.

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

75 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper.

Belmont, C. M.

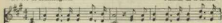
Samuel Webbe.

1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way His won-ders to per-form; He
2. Deep in wa-ters set-a-bles His Of-fer-ings still. He
3. To fear-ful saints, fresh courage takes; The clouds go on much dread. Are
4. Judge not the Lord by his works, But trust Him for His grace; Be-
5. His pur-pose will rip-en fast, Un-fail-ing ev-er long; The
plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
trees-true up His height de-clare, And works His sov-er-ign will.
big with ree-ry, and shall break in show-ers on your head.
kind a frown-ing prov-i-dence He hides a smile-ing face.
bad may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r. A-MEN.

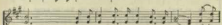
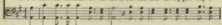
The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Hardington. U. S. ARMY, ORDER OF CAPTAINS.

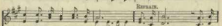
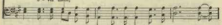
Tullius C. O'Keefe.



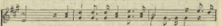
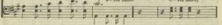
1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er at
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
3. My Sar - ge is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



light, Where the winds, all in - noc - ent and fair, Are
 cool, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest, Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
 o - ver there,



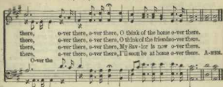
rebel in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God, O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the dead, O - ver there, o - ver
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me, O - ver there, o - ver
 o - ver there, O - ver there,



there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sar - ge is now o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
 o - ver there, o - ver there,



The Home Over There.



there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-men.

Over the

77

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Disconsolate. 112. 108.

Samuel Webbe.



1. Come, ye dis-con-solate, where-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the dis-con-solate, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Have see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, in-ven-tly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 pen-ile-ty, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love, come, ev-er

an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-ful heal.
 say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."
 know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n's can re-serve. A-men.

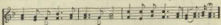
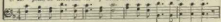
78 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. H. A. Hoffman.

J. H. Tenny.



1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Man - y are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sin a - way;
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the downward road to-day.
4. Ho - pe'd, be - liev - ing, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ing's grace and pow'r,



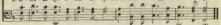
Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap - py por - tion be; Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be, — Last thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - some an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!



Refrain.



- 1-2. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Last thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

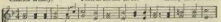


79 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley.

Federal Street, L. M.

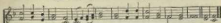
Henry K. Oliver.



1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's Friend, to Those, Lost and un - done, for a - lid I see,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own a sin - ner, — That I should do my - self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love!



Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.



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



30

Twilight Is Falling.

WORDS BY THE AUTHOR.

B. C. UNSOLD.

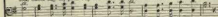
A. S. KLEFFER.



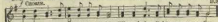
1. Twi - light is fall - ing o - ver the sea, Shad - ows are steal - ing dark on the
2. Voi - ces of loved ones, songs of the past, Still in - ger round us while life shall
3. Come in the twi - light, come, come to me! Bring - ing some new - songs o - ver the



sea: Turn on the night winds, voi - ces of yore Come from the far - off shore.
last; Long - ly I wait - for, and - ly I roam, seek - ing that far - off home.
sea, Chas - ing my path - way while here I roam, seek - ing that far - off home.



D. S. — (Glee - with a man - voice, filled with de - light, Sweet boy - py home as bright)
Cresc. D. S.



Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies, Where the love - light never, nev - er dies.



31 God, the Lord, a King Remaineth.

John Kells.

Regent Square.

Henry Smart.



1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Ruled in His own glo-ri-ous light;
2. In her-er-er-hat-ing sta-tion Earth is placed, to serve no more;
3. With all hosts of wa-ter-bless-ing, Glo-ri-ous in the break-ing deep;
4. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell-ing Are the per-fect ver-i-ty;



God hath re-bled Him and He reign-eth; He hath giv-ed Him with might.
Thou hast bid Thy throne's heri-tage, From all those where thought can soar.
Glo-ri-ous, beau-ti-ful, with-out end-ing, God, who reigns on heav'n's high steep.
Oh! Thine high e-ter-nal dwell-ing, He - li-tens shall in-ma-ke be;



Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Al-le-lu-lu-lu! God is King in depth and height.
Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Lord, Thou art her-er-er-more.
Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Songs of e-tern-er sleep.
Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Al-le-lu-lu-lu! Pure in all that lives with Thee, A--men.

32 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

Isaac Watts.

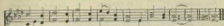
Manuel. C. M.

From Francis J. Haydn.

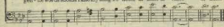


1. Be-gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some heav'nly thing. The
2. Tell of His won-drous fa-cti-cal-ness, And sound His pow'r a-broad. Sing
3. His ver-y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The
4. O might I hear Thy heav'nly tongue but whisper 'Thou art mine!' Those

Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.



mighty works, or mighty names, Of our e - ter - nal King.
the sweet prom - ise of His grace, The love and truth of God,
voice that calls the sinner a - long speaks all the prom - is - es.
yet - the world should raise thy song To notes al - most di - vine. A - men.



83 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

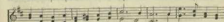
James D. Patten.

Seward.

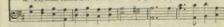
Arthur C. Sullivan.



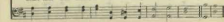
1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn. The tem - ple courts were dark: The
2. The old man, weak and mild. The priest of Is - rael, slept: His
3. O give me Han - nah's ear.—The o - pen ear, O Lord, A-
4. O give me Sam - uel's heart.—A low - ly heart, that waits Where



lamp was burn - ing: Sin be - fore the al - terned ask: When mid - day by a
watch the tem - ple child, The Is - rael - ite, kept: And what from H - is
live and quick to hear: Each whisper of Thy word, like Him to re - spond
in Thy house Thou art, or watch - us at Thy gates, by day and night, a



voice di - vine: Hark! the al - lusion of the shew -
men was sealed: The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed.
at Thy call, And to o - bey: Then first of all
heart that still moves at the breath - ing of Thy will: A - men.



84 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love To Me.

Paul Gerhardt.

St. Catherine.

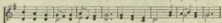
Henri F. Henry and

Translated by John Wesley.

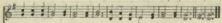
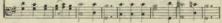
James G. Walton.



1. Je - su, Thy bound-less love to me No can't can teach, no tongue de-clare;
2. O grant that noth-ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love a-lone;
3. O love, how cheer-ing is thy ray! All pain be-fore thy pres-ence flies
4. In self-tris-ting, be Thy love my power; In weak-ness, be Thy love my pow'r;



- O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri-val there;
O may Thy love pos-sess me whole, My joy, my treas-ure, and my crown;
Ours, anguish, sor-row, melt a-way. When e'er thy heav'nly beam a-ries,
And when the spirit of life shall come, Je - su, in that a-verted hour,



- Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am. Be Thou a-lone my con-stant Place,
strange-freedom from mys-elf-ness; My ev'ry act, word, thought, be-leave,
O Je - su, with-me may I see, Noth-ing de-sire, or seek, but Thee.
In death, as life, be Guide and Friend, That I may love Thee with-out end. A-MEN.



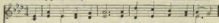
85 Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

Paulus Gerhardt.

Schumann. S. M.

Cantata Lento.

Translated by John Wesley.



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un-dis-may'd;
2. Still hear-y is thy heart? Still sink thy soul to heav'n?
3. Com-mit them all thy griefs And ways in-to His hands,
4. Leave to His sov'-reign will To choose and to com-mand;



Give to the Winds Thy Fears.



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



86 For the Beauty of the Earth.

Pollack B. Pierpoint.

Dir.

Arranged from
Conrad Kocher.



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



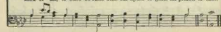
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
Morn'g and eve, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friendship earth, and friendship - love, For all gen - tie ther's and mild,
M - Fling up on ev - ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,



Interact.



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



One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Florence Cary.

Philly Phillips.

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

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

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

Take My Life and Let It Be.

Francis R. Havergal.

C. H. A. Mahan.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and bear-er - ick, for Thee; Take my
 3. Take my all - ve and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine; Take my

Take My Life and Let It Be.



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

39

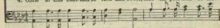
Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

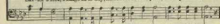
Rev. J. H. Stockton.



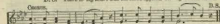
1. Down at the cross where my Sav-er died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious feet that save from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foot-stain so rich and sweet; Cast the poor sinner at the



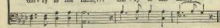

sin I cried, There at my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.
kiss with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en-tered in; There He answers me and keeps me close; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-er's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.



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



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



Francis R. Havergal. COMPOSER. 1866. BY THE JOHN BAKER CO.

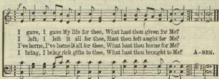
P. F. Bliss.



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



That thou might'st ransom me, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left, for north - ly night, For ward'nings sad and bare;
 Of bit-terest ag - a - ry, To see - eue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My per-son and My love;



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

Charles Wesley.

Revelation. 5. 11.

Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, Who
 2. To serve the pre - s - ent age, My call-ing to ful - fill, O
 3. Arm me with just - ice arms, As in Thy sight to live, And
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy grace re - ly, An -

A Charge to Keep I Have.



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

92

I Would Not Live Always.

Hecklenberg.

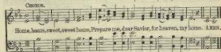


1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
Where storm a - or storm ris - es dark a - or the (Choir.) way
2. I would not live al - way; no, we'll come the truth;
That Je - sus has laid there, I dread not its (Choir.) gloom.



The low be - rid weep - ful - lings that dawn on us here
Are e - nough for life's wean, e - nough for its (Choir.) cheer.
There need be my rest, till He bid me a - rise,
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (Choir.) skies.

Chorus.



Gladsome, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Father, for heaven, my home. A - MEN.

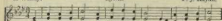
- 3 Oh, who would live always, away from His God,
Away from your heaven, that blessed abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright a - or the plains,
The martlets of glory eternally reign!
- 4 These saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Father and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
The will of the Lord is the heart of the soul.

93 Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim.

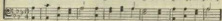
C. Wesley.

Lento.

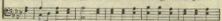
F. J. Haydn.



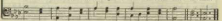
1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad
2. God's re-deem-ing love, al-mighty to save; And still He is right—
3. Sal-va-tion to God, who sits on the throne, Let all cry a-loud
4. Then let us a-dore and give Him His right, All glo-ry, and pow'r,



His won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-tor-ious of Je-sus our
His pres-ence we have; The great con-gre-ga-tion His tri-umph shall
and hon-our the Son; The praise of Je-sus the an-gels pro-
and wa-shen and igh-t; All hon-our and bless-ing, with an-gels a-



tel; His king-dom is glo-ri-ous, He rules o-ver all.
sing, As-cend-ing sal-va-tion to Je-sus our King.
chain, Fall down on their faces and wor-ship the Lamb,
less, And thank-tyer-er-ous-ing, and in-ter-mine love. A-MEN.



94 O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known.

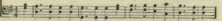
Milton S. Littlefield.

Andante. L. M.

H. M. Wren.



1. O Son of Man, Thou madest known, Tho' yet at work in shop and home,
2. O Work-man true, may we sal-ute in ad-mi-ration Thy Pa-ther's will;
3. Thou Master Work-man, grant us grace Thy chal-lenge of our tasks to face;
4. And thus we pray in deed and word, Thy king-dom come on earth, O Lord!



O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known.



The un-cro-ned ones of this world, The chance of life that each day brings,
In do - ty's call, Thy call we hear To fall - or rise, thou' work un - seen.
By lay - al words of sin and lust, By of - fer - ing true, to meet each test,
In work that gives ad - vent to prayer Thy pur - pose for Thy world we share. A - men.

95

Follow Me, the Master Said.

Anon.

Boothby.

Arthur Cotton.



1. "Fol - low Me," the Mas - ter said; We will fol - low Je - sus By His word and
2. Should the world and sin ap - pear, We will fol - low Je - sus He is great - er
3. Than the way may dark ap - pear, We will fol - low Je - sus He will make our
4. By - or keep the end in view; We will fol - low Je - sus. All His prom - is -



Spoke a - ble, We will fol - low Je - sus. Still for us He lives to plead. At the
Cross our Lord; We will fol - low Je - sus. On His prom - is - es we de - pend. He will
pathway clear; We will fol - low Je - sus. In our ad - dy round of care, As we
on are true; We will fol - low Je - sus. When this earthly course is run. A - men



throwe doth in - ter - ce - de, Of - fer help in time of need; We will fol - low Je - sus.
me - our and de - fend, Help and keep us to the end; We will fol - low Je - sus.
glad with God in prayer, With the cross which we must bear, We will fol - low Je - sus.
Master says, "Well done!" Life e - ter - nal we have won; We will fol - low Je - sus.

Eben H. Burford.

Victor H. Benson.

1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thee will grant the plea,—
 2. I do not ask a life of ease, Nor for a smooth and thorn-less road;
 3. Strength for the present hour and need—This give me, then I'm blest in deed;
 4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some soul else glad, for Je-sus' sake;

For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day—just for to-day.
 No-gly for strength e-nough to bear Life's dai - ly bur - den an - y-where.
 For each day, as it comes, will bring suf - fi - cient strength for an - y-thing.
 Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.

Chorus.

Strength for each tri - al and each task, What more, my Fa-ther, should I ask?

Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness,—this I pray.

97 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

J. P. B.

Copyright, 1900, by Victor H. Benson.
Published by Victor H. Benson, Boston.

J. P. Schellfield.

There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves, There's on-ly one Sav-ior who saves;

There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

Then anchor your faith to Christ Jesus to-day, For there's only one Savior who saves.

98

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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E. F. Schen.

Ira D. Searley.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
2. Bright-ly cloth His Spir - it shines In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is dark;
4. Trust-ing Him while He shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;

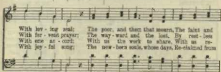
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jae - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

Chorus.
 Trust-ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;
 Trust-ing Him what-e'er be - fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

S. Wolcott.

Italian Hymn.

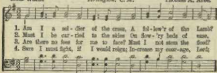
Pelleo de Giardini.



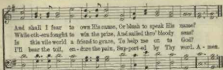
Isaac Watts.

Arlington, C. M.

Thomas A. Aris.



Am I a Soldier Of The Cross? 201



And shall I fear to own His name, Or blush to speak His name?
 Will-o-th-ou fight to win the prize, And saddle thine' bloody name?
 Is this the world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, on - shore the pain, Support-ed by Thy word. A - men.

101

Higher Ground.

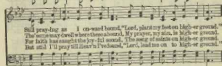
Johnston Outman, Jr.

Copyright, 1900, by John H. Johnson, Publisher,
 150 N. 2nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

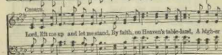
Chas. H. Gabriel.



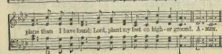
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, Your heights I'm seeking ev'-ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubt arises and fears de-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Thy Sa-tur'n's dome at me are laid;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bend, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 The narrow way leads where there's no end, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
 Thy faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till I hear a' I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



Chorus
 Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



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

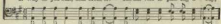
G. F. R.

COMPOSED BY THE LATE GEORGE F. RICE

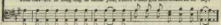
Geo. F. Rice.



1. Why do you wait, dear brother,
2. What do you hope, dear brother,
3. Do you not feel, dear brother,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother?—
- Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
To gain by a far-ther de-lay?
His tri-umph now stand-ing with-out
The har-vest is pass-ing a-way.



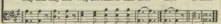
Your har-ber is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your har-ber is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.



Chorus.



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



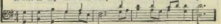
Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas, S. M.

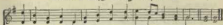
Aaron Williams, Coll.



1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thine stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend;
4. No-jud my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly wage,
5. None as Thy truth shall lead, To Th-ou shalt be giv'n



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



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

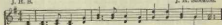


104

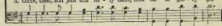
Only Trust Him.

J. H. B.

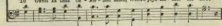
J. H. Stockton.



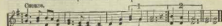
1. Answer - 'ry need by sin op-pressed, There's no-ry with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings do be-stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to' glo - ry go.



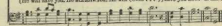
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the criss-cross flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - le -stial land, Where joys in - mor-tal last.



Chorus.



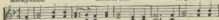
(On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now.)
(He will save you, He will save you, He will (Owe . . .) save you now. A-men.



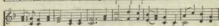
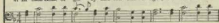
Anonymous.

Gordon, 1818.

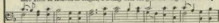
A. J. Gordon.



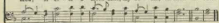
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thou art the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and un - less de-light, I'll ex - er - a -



ble - less of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee by wear - ing the thorns on Thy
 long as Thou lovest me breath; And say when the death-dew has cold on my
 dear Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the gla - ri - ous crown on my



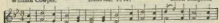
Thou; If ex - er - I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 know; If ex - er - I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 know, If ex - er - I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 know, If ex - er - I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.



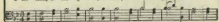
William Cowper.

Salerno, C. N.

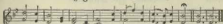
Edw. Sheppes.



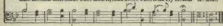
1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A
 2. Where is the bless-ed-rest I know When first I saw the Lord? Where
 3. What peace-ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem'-ry still! But
 4. Re - turn, O Re - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet-mem-ory of rest; I



Oh, for a Closer Walk.



light to stir up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
Gays have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill,
hate the cross that made Them mourn, And drove Them from my breast. A - MEN.

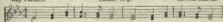


107 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

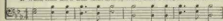
Ray Palmer.

Chorist. S. S.

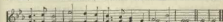
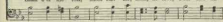
Lowell Mason.



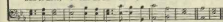
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my fal - ter - ing heart,
3. While His dark mass I tread, And grieve a - round me spread,
4. When each His tran - dent dream, When death's cold, mil - len stream



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

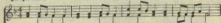


guish a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
here to Thee Pure, warm and changelless be, A liv - ing God
tears a - way, Nor let me er - er stray From Thee a - side,
rest re - move; O bear me safe a - home, A sin - ners' soul A - MEN.

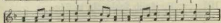
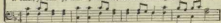


Joseph Hart.

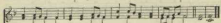
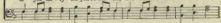
Greenwell. S. P. B. P. A. P. Jean Jacques Rousseau.



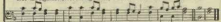
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free loan-ty giv-eth to us;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-gers, Nor of sit-ting fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y, lo-ath-some, Reviv'd and re-joic'd by the fall;



Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r;
 True be-liev and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh,
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth is to feel your need of Him;
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all;



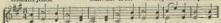
He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
 With-out money, With-out money, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's giv-ing beam.
 Not the righteous, Not the righteous, — Oh, now Je-sus come to call. A-men.



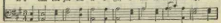
Edmund Jones.

Salerno. C. M.

Arr. by Robert Strapson.



1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand sin's re-viv'd; Come,
2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin like mountains need me clean; I
3. For-give me I'll be be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll
4. I can let per-ish if I see; I am re-act-ed to try; For



Come, Humble Sinner.



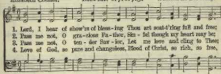
with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this lost re-sol-ver
know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-press,
tell Him, I'm a wretch un-done With-out His mer-cy's grace.
If I stay a-way, I know I meet for-er-or die. A - MEN.

110 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Cady.

Rev. Mr. S. P. S. P. S.

William B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art wait'-ing till and free;
2. Praise me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin - nel though my heart may be;
3. Praise me not, O ten - der Son - ner, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,



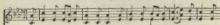
Show'rs, the thirst-y soul re-fresh-ing! Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou might'st leave me, but the path - er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni - ty there all in me,



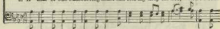
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag-ni - ty there all in me. A - MEN.

111 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.



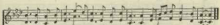
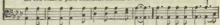
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Son-of's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Father hath in store for ev-'ry day, And that I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in such



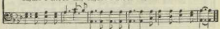
Chorus.



sounds in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth,
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a narrow path, Yield to Him all the way,
for now I have a part, That none can bear be-fore.



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

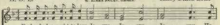


112 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L.

Copyright, 1911, by H. D. L.

Harry Dixon Loos.



Ev-'ry-body ought to love Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus, Ho
Je-sus Christ the won-d'ri-ful Son-of-



Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

God on the cross to save us from sin, Ev'-ry-bod-y ought to love Je - su.

113

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

Copyright, 1904, by R. L. Lowry.

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su;
 2. For my per-son this - I see - Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone - Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su;
 4. This is all my hope and peace - Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.
 For my cleans-ing - this my plea - Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.
 Fought of - good that I have done - Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.
 This is all my right-ness - now - Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.

Refrain.

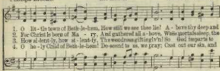
O! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

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

Phillips Brooks.

St. Louis.

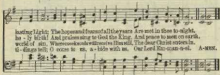
Lewis H. Babner.



1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-ben-didee deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma-ry, And gathered all a-ben-didee, The
3. How a-ben-didee, how a-ben-didee, The wondrous gift is 'neath the
4. O lit-tle Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scent to us, we pray; O'er-come our sin, and



- dream-land sleep The a-ben-didee stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev-er-
 an-gels' light: Their watch is ever bright, O morn-ing stars, to-gether Pro-claim the
 ho-mage be-fore the King of Kings: No ear may hear His coming, But in this
 ev-er-ing: So born is us to-day, We hear the Chris-tian an-gels The great-est



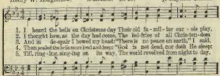
- lad-dest light: The ho-pes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night,
 lit-tle town! And pro-claim-ing to God the King, And peace to men on earth,
 world of sin, Where ev-er-where with-out the will, The dear Christ ev-er is,
 O-din-ges tell: O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el. A-men.

115 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

Henry W. Longfellow.

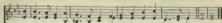
Watkins. L. M.

J. Dagister Caffie.

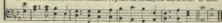


1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa-mil-iar car-ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bell-true of all Chris-tian-ty
3. And in de-spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ring-ing, ring-ing in our ears, The world resolved from night to day,

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.



And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 Had rolled along the wakened song Of peace on earth, good-will to men,
 "For hark! hark! and listen to the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
 The wrong shall fall, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 A voice, a chime, a distant jubilee, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-men.

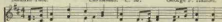


116 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

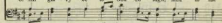
Nathan Tate.

Christmas. C. M.

George F. Handel.



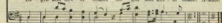
1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All sat - at
 2. "Fear not!" said he; by night - y dread Had seized their
 3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day Is born, of
 4. The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find To be - man
 5. All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the



In the ground. The an - gel of the Lord came down,
 troth-ful mind. Glad to - sing of great joy I bring.
 In - vid's son, The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord;
 view He played. All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing - bands,
 earth in peace! Good - will henceforth from heav'n to men.



And glo - ry shows a - round, And glo - ry shows a - round.
 To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
 And this shall be the sign: And this shall be the sign.
 And in a man-ger laid: And in a man-ger laid."
 He - gin and nev - er cease: He - gin and nev - er cease! A-men.



117 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

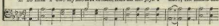
Sacred Stearns.

Ottumwa, C. M.

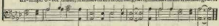
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up-on the Sav-ior's knee; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with ill compare, Among the great of men; Fair-er is
3. He now re-pleased in deep distress, And low to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



radiant light is crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He then all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
have the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, And saved us from the grave, And saved us from the grave.

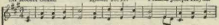


118 O Worship the King.

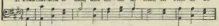
Sir Robert Goss.

Lynn, N. H.

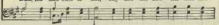
Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all - glo-ri-ous a - bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bound-ess love, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Prai-sed be Thou, and be-fore Thee we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
Right, whose can-o-py space; His char-ity of wrath the deep
air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-
scends, nor find Thee to fall; Thy mer-cies how ten-thous-
and



Worship the King.

An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and glid - ed with praise.
 thun - der - clouds be - fore, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm,
 sounds to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
 from to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

119

for Me.

Anon.

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 International Copyright Secured.

B. B. McKinney.

Sings. Slowly

1. Ta - der an east - ern sky, A - mid a rub - ble's cry,
 2. Thorn - crowned His blessed head, Blood - stained His ev - 'ry tread;
 3. Pierced His hands and feet, Three hours e - 'er His heart
 4. Thus wert Thou made all mine; Lord, make me whol - ly Thine;
 5. In life and word and deed, Thy will to do, O head

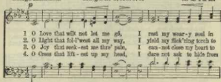
A Man went forth to die, For me, . . . for me.
 Cross - in - gen, on His spoil, For me, . . . for me.
 Flashed rays of noon - tide heat, For me, . . . for me.
 Grant grace and strength di - vine, To me, . . . to me.
 My soul, e - 'en though it bleed, To Thee, . . . to Thee.

120 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Margaret, S. S. S. S. S.

A. L. Davis.



1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
 2 O Light that bid'st me tread all my way, I yield my sick'ning torch to
 3 O Joy that seek'st not me thro' pain, I can not close my heart to
 4 O Cross that lift'st me up my head, I dare not ask to hide from



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




e - ven depths his love May rich - er, full - er be.
 sun-shine's glow his day May bright - er, fair - er be.
 prom - ise is not vain That soon shall tear - less be.
 ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

121 Over the Fire.

R. R. McK.

Copyright, 1901, by Robert R. McKim.

R. R. McKim.



O - ver the Fire, O - ver the Fire, O - ver the Fire to Je - sus;

Over the line.

Out of your night, in - to the light, Step a - void the line to Je - su.

122 Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

REVISED AND REWRITTEN BY
THEODORE T. CHISHOLM

Geo. C. Stebbins

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

If some-thing, wh - or - else it seems, I will be - lieve and rest.
If I should try to walk a - lone, My foot would sure - ly stray.
The things that be be - yond my sight, Thou se - est as they are.
In all - ah, what-ev - er great or small, - Thy will is ev - 'ry - thing.

Chorus

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

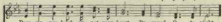
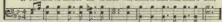
My prayer to Thee shall ev - er be Thy per - fect will be done.

Elizabeth Reed.

J. Calvin Bushop.



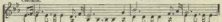
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light,
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lu-sed night;
3. Our Lord is pit-y No-gone still, And with thee thou his love re-quired
4. Our Bless-ed Lord re-fu-se no more Who would to Him their souls a-quire;



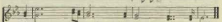
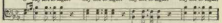
Fear sin-ter, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
 Re-turne at once thy sin-ners will, Be saved, O to-night.
 Be - lieve, o - boy, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



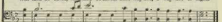
Chorus.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



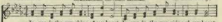
Will thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Will thou be saved, why they be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



B. B. McE.

ORIGINAL AND PUBLISHED BY B. B. McE.

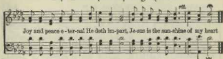
B. B. McE.



Je-sus is the sun-shine of my heart, Je-sus is the sun-shine of my heart,



The Sunshine of My Heart.



Joy and peace e - ter-nal He hath in-part, Je-sus is the sun-shine of my heart

125

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing,
Lyrics.

Geo. F. Root,
Music.



1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day. For a soul, re-
sue! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way. Wel-com-ing His

2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day. For the wan-d'rer
Yea, a soul is re-creat-ed from his sin-ful way. And is born a-

3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day. An-gels swell the
Till the joy-ful il-lu-minat-ion is far a-way. For a pre-cious

D. C.—Till the ransomed or-ang-e, like a night-y rose, Peal-ing forth the

Free, Oceans.

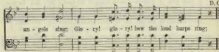


born-ing from the wild;
wee-ry, wan-d'ring child.
now is re-creat-ed
new a ransomed child.
glad tri-umphant strain!
and is born a - gain.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the

on - them of the free.

D. C.



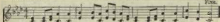
an-gels sing: Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring!

126 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

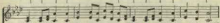
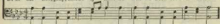
Geo. Atkins.

Holy Masses, No. 70.

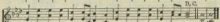
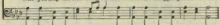
Arr.
Foss.



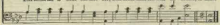
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
2. Breth-ren, see how sin - ners round you stand'ring on the brink of woe;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
3. Sin - ners, will you join and help us? Ho - nos' able - ter - ad - ed him;
D. C.—Sin - ners, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.



Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is our - lag, hell is our - lag, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trou - bling sinners Who are struggling hard with sin?



All is vain ex - cept the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One com - mend;
See our in - firmi - ties and our weak - ness, And our child - ren sick - ling down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found; A - men.



127 How Firm a Foundation.

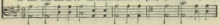
George Keith.

Foundation, 111.

Arno Steele.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye an - gels of the Lord, is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, in pos - er - ty's
3. "When thro' ter - ri - ble the path - way shall be, My grace, all suf -
4. "When down to old age, all My pow - er shall prove My sov - er - eign, +
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

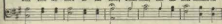


How Firm a Foundation.

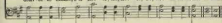
221



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
E - clies, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hear - y heav'n shall their
will not dis - sert to His love; That word, tho' all he'd should en-



you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be,
on - ly de - sign. Thy doom is con - sume, and thy gold is re - fine,
tem-ple a - down, Like lands they shall still in My love - can be borne,
doubt or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake! A - MEN.



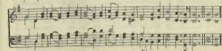
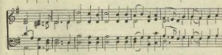
128

How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Time.]

Portuguese Hymn, 111.

Unknown.



Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady. 78. 61.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can sal - ve Thy law's de - mander;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this heaving breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 Could my soul no sin - gles know, Could my tears be - re - or flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make us pure.
 These for sin could not a - tone; Then must save, and These a - lone.
 Vile, I to the low - lym die. Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

Sarah P. Adams.

Hastings. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

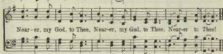
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the win - der - er. The sun goes down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steer me - to heav'n: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wal - ling thou'rt Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Court - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

212



be a cross That rule-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 a - ver-see, My rest a - choice; Yet in my dream I'd be
 send-out me, In mar-cy give'n; An-gels to back-on me,
 show-y grise Both-el I'd raise; So by my want to be
 stars for-got, Up-wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be.



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

131 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

H. B. Marsh.

First



1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the ter - rest-ri-als fly;
 2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 Make the full - er, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 4. Plan - ting grace with Thee is trust, Grace to our - er all my sin;
 Let the heav - enly stream a - bound, Make and keep me pure within.

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 D.C.—O'er - er my de - fence-less head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 D.C.—Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Mine is all a - bor - ol - ty.

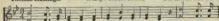


Hide me, O my Sav - er, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

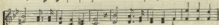
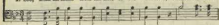
Thomas Hastings.

Winds. 11, 12, 13, 14.

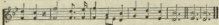
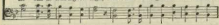
Dr. Lowell Mason.



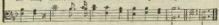
1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
 3. Let in the do-est rich flow-ers are spring-ing, Streams ev-er
 4. See, from all lands—from the Isles of the a-noon,—Praise to Je-



huds that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cent of our-rew and
 peo-ple etc of Is-rael fore-told! Hail to the roll-flow from bondage re-
 ce-ptions are glad-ing a-long; Loved from the mountain-tops wh-ere are
 ho-wah an-son-ing on high; Fall's are the an-gles of war and con-



morn-ing; Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her glad reign.
 turn-ing, Gen-tiles and Jews the blood vi-dien be-hold!
 sing-ing, Waters rise in ver-dure and sin-gle in song.
 me-ten, Shouts of sal-u-tion are ring-ing the sky. A-MEN.



Fanny J. Crosby.

HEARD BY PERMISSION.

Edw. J. Vail.



1. Then, my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for name or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Near me o'er life's tri-ful sea;



Close to Thee.

♩ 3/4

From.

D.S.—As a-long my pi-er-ous jour-ney, Sav-er, let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Glad-ly will I tell and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Then the gate of His a-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

Refrain.

D. S.

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

134

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day. L. M.

H. F. Riebach.

♩ 3/4

From.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-er and my God!
 2. Well may this glad-day heart re-joice, And tell his rap-tures all a-broad.
 3. O hap-py land, that waits my voice To Him who mer-its all my love!
 4. Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
 5. Tis done; the great transac-tion's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 6. He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
 7. Such Hap-py, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai-ly hear.
 8. Till in His let-est hour I bow, And bless His death a host so dear.

Refrain.

From.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-su washed my sin a-way!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And how re-joice-ing ev-ry day;

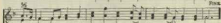
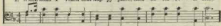
Samuel Seward.

[First Time]

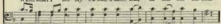
Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



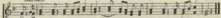
1. On Jer-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist-ful eye
2. A-l-o'er those wide-en-land-ed plains Shores one e-ver-hal-lows;
3. No still-ing winds, nor peaceful breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest!



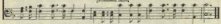
To Can-aan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And seat-less night a-way,
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are left and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?



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



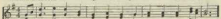
I am bound for the promised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;
 promised land.



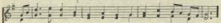
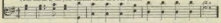
Samuel Seward.

[Second Time.]

T. C. O'Kara.



(The words of the four stanzas same as First Time.)



On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Chorus

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
cross on the ev - er - green shore, . . . Sing the song of Je - sus
and the Lamb, (by and by.) And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

137

Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. V. Harnett.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

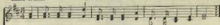
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry.
(On the ath - or side of Jer - dan, In the sweet fields of E - dan,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.)
Where the tree of life is grow-ing, There is rest for you.)

138 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

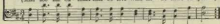
Isaac Watts.

Parson. C. M. D.

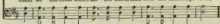
Geo. F. Root.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex-cel-les the night, And pleas-ure ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood stand dressed in liv-ing green;
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jer-u-sa-lam rolled be-tween.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
And see the Ca-naan that we love With an - in-closed-ai eyes!



There ev - er - last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er with'-ring flow'rs
But tin-yous nev - take start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but catch where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides this heart'ly land from ours.
And En-gur, shir'ring, on the brink, And hear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood should fright us from the shore, A-men.



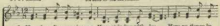
139

My Prayer.

P. P. Bliss.

Copyright, 1880, by P. P. Bliss, New York.

P. P. Bliss.



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



My Prayer.

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

140 In Evil Tong I Took Delight.

John Newton.

I Do Believe. C. M.

English Air.

1. In e - vil tong I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, TH
 2. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood, WHO
 3. Dure nev - er till my lat - est breath Cans I for - get that look: H
 4. My conscience left and owned the guilt; It plunged me in do - ubt; I
 5. A me - and look He gave, which said "I free - ly all for - give; THIS

REF.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me; And

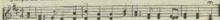
D. C.

a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ex - cuse.
 And His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood,
 seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 saw my sin His blood had quench'd, And helped to call Him there.
 blood is for thy sin - now paid: I do that thou mayst know. A - men.
 thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

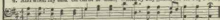
Joseph H. Gilmore.

He Leadeth Me, L. M.

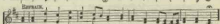
William B. Brewster.



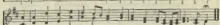
1. He lead-eth me! O Bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where life's low-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er cast - nor nor - re - pine.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's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



What - e'er I do, what - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me,
 By wa - ters still, o'er track-ed sea, - Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Oth - er, what - ev - er let I see, None 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 If death's-terrors were I will not flee, Since God thus' for - e - ver lead-eth me.



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



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



G. Duffield.

With.

G. J. Webb.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, To ad-verse of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The tramp-et call a - boy; North to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength about The arm of



Stand Up for Jesus.

my - al ham - mer, It must not suf - fer here, From vic - ty us - to vic - ty, His
 mighty arm - shot, In this His glorious day, "Ye Gent are men now men to Him," A -
 band will fall you - Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And
 ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed,
 girded with the sword of life; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppo -
 site, watch - ing on - to pray, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

143

Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary R. C. Kiehn.

Words by permission of R. B. Everett, copyright 1910.

A. B. Everett.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low and And we see
 2. That they lead us to the cold, dark mountains, look - ing His sheep, Or a - long
 3. If they lead thro' the ter - rible ho - ly, forsaking the work, Or in haste
 4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest

Chorus.

where Thy footsteps follow, Lead us to Thee,
 by the - ro - man's comrades, Help - ing the weak: Footprints of Je - sus, Ours
 of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord
 where the steps of Je - sus lead at His Cross.

make the pathway glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where'er they go.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

Bread of Life. C. & D.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
 2. Knead Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me - to me - As Thou didst knead the
 3. These art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
 4. O knead Thy Suf - fer, Lord, Now on - to me, That He may teach my

heaven be - side the sea; Be - yond the ex - tended page I seek Thee,
 bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-ages cease, All sin - ners
 truth That sav - els me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -
 gain, And make me see; Show me the truth con - cealed With - in Thy

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

Mrs. Annie B. Hawke.

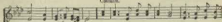
Copyright, 1892, by Mrs. Annie B. Hawke.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

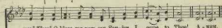
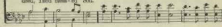
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No sin - ner vain like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Tempt - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Every Hour.

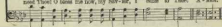
Chorus.



Thou canst peace af - ford,
 give'st When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee: Ev - 'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 dead, Thou bless - est thou.



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



146

Now the Day is Over.

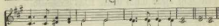
Selma Barling-Gould.

Barry, do, do.

Joseph Barry.



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



Shall - ever of the eve - ning	Shall a - cross the sky.
With Thy ben - e - dict bless - ing	May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - less tem - pest	On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bout me,	Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less	In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - men.



Shall a - cross the sky.

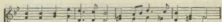
Greville Popham.

Solo.

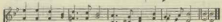
Edward J. Hopkins.



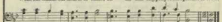
1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Dail - y doth our sins re - move;
3. Let our prayers each morn pre - vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail;
4. As the morn - ing light re - turns, As the sun with splen - did beams,



Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;
 Dail - y, far as east from west, Lifts the bar - den from the breast;
 And, as we con - tem the ails And the tempt - er's pow'r with - in,
 Teach us still to turn to Thee, Ev - er - bless - ed Trin - i - ty,



For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy con - quan - sum doth re - new,
 Given as - sought to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day.
 Ev - 'ry morn - ing, for the strife, Feed us with the bread of life,
 With our hands our hearts to raise, In un - fail - ing prayer and praise, A - men.



148 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

Thomas Kelly.

Evens, C. M.

Wm. H. Havergal.



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



The Head That Once Was Crowned.



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dems The mighty Vic - tor's brow,
The King of Kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light,
To whom no man - i - deas his love, And grants his name to know,
Their name an - ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n's. A - MEN.



149 O Beautiful, My Country!

Frederick L. Houston.

Salve Dominic.

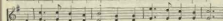
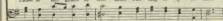
Lawrence W. Watson.



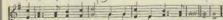
1. "O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try!" No thine a no - ble care
2. For thee our fa - thers suf - fered; For thee they toiled and prayed;
3. O beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we draw;



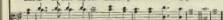
Thou art all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests war - ing left
Up - on thy ho - ly al - tar Their will - ing lives they laid.
Thou art the grace of free - dom, The maj - es - ty of law.



Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;
Thou hast no com - mon birth - right, Grand mem - ries on thee store;
Be right - eous - ness thy keep - ter, Jus - tice thy di - a - dem;

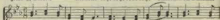


Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair free - dom's o - pen door!
The blood of pil - grims pa - throa Oen - com - pled flows in thee.
And on thy shin - ing free - hold Be peace the crown - ing gem! A - MEN.

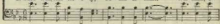


Jane C. Homer.

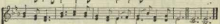
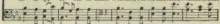
Lambert. G. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. Theodore H. Perkins.



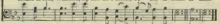
1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost is this
 4. Fare - well, nev - er - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, re -



ten - der thy; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
 ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay, Turn but for
 dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried left but a
 ter - ri - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet



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



151 Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.

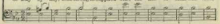
Joshua Cooper.

Halleys. ps.

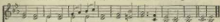
G. Haven.



1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies This blood cup of sac - ri - fice
 3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thine the life of Him who died.



Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.



Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv-ing bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live,
 Lord of life, O let us be Root-ed, graft-ed, built in Thee! A-MEN.

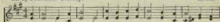


152 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

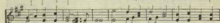
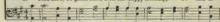
Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn, Irregular.

Ts. by Frederick Oakley.

Anon.



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - al - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Je - su, to



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

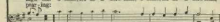


Chorus.

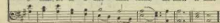


an - gels
 high - est
 peer - less:

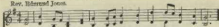
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,



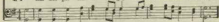
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-MEN.



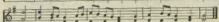
Rev. Edward Jones.



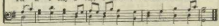
1. Come, trust - his sta - tion, in whose breast A thou - sand sinners re - solve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin hath like a mountain risen;
3. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;



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

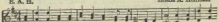


Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.



R. A. H.

Edwin A. Hoffman.



1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! We are re-
2. I praise Him for the-cleas-ing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! That re-m-
3. He cleared my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! And now He
4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-er! And hence we



What a Wonderful Savior!

Canto.

Come! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-er!
 shed my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-er! What a won-der-ful
 re-gem-ent robes there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-er!
 faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-er!

Sav-er is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a won-der-ful Sav-er is Je-sus, my Lord!

155

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. R. Willer.

Copyright, 1891, by W. R. Willer.

H. R. Palmer.

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

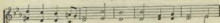
[Now is the time to seek Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Now is the time to know Him, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Je - sus can now re-deem you, (Chorus.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
 While Je-sus waits here to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 While we are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

By WILLIAM W. HOW.

Sir Joseph Barnby.



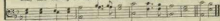
1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thine by
 2. Thine wast their rock, their fortress and their light; Thine, Lord, their
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4. O blast our sin - ners' foes, bid - low - ship di - vine, We ho - ly
 5. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's furthest coast, Thine' gates of



faith in - here the world con - quered, Thy name, O Je - su,
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thine, in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And who, with them, the
 strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
 great stream in the court - land host, Sing - ing to Fa - ther,

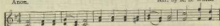


be for - ev - er blest, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 draw, their light of light, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 vic - tor's crown of gold, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Thine, for all ages Thine, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

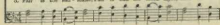


Anon.

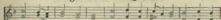
Arr. by E. B. WHITT.



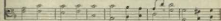
1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Bel - o - ver of all na - tures, O Thou of
 2. Fair are the moon - oons, Fair - er still the sun - shine, Bled in the
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the



Fairest Lord Jesus.



God and man the Son, There will I cheer-ly, There will I
thou-ing gift of spring; Je - sus is fair-er, Je - sus is
twi-ling, star-ry host; Je - sus shines bright-er, Je - sus shines



hon - or, There my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
per - er, Who makes the we - fel heart to sing.
per - er, Then all the an - gels heav'n's can boast.



158

Something for Thee.

R. D. Phelps.

Copyright, 1880, by Robert Lowry, Boston, Mass.

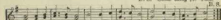
Robert Lowry.



1. Bar - ber, Thy dy - ing love Thou gave me,
Near should I sing with loud, (Chorus) Dear Lord, from Thee
2. At the blast ever-ry-where, Pleading for me,
My fee - ble faith looks up, (Chorus) Je - sus, to Thee
3. Give me a faith-ful heart, — Like-runs to Thee, —
That each de - part-ing day (Chorus) Home-ward may see
4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts are free, —
In joy, in grief, thro' life, (Chorus) Dear Lord, for Thee!



D. S. — Some-thing for Thee.



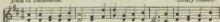
In love my soul would live, My heart faith in thee, Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to praise, or prayer,
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some word of comfort and won,
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be, Thy all a - ter - ti - ty.



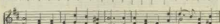
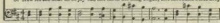
John of Damascus.

Lancashire.

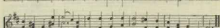
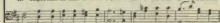
Henry Smart.



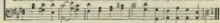
1. The day of res-ur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad; The Pass-e-ver of
2. Our hearts be pure from e-vil, That we may see a-right The Lord in rays e-
3. Now let the heart be joy-ful, Let earth her song begin; Let the round world keep



glad-ness, The Pass-e-ver of God, From death to life e-ter-nal, From
 ter-ror Of res-ur-rec-tion-light; And, be-coming to this ac-cent, May
 tri-umph, And all that is there-in; In-vi-si-ble and vi-si-ble, Their



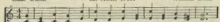
this world to the sky, Our Christ hath liv'd as a-ver With hymns of vic-to-ry,
 hear ac-cents and plain, No more "A-li-lu-ia" and bearing, May raise the vic-to-ry strain,
 notes let all things sing, For Christ the Lord hath ris-en, Our Joy that hath no end.



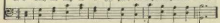
Isaac Watts.

St. Anne, C. M.

William Croft.



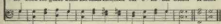
1. O God, our help in a-gone past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy throne still may we dwell se-cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev-e-rolling stream, Bears all its sons a-way;
5. O God, our help in a-gone past, Our hope for years to come;



O God, Our Help.



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

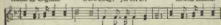


161 Work, for the Night is Coming.

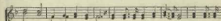
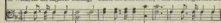
Annie L. Crochill.

Work Song. 7/8. C. D.

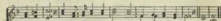
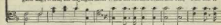
Lowell Mason.



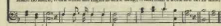
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the coming hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny hours; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright stars are



sparkling; Work and springing dew're; Work when the day grows brighter; Work in the
 in - dex, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev'-ry fly-ing tribe-let something to
 glow-ing; Work, for daylight flies; Work till the last beam fade-eth, Fade-eth to



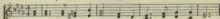
glow-ing more; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done,
 long - is there; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more,
 shin-ing more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work has'er. A-MEN.



Elizabeth C. Cleghorn.

St. Christopher.

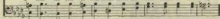
Frederick C. Baker.



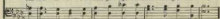
1. Beneath the cross of Je - su I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - su Mine eye all times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - hid - ing place;



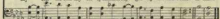
The shad - ow of a night - y hook With - in a wea - ry land,
 The ver - y dy - ing horn of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er arm - shade than The arm - shade of His face;



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



From the hurrying of the world's heat, And the burden of the day,
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worth - lessness,
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross! A - MEN.



163 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

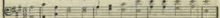
Isaac Watts.

Dunfield. C. M.

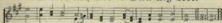
Carl Glander.



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



I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.



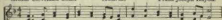
Maintain the hon - or of His word. The glo - ry of His cross,
 Nor will He put my soul to shame. Nor let my soul be lost.
 What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Tell the de - ci - sive hour.
 And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Appoint my soul a place. A-men.

164 We Are Living, We Are Dwelling.

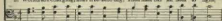
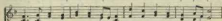
Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Ana-bis.


From Joseph Haydn.



1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing in a grand and aw - ful time.
 2. Worlds are chang - ing, hour's be - hold - ing; Then hast'en an hour to fight!

In an age on a - gas tell - ing; To be liv - ing in sub - lime.
 Now, the tri-um - phal cross un - fold - ing. On, right on - ward for the right!




Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;
 O'er let all the world with - in you For the truth's sake go a - broad!




Hark! what soundeth in cre-a - tion Groan - ing for the lat - ter day.
 Stirred let ev - 'ry nerve and sin - ew Tell on a - gas tell for God. A-men.

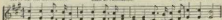


165 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

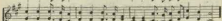
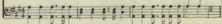
Rev. H. A. Hoffman.

Copyright, 1892, by H. A. Hoffman.

A. J. Howalter.



1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;



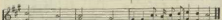
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed-ness with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.



Chorus.



Lean-ing - ing, lean-ing - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-lar-m;
Lean-ing on Je-su, lean-ing on Je-su,



Lean-ing - ing, lean-ing - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-su, lean-ing on Je-su,



166

Come Into My Heart.

Martha S. Clingan.

Copyright, 1892, by Martha S. Clingan.

Robert Mackinnon.

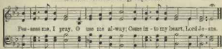
Chorus.



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



Come Into My Heart.



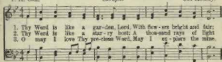
Pre-sen-ter, I pray, O use me al-way; Come in - to my heart, Lord Je-su.

167 Thy Word is like a Garden, Lord.

T. H. GILL.

Stroph.

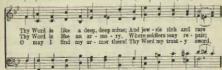
Old Melody.



1. Thy Word is like a gar-den, Lord, With flow-ers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a star-ry host; A thou-sand rays of light
3. O may I love Thy pre-cious Word, May I en-gage the mine.



And ev-'ry one who seeks may pluck A flow-er close-ly there.
Are men to guide the way - of - us, And make his path-way bright.
May I be fra-grant there - are gleams, May light up - on my mind!



Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew-els rich and rare
Thy Word is like an ar-mo-ry. Where soldiers may re-pair;
O may I find my ar-mor there! Thy Word my trust- y sword,



Are hid-den in its sight- y depths! For ev-'ry search-er there.
And first, by life's long bat-tle-day, All need-ful weap-ons there.
I'll learn to fight with ev-'ry foe The bat-tle of the Lord.

Ernest W. Schertleff.

Lancashire, ps. co. D.

Henry Smart.

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day's fierce war shall cease, And
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We'll love, not with fears; For

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

days of pur - a - ra - tion. Thy grace has made us strong, And
 not with swords and clash - ing, Nor with the stir - ring drums; But
 even in life's e'er - new; We jour - ney in his light, The

now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our hat - ble song.
 deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
 eyes a - wake the con-quest; Lead on, O God of night, A - men.

Old Melody.

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

Happy Land.



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




Sav-ior King!" Loud let His praise be sung, Praise, praise be sung
 king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign er-er more,
 our-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Glad er-er more.



170 Children of the Heavenly King.

Rev. John Carrick,

Psalm's Hymns. 78.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel.



1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
 2. We are trav-ling home to God, In the way the fa-ther trod;
 3. Fear not, death-ven-ty-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land;
 4. Lord, a-be-fore us, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-hind;



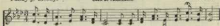

Sing your Sav-ior's wor-ship praise, Glor-ious in His works and ways.
 They are hap-py now, and we soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
 Je-sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Hide you on-dis-mayed go on.
 On-ly Thou our Lord-er-est, And we still will be-low Thee, A-men.



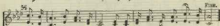
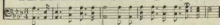
Harry J. Crosby.

COMPOSED, 1890, BY H. J. CROSBY.
LYRICS BY THE AUTHOR.

W. H. Doane.



1. Sav - or, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this float - ing, float - ing life is o'er;



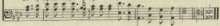
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not a - way, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, bright - er world a - love.



D. S. — May Thy lov - er love to me, Lead me ev - er, ev - er, Lord to Thee.



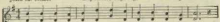
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow - er! A - men.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,



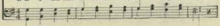
John M. Neale.

STEPHANUS, A. D. 300.

Henry W. Baker.



1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou worn dis - tress?
2. Hark! He calls to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide!
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - solve me, Will He say no thing?



Art Thou Weary?



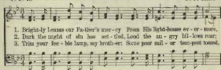
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, come-ho, be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound-pixels And His side."
 "For - row van-quished, in - for - ev - er, for - has passed."
 "Not till earth and not till Heav - en Pass a - way." A - MEN.

173 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

LYRIC BY PERMANENT.

P. P. BROS.

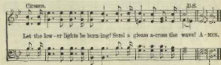


1. Bright-ly Leans our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - led, Lead the an - gry bil-lows rear;
3. Trim your low-ly lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail - or tem-pest tossed,



Not to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore,
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S. - Some poor sailing, ship-pling sea-men This way run-run, you may save.



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

Major Lodiato.



1. A friend of Je - sus, O what bliss, That none so vile as I should ev - er
 2. A friend when other friendships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail. A friend who
 3. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near, A friend as
 4. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past, A friend to



Crescendo



have a friend like this To lead me to the sky,
 gives me joy and peace, A friend when loss is - fall. Friend - ship with Je - sus,
 thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
 meet on heav - en's shore, A friend when home at last.



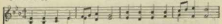

Fel - low - ship di - vine, O what blessed, sweet communion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.



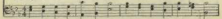
John P. Hogg.

Piano.

G. C. Straesser.



1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Be - cause in Thee my strong way;
 2. When in dan - ger, make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
 3. When I'm tempt - ed to do wrong, Make me stand fast, wise, and strong;
 4. May I do the good I know, Serv - ing glad - ly here be - low.



Father, Lead Me Day by Day.



Teach me to be pure and true. Show me what I ought to do.
 Keep me safe - ly by Thy side; let me in Thy love a - bide.
 And when all a - lone I stand, shield me with Thy mighty hand.
 Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thine own to be. A-MEN.

176

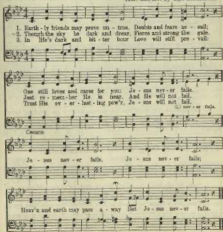
Jesus Never fails.

A. A. Luther.

Copyright, 1901, by A. A. Luther.
 Made in Germany.

A. A. Luther.

Har. and arr. by Carl Blackmore.



1. Earth - ly friends may prove us - true. Doubts and fears we - will;
 - 2. Though the sky be dark and drear, Fiends and strong the guile.
 3. In His dark and hid - den hour Love will still prove - val.


One still loves and cares for you: Je - sus nev - er fails.
 Just re - mem - ber His so true. And He will not fail.
 Trust His ev - er - last - ing pow'r. Je - sus will not fail.

Chorus
 Je - sus nev - er fails. Je - sus nev - er fails;
 Je - sus nev - er fails. Je - sus nev - er fails.

Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, Je - sus nev - er fails.



1. Still, still with Thee, when per - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee, a - lone the sun - ny shad - ows, Thee ad - mires
3. As in the dawn - ing e'er the wa - ter - less o - cean, Thee in - vites
4. When stales the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
5. He shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul



wake - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - s
hush of an - dars new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breath - less
of the morn - ing - star doth rest; He in this still - ness, Thou be -
eyes look up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy
wake - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than



er than day - light, Dawns the sweetest morn - ing - new, I am with Thee,
ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn,
hold - out on - ly Thine in - age in the wa - ters of my breast,
wings e'er - shad - ing, Not sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there,
day - light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious tho't - I am with Thee. A - MEN.

178 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

St. Agnes. C. M.

J. B. Dykes.

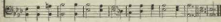


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. In vain we turn our her - mal wings, In vain we strive to rise;
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.



Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Heavenly Dove, hush on our tongues, And ever be with us.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
Come, shed abroad a Father's love, And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

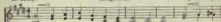


179 Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart.

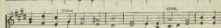
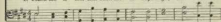
G. Crosby.

Longwood.

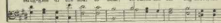
J. Barnby.



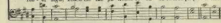
1. Spirit of God, descend upon my heart; Wean it from
2. I ask no dream, no prophetic vision, No aid from
3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
4. Teach me to feel that Thou art always right; Teach me the



earth, thro' all its passions move; Steep to my weakness, mighty
redemption of the veil of clay, No angel visitant, no
own, soul, heart, and strength, and will; I see Thy cross—there teach my
struggles of the soul to bear, To check the rising doubts, the



as Thou art. And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
opening mine; But take the dominion of my soul away,
heart to cling; Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find
rest of night; Teach me the patience of unintermitted prayer. Amen.



James Montgomery.

Spencer Lano.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Led by love de - st - al,
 2. With his-ter-ian pleasures World this vain word charms; O'er the world's treas-ures
 3. Should Thy mercy send me fur-row, toil and wea; Or should pain at-tend me
 4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I de-part from Thee, When Thou see'st me war - or, With a look re-
 spread to woe and harm; Pining to my re-mem-brance And death-ven-om
 On my path be-low; Grant that I may see - or Fall Thy hand to
 To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal

call, Nor be fear or in - our self - for me to fall.
 ne, Or, in dark-er sol-it-ude, O'er-crowd-ed Calvary.
 me, Grant that I may see - or Quot my eyes on Thee,
 still, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To a - ter-nal life. A-men.

181 Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

Jane H. Lamon.

Pharm. 78.

G. G. Stearns.

1. Sav - ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet in - sen - si - ble;
 2. With a child-like heart of love, All Thy hid - ding may I move;
 3. Love in lov - ing sim - ple - play, In a - to - dence all her joy;
 4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I own;

Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.



Sweet-er love can- not be, Let-ting Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol- low Thee, Let-ting Him who first loved me.
 Ev-er true that he will be, Let-ting Him who first loved me.
 Sing-ing, O! Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me. A-men.

182 God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

Reginald Heber.

Welsh Traditional Melody.



1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light;
 2. And when morn-a-gain shall call us To run His way.
 3. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleep-ing; And, when we die,
 Who the day be-fore hast giv-en, Per-rest the night;
 May we still, what-e'er be-fall us, Thy will ob-ey,
 May we in Thy night-y keep-ing All peace-ful be.
 May Thine an-gel-guards de- fend us, When-ber we Thy way - er
 From the pow'rs of a - vil hide us, In the nar-row path-way
 When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not then, our Lord, be-
 side us, Ho - ly dreads and hopes at-tend us This ev-ing night,
 guide us, Nor Thy smile be a - void de- ceived us The ev-ing day,
 save us, Not, to reign in glo-ry, take us With Thee on high. A-men.

J. G. Small.

PIANISSIMO BASS.

W. B. Drewberry.

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
 2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He died, he died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He died and rose and lives a - gain!

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of His, but His own self He gave me.
 He was a Chan - cel - or and Guide, He might - y a De - liver - er!

And round my heart still drew - y twice These ties which naught can sever;
 Naught that I have my own self, I hold 't for the life - er;
 From Him who loves me now so well, What joy's my soul shall ever - er!

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No, I am His for - ev - er.

184 Fresh from The Throne Of Glory.

HARRISON BROWN.

VERSE OF LYRIC. F. M.

REV. ROBERT LEWIS.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleams, Streams out the liv - ing
 2. Streams full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, She imparts these things
 3. Her - er - er - er, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but here, My soul to Thy still

Fresh from The Throne Of Glory. 381



from - tain, Be - lieve in the in - big stream; Hallowed be - er, Let me be - er Praise my
 al - lant, Not hap - py vain - as ocean; Trans - quill be - er, Let me be - er sit and
 sit - here Hallelu in the twinkling here; Ho - ly be - er, Let me be - er Delish of
 eyes on God; Hallelu be - er, Let me be - er Praise my eyes on God.
 sing for them; Trans - quill be - er, Let me be - er sit and sing by them.
 sit - by them; Ho - ly be - er, Let me be - er Delish of sit - by them.

185

Am I A Soldier.

James Weldon.

Memphis, O. R.

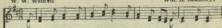
Arr. by R. M. McFadden.



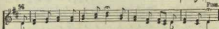
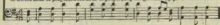
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A fol - low - er of the Lamb? And shall I bear to
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not scorn the foe? Is this the world a
 3. The saints, in all this glorious war, shall conquer tho' they die. They view the triumph
 see. His name, Or think to speak His Name? Must I be ex - posed to the spite Of
 blind to grace, To help me on, to this? Since I must fight if I would save, let
 from a - bat, And offer it with their eye. When that O - happy day shall rise, And
 Some - day look of ease? While others fought to win the prize, let not their' hearts be
 weary my message, Lord! I'll bear the load, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word
 all. Thy an - swer shine, In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skin, Thy glory shall be mine.

W. W. Wallford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



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



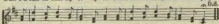
And hide me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known
Of those whose an-nu-ous spir-it's born With strong de-sires for thy re-torn
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.



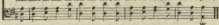
D.S. And oft re-aped the tempter's snare, By thy re-torn, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S. And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S. I'll cast on Him my ev'-ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



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

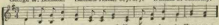


187 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Doane.

Sweetest Name, S. P. S. P.

William B. Bradbury.



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



There Is No Name So Sweet.

182

As that be - fore His won - der - ful birth To Christ the Sav - er giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - lone all oth - er.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
From sin and pain, His ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - er, Je - su.

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

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

183 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcell M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. ps. D.

Marcell M. Wells.

183

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side;
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pro - tect us in a dan - ger - ous land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tri - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth - ing left but Hail's and prayer, Won - dering if our nation were there;

D.C. — While ring soft - ly, "Wan - der, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C. — While per soft - ly, "Wan - der, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

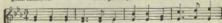
D.C. — While per soft - ly, "Wan - der, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

Wear - y souls be - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing more, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - su's blood.

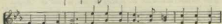
John Marriott.

Trinity, No. 95.

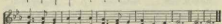
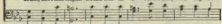
W. R. Brahm.



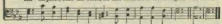
1. Thou, whose al - mighty - y word Cha - se and dark - ness heard,
 2. Spir - it of truth and love, life - giv - ing, Ho - ly Dove,
 3. Bless - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,



And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - ble pray; And where the
 Speed hath Thy flight: Move o'er the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the
 Truth, Love and Might! Record - less as a - cean's tide, Roll - ing in



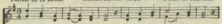
gosp - el's day Sheds not its glo - ri - ous ray, Let there be light
 lamp of grace; And, in earth's darkest place, Let there be light!
 full - on joys, Thro' the world, far and wide, Let there be light! A - men.



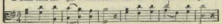
Parsons R. S. Hook.

Hymn, No. 95.

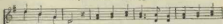
Felix de Claret.



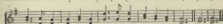
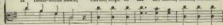
1. Come, wait - on, wife pro - claim life thro' your bar - ber shorn;
 2. Come, clasp - ing chil - dren's hands, Ste - tern from man - y lands,
 3. Work with your own - age folk, Sing of the day - break morn,
 4. Then when the gar - nered field Shall to our Mas - ter yield



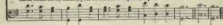
The Woman's Hymn.



Joy - er - er - more, Christ, God's of - tal-gene bright, Christ, who a-
 Thank to a - done, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and
 Your love out - pour, Share shall your love a - done, Your heart leap
 A heart-true store, Christ, hope of all the weak, Christ, whom all



reach in light, Christ, who crown you with light, Praise and a - done,
 o - ver-borne, All who in darkness were, Pray, work, yet more,
 with the more, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a - done,
 earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy er - er - more, A - men.



191 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

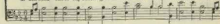
Joseph Briggs.

Windsor, L. M.

Wm. Brewster.



1. Je - sus! and shall it er - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! yet, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No
4. Till then—far is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a sin-ful stain; And,



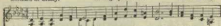
ashamed of Thee, when angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days
 when I kneel, be-fore my shame, That I no more re-vere His name,
 how to wipe, no good to cure, No heart to quell, no soul to save,
 oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-men.



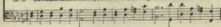
Discussion and Conclusions

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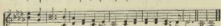
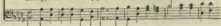
Abstract



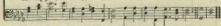
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Bows the sky over thee -
2. They stand, those hills of Zi-on, All Je - bu - st with song, And bright with many an
3. O sweet and blessed country, Shall I e'er see thy face? O sweet and blessed



plation Sick heart and voice oppressed; I know not, O I know not What joys a-
way get, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is e- or in them, The day-light
country, Shall I e'er win thy grace? Re - all, O dost and ask us! The Lord shall



wait on thee; What ra-di-ance of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare,
Is re-veal'd; The pastures of the bleas-ed are deck'd in glori-ous green,
In thy part; His on-ly, His for-er-er Thine shall be, and thou art! A-men.

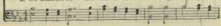


John E. Burt

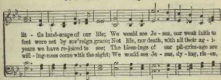
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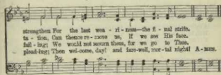
1. We would see Jo - see-for the short-own length-on A - own this
2. We would see Jo - see-the great Rock-own-er - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Jo - see-oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Jo - see-this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and



We Would See Jesus.



Be - lieved-escape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
test were not by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - e -
years we have re-joiced in now; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en,



strengthen For the last wa - ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.
to - day, Can thence re - move us, If we see His face.
hall - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Them,
plead-ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night! A - men.

194 Holy Spirit, from On High.

W. H. Doehring.

Symour. ps.

C. M. von Weber.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Deal - e'er us a pity - ing eye;
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our heart's un - god - li - ness;
3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, Hum - ily to im - prove re - bel;
4. May we dol - ly grow in grace, And per - ceive the heav'n - ly race.

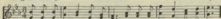


Now re-fresh the droop - ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.
Show us ev - 'ry de - viant way Where our steps have gone a - stray.
Then the Sav - ior's blood re - veal, And our lov - ken spir - it re - heal.
Trained in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - love. A - men.

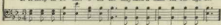
Margaret Mackay.

Rev. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



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



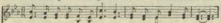
A calm and un-disturbed repose, Un-broken by the lust of sin,
With he-ly an - d-dness to sleep, That death hath lost his venom sting,
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r,
Se - cure-ly shall my soul re - lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - men.



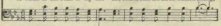
Walter O. Cushing.

Halls, E. S. S. S.

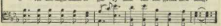
William F. Sherwin.



1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E - den! Sweet is thy moon-like vale;
2. O - ver the heart of the an-gel-ic Side-est thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,



O - ver the heart of the wear - y, Breath-ing thy waves of 'hale,
Wait-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - ed the great new song.



Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Refrain.

Deer - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,
off - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest A - men.

197

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth M.D's.

William Miller.

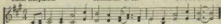
1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I feel for rest; He bids me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll
by my ar - nor ty, And dwell in peace at home! We'll work
we - ver on His loved old He - ven - dust no home.
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work
Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A - men.
We'll work

198 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

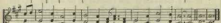
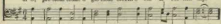
Thos. Shepherd.

Maidland. C. M.

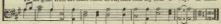
Geo. N. Allen.



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



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

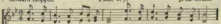


199 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

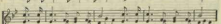
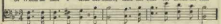
Edward Rogers.

Pilot. G. F.

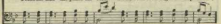
J. R. Gould.



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



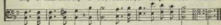
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and trench 'rons shroud;
Dread - ful waves a - boy Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Twist me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Wand'ring Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

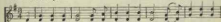


200

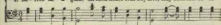
Revive Us Again.

Wm. F. Mackay.

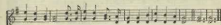
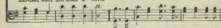
John J. Heston.



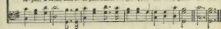
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shewn to our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



God, and be new gone a - horn.
 Sav - ior, and won - tered our sight, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 lue, and hath cleansed ev - ry stain.
 Re - vive us a - gain.



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

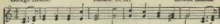


201 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lake, S. M.

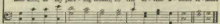
Lowell Mason.



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



- boots of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 now it hold-ly as-sa-ults, And help di-vine in-crease.
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
 take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A-MEN.

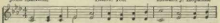


202 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

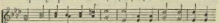
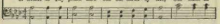
John Hiltson.

Ellen, F. M.

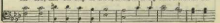
Edward J. Hopkins.



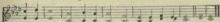
1. Sav-ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we rise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou fir-
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our hearts in



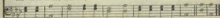
- cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to meet Thee as our
 gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the eye from sin, the
 us the dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
 ser-vice, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our



Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.



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



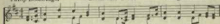
203

Awake, My Soul.

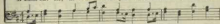
Philip Doddridge.

Christmas, C. M.

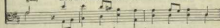
George F. Handel.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Hold thee in full sur -
3. The God's all - an - i - mous - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Most Sav - ior, in - tru - st - ed by Thee, Have I my race be -

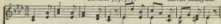


est way,
 night,
 gone,
 A heart's-ly race de - mands thy soul, And
 Far - get the steep al - road - y trail, And
 The life own hand pre - sents the prize To
 And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll

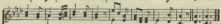
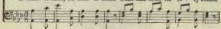


an in - mor - tal crown, And an in - mor - tal crown.
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
 thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 lay my hon - or down, I'll lay my hon - or down. A - MEN.

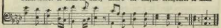
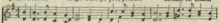


*Horton. F. F. F. F.**Kavir Schuyler.*

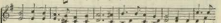
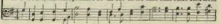
1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Then who, home-less, woe, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that cures for ev - 'ry wound,



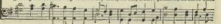
I will guide you to your home; Woe-ry pilgrim, hith-er come,
 Long hast wandered the barren waste, Woe-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
 Ye, by here - or an-gels torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
 Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter-nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.

*John R. Rode.**Angels' Song. F. F. F. F.**Arthur H. Mann.*

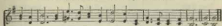
1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je - sus, Thou hast promised To all who be-lieve Thee That where Thou art in



near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the hat-red If Thou art
 dan-ge, The tempting sounds I hear; My love are ev - er near me. A-round me
 glo - ry Thou shalt Thy servant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee



O Jesus, I Have Promised.



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

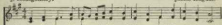


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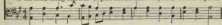
Come and Worship.

J. Montgomery.

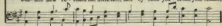
James Hingham.



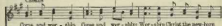
1. An-gels, from the realms of sin - cy, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Saints, be-fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-long long in hope and fear.
3. Sin-ners, wrung with true re-pent-ance, Dressed in grief in end-less pain,



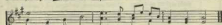
Ye, who sing ev - a - tion's glo - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
Sub-ven - dy the Lord, de-scend-ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;
Jus-tice now re - vokes the sentence, Mer - cy calls you - break your chains;



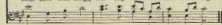
Chorus



Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship; Wor - ship Christ the new-born



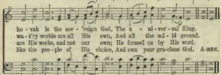
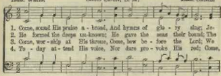
King, (new-born King.) Wor - ship Christ the new-born King.



Isaac Watts,

Silver Street, E. M.

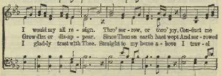
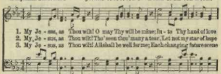
Isaac Smith.



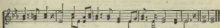
Benjamin Schrock.

Jewett, d. d. d. d. D.

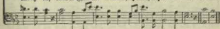
From C. M. von Weber.



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



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



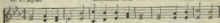
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Abide With Me.

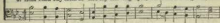
H. F. Lyte.

Evening, etc.

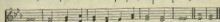
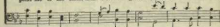
W. H. Monk.



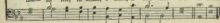
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close eldes not life's ill - de - day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; When thou' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
 gle - rise past a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 feel the tempter's pow'r! Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
 point me to the skies; Heart's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows



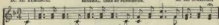
See, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 See: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
 See! Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
 See— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.



B. H. Hobson.

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C. R. Durbin.



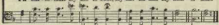
1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be-leave Thee dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,



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



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

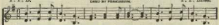


I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

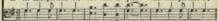
F. P. B.

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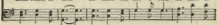
F. P. Bliss.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed!" now to be-leave; "Al-most per-suad-ed!"
 2. "Al-most per-suad-ed!" come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed!"
 3. "Al-most per-suad-ed!" har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed!"



- Christ is re - ceiv-ing; Be-cause now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way; Je-sus is-thes you here, An-gels are
 down about at last! "Al-most" can-not a-void; "Al-most" is



Almost Persuaded.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On This I'll call."
 En-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come,
 but to tell God, and, that his-ter well—"Al-most—but not!" A - MEN.

212

Why Not Now?

El Nathani.

Copyright, 1908, by C. C. Case.

C. C. Case.

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

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

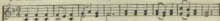
Chorus.

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

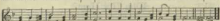
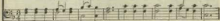
John Kubla.

Harmony, L. M.

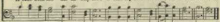
Peter Elther.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft-dews of slum-ber sleep My wear-y eye-like grow-ly sleep,
3. A-while with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Erethere' the world my way I take;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last God!—how sweet to rest Far-er-or on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-while with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-while with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heav'n a-bove, A-MEN.



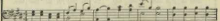
Reginald Heber.

Ninth, 11, 12, 13, 14.

Rev. John R. Dykes.



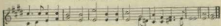
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Far-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-bore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall



men-ting our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the throne we; Cher-a-lims and ser-a-phims
 sha-ll sing Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!



Holy, Holy, Holy.



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



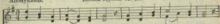
215

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous.

British Hymn, 64. 48.

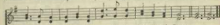
Follow the Cantorial.



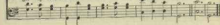
1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing.
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly One-bert-ed, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal praise - as be



Help us to praise Fa-ther, al-gle-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
 Our prayer at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy
 in this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev-er-more, His sov'-reign maj-es-ty May we in



to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-chor of Days,
 ward our souls Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend,
 ev-ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r,
 glo-ry now, And to e-ter-nal-ty Love and a-dore. A-men.

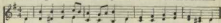


216 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak.

F. R. Havergal.

Cambridge. L. M.

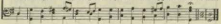
Robert Schumann.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In Thy lov-ing as-sen of Thy love;
2. Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre-cious things Thou hast in-part;
4. Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Un-til my ver-y heart o'er-flow.



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy lov-ing chil-dren lost and lone.
I may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wrap them with the truth-ful one.
And when my weakness they may reach The hid-den depths of man-y a heart,
In sin-ning tho'ts and gloom-ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

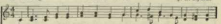


217 Eternal Father! Strong to Save.

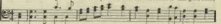
W. Whiting.

Melba. L. M.

J. B. Dykes.



1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bind the re-bel-ious wave,
2. O Sav - er, whose al-might-y word The winds and waves sub-mis-sive heard,
3. O so-cred Spir-it, who didst brood up-on the chaos dark and rude,
4. O Tri-ni - ty of love and pow'r! Our brethren's shield in dan-ger's hour;



Who biddest the night-y a - mean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep;
Who walk'st out on the foam-ing deep, And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep;
Who lead'st us on - grey to-morrow's ocean, And giv-est light, and life, and peace;
From rock and tem-pest, fire and foe, Pro-tect them where-so-e'er they go.



Eternal Father! Strong to Save.



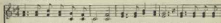
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For thou art Je - su on the sea,
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For thou art Je - su on the sea,
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For thou art Je - su on the sea,
Thou art Je - su on the sea, For thou art Je - su on the sea, A MEN.



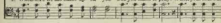
218 Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kibler.

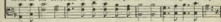
W. O. Perkins.



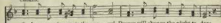
1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up - on you Did you think to pray? When your soul was



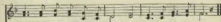
Christ, our Sav - er, Did you sue for for-giv-ing in - ner, As a shield to-day?
Love and mer - cy Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
Grace, thy breath-er, That you might for-give an-oth - er Who had crossed your way?
Loved in mer - cy, Hail of Oil - and did you bar - rer At the gates to-day?



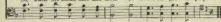
Chorus.



O how pray-ing rests the soul - ry? Prayer will change the night to day!



So, when life seems dark and drear - y, Don't for-get to pray.

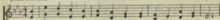


219 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

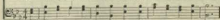
John Newton.

St. Peter. C. M.

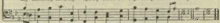
A. R. Reinagle.



1. How sweet the name of Je - su sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Fear none! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
4. Je - su, my Shep-herd, Reath-er, Friend, My Prop-h-et, Priest and King.



- It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 It makes us to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
 My nev - er - fail-ing treas-ure, Giv-ing bound-less stores of grace!
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring. A - MEN.



220 More Love to Thee.

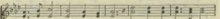
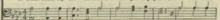
Elizabeth Prentiss.

CHORUS BY HENRIETTA.

W. H. Doane.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Near Thee the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Thee shall my lat - est breath While - ver Thy praise! This is the



- prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest pleas-
 ure I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still my prayer shall be;



More Love to Thee.

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.

221

My Prayer.

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1900, by B. B. McKim, New York.

B. B. McKim.

1. Take me, oh Lord, I now can see Thy precious will is best for me;
2. Bend me, oh Lord, with all my pride Let all-things please be cruci-fied;
3. Make me, oh Lord, com-pletely Thine, Fill Thou my life with pow'r di-vine;

Just as I am, tho' weak and small, I yield my life, my all.
Oh, bend and purge this heart of mine, Give me a heart like Thine.
Own me, and use me, Lord, I pray, Tho' evil's lit-tle day.

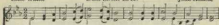
Chorus.

Just as I am, oh take me, Bend me, oh Lord, or break me,
Bend me, oh Lord, and make me Af-ter Thy will di-vine.

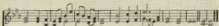
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street, L. M.

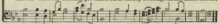
John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign when e'er the sun Does his eve-ning last rays cast;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall ead-ling prayer be made, And ead-ling praise be crown'd His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song.



- His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till waters shall wax and waste no more.
While western eagles own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name His sweet perfume shall fill the With ev - 'ry morn-ing sun - si - de.
And in - fast vo - ces shall pre-claim Their earthly bleedings on His name. Amen.



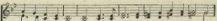
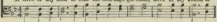
Mary A. Thomson.

Tullaga, P. M.

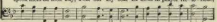
James Walsh.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-son high ad - vanc - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-ands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-ness
3. Pre-claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue and na - tion That God is When they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to

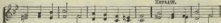


- world that God is light; That He who made all na-tions is not with-ling
prie - on-ness of sin, With news to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move in love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

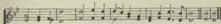
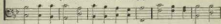


O Zion, Hasten.

TRIO.



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



Ti-ings of peace; Ti-ings of Je-sus, Re-deem-er and re-lieve. A-MEN.

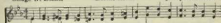


224 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

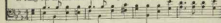
George W. Doane.

Doane, L. M.

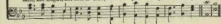
J. Baptiste Collins.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend in arm-ies al-bone o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heav'n's hands shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-ners' souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine; For



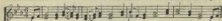
men that light its shin-ing hills, The cross on which the Son of God,
vain-ly seek to con-quer here! The won-der of the love di-vine,
na-there crowd-ing to be born, Eng-age their spir-its in His light.
truth in faith his re-deem-er here, And spring in-mor-tal in - to His
still, nor might, nor over-comes; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN.



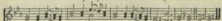
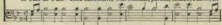
Charlotte Elliott.

Hindworth, L. M.

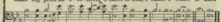
William R. Bradbury.



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



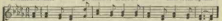
that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 That when blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 lips and face with-eth, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-men.



Horatius Bonar.

Jerusalem, C. M. D.

Arr. from Speller.



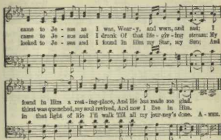
1. I heard the voice of Je - su say, "Come on - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - su say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - su say, "I am this dark world's light;



lay down, then wear-y one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast," I
 The lie - ing wa - ter thirst-y one, "Shoop down, and drink, and live." I
 Look on - to Me; thy more shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.



came to Je - sus as I was, Wear-y, and worn, and sad; I
 came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
 looked to Je - sus and I kneel In His my Star, my Sun, And
 hand in His a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 in that light of His I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done. A - men.

227

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Handy.

Copyright, 1902, by E. W. Handy.
Published by E. W. Handy.

J. S. Morris.



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

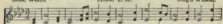
say. — Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He
 hear my Sav - ing call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
 with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the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

228 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

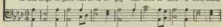
Isaac Watts.

Anon. C. M.

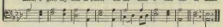
Hugh Wilson.



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



He de-vote that ex-cel-lent head For such a worm as I
 mar-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yeard de-gred
 Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—Thy all that I can do. A - MEN.

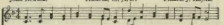


229 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

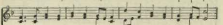
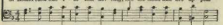
John Newton.

Anon. L. M.

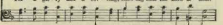
Francis J. Haydn.



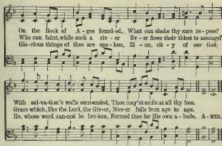
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Ti - me, rit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e - ter-nal love,
3. Be-cause each hab-i-ta-ble earth lov-ing, has the dead and fire ap-pear



Ha, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup-ply thy woes and laugh-ter, And all fear of woe re-mov'd
 For a glo-ry and a crow-n'g, Show-ing that the Lord is near!



Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?
 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, da - y of our God;

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

230 So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Wareham, L. M.

William Knapp.



1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The lov - ing gen - eral we pro - fess;
2. These shall we best pro - claim a - broad The lov - ers of our Sav - ing God;
3. Our flesh and senses must be de - nied, Pas - sion and an - ny lust and pride;
4. He - ly - ten hearts our eyes - tie up, While we ex - port that bound - ed hope,

So let our words and virtuous lives, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine,
 When His sal - va - tion reigns within, And grace en - dows the pow'rs of sin.
 While justice, truth, peace, love and love, Our in - ward pi - a - ty ap - pears.
 The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on His word. A - MEN.

231 O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink.

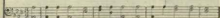
William H. Hathorn.

Evans, C. M.

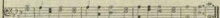
William H. Hathorn.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink Tho' pressed by man - y a foe.
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain. Be - cause the cross 'sling red.
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out.
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what e'er may come.



- That will not trem - ble on the brink Of per - il - ty or war.
But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean up - on its God.
That, when in dan - ger, knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.
I taste e'en now the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home. A - MEN.



232 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

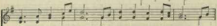
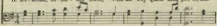
Hayward.

Lücher, A. S. A. S. A. S.

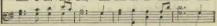
Wolfgang Schneller.



1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thy day of sa - cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De - scend, ce - les - tal Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs, De -



- hall Thy king re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments meet: From
weep - ing, Lord ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav - io's love, And bless the sa - cred hour: Then



Welcome, Delightful Moen.

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

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

I seek to reach

233 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond.

Psalm's Hymns, 72.

Ignace J. Pleyel.

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

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

Sir John Bowring.

Ravden, &c. &c.

Thomas Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Thro' the o'er the works of time; All the
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Sorrow, distress, and tears annoy, Say - or
 3. When the sun of life is bounding light and love up - on my way, From the
 4. Pain and bleeding, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is

light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its hallowed shrine.
 shall the cross be - take me; Let it glow with peace and joy.
 cross the ra - diance streaming Aids me here - to the day.
 there that bring no more - woe, Jests that thro' all time a - tide. A - men.

235 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

Hym. A. P. S. P. P. P.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, PD - guide thro' this bar - ren
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my an - i - mous heart sub -

side; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful
 bow; Let the A - my, heav'n - ly pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
 side; Bear me thro' the suck - ling cur - rent, Lead me safe on Ca - naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
 strong: Strong De - ly - ver, Be Thou still my strength and shield;
 voice: Songs of praise - as I will ev - er give to Thee,

Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - ly - ver, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of praise - as I will ev - er give to Thee, A - men.

236

'Tis Midnight.

William R. Tappan.

Chor's Verse, L. M.

William R. Bradbury.

1. 'Tis midnight; and an Olive's bough The star is shrouded that lately shone; The
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Father wroth has here with thorns; I'm
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' souls The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from other-places he borrows the song that angels know; Un-

mid- night; in the gar - den now, The suf - f'ring Sav - ior prays a - lone.
 that Je - su - christ when He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 He that hath to an - gels' knees he not for - sake - en by His God.
 heard by man - kind are the strains That sweetly soothe the Father's woes. A - men.

Mrs. Cecil P. Alexander.

Gallie, A. P. A. P.

William H. Jack.

1. Je - sus calls us e'er the in - vest Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the war - ship Of the vain world's golden shore,
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call.

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

Joseph Scriven,

Common, A. P. A.

Charles C. Converse.

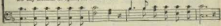
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Over-buried with a load of care!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry In - try-ting to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

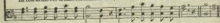
What a Friend.



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



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



239

Amazing Grace.

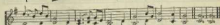
John Newton.

Metastock. C. M.

Arr. by R. O. Russell.



1. A - mar - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - vered; How
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, with and without, I have al - ready come; Th
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've



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

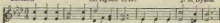


240 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

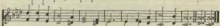
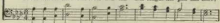
Revered,

St. Agnes, C. M.

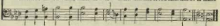
J. R. Dykes.



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



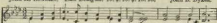
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
A sweeter word than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A - men.



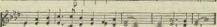
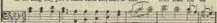
241 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman, *Latin Hymns*, 10. p. 10. p. 10. 10.

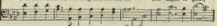
John R. Dykes.



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



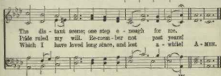
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er bog and barren, till The night is gone,



Lead, Kindly Light.



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
 I loved the gar - ble day, and, spite of hours . . .
 And with the morn'g stars an - gel ta - ble smile . . .



The dis - tant scene; one step a - nough for me,
 Thy lead my will re - com - ber not past years
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

242

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Devoti. S. M.

Harry G. Kargell.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The sol - lemn
 2. Ho - ly our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our tears, our
 3. We share our na - tional woes, Our na - tional bur - dens bear; And oft - en
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us he - ward pain; But we shall
 ship of kin - dred souls is like to that a - bove.
 hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares,
 for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - this - ing tear.
 still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

243 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

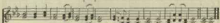
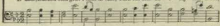
Rev. Joseph Grigg.

Rev. L. M.

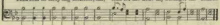
John E. Gould.



1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be - fore,
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With roving heart and in - dex hand;
3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need;
4. How, armed with great - er love than this; Turn out His en - e - my and this,



Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match - less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His love.
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That well - be - stop - ping monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in. AMEN.

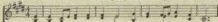


244 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

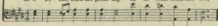
William W. How.

St. Marks, p. 6, p. 8, D.

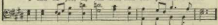
Justin H. Knobel.



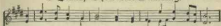
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo, that hand is barred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cuse - ment and law,



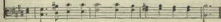
In low - ly pa - thos wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er;
And thence Thy brow in - cre - dia, And thence Thy face have turned;
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so!"



O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.



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



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

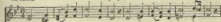


245 Holy Ghost, With light Divine.

A. Reed.

Always, ps.

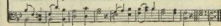
Gottschalk.



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



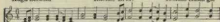
Chase the shadow of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held de-mi-lion o'er my soul.
Did my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-dream, Reign supreme—and reign alone. A - men.



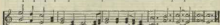
Hugh Stowell.

Rehearsal. L. M.

Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woe, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus dwells Tho' all of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits dwell, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aye, When tempted, dis-a-late, dis-tayed; Or



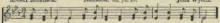
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis bound beneath the mer-cy - seat.
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
 numbered far, by faith they meet: Around one common mer-cy - seat.
 how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring souls no mer-cy - seat! A - MEN.



Robert Robinson.

Metrical. 8s. 7s. Ds.

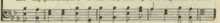
John Wych.



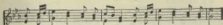
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'-ry bless-ing, Turn my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Ho - san - na - mer; Hail - er by Thy help I'm saved;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dail - y I'm constrained to be!



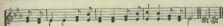
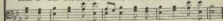
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er cease-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, E'er a let - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:



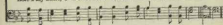
Come, Thou Fount.



Thou art mine ever - e - ven now - yet, Sing by flow - ing foun - tain a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount - I'm fixed up - on it - Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
Ho, to re - new me from dan - ger, In - ter - pose Thy precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - men.



248 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Harvard, L. M.

L. Woodbury.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow into glad - ness down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pen - ceil but too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And poor con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to Thee bleed.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thine com - pass so rich a crown?
Love so a - bounding, so di - vine, De - crease my soul, my life, my all. A - men.



F. R. Havergal.

Wm. R. Seaforth.

1. Take my life, and let it be God - me - crad - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be South and heav - n - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my all - my and my gold, Not a mine world I will - hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;

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

Take my hands and let them move At the in - pul - se of Thy love,
 Take my voice, and let me sing Always, on - ly, for my King,
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise,
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

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

Thomas Kelly.

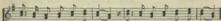
Harnall. E. F. S. F. F. F. F.

Lowell Mason.

1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces swell the note of praise a - bove!
 2. Je - sus, hail whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
 3. Sur - ge, hos - tena Thine ap - pear - ing; Being, O bring the glo - rious day.

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
 Lord of life, Thy will on - Earth - ens, Cheers and charmes Thy saints on earth;
 When, the air - ial arm - y comes hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!

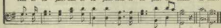
Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.



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



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

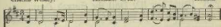


251 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley.

Musical. C. M.

Harold.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find His life - giving up my head, He brings sol - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stand fast - ly be - lieve
4. When God is wise, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pre - pared,



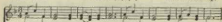
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of life - er - est.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
Then will re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And so Thy - self re - ceive.
I taste an - gi - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest. A - men.



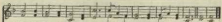
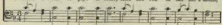
John Barton.

Alto. ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯.

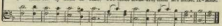
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to guide me when I roam; Mine to show a sin - ner's home;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Sol - ving in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rob - of sin - ner's doom;



- Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pur - sue or re - ward;
 Mine to show by fir - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
 O then ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure, thou art mine. A - MEN.

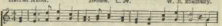


253 With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day.

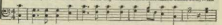
Harriet Acher.

Organ. C. M.

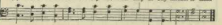
W. B. Bradbury.



1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called His own; With
2. Spir - it of grace, O do thou to dwell With - in Thy church in - low! Make
3. Let peace with - in her walls be heard; Let all her sons a - rise, To
4. Great God, we hail the sa - cred day Which Thou hast called Thine own, With



- joy the sin - ners we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne,
 her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure in - vo - cation glow,
 spread with grate - ful soul a - round Her clear and shin - ing light,
 joy the sin - ners we o - bey To wor - ship at Thy throne. A - MEN.



254 O Master, let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladston.

Marjory. L. M.

H. P. Smith.

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

Tell me Thy as-cend; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward foot to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In truth that strikes apha-never wrong.
In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-men.

255 Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be.

Marianne Hoven.

Just As I Am. S. S. S. S.

Joseph Barry.

1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, who love me.
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my want to pay.
3. I would live or - or in the light; I would work or - or for the right;
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be.

Unison

To con-sa-crate my-self to Thee, O Je-sus Christ, I come.
With no re-serve and no de-lay, With all my heart I come.
I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, in Thee I come.
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee, Lord of my life, I come. A-men.

256 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

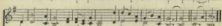
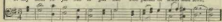
William Cropper.

Rehearsal. C. M.

William Gardiner.

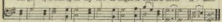


1. What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-tic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies His gra-cious light and heat;
3. Let ev-er-last-ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re-joices to per-mane The paths of truth and love.



It gives a light to ev-ry age; It gives, but has no end.
His truth up-on the na-tions rises; They rise, but never end.
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.

THE glo-ry breaks up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.

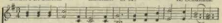


257 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

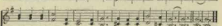
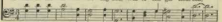
Bernard D. Barton.

Lambeth. C. M.

A. Schott.

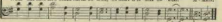


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wand'ring stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Pil-lar of fire, thro' watch-as dark, Or ra-diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev-er-liv-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son;



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

A - MEN.



258 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

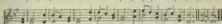
Frank Mason North.

Germany. L. M.

Arr. from Beethoven.



1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where meet the crises of race and clime.
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On cloud-ey'd thrones holds dark with beams.
3. The cup of sin - ter giv'n for Thine still holds the freshness of Thy grace.
4. O Man - ter from the mountain side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;



A - have the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where tides the hordes of greed, We catch the vision of Thy train.
Yet long these soul - & - bodies to see The sweet - rom - pas - sion of Thy face.
A - mong these rest - less throngs abide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain. A - MEN.



259 Let Us With a Gladsome Mind.

Immortal. F. F. F. F.

John Milton, 1633. Altered.

Arr. from Handel, 1748.



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



For His mer - cies eye en - dures, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er true,
Who by all com - mand - ing might, Filled the new - made world with light.
Thro' un - ad - mired to - limes by night, Mid her spar - gled shad - ows bright.
For His mer - cies eye en - dures, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er true. A - MEN.



260 God is love; His Mercy Brightens.

J. Bowring.

W'ham.

Carl Maria von Weber.



1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens all the path in which we rove;
2. Change and change are less-er ev-er; Man de-says, and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-ens mem-ory Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twines Hope and con-duct from a-bove;



When He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love,
 But His mer-cy wash-eth sor-ow; God is wis-dom, God is love,
 From the gloom His bright-ness streams; God is wis-dom, God is love,
 Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - men.



261 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

William F. Floyd.

Reynolds, S. M.

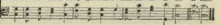
Lowell Mason.



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



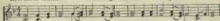
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En-trus-ty to Thy care,
 Pleas-ing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee,
 Those hands my cru-el-ty had pierc'd Are now my guard and guide,
 And, aft-er death, at Thy right hand I shall for-ev-er be. A - MEN.



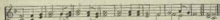
Rev. Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

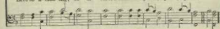
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, None in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Scar-ces and love flow mix'd-glad down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a present far too small



- My rich-est gain I count but loss, And poor contempt on all my pride,
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fee them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compass so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.

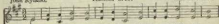


263 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

John Ryland.

Anson. C. M.

Carl O. Glaser.



1. In all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll per - me
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll bid - low where He goes;
3. Thro' du - ty, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His com-mand;
4. And when my Sov - er - eign calls me home, Will this my cry shall be,



- His - der me not ye much-lov'd sa-cre, For I must go with you.
 His - der me not shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell up - pose.
 His - der me not for I am bound To my In - men - ed's land.
 His - der me not, come, welcome death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee! A-men.



264 Come, let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

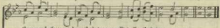
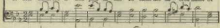
Isaac Watts.

Harwich, C. M.

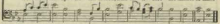
Samuel Stanley.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten
2. "Wor- thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt- ed there;" "Wor-
3. thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt- ed there;" "Wor-
4. thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt- ed there;" "Wor-



then-said Ex-cel-sit are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
thy the Lamb," our lips re- ply, "For He was slain for us."
bles-sings more than we can give, Ho, Lord, be-ex- alt- ed Thine.
Him who sits up- on the throne, And to a- dore the Lamb A-MEN.



265 I love To Sing Of Heaven.

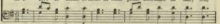
L. Hartough.

Danbur, S. M.

Chas. W. Dyer.



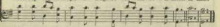
1. I love to sing of heav'n, Where white-robed an-gels are; Where
2. I love to think of heav'n, Where my Re-deem-er reigns; Where
3. I love to think of heav'n, That prom-ised land so fair; Oh,



CHO.—There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there; In
D. C.



many a friend is gath-ered nigh From heart and soul and ear,
rap-turous songs of tri-umph rise, In ec-stasy, joy-ous strains,
how my rap-tured spir-it longs To be far-er - er there. A-MEN.



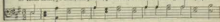
Heav'n's a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

Charles Wesley,

Anon. C. M.

Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-tious Man-sion and my God, As-sist me to pre-claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; Th
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-c'ring sin, He sets the pris-on-er free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye



glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-um-phant of His grace,
spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name,
no sin in the sin-ner's name, The life, and health, and peace.
Blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-tal-ler for me.
Blind, be-held your Sav-ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.



267 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

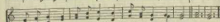
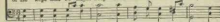
Sam. Roddam.

Anon. S. M.

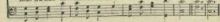
Lowell Mason.



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



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

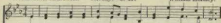


268 There Is a Green Hill far Away.

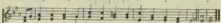
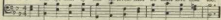
Cecil Francis Alexander.

Musky. C. M.

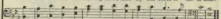
William Horley.



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall.
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear.
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good.
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin.
5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved! And we must love Him too.



Where the dear Lord was cry - ed - dead, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His work to do. A-MEN.

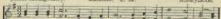


269 Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

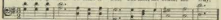
James Montgomery.

Lambeth. C. M.

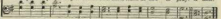
Anonymous.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Un-tired or un - en - pressed;
2. Prayer is the low - der of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear.
3. Prayer is the con - trite sin-ner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways;
4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris-tian's an - dre -
5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way.



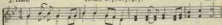
The mo-tion of a kid-dren's fire That trem-bles in the breast.
The up-ward glance-ing of an eye, When none but thou is near.
While an-gels in their songs re-joice And cry "Be - hold, be pray-er!"
His watch-word at the gates of death; He en-ters heav'n with prayer.
The path of prayer Thy-self hast trod: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



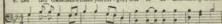
J. Hart.

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

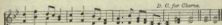
Arr.



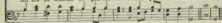
1. Come, ye sick - ness, poor and needy, Weak and wearied, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thir - sty, come, and welcome, God's free born - ty glo - ri - ty;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you fin - ger, Nor of it - self lead - ly dream;



Chor.—I will arise and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms.

*D. C. for Chorus.*

- Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev'ry grace that brings you right.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quireth is to feel your need of Him. A - men.



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

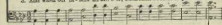
R. H. Dwyer.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

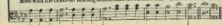
H. C. Zeman.



1. Ye Chris - tian her - ald! go pro - claim Sal - va - tion thro' In - creas - ed's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming sword your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bers all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

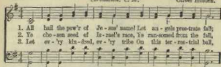


- Ye Je - hovah's chosen the ti - fling bear, And plant the Cross of Shiloh there.
Mid rag - ing winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood - be - tiling to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - men.



Circulation, C. M.

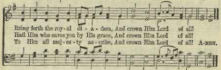
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pen-etrates fall;
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-ra-el's race, Ye man-sions from the fall,
 3. Let ev-ry kin-dred, ev-ry tribe On this ter-ri-ble ball,



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



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

Miller's Lane, C. M.

William Shrocklee.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pen-etrates fall, Bring forth the roy-al

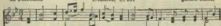
di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all A-men.

274 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

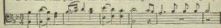
E. Ferronet.

Diadem, C. M.

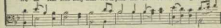
James Ellor.



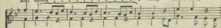
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels praise him.
2. Ye cho - on and of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin' dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - re - strial ball,
4. O that with you, dar - en - ced through We at His feet may fall,



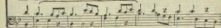
Let an - gels praise him; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - re - strial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song.



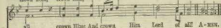
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him.



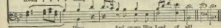
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him.



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



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



And crown Him Lord of all

275 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

M. H. Rowley.

NEW YORK: G. & C. GAYLARD, 1871. BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, MUSICIANS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Peter F. Billborn.



1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
 3. I was broken, but Je - sus healed me, Fast was I from many a fall,
 4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, For - row a path I oft - en tread,
 5. He will keep me till the ris - ing, He'll be my wa - ter at my feet;



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

Chorus.



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



Christ who died for me, Sing it with . . . the solists
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo - ry, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.
 the solists in glo - ry, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.

276 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

Copyright, 1900, by R. H. McDaniel.
New York: G. Schirmer, Inc.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

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

soul Like the sea billows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

J. W. Van DeVenier.

Copyright, 1901, by J. W. Van DeVenier, 214 Broadway, New York.

W. S. Wooster.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
 2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
 3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet-ness - men - can find;
 4. I cross the wide-o - cean - ad - of fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me.

And with the sun - light of His love I'd all my dark-ness flee.
 How - er - or dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind,
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 He - hold the bright-ness of His face, There - out a - ber - ra - ty.

Chorus.

Sun-light, sun-light is my need to - day, to - day, yes, Sun-light, sun-light

all a - long the way; Since the day - I found you,

Take a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with-in.
 load of sin,

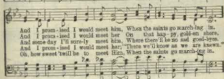
278 When the Saints Go Marching In.

Words adapted and arr. copyright, 1901, by ROBERT H. MCKINNEY.
Written by R. B. McKINNEY.

Arr by R. B. McKinney

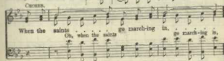


1. I had a lov-ing broth-er, Death re-leased him from sin.
2. I had a pre-cious sis-ter, She has gone on to - live.
3. I have a Christ-like fa-ther, Far be-yond the blue skies.
4. I have a dear, sweet moth-er, Sing-ing 'round the white throne.
5. I have a liv-ing Par-son, He re-deemed me from sin.



And I prom-ised I would meet him, When the saints go march-ing in.
And I prom-ised I would meet her On that hap-py, gold-en shore.
And some day I'll sore-ly meet him, Where there'll be no end good-bye.
And I prom-ised I would meet her, There we'll know as we are known.
Oh, how sweet 'will be to meet Him, When the saints go march-ing in.

Chorus.



When the saints go march-ing in, go march-ing in,
Oh, when the saints go march-ing in, go march-ing in.

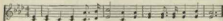


When the saints go march-ing in, Lord, I want to



be in that num-ber, When the saints go march-ing in.
In that num-ber, in that num-ber.

C. H. O.

Mus. *Adapted from the "Hymns of the Church of Christ,"* Chas. H. Gabriel.


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




And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, so - low.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, That sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To con - sert Him in the air - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bar - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy then' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



Chorus.



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




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



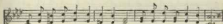
L. R. R.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY L. R. RICHARDS.
REVISED BY THEODORE THAYER.

L. N. Bridgman.



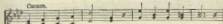
1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus while-pers-sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord fill'd my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-ess of His grace, Beat-ing 'neath His shed-d'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross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



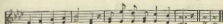
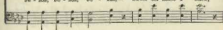
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still. In all of life's ebb and flow,
Je-sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the shud-d'ring chords again.
All-ways look-ing on His smile-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His foot-prints all the way.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



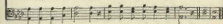
Chorus.



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



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



Mrs. Frank A. Brock.

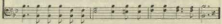
Grand Chorus Teller.



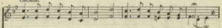
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ing, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;



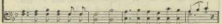
When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me!
 But a blink - of day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen
 When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



Chorus.



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



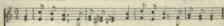
Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



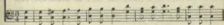
Rev. W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1891 and 1892, by W. C. Martin.

R. B. Lorenz.



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



It makes my joys full and com - plete, The precious name of Je - su.
 Who bids all sin - ful tears de - part—I love the name of Je - su.
 Its me - lo drives the sad - en heart; Ex - alt the name of Je - su.
 Oh, let its praise be ev - er sweet, Oh, praise the name of Je - su.

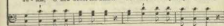
1. The precious name



Chorus.



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



"Je - su," let all saints pre - chine: Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise



233 Talk It All Over With Jesus.

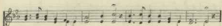
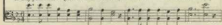
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B. B. McK.

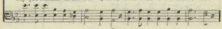
B. B. McKinney.



1. If you are burdened with grief and woe, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;
2. When you are tempted and tried by sin, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;
3. If you are wear-y of toil and strife, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;
4. Lay your heart a-pen at His dear feet, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;



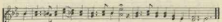
Peace and contentment He will be-stow, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.
O - ver the world He will help you win, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.
If you would master your dai - ly life, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.
Joy you will find "at the mer - cy seat," Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.



Chorus



Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus, With Je - sus, your Sav - ior,



He's waiting so near To comfort and cheer, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.



R. H. Stevin.

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D. D. McKinney.



1. Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
2. With us when we are dis-pear- aged, Sow-ing truth and reap-ing none;
3. With us when the storm is sweep-ing O'er our path-way dark and drear;
4. With us in the lone-ly val-ley When we reach the old-ly tide;



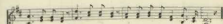
Then the ris-ing Sav-ior wide-pers From His dwelling place a-bove.
Tell-ing us that in the fa-ture Gold-en harvests shall be won.
Wash-ing hope with-in our bos-oms, Still-ing ev'ry anx-i-ous fear.
Lighting up the steps to glo-ry O-ver on the oth-er side.



Chorus.



Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, "E-ven to the end of the world."



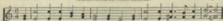
He'll di-rect us, He'll pro-tect us, "E-ven to the end of the world."



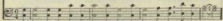
Grove Ranch.

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D. D. McKinney.



1. I know the Bi-bble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto-ry of Christ is true, His vir-gin, glo-ri-ous birth,
3. I know the Bi-bble is whol-ly true, For peace it gave me with-in;
4. Tho' long de-cay with a spir-it held The mes-sage old, but still new,



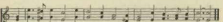
In-spired and ho-ly, the liv-ing Word, I know the Bi-bble is true.
His life, His death, and the e - - pen tomb, And His re-torn to the earth.
It feeds me, com-forts me day by day, And gives me vic-t'ry o'er sin.
Its truth is sweet-er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi-bble is true.



Chorus.



I know, . . . I know, I know the Bi-bble is true; . . .
I know, I know, is true!



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



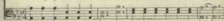
B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1911, by B. B. McKim.
Published by B. B. McKim, New York.

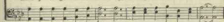
B. B. McKimsey.



1. Won-der-ful words of the Mas - ter, Won-der-ful mes-sage sub - lime;
2. Still the glad mes-sage is ring - ing Out from e - ter - ni - ty's shore;
3. Look-ones a - round us are dy - ing, Out in the shad-ows so dim;
4. Lift-ing up Je - sus by liv - ing Lives that are faith-ful and true;



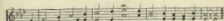
Test - ed and tried by all na - tions, O - ver the cy-cles of time,
Hear the sweet song of sal - va - tion Spoken by Je - sus once more,
We would lift Je - sus be - fore them That He may draw them to Him,
Read - y to go at His bid - ding, Read-y His serv-ice to do.



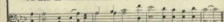
Chorus.



"And I, if I be lift - ed up from the earth, . . .
"And I, if I be lift - ed up from the earth,



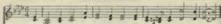
I'll draw all men from chains of sin, I'll draw all men in - to Me."



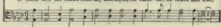
B. D. McK.

OFFICIAL HAIL BY HENRY D. LADDEN.
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE, 1906.

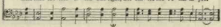
B. D. McK (sopr.).



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



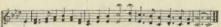
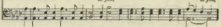
Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
 Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth-ers see Je-sus in you?
 To find some words that you have won; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
 And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.



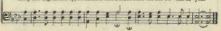
Cantata.



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



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



Love Is the Theme.

By Mrs. F. M. A. F. F. F.

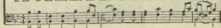
A. C. F.

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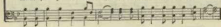
Albert C. Fisher.



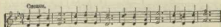
1. Of the themes that men have known, One ex-cel-si-ty stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the angels their tri-bute bring.
3. Sweet the Lord my soul en-compass, I am tell-ing all a-round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas-ter came.



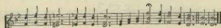
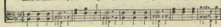
There's a - gain it has shown, — The His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true praise-on sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 For-ces, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Si-m-ple, call ye on His name, — Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



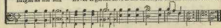
Chorus.



Love is the theme, Love is ex-cel-si-ty; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-shown;



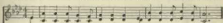
Bright as the sun Ever it glows! Love is the theme, E-ver-esternal A-MEN.



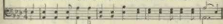
B. B. McK.

MUSIC BY B. B. MCKINNEY.
PUBLISHED BY G. S. PETERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

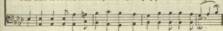
B. B. McKinney.



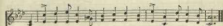
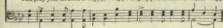
1. When you are wea-ry and sore up-pressed, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you rise, To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, woe in hand-ags, why long-er roam in sin's en-trail-ing dis-may?



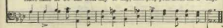
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend di-vine, And pray your troubles a-way.
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.




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



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



Palmer Hartnough. Copyright, 1891. *Published by J. H. Fildes, Boston.*



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

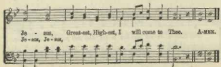


Things that are higher, things that are no-ber, These have al-tered my sight.
 He is the true One, He is the just One, He teach the words of life,
 Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the fir-m way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.

Chorus.



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




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

Miss M. R. Servent.


James McGranahan.



1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tem - pests wild on sea and land,
 2. Tho' He may send some af - fle - ctions, 'Twill but make me long for home;
 3. En - de - vours may strive to in - jure, Sa - tis all his arts em - ploy;
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bear - ing, Meet - ing storms and ill - lures wild.

I will seek a place of re - fuge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
 For in love and not in an - ger, All His chas - ten - ings will come.
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.
 Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Fa - ther's child.



Chorus



He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be done;
 He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be - done.




He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, In the shad - ow of His hand.
 He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, In the shadow of His hand.



R. B. McK.

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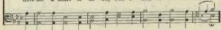
R. B. McKinney.



1. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart that's clean and strong.
2. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart of ten - der-ness.
3. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart with lov - ing glow.
4. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, This is the plea I make,



A sin - ist heart with ho - ly zeal, To tri - umph o - ver wrong.
 A heart to feel my broth - er's woe, And lift him from dis - tress.
 That leads a lone - ly sin - ners soul Thy pre - cious love to know.
 Give me a heart to do Thy will, I ask, for Je - sus' sake.



Chorus.



Give me a heart like Thine, . . . Give me a heart like Thine, . . .
 like Thine, like Thine,



O Mas - ter di - vine, my na - ture re - fine, And give me a heart like Thine, . . .
 like Thine.



D. D. McK.

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D. D. McKim.



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



Hear Him pray, "They will be done," In Oath - ven - a - ne a - lone.
 See Him stag - ger, faint and fall 'Neath the cross He bore for all.
 It is fin - ished!" now He cries, As He bows His head and dies.
 King of Glo - ry! Live on high, He is con - qu'ring by and by.



Chorus.



Man of Sor - rows bore my blame, Man of Sor - rows took my shame,



Wan - der - ful Car - ter, Thy love for me Has saved me, and set me free.



B. B. McK.

COMPOSED, 1911, BY REQUEST OF, CHURCH
INTERNATIONAL, BETHLEHEM, PA.

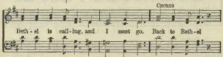
B. B. McKinney.



1. Back to the Bi-ble, the true liv-ing Word, Sweet-est old sto-ry that
 2. Back to the beau-ti-ful path I once trod, Back to the church and the
 3. Back to the gir-ing of mon-ey and time, Back to the life of com-
 4. Back to the prayer-life in Christ I once knew, Back to the beau-ti-ful

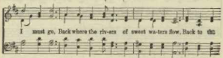


er - er was heard; Back to the joy - life my soul longs to know,
 peo - ple of God; Out of the cold world of sin and its war,
 tempt-ment sub-stance, Back to pra-tice - tion the world can-not know,
 life-cleans-ing dew, Back to help oth - ers to con-quer each foe,

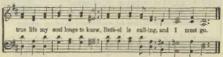


Chorus

Beth-el is call-ing, and I must go, Back to Beth-el



I must go, Back where the riv-ers of sweet wa-ters flow, Back to the



true life my soul longs to know, Beth-el is call-ing, and I must go.

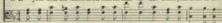
B. D. McK.

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B. D. McKinney.



1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad-ows dark? Place your hand in the
3. Would you bid - low the will of the Je - su Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul far-ched down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



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



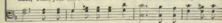
Chorus.



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



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



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



C. H. G.

Copyright, 1900, by C. H. G. GARDNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing a-ter the rest-less waves, "Send the light! ...
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! ...
 3. Let us pray that grace may ex - 'ry-where a-board; Send the light! ...
 4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! ...
 Send the light!

Send the light! There are souls to re-ceive, there are souls to save,
 Send the light! And a gold-en af-f'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Chris-tian spir-it ex - 'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er Jew - els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!

Send the light! ... Send the light! ... Send the light! ... the
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

Shine - ed glow - ing light; Let it shine . . . from shore to
 the glow - ing light; Let it shine

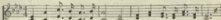
shores! . . . shine for-ev-er-a-more. . . . A-men.
 from shore to shores! Let it shine for-ev-er-a-more.

298 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COMPOSED, 1846, BY W. H. DUNN, MUSICAL.

W. H. DUNN.



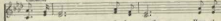
1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,



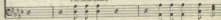
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, when-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



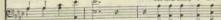
Chorus.



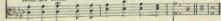
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of



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

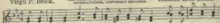


sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.

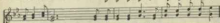


Walter P. Thurman.

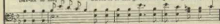
MANCHESTER, N.H., Dec. 10 (AP)—The American Red Cross today announced that it had received \$100,000 from the federal government to help pay the cost of caring for the homeless.



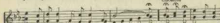
- | | | | |
|---------------------|-------|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. I was lost in | sin, | but Je-sus re-cued me. | He's a won-der-ful |
| 2. He's a friend to | true, | so pa-tient and so kind. | He's a won-der-ful |
| 3. He is al-ways | near | to con-fort and to cheer.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



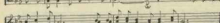
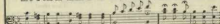
Save-her to me!	I was bound by fear, but Je-sus set me free,
Save-her to me!	Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find.
Save-her to me! (He conducted)	He has-given my sins, He drives my ev-'ry fear,
Save-her to me!	Sweet-er is His grace while pointing on my way.



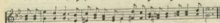
□ **Answer:** (A)



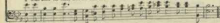
He's a won-der-ful, there-der to me. (He won-der-ful!) For He's a won-der-ful



Ser-ber to me, He's a won-der-ful Ser-ber to me, won-der-ful



I was just in air, but Jo-see took me in: He's a wonderful fixer for me.



Rev. Wm. Poole.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. A. Poole.
Copyright, 1904, by W. A. Poole.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

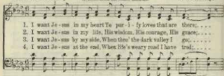
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

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

REV. A. H. ACKLEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HENRY H. HOLMES.
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R. D. ACKLEY.



1. I want Je - sus in my heart To pur - i - fy loves that are there, . . .
2. I want Je - sus in my life, His wisdom, His courage, His grace, . . .
3. I want Je - sus by my side, When thro' the dark valley I go,
4. I want Je - sus at the end, When He's weary road I have trod, . . .



I want Je - sus to im - part The spir - it of un - fail - ing pray'r.
I want Je - sus in the strife, None oth - er can o'er - take His place.
I want Je - sus as my guide, When tempted and tried by my foe,
I want Je - sus as my friend, When I stand at last be - fore God.

CHORUS.



I want Je - sus, my need He sup - ply - place, . . . I want



Je - sus, for He sat - is - fies. To Him I am turn - ing, With

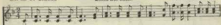


in - fi - nite yearning: I want Je - sus! Je - sus a - lone.

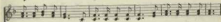
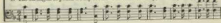
Dr. H. T. Caswell.

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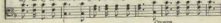
Flores H. Caswell.



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



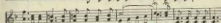
loy-al-ty to Christ; His mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A- rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the tri-um-phant note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's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



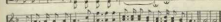
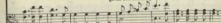
Chorus.



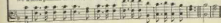
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



"vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Com-man-der; "On!" . . . We'll move at His com-mand,
great Com-man-der; "On!"



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

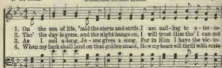


303 The Everlasting Arms Are Underneath

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1901, by B. B. McKim, New York.

B. B. McKim



1. On the sea of life, 'mid the storms and strife, I am sail-ing to a - ter - se -
 2. Tho' the day is gone, and the night hangs on, I will trust him tho' I can not
 3. As I sail a-long, Je - sus gives a song, For in Him I have the vic-tory
 4. When my bark shall rest on that golden strand, How my heart will thrill with ec-stasy



ry: I will fear no ill, Christ is with me still, And His ev - er - last-ing
 arm; He will lead me thro', where the skies are blue, For the ev - er - last-ing
 arm; That my an-chor sure shall be - e'er - en-dure, For the ev - er - last-ing
 arm; He will take me home, nev - er - more to roam, For the ev - er - last-ing


Chorus



arms are un - der -neath me. Oh, the ev - er - last-ing arms are un - der -



neath me, Un - der -neath me, un - der -neath me, Tho' the storms may blow, I am



safe I know, For the ev - er - last-ing arms are un - der -neath me.

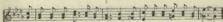
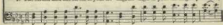
H. L.

Copyright, 1911, by H. L. Lillman.
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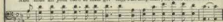
Halter Lillman.



1. Why car-ry your load an-y lon-ger, Why struggle a-lone with your care,
2. Why car-ry your bur-den of sor-row, When Jesus sweet com-fort can give?
3. The tri-als that sometimes may vex you, Con-sider to Him, for you may!
4. The strain and the stress of your liv-ing, Re-sign to your Al-mighty Friend!



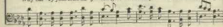
When arms that are greater and stron-ger Are wait-ing your bur-dens to bear?
Oh, why should you wait till to-mor-row To let Him His life in you live?
The prob-lem that oft en per-plexes you Let Je-sus un-rav-el to-day,
And then all your care to Him giv-ing, The help that you need He will send.



Chorus



Why car-ry your load an-y lon-ger, When near you are arms that are stron-ger-



Stron-ger than yours that now ache with their load, While you are try-ing to wear them out!



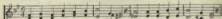
Leave them with Jesus and find perfect rest, He can carry both you and your bur-dens.



B. B. McK.

COMPOSED BY B. B. MCKENNEY.
PUBLISHED BY THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BOARD.

B. B. McKenney.



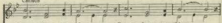
1. When the dark shut-outs come o-ver you, bring-ing troubles you nev-er knew,
2. Prayer will bring peace when the days are long, Turn your sighing in-to a song.
3. Pray for the wan-der-er at your door, Pray for lost ones the wide world o'er,
4. Pray and take courage thro' woe or woe, In life's bat-tle on earth be-low.



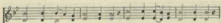
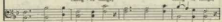
Trust in the Sav-ior and pray is thro', For prayer chang-es things,
It will bring vic-to-ry o-ver wrong, For prayer chang-es things,
Je-sus will save them for-ev-er more, For prayer chang-es things,
Pray with a faith that will not let go, For prayer chang-es things.



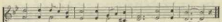
Chorus



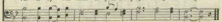
Prayer chang-es things, . . . Prayer chang-es things, . . .
chang-es things, chang-es things,



When the world is cold and blue, Trust in Je-sus, pray is through,

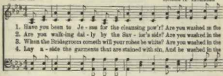


Vic-to-ry will come to you, For prayer chang-es things.

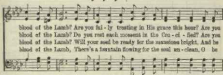


H. A. H.

Erich A. Hoffman

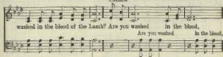


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the
 3. When the Redeemer cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

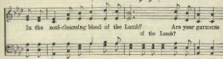


blood of the Lamb? Are you hi - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cro - ci - fixed? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the morning light, And be
 blood of the Lamb, There's a fountain flowing for the soul un - clean, O be

Chorus



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
 Are you washed in the blood,



In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 of the Lamb?



spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

C. A. M.

REPRINTED, 1904, BY HOLLAND'S
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

C. Austin Miles.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
 2. While by sin we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
 3. On - ly our-ards dare re- turn, Dare this gift of God re- turn;
 4. Not for hope of great re- ward Turn men's hearts on- to the Lord;

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

Chorus.

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

all kinds of weather, we'll all work to-geth-er, And see what can be done;

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

A. H. A.

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

A. H. Ackley.



1. There's a rain-bow shin-ing, God has made it just for
2. When the cares and troub-les Beat up-on you like the
3. In the hour of sor-row, When you don't know what to
4. In that glo-rious dawn-ing, That is com-ing by and



you, The the prom-ise of His keep-ing When the
rain, Look to Him who rules the tem-pest, And your
do, Trust in Him whose heart was bre-ken, He will
by, We shall an-der-stand the mean-ing Of the



Refrain
storm-clouds hide the Sun.
heart will sing a - gain. O there's a rain-bow shin-ing in the
cheer and com-fort you.
clouds that fill our sky.



sky, . . . And you can al-ways see it if you try; . . . Tho' storm a-



lone you, They need not harm you, There's a rain-bow in the sky

James H. Myers.

COMPOSED AND BY JAMES H. MYERS AND SAMUEL W. HENTLEY.
BOSTON: G. C. GOODWIN, 1880.

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

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me,
 Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me,
 Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me,
 Je - sus shall bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me,

Chorus.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend; What I
 You, I choose my bur-den al-ways when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I

need I know that He will send; I have proved Him,
 know that more-ly He is true with true-ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and

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

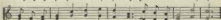
Rev. David Ross.

Copyright, 1901, by DAVID R. ROSS,
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SINGERS' GUILD.

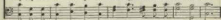
R. D. McKinney.



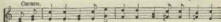
1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, we-ow go-ing.
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-ry na-tion, Send the people Thy cal-va-ried
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-or dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the 4-finger bear-ing, Signs of com-pact now ap-pear-ing.



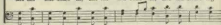
Thy ran-somed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
Thy pleading Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



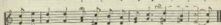
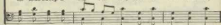
Chorus.



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

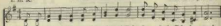


bell-lows sweep a-way our sin; Let the tide come in,

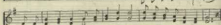


Let the tide come in, Oh, let the might-y tide come in.

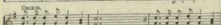




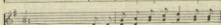
1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all in dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's agony you're, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus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



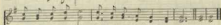
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snares, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend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



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



such a Friend is He in-such a
 He who no-both ev-'ry tear, He will



no-both ev-'ry tear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.



W. Kitching.

John H. Parker.



1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wen - ry man, O come to me;"
 2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, "Twas for thee life He gave;
 3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
 4. Je - sus knocks; the mo-ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh;

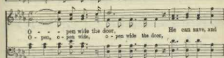


He can save, and on - ly He; O - - pen wide the door.
 He hath tri-umphed o'er the grave;
 He with joy thy heart can save;
 Ere the Sun - set pass-eth by, O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

Chorus.



O - - pen, o - - pen wide the door,
 O - - pen, o - - pen wide, O - - pen wide the door,



O - - pen, o - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
 O - - pen, o - - pen wide, o - - pen wide the door,



on - ly He;— O - - pen wide the door,
 O - - pen, o - - pen wide the door,
 O - - pen, o - - pen wide the door.

J. H. Rankin, D.D.

Copyright © 1911, J. H. Rankin.

R. S. Lorent.



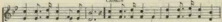
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heart - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus.
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - hid - den? Tell it to Je - sus.
 3. Do you hear the gal - ling clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus.
 4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus.



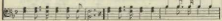
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you seen that to men's eyes are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you ask - ing what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?



Chorus



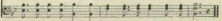
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er



such a friend or broth - er. Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



L. B.

MUSICIAN, PROPERTY OF A. S. LORRA.

J. Balliett.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev'-ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

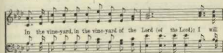


trust His ho-ly word, I want to sing and pray, be hap-py ev'-ry day,
 ev'-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love,
 Je-sus prom-ise to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home,
 ev'-ing to Thy word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,

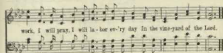
Chorus



In the vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord (of the Lord); I will



work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'-ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Copyright, 1905, by Johnson Oatman, Jr., Boston.
Wm. B. Eerdmans.

B. Frank Butler.

1. There's One a-bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earth-ly love transcends;
 2. He's mine be-cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
 3. He's mine be-cause He's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
 4. Some day up-on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo-ry shall be-hold;

It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be-cause I know He's mine,
 With joy I wor-ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine, I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine,
 Then, while His arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."

Chorus.

I know He's mine, this Friend so dear, He lives with
 I know He's mine this Friend so dear,

me, He's ev-er near, Ten thousand chor-ces
 He lives with me, He's ev-er near; Ten thousand chor-ces

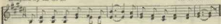
a-round His shrine, And, best of all, I know He's mine,
 a-round His shrine,

316 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

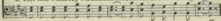
Adapted by H. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEORGE H. HOLLAND.

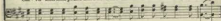
H. O. Safford.



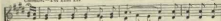
1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - ways;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, is Thy Word Ex - tal - lated and fixed on high;
3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav - ior and Morn - ing Star.



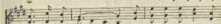
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'nly way
Thy faith - ful - ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er more.
For Thou art my por - tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - way.



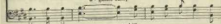
Chorus. - Ps. 119 13.



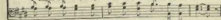
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, That I might not
in my heart,



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



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



F. M. L.

COMPOSED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN
INTERNATIONAL HARMONIZATION SOCIETY

Bertha Mae Lillemoen.

1. I have found a Rock in a wea-ry land, I have found cool springs 'mid the
 2. Press the drifting sands that a-bout me fly, I am safe-ly kept on this
 3. 'Mid the stormy gales that a-round me beat, This e-ter-nal Rock is a
 4. Let the things of earth vanish and be gone, Let my heart and hopes per-fect

des - art sand, And my heart sings for joy, for my feet now stand
 ref - uge high; How my needs are all met from a full sup - ply,
 safe re - treat; Here the cool, sparkling streams 'mid the burning heat
 are by me; In Thy clasp I shall bide till the morn shall dawn,

Chorus.

Firm on the Rock of A - ges.
 Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges. I am hid - ing, Safe-ly hid - ing, I am
 Flow from the Rock of A - ges.
 Je - sus, This Rock of A - ges.

hid - ing in the shadow of the Rock; . . . When the rag-ing tem-pests
 (of the Rock)

Now, To my re-fuge I will go, Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges.

Gene Smith.

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D. B. McKinney.



1. I was sink-ing down in the waves of sin. Dark-ness cov-ered the
 2. There's a wa-ter of joy ring-ing in my soul As I try - of the
 3. I am an-cho-red safe in the Rock di-vine. Hest as - sur-ance I
 4. Oh, what joy to tell of His matchless love, Of His won-der-ful



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



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



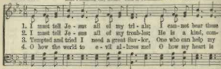
He lift-ed me up to stay. . . . And I go re-
 to stay.



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

R. A. H.

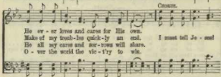
Copyright, 1874, by R. A. Hoffman. Rev. R. A. Hoffman.



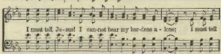
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - ble; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-er, One who can help my
 4. O how the world is a - vil al-lure me! O how my heart is



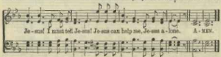
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas - sion-ate friends; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to shun; I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



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



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



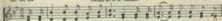
Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

320 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

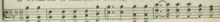
H. G. S.

Copyright, 1912, by H. G. S. & Co.
Dallas, Tex.

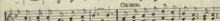
H. G. Searth.



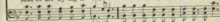
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell-ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from know-



you? ... Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav - lor? Are you
lost? ... Have you urged up - on those who are stray-ing. The
Gospel? ... Have you spe-ken the word of sal - va - tion To
sin; ... We will bar - ri-ers be and a hin - drance To



read - y His ser-vice to do!
Sav - lor who died on the cross! Make me a chan-nel of Bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin!
those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of Bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing.



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



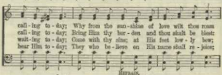
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1871, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

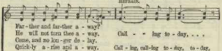
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,



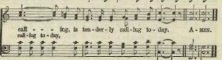
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sin; at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;



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



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



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

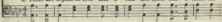
Fanny J. Crosby.

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PUBLISHED BY DOUGLAS, CROSBY.

W. H. Doane.



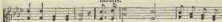
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. On - ce - crade me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be - love Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



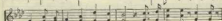
love be - fore; But I long to rise in the arms of holiness, And be
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I con-
 star - row me; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



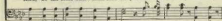
Harmon.



do - not draw in Thee,
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
 none as friend with friend
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



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

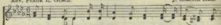


near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, blood-ing side. A-MEN.

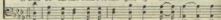


Rev. Frank H. Gruell.

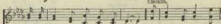
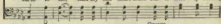
J. Lincoln Hall.



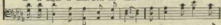
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp -
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on



earth or sea; As the bur - den press, And the care dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades,
 in - ten - sion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,



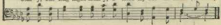
And the way grows wear - y and long! O yes, He cares, I
 Does He care e - nough to be near? The' my tears flow all the night long!
 Is it aught to Him? Does He care?

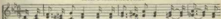


know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief. When the days are



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

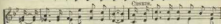




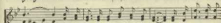
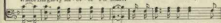
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rag-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rag-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rag-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous at-
4. To the old rag-ged cross I will er - er be true, Its shame and re-



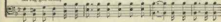
and bring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
was-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-behind,
beat-ty I see; For Jesus on that old cross Je-mas suf-fered and died,
proudh gladly hear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



For a world of lost sinners was slain,
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cheer-ful the old rag-ged
To pur-sue and sanc-ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry far - er - er I'll share, cross, the



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



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

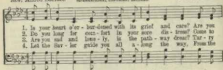


325 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

Rev. Alfred Sartt.

ORIGINAL, 1880, BY ALFRED A. SARTT.
MUSICALS, 1880, BY ALFRED A. SARTT.

Thos. Boston.



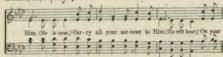
1. In your heart a-ter - bur-dened with its grief and care? Are you
2. Do you long for doc - tor in your sore dis - tress? Come to
3. Are you sad and lone - ly, in the path - way drear? Tar - ry
4. Let the Sav - ior guide you all a - long the way, From the



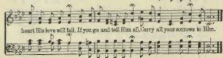
tain - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je - sus at the
Christ your Sav - ior and your sin - ner - friend; Tell it all to Je - sus. He will
then no lon - ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je - sus. He is
home - ward pathway nev - er - go a - stray; All your heav - y bur - den He will



place of prayer, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
Lead and bless, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him. Car - ry all your sor - rows to
ver - y near, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
roll a - way, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.



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



heart His love will heal. If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.

326 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.
Solo.

INTERNATIONAL SONGS, LYRICS BY HERBERT G. TOWSE, MUSIC BY HERBERT G. TOWSE.
HERBERT G. TOWSE, CHICAGO.



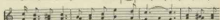
1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre-cious Are to - ken from
2. Should some earth-ly care come up - press-ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world or - or chang-ing, Now seek-ing some



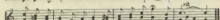
me here be - low, There's one pre-cious truth that I treas-ure,
I can-not see, I've one con-stant Friend, It is Je - sus,
You can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre-cious,
Friend that is true, There's One who is stand-fast, un - fail - ing.



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



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



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

Penny J. Crowley.

W. H. Doane.




1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Whether it be
 2. It, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He hath set? Do we seek to
 4. Those - ed are those whom the Lord find watch - ing, In His glo - ry



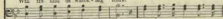


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demn - ing,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,




Chorus



With our lamps all trimmed and bright
 Will He an - swer thee - Will Jesus? O can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He




find you and me still watching, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?



B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKimney.



1. Je - sus is call - ing you o'er and o'er, Call - ing you home.
 2. Je - sus is read - y to save your soul, Read - y to save,
 3. Je - sus is plead - ing, no lon - ger roam, Plead - ing to - day,
 4. Come to the Sav - ior for peace and rest, Come to Him now.

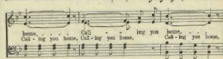


Call - ing you home; Oh - en He's ten - der - ly called be - fore,
 Read - y to save; Come with your sin -ners and be made whole,
 Plead - ing to - day; Trust in His mer - cy, come home, come home,
 Come to Him now; For - ly sin -ners and you'll be blest.

Chorus.



Je - sus is call - ing you home. Call - ing you
 While He is read - y to save.
 While He is plead - ing to - day.
 Come to the Sav - ior, come now. Call - ing you home.



Je - sus is call - ing you home. Call - ing you home.
 Call - ing you home, Call - ing you home, Call - ing you home.



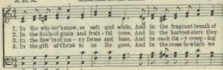
Je - sus my Sav - ior is call - ing. Call - ing you home.
 Call - ing you home, Call - ing you, call - ing you home.

329 I Can find Him Everywhere.

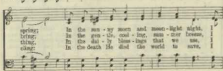
A. H. A.

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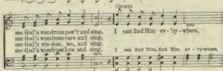
A. H. Ashley.



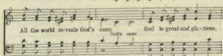
1. In the win-ter's snow, so soft and white, And in the fragrant breath of
2. In the fields of grain and fruit - ful trees, And in the harvest store they
3. In the bow'rs of sun - ny farms and hives, And in each tin - y creep - ing
4. In the gift of Christ to us He gave, And in the cross to which we



spring; In the sun - ny morn and moon - light night,
bring; In the even - ing, cool - ing, sun - der leavens,
sing; In the dai - ly hours - days that we see,
sing; In the death life and the world to come,



we find a wondrous pow'r and sing, I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
we find a wondrous care and sing,
we find a wis - dom, too, and sing,
we find a wondrous love and sing, I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where.



All the world re - veals God's care, God is great and glo - rious,



King of love, vic - to - rious, I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where.

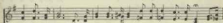
B. B. McK.

REVISED, WITH AN ADDED 5. CHORUS,
BY THE AUTHOR, BOSTON, 1892.

B. B. McKinstry.

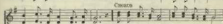


1. I drift-ed a-way from the love of God, Sin and devil a'-er my
2. There I met day by day failed to tell me of Christ, Who is might-y to
3. I cried on-to God from my sin-laden heart, There I yield-ed to
4. Oh, Chris-tian, a-rise, in the name of the Lord, Tell the lost His a-



He had con-trol; My sad heart was a-lone with its grief and its wear; No
sorrow makes whole; But they left me to drift and to die in my sin; No
His blood con-trol; Christ, the dear Lamb of God, took me in-to His fold, For
love can make whole; Then your friends cannot say at the great bar of God, "No

Chorus



one seemed to care for my soul.
one seemed to care for my soul. 1-2. No one seemed to care, no one seemed to care,
He care-ly cared for my soul. 3-4. Yes, my Sav-ior cared, yes, He al-ways cared,
one seemed to care for my soul."



No one seemed to care for my soul; Chris-tians met me day by day,
Yes, my Sav-ior cared for my soul; All my guilt He wash-ed a-way.

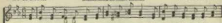


To their shame, I'm glad to say, No one seemed to care for my soul.
I will praise His name for aye, For Christ care-ly cared for my soul.

W. C. Poole.

COMPOSED BY W. C. POOLE.
ORIGINAL LYRIC BY W. C. POOLE.

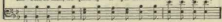
D. M. Shanks.



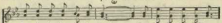
1. O think of the work that is wait-ing for you, O think of the things that we
2. Some-where in a land that is heav-y to bear; Some-where in a life that is
3. There's some-one who's wait-ing the story to hear, Of won-der-ful love that will
4. O han-sen, for soon will be set-ting of ours; O han-sen, for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



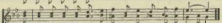
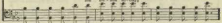
eth - er can do, Then go in the name of the Mas-ter so true,
 sur-round with care; Go quick-ly with Je - sus their bur-den to share,
 han - ble all here; To hear-ers that are won - ry bring com-fort and cheer,
 the work be done; the quick-ly if you would have vic - to - ry won,



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



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



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



Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner.

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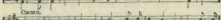
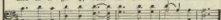
1. It may be at noon, when the day is a-wak-ing, When night draw-
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-ght, It may be, per-
3. While its hasty cry hounds us, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-ous
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no



dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the darkness of mid- night Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 red - rose, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



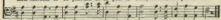
full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own,"
 those of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own,"
 he - is at glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own,"
 Lord in - to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."



O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Are we about the glad song, Christ re-



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



Hattie K. Howell.

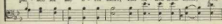
Rev. John B. Scribner, arr.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hon - or and lands, He hold - eth the
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan - dered on
 3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
 4. A host or a out - rage, why should I care? They're build - ing a




wealth of the world in His hand; Of re - lics and diamonds, of
 earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead - ing our
 choice, and an al - len by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
 pa - ter for me a - ver there; Tho' ex - pel from home, yet,




all - we and gold, His out - lets are full, He has rich - es un - told.
 far - der on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
 name's writ - ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
 still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.



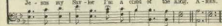
Chorus.



I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With




Je - sus my Sav - ior I'm a child of the King, A - men.



R. B. McK..

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R. B. McKinney.

1. Bright is the light of the "Old Star - and Cross," Fol - low the gleam.
 2. Fol - low the gleam in the days of thy youth, Fol - low the gleam.
 3. Fol - low the gleam in the morning of life, Fol - low the gleam.
 4. Fol - low the gleam till the close of life's day, Fol - low the gleam.

Fol - low the gleam; Guid-ing a world from its sin - row and loss,
 Fol - low the gleam; Lift up God's lan - guage, the lan - guage of truth,
 Fol - low the gleam; On-ward to con-quer all sin and its strife,
 Fol - low the gleam; "Well done, good ser-vant," the Mas - ter will say.

Chorus,
 Fol - low the hear - en - ly gleam
 Fol - low the hear - en - ly gleam
 Fol - low the hear - en - ly gleam
 Fol - low the hear - en - ly gleam

Fol - low the gleam.

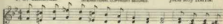
Follow the gleam, Christ the great light shines thro' the night, Make Him your

Chorus, He is ex - cuse, Fol - low the gleam, the hear - en - ly gleam.

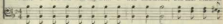
T. O. Childers.

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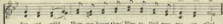
John Roy Harris.



1. Lis - ten while I tell how Je - sus saved my soul, saved from sin's de -
2. Oh - en had He called me, but I would not heed, go - ing on my
3. But there came an hour, oh! bless - ed hour for me. Hallowed in my
4. Like a sud - den wak - ing from a long - fled dream, I'd that wonder



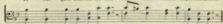
spir - and from sin's con - trol; sought me till He heard me in the
way, laid my heart in - deed; Oh! how great His pa - tience came to
me - 'ry 'twist ev - er be; When my heart re - spir - ed to His
change to my spir - it new; Gave my guilt - ty heart and now a



sin - ners wild, How my heart thro' Him to God was re - con - ciled,
long to wait Till my ward'ring feet would turn I'ward mercy's gate!
gracious call, And His love re - ceiv - ed me and for - gave me all.
voice di - vine Told me that a - ter - nal life thro' Christ was mine.



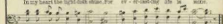
Jesus gave Himself for me, I am redeemed, pardoned, free,
He - has - self gave Himself for me, I am redeemed, pardoned, free,



He - has - self gave Himself for me, I am redeemed, pardoned, free,



In my heart the light - dark shone, For ev - er - last - ing life is mine.



337 Leaving All To Follow Jesus.

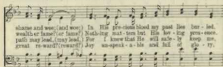
A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.



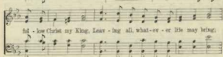
1. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, All my sin and
 2. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, What are pleas-ures,
 3. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, When-m-e or the
 4. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, What shall be the



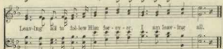
shame and wea- (and wea-) In His pre-cious blood my past sin leav-ed.
 wealth or fame? (or fame?) Noth-ing mat-tern but His lov-ing pres-ence.
 path may lead, (may lead) For I know that He will suc-cess-fully keep me,
 great re-ward? (reward?) Joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry.



Repeat,
 God has said that if in my name, Leav-ing all to
 And the hon-or of His name,
 And sup-ply my ev-ry need,
 In the pres-ence of my Lord,



fol-low Christ my King, Leav-ing all, what-ev-er He may bring;



Leav-ing all to fol-low Him be-cause, I am leav-ing all.

N. E. Herrick.

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Haller Lillenas.

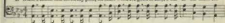


1. When I go to bed to pray, when in trouble I am very sore, Je - sus in - ter-venes for me.

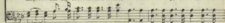
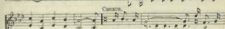
2. When I tell Him all my woes, He's a Friend, a friend indeed, Je - sus in - ter-venes for me.

3. When my path seems dark and deep and my heart is full to weep, Je - sus in - ter-venes for me.

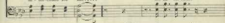
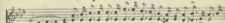
4. When I make His blood my plea, all must work for good to me, Je - sus in - ter-venes for me.



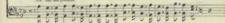

me.... When His ho - ly Name I plead, grace He gives for ev - 'ry need, Je - sus
me.... Not one word can, or - or fail above. He sent to break the veil, Je - sus
me.... Through a - waken He gives each day while I labor, watch and pray, Je - sus
me.... Till my race on earth is run, till I hear Him say, "well done," Je - sus

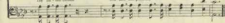
Je - sus in - ter-venes for me.... He in - ter-venes..... for me, He
Je - sus in - ter-venes for me....
Je - sus in - ter-venes for me....
Je - sus in - ter-venes for me....

pleads, in the presence of the Father Je - sus in - ter-venes for me. He in - ter-venes for me, He pleads.




pleads, in the presence of the Father Je - sus in - ter-venes for me.
He in - ter-venes for me, He pleads, in the presence of the Father.



339 The World Is Dying for Love.

Robert H. Coleman.

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D. B. McKinney.

1. The world is dy-ing for love. For a love that drives a tear.
2. Ma-ny hearts are in dis-tress. Knowing not which way to turn.
3. With a heart of ten-der-ness. Mine it is the word to speak.
4. Since our hearts are leav-ing us. Shall we not be oth-ers' help.

For a love that brings good cheer. For a love that still will bear. And the
While their souls within these doors. And their spir-its sad-ly roam. For a
Might the wrong or help the weak. Lift the load of those who seek. And their
Of the grace we know full well. That will save lost souls from hell. If they'll

Chorus.

Mad-ly spir-it grows.
Sav-ior's match-less grace. Dy-ing for love, dy-ing for love. This old
gain of sin re-ceive.
on-ly to Him give

world is dy-ing for love. I can nev-er pass them by.

I must help them e'er they die. To my bless-ed Christ a-bove.

S. B. McK.

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S. B. McKimsey.



1. It's the on - ly message God has giv - en To the sin - ner lost, con -
 2. It's the Fa - ther's on - ly rev - e - la - tion Of the Christ who came of
 3. It's the Truth of God with - out an er - sor, It shall stand for - ev - er
 4. This old world is dy - ing for its mes - sage. Heathen lands are grip - ping



decided to die: It's the on - ly guide from sin and sor - row To that
 low - ly birth; How He suf - fered, died, a - rose, an - ced - ed, How none
 and for aye: All its wail - ing how shall fall and per - ish. It will
 in the night; Christ the Mes - senger call - eth them, oh, Christ - ian, Hear a -

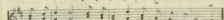
Chorus.



blest of home be - yond the sky,
 day He's com - ing back to earth. Dear old Hi - ble, Precious Hi - ble,
 nev - er, nev - er pass a - way,
 let the ev - er - last - ing light.



Ev - 'ry word by in - spi - ra - tion giv - en; Dear old Hi - ble,
 Precious Hi - ble, blest of home be - yond the sky,



Precious Hi - ble, blest of guide that leads us on to heav - en.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKim.

1. A new - al most came to the Sav - lor of men, To
 2. His place and pe - al - ties would not meet the test, For
 3. The ques - tion is an - swered to - day just the same, The
 4. Oh, sin - ner, this mes - sage of Je - sus be - lieve, Just

ask Him the way of re - demp - tion from sin; The an - swer He
 those who would en - ter the coun - sel of rest; So anx - ious - ly
 an - swered a - lone in the Sav - lor's dear name; The way of sal -
 s - pen your heart and sal - va - tion re - ceive; If ev - er you

gave him was sin - ple and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 loved him that sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 va - tion is sin - ple and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 meet him in heav - en's do - main, "Ye must be born a - gain."

Chorus.
 "Ye must be born a - gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I
 ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain."

342 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B.

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RENEWED, 1950.

P. P. Bilborth.



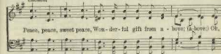
1. There came to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain.) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made.) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned.) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bid, (a - bid.) And



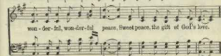
glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain.) I sing it a -
 bid by His death was all paid; (all paid.) No oth - er loan -
 heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound.) In His the rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side.) There's nothing but



gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 do - then be bid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
 time - ing I heard, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace shall be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 Chorus.



Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove.) Oh,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

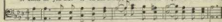
L. B. B.

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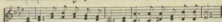
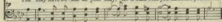
L. B. Bridgman.



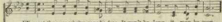
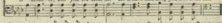
1. Some day I'll cross the rocky stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this sor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you tread on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



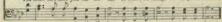
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may leave Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



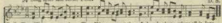
Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-got the strug-gles of long years,
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and ready now to go,
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin.



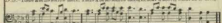
I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor heart-ache; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 Tell heart-en's door you are - for - in; It won't be long, it may be soon.



34 Sing after last verse. F. B. B.



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



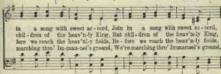
Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known: Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on pleads A thousand ac - cred sweets, De -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry: We're



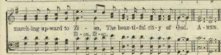
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
child - ren of the heav'n - ly King, But child - ren of the heav'n - ly King,
here we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - bound, May speak their joys a - bound.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



Chorus.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Bea - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

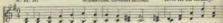


march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God. A - men.
Zi - on, Zi - on.

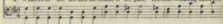
A. H. A.

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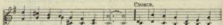
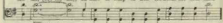
Rev. A. H. Achley.



1. I sing you the song of a won-der-ful friend, Whose love is unmeasured
 2. To-day He is wait-ing new strength to impart, Whose life has grown weary
 3. What-ever the sin and the shame of the past, His soul-cleansing blood pur-



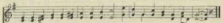
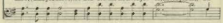
ber you; (all for you.) He nev-er for-sakes but is true to the end,
 with care; (weary care.) His heal-ing is sure for the bre-ken in heart,
 are all; (ev-ery all.) In time of temp-ta-tion He holds the soul fast.



No mat-ter what oth-ers may do,
 And all who are lost in de-spair, He loves you far more than you
 And saves all on Him who will call.



know, (than you know,) He died because He loved you so, (loved you so,) He



gave up His throne just to make you His own, He loves you far more than you know.



346 Love Sings A Song In My Heart.

B. B. McK.

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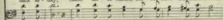
B. B. McKinley.



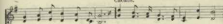
1. Love found its way to my sin - bar - dened soul, (sinner) we have sin
2. I have a song that the world can - not sing, Since Christ has saved
3. If you would have this sweet song in your soul, Turn from your sin,



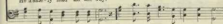
to de - part; Christ reigns with - in, He has per - fect con - trol,
we have sin; Love's mel - o - dy, oh, what peace it doth bring,
turn to - day; Come on - to Christ, He will save and make whole.



Chorus.



Love sings a song in my heart,
Worship - ing so sweet - ly with - in. Love sings a song, a glad new song,
He'll lead - ly lead all the way.



Love sings a song in my heart; . . . Thy' His grace di - vine This sweet



mel - o - dy is mine, We praise love sings a song in my heart.



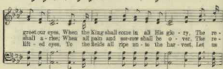
R. B. McK.

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R. B. McKenny.



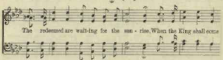
1. The redeemed are waiting for the sun - rise, For the triumph that shall
2. Oh, what joy will greet us when He com - eth, When the dead in Je - sus
3. Let us ter - re - bi - ter in His arm - ies, Let us fol - low on with



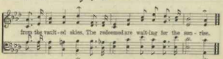
greet our eyes, When the King shall come in all His glo - ry, The re -
shall a - rise; When all pain and sorrow shall be o - ver, The re -
lit - ed eyes, To the fields all ripe as - to the har - vest, let us



Chorus.
desired are waiting for the sun - rise,
desired are waiting for the sun - rise, For the sun - rise, gold - en sun - rise,
gath - er Jew - els for the sun - rise,



The redeemed are waiting for the sun - rise, When the King shall come



from the vault - ed skies, The redeemed are waiting for the sun - rise.

A. H. A.

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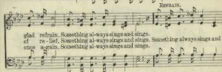
Rev. A. H. Ashley.



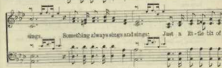
1. When the days are dark and long, I can hear the sweetest song, Something
 2. In the hot-ter days of life, High a-bove the noise of strife, Something
 3. In the midst of trou-ble, too, When our friends are cold and few, Something



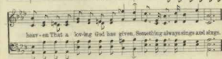
al-ways sings and sings, In the sunshine and the rain, I can hear the
 al-ways sings and sings, In the joy - ousness and grief, There's a new-sung
 al-ways sings and sings, And when life seems almost vain, I can hear it



Refrain.
 glad re-joice, Something al-ways sings and sings.
 al-ways sings and sings, Something al-ways sings and sings. Something always sings and
 sings a- gain, Something al-ways sings and sings.



sings. Something always sings and sings. Just a lit-tle bit of



hear-on That a 'way-ing God has given, Something always sings and sings.

L. S. L.

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Lida Shivers Lorch.

1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your man - er.
 2. When my war - ring faith in tri - al - tie, When His guid - ing
 3. I have yield - ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or

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

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

Refrain.

Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, with the Lord of hosts, and see
 Trust Me, you, then try Me, prove Me,

If a bless - ing, un-meas - ured bless - ing, I will not pour out on thee.

I Need Jesus.

George O. Webster.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' none may hear their
 life are dim; I need Je-sus, when loss my soul would; A - lone I know I
 sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So con-stant, kind, so

Cresc.

had a-lone, Yet I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus,
 can but fail, So I need Je-sus.
 strong and true, Yes, I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus with me, I need Je-sus al-ways.

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

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

Allen R. Everett.

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R. B. McKinney.



1. God gives me health and strength and pow'r, Christ liveth in me; I feel His pres-ence
2. The Son of God dwells in my heart, Christ liveth in me; I know He lov-eth
3. God loveth His love in-to the end, Christ liveth in me; I feel His pres-ence



as - my heart, Christ liveth in me. He fills my heart with love and peace,
will de-part, Christ liveth in me. He gives me life and faith and hope,
as - my heart, Christ liveth in me. He leads my hand and guides my feet,



My pre-vious faith, my joy in-crease, My faith in Him will nev-er cease,
He gives me strength with sin to cope, His words and staffs I need not greet;
He bids me walk at all I need, My heart is glad with love ex-posed;

Chorus.



Christ liveth in me. Christ liveth in me, Christ liveth in me,
Christ liveth in me, Christ liveth in me, Christ liveth in me,



me, Oh, glori-ous vic-tory, Christ liveth in me,
liveth in me,

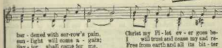
B. B. McKim.

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B. B. McKimsey.

Cantata. Slowly.

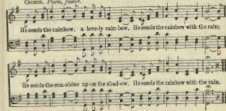

1. Tho' the storm-y clouds may low - er o'er me, And life is
2. On each cloud there is a sil - ver lin - ing, The gold - en
3. At the dawn - ing of that gold - en morn - row, When Christ say



her - dored with morn - row's pain, Christ say I'll let ev - er your be-
sun - light will come a - gain; I will trust and cease my sad re-
fare - her shall come for me. Free from earth and all its lit - ter



low me, He sends the rain - bow with the rain, ...
pin - ing, He sends the rain - bow with the rain, ...
morn - row, I'll dwell with Him a - ter - tal - ly.

Cantata. Flute, faster.


He sends the rainbow, a love-ly rain-bow, He sends the rainbow with the rain;
He sends the sun-shine up-on the cloud-ow, He sends the rainbow with the rain.

James Howe.

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Howard H. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, He - or to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. State in dan-ger, look a-hor-ri-ble, Je - sus com-plete-ly saved; He will lift you

stained with-in. Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pre - cious life, He - or His pre-cious sang. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I,
He - He my soul's best song; Faith-ful, lov-ing ser-vice, too, To Him be - long.
He - less He will o - bey; His year Sav-er wants to be - He saved to-day.

Chorus.

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

else could help, Love lift-ed me, Love lift-ed me, A - MEN.

354 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

H. H. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1907, by H. H. Hewitt.
Published by G. Schirmer & Co., New York.

R. D. Ackley



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



mer-cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
per - tion we'll make ev - ery glad, On - all, with fresh ver - dure, His
dis - pens, good-will un - to men, Till glo - ry wraps ev - e - ry

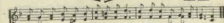


prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
dis - pens are glad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glory; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

Chorus.



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

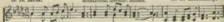


let our hearts arise to His glo-ry di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

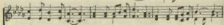
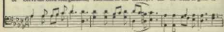
R. B. McK.

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INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

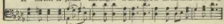
R. B. McKinney.



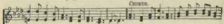
1. "Serve the Lord with gladness" In our works and ways, ... Come to love His pre-
 2. "Serve the Lord with gladness," Thankful of the while, ... For His ten-der mercies,
 3. "Serve the Lord with gladness," This shall be our theme, ... As we walk to-
 geth-er



With our songs of praise; On - to Him our thank - We would pledge ours (a-new),
 For His lov - ing smile. Bless-ed truth ex-er-long, Always just the same (the same),
 In His love ex-presses. List'ning, or - or list'ning, For the still small voice (the voice),

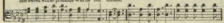


Crescendo.

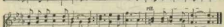
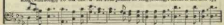


Life's ex-presses in vo-ices To serve the true.

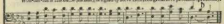
We will serve with gladness And praise His name. "Serve the Lord with gladness," Enter His courts with
 His sweet will as prelude Will be our theme.



song (with song): To our On - a - tor True praise be-long (A-long). Great is His name-ye,



Won-der-ful is His name (the name), We gladly serve Him, His great love pre-
 (pre-
 (pre-)



356 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Booth.

Copyright, 1900, by G. B. Booth,
Care of Walter H. Williams.

D. D. McKinney.



1. I was drift-ing far from the "Hea-ven Star," Clouds of sin had
 2. Thro' the charm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song to
 3. Seal a - bar in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll



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

Crescendo.



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



I've a joy God's al-ways now; al-ways now; All the clouds are



with-ed And my bar-rens with-ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

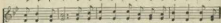
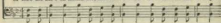
James Royce.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

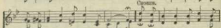
Henry P. Morton.



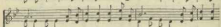
1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song be - come me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-er-able meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er he - falls me One will al-ways



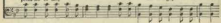
nev - er shall be; For the Friend he - side me prom-ised He would guide me
Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
love me the same; But a tri - al ev - er came-on Him to nev - er



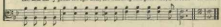
And will keep His prom-ise to me.
Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
From the cross who bore - or His name. He



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



tro-ken an - y prom-ise spe-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.



Jesse Brown's Favorite.

COMPOSED BY JESSE BROWN. LYRICS BY J. H. F.

J. H. F.

1. Lead the tramp-et of God in sound-ing. In sound-ing from
 2. See, the ar-mies of God ad-van-ces. In strength of His
 3. Lead the tramp-et of God in sound-ing. In sound-ing for

me to see. On the field where the leaves are fall-ing There's a
 ho-ly sight; See the flash of the mov-ing lan-ces. And the
 vic-to-ry; I must go, for the leaves are fall-ing. And the

place in the ranks for me.
 Ca-tar of hol-iness bright. There's a place in the ranks for
 Cap-tain has need of me.

me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the

field where the leaves are fall-ing. There's a place in the ranks for me.

359 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jesse Brown Poet.

Copyright, 1900, by Jesse B. Brown.
Reprinted, 1901, by G. C. Smith.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I hid turn-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

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

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

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

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

W. G. Cushing.

REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN
SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my dear-er I would go. Where the flow'rs are
 2. Down in the val-ley with my dear-er I would go. Where the streams are
 3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mount-ain steep, Close be - side my

flow-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev'-ry-where He leads me I would
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
 dear-er would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
 nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

Chorus

Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!

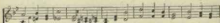
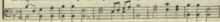
Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!

H. C. Kirk.

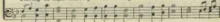
COMPOSED AND BY THE SAME AUTHOR FOR THE GREAT COLLECTOR TALLER.



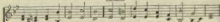
1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to lead, Head not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on apace, Day has-passed by; Workman and work must face



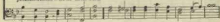
That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
Brings its de-light! Aiding the good and true. Ne'er gone un-noted, All that we
Testing on high. Oh, may we in that day Findrest, sweetrest, Which God has



Chorus.



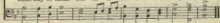
praise of man, Not for the Lord.
think or do, He is the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be best,
praised those Who do their best.



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



These may be small, But on-to Him is due Our best, our all.



Whisper a Drawer

100

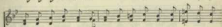
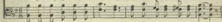
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1880

1998



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



Why fear the fight, In your bat-tle for right, When you know He will
Look on - to His, Who can con-quer all sin In thy weak-ness, in
No ath-er hand Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the



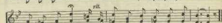
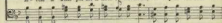
1996



lead all the way?
His then art strong. While-per a prayer, Just while-per a prayer.
Oo - o - led Oo.



It is not a while yet He'll hear o' us there; The cry is false, in this



here as sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whis - per a prayer



Dr. C. R. Alpheus.

COMPOSED SPECIALLY BY C. R. ALPHEUS.

W. H. DUNN.

Spoken.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do. For the
 2. Crowd the gar - ten with the sheaves all bright. Let the
 3. In the gloom - er's path may be rich re - ward. The' the
 4. Let the har - vest home be the reason a - lone. Glad be

grief is ripe, and the reap - ers low; And the Mas - ter's voice bids the
 song be glad, and the heart be light. Fill the pre - cious hour, and the
 time never long, and the is - sue hard. For the Mas - ter's joy, with His
 gained by each who has toiled and sown, When the Mas - ter's voice, in His

work - ers true. Hear the call that He gives to - day.
 shadow of night. Take the place of the gold - en day.
 who - se - ever, Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.
 words of love, Calls a - way to a - bet - ter day.

Chorus.
 La - bor on, La - bor on, La - bor on, Keep the bright re - ward in view.

For the Mas - ter has said He will strength renew; La - bor on, till the close of day.

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See, the foe is nigh; Raise the stand-ard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know,
 3. O! Then God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar-mour on, Stand firm, ev-'ry one; Rest your
 Must pre-vail; Shield and banner bright, Gleam-ing in the light; Bat-tling
 By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-tory's won, May we

Crescendo f

came up-on His ho-ly word,
 for the right We ne'er can fall, Rouse, then, sol-diers, val-ly round the
 wear the crown Ho-lye Thy face.

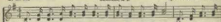
ban-ner, Read-y, stand-y, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward,

about a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the right-y throng.

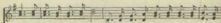
C. A. K.

Copyright, 1902, by C. A. K.

Cyrus S. Washburn.



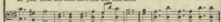
1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and let Him at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him



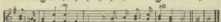
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car-ry
 peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
 true in pur - i - don-dal love? Would you in His merc-y live for al-ways



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



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



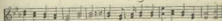
and, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A-MEN.

J. P. S.

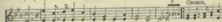
Soprano



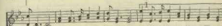
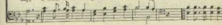
1. I want my life to glo-ri-ty my Lord and King; I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to



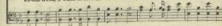
hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
 witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho-ly
 name His crimson han-ds may wave; I want to tell the thum-b and -ry ev-'ry



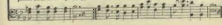
Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 name. So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro-claim. I want to live as
 day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on God's way.



Je-sus Christ, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and adore Him and



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



H. H.

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Robert Harkness.

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

side - ly a - side, Japs o - tor - nal He will in - part,
His ho - ly will, Peace on - end - ing He will in - part,
praise His dear name, Full of - give - tings He will in - part,

Chorus.

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

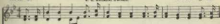
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the

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

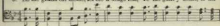
W. A. G.

COMPOSED, WORD BY MISS M. A. CROFT, REVEREND.
OF ST. GEORGE'S, CANTON.

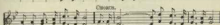
W. A. Ogden.



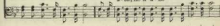
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme there' e'er a-ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-fings roll, 'Tis the guilt-y heart, to the



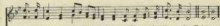
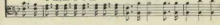
mer-tal tongue; 'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mer-tal strong; 'Tis the grand-est theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



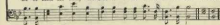
a - ble to de - liv - er thee, "He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble



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



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



1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, about the world! Spread the blessed tid - dings
 2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is a - pre,
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the pro - ce - ed - ure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for -

all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man be found:
 on - ly while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
 ev - er must on - dare; "Who - so - ev - er will," the life for - ev - er more:

Chorus.

"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will."

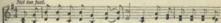
Send the pro - ce - dures o - ver vale and hill; The a - ber - ling Pa - ther

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

J. P. S.

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157 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

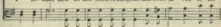
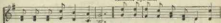
J. P. Schellfield.

Not too fast.

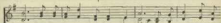
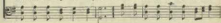
1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er sing a song that nev - er
2. I have yield - ed to this Christ, my Sav - lor, And the half has nev - er
3. I am walk - ing ev - ry day with my Sav - lor, And each day new treas - ures



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

*Chorus, Spiced.*

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



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



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

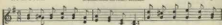


371 At the End of the Way is Jesus.

W. C. Poole.

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INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' GUILD.

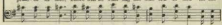
R. D. Arkley.



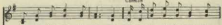
1. When I grow wea-ry and long seems the way, When I am tempt-ed to
2. When I have fa-ltered my hat - ten for right, When for the truth I have
3. When I shall en - ter the gates a - pen wide, Sing with the ran-somed God's



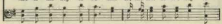
wan - der and stray, Soft - ly and sweet - ly a voice seems to say, At the
 height a good fight; There is a - wait - ing a glad morning bright—At the
 prize as in - side, There will be wait - ing the One we - re - di - med—At the



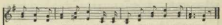
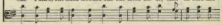
Chorus



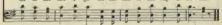
end of the way is Je - su. At the end of the way is



One I know, The Crown-crowned One who loved me so; And on-ward and



on to the end I go—At the end of the way is Je - su.



W. C. Poole.

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INTERNATIONAL SINGERS' GUILD.

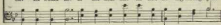
R. D. Ackley.



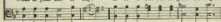
1. What is the life you are liv-ing to-day? What is the mes-sage it
 2. What is your life in the lat-tle with wrong? Does it help oth-ers life's
 3. What is your life, is it stead-y and true? Do-ing the work that the



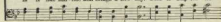
hears on your way? Oth-ers are wait-ing, O, what does it say?
 jour-ney a-long? Does it give cour-age—a cour-age that's strong?
 Sav-ior would do! In the dear Sav-ior now liv-ing through you!



What is your life to-day? Is it a Bea-ron to guide the way?



Is it like sun-rise that brings a new day? Does it help oth-ers



a-ver life's way? O, what is your life to-day?



J. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY J. P. B. & SONS,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. P. Schottfeld.



1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;
2. I yield-ed my self to this Christ alone, For sin was a bur-den to me;
3. And now I am sing-ing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;



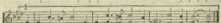
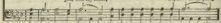
It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a low-ly life whole.
He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-sure soul free.
Now He is my Shep-herd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.



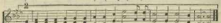
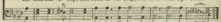
Chorus.



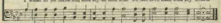
His love won my heart, . . . A love that will nev-er de-part; . . .
yes, won my heart, . . . no, nev-er de-part.



He took sin a-way, and cal-cu-lates to stay, His love won my heart.



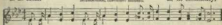
I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.



E. B. McK.,

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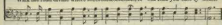
B. B. McKinney.



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



But it leads up home to the great white throne, Where the saints in glory wait,
 On its leaves so wide Jesus died and shed, There He bore the sinner's blame,
 Walk the road divine where the cross stands, It will lead you safely home.



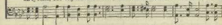
Chorus.



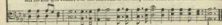
The old road is the on - ly road That leads home to God, The old road is the



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



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



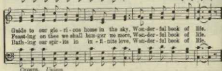
Lizzie DeArmond.

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Howard E. Smith.



1. Word of the Fa-ther, O light from on high, Won-der-ful book, won-der-ful book,
 2. Bread for our souls, such a heav- n - ful store, Won-der-ful book, won-der-ful book,
 3. Stream by the way-side from fountains a-bove, Won-der-ful book, won-der-ful book,



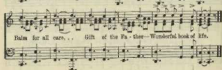
Guide to our glo-ri-ous home in the sky, Won-der-ful book of life.
 Feas-ting on this we shall long-er no more, Won-der-ful book of life.
 Bath-ing our spir-its in in - E-nite love, Won-der-ful book of life.



Won-der-ful book . . . Glo-ri-ous book . . . To high and



low-ly A true-are most ho-ly, A Jew- el so rare, . .



Balm for all care, . . Gift of the Fa-ther—Wonderful book of life.

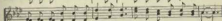
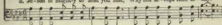
J. F. S.

Copyright, 1910, J. F. Schenck, New York.

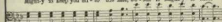
J. F. Schenckfield.



1. Je-sus is a-ble to save from sin, Will you re-ceive Him to-day?
2. Je-sus is will-ing to save your soul, Will you re-ceive Him to-day?
3. Je-sus is might-y to hold you fast, Why not ac-cept Him to-day?



A-ble to plant the new life with-in, Will you re-ceive Him to-day?
 Will-ing to take you and make you whole, Je-sus is will-ing to-day.
 Might-y to keep you un-to the last; Je-sus is might-y to save.



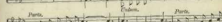
Chorus. Chorus.

Part.

Chorus.



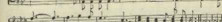
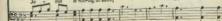
A-ble, a-ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save;... Will-ing, will-ing.
 Je-sus is a-ble to save



Part.

Part.

Je-sus is will-ing to save;... Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is might-y to
 Je-sus is will-ing to save



save;... Might-y, He's might-y, Je-sus is might-y to save. A-men.
 might-y to save; you, Je-sus is might-y,



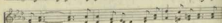
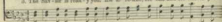
A. H. A.

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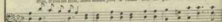
Rev. A. H. Arkley.



1. The Sav-ior be-cause-tray your sin to for-give, He can and He will if you
2. The Sav-ior is long-ing to com-fort your heart, He can and He will if you
3. The Sav-ior is read-y your life to re-dim, He can and He will if you



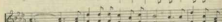
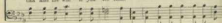
let Him; Without His be-gin - ning your soul-started live, He
The joy that you need He will glad-ly im-part, He
If you let Him, And make you a chan-nel of pow-er di-vine, He



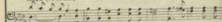
Chorus.



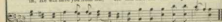
can and He will if you let Him.
can and He will if you let Him. He can and He will if you let
can and He will if you let Him.



Him. He can and He will if you let Him; Let Je - sus come
again, if you let Him.



in, He will save you from sin. He can and He will if you let Him.



Robert Lowry.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Lay in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-er! Walk-ing the eon-ing day—
 2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-er! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death can not keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav-er! He torn the bars a-way—

BARNUM, Foster.

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic-tor from the

dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -

rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A - MEN

379 Sitting At The Feet Of Jesus.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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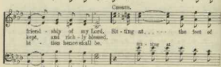
W. B. GILMAN, Boston.



1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Drink - ing in His
2. And to think that He would sit - ter, Teach us one an
3. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Sav - ing, Teach - us,



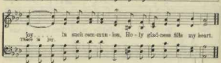
ev - 'ry word, Dear - er far than a - ny friend - ship in the
see to rest, in the an - nest of His pres - ence, Safe - ly
Lord is He, Just to do His pre - cious bid - ding My sin -



friend - ship of my Lord, Sit - ting at . . . the feet of
rest, and rich - ly blessed,
in - then hence shall be.



Je - sus, Chose - ting now crowding - ing the let - ter part, There is



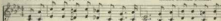
joy in - is such com - mu - ion, Ho - ly glad - ness fills my heart.

380 Keep Your Heart In Love With Jesus.

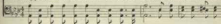
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Rev. G. C. McClellany, B. D.

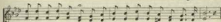
Grand Chorus Teller.



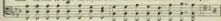
1. Keep your heart in love with Je - sus ev - 'ry day; It will sweeten ev - 'ry
2. Keep your heart in love with Je - sus, nev - er leave; Nev - er friendship was on
3. Keep your heart in love with Je - sus and be true; Nev - er let - ter at the



mo - ment of the way; Life's sweet an - thena will be ring - ing, And the
ten - der, true and dear; He will meet each deep - er yearning, With a
task He'd have you do; Life e - ter - nal will be giv - en, And a



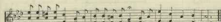
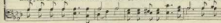
heart will keep a sing - ing, If your heart's in love with Je - sus all the way.
Love that's warm and burn - ing, If your heart's in love with Je - sus He is near.
Him - ad - rent in heart - en, If your heart's in love with Him who died for you.



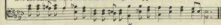
Chorus.



Keep your heart in love with Je - sus, Keep your heart in love with Him. Keep the



love - fire burn - ing bright, Let no - el be His light, Keep your heart in love with Him.



L. M. R.

Copyright, 1900, by L. H. Reynolds.
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L. H. Reynolds.

1. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," Thus saith our God of love;
 2. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," The Father's promise surely;
 3. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," His word of love to you;

Faithfully come, whate'er thy needs may be, He'll give thee from a - love,
 And - less is He to hear our ev-'ry plea, And make our joy complete,
 Trust in His blood and He will set you free, And ev - er He'll be true.

Chorus
 "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee, Call un-to Me, call un-to Me;

Great and wonderful things I will show thee, Call un-to Me, call un-to Me."

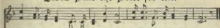
L. M. R.

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Mrs. Maudie B. Jacobs.

Jesus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e - ter - nal - ly.

Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



This shall my song thro' the a - ges be: Je - sus paid the price for me.



383

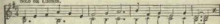
Bearing His Cross for Me.

R. H.

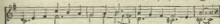
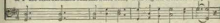
Copyright, 1901, by Robert H. Jackson, International Copyright Secured.
Revised by William H. Williams

Robert Jackson.

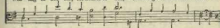
Solo on Chorus.



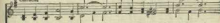
1. I see my Sav - ior with thorn - crowned head, Bear - ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gates, Bear - ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear - ing His cross for me;



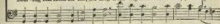
Thorn - pierced His brow, only ad - ditioned, Bear - ing His cross for me,
On which the torments and the peo - ple's sins, Bear - ing His cross for me,
Wil - ling to suf - fer, all hearts to win, Bear - ing His cross for me.



Chorus.



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



Won - der - ful - for, what anguish His love, Bear - ing His cross for me, (for me.)



384 Oh, I Am So Happy In Jesus.

Arthur T. Pearson.

James McGovern.

1. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, His blood has re - deem'd me from sin,
 2. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, He taught me the an - swer of faith,
 3. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
 4. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, If earth is His love is no meat.

Why and I sing in my glad - ness, To know He is dwell - ing with - in.
 To rest in his love - ing His pres - ence, And trust what - so - ev - er He willeth.
 The love He has kin - dled with - in me makes me - his good and - lov - ing servant.
 What joy is his glo - ri - fied pres - ence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

Chorus
 Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, From sin and from sor - row no long

So hap - py that He is my Sav - iour, So hap - py that Je - sus loves me.

385 Everything's All Right.

Arr. by R. B. McKim.

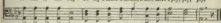
Arr. by R. B. McKim.

1. Ev'ry - thing's all right in my Fa - ther's house, In my Fa - ther's house, In my Fa - ther's house.
 2. Come and go with me To my Fa - ther's house, To my Fa - ther's house, To my Fa - ther's house.
 3. Je - sus is the way To my Fa - ther's house, To my Fa - ther's house, To my Fa - ther's house.

Everything's All Right.



Ev - ry-thing's all right In my Father's house, Where there's joy, joy, joy.
Come and go with me To my Father's house, Where there's joy, joy, joy.
Je - sus is the way To my Father's house, Where there's joy, joy, joy.



386

The Many Mansions.

B. B. McK.

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Published by B. B. McKimney.

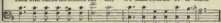
Arr. by B. B. McKimney.



1. Do not let your heart be trou - bled. Not - ther let it be a - bled.
2. He has left the Ho - ly Spir - it. As our com - for - ter and guide.
3. Do not let your heart be trou - bled. Talk of life will soon be o'er.



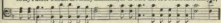
Lean up - on the pre-cious prom - ise That the blessed Man - ter made.
Till He comes a - gain in glo - ry. With His loved ones to a - bide.
Then with Christ the blessed Bar - lor. We shall dwell for - ev - er - more.



Chorus.



"In My Father's house are many mansions, If it were not so I would have told you;



In My Father's house are many man-sions," And all the streets are paved with gold.



337 Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

Little Shivers Lurch.

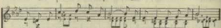
(Solo, we all be welcome)

Copyright, 1911, by ADAM GEBHEL, MUSICIAN.
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

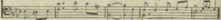
Adam Gebhel.



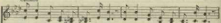
1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all short-lived seem to be;
2. I cannot tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart above.
3. Tho' trials come thro' passing days, My life will still be filled with praise;



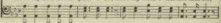
God's pre-dest plan I can-not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darkened ways, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.



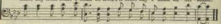
Crescendo



Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;



Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.



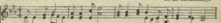
338

Tarry Ye Here.

R. B. McK.

Copyright, 1911, by ROBERT B. MCKINNEY.

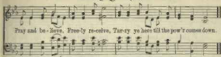
R. B. McKinney.



Tarry ye here, Tarry ye here, Tarry ye here till the pow'r comes down;



Tarry Ye Here.

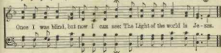
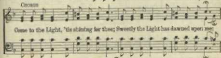
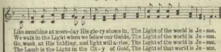
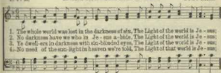


389 The Light of the World Is Jesus.

E. P. R.

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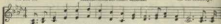
P. P. Bliss.



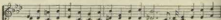
A. H. A.

Copyright, 1910, by ROBERT W. DOUGLASS.
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A. H. Achley.



1. If you want to know the Sav-ior, Not an hour need you de-lay, He is
 2. If you want to know the Sav-ior, And the love that sat-is-fies, Find the
 3. If you want to know the Sav-ior, In that land of cloud-ey day, With its




glad-ning, peace-fully glad-ning, O accept Him while you may; Even now if you will
 of boundless meanness, That His wisdom's grace supplies, The for you the very
 bright-es-per-ual glories, That shall never pass a-way; You must meet Him, on life's



head Him, At the cross of near-er-ly love, All your sin shall be for-giv-en, You can
 moment, When you make this bold-ly vow, "I will take Him as my Sav-ior," You can
 pathway; Place the crown upon His brow, Do not wait un-till to-morrow, You can

CHORUS.

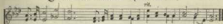


know Him now, You can know Him now, You can know Him now, If you
 know Him now, know Him now, know Him now, know Him now,



want to know the Sav-ior, You can know Him now; You can know Him now,
 know Him now, know Him now, know Him now, know Him now,

You Can Know Him Now.



I will tell you how, If you take Him as your Saviour, You can know Him now,
tell your heart

391

A Friend of Mine.

R. B. McK.

Copyright, 1904, by R. B. McKim,
 Boston, U. S. A.

R. B. McKinney.




1. There is joy in my heart as I pour - say To the cit - y of love de - sign,
 2. Tho' the world may doubt and dis - own me, And the sea may refuse to share,
 - & I will work, watch and pray for my Sav - ior, I will follow His wise de - sign.




And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet sto - ry, Je - sus is a Friend of mine,
 There is One who care - or will for - take me, Je - sus is a Friend of mine,
 Till He calls me to meet Him in Glo - ry! Je - sus is a Friend of mine,

Chorus.



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

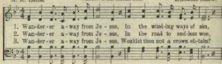


In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

R. R. Latta.

PROPERTY OF MR. JAMES H. HARRIS

Knowles Shaw.



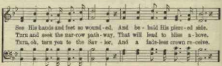
1. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, In the wind-ing ways of sin,
 2. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, In the road to sad-ness won,
 3. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, Woekest thou not a crown ob-tain?



Turn and seek the world's de-struction, And His serv-ice now be-gin.
 If thou wilt not turn to Je-sus, Whither, whither wilt thou go?
 Why then, wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear-not, not the woe and pain!

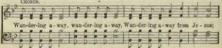


On Mount Cal-va-ry He suf-fered, On the cru-ci-fix He died;
 Broad the road where thou art go-ing, Nar-row with thee downward move;
 Can you bar-ter life a-ter-nal For the pleas-ure sin can give?



See His hands and feet so wound-ed, And be-hold His pierc-ed side.
 Turn and seek the nar-row path-way, That will lead to Him a-bove.
 Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav-ior, And a hal-low'd crown re-ceive.

Chorus.



Wan-der-ing a-way, wan-der-ing a-way, Wan-der-ing a-way from Je-sus;

Wandering Away.

Hear His gentle voice Calling you to-day, And wan-der no more away from Je-sus.

393 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

WORDS BY REV. WILL L. THOMPSON & SON.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great-day coming, There's a great-day coming by and
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright-day coming, There's a bright-day coming by and
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad-day coming, There's a sad-day coming by and

by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left. Are you
 by; But His brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord. Are you
 by; When the sin-ners shall hear kind-ness, "De-part, I know ye not." Are you

ready for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y

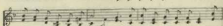
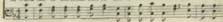
for the judg-ment-day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment-day?

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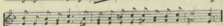
10. 11. 2019



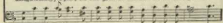
1. When - ev - er you are tempt-ed to doubt the Father's care, Re-cause you
2. In - so - much in your trou-ble, re-mem-ber God is here, His al-mighty
3. When - ev - er you seem to wan-der and in - his word you wait, And ev - 'ry



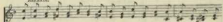
can-not un-der-stand His love - ing: Just wait a lit-tle long-er. His
does not mean He can-not hear you: True pray-er's al-ways answered, let
me - the re-ve-nue on - re-gard - ed: Your need He may be test-ing and



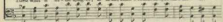
me - and you may share. And find the way - blessing you are need - ing.
 faith His goodness prove, And wait on - all the an - swer comes to cheer you.
 though it bring you pain, Be strong, for in the end all will be right - ed.



1998



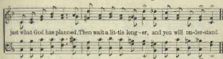
Then wait a bit - the longer you wait the less the Lord's command. Then wait a bit - the



honor, and trust His gold-lure hand: Perhaps the crown you wear is of



Wait A Little Longer.



Just what God has planned, Then wait a lit-tle long-er, and you will un-der-stand.

395 Facing The Future With Jesus.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ashley.



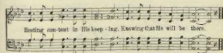
1. Facing the fu-ture with Je-sus, When He is re-lax-ed and strong.
2. Facing the fu-ture with Je-sus, When He is hard and so-vere.
3. Facing the fu-ture with Je-sus, When life is wear-ry and worn.



Filled with the ho-p-e of vi-sion, Vi-brant with glad-ness and song.
Swept by the mild winds of pas-sion, Re-joicing the heart of his dear.
Wait-ing the call at the sun-set, Won-der-ing what of the morn.



Chorus.
Facing the fu-ture with Je-sus, Leav-ing it all to His care.



Resting con-fident in His keep-ing, Know-ing that He will be there.

George O. Webster.

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Grant Collins Taylor.

1. Life is a friend-ly road, if you take it with a smile. Life is a
 2. Life is a friend-ly road, greet each morning with a smile. Life is a
 3. Life is a friend-ly road, as you meet it day by day. Make it a

friend-ly road, with its joy for ev-'ry mile. Life-the tri-ble we must bear.
 friend-ly road, be a friend-ly soul the while. Find your joy in be-ing kind.
 friend-ly road, cheer on with - or on the way. Tri-ble comes, but just be sweet.

Ev-'ry life will have its share. But where-a'er our feet may fare,
 Find some wound-of-heart to heal. And, ere long you'll want - ly fare,
 Be to ev-'ry man you meet. Just the man you'd like to greet.

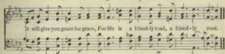
Chorus.

Life is a friend-ly road. Life is a friend-ly road, but life is you,
 Life is a friend-ly road. Life is a friend-ly road, but life is you,
 Life is a friend-ly road.

You make it or break it that is true. Meet it fair-ly, face to face.

Life Is A Friendly Road.

511



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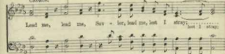
Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis.



Chorus.



George G. Webster.

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Conrad Coffey Tuller.



1. If the clouds are dark and drear - y Just a - lone your way, If you trust - ed
2. When your heart is crush'd with sor - row, There's a prom - ise bright, Soon will dawn a
3. Keep on wait - ing, skies will soon be blue, sing a cheer - y song, For it really



love and wa - ry through a toil - some day,
gold - en sun - rays, hail will turn to night;
can - not wait - for those "bells" to be long
Here's a word of hope and cheer - ing -
Clouds will soon be still, a - lone you
Like the robes of our - ly morn - ing

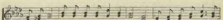


you will find it true, If you keep on bravely wait - ing, skies will soon be blue.
and the sun al - most there; If you keep on bravely wait - ing, skies will soon be blue.
clouds will melt for you, On - ly keep on bravely wait - ing, skies will soon be blue.

Chorus.



Keep on wait - ing till the sun breaks through, Skies will soon be wait - ing



down on you; All your earth - ly cares be - gail - ing, Keep on wait - ing, heav - enly

Sries Will Soon Be Blue.



399 Jesus Is Always The Same.

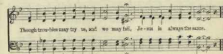
R. A. K.

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Richard A. Kelly.



Chorus.

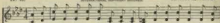


400 When You Know It You Will Tell It

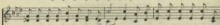
H. L.

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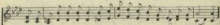
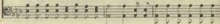
Harold Lillemas.



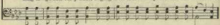
1. When you know the re - deem - ing grace, You will
2. Know you know the peace unbounded, peace that Christ alone can give, You will
3. There are mil - li - ons who nev - er tell the won - der - work - ing pow'r Of the



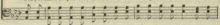
want to tell some oth - er soul a - bout it. You will want to show its beau - ty
want some oth - er soul to come and share it. So that soul may know the Sav -
ing grace that Je - sus free - ly pro - fess, If your soul has been redeemed you'll



to the last in ev - 'ry place, Striving to convince the ones who still may doubt it,
and may daily for Him live, May receive His robe of righteousness and wear it,
long to - go this ev - 'ry hour, Urging them to seek the peace that now He of - fers.



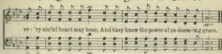
When you know it you will tell it, tell the sto - ry old but new, Strive to



tell it to the last of ev - 'ry race, Tell each message sweet and clear
ev - 'ry race



When You Know It You Will Tell It

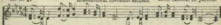


er - ry sin - ful heart may hear, And they know the power of re - deem - ing grace.

401 When the Night Shades Are Falling.

M. B. J.

Copyright, 1904, by M. B. J. Co. Mrs. Marcella H. Jacobs.



1. When the night shades gently are fall - ing, And the lights softly glow in the sky,
2. What - er - er the task that is given, I will faith - ful - ly in - her - en -
3. And when my day here is end - ed, And the twilight of life I've won,

By the side
of my
Savior



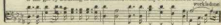


Then I think of the home o - ver yon - der, And it seems to be so near by.
Com - fort - ed if, when it is finish - ed, The Fa - ther shall say "Well done."
I will face toward home in the even - ing, And wait for the light to come.



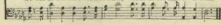
Chorus.



O the glo - ry await - ing in the home - land, When our day's work here is done!

We will be safe home with the Fa - ther, And no an - gels shall er - er come.



402 Meet Your Troubles With A Smile.

Janice P. Moore.

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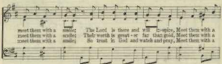
B. D. Ackley.



1. The' troubles oft oppress you, Just meet them with a smile; The Lord is with you,
2. Af-fair-dice cannot harm you, Just meet them with a smile; The ar-rogant-ly
3. The' shadows of fa-doe you, Just meet them with a smile; His love will drive the



In the day, Meet them with a smile. They are - or can over-land you, Just
come up-land, Meet them with a smile. They are - or should a - late you, Just
glow a-way, Meet them with a smile. When you - ry, He'll re-store you, Just



meet them with a smile; The Lord is there and will com-ple, Meet them with a
meet them with a smile; Their worth is great - or far than gold, Meet them with a
meet them with a smile; So trust in God and watch and pray, Meet them with a

Baritone,

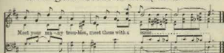


smile Meet your trou-bles, meet them with a smile, When a fa-ir



light-er for a - while; Sunshine scatters clouds and rain, Why then worry and complain,

Meet Your Troubles With A Smile.



Meet your sor-row trou-bles, meet them with a smile.

403

Glory Be To God.

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D. D. McChesney.

And.

Slowly.



1. Soft - ly the night is fall - ing, On Earth - ly-ness's side. Softly.....
2. Come with the joy - ful day - hours, Less - ing their power - ful side. Softly.....
3. Ye who are weak and won - ry, Come with thy own - der - strength.



4. Let the sheep-herds watch - ing, Their pen - the flocks are still.
Come with the win - dom bring - ing, Their in - come, wealth and gold.
Bring him, your heart's de - vo - tion, Joke in the old - est song.

Cresc. Faster.



5. Sing the ho - ly vid-ua from the sky:
Ho - ly in the air, Ho - ly in the sea, Ho - ly in the land.

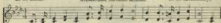


6. Ho - ly in the air, Ho - ly in the sea, Ho - ly in the land.
Ho - ly in the air, Ho - ly in the sea, Ho - ly in the land.

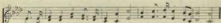
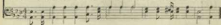
R. D. McKim.

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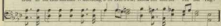
R. D. McKimsey.



1. Tho' the dark clouds roll o'er your troubled soul, 'Somewhere the sun is shin-ing.
2. There's a rainbow bright from the throne of light, O-ver the clouds 'tis shin-ing.
3. Tho' the days are long, Sing a cheer-y song, Come from your sad re-pin-ing.



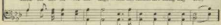
Never doubt nor fear, Christ is al-ways near, Look for the sil-ver lin-ing.
 Soon His cheering ray Drives the clouds a-way, Look for the sil-ver lin-ing.
 God is on His throne Watch-ing o'er His own, Look for the sil-ver lin-ing.



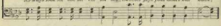
Chorus.



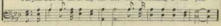
Look for the sil-ver lin-ing, When the clouds are hang-ing low,



Al-ways look for the sil-ver lin-ing, Sweeter joys your heart will know;



Put your trust in the liv-ing Sat-ter, He is watch-ing o-ver you.



Look for The Silver Lining.

Always look for the sil-ver lin-ing, 'Till the sun comes shining there'.

405

Redeeming Love.

Martha Stockton.

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A. B. McKimsey.

1. God loved the world of sin-ners lost And re-ined by the folk.
2. E'en now by faith I claim His name, The re-son Son of God;
3. He - lov-ing ones, re-joice-ing go, There shall to you be giv'n;
4. With vic-t'ry a-ver Na-tan's pow'r My heart with rap-ture sings.

Sal - va-tion full, at high-cost cost, He of - fers free to all.
Re - demp-tion by His death I find, And cleans-ing there the blood.
A glo-ri-ous fore-taste, here be-low, Of soul - less life in heav'n.
I'll tri-umph in the dy-ing hour, 'Till Christ, the King of kings.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, love, love that lib-er-ated me, Love, love, love that set me free.

Love, love won the vic-t'ry, Oh, 'twas love, love, love.

A. H. A.

COMPOSED, TUNED, BY ROBERT A. ARTHUR.
INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Rev. A. H. Arkley.

1. There are bur-dens to be borne, For the world is tired and worn, Tho' you
 2. There is lon - e - ness and grief, You can help to bring re - lief, Tho' you
 3. There is sin so dark and lone, Help to make my Sav-er known, Tho' you

can-not do it all, do some-thing; Help to lift the load of care, You will
 can-not do it all, do some-thing; Con-se-crate to God your heart, Ask for
 can-not do it all, do some-thing; Enter the crowd, vic-tor-ry, Lift it

And it ev-ry-where, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some-thing,
 strength to do your part, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some-thing,
 high e'er land and sea, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some-thing.

Chorus.

Do some-thing.

Do some-thing.

Do some-thing for the Lord, do some-thing for the Lord, Tho' you can-not

do it all, do some-thing. In this world of sin and shame You can

Do Something.

verse - sing.

verse in Je-sus' name, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some-thing.

verse - sing.

407

Never A One.

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H. L.

Hal-lor Lillies.

1. Search a'er the heart weary world and you'll find, Nev-er a one, nev-er a one
2. Read all the volumes that ev-er were penned, Nev-er a one, nev-er a one
3. Drive to the nev-er a Pi-lot no true, Nev-er a one, nev-er a one
4. Is there a one who in death will not fail? Nev-er a one, nev-er a one

Like to the Bar-ber of do-ful ratched, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.
Ev - er revealed such a wonder-ful Friend, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.
Guid-ed the helm on life's way-ago for you, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.
Je - sus a - lone a'er the pow'r can prevail, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.

Chorus.

Nev-er a one, nev-er a one, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus;

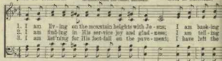
Ev-er shared in my glorious Look, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.

408 3 Am Listening for His Footfall.

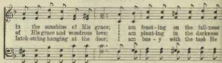
John R. Clements.

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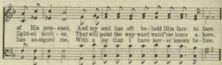
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. I am liv- ing on the mountain heights with Je- sus; I am look- ing
2. I am find- ing in His ser-vice joy and glad-ness; I am tell- ing
3. I am wait- ing for His foot-fall on the pave-ment; I have left the

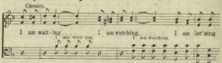


is the sunshine of His grace; I am feast- ing on the fullness
of His grace and wondrous love; I am plant- ing in the darkness
hark-ening hark- ing at the door; I am bus- y with the task He



at His pres-ence. And my soul has oft be- hold Him face to face.
light-ed torch - on. That will point the way-ward wand'ring home a-lore.
has as-signed me. With a joy that I have nev-er known be-fore.

Crescendo.

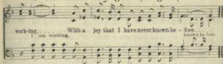


I am wait- ing I am wait- ing. I am wait- ing



for His footfall at the door. I am wait- ing. I am

I Am Listening for His Footfall.



work-ing, and visit-ing. With a joy that I have never known be-fore.

409

Lift Me Up To Thee.

Maria Ann Price.

Copyright, 1880, by MARIA ANN PRICE.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

T. S. McKinney.



1. A - love the morn-ing, a - love the day, A - love life's sweet-ness now,
2. I am not wear-ry of the work That Thou hast giv-en me,
3. To those I meet a - long the way May I a bless-ing be,
4. When I shall reach the end of life, still this my pray'r shall be.



Oh, bless-ed Sav-ior, lift me up, Oh, lift me up to Thee!
But while I walk and while I serve, Oh, lift me up to Thee!
Oh, lift me high a - love my self, Dear Je - sus, up to Thee!
Dear Sav-ior, lift my Spir - it up, Oh, lift me up to Thee!



Chorus,
Lift me up, lift me up, Bless-ed Lord, to Thee, (to Thee.)



More like Thee I would be, Oh, lift me up to Thee!

Rev. Johnson Oastman, Jr.

PUBLISHED BY

E. O. Hurdell.

1. When up-on His hill-tops you are ten - post-tuned, When you are dis-
 2. Are you ex - or her-dosed with a load of care? Dips the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

count-ered, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 bear - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, man-y
 count-ered, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels

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

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

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

Count Your Blessings.

a tempo.

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'Count Your Blessings'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end.

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

411 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

Copyright, 1871, by ROBERT M. CALVERT.

M. J. Balliet.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'There's No Friend Like Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, No my ev - ry need sup-pling;
2. Ah, you, all to me in Je - sus, Sweet Re-deem-er, Sav-er, Guide,
2. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

Handwritten musical notation for the second system of 'There's No Friend Like Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end.

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de-cline.
And from ev - 'ry foe de-berls me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bide - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

Cresc.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system of 'There's No Friend Like Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end.

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

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system of 'There's No Friend Like Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end.

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

412 Crimson Calvary Answers, "No!"

W. T. Dale.

Chorus by R. B. McKim.
Solo.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert B. McKim.
International Copyright Secured.

R. B. McKim.



1. Shall I be comforted for - ev - er, If I to the Lord draw near? If I
2. I am trusting e - ver my sal - vation, I am weeping e - ver my sin, For my
3. If I go and tell How tra - ly I have the love a - bound, How I'm
4. While upon the cross his sud - den, Je - sus prayed with dy - ing breath, "Father,

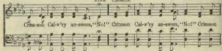


son, for peace and pardon, Will He deign to hear my prayer? Will He answer my deep sin
guilt's burning oppression, And a bur - den long has been? Will the Lord be gracious
down against His mercy, And His pay - ment have re - ceived? Will He grant the lov - ing
oh, forgive him," and His, "Save them from e - ter - nal death?" Ah, I woe more than thou who



tri - tion, Will He not His grace be - stow? Will He spare my heart's pa - ti - dent,
to - day, If I tell Him all my woe, Will He leave me in my anguish?
Je - sus, When in pen - i - tence I go, Oh in wrath will He for - sake me?
mis - eries, And who plead His long a - go, Have I passed be - yond His mer - cy?

D. S. - For the blood of Je - sus cleans us
From Calvary.



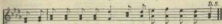
Crimson Cal - v'ry an - swers, "No!" Crimson Cal - v'ry an - swers, "No!" Crimson
Whiter than the driven snow.



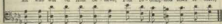
Cal - v'ry an - swers, "No!" On the cross the blood of Je - sus paid the sin - ful's long a - go!

Crimson Calvary Answers, "No!"

D. S.



All who will in Him be - lieve, Full re - demp - tion shall re - ceive,



413

Wonderful Words of Life.

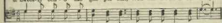
P. P. B.

Copyright, 1912, by THE AMERICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK.

P. P. Glass.



1. Sing Ourselves a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Let us more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

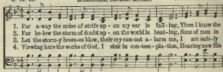


Words of Life and beau - ty, Teach us faith and de - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Save us from all sin - ful - ty.



Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life. A - MEN.





1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, None of men in
 3. Let the storm-y brews-on blow, their cry can not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I stick in con-ten-pla-tion, Hearing now His

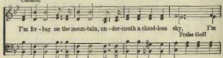


voice of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 let - the long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
 sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining,
 His sweet voice, I see the way He planned; Dwelling in the Spir-it, here I

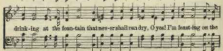


wait to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Bea-h Land.
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Bea-h Land.
 here there's naught to harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Bea-h Land.
 born of fall and wa-ter, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Bea-h Land.

Chorus.



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

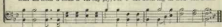


drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.



man-na from a horn-d-ful cup-py, For I am dwell-ing in Bea-uh Land.



415

Lord, Send a Revival

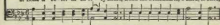
D. R. McK.

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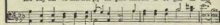
D. R. McKissey.



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



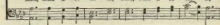
Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in us.
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, Oh, give them the vic-tor-y.
Let Thy sal-va-tion bring joy in-part And let it be-gin in us.



Cresc.



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



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



H. D. C.

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Harry D. Clark.

1. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - su, Come in - to my heart, I pray;
 2. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - su, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;
 3. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - su, And take all my guilt a - way;
 4. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - su, O cleanse and il - lu - mine my soul;

My soul is so troth-led and wear-ry, Come in - to my heart to - day.
 The bur-den of sin is so heav-y, Come in - to my heart to stay.
 Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine eter-nal day.
 Fill me with Thy won-der-ful Spir - it, Come in - and take full con-trol.

Chorus.

In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su,
 Come in to - day, come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su.

Arranged.

Chor. — In the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion.
 1. It was good for our souls - ere, It was good for our souls - ere.

Old-Time Religion.

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

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

418

Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Fisher.

St. Catherine, L. M. 44.

H. P. Henry.

1. Faith of our fa - ther! be - liev - ing still. In spite of dan-ger, fire, and sword.
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pri - sons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free.
3. Faith of our fa - ther! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife.

O how our hearts beat high with joy When e'er we hear that glo-ri-ous word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, if they, like them, could die for God
And preach His, too, as here known here, By kind-ly words and vir-tues like

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

S. H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLES D. THOMAS.

Charles D. Thomas.

1. Ready to set her grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
 2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
 3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
 4. Ready to agree, ready to wait, Ready o'er souls to reign;

Ready to stay at home and weep Oth-ers, If He sees best.
 Ready to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Ready to stand where He sees fit, Ready to stand the strain.
 Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His re-turn.

Cresc.

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill
 Ready for ser-vice, low-ly or great, Ready to do His will.

S. B. McK.

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R. B. McKinney.

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro'

Keep On Praying.

God's great prom-ises are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray in truth.

421 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. T.

Steady.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins.
New Publishing Co., Boston.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold a'er my

Fa-ther; I am the day. Mould me and make me All - as Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to day! With - or than more, Lord, Wash me just
now - y. Help me, I pray! For - ge - all your - ar - shen - ly in
be - ing Ab - so - lute away! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

will. While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-ily I bow.
Thine Teach me and lead me, Ser - ve & - vied
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in and A - men.

T. O. Chisholm.

C. Harold Lowden.

Not fast.

First of March, 1912, at the First Baptist Church, Chicago.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus what-ev-er I am, Do-ing each de-ty in
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's li-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the

all that I do, Yield-ing al-lig-hen, glad-heart-ed and true,
 sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
 His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer al-lig-hen or loss,
 light of His smile, Seek-ing the last cross He died to re-deem,

*Chorus, Union, A little slower.

This is the path-way of bleas-ing for me,
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all, O Je-sus, Lord and
 Deem-ing each tri-al a part of my cross,
 Bring-ing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

Bar-ter, I give my-self to Thee; For Thee, in Thy A-cep-tance Didst

give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

*Note.—Ideally to be sung in two parts. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the sub-melody.

Living for Jesus.

Three, My life I give, henceforth to Thee, O Christ, for Thine a-lone.

423

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

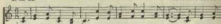
J. H. Stockton.

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

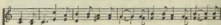
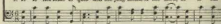
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O! hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the blood of His dear's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
O! how my soul de-lighte to hear The cheer-ing name of Je-sus.

Barbara.

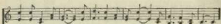
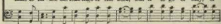
Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est tones on mor-tal tongue;
Sweet-est car-d or ex-or-song, Je-sus, blood of Je-sus. A-men.



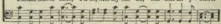
1. It may be in the val-ley, where ocean-land-ers go; It may be
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, With-stand-
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ment-of the Lord, It is but



in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
burn-ing des-erts to those in sin-ful striv-ing; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-dens a-cross the hill-tops' seams, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
fide to fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



it be dark or fair, If Je-sus be with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
see my judg-ments fair. And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my fan-ct, con-stant an-y-where!



Chorus.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, An-y-where! To heav-en is no, Where
I'll go.



If Jesus Goes With Me.

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

425

Pass Me Not.

Copyright Property of Henry J. Towne.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my low-ly cry;
While on others Thou art call-ing, (Chorus.....) Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-cess;
Knelling there in deep contri-tion, (Chorus.....) Help my un-be-ness.
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-cy, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (Chorus.....) Save me by Thy grace.
4. 'Twas the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
When I saw I am earth be-side Thee, (Chorus.....) When in Heav'n I see Thee!

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

Chorus. D. C.
Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my low-ly cry;

Brightly.


1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
 2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,
 3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
 4. The love brings us love, The love brings us love,



Good morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
 Hap - py birth - day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
 A wel - come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
 The love, dear chil - dren, The love brings us love,



1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
 3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;



Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love,
 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love,
 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love,

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKimsey.

Andante con espressione.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, like the dew Fall on me, Fall on me;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er near, Com - fort me, Com - fort me;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r di - vine, Fill my soul, Fill my soul;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all ex - press, Mold my life, Mold my life;



Cleanse from sin And reign with us; Ho - ly Spir - it, fall on me.
 To my heart True joy in - part; Ho - ly Spir - it, com - fort me.
 Help me win The lost from sin; Ho - ly Spir - it, fill my soul.
 Thine to - day And Thine for aye; Ho - ly Spir - it, mold my life.

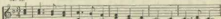


429

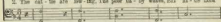
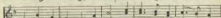
Father's Cradle Hymn.

M. L.


Martin Luther.



1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The In - de Lord
 2. The mil - ks are swe - ter, The poor la - by wakes, But In - de Lord

Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky Looked
 Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look




down where He lay, — The In - de Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my cradle To watch Je - su - ly.

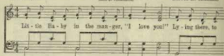


430 Little Baby in the Manger, I Love You.

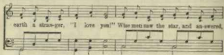
C. B. A.

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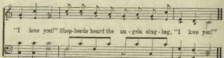
Carrie B. Adams.



Li - ta Ba - by in the man - ger, "I love you!" Ly - ing there, in



earth a stran - ger, "I love you!" When nat - ure the star, and an - swered,



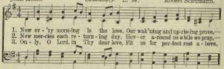
"I love you!" Sleep - ers heard the an - gels sing - ing, "I love you!"

431 New Every Morning Is the Love.

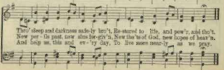
John Kells.

Copyright, L. M.

Robert Schumann.



1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing in the love, Our wak'ing and up - ris - ing prove, —
2. New mer - cies each re - turn - ing day, Ever - o - a - round as while we pray, —
3. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fill us for per - fect rest a - lone.



Thou' deep and darkness rule - ly lov'it, Re - stored to life, and pow'it, and tho't
New pos - se - sion, new abun - dant's, New the 'ness of God, new hopes of heart'n.
And long on, this and ev - 'ry day, To live more near - ly as we pray.

P. R.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

Paul Rabot.

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - sible, on - ly be - lieve.

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - sible, on - ly be - lieve.

433

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

TUNE BY COMPOSITOR.

B. C. Foster.

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

all that would a - larm; Gone are - re-mem - and by His grace I know The
darkness and tears with - in; Once was a - fraid to trust a - lov - ing God. But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live. To

D. S. — Be - cause He first loved me, And
First D. S.

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

purchased my sal - vo - tion on Cal - vary's tree.

Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

W. R. H.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. B. Howard.
Conrad & Nelson, N. Y.

W. B. Howard.

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church, they seem to say, 'Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship
3. Let me, like the bells a-bell, New-er weary grow, Tell-ing of the

Chorus.
loud-ly sing Un-derneath the sky,
God to-day In His tem-ple fair, "Ding-dong-ding, The great bells ring,
Lord I love, So the world may know.

Call-ing "This is Sun-day morn-ing; Ding-dong-ding, Ding-dong-ding, The

great bells sing; Hear them loud-ly sing-ing In the morn-ing!

Good Morning Song.

(PRIMARY.)

W. R. H.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. B. Howard.

Wm. B. Howard.

1-3. "Good morn-ing, good morn-ing, God gives the morn-ing.

Good Morning Song.

1. God gives the sun - shine, The bird seemed to say.
 2. God gives the rain - drops, The flow'r seemed to say.
 3. We will sing praise - us, Sing praise - us to Him!

436 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

Henry Alford

St. George's, Windsor.

Sir George J. Elvey.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home!
 2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit we - to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take the har-vest home;

All is sail-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storm be - gin;
 Wheat and tares be - gath - er now, Un - to joy or sor-row grown;
 From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;

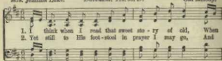
God, our Mak - er, hath pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
 Give Him an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har - vest grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be,
 Set the fruit - ful ears to store in His gar - den ev - er - more. A-MEN.

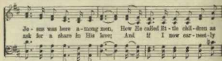
Mrs. Jeannette Lake.

Lancaster, 1878, No. 10.

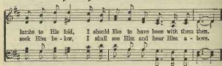
Old Melody.



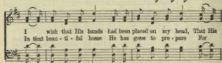
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And



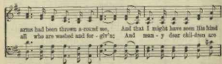
Jo - anna was here a - long ago, How He called His - tide child - ren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly



hark to His bid, I should like to have been with them then,
seek Him in - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - lone.



I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
in that heav - e - ly home He has gone to pre - pare for



arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear child - ren are

That Sweet Story of Old.



look when He said, "Let the lit - tie ones come in - to Me."
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

438

Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. M.

Copyright, 1900, by P. P. M.

P. P. M.



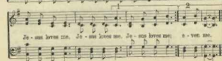
1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He seek - eth me when
K. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in this beau - ty I



Back He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the lit - tle I see;
er - er I say; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
me the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be.



Crescendo.
This is the dear - est - that Je - sus loves me,
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

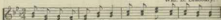


Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, e - ven me.

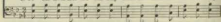
Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of Children.)

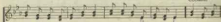
Wm. D. Bradbury.



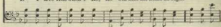
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Fi - le tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav'n's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;



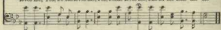
Chorus.



- Let - the ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



- loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Fi - le tells me so.



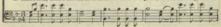
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Gump.



1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength is indeed weak, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the lep - er's
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim - I'll wash my garments
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in His own place, "Jesus died my soul to



Jesus Paid It All

Chorus.

pray, First in Me thine all in all."
 upon, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I
 while in the blood of Calvary's lamb.
 save, " My life shall still re - pent.

now; His had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

441 Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Verse.

Geo. F. Root.

Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the

world; Red and yel - low, black and white, They are

pre - cious in His sight; Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

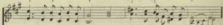
J. D. G.

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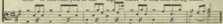
B. D. Arkley.



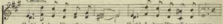
1. From the fields so white with har - vest, We may glean the golden grain;
2. He, the Friend of dy - ing sin - ners, To us, let our souls quick - ly come;
3. Glad - ly do I look to see Him, He who gave my sin and shame;
4. How the har - vest will be wait - ing, Shall the Master plant in vain?



- For the Master worketh reap - ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.
Now He bids me work his will, Hark! I hear Him call my name.
Glean the harvest, for this is His year, Hark! I hear Him call my name.
Thou art of men more than thou dost be - lieve, Hark! I hear Him call my name.



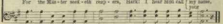
Chorus.



- Hark! I hear Him call my name, Hark! I hear Him call my name;

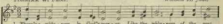


- For the Mas - ter work - eth reap - ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name,



Frederick W. Fisher.

William H. Jude.



1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wid - eness for the sin - ner, And more gra - ce for the good;
3. For the love of God is bound - less, Than the prom - ise of reward;
4. If our love were but more dis - play, We should take Him at His word.



There's A Wideness.



There's a kind - ness in His love - line, Which is more than He - ro - y.
 There is mer - cy with the Star - ing, There is love - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the Il - ler - ing Is more won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all con - sumed in the sweet - ness of our Lord.

444

Shall I Crucify Him?


Mrs. Frank A. Brock. Copyright, 1900, by F. A. Brock. Boston. Great Gifford Teller.




1. Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior, When for me He bore such loss?
 2. Yes, tempt - a - tion is al - ter - ing? Do earthly pleasures so ex - ceed.
 3. 'Twas my sin that cru - ci - fied Him, Shall they cru - ci - fy Him yet?
 4. Oh the kind - ly hands of Je - sus, Poor - ing blood - drops on all men!



Shall I put to shame my Sav - ior? Can I nail Him to the Cross?
 That I may not love my Sav - ior? Well a - enough to leave them all.
 Mock - ing day of name - less an - gels, Can my children need for - get?
 Blood - ing nail - marked hands of Je - sus. Can I nail them more a - gain?



Chorus
 Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior? Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain?

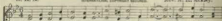


Chorus
 Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior? Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain?

A. H. A.

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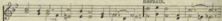
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



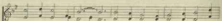
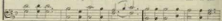
1. Who can tell how great the love Christ reveals to me, High - er than the
 2. Life unmeasured He be-stows, By His grace di - vine, Like a heal-ing
 3. Sor-row's hour is filled with peace, Comfort ev'ry I find, From all anx-i-eties
 4. And when all of life is o'er, Then shall I a - bide On that bright -



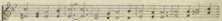
Repeat.



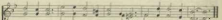
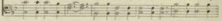
heights a - bove, Deep - er than the sea, ... Who can tell it all? ...
 stream it flows, Thro' this heart of mine, ...
 care release, And a spi - rit of love, ...
 ho - ly - ness, With my faithful Guide, ...



Who can tell it all? Who can tell how lov - ing - ly He



answers when I call? Je - sus all my tri - ble bears, Je - sus all my



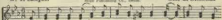
sor - row shares, Who can tell how much He cares, Who can tell it all?



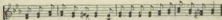
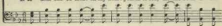
W. T. Sheper.

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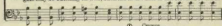
Geo. C. Stebbins.



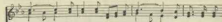
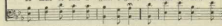
1. A sal - or came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word, So ad - ven - ty
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - rious rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in Heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful



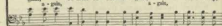
way of sal - va - tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
an - swered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
ransomed the song of the blood, The life ev - er last - ing if ye would ob - tain,
gale may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this ad - ven - ty - fied:



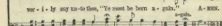
"Ye must be born a - gain." (a - gain.) "Ye must be born a -



gain." "Ye must be born a - gain, I ver - i - ly,



ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." A - men.



G. A. Y.

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Lowell Publishing Co., Boston. 1007 N. Broadway.

G. A. Young.

1. In shad - y, green pas-sures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear
 2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear
 3. Tho' we roam be - fall - en, and fa - tan - up - gone, God leads His dear
 4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear

child-reen a - long; Where the wa-ter's cold flow be-neath the wea-ry one's feet,
 child-reen a - long; Some - times in the val - ley in the dark-est of night,
 child-reen a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de-feat all our foes,
 child-reen a - long; A - - way up in glo - ry, e - ter - ni-ty's day.

Chorus

God leads His dear child-reen a - long, Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood,

Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood; Some thro' great sor-row, but

- 2 -

God gives a song, In the night sea-son and all the day long.

P. P. B.

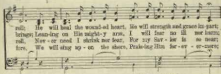
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY P. P. BILBOEN, BOSTON, MASS.

P. P. Bilboen.

Verse.

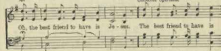


1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the waves of life up - set you
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus Peace and comfort to my soul He
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of Je - sus
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gather-

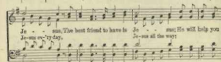


ed; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace in-part;
 leav-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
 still, Nor - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
 here, We will stay up - on the shore, Praising Him for - ev - er more;

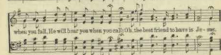
Chorus, Spelled



Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is



Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus; He will help you
 Je - sus ev - - ry day, Je - sus all the way;



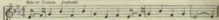
when you fall, He will bear you when you rally; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

B. B. McKim.

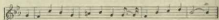
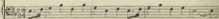
Solo or Chorus. (Andante)

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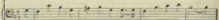
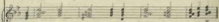
A. B. McKinney.



1. Oh, what a bless-ed Christ is mine, He saved me, this I know;
 2. I have no mer - it of mine own, To save from sin and woe;
 3. I am so weak and frail and small, But Christ doth love me so
 4. He paid for me the aw - ful cost Up - on the cross of woe;



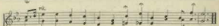
I'm anchored in His grip a-fore And He will not let me go.
 I'm trusting in His grace a-fore And He will not let me go.
 That He hath saved me from them all And He will not let me go.
 He'll nev-er let my soul be lost No - cause He loves me so.



Full Chorus. (Faster.)



He will not let me go, He will not let me go, He will not let me go, He will not let me go.



For Christ my Sav - lor loves me so, He will not let me go.

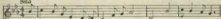


Rev. W. C. Poole.

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B. D. Ashley.

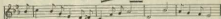
Solo



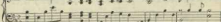
1. Deep down in my heart there is gladness to-day, Way down, deep in my heart.
2. Deep down in my heart there is wonderful peace, Way down, deep in my heart.
3. Deep down in my heart there are longings unfulfilled, Way down, deep in my heart.
4. Deep down in my heart there is heaven with-in, Way down, deep in my heart.



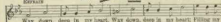
Accomp.



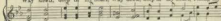
For Je - sus has come in, for - ev - er to stay, Way down, deep in my heart.
 That thro' all the a - ges will be - er in - crease, Way down, deep in my heart.
 More pre - cious than silver, or diamonds or gold, Way down, deep in my heart.
 Where Je - sus is liv - ing, and drives away sin, Way down, deep in my heart.



Kerene



Way down, deep in my heart, Way down, deep in my heart, Filling my

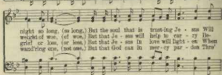


and with His love ev - ry day, Way down, way down, deep in my heart.





1. There is nev - er a day of dou - t. There is nev - er a
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y. There is nev - er a
 3. There is nev - er a care or sor - row. There is nev - er a
 4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner. There is nev - er a



right so long, (so long.) But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will
 weaned of woe, (of woe.) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry He
 grief or loss, (or loss.) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
 wand'ring are, (not are.) But that God can do nev - er - y par - don Thro'

Cresc.

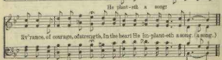


somewhere find a song, (a song.) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,
 calls He 'ev - er - y one, (ev'ry one.)
 car - ried to the cross, (the cross.)
 Je - sus Christ, His Son, (His Son.)



In the heart He im - plant - eth a song: A song of de -

He plant - eth a song

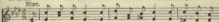


Ev'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im - plant - eth a song, (a song.)

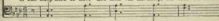
A. S. 2.

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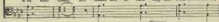
Duet.



1. The Shep-herd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are
2. The Shep-herd of Love knows His sheep by name, And ten-der-ly
3. The Shep-herd of Love our sin-ners hath paid, And af-fers sal-
4. The Shep-herd of Love now seek-eth His sheep, He seek-eth what-

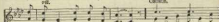


rough and steep; He's call-ing the lambs that have gone a-stray,
 leads the way; O wan-ry one, come to the Shep-herd's fold,
 we-tast free; He's pa-ther-ly wait-ing for thee to come,
 e'er the cost; He-hold, He is call-ing the wan-d'ring home,



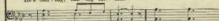
rit.

Cresc.



He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep,
 He's call-ing, call-ing to-day,
 He's call-ing, call-ing for thee,
 He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.

Out of your dark-ness of
 Call-ing.



thy and shame, In-to His love, for-ev-er the same; Come to Him
 rit. ing. Call ing, call ing.



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



Anon.

Tune with organ.

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A. B. McKimsey.

1. Be-hold the Son - for kneeling there; like sweet flow drops of blood; To wash my
2. The Son - for more for me a crown of thorns up-on His head; That I be
3. For me He hung up - on the cross, he - bore the mock-ing crown; For blood-ing
4. Let evening bleed to - o'er the stars, God's glo - ry which dis - play; Let morn-ing

er - by sin a - way He shed the re-deem-ing blood. To bear the guilt of
er - or-mous might wear a crown of life in - stead; For me He suf-fered,
wounds, and all for me; in death His loved life heaved; A - cross - ing here for
blood to o'er the sun that turns night in - to day. The Son - for bearing my

all the world, from here-on Je - sus came, And shall I be ashamed of
U, so much, for me He bore all shame; And shall I be ashamed of
me, for me, He love my sin and shame, And shall I be ashamed of
night to day, and may I think with shame, When I - no more reckon His

Chorus.

1-3. Who, a - shamed of Je - sus' name?.... No, no, oh, no, That time can
I never, His pre - sence, produce shame.

no - or less When I shall be ashamed of Him Who gave His all for me.

B. D. McK.

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H. D. McKinney.

Chorus.

1. I am sat - is - fed with Je - sus. He has done so much for me.
 2. He is with me in my tri - als. Host of friends of all is like
 3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus. Call - ing out so pleas - ing - ly.
 4. When my work on earth is end - ed. And I cross the rye - to sea.

He has suf - fered to re - deem me. He has died to set me free.
 I can al - ways count on Je - sus. Can He al - ways count on me?
 "Go and win the lost and strap - ling;" Is He sat - is - fed with me?
 Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing. "I am sat - is - fed with thee."

Chorus.

I am sat - is - fed. I am sat - is - fed. I am sat - is -

fed with Je - sus. But the ques - tion comes to me. As I

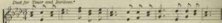
think of Cal - va - ry. Is my Man - ter sat - is - fed with me?

George W. Henschel.

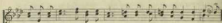
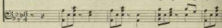
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Harbor Lullaby.

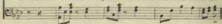
First for Tenor and Baritone.*



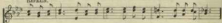
1. Some day, I know not where nor when, Beyond the driv - ing tempest blast;
2. Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore May burst up-on my raptur'd sight,
3. For He who heaved the stormy king's wrath And stilled the waves of Gal - i - lee,
4. And tho' it hath not been revealed Where heaven's gold-paved highway lies;



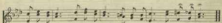
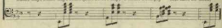
With-in a qui - et har - bor bay, I shall cast an - chor safe at last,
And I shall see the glo - ry land Dashed in the Lamb's e - ter - nal light.
Will safe - ly guide my storm-tossed bark A - cross life's dark, tempestuous sea.
I know that I shall one day dwell With Him whose blood was shed for me.



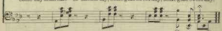
Harmon.



Some day, some day, some glad sweet day, I shall with joy His face be-hold;



Some day shall sail at an - chor bay, Some glad sweet day, some glad sweet day.



*Equally suited for soprano and alto voices.

456 Have I Grieved Thy Holy Spirit?

Rev. Oswald J. Smith.

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R. D. Ackley.



1. Have I grieved Thy Ho-ly Spir - it? Have I quenched His pow'r with in? . . .
 2. Do I lack the grace He giv-eth? Have I pow'r to win the lost? . . .
 3. Do I yield to sin's al-lure - ment, Hav - ing lost the pow'r to win. . .
 4. Lord, I come in deep con-vic - tion, Yield-ing all I have to Thee.



If I have, O Lord, be-give me, Cleanse my heart from ev'ry sin. . .
 Is my message un-a-vail - ing? Give Him back at an-y cost! . . .
 Since Thy Spirit, grieved, forsak me, When I let the tempter in? . . .
 Mak - ing now a full con-ven - tion Thine for-ev-er would I be. . .

Chorus



O my Saviour, come, I pray Thee, As I at Thine altar bow; . . .



Hear, O hear my heart's con-fes-sion. For- don, cleanse, and fill me now.

457 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

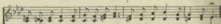
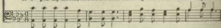
C. H. B.

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By H. H. HARRISON, Boston.

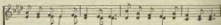
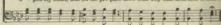
Chas. H. Scott.



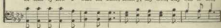
1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimp - ses of truth Then lost for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Vol - can of truth Then sound - est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me hear Glad - ly the warm truth ex - 'y - where;



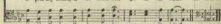
- Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and set me free.
And while the warm - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy child - ren thou to share.



- Hi - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Hi - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Hi - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy will to see;



- O - pen my eyes, E - in - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, E - in - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, E - in - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.



A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Askley.



1. There is One who knows all a - bout you, Ev - 'ry step of your
2. He has walked ev - 'ry vale of sor - row, He has climbed ev - 'ry
3. In His heart is the truest rest - ing, In His love is the



He He planned, to re-mem - ber when all - ers fault you, There is
- full of care, And the trials of to - day, to - mor - row, He is
sweet - est cheer, In His touch there is bloom - ed heal - ing, And His

Chorus.



One who can un - der - stand,
wait - ing with you to share, O the heart that can un - der - stand,
presence brings love on - ear.



Answer all of your heart's demand; (demand) No - one knows all your care,
- mend, de - mand



Ev - 'ry sor - row He will share, With a heart that can un - der - stand.

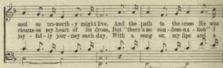
Copyright, 1877, by GREAT GILMAN TALLER, NEWARK.

Mrs. Frank A. Beech.
Duet. ad lib.

Grand Chorus Tallor.

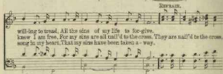


1. There was One who was wil-ling to Go in my stead, That a
2. He in ten-der and lov-ing and pa-ther with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav-ior and nev-er de-part—I will



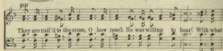
and so un-worth-y might I be, And the path to the cross He was
cleanse on my heart of the cross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion" I
joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

Chorus.



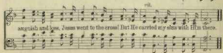
wil-ling to tread, All the days of my life to for-give,
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross, They are nail'd to the cross,
sing in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way.

pp



They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was willing to bear! With what

mf

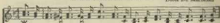


anguish and pain, None went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

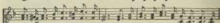
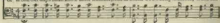
461 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

Copyright, 1907, by John De Marthold.

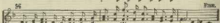
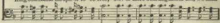
John De Marthold.



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



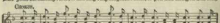
an-ly reach that shore by faith's door-way; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
happi-ness shall call beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall an-ly know the blessing Of our
King who made the spir-it to be free; Nev-er more with angu-ish la-den, We shall



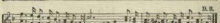
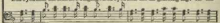
dwell with the immor-tals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet com-mand, When they ring the golden bells for you and me,
reach that lov-ly al-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.



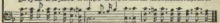
B.B. - pond the shi-ning riv-er, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)



Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



glor-y hail - lo-la-jah Je - mi-ah. (Je - mi-ah.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-



He loves Me.

(SING 1 TIME)

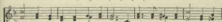
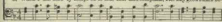
A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.



1. My con-fi-dence in Je-sus grows stronger ev'-ry day, His grace I feel not.
2. His love for me is more than a moth-er's for her child, A love that sought and
3. When I am sore-ly tempt-ed to mur-mur and complain; The way grows dark be-



lie - dent to keep me in life's way; When I am sad and lone-ly He
found me up-on the des-ert wild; His hand of mer-cy led me back
toe me and life is filled with pain; The tho't of all His good-ness re-



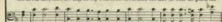
is a friend in-deed; He gives me grace and con-fort in ev'-ry time of need.
to my Father's home; I know that He will love me no mat-ter what may come,
sore-ly troubled when No mat-ter what he - licks me I know that God is kind.



CHORUS



He loves me, He's liv-ing in my heart; He loves me, He nev-er will de-part; He



loves me, He died for me on Cal-vary, And that is why I sing He loves me.



REPRODUCED, 1940, BY ROBERT HARRISON, INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SERVICE,
CHICAGO BY ROBERT H. HARRISON

R. H.

Robert Harrison.

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

view; Ev-er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him ev-er-ly. No lon-ger
end; Dark-est night His arms to bright-en sor-row, No lon-ger
hear; He has prom-ised ev-er to up-hold me, No lon-ger

Chorus.

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

Je-sus is the Friend of friends to me,.... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger
to me


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

C. A. M.

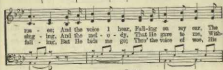
COMPOSED BY DR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
REVISED BY DR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

C. Austin Miles.

Solo.



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

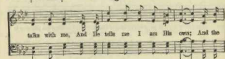


sun - set; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That he gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He tells me yet, Tho' the voice of woe, His


Chorus.



son of God dis - cuss - es, And He walks with me, and He
in my heart is sing - ing, And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.



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



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

F. C. H.

Original Lyrics by F. C. H.

Frank C. Houston.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is
 2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be
 3. Tho' sometimes the shad - ows may hang e'er the way, And sor - row may

joy with - out an ad - dition; The heav - en to trust Him and rest on His
 true what - e'er you may do; The rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a -
 come to look - on us home, Our pre - cious dis - cern - er each soul will re -

ver - dy; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.
 bode; It pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it
 pay; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.

pays ev - 'ry day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way, Tho' the pathway to
 ev - 'ry step of the way

glo - ry may sometimes be dim, You'll be hap - py each step of the way.

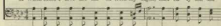
A. H. A.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION

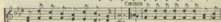
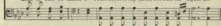
A. H. Arkley.



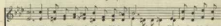
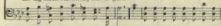
1. God nev - er dis - appoints, He is my Guide; No one has ev - er
2. Sometimes my cross seems more than I can bear, My grief too deep for
3. When those I love are tak - en from my sight, And on - ly ten - der



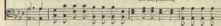
trust - ed Him in vain, So I will cling the closer to His side, And
 he - man words to tell, But still I know that I am in His care, And
 hope - ful - ly re - main, I would not lose my faith, but wait for Right, The



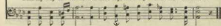
wait on - til He makes the dark things plain,
 but be - cause He loves me all is well, The mys - ter - ious I can - not com - pre -
 hend - ing Christ will turn my loss to gain.



head, I'll leave to Him, who all my life has planned, His lov - ing kind - ness
 He has planned,

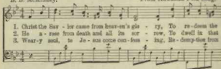


shall my way at - tend, And some day, some day I shall un - der - stand.

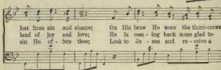


Words by
R. H. McKimney.

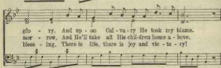
Arr. by R. H. McKimney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.



1. Christ the Son - he came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re - deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all in sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come our sin - ing, He - camp-tain from

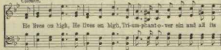


bat from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to -
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - solve a

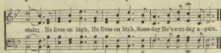


glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
sor - row, And He'll take all His child-ren home a - gain.
Mess - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!

Chorus.



He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its



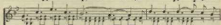
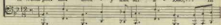
stains; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's even-ing a - gain.

J. P. S.

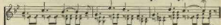
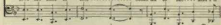
J. P. Schellert.



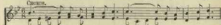
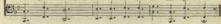
1. I've found a Friend... who is all to me.... His
 2. He saves me from... ev-ry sin and harm... So
 3. When your and need - y and all a - lone... In



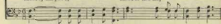
love is ev-er true;..... I love to tell.... how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come an - to Me.... and I'll



th - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....
 might - y arm;... I know He'll guide me all the way.....
 lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.....



Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life ad-vised!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,



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



Why Should He Love Me So?

K. H.

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Robert Harris.

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

love me not! Mark - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
love me not! He suf - fered more my sal - va - tion to win,
love me not! Noth - ing with - hold - ing my sin to at - face,

Chorus

Why should He love me not? Why should He love me not?

Why should He love me not? Why should my Ser - vor to

Cal - va - ry go! Why should He love me not? Why should He love me not?

W. C. Poole,

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B. D. Ackley.

Solo

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall rest at the
2. When in His beau-ty I see the great King, Join with the ransomed His
3. When life is e - ver and day-light is passed, In heav-en's har-bor my

close of life's day, When "Welcome home" I shall hear Je - sus say, O
praise - re to sing, When I shall join them my trib-ute to bring, O
an - chor is cast, When I see Je - sus my Sav-ior at last, O

Chorus

that will be sun-rise for me, . . . Sun-rise to-mor-row, sun-rise to-

mor-row, Sun-rise in glo-ry is wait-ing for me; Sun-rise to-mor-row,

sun-rise to-mor-row, Sun-rise with Je - sus for e - ver - al - ty.

B. D. McK.

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B. D. McKenney.

Temp. *Andante*.

1. 'Neath the stars of the night, Walked the Saviour of light, In the gar-den of
 2. All the sin of the world On the Sav-ior was heaped, As He knelt in the
 3. May my song ev - er be Of the love proffered me, By my Lord all a -

der-ful and be-cause, Where no light could be found, Je - sus knelt on the ground,
 gar - den a - lone; Hear His soul-tormented plea, Let this cup pass from me,
 lone on His knees; Praise His won-der-ful name, His who bore all my sins,

Chorus

There He prayed 'neath the old ol-ive trees,
 "E - ven so, not my will, Thine be done," 'Neath the old ol-ive trees, 'Neath the
 As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees."

old ol-ive trees, Went the Sav-ior a-lone on His knees, "Not my will, Thine be
 done," said the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

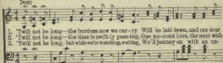
done," said the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

REVISED, AND BY HENRY A. CHURMAN.
ILLUSTRATED BY THE SAME.

W. Stillman Martin.

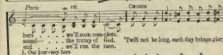
Piano



1. 'Twill not be long—the burdens now we car-ry Will be laid down, and our dear
 2. 'Twill not be long—the time is swift-ly pass-ing, One mo-ment here, the next with
 3. 'Twill not be long, but wher-e'er we're wait-ing, We'll journey on, with an un-



load we'll meet; The gates of Day for us will soon be a-perted, Our jour-ney
 Christ our Lord; Some day our be-t'ring ear will welcome The ho-ly
 slack-ened pace; We'll keep the faith, we'll fight to win the bat-tle, And to the



here we'll soon com-plete, 'Twill not be long, each day brings glory
 sound—the trump of God.
 and we'll run the race.
 1. Our jour-ney here



near-er, 'Twill not be long that we can in-here here, No in-here
 can in-here here

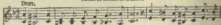


on, he found a faith-ful ser-vant, The crown-ing Day is draw-ing nigh.
 In-here on, Crown-ing Day.

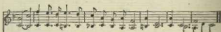
R. H.

REPRODUCED, HERE, BY ROBERT H. MCKINNEY & ROBERT HARRISON. Robert McKinnon.
 REPRODUCED HERE, BY ROBERT H. MCKINNEY & ROBERT HARRISON.
 REPRODUCED BY ROBERT H. MCKINNEY

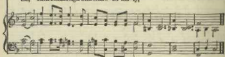
Duet.



1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known to
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when we at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, in - ter
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for

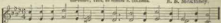


me! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,
 meet, On - ly to sit for - ev - er at His foot, Some-time, some-time we'll
 done, Oh, what a crown for ev-'ry vic-t'ry won, some-time we'll
 see, Then I shall reign with Him e - ter-nal - ly.



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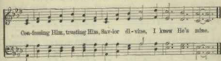
R. H. McKinney.



How do I know that Christ is mine? Turn to Rom-ans, ten and nine;



How Do I Know?



Con-fiding Him, trust-ing Him, for-er di-vine, I know He's mine.

475

Christ Will Our Pilot Be.

Little DeArmond.

Copyright, 1911, by The Sacred Publishing Co.

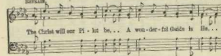
Ira B. Wilson.



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



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



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



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

476 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

Hummer Elliott.

Commonwealth.

Joshua Booth.

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
 2. Shall crime being crime for - ev - er, strength aid-ing still the strong?
 3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

Not kings and beds, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Is it Thy will, O Pa - ter, That man shall toil for wrong?
 The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they: Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,
 "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 God save the peo - ple; Thine they are. Thy sick-ness, as Thy an - gels fair;

Their har - is - aye a sun - less day. God save the peo - ple!
 And songs be heard in-stead of sighs; God save the peo - ple!
 From vice, ap-pre-hen-sion, and de-spair. God save the peo - ple! A-MEN.

477

One Door.

Mus. Copyright, 1904, by ROBERT A. HOLMES.

Air, by B. B. McKinney.

One door and on - ly one, And yet the sides are two, In - side and

One Door.

out - side, On which side are you? One door and on - ly one, And

yet the sides are two; I'm on the in - side, On which side are you?

478

The Path of the Just.

Psalm 4: 18.

Copyright, 1911, by H. H. Ackley.

A. H. Ackley.

The path of the just is as a shin-ing light That shin-eth

more and more on - to the per - fect day. The path of the just is

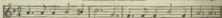
as a shin-ing light That shin-eth more and more on - to the per - fect day.

Speak To My Heart.

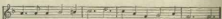
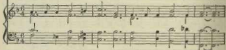
Gene Routh.

COMPOSED, LYRIC BY ROBERT G. THOMAS,
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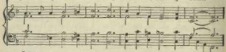
B. B. McKimsey.



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



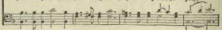
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, Help me the lost to win.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - su, I would be whol - ly Thine.



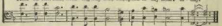
Chorus.



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



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

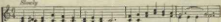


Make Me a Blessing.

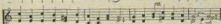
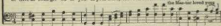
Ira B. Wilson.

(To the Moody Memorial Church Choir.)
BOSTON, 1904. BY G. S. SCHLES.

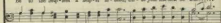
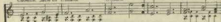
George S. Schles.

Slowly

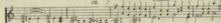
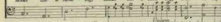
1. Out in the high-ways and by-ways of life, Many are weary and sad.....
 2. Tell the sweet story of Christ and His love, Tell of His power to forgive.....
 3. Give us 'neath thy wings to rest, In your need, Lead us the Master loved way.....



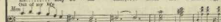
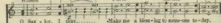
Our - ry the way-where where the cross is silt, Mak-ing the air-rowsing glad.....
 Oth-ers will trust Him if on - ly you prove true, ev-ry ac-cuse-ment you live.....
 Be to the help-less a help-er in - deed, Be - to your mis-er-ies be true.....

*Chorus. Men or Children**Women*

Make me a bless - ing, Make me a bless - ing, Out of my



His..... may be - me shall..... Make me a bless - ing.

*Women**Men**and Ch.*

O bar - ter, I say..... Make me a bless - ing to some-one to-day.
 I over-throw the bar - ter.



D. D. McK.
Solo.Copyright, 1914, by Robert D. Coleman.
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R. D. McKenny.

1. In a land of sin and death, Where the Master's crowd-ed out, Do you
 2. Lonely hearts are sad and drear, Long-ing for a word of cheer, They have
 3. Many lost ones in the night Turn their eyes to-ward your light, Does it

stand a-mong the faith-ful, brave and true? Do you live for God and right,
 lest the joy in Je-sus they once knew; Do you light-ly pass them by,
 gleams re-lect the way for kind and true? Does it lead them to His side,

Do you fal-ter in the fight, In the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? . . .
 Are you heed-less of their cry, In the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? . . .
 Do you in His will a-bide, In the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? . . .

Chorus.

In the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? be-cause of you? Do you

stand a-mong the faith-ful, brave and true? Can the lost see Christ in you,
 the true and true?

Because of You.

211

Does your life ring true, Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you?

482

Nothing Between.

Copyright, 1928, by C. A. Tinsley.

Words and Music by C. A. Tinsley.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sur-fer, Naught of this world's do-
 2. Noth-ing be-tween His world - ly pleas-ure; Hap - piness of His, though
 3. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Through the whole world a-

In - sults de-votee; I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je - sus is
 harmless they deem, Must not my heart from Him re-volve or sear, — He is my
 guid-ance con-stant; Watch-ing with prayer and watch-ful de-votion, I'll tri-umph at

D. S. — Keep the way

First Chorus.
 when let noth-ing be-tween,
 all let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sur-fer,
 but, with noth-ing be-tween.

And Let noth-ing be-tween.

So that His blessed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing the heart of His fa-vor,

D. S.

B. B. McK.

Duet.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

From "Whispering Hope."



1. List to the voice of the far - er Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
 2. List to the voice of the far - er Call-ing the wea-ry, op - press'd,
 3. List to the voice of the far - er Call-ing to you and to me,



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



Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der-ly speaks to the sick,
 Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your burden of sin;
 Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the far - er they roam;



Turn-ing their sight in-to mine - ing, Mak - ing the lone-ly heart glad,
 Trust in the blood of Je - sус - er, Life or - er - last-ing you'll win,
 "Go in the by-ways and hid - er" Bring-ing the wan - der-ers home.



Crescendo.
 List to the voice, O how ten - der and sweet,
 List to the voice, List to the voice, Tender and sweet, O how tender and sweet,
 List to the voice, List to the voice, Tender and sweet, O how tender and sweet,

Visit to the Voice.



Call - - ing you home, . . . Where the ran - - nomed shall meet.
 Calling you home, calling you home, Where the ransomed, the ransomed shall meet.

484

Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.



1. Je - su, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious ben - e-dic-tion,
 2. Near the cross, a tree-of-life and, Love and mer - cy bound me;
 3. Near the cross O Lamb of God, Bring its sweet be - ne-dic-tion;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er.



Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flow from Cal-v'ry's sacri - fice.
 There the Bright and Morn-ing Star shed His beams a - round me;
 Help me walk from day to day, With the shed-ven a'er me.
 Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

Refrain.



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



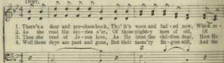
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

M. B. Williams.

Copyright, 1901, by CHARLES D. TILLMAN, NEWARK.

Charles D. Tillman.

Tutti.



1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re -
 2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those righte-ous men of old, Oh
 3. Then she read of Je-sus love, As He taught the chil-dren dear, How He
 4. And those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry live-eth still, And the



call those hap-py days of long a-gone, When I stood at moth-er's knee,
 Joy-ous and of free-dom and their trials; Oh how the De-ity built,
 out-ward, but and shut up-on the true; Of His heav-y load of care,
 dear old book each day has been my guide, And I seek to do His will,

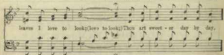


With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low,
 Who became a King of holy Obedi-ence with His ma-ry well-ed will,
 Then she dried my first-ing tears With her kiss-on as she said it was for me,
 As my moth-er taught me then, And it is in my heart like words a-tide,

Cresc.



There - of book (Thou-est book, precious book, golden book,) On thy dear old heart-stained



hence I love to look (love to look) Thine art sweet - as day by day.

My Mother's Bible.



As I walk the sun-ny way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

486

Mother.

Copyright, 1910, by HENRY H. HOLMES, CHICAGO, ILL.

Words Accompanied.

H. L. Wadsworth.



1. As I leave - of this world a - way, Friends I bid adieu - er I re - turn;
2. I re - mem - ber well how much - er, Used to soothe the night - er pain;
3. Oh, how oft I wept and pen - dered O'er my life when far a - way;



But to me there's none like moth - er, None like moth - er dear, and home.
With her ten - der watch - erd him - so she'd soon make me well a - gain.
Far from home in sin I've been - dered, Still my moth - er dear would pray.



Pre - cious moth - er, how I love her! How my heart a - bonds with her!
They may treat me cruel - ly, Give me sad - some or - ly - whens,
Pre - cious moth - er, how I love her! As I think of her no doubt!



For there's none more true or ten - der Than a moth - er to her boy,
Yet 'tis not, but just re - minds me Of my lov - ing mother's care.
Oh, there's taught more true or ten - der Than a Chris - tian mother's care.

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1901, Renewed, by Charles M. Pillsbury, Boston.

C. M. F.

Charles M. Pillsbury.
Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I re - mem - ber
 2. Though I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good,
 3. When I be - came a proud - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come

How I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and way - ward - ness; And
 So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My
 Roe al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me; And
 If I would see my moth - er ere the day - her task her home, I

now that she has gone to heav'n's I miss her ten - der care: O Sav - ior, tell my
 child - hood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share: O Sav - ior, tell my
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav - ior, tell my
 present her, be - fore she died, her heart - en to pre - pare: O Sav - ior, tell my

moth - er I'll be there! Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer;
 I'll be there!

This message, Mem - or Sav - ior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

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

488 When We All Get to Heaven.

R. R. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1904, by Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Chords will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-hold us! Soon His heav-ny we'll be-hold.

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

When we all get to hea-ven, What a day of re-joicing that will be!
When we all get to hea-ven, What a day of re-joicing that will be!

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

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Robert Harrison.

R. H.

Solo on Tenor. Moderate.

1. How wonderful the love of my Sav-ior to me, In giv-ing His life up-on Cal-vary's tree;
2. How great was the sor-row that made Him so sad, When He died the cross was so near and God's voice so sad;
3. How ful-ly complete is the work of the cross, It cleanses the heart of the sin-stain and dread;

1. now we could meet in this gift of God's grace, That made Him my Sav-ior, my sin to re-lease.
1. now we could think that for me Je-sus died, 'Twas love gave my Sav-ior to be cry-ed-for.
Sal-va-tion is ob-tain-ed to those who be-lieve, To all who trust Jesus and God's Word receive.

Canto. a tempo.

Oh, won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, Such won-der-ful love to be-shew.....

Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, my Sav-ior to me,
Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior to me, of my Sav-ior to me,
Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, my Sav-ior to me,
Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior to me, of my Sav-ior to me,

Why He should die on Cal-vary, Why give His life to set me free, I

Wonderful love.



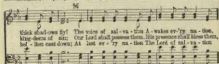
490 The Kingdom is Coming

References

Dr. W. W. Woodruff

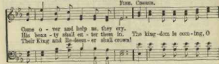


1. From all the dark place - in Of earth's heathen race - ye, O men how the
2. The sun-light is glaze-ing O'er ar - mies ad - vance-ing To con - qu' - er the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ho - ly - land ring-ing, Their arms - of re -

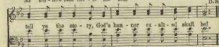


Which shall over fly: The vict' of sal - va - tion A - wake ev - 'ry na - tion,
king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His promise shall bless them,
he - then rest down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion

D. S.—The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glory.
—Isaiah.



Close a - ver and help us, they cry.
His beam - ty shall en - ter them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Be - born - er shall crown!

[illegible]

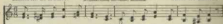
bel - ve the ap - pe - God's lan - gu - ge - all - ed shall bel

10.88

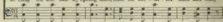
Charlotte G. Homer.

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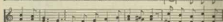
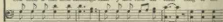
Chas. H. Gabriel.



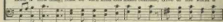
1. Sing to the Lord a new song, Praise Him with hymns of ex - cel - sis;
 2. Sing when your heart is ach - ing; There must be cel - sis ach - ing, too,
 3. Sing for the sun - ny Spring - time, And for the Win - ter dark and cold;



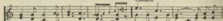
Set the world round a-bout you Thrilling with mel - o - dy. Sing, and the
 Long-ing for just a whispered Word, or a song from you. Sing when the
 Sea - sons a - like their blessings Man - y and rich an - fold. Sing to the



an - swer-ing cel - sis, Com-ing from lives de - void of cheer, Will be the sweet-est
 sky is dark - est, For there are man - y - it may be - Needing your song of
 Lord a new song, And be - fore man His name con - fess; Give to the world a



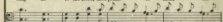
Chorus



me - sis you On earth may hear. . . Sing, sing, sing. . . Till the
 comfort, hope, and sym - pa - thy. . . Sing, O sing on - to the Lord,
 message, God Will own and bless. . .



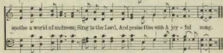
world re - sounds with glad - ness; With heart and with voice Before Him re - joice, For
 Sing on . . . to the Lord Give praise to Him, for



Sing to the Lord a New Song.



hon - or and praise un - to Him be - long. Sing, sing, sing It will
 sing - to Him be - long. Sing, O sing un - to the Lord.



another a world of sadness; Sing to the Lord, And praise Him with a joy - ful song.

492 The Christian's Good-Night.

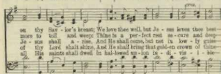
Sarah Denney.

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 NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up -
 2. Calm in thy slumber as an in - fant's sleep; For thou shalt wake to
 3. Un - til the morn - ing glo - ry light the skies, Un - til the dead in
 4. Un - til made heav - en - ful by Love O - vine, Then, in the morn -
 5. On - ly "Good-night," be - lov - ed - not "Fare - well!" A - men - the while, and



on thy Sav - ior's breast; We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best -
 more to toll and weep; There is a per - fect rest un - care and sleep -
 Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise -
 of thy Lord shalt arise, And He shall bring that gold - en crown of life -
 all His saints shall dwell in hal - lowed up - on in - di - vis - i - ble -



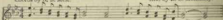
Good - night! Good - night! Good - night! (Good - night!)

Joseph Redden.

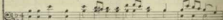
AND COMPOSER, BORN, AT HUNTER N. CALHOUN.

Gloria by A. B. McK.

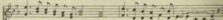
Arr. by R. E. McKimsey.



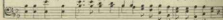
1. What a Friend we have in Je - su, All our sin and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is their burden an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy in - dea, Crushed with a load of care?



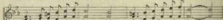
1. What a Friend we have in Je - su, All our sin and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions, Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy in - dea, Crushed with a load of care?



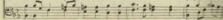
- What a pre - ci - ous to cer - ry Ex - ert - ing to God in pray'r!
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 Pre - cious Sa - ve - r, still our re - fuge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r!



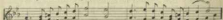
- What a pre - ci - ous to cer - ry Ex - ert - ing to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r!)
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r.)
 Pre - cious Sa - ve - r, still our re - fuge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r.)



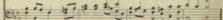
- O what pains we sit - on for - get, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful? Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - ceive, for - sake them? Take it to the Lord in pray'r!



- O what pains we sit - on for - get, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful? Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - ceive, for - sake them? Take it to the Lord in pray'r!



- All be - cause we do not cer - ry Ex - ert - ing to God in pray'r. (in pray'r.)
 Je - su knows our ev - ert - ing weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. (in pray'r.)
 In His arms He'll take and shield them, There will find a refuge there. (yes, there.)



- All be - cause we do not cer - ry Ex - ert - ing to God in pray'r.
 Je - su knows our ev - ert - ing weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield them, There will find a refuge there.

Our Dearest Friend.

Chorus.

Far-ther Je-sus, we will trust. Then, Sin-ger, trust what'er he tell.
 Far-ther Je-sus, we will trust. Then, Sin-ger, trust what'er he tell.

Then will we say, how-er late we meet, Dear-est, trust Friend of all—
 Then will we say, how-er late we meet, Dear-est, trust Friend of all—

494

Knocking At The Door.

Mrs. C. Glade.

and, composed, verse, by ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Ans. by R. B. McKinney.

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Fa-ther-ly draw-ing near, Re-ceive while
 2. Long-ly without he's stay-ing, Long-ly with-in am I, While I am still
 3. All through the dark hours-draw-ing, Knock-ing a-gain is He, Je-sus, art Thou
 4. Door of my heart, I have said, Thou wilt I o-pen wide, Though He re-bu-ke

Chorus.
 Is - stand-ing? Whom is the voice I hear?
 Is - lay - ing? Will He not pass me by? Re-ceive the love we feel - lay -
 not with - ry, Wait-ing so long for me!
 and close - ter, He shall with me a - bide.

"Open the door for me! If Thou wilt hear my call - ing, I will abide with thee."

J. R. Waterbury.

Chorus.

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R. B. McKinney.

1. Soldiers of the cross a - rise! Let your Leader from the skies,
 2. Je - sus conceived when He fell, Not and vanquished earth and hell,
 3. Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vi - sue's road!

Woe he - here you get - ty's pain The price of vic - tu - ry
 Now He leads you on to end The triumphs of His arm.
 Fal - low where your Lead - er trod; Yet soon shall see His face.

None will at - tain, glad is he, From the con - flict will be done, Fight with all the
 The' all earth and hell ap - peal, Who will fight, or who can bear? And, one death and
 Then, your on - - - - - all shall, Crown of glo - ry you shall gain, then you'll join that

Chorus. All Parts.

hat - die's war, Then struggle won - der - ful,
 al - though, is near, We can - not lose our val - ue,
 glorious truth Who don their bar - ric's prize.

On - ward, in the hat - die cry!

Onward Onward

On - ward! In the banner high, Christ leads the way In all the day, King of all
 Onward, onward

Onward.

all is His. On - ward! with the mighty band, On - ward! in - low
On ward! Onward!

His command! On joy-ful-ly, We'll surely see The vic-tor-y, vic-tor-y.

496 Send The Old-Time Power.

R. B. McK.

Copyright, 1911, by ROBERT B. MCKENNA
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R. B. McKenney

1. All the glory is Thy power—What a time of, we've had here! In the name of
2. Take power—don't of Thy power, We're heart and life to thee, That the world may
3. Let the heart-strings come up—on, "As of old, at I'm-to-see," breathe upon us,
4. Lord, we claim the old-time power, Christ, it thro' Thy power—see, Let the praise re-

Chorus.

Christ our Redeemer, Send the old-time power, Send the old-time power, Send the
power we love Thee, And are wholly Thee.
Ho - ly Spirit, Win and win the best.
John and praise Thee For the vic-tor-y won.

old-time power, That the lost may turn to Je - su, Send the old-time power,
old-time power.

S. S.

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Both Systems.

1. Love, wonderful love of God, So heavenly and so free, To think that Christ His
2. Love, wonderful love of God, To me has been made known, To see the Spirit
3. Love, wonderful love of God, With joy I now pro-claim, To sinners lost that

on - ly Son Should die as Cal - va - ry; Oh, love so great, so vast, so high, That
freely gives, And claims me for His own; Oh, love so wonderful, so divine, That
they may have Salvation there! His Name; That they may now with others prove Christ's

He should for the sin - ner die; Oh, love so great, so vast, so high, That
I am His and He is mine; Oh, love so wonderful, so di-vine, That
dy - ing and un-dy-ing love, That they may now with others prove Christ's

He should for the sin - ner die, Love, won-der-ful love, The
I am His and He is mine,
dy - ing and un-dy - ing love, won-der-ful love,

love of God to me; Love, won-der-ful love,
won-der-ful love,

Love, Wonderful Love.

great, so rich, so free, Wild-er than the o - cean, Deep-er than the
 sea. ^{in love} High-er than the heav'n's above Is His love to me.

498 Let The Beauty Of Jesus.

Adapted Chords.

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Rev. T. H. Jones.

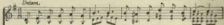
Let the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me. All His
 won-der-ful pas-sion and per-1-ty. O Thou Spl-en-di-dine,
 All my nature re-veal, Till the beauty of Je-sus be seen in me.

S. W. B.

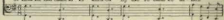
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HENRIETTA HOLMES.

Harriet W. Bentley.

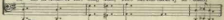
Intro.



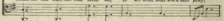
1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Mas - ter in - creas-ing, As you pur-sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward-ed By the re-sults we at - tain



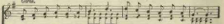
Read-y to help where you're need-ed, Har-vest-ing do-ing your part,
 Zeal in His good ways of serv-ice, List'ning for what He may say;
 In the in-crowd of His King-dom, Thro'-out His earth-ly do-mains;



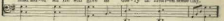
All of one mind and a - im - ed, Put-ting forth of-fer-ings that tell;
 Yield-ing your ev-'ry a - ction - then To His com-man-dments will;
 Seek for our lives He will lead us, If we with zeal work and pray;



Coda.



Go with a zeal all con - sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.
 True to His win-dow con - serve - ing, That your right place you may fill.
 And af-ter all He will give us Glo-ry in Heav-en some day.

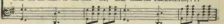


Two-part Chorus. Female voices upper. Male voices lower.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal.



"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be . . .



"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the work He's as-sig-ned us, "Zeal" we're thy oth-ers should be—

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

This is what Je-sus would have us show in His work here be-low; . .

Then with a zeal new-er dy-ing, On in His ser-vice we go. . .

500 Father! What'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anna Steele,

Wm. C. M.

Lowell Mason.

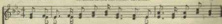
1. Fa-ther! what'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-er-ign will de-vise,
 2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-ry man-ner freed
 3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at-tract;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this po-si-tion rise—
 The bless-ings of Thy grace in-part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end." A-MEN.

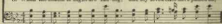
Miss Celia A. Baker.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHORUS.

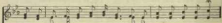
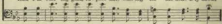
R. B. McKinney.



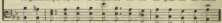
1. There's a home of man - y man - sions in the Fa - ther's house a - lone,
2. When the storms of life are rag - ing, doubts and fears my soul as - sail,
3. When the shades of night are fall - ing, and my loved ones have passed on,



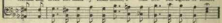
That our Sav - ior is pre - par - ing for the chil - dren of His love;
 His "Let not your heart be trou - bled," I can hear a - lone the gate;
 And I'm wait - ing glad, ex - pect - ant, wait - ing for the heav'n - ly dawn.



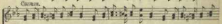
So my heart knows not de - spair - ing, tho' in sor - row oft I roam,
 So with face turned ev - er home - ward, while the mil - lions dash and foam,
 Brighter, bright - er, ev - er bright - er, till the an - gels for me come,



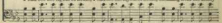
Gleam - ing from the man - y man - sions, I can see the lights of home,
 Gleam - ing from the man - y man - sions, I can see the lights of home,
 Gleam - ing from the man - y man - sions, I can see the lights of home.



Chorus.

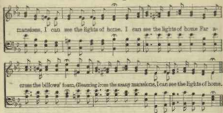


I can see the lights of home, I can see the lighted home, Gleam - ing from the many



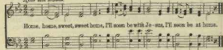
I Can See the Lights of Home.

706



manhood, I can see the lights of home. I can see the lights of home Far across the billows' foam, Glimmering from the misty manhood, I can see the lights of home.

After last stanza



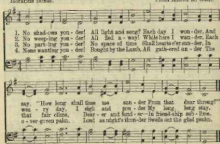
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Je-ssie, I'll soon be at home.

502

No Shadows Yonder.

Horatio Down.

From Alfred K. Gail.



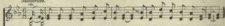
1. No shadows you - der! All light and song! Each day I won - der, And
2. No weep - ing you - der! All hail a - way! While here I wan - der, Each
3. No part - ing you - der! No space of time shall hearts e'er mis - der, In
4. None wanting you - der! Bought by the Lamb, All path - road an - der This

say, "How long shall thou me mis - der From that dear throne?"
we - ry day, I sigh and you - der See my long, long stay.
that fair child, Dear - er and kind - er - In friendship mis - der,
o - ver green pastures, Lead us right's then - der Swells out the glad psalm.

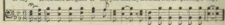
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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

100



1. There's a ho - ly and beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose build - er and rul - er is God;
2. No sin is al - low - ed in that cit - y, And noth - ing de - fil - ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears or - er moist - en the eye;
4. My loved ones are gather - ing round, No friends, too, are pass - ing a - way.



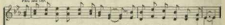
John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pa-t-er-na, in ex-cel-sis, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crage on the door-knob is met;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
And now I shall tell their bright number, And dwell in a-tor-nal-ty's day.



The high, massive wall is of jas-per,
Earth's arteries and veins are topaz-ite,
The salubs are all amon-d-ised whole-ly,
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus.

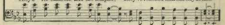


1998



And when my trail has been laid out,
No parting words - or are spoken,
My heart is now set on that day,
Then a - ver - come and the tower.

Mine eyes shall be glad - ry to hold,
There's nothing to hurt or do - ing,
And some day its flame - light I'll share,
They've reached that glory at last.



The Pearly White City.

IMPASS. Slow.

In that bright cit - y, . . . pearl - y white cit - y, . . . I have a
man - sion, an harp, and a crown; Now I am watch - ing, wait - ing, and
long - ing. For the white cit - y that's soon com - ing down. A - MEN.

504 Softly Now the Light of Day.

Geo. W. Doane.

Symphony. 78.

Carl M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Those whose all - per - vail - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in;
3. Soon for us the light of day shall be - er - or pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would con - stant with Thee!
Far - from each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen heart and un - cret - sin!
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

505 Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

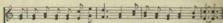
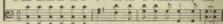
Mary A. Baker.

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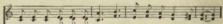
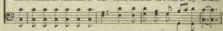
H. E. Palmer.



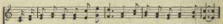
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-geled of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



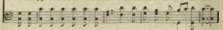
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troth-ful; O walk-on and save, I pray!
Earth's sea in the calm lake is mir-rered, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



"Our-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou be a-sleep,
Tyr-ants of sin and of an-geled sweep-o'er my sink-ing soul!
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep!
And I per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O hear-ten, and take con-trol!
And with joy I shall make the blast har-ber, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

Baritone *p* *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace, be still! Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cresc. *cresc.* *dim.*

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swallow the ship where lies The Master of

a-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

Alice Cary.

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R. B. McKimsey.

Duet. Moderato.



1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on,
2. One day near - er, nigh the sail - er, As he glides the waters o'er,
3. Nearer home, yes, one day near - er, To our better beyond the sky,



Slow - ly drops the golden ray - light, For an - oth - er day is gone,
While the light is sub - dy - ing, On the fa - tary, na - tive shore,
To the green fields and the foam - tains, In our Fa - ther's home on high,



Gather thy joys, thy rest is o - ver, Soon the dark - 'ning shadows will come,
Then the Cross - time, on life's o - oze, As his light - beam cuts the foam,
For the hour's are growing light - er, And the lamps hang in the dome,



Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are one day nearer home,
In the eve - ning calm with rag - time, I am one day nearer home,
And our hearts are growing light - er, For we're one day nearer home,



Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are one day nearer home,
In the eve - ning calm with rag - time, I am one day nearer home,
And our hearts are growing light - er, For we're one day nearer home,

Nearer Home.

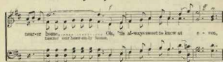
Chorus. All Parts.



Nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, Oh, the
 nearer of our heavenly home, nearer of our heavenly home,



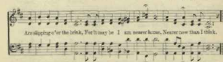
always want to know We are one day nearer home, Nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, nearer home,



nearer home, nearer home, Oh, the always want to know at all times,
 nearer of our heavenly home, nearer of our heavenly home,



We are one day nearer home, Father, be near when my feet
 are near to thee,



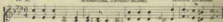
Are slipping o'er the brink, For I may be I am nearer home, Nearer now than I think.

507 There Is A Wonderful Name.

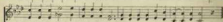
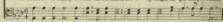
H. L.

COMPOSED, CHOR. BY ROBERT A. COLEMAN.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

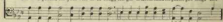
Hallelujah Chorus.



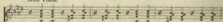
1. There is a name, a won-der-ful name, There's no-ty age its pow'r is the same;
2. There is a name, a won-der-ful name, Radiant with light, resplendent with fame;
3. There is a name, a won-der-ful name, Let ev'-ry tongue its glo-ry pro-claim;



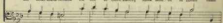
Great is its charm, en-dy-ing its glow, None its depths we can fol-ly trace, With
Name that will open the portals of heav'n, None that's more awe-inspir-ing than this. The
Glori-a-pha, for your voice in song, An-gel-ic hosts shall its praise pro-long. Let



Main Voice.



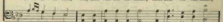
In a dark world is glo-ry and shine, On-poll-ing the gloom with
truth that will burst in sun's glori-ous shine, That truth has found a
all that hath breath ex-ist in more grace, And heav'n is more than



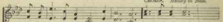
Four Parts.



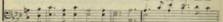
glo-ry	is	that	won-der-ful	name,	That	mar-vel-ous	name,
truth	and	glori-	ous	name,	That	mar-vel-ous	name,
ex-ist	in	heav'n	that	won-der-ful	name,	That	mar-vel-ous



Chorus, Melody in Bass.



Oh, that heav'n-ly name of Je-sus! Won-der-ful name,
Oh, that won-der-ful



*The melody is in the form of four measures. Treble may be divided as an introduction of
there along the line in order to emphasize the melody.

There Is A Wonderful Name.

won - der - ful name, O - - - - - d - - - - - o - - - - - me name, O - - - - - d - - - - - o - - - - - me name,
 name. name. Je - - - - - su, O - - - - - d - - - - - o - - - - - me name.

Melody in Harmony.

No one can fathom its depth or height, No one describe all its grace a - right!

No one re - veal all its wonder - ous might, That mar - vel - ous name of Je - - - - - su.

Coda (After last verse only.)

Refrain

Precious name, oh how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Precious name, oh how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;

Precious name, oh how sweet, . . . Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, oh how sweet, . . .

Praise Ye Jehovah.

REV. J. C. GIBSON, 1882, BY ROBERT H. COLLINGS.

Arr. from Chas. General, by B. S. McKimsey.

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Let all the earth His glo - ry tell, Praise ye Je - ho - vah,
2. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, For Father ex - ce - lent - ing: Praise Him in glo - ry.

Who is ex - ce - lent and mar - ci - tal, Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Who sat-eth ex - ce -
lent re - turned hosts in - com - ing - ly, At - trib - u - tion His and vast your crown be -

sparrow's tail, And - as it fly - eth, It is spreading peace and righteousness.
Hear Him, sing all ye peo - ple, And praise the Lord for ex - ce - lent.

Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord, tell it out that Je - ho - vah reigns in pow'r and might,
Praise ye the Lord, and might.

love and light, He will rule in love a - ter - nal, Praise Him a - lone, a - lone,
and light, Oh, praise a - lone.

Praise Ye Jehovah.

in the count-ess high and low, All be-low join to them the glo-rious name, The

name of the King of glo - ry. Praise Him Je - - sus, Who hath sought us out -

The image shows a musical score for a song. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with various intervals. There are some rests and a long note at the end of the first line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef. It features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The lyrics 'The Song of the Lark' are written below the vocal staff.

The Song of the Lark

(Chorus) In the highest sky, Praise The mighty pow'r and majesty; A2. the earth

shall sing-a-l-y His ho-ly name, The King or-or-son. King or-or-son.

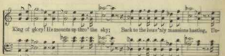
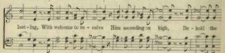
Unfold, Ye Portals.

ALL COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT A. CHAMBERLAIN.

From *Christ's Redemption*. Arr. by R. R. McChesney.

Moderate.

Introduction.



*Original score for unaccompanied song may be used.

Unfold, Ye Portals.

617

Fin.
 Fold, un - fold, un - fold, For let the King come nigh!

f *Adagio.*
 But who is He, the King of glo - ry?

f *Chorus.*
 He who death o - ver - came, the Lord in bat - tle mighty.

Adagio.
 But who is He, the King of glo - ry?

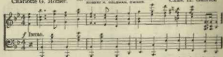
O hark! He is the Lord, of an - gels and of pow'rs; The King of

glo - ry is the King of the celestials.

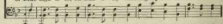
Charlotte G. Hemen.

COMPOSED, MAY, 1870, BY CHAR. H. GABRIEL.
PUBLISHED BY G. S. BARNES, NEW YORK.

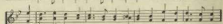
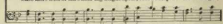
Chas. H. Gabriel.



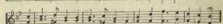
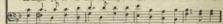
1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut-ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might-y One! Our abal-ter be from man to man;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man-u-el, Thou Might-y God of Je-hu-a!



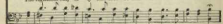
With soul to work for Thee to-day, In Thine all-wise ap-point-ed way;
Our Al-pha and O-meg-a! Then Re-veal whom ev-ry knee shall bow;
Ours more from Je-hu's cross-ing height speak, that we may be led a-right.



Re-veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di-vine, that we may know
De-liv-er us from ev-ry sin; In us a mighty work be-gin;
Al-might-y, ev-er-last-ing King Of kings, with con-stant hearts we sing.



We are Thy chil-dren, Thou our Guide And hid-ing-place, what-e'er be-fore.
In-cense our faith, our strength re-veal, Fit us a might-y work to do.
The righteous maj-es-ty and love Of Him who built the heav'n a-bove.



Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

Chorus.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man-u-el, In

Chorus.

grandeur and in maj-es-ty re-veal Thyself to-day; Re-joice, re-

joice, O Im-ma-nu-el, Thy God One-ship-a-ment shall reign with

u-ni-ver-sal away; In grandeur and in maj-es-ty re-veal Thyself to-

day; Thy God One-ship-a-ment shall reign with u-ni-ver-sal away.

Charlotte G. Homer.

Copyright, 1880, Howard
Musical A. B. Schirmer, Boston.

Chas. H. Gilbert.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the glo - ri - ous sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A - wake! a -
A - wake! a - wake!
peal! re - peal! a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain. Tell all the
Re-peal! re-peal! Tell all the

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry. And light is beam - ing
a - wake! And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And about a - new the
the earth, And about a - new

Male Voices in Chorus.

from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and hills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-echo; With an - gle in the heights sing of the great sal -

glo - ri - ous, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -
su - sion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Felix Hanbury.

Awakening Chorus.

Chorus.

Je - su reigns and sits in back-ward barbed! Re - joice! re-
sits in back-ward barbed!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - su - reigns!

Full Harmonies.

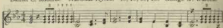
Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His

glor - ious hon-our be ascribed! Je - su - reigns! reigned
glor and glo-ri-ous hon-our be ascribed! Je - su - reigns! Je - su - reigns!

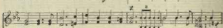
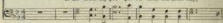
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - su - reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

512 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymns.* 10, 10, 10, 10. George W. Warren.

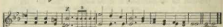
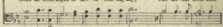


- Transposed, afterwards verse.*
1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might-y hand
 2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past.
 3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pe - ti-lence,
 4. Re - lease thy peo - ple on their well-known way.



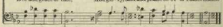
Leadeth us in heav - en, all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thine our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our es - or sure de-fence;
Lead us from night to morn - ing and day;

Of shin-ing world in
Be Thine our ref - er.
Thy true re - lig - ion
Fill all our lives with



up - on the stars' the skies,
guardian, guide and stay,
in our hearts in-crown,
love and grace di-vine,

Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-raise,
Thy word our law, Thy path our al - ways way,
Thy boundless goodness reach us in pe - ace,
And glo - ry, land and praise be ev - er Thine. Amen.



513

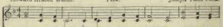
3 Would Be True.

LYRIC BY REARRANGING OF A LATER HYMN.

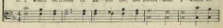
Howard Arnold Walter.

Psalm.

Joseph Yates Park.



1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all the low, the friend - less; I would be



I Would Be True.

part, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
 give - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
 there is much to ad - mire; I would be brave, for there is much to
 for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
 dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
 lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A - MEN.

514

Fight the Good Fight.

John S. B. Monnell.

Psalter, L. M.

William Byrd.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ thy strength, and Christ thy right;
 2. Run the straight race thou dost grace, lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
 3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pre - vide;
 4. Faintest not fear, His arms are near, He chang - eth not, and thou art dear;
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be - lieve - no less, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the truest proof shall prove Christ is the life, and Christ the love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - MEN.

John R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY ROBERT A. CLEMENTS.
ATLANTA: C. C. CLEMENTS, PUBLISHER.

B. H. McKimrey.

1. I'm an heir of God's grace To a pal-ace on high; A won-der-ful
2. I'm an heir of God's grace To an on-er-ful song; When we meet face to
3. I'm an heir of God's grace, I'm a child of His care; When I see His face

place Where I'll dwell by and by.
face, in the glo-ri-ous throng, I'm an heir of God's grace, - God's won-der-ful
race I'll go home a - ver there.

grace; I'm a child of His love, with His light on my face, My home is a

pal-ace of song a - ver there, I'm a child of God's grace, His child and His heir.

516 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

H. W. Baker.

Cresc.

J. B. Dykes.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Whose mercies do in-vite us - ter day My run-ning feet He lead-eth;
3. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
4. And so through all the chang-ing days Thy love shall fail me nev - er.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is.



I need-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ex - cel - lent feed - eth.
 Thy rod and staff my own-ers still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With in Thy house for - ev - er. A - MEN.



517

God Save America.

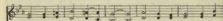
William G. Ballantine.

COMPOSED BY W. G. BALLANTINE.

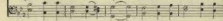
Alexis T. Lewis.



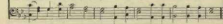
1. God save A - mer - i - ca! New world of glo - ry, New - born to
 2. God save A - mer - i - ca! Here may all rise - on Min - gle to
 3. God save A - mer - i - ca! Fear - ing the op - pre, Here is the
 4. God save A - mer - i - ca! Bid all her splen - dors, Save her from



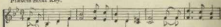
free - dom and knowl - edge and pow'r, Lift - ing the tow'rs of her
 path - er as skill - dren of God, Found - ing an em - pire on
 show - ing the peace - mak - ers prove, Call - ing the na - tions to
 pride and free - dom - a - ry; Throes in her heart the Un -



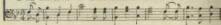
light - ning - lit cit - ies Where the blood - shed of hu - man - i - ty roar!
 broth - er - ly kind - ness, E - qual in life - or - ts, made of our blood
 glad led - er - a - tion, Lead - ing the world in the tri - umph of love!
 seen and E - ter - nal; Right be her might, and the truth make her free!



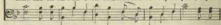
Francis Scott Key.



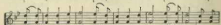
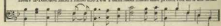
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, doubly seen, thro' the main of the deep, Where the hero's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the bay-on of
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved



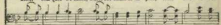
halled at the twi-ght's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
 host in dread ab-sence re-join-ed, What in that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should
 leave and the war's dan-ger la-ther; Best with vic-t'ry and peace, may the



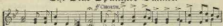
per-ill-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 low-er-ing deep, As it fit-tel-ly thence, half conceal'd, half dis-clos-ed?
 leave us no more! Their blood has wash'd out their bad insti-tu-tions;
 Hear's-a-renew'd land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!



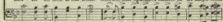
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beams, In full glo-ry co-
 No re-luc-e could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter-ror of
 Then con-quer we must, when our cause is just; And this be our



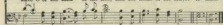
The Star-Spangled Banner.



right that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
float—oh, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it
fight on the gloom of the grave, And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
not—oh, "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.



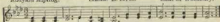
519

God of Our Fathers.

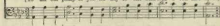
Bradyard Kipling.

Solms. L. M. M.

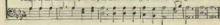
Isaac K. Woodberry.



1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-ding bat-tle field,
Be-neath whose car-ful hand we hold The na-tion a - ver palm and pine;
2. The to-morrow and the to-morrow day, The cap-tain and the king de-part,
Still stands Thine ancient so-ci-ety, An hon-ble and a con-fide heart.
3. Far called our na-tion west a - way, On dome and broadland o'er the sea,
To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Na - a - rah and Tyne.



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lead us for- get, but we for- get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lead us for- get, but we for- get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lead us for- get, but we for- get. A - MEN.

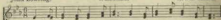


520 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

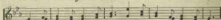
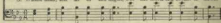
John Dowling.

Watchman.

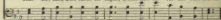
Lowell Mason.



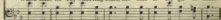
1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High-er yet the star as-cends.
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.



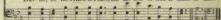
Tran-ler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
Tran-ler, Morn-ing comes and light, Peace and truth its course per-tends.
Tran-ler, dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.



Watch-man, does his beam-true ray An-ght of joy or hope fore-tell?
Watch-man, will his beams a-lone tell the spot that gave them birth?
Watch-man, let Thy warning cease, His thee to thy God-et home!



Tran-ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of la-ra-el.
Tran-ler, a-ye are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Tran-ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, lo, the Son of God is come! A-men!



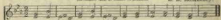
521

Hear Our Prayer.

(RESPONSE)

Copyright, 1884, by Robert A. Johnson.

R. B. McKinney.



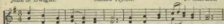
Hear our prayer, Fa-ther, hear, Hark us now for Je-sus' sake.



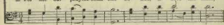
John S. Dwight.

Italian Hymn.

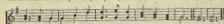
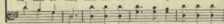
F. Guardini.



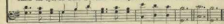
1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;



Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Bid - us of
On Him we wait; Those who art ev - er nigh, Guard - us with



winds and waves, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - lone we cry, God save the state. A - men.

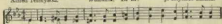


523 Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New.

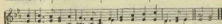
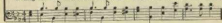
Alfred Tennyson.

Waltham, L. M.

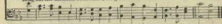
J. Bayly's Calfia.



1. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, a - cross the snow;
2. Ring in the val - lant men and free, The larg - est heart, the kind - est hand;



The year is go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be. A - men.



524 Hear Our Prayer, O Heavenly Father.

Chopin.

pp

Hear our prayer, O heav'nly Fa-ther, for the dear Re-deem-er's sake. A-MEN.

525 Father Almighty, We Bow Before Thee.

Handel.

Fa-ther Al-might-y, we bow be-fore Thee.

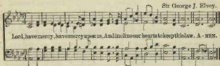
Hear us, O bless us, and hear our prayer. A-MEN.

526 Almighty Father, Hear Our Prayer.

C. Lybberg.

Al-might-y Fa-ther, hear our prayer, and grant our requests, for Je-sus' sake. A-MEN.

Sir George J. Elvey.

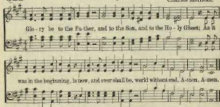


Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, And incline our hearts to keep this law. A - MEN.

528

Gloria Patri.

Charles McCreck.

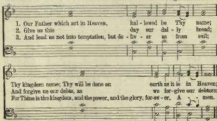


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men. A - men.

529

The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.



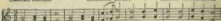
1. Our Father which art in Heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for-give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ev - er, A - men.

530 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

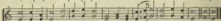
Samuel Davies.

Seaborn, L. M.

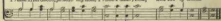
Luther O. Emerson.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, | Purchased and saved by blood di-vine; |
| 2. Grant me poor sin - ner more a place | A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace; |
| 3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, | Be Thine thro' all e - ter-nal-ty; |
| 4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood | That bought my guilt - y soul for God, |
| <i>Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;</i> | |



- | | |
|--|--|
| With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov - 'reign right in me. | |
| A wretch-ed sin - ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-u-el's blood. | |
| The vow is past be-yond re-pa-al, And now I set the soul-er's seal. | |
| Thou, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And own as-crate to Thee my all. A--men. | |
| <i>Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.</i> | |

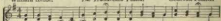


531 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

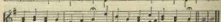
William Ketch.

The Hambrook Psalm.

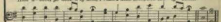
Genevan Psalm.



- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voices; Him | |
| 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We | |
| 3. O ex-ter-Gem His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts ac-cord; Praise, | |
| 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er more; His | |
| <i>Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise</i> | |



- | | |
|--|--|
| serve with fear, His praise both tell; Give ye ho - lore Him and re - joice. | |
| see His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take. | |
| lead, and bless His name al-ways, For it is meet-ly so to do. | |
| truth at all times firm-ly stand, And shall from age to age ex - cels. A--men. | |
| <i>Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.</i> | |



Responsive Readings

532 The Creation

(Gen. 1:1-5, 26-31; 2:1, 2

John 1:1-5, 9, 14)

1 In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

6 And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

7 So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

8 And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

9 And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth,

and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

10 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

11 And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

12 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

13 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

14 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

15 The same was in the beginning with God.

16 All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

17 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

18 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

19 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

20 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

533 The Commandments

(Exod. 20:1-17; Matt. 22:36-40;
John 13:34, 35)

1 And God spake all these words, saying,

2 I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that it is in the water under the earth:

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6 And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV

8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy

cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

11 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is therein, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V

12 Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI

13 Thou shalt not kill.

VII

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII

15 Thou shalt not steal.

IX

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

18 Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

19 Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

20 This is the first and great commandment.

21 And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

22 On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

23 A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

24 By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

5 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8 Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

534 Remember Thy Creator

(Ecclesiastes 12:1-7, 13)

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

535 Noble Womanhood

(May be used on Mother's Day)

(Proverbs 31:10-15, 20, 23, 25, 31)

1 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

2 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

3 She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

4 She worketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

5 She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

6 She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

7 She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

8 Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

9 Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

10 Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

536 Honoring God's Day

(Gen. 2:1-3; Exod. 20:8-11; Mark 2:23-28; Acts 20:7; 1 Cor. 16:2; Acts 2:1)

1 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished,

2 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3 And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

4 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

5 Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

6 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

7 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore, the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

8 And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.

9 And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the sabbath day that which is not lawful?

10 And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungred, he, and they that were with him?

11 How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the show bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?

12 And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath:

13 Therefore, the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

14 And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.

15 Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.

16 And when the day of Pentecost (the 50th day after the Passover Sabbath, being the first day of the week) was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

537 Christ in Prophecy

(Isaiah 53:3-12)

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

4 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

538 The Sobly Man

(Psalm 141-6)

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

539

My Shepherd

(Psalm 23:1-6)

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

540 God of Nature

(Psalm 19:1-14)

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold: yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptions sin; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

541 The King of Glory

(Psalm 24:1-10)

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

542 Confidence in God

(Psalm 37:1-9)

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

543 God Our Refuge

(Psalm 46:1-5, 10, 11)

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried in to the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and shall right early.

6 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

544 Security in God

(Psalm 91:1-10)

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee.

545 God Our Dwelling Place

(Psalm 90:1-12)

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass that groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

546 Give Thanks

(Psalm 92:1-9; 12-15)

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

2 To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

7 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

8 But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

11 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

12 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing:

13 To shew that the Lord is upright; he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

547 Thanksgiving

(Psalm 103:1-18)

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, *blow his holy name.*

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

548 Answered Prayer

(Psalm 116:1, 2, 5-8, 13-18)

1 I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

4 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

5 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt beautifully with thee.

6 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

7 What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

8 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

9 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

10 Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

11 O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds.

12 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

13 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

549 Make a Joyful Noise

(Psalm 100:1-5)

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

550 Benedictions

(Matt. 5:1-12)

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was sat, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

551 God So Loved

(John 3:14-21, 36)

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

552 Good Shepherd

(John 10:1-8, 7-11, 27-30)

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

553 Comfort in Faith

(John 14:1-13)

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

8 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

9 Believeth thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

10 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

11 And whatsoever we shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

554 *No Condemnation*

(Romans 8:1-4, 14-18, 35-37)

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

555 *Confessing Faith*

(Romans 10:8-15)

1 The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach:

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

556 Reasonable Service

(Romans 12:1-21)

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt in every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

557 Lord's Supper

(1 Cor. 11:23-26)

1 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you. That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

558

Lute

(1 Cor. 13:1-13)

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 It doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

559 Return of the Lord

(Matt. 24:36-44; Acts 1:11;
Rev. 22:20)

1 But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

2 But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

3 For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark.

4 And knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

5 Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

6 Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left.

7 Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

8 But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.

9 Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.

10 Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? the same Jesus, which is taken up from you

into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

11 Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

560 Mind of Christ

(Philip. 2:5-11)

1 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth:

7 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

561 Parable of the Prodigal Son

(Luke 15:11-34)

1 A certain man had two sons:

2 And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

3 And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

4 And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

5 And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

6 And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

7 And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

8 I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

9 And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

10 And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

11 And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

12 But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

13 And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

14 For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

562

Heaven

(Rev. 7:13-17; 21:4; 22:1, 2, 5)

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

7 And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

8 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

9 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

563

Temperance

(Proverbs 20:1; 23:21, 29-32;
Romans 14:7, 13, 17, 21)

1 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

3 Who hath sorrow? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

4 They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

5 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

6 At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

7 For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

564

Resurrection and
the Great Commission

(Matthew 28:1-8; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of

the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy: and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

10 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

11 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

12 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

13 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

565

Bethleth

(Luke 2:8-19)

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

5 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

11 And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

566 The Judgment

(Service)

(Matthew 25:31-46)

1 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

2 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

3 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

4 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

5 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

6 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

7 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

8 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

9 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

10 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

11 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

12 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

13 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

14 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

15 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

16 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

567 The Deacon's Office

(1 Timothy 3:8-13)

1 Likewise must the deacons be grave, not doubletongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre;

2 Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.

3 And let these also first be proved; then let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless.

4 Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things.

5 Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well.

6 For they that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.

568

The Word

(Psalm 119:3-16; 18, 32, 44-45,
54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

569

Giving

(Prov. 3:9; Mal. 3:8, 10; 2 Cor. 8:9; 1 Cor. 16:2; 2 Cor. 9:7; Acts 20:35; Ps. 41:1; Prov. 19:17; Ps. 84:11)

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the firstfruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Church Covenant

(Suggested)

PREDICATE. Having been led, as we believe by the spirit of God, to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour and, on the profession of our faith, having been baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

COVENANT IN GENERAL. We do now, in the presence of God, angels, and this assembly, most solemnly and joyfully enter into Covenant with one another, that we will walk together in awareness of life, with brotherly love, to His glory, as our common Lord.

We do, therefore, in His strength, particularly engage:

(1)

IN THE ASSEMBLY. That we will not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, at such times and places as the Church may appoint, for instruction, prayer, business or evangelizing; that we will strive to promote the prosperity and spirituality of this Church, and to sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline and doctrine.

And that when we remove from this place we will, as soon as possible, write with some other church where we can carry out the spirit of this Covenant and the principles of God's Word.

(2)

MUTUAL CARE. That we will exercise a mutual care, as members, one of another, to promote the growth of the whole body in Christian knowledge, holiness and comfort, to all the will of God; that we will remember each other in prayer; that we will aid each other in sickness and distress; that we will frequently exhort, and if necessary reprove, admonish one another (according to Matt. 18:15-17), in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted.

(3)

CONTRIBUTIONS. That we will cheerfully, and according to our ability, regularly contribute of our means for the relief of the poor, for the expense of the Church, for the maintenance of a faithful gospel ministry among us, and for the spread of the gospel throughout all the world.

(4)

ALONE AND AT HOME. That we will not omit closet religion, nor family religion, nor allow ourselves to permit the too common neglect of the great duty of religiously training our children, and others under our care with a view to the service of Christ and the enjoyment of heaven.

(5)

BEFORE THE WORLD. That we will walk discreetly before the world; that we will refrain from such of its games, amusements and fashions as are inconsistent with spiritual-mindedness; that we will abstain from the sale or use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; that we will be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements, and exemplary in our deportment; that we will avoid all tattling, backbiting and excessive anger, in order that we may win souls, remembering that God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

INVOCATION. And the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

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Responsive Readings

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in a column on the left, and the addresses are listed in a column on the right. The names are: John A. Smith, John B. Smith, John C. Smith, John D. Smith, John E. Smith, John F. Smith, John G. Smith, John H. Smith, John I. Smith, John J. Smith, John K. Smith, John L. Smith, John M. Smith, John N. Smith, John O. Smith, John P. Smith, John Q. Smith, John R. Smith, John S. Smith, John T. Smith, John U. Smith, John V. Smith, John W. Smith, John X. Smith, John Y. Smith, John Z. Smith. The addresses are: 123 Main St., 456 Main St., 789 Main St., 101 Main St., 202 Main St., 303 Main St., 404 Main St., 505 Main St., 606 Main St., 707 Main St., 808 Main St., 909 Main St., 1010 Main St., 1111 Main St., 1212 Main St., 1313 Main St., 1414 Main St., 1515 Main St., 1616 Main St., 1717 Main St., 1818 Main St., 1919 Main St., 2020 Main St., 2121 Main St., 2222 Main St., 2323 Main St., 2424 Main St., 2525 Main St., 2626 Main St., 2727 Main St., 2828 Main St., 2929 Main St., 3030 Main St., 3131 Main St., 3232 Main St., 3333 Main St., 3434 Main St., 3535 Main St., 3636 Main St., 3737 Main St., 3838 Main St., 3939 Main St., 4040 Main St., 4141 Main St., 4242 Main St., 4343 Main St., 4444 Main St., 4545 Main St., 4646 Main St., 4747 Main St., 4848 Main St., 4949 Main St., 5050 Main St., 5151 Main St., 5252 Main St., 5353 Main St., 5454 Main St., 5555 Main St., 5656 Main St., 5757 Main St., 5858 Main St., 5959 Main St., 6060 Main St., 6161 Main St., 6262 Main St., 6363 Main St., 6464 Main St., 6565 Main St., 6666 Main St., 6767 Main St., 6868 Main St., 6969 Main St., 7070 Main St., 7171 Main St., 7272 Main St., 7373 Main St., 7474 Main St., 7575 Main St., 7676 Main St., 7777 Main St., 7878 Main St., 7979 Main St., 8080 Main St., 8181 Main St., 8282 Main St., 8383 Main St., 8484 Main St., 8585 Main St., 8686 Main St., 8787 Main St., 8888 Main St., 8989 Main St., 9090 Main St., 9191 Main St., 9292 Main St., 9393 Main St., 9494 Main St., 9595 Main St., 9696 Main St., 9797 Main St., 9898 Main St., 9999 Main St.

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and their associates.....	22
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O happy day.....	24
morning at the foot of.....	25
mountainous blue woods.....	26
Something already done.....	27
There is a power I seek.....	28
We've made the time.....	29

Wang, Y. and Wang, Y. 2004. *Journal of Environmental Management*, 73: 111-116.

It says it will not
be a "one-time" effort.
It says it will be a
"continuous" effort.

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What have you learned about your audience?

The respondents

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...the ... of ...

1999

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Product: The only one in the line

I had the power
 Millions of who have
 Come, heard the voice
 Come, They already
 Come, go through
 Great your language
 Followed each, some
 But in the darkness
 Dark, dark, my soul
 As I hear the singing
 I want to be away
 I want that the
 Is the voice
 Jesus Thy kingdom
 Lay to this world
 Let the high come in
 who sing a song
 May Jesus Christ be
 I would speak
 I for a thousand
 I know say
 Oh I can be happy
 I know the King
 Jesus, Him, great Him
 Drive us again
 Serve the Lord with
 When His love come
 Sing to the Lord
 Something always does
 Singers
 They shall know Thy
 It through the land

1000

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100

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Twelve the guests.....	3:30
Glory to the Lord.....	4:00
The Green and White.....	4:00
On the right hand.....	3:30
I am returning for.....	4:00

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1. *Almond, almond* 21
 2. *Apple, apple* 22
 3. *Banana, banana* 23
 4. *Cherry, cherry* 24
 5. *Citrus, citrus* 25
 6. *Coconut, coconut* 26
 7. *Custard, custard* 27
 8. *Fig, fig* 28
 9. *Grape, grape* 29
 10. *Guava, guava* 30
 11. *Jackfruit, jackfruit* 31
 12. *Lemon, lemon* 32
 13. *Lime, lime* 33
 14. *Mango, mango* 34
 15. *Orange, orange* 35
 16. *Pineapple, pineapple* 36
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 79. *Pineapple, pineapple* 99
 80. *Pineapple, pineapple* 100

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I never knew	\$79
When you longed to	\$8
Come home with me	\$6
We were so glad	\$2
My mother's love	\$1
The day of transformation	\$1
We found that there was	\$1
A new world here	\$1

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Figure 6

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10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 271:1233-1234 (1994).

1. I want to be a scientist
2. I want to be a doctor
3. I want to be a teacher
4. I want to be a lawyer
5. I want to be a pilot
6. I want to be a astronaut
7. I want to be a engineer
8. I want to be a architect
9. I want to be a musician
10. I want to be a dancer
11. I want to be a actor
12. I want to be a writer
13. I want to be a journalist
14. I want to be a politician
15. I want to be a business person
16. I want to be a farmer
17. I want to be a fisherman
18. I want to be a miner
19. I want to be a logger
20. I want to be a construction worker
21. I want to be a factory worker
22. I want to be a warehouse worker
23. I want to be a retail worker
24. I want to be a food service worker
25. I want to be a hotel worker
26. I want to be a airline worker
27. I want to be a mail carrier
28. I want to be a police officer
29. I want to be a firefighter
30. I want to be a soldier

The songbirds
Sings of sweet love
Let nature sing Jesus.
Make the morning
Make the evening
Our land
Sings
Sincerely the world
Trust, we said prove.

Threats to validity

[illegible][illegible]

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2. Second paragraph	20
3. First, middle, and last	20
4. Last of each section	20
5. The new birth	10
6. There's a great day	20
7. Where will you spend	10
8. When the stars are	10
9. When the day will	10
10. When the day will	10
11. When the day will	10
12. When the day will	10
13. When the day will	10
14. When the day will	10
15. When the day will	10
16. When the day will	10
17. When the day will	10
18. When the day will	10
19. When the day will	10
20. When the day will	10

Abstract

Fifty of your Authors.....	\$1.00
Twenty-five of your Authors.....	.75
Ten of your Authors.....	.50
Five of your Authors.....	.25
One of your Authors.....	.10

Index

Titles are in Small Caps; first lines in lower case type

HYMN

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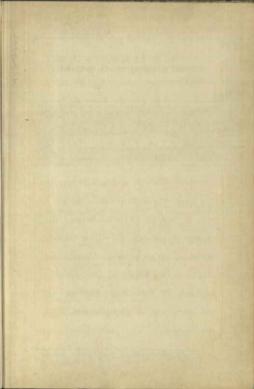
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Bless the Lord, O my soul: and
all that is within me, bless his holy
name.

PSALM CXL. 1.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be
Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give
us this day our daily bread. And forgive us
our debts, As we forgive our debtors. And
lead us not into temptation, But deliver us
from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, and
the power, and the glory, For ever, Amen.

Matthew 6-9-13

Give thanks unto the Lord; for
he is good: for his mercy endureth
forever.

PSALM CXXXV. 1.

Benedictions.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth
all understanding, keep your hearts and minds
in the knowledge and love of God, and of His
Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and may the blessing
of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the
Holy Ghost, rest upon you and remain with you
now and for evermore. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of
God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be
with you all. Amen.

