





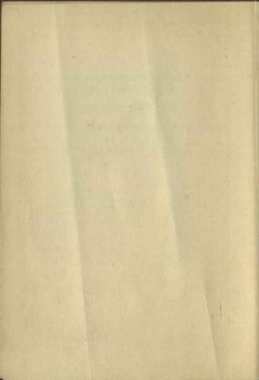
COMPLIMENTS

*Walter H. H. H.*

BAPTIST BOOK STORE

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# Abiding Songs



A special collection of standard hymns and gospel songs, long-cherished and forever abiding. Designed to generate wholesome, worshipful services of song among all organizations of the church. Durably constructed for long-lasting usefulness and priced to meet the most exacting needs of our churches from the highest to the humblest.

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

For orchestration see orchestrated edition of  
*Songs of Faith*—reasonably priced

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD  
of the  
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

## Foreword

ARMING SONGS is presented to the churches to meet a demand for a small song book that has the outside beauty and the inside quality of a great church hymnal. This book will adequately meet all the requirements of many churches, including the Sunday School and Baptist Training Union.

It is the purpose of the Sunday School Board to magnify the importance of worthy hymns, and to promote good singing in the churches. The revival, for which we are praying, will come with the power of the Holy Spirit and no doubt accompanied by great gospel music. "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing."

*J. L. Holcomb*

### A Call to Worship

OPPOSITE P. FIRST

The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple, The Lord is in His ho-ly  
tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si-lence, Let all the earth keep si-lence be-  
fore Him, Keep si-lence, keep si-lence be-fore Him, A-men.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano line. The second system has a vocal line and a piano line. The third system has a vocal line and a piano line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the key signature has one sharp (F#).

# Abiding Songs

I

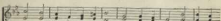
## Abide With Me

H. P. Love

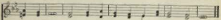
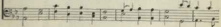
W. B. Wood



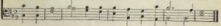
1. A - bide with me: but tell the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness  
2. Swift to its close bids out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy  
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my sin - ning eyes; Shape thou' the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and  
dim, its glo - rious past a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and  
gloom, and point me to the skies: Hear'th's morning breaks, and earth's vain



con - bats see, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
may can be? Thou' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!  
shad - ows flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!



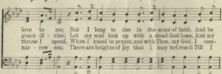
## I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CHERRY

W. H. DOANE



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy  
 2. Can - se - crate me now to Thy sac - ri - ce, Lord, By the pow'r of  
 3. O the pure Je - hovah of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

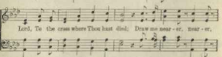


love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be  
 grace of - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com -  
 mar - ce - ore; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

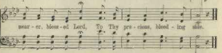
## REMARKS



rise - or draw to Thee.  
 will be lost in Thee. Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed  
 come 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.



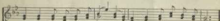
## Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Anonymous

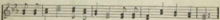
William H. Burdett



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 Guardian of our way;  
 3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Pure 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 feed us, For our souls Thy folds pre-pare;  
 Keep Thy flock, O'mis-er- do - lead us, Seek us when we go a - stray;  
 Thou hast mer - cy in re - lease us, Grace to cleanse us, and pur-t to free;  
 Hle-m-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - or, With Thy love our hearts fill;



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



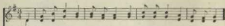
Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray.  
 Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.  
 Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Hle-m-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.



## My Hope is Built

REVEREND HYMN

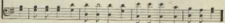
WILLIAM D. BRIDGES



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



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



REVEREND



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



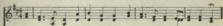
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.



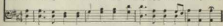
## He Leadeth Me

JAMES H. GILMAN

WILLIAM B. FRANKFURT



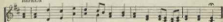
1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed the't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's flowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er part - nor part re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the tri-um-phant sun,



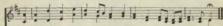
What-e'er I do, what-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, e'er trou-bled sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!  
 Con-stant, what-ev - er let I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!  
 K'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jer-u-sa-lm lead-eth me.



## REFRAIN



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



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



## Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

J. P. S.

1. I've heard a friend who is all to me... His  
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm... No  
 3. When poor and need-y and all a-lone... In

live in ev-'ry trust... I love to tell how He  
 saves my soul each day... I'm lean-ing strong on His  
 love His aid to me... "Come on - to me and I'll

He - ad me... And what His grace can do for you...  
 might-y arm... I know He'll guide me all the way...  
 lead you home, To live with me a - ter - nal - ly...

*Cresc.*  
 Saved by His pow'r-ful-ness, Saved to new life sub-stance!  
 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!

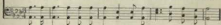
## All the Way My Savior Leads Me

Fanny J. Crosey

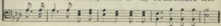
Reverend Lowell



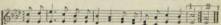
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-sides?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



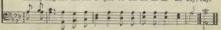
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' His love has been my Guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev'-ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread,  
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised in my Fa-ther's house a-bore.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vi-ne com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
 Though my won-ry days may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
 When my spir-it, clothed in-er-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



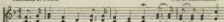
For I know, what'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.  
 Guiding from the dark be-fore me, Let a spring of joy I see; see.  
 This my song thro' end-less a-ge, Je-sus led me all the way; way.



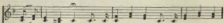
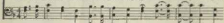
## We Have An Anchor

FRANCES J. GREEN

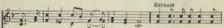
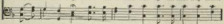
Wm. J. Emeryman



1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-fold
2. It is safe-ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well an-cored
3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told
4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ter cold
5. When our eyes be-hold that the gath'-ring night The cit-y of gold.



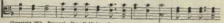
their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain,  
by the har-ber's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from his heart to mine,  
the reef is near; The' the tem-pest raves and the wild winds blow,  
chill our lat-ent breath; On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail,  
our har-ber bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore.



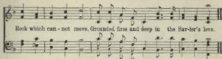
Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?  
Can de-ly that blast, their strength di-vine.  
Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow. We have an an-chor that  
While our hopes a-bide with-in the veil,  
With the storms all past for-ev-er-more.



keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fas-tened to the



# We Have An Anchor

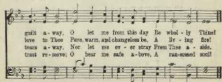


9

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

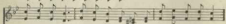


A. H. AUSTIN

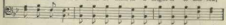
B. D. AUSTIN



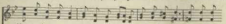
1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful the 't' how it fills me with sing-ing! Je - sus has spo-ken, His
3. I am con-fest, for I know He is near me, Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a re-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to



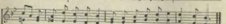
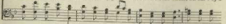
Je - sus so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa-ther,  
 word is life; I can re-joice, for His mer-cy is bring-ing  
 won-der-ful grace, Whis-per-ing words full of com-fort to cheer me,  
 dwell with Him there I shall be-hold, in a bright-er to-mor-row,



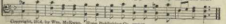
Fill-ing my heart with the spir-it of prayer,  
 life that is bless-ed and sweet in - to eter-nity, Par-don-ing grace the  
 light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face,  
 Je - sus my King, all His glo-ry to share,



Max-ter has spo-ken, Par-don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Cal-v'ry's



know His pure heart was broken - Par-don-ing grace for my sin - ners' soul.



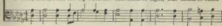


B. G. Stearns

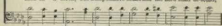
F. P. Starr



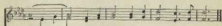
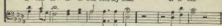
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri-als should come, Let this blast as-
3. My sin - ek, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith-shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - mi - lions roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
 sor - rows con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less ex-trem-  
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,  
 hark as a swell, The tramp 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.  
 with my soul,



James Brown Fugate

Chas. B. Gammell

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er  
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the  
 3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this: I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,  
 Say - he - too, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,  
 say - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

Chorus,  
 If the way of the cross I win,  
 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, leads home;

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

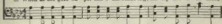
## I Will Not Forget Thee

C. H. G.

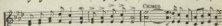
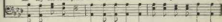
CHAR. H. GARDNER



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not for-get thee," Noth-ing can se-dest or
2. Trusting the promise—"I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-lations,

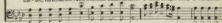


turn my soul a-way; Ev-en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,  
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spoil me, tho' my friends for-sake me,  
all my sor-rows past. How sweet to hear the bless-ed pro-mis-sion,

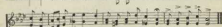
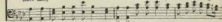


Just be-yond is skin-nig our a-ter-nal day. I . . . . will not for-get thee or  
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.

"Thou, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



leave thee; In My hands I'll hold thee, in My arms I'll hold thee; I . . . . . will  
leave thee; I will not for-get



not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee,  
thou, for-get



1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the  
 2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning  
 3. But it is be my pos-sion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their  
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of my Lord, It is but mine to

mis-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if  
 des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to  
 bur-den be-neath the mil-lion's beam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-  
 fid-ent the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or

It be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!  
 bear my mil-er-ies there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!  
 how His judg-ments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!  
 wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my bar-bar, Con-stant an-y-where!

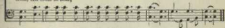
Chorus  
 If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go... An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me. When  
 I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here... His  
 His cross, His

# If Jesus Goes With Me



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



15

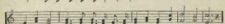
## At Calvary

Wm. R. Howells.

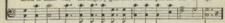
D. R. Towns



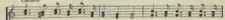
1. Years I spent in van-i-ty and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je-sus ev-'ry-thing; Now I glad-ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan! Oh, the grace that lov'd it



cre-dit-ed. Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.  
how I'd sinned, Till my guilt-y soul be-gin-ning turned To Cal - va - ry,  
as my King. Now my in-purged soul can on-ly sing Of Cal - va - ry,  
down to man! Oh, the mighty love that died for us! At Cal - va - ry!



Chorus



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; For - gen there was need - ti-



pled to me; There my hearted soul found life - ty. At Cal - va - ry.



EDWARD C. CLEVELAND

FRANCIS C. MARSH

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

The shad - ow of a night - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;  
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered death for me;  
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His love;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,  
 And from my soul - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess—  
 Can - not to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the bur - ning of the noon - day heat, And the bor - den 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.

## Response

*Dedicated to First Baptist Church Choir, Cleveland, Ohio.*

HARRY DICKSON LOAN

Hear'n - ly Fa - ther, hear the prayer We have raised to Thee.

## Response



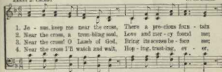
In the name of Christ, Thy Son,      A - - - - - nob.  
A - - - - - nob.

18

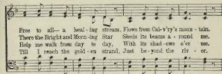
## Near the Cross

Harvey J. O'Connor

W. H. Doane



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross,      There a pre-cious soul is sold  
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul,      Love and mer-cy foster me;  
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,      Bring its sweet re-lease me;  
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 moor-tain.  
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star      Sheds its beams a - round me.  
Help me walk from day to day,      With its shad-ows e'er me.  
Till I reach the gold-en strand,      Just be-yond the riv - er.

Chorus



In the cross, in the cross,      Do my sup-ry ev - er,



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

Rev. G. B.

Rev. Geo. Bennett

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

mid-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear old and best  
 true-then for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-hind,  
 leav-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,  
 preach gladly hear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way.

Chorus

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain,  
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry, So I'll cheer-ful the old rug-ged  
 To pur-son and sacri-fi-ce me,  
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share, cross, the

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

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



Isaac Watts

R. E. Stewart

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groined 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'er re-pay The debt of love I owe

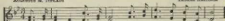
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - man - thy pit - y grace unknown! And love be - yond de - scribe!  
 When Christ, the right-ey Mah - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin,  
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, The all that I can do

Chorus

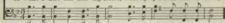
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the  
 bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, (rolled a-way,) It was there by faith  
 I re-cov-ered my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

ANDREW M. TORLAND

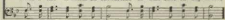
THOMAS HAYWARD



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



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



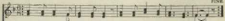
Be of sin the death - ly cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - ges, clef - ter me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



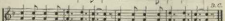
## Jesus, Lover of My Soul

MATTIE L. LANE

HAROLD A. HARRIS



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 D.C.—Safe in - to the fa - ther's arms, O re - ceive my soul at last.



Hide me, O my Sav - ing, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



FRANCIS J. CAMPBELL

COMPOSED BY ALFRED



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bleas-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bleas-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bleas-ed Re-deem-er! Near-ly per-tain




won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;  
 suffered, and died, and died! He our Heav'n, our hope of a-ter-nal sal-va-tion,  
 load with hu-man-ity sing! Je - sus, Son - of - God, reign-est for-ev - er and ev - er,



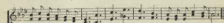

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Crow-ned, Sound His Praise! Je-sus who  
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! a- ver the



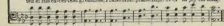
BARNES



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;  
 Love our sorrow, Love unbounded, wonder-ful, deep-est love; Praise Him! praise Him!  
 world, tho-rough-ly, Pow'r and glo-ry are - to the Lord be-lyve!

tell of His ex-cel-lent great-ness! Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!



SAMUEL J. SIMON

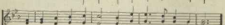
SAMUEL B. WHITNEY



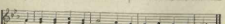
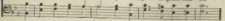
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. Re - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet are o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And in - muck of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath us - her With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By Spir - it and the word;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;  
 And mys - tic sweet com - munion With those whose rest is won.



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are closed,  
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace as - sured.  
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.  
 Like them, the weak and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.



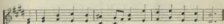
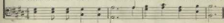
## Crown Him With Many Crowns

Harmonization

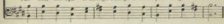
Gaston J. Silver



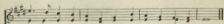
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of host! He - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of all! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Hosts! One with the Fa - ther known.



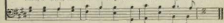
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them crowns All an - sis but His own!  
 Rich wounds, yet vic - i - ble a - lone, In heav'n-ty glo - ri - fied;  
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save;  
 One with the Spir - it through Him giv'n From yon-der glo - rious throne!



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, Not  
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose so high; Who  
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thee he so hast died; He



hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright,  
 And e - ter - nal life to bring, And even that death may die.  
 Then, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.



P. P. Bliss

James McManus

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;  
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost ex-ile to save,  
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,  
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set us free,  
 In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave,  
 How the vic-ti-m's cry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death and hell,  
 He from death to His bath low-time, Son of God with Him to be.

Chorus  
 Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,  
 Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

Verse  
 With His blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,  
 With His blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

On the cross He washed my sin, He washed my sin,  
 He washed my sin, On the cross He washed my sin,

# My Redeemer

Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free,  
 and made me free, and made me free.

## 27. Take the Name of Jesus With You

Rev. Lydia Baileys

W. H. Doane

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of our - row and of woe;  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry an - noy;  
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 4. At the name of Je - sus how - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate 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 gather, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer,  
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues en - gleam;  
 King of kings is Je - sus's 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;  
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet!... Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.  
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

JOHN KIMBLE

FRANCIS HAYDEN

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sun-der dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
 2. When thou'st down of kind-ly sleep, My wear-y eye-lids gen-ty sleep,  
 3. A - hide with me from men till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;  
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

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

## 29

## Holy, Holy, Holy

EDWARD H. BROWN

REV. JAMES B. DODGE

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

earn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!  
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-a-bim and ser-a-phim  
 ab-sol-ute 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 - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 full - ing down be - fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and art - er - more shall be,  
 there in ex - cept be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pa - ri - ty.  
 Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per - sons, Blest - ed Trin - i - ty!



30

## Come, Thou Almighty King

*Antiphona* *Figural De Chanson*



1. Come, Thou Al - mighty - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou In - ex - ha - uste Word, God on Thy might - y sword,  
 3. Come, He - ly One - let - us, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear  
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal praise be



Help us to praise Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vi -  
 Our prayer at - tend; thee, and Thy po - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour: Them who al - mighty art, Now rule in  
 Henceforth - er - more, His sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days,  
 word ex - cept, Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend,  
 or - thy heart, And re - turn from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r,  
 glo - ry now, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - men.





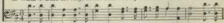
## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

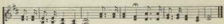
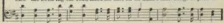
THOMAS HASTINGS



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the healing waters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Did my sin-ners tears sub-side; Dear me



- weak, but Thou art might-y. Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand; Bread of heav-en,  
 I - cry, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De-liv-er,  
 thro' the swell-ing sur-ge, Lead me safe on Ca-naan's shore: Songs of praise



- Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield; Strong De-liv-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.  
 I will ex - al - ter give to Thee; Songs of praise I will ex - al - ter give to Thee.



## Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ELLEN WATTS

ELLEN WATTS



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



## Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

Would He de-vote that an-cient head For such a worm as I  
A-maz-ing pit-y! 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 to Thee,—Thy all that I can do.

33

## Stand Up for Jesus

G. Thompson

G. J. Wren

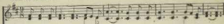
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross. Lift high His  
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The tramp-et call o-bey: Forth to the  
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength a-bone; The arm of

roy-al lan-cet, It must not fail for long; From vic-t'ry an-to vic-t'ry, His  
mighty con-quer, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are weak, now serve Him," A-  
band will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And,

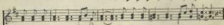
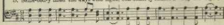
ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-ry foe is van-quish'd And Christ is Lord in-deed,  
gained unnumber'd foes, Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose,  
watching an-to prayer, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, He nev-er ex-pects there.

John R. Campbell

W. B. Weaver



1. Some-body did a good deed, Free-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'twas sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give,"
3. Some-body made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a hand to lift;
4. Some-body i - deed all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-body filled the days with light, Con-stan-tly chased a - way the night;



Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright-ning the sky the whole day long, —  
 Some-body fought a val-lant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right, —  
 Some-body told the love of Christ, Told how His will was car - ri - ed, —  
 Some-body made life less, not gain, Tho't less-ly seemed to live in vain, —  
 Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Surely his life will nev - er cease, —



Was that some-body you? . . . Was that some-body you?



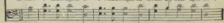
Copyright, 1909. Renewed. Stone Publishing Co., owner.

Samuel Warren

Thomas A. Arnot



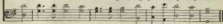
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On Christ's-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Shall I most fight, if I would reign; In-crown my near-est, Lord;



## Am I a Soldier of the Cross?



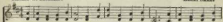
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While others fight to win the prize, And seek their blood-y gain?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, and dare the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word.



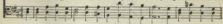
## 36 Lead On, O King Eternal

Samuel W. Cowell

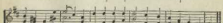
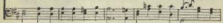
Henry Chadwick



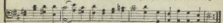
1. Lead on, O King E-tet-nal, The day of march has come; Hereafter is sold of
2. Lead on, O King E-tet-nal, Thine's the force we shall use, And be-cause shall
3. Lead on, O King E-tet-nal, We fol-low, not with fears; For gl'rious breaks like



con-quest Thy tent shall be our home, Thro' days of prep-a-ra-tion Thy  
win-ter The sweet A-men of peace; For not with sword and shield, Nor  
war-ning When'er Thy face ap-pears; Thy cross is all we see; We



grace has made us strong, And now, O King E-tet-nal, We lift our bat-tle song,  
roll of stir-ring drums; With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes,  
jour-ney in its light; The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might,

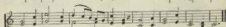
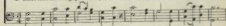


Sir JOHN BOWEN

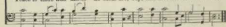
THOMAS CORRIE



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-roy,
3. When the sun of life is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Pain and bleed-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are pass'd a-way;



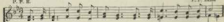
All the light of an-cred glo-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime,  
 Nev-er shall the cross be rais'd nor lo! It glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra-diance stream-ing Ad-verse has-ter to the day,  
 Peace is there that knows no mea-sure, Joy that thro' all time a-bide.



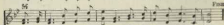
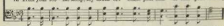
## 38 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. M.

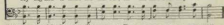
P. P. M.



1. Bright-ly burns our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house et-er-nore,
2. Dark the night of sin has set a-foot, Lead the an-gry bil-lows roar!
3. Trim your lan-terns, my broth-ers! None poor sail - or tem-pest fear!



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



*D.S. Some per-ful-ling, draggling an-ims You may re-see, you may see.*

*Used by permission*

# Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Chorus

D.A.

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

39

## What a Friend

James Swain

Charles C. Converse

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 trouble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to ear - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 We should never 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.

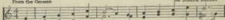
O what peace we oft - en feel, O what need - less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 In thy friend - ship, be - side thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not ear - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - su knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

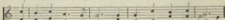
## May Jesus Christ Be Praised

From the German

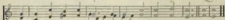
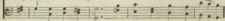
By Johann Baptist



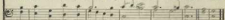
1. When morn - ing glides the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
2. When sleep her labors do - neth, My sl - eep - est spir - it sighs
3. Does not - one fill my soul, A sol - ace here I find
4. In heav'n's a - ter - nal bliss, The love - ly strain is thine
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine



- May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like all work and prayer . .  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: When e - vil thoughts no - less . .  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or hush my earth - ly tears . .  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: The pow'rs of dark - ness hear . .  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Be this th' a - ter - nal song . .



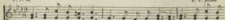
- To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised,  
 With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised,  
 My com - fort still be this: May Je - sus Christ be praised,  
 When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised,  
 Thro' all the a - ges on . . May Je - sus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



## My Prayer

F. F. B.

F. F. B.



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in; More pa - tience in
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pa - ri - ty give me, More strength to over - come; More free - dom from

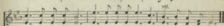




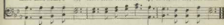
## My Prayer



self - ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,  
 glo - ry, More hope in His word; More love for His sor - rows,  
 earth - shakes, More long - ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,

More sense of His care; More joy in His ser - vice, More per - sence in prayer,  
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
 More need would I be; More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, how - ever, like Thee.



42

## More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PETERSON

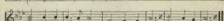
W. B. DRAKE




1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Naught peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the




prayer I make On head - ed throne; This is my ear - nest plea;  
 love 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:

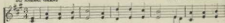
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!



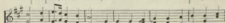
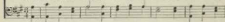
## O Worship the King

By SUMNER CHASE

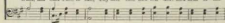
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN



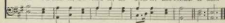
1. O we-ship the King, all - glo-ri-ous a - bove, And grate-ful - ly  
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose rule is the  
 3. Thy won-der-ful care what tongue can ex - cise? It breathes in the  
 4. Prai-cher's-voice of dust, and he - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-chor of  
 Light, whose car-a - gy spare; His char-ity of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
 all, It abides in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-scends to the  
 trust, nor find Thou to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-dred how firm in the



days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and glori-ous with praise,  
 born, And dash in His path on the wings of the storm,  
 place, And sweet-ly dis-till in the dew and the rain,  
 end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, He -av-er, and Friend. A - MEN.



## Ere Be the Tie

JOHN FENNELL

HARRY G. MARSHALL



1. Ere be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The  
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our  
 3. We share our com-mu-nal woes, Our com-mu-nal joys bear; And  
 4. When we a - gain - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But



## Blest Be the Tie

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds is like to that a - love,  
 tears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares,  
 off - en for each oth - er thrown The sym - pa - this - ing tear,  
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

45

## Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams

Arr. by Leonard Mason

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

be a cross That rule - eth me; Still all my song shall be,  
 a - ver me, My rest a stage; Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
 comfort to me, In near - er giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,  
 do - my griefs, Each - ed I'd raise; So by my word to be  
 stars for - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,

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

W. A. G.

W. A. GOSSET

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu - jah! The mes-sage wa-to you I'll give;  
 2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;  
 3. Life be of-fered us-to you, Hal-le-lu - jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have,  
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu - jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole!

First.  
 "The re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "Look and Live."  
 "Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le-lu - jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.  
 If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu - jah! Look to Jesus who a-bove can save.  
 'Twas be-lee-ving on His name, Hal-le-lu - jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul.

D.S.—"The re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "Look and Live."  
 Canto.  
 "Look and Live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live;  
 "Look and Live," my brother, live, "Look and Live,"

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B. K. HENRY

BEN. B. HENRY

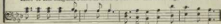
1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;  
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;  
 3. More a-bout Je-sus in His word, Hal-ling com-mun-ion with my Lord;  
 4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

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## More About Jesus



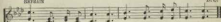
More of His say-ing tell-me-see, More of His love who died for me.  
 Tell-me of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each heart feel say-ing mine.  
 More of His kingdom's awe in-cense; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



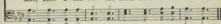
*D.C.*—More of His say-ing full-me-see, More of His love who died for me.

Refrain

*D. C.*



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



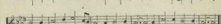
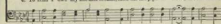
## 48 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

BARCEL STENNETT

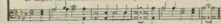
THOMAS HASTINGS



1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sit-en-throned Up-on the Fa-ther's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-bove the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. His name pre-geant in deep ad-mir-ation, And flow 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 glories crown-ed, His face with grace o'er-flow, His face with grace o'er-flow.  
 He took all the pain Who all the heav'nly train, Who all the heav'nly train,  
 bore the shame and cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.  
 tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

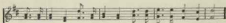
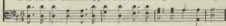


Thomas Carter

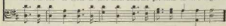
Dr. Thom. Hastings



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



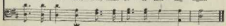
Al - ter less shall be con - fess - ed, That the world in arms con - tain:  
 Na - tions cease their arms to char - ish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;  
 But can nev - er cease to love thee: Thou art pre - cious in His sight:



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!  
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;  
 God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last - ing Right;



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!  
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.  
 God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last - ing Right.



FRANCIS J. CROSBY

Wm. J. F. ROBERTS

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a love-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rag-nare now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glory di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,  
 Lord on my right; An-geles de-sceend-ing, bring from a-bove  
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

*Crescendo*  
 Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood,  
 Re-lin-que of sin-ry, white-pers of love, This is my sto-ry, this is my  
 Filled with His goodness, lost to His love.

sing, Prai-sing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Prai-sing my Sav-ior all the day long.

S. P. DANFORTH

J. P. WHELAN

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 mil - o - di - ons  
 3. To our heav - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove. We will of - fer our

see it a - far: For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way. To pre -  
 sences of the blest. And our spir - its shall sor - row no more. Not a  
 trib - ute of praise. For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love. And the

Chorus

sure as a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and  
 sigh for the bliss - ing of rest.  
 blow - bags that bal - low our days. In the sweet

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

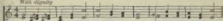
sweet by and by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 In the sweet by and by.



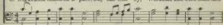
H. C. Koss

GRAND COLLAGE TOLLER

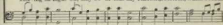
With melody



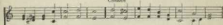
1. Hear ye the Mas-ter's call, "Give Me thy best" For, be it great or small.
2. Wait not for men to lead, Heed not their slight; Win-ning the soul of God
3. Night-noon comes on a - pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face



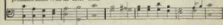
That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the  
Things the de-light! Aid-ing the good and true No'er giv-ing-thrust, All that we  
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has



Chorus



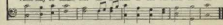
praise of man, Not for the Lov'd,  
think or do, He is the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be best,  
promised those Who do their best.



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

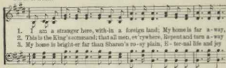


These may be small, But an-to Him is due Our best our all.

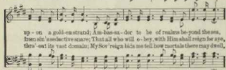


DR. R. T. CAMERON

FLORA H. CAMERON



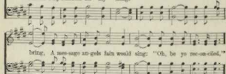
1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,  
 2. This is the King's command; that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way  
 3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's re-ry plain, E-ter-nal life and joy



up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,  
 From sin's enslav-ing slave; That all who will a-loy, with Him shall reign for aye,  
 There's not its vast domain; My Sov'-reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,



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



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



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

Mrs. M. T. C. Shanon

G. M. McInerney

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea - then ra - ces, O see how the  
 2. The sun-light is glar - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing, To con - quer the  
 3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And Je - su - Christ ring - ing, Their arms of re -

think shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,  
 King - doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His pres - ence shall bless them,  
 Je - sus Christ down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion

Chorus

Come e - ver and help us, they cry,  
 His heav - en shall re - lieve them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O  
 Their King and Re - deem - er shall re - vent!

tell us the sto - ry, God's bar - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be

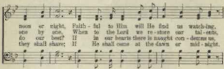
full of His knowl - edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane



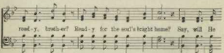
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Wheth - er it be  
 2. If, at the dawn of the mor - n - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He lent us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry



noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 ere by morn - ing, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - science ne,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 Will He an - swer them—Well done!  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest,  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?  
 O can we say we are



read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He



find you and me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

## Make Me a Channel of Blessing

M. G. R.

M. G. R.



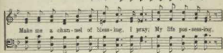
1. In your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God  
 2. In your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you har-dened for  
 3. In your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it fal-ly  
 4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not



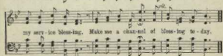
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the best of the Sin-ner? Are you  
 those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The  
 tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To  
 free from all sin; We will har-ri-sen be and a lin-drance To



read-y His ser-vice to do? Make me a chan-nel of Bless-ing to-day,  
 Sin-ner who died on the cross? 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,



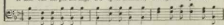
my ser-vice Bless-ing. Make me a chan-nel of Bless-ing to-day.

FRANCIS J. CHAMBER

WILLIAM H. DOANE



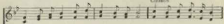
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are sligh-ting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings he has - led that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength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



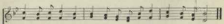
sin and the grave; Weep a'for the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,  
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Won-round by kind-ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



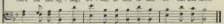
Chorus



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



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





FRANCES J. OWEN

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 3. Sing a - lone the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 4. Give the winds a night - y voice, Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!

Dear the towers to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Rich - a luck, ye a - crees carry;  
 Sing in soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout ad - va - tion hail and free; High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 Earth shall keep her Je - hi - low; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb; Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saved Je - sus saved!



## Throw Out the Life-Line

Thomas S. Brown

R. B. D. Arr. by Geo. C. Brumby

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a breath-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-day-get-fraught men, Strik-ing in an-quick where  
 4. Boat will the sea - men of you - one be a'er, Boat will they drift to a-

some one should save; Some- bod - y's breath-er! oh, who then will dare To  
 lie - per or loath? Boat! be in sink-ing; oh, has - ten to - day - And  
 you're not or loath? Winds of tem-p-ty - then and all - lars of you Will  
 be - at - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, be there for de - lay, But

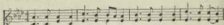
Chorus  
 throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?  
 out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!  
 men haul them out where the dark wa - ters flow.  
 throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

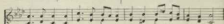
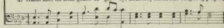
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is sink-ing to - day.

HARRY F. LOTT

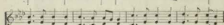
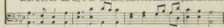
From MEMOIR



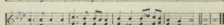
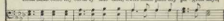
1. Je - su, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ing, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



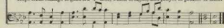
Des - si - stis, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thee, from hence, my all shall be;  
 His - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thee art not, like man, un-true;  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n's will bring me sweet-er rest.  
 Heav'n's a-mor - tal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - haps ev - 'ry trial un - do - thou, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
 And, while Thou shalt call 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 - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



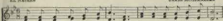
Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!  
 Few may hate, and friends may shun me, Know Thy face, and all is bright.  
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy mingled with Thine.  
 Hope shall change to glad tri - umph, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.



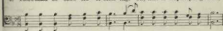
## There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

Ed. Nathan

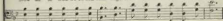
JAMES McILHANNAN



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing!" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing!" Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing!" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing!" Oh, that to-day they might fall.



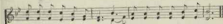
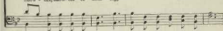
There shall be sea-son re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Far-ther a-bove,  
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Floods of a-bun-dance of love.  
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now let us Thy Word  
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!



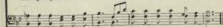
Chorus



Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;  
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing.



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.





1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall  
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall  
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That shall  
 4. We've a Ser - vice to show to the na - tions, Who shall

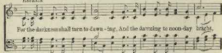


turn God's hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,  
 Bid their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer a - vil  
 Lord who reigns a - bove, Hath sent us this day to save us,  
 path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

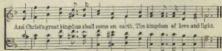


A sto - ry of peace and light... A sto - ry of peace and light,  
 And shat - ter the spear and sword... And shat - ter the spear and sword,  
 And show us that God is love... And show us that God is love,  
 Might come to the truth of God... Might come to the truth of God!

## Refrain



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



And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

GUTHRIE HANCOCK

WILLIAM G. FLETCHER



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - love. Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best seem



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



tell the sto - ry. Be - cause I know 'tis true; It set - tles my  
 tell the sto - ry. It did so much for me; And that is just the  
 tell the sto - ry. Per - haps have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -  
 vation of glo - ry. I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



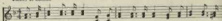
longer as with - out sin can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
 re - sume I tell it now to thee, I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
 ve - then from God's own he - ly word.  
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



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

Fanny J. Cannon

W. H. Doane



1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us fol-low the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the thou-sand of
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all; For the king-dom of
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a



path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the helm of His com-mand our  
 life let the way be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our  
 dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-  
 celsa shall our la-bor re-ward; When the hour of the faith-ful our



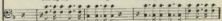
strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.  
 glo-ry shall be, While we har-ald the G-dings, "Hal - lu - a - tion is free!"  
 all - ed shall be, In the land - dwell-ing eter-nal, "Hal - lu - a - tion is free!"  
 dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Hal - lu - a - tion is free!"



Chorus



Tell-ing on, tell-ing on, Tell-ing on, tell-ing on,  
 Tell-ing on, tell-ing on, Tell-ing on, tell-ing on,



## To the Work

Let us hope, let us watch, And in - her till the Mas - ter comes.  
And trust, and pray,

## 66 Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

C. G. Lennon.

Charles C. Johnson

1. "Must I go, and emp - ty-hand - ed," Then my dear So - lemn - er meet?  
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - lor saves me now;  
3. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,  
4. O ye saints, a - rouse, be en - ter - rest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;  
Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tre - phy at His feet?  
Yet to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, That's of that now clouds my brow.  
I would give them to my Sav - lor, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.  
Run the night of death o'er - take these, Strive for souls while still you may.


Chorus

"Must I go, and emp - ty-hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - lor not  
Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I emp - ty-hand - ed go?

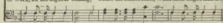
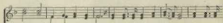
## Work, For the Night Is Coming

August L. COCHRAN

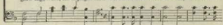
LAWSON, MAINE



1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is  
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with  
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are

sparkling, Work 'till sparkling dews're; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the  
 In - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give us 'ry fly-ing min-ute Something to  
 glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fai-eth, Fai-eth to




glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.  
 keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.  
 shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.



## Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

TINA, MINNESOTA

Geo. H. AUGER



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free!—  
 2. The con - so - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free.  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' feet - of feet.  
 4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-ri-ous crown! O sin - er - rec-ti-ty day!

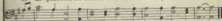




## Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?



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

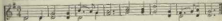


69

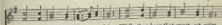
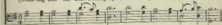
## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

MAURICE M. WALLS

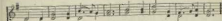
MAURICE M. WALLS



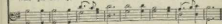
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;  
Glen-dy lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tri - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend.
3. Leave us not to doubt and fear, Droop-ing on in dark-ness drear;  
When our days of toil shall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



Win-ry souls for ev'-ry re-join, While they hear that sweet-est voice,  
When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Wal-king deep the dis-mal flood, Flead-ing naught but Je-sus' blood,



Wine-p'ring soft-ly, "Wand'ring, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home,"  
Wine-per soft-ly, "Wand'ring, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home,"  
Wine-per soft-ly, "Wand'ring, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home,"

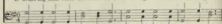


E. PAGE

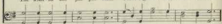
JES. D. BARNETT



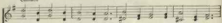
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine in - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Way - ing if my way is clear; Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him all earth be past,



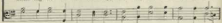
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 While He leads I can - not fall; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 Till with - in the jam - per walk; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



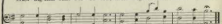
Chorus



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing Him what - e'er he - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



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

let His praise be ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,  
 by His love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,  
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

Chorus

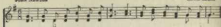
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

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

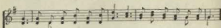
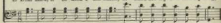
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God,  
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

John Newton

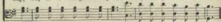
Luther Martin



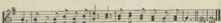
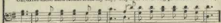
1. How *te-dious* and *tas-te-less* the hours When *Je-sus* no *long-er* I need
2. His *name* yields the *rich-est* *per-fume*, And *sweet-er* than *ma-de* His *voice*;
3. Can *-* *test* with *be-hold-ing* His *face*, My *all* to His *plea-sure* re-sig-ned,
4. Dear *Lord*, if *in-deed* I *am* *Thine*, If *Thou* art *my* *sun* and *my* *song*,



Sweet *pros-per-ty*, sweet *birds*, and sweet *flow'rs*, Have all lost their *sweet-ness* for *me*,  
His *pre-sence* *dis-press-es* my *glow*, And makes all with-in me re-*joice*;  
No *chang-ing* of *sea-son* or *place* Would make an-y *change* in my *mind*;  
Say, *why* do I *long-quit* and *pine*, And *why* are my *win-ters* so *long*?



The *mid-summer* sun *shines* but *dim*; The *fields* strive in *vain* to *look gay*;  
I *should*, were He *al-ways* thus *nigh*, Have *noth-ing* to *wish* or to *fear*;  
While *lost* with a *sense* of His *love*, A *pal-ace* a *toy* would *ap-ppear*;  
Oh, *drive* these *dark* *clouds* from my *sky*; Thy *rest-cher-ing* *pre-sence* re-*store*;



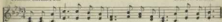
But when I *am* *hap-py* in Him, De-*cen-ber's* as *plea-sant* as *May*.  
No *mor-tal* so *hap-py* as I; My *sum-mer* would *last* all the *year*.  
And *prison* would *pal-a-ce* prove, If *Je-sus* would *dwell* with me *there*.  
Or *take* me *in-to* *Thou* *on* *High*, Where *win-ter* and *clouds* are no *more*. A-MEN.



## Higher Ground

JOSEPH GARMAN, JR.

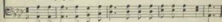
CHAS. H. GARNER.



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



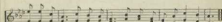
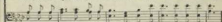
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bend, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till I hear 'n I've found, "Lord, lead me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



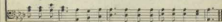
CHORUS



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Jesus-christ's ta-bi-les-land,



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

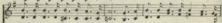


C. AUGUST THOMAS

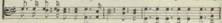
Rev. Dr. CHAS. A. THOMAS, JR.

*Moderato*

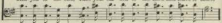
1. If the world from you with-hold of its sil-ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en-er-gies an-nal and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone and old age is steal-ing on, And your



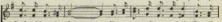
have to get a long with trou-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He  
 said to al-most sin-ning in the spa-ri-er, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can  
 get that God in heav-en answers prayer; He will make a way for you and will  
 bod-y loads beneath the weight of care; He will nec-er leave you then, He'll go



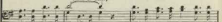
loads the lit-tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there,  
 now and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there,  
 lead you safe-ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there,  
 with you to the end, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

*Crescendo*

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



Lord and leave it there; . . . If you trust and trust-er doubt, He will  
 leave it there



# Leave It There

sure-ly bring you out; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. . . .  
leave it there.

75

## Nothing But the Blood

Samuel Loomis

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su;  
2. For my par - don 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 clear-ing, this my plan— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.  
Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.  
This is all my right-ness-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.

Refrain

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

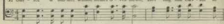
No sin - er fault I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - su.

James M. Gray

D. B. Thomas



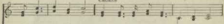
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestow-ed it since  
 2. Once I was lost-ten, and sin ruled my heart; Once-ling my foot-steps from  
 3. There on - a - walling, no mer - it had I; Mer - ry had saved me, or  
 4. Sad - der a sin-ner whose heart is - ver-does, Lov - ing his Sav - er to



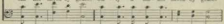
I have be-leeved; Doubt-ing ex-chad-ed, pride I a-ban-d; I'm on - ly a  
 God to de-part; Je - sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I now am a  
 sinner I must die; Sin had a-lar-med me, hear-ing God's face; But now I'm a  
 tell what he know; Once more to tell it, would I enbrace—I'm on - ly a



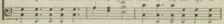
## Chorus



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



On - ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to



God be the glo - ry.—I'm on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

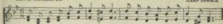




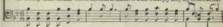
## He Included Me

REV. J. GUTHRIE, JR.

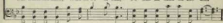
HARRY POWELL



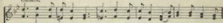
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;  
 2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the foun-tain of life to-day;"  
 3. Ever God's Spirit is say-ing, "Come!" Hear the Dis-son-ance ring, "No longer roam;"  
 4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what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



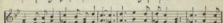
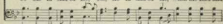
You, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too,"  
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too,"  
 But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.  
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.



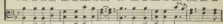
Chorus.



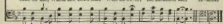
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, You, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



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



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

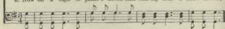


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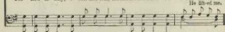
Chas. H. Gammon.



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



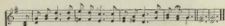
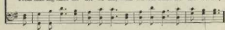
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me, . . . .  
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me, . . . .  
 When from my guilt and grief, Isola-ted, In love He lift-ed me, . . . .  
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me, He lift-ed me.



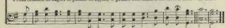
Chorus.



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



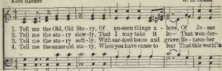
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.



## Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Katie Hammer

W. H. Thayer



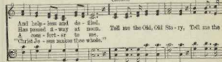
1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Of an-son things a - love, Of Je - sus  
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -  
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tears and grave - li - men - ty  
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have come to fear That this world's



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



sto - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and won - ry,  
soft - en, For I forget to mourn, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing  
at - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of trou - ble,  
glo - ry is down - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:



And help - less and de - shed,  
Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the  
A com - fort - er to me,  
"Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."



Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

D. W. Whittle

James McManus

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the ad - vers -  
 2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard  
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - ri - ous  
 4. When the glo - ry dawns - 'tis draw - ing ver - y near - It is here - 'tis here

of the King: As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,  
 he dis - played; And to - mor - row's his, as ad - vers - of the Lord,  
 th - ings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sta - ry tell,  
 day by day - Then he - here our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear.

While an ran - cored cross we sing,  
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . march - ing  
 While the Lord shall claim His own! on, on,  
 And the cross the world shall sway!

on, on, For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss, ev - 'ry - thing but loss, And  
 on, on, or - 'ry - thing, or - 'ry - thing but loss

crown Him King, hail and sing 'Nenth the ban - ner of the cross!  
 we'll for - ev - er

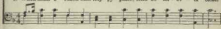
## On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Soprano, Alto, Tenor

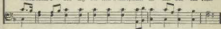
Arr. by E. W. McFarlane



1. On Jo-r-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-et-ter-nal plains Skies one a-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pole-ward breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er there?



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



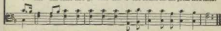
Repeat



I am bound for the prom-ised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;  
 prom-ised land,



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



1. Tho' the an - gry sea - gon roll On my ten - post - drive - on and,  
 2. Might-y waves a - bout me sweep, For - his bark with - in the deep,  
 3. I can feel the an - cher fast As I meet such sad - den blast,  
 4. Though he al - most 'winks the sea; Christ's line bid - lowe e'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,  
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the ten - post ris - es high;  
 And the ca - bin, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;  
 Tempests seek to lure a - stray; Storms dis - suade the light of day;

I've an an - cher made and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure,  
 Still I stand the ten - post's shock, For my an - cher grips the Rock.  
 There the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide,  
 But in Christ I can be held, I've an an - cher that shall hold.

Chorus  
 And it holds, my an - cher holds; How your wild - est, then, O  
 And it holds, my an - cher holds; How your wild - est, then, O

gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not  
 then, O gale,

# My Anchor Holds

1. For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
 For my an - chor holds, in tem - ty holds,

83

## Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALSH

Wm. B. BRADY

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! Thy wings shall my pe - si - tion bear  
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

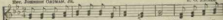
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known  
 To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless  
 Tell, from Mount Pis - ga's high - y heights, I view my home, and take my flight

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, He - leave His word and trust His grace,  
 Thy robe of death I'll drop, and rise To wear the ex - cel - lent - ing prize

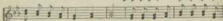
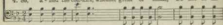
And oft en - caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer,  
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer,  
 And stand, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

Rev. JOSEPH GARMAN, JR.

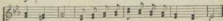
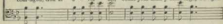
E. G. FARMER



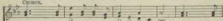
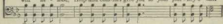
1. When up-on life's hill-tops you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er har-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. No, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



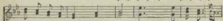
com-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them  
 hear - y you are called to hear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry  
 prom-ised you His wealth an - nold; Count your man-y bless-ings, man-y  
 com-aged, God is a - my all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an-gels



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



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



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,  
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings, 2





## Count Your Blessings

84

84

Count them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings. See what God hath done.

## 85 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

LYNN E. R. STANLEY

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

85

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;  
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;  
 3. Yes, 'twas sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to sever;  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

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


Chorus

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

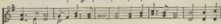
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

R. D. FOSTER

BROOKS LEWIS



1. See - ke, Thy dy - ing love      Then gar - ned me,      Nor should I  
2. At the best mer - cy - seat,      Plead - ing for me,      My in - die  
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,      Like - ness to Thee,      That each de -  
4. All that I am and have,      Thy gifts so free,      In joy, in



aspirant with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart fid-  
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous  
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of  
grief, Thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee: And when Thy face I see, My re - new - ed



ill be won, Some af - fecting thing Thee now,      Some - thing for Thee.  
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer,      Some - thing for Thee.  
kind-ness done, Some work of love wrought and won,      Some - thing for Thee.  
and shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,      Some - thing for Thee.



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## 87 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

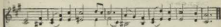
ANDREW REED

L. M. GOSWAMT  
Rev. Dr. E. F. MANN

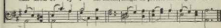

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Stir up - on this heart of mine;  
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



## Holy Ghost, With Light Divine



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held dis-ease - ing a'er my soul.  
 Bid my sin - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign as - press, and reign a - lone.



88

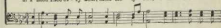
## I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. Anne E. Sawyer

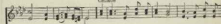
Rev. James Lowry



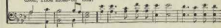
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ven - der will I
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Tem-p-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most So - ly One; O make me Thine in-



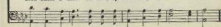
Chorus



Thine Own peace af - ford,  
 pre'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 live, Or life is vain,  
 dead, Thou Mean - est then!

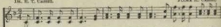


need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

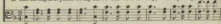


DR. H. V. GAMER.

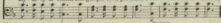
FRANK B. GAMER.



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



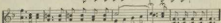
*loy-al-ty* to Christ; His mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,  
*loy-al-ty* to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,  
*loy-al-ty* to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll sound the battle note,  
*loy-al-ty* to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pre-claim Thro' out the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



CHORUS.



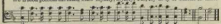
Of *loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty*, Yes, *loy-al-ty* to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



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

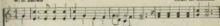


We'll soon possess the land, Then *loy-ally, loy-ally*, Yes, *loy-al-ty* to Christ. A-men.

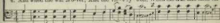


W. A. BRONN

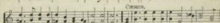
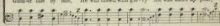
CHAS. H. GARNER



1. A call for br-av-e sol-diers Comes to me and all; Sol-diers for the con-test,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow-er, Sol-diers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

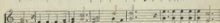
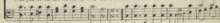


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,  
Ev-ry day and hour: He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;  
Bro-ther for man-kind: Now, just now He calls you, Calls to re-con-quer dear,  
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

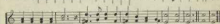
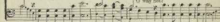


Crescendo.

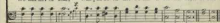
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier



true! Oth-ers have en-listed, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,  
O why not?

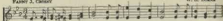


We will nev-er fear: Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-men.

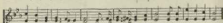
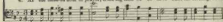


FANNY J. CROSBY

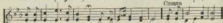
W. H. THAYER



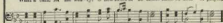
1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gather to
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the har-vest draws near, With a joy-ful con-
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and told To the har-vest who
4. At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-lieve That the blessings we're



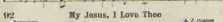
Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend! If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share;  
 pas-sion-ate de-sires to hear! When He tells us we may rest, at His feet ev-ry care;  
 loves them that wor-ship sin-cere; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing heart! He re-com-pen-ses ev-ry care;  
 need-ing we'll sure-ly re-solve, In the full-time of this trust we shall love ev-ry care;



What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer,

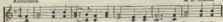


Blessed hour of prayer; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!



ANNE HUNTER

A. J. CROSBY



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 pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mar-shals of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ex-er-cise



# My Jesus, I Love Thee



fel - low of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lead - est me home; And say when the death - dew lies  
dost Thou in heav - en so bright, I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



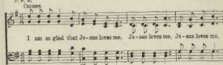
Say - ing art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
there on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
said on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
cross on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

93

## Jesus Loves Even Me

F. P. M.

F. P. M.



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,



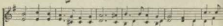
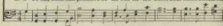
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me,

James H. Brown

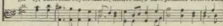
Anthony H. Kamm



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 fol-low Thee, That where Thou art is



near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the hat-tle If Thou art  
 dar-ing, The tempting words I hear; My heart is ev-er near me, A-round me  
 glo-ry, There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee



by my side, Nor wan-der from the path-way 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.

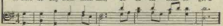


Thomas Dwyer

Anson Williams, Coll.



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

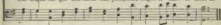




# I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord



The Church our most Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood,  
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ve as Thy hand.  
To her thy cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
Her sweet com-mu-n-ion, ad-vent vews, Her hymns of love and praise,  
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n.



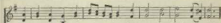
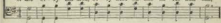
196

# All Hail the Power

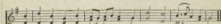
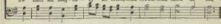
Of Jesus Christ



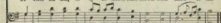
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus named! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;  
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-ra-el's race, Ye sin-ners from the fall,  
3. Let ev'-ry kin-dred, ev'-ry tribe On this ter-ri-ble fall,



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-crite, 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-crite, And crown Him Lord of all,



Mary Thayer

CARSON K. BROWN, CHORUS.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or a - vor the storm - y sea;  
 2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;  
 3. There's surely some-where a lov - ly place In earth's bar-ren-lands so wide,

It may not be at the but - ter's foot My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wanderer whom I should seek.  
 Whoso I may in - her time life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - el - find,

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,  
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, The dark and rag-ged the way,  
 So, trust-ing my all on - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

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

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

Refrain

D. S.

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



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 sov-er, sov-er leave me, but yet for-sake me here, While I



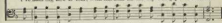
fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley,  
 ta-ken He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en,  
 E're by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me,



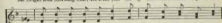
*D. C.—Lil-y of the Val-ley,  
 First.*



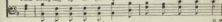
In Him a-lone I see All I need to cleave and make me ful-ly whole,  
 and all my i-dols turn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.  
 I've noth-ing now to fear, With Him near-er He my hun-gry soul shall fill.



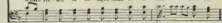
*The Bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.*

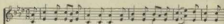


In sor-row He's my com-fort, In trou-ble He's my stay,  
 Though all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me a-way,  
 Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry to see His bless-ed face,

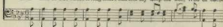


He tells me ev-'ry case on Him to roll, He's the  
 Through Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal, He's the  
 Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll, He's the





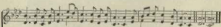
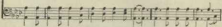
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Son-in-love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath in store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each



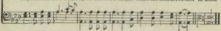
*Chorus.*



me-ric in mine ear, The sweet-est name-on earth,  
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-su,  
tread a darkness path, Yielding someone all the way.  
no-one hears a part, That none can hear be-fore,



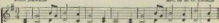
Oh, how I love Je-su, Oh, how I love Je-su, Be-cause He first loved me. A-men.



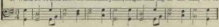
## Amazing Grace

*John Newton*

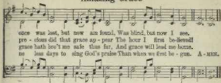
*Arr. by E. O. Fernald*



1. A - ma - zing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' many dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - ready come; The
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shal-low as the sun, We're



## Amazing Grace

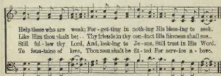


101

## Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. Longstaff

Geo. C. Stebbins



ROBERT LOWMY

ROBERT LOWMY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ier! Wait - ing the com - ing day —  
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sav - ier! Vain - ly they seal the dead—  
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav - ier! He - here the bars a - way—

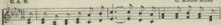
REVIVAL FASTER

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a - rose,) With a

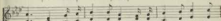
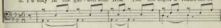
migh - ty tri - umph o'er His foes, (He a - rose,) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

dark do - mains, 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!



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



me - so, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The  
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-  
 all - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of won-der His



Sum of God dis - close - me,  
 In my heart is ring - ing, And He walks with me, and He  
 voice to me is call - ing.



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



joy we share as we tar - ry there, Some-oth-er has ev-er known.

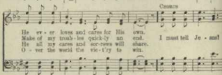




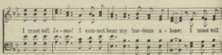
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear them  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - ble; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Trampled and tried I need a great Sov - er - eign who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



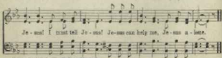
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kin - dly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er.  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 trampled to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



Chorus  
 He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my trou - ble 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.



## We're Marching to Zion

Bass Warm  
Spurred

Ezra W. Lower



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who never know our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand unsup - plied  
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, And  
child - ren of the heav'n - ly King, But child - ren of the heav'n - ly King, May  
here we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or  
marching thro' Isaac's ground, We're marching thro' Isaac's ground, To



then sur - round the throne, And then sur - round the throne,  
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad,  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets,  
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

Then sur - round the throne, And then sur - round the throne,  
Chorus



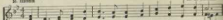
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Bea - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God,  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

B. Steens

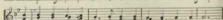
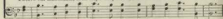
H. B. Cowles



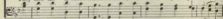
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
 2. That mar - tyr first, whose sa - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;  
 3. A no - ble hand, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came;



- His blood - red bat - tle - stream a - ran; Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.  
 Twelve val - iant sol - diers, their hope they knew, And marked the cross and flame.



- Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant a - ver gain,  
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They met the ty - rant's branched steel, The Ro - man's gar - y rane;



- Who pa - tiently bears His cross he - ter, -- His fol - lows in His train,  
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?  
 They bowed their heads the stroke to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?



Mrs. Clara F. Armstrong

Wm. H. Johnson



1. Je - sus calls us a't the tri - but of our life's wild, rest - less sea,  
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je - sus calls us by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,



## Jesus Calls Us



Day by day His sweet voice would-eth, Say-ing, "Christ-ian, fol-low Me,"  
 From each I - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christ-ian, love Me more,"  
 Still He calls, in curves and pleasures, "Christ-ian, love Me more than these,"  
 Give our hearts to Thy a - be-chose, Serve and love Those best of all.



108

## Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LAWSON

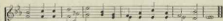
WILLIAM F. CHAMBERLIN



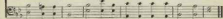
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst  
 2. Show Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me - to me - As Thou didst  
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly  
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now on - to me, That He may



break the leaves be - side the sea; Be - yond the an - cred past  
 Show the bread My God - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,  
 Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live  
 Open my eyes, And make me see; Show me the truth con-cealed



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



Carpenter Mathereson

A. L. French



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I trust my wea - ry  
 2. O light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my sick - ring  
 3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not share my  
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to



and on Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That  
 turn to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That  
 heart to Thee; I trace the ruin - how thro' the ruin, And  
 hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And



In Thine a - rent depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.  
 In Thy sun - shine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be.  
 And the prom - ise is not vain That none shall tear - him be.  
 From the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

## 110 Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed

Jordan Granger

G. F. Root



1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed  
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blood cup of ex - cel - sion  
 3. Day by day, with strength sup - plied Thro' the life of Him who died.

# Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed

Er - 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 host - ed, grac - i - ous, both in Thee.

111

## Wonderful Words of Life

F. F. R.

P. P. Brass

1. Sing them o - ver 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,  
 Sta - nce, but 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 me faith and de - ty;  
 All so free - ly giv - en, Won - ing us to hear - en  
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - er, Harp - o - ty for - ev - er

Refrain

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

GEORGE HART

LOWELL MASON

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

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the side.  
 new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine in - pleat.  
 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 - lone.

## 113

## Close to Thee

FRANCIS J. CHERRY

FRANCIS J. CHERRY

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;  
 2. Not for ease or worldly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall beg  
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me a - er life's Si - bel sea;

56 From  
 D.S. - All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - or, let me walk with Thee.  
 D.S. - Daily will I tell and ad - ore, On - ly let me walk with Thee.  
 D.S. - Then the gate of life a - ter - val May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

Used by permission

## Close to Thee

REPEAT D.S.

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

114

## Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

ROMAN STREET

J. H. GOSWELL

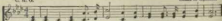
1. Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-tossing sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the e - cessive wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be - fore me roll. Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Raging waves e - lay Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 "Tell me and the peace-ful rest. Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

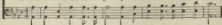
Ghast and cruel pain came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me.  
 Wondrous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - lor, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He pray'd: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y 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 ransom in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



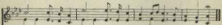
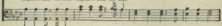
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemn'd, un - clean.  
 He had to taste for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.  
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.  
 He bore the hor - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - f'ed, and died a - lone.  
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



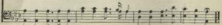
Chorus



How mar - vel - ous how won - der - ful! And my song shall re - ver - ber -  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous oh, how won - der - ful!



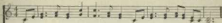
How mar - vel - ous how won - der - ful! In my Sav - ior's love for me!  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous oh, how won - der - ful!



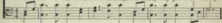


WALKER COMPOSER

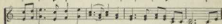
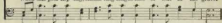
LOWELL MASON



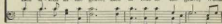
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-mor-tal's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply.
5. Then in a no-bel, sweet-er 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 do no more;  
 No-down-ling love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;  
 When this poor hap-ling, stam-p'ring tongue Lies sil-ent 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 do no more, Be saved, to do no more; Till  
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; No  
 Lies sil-ent in the grave, Lies sil-ent in the grave; When

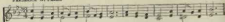


sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 There may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to do no more.  
 down-ling love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 This poor hap-ling, stam-p'ring tongue Lies sil-ent in the grave. A-3279.

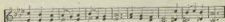


FARRINGTON W. FAYTH

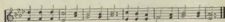
H. P. HARR



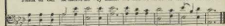
1. Faith of our fa-thers! Be- lie-ving still In spite of storm-pest, fire and sword!  
 2. Our fa-thers, chained in prison dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;  
 3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love each friend and foe in all our strife!



- G. how our hearts beat high with joy! Where'er we hear that glo-ri-ous word!  
 Heaven's word be their children's tale, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tues blest!



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

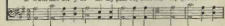


GEORGE KATZ

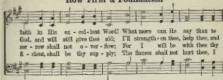
JOHN FROST



1. How firm a fon-da- tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-couraged, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The dir- ect- ion of  
 4. "When thro' ter-ri-ble thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-



## How Firm a Foundation



faith in His ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to  
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and  
 sur - vey shall not a - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy  
 A - dversar - y, shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not hurt thee, I



you He hath said, To you who for rel - iance to Je - sus have fled  
 come thou to stand, Up - hold by My gra - cious, on - ly - o - test hand.  
 tri - als to bless, And more - ti - ty to thee thy deep-est dis - tress,  
 on - ly de - sign Thy dress to con - sume, and thy gail to re - fine.

119

## Take My Life, and Let It Be

FRANCIS R. HAVESHEAD

C. H. A. MALLAM



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - sum - ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and  
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold; Take my no - ments  
 4. Take my will, and make it firm, It shall be no longer mine; Take my heart, O



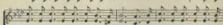
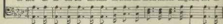
let them serve At the in - pulse of Thy love, At the in - pulse of Thy love,  
 let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King,  
 and my days, let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise,  
 in Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

J. M. B.

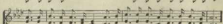
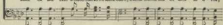
J. M. B.



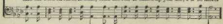
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and there shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and shadowless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us be - lieve for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



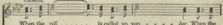
morning breaks, a - cer - nial, bright and fair; When the sword of earth shall gather  
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather  
folk of all His wash - en love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



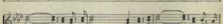
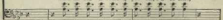
o - ver on the oth - er - shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
In their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
And our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



Chorus.



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



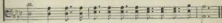
roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll . . . . . is called up  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



# When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder



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



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## Have Thine Own Way, Lord

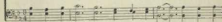
A. A. P.

Slowly

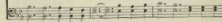
Geo. C. Stebbins



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!— Then art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!— Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!— Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!— Hold a'er my



Put - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Ab - er Thy  
try me, Mas - ter, to - day!... Wash - or than stone, Lord, Wash me just  
win - ry, Helpter, I pray! Jew - or— all Jew - or— Sure - ly is  
be - ing Ab - so - lute away! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

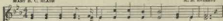


will... Waite I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...  
now... As in Thy pres - ence Burn - ing I bow...  
Tired! Teach me and lead me, Save me all - vided...  
me... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

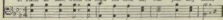


MANY B. C. SINGS

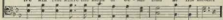
A. B. SINGS



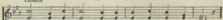
1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low Me!
2. Tho' they lead a'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,



And we see where Thy foot-prints fall-ing Lead us to Thee,  
 Or a-long by Si-lo-n's ben-dains, Help-ing the weak;  
 Or in houses of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord;  
 We will rest where the steps of Je-sus end at His throne.



CHORUS



Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;



We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.



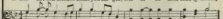
## I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

A. HART

Arranged



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and woo-ed-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thir-st-y, cold, and wel-come, God's free beam-ty glo-ri-ty;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heavy-y-la-den, Lost and re-lin-ed by the fall;
4. Let not con-science make you lin-gers, Nor of Si-nners kind-ly dream;



CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms

# I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

*D.C. for Chorus*



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.  
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Er - ry grace that brings you nigh.  
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.  
All the Si - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.



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

124

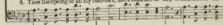
## Pass Me Not

W. H. Doane

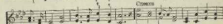
*FAVORITE 2. CHORUS*



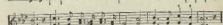
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers  
2. Let me at altars of mer - cy Find a sweet re - fuge; Kneel - ing there in  
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - cy, Would I meet Thy face; Heal my wounds,  
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



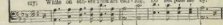
*Chorus*



Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Deep con - tri - tion, Help my sin - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble  
be - liev - er - in, Save me by Thy grace,  
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n hast Thou?

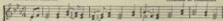


*Chorus* While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

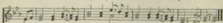
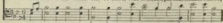


CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH

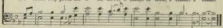
WILLIAM B. BRADGENT



1. Just as I am, with-out sin plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-boat With many a sin-dirt, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Right, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, With welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

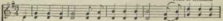


And that Thou biddest me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fight-ing and here with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yes, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



Wm. F. MARET

JOHN J. HENRIKSON



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



God, and in new grace a-bide.  
 Save us, and scatter our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-  
 lujah, and has cleansed us of all stain.  
 Re-died with thee from a-bide.





# Revive Us Again

in - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! There is glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain!

127

## O Why Not To-night?

Samuel May

J. Calverton Bennett

1. O do not let the word de - part. And close thine eyes against the light.  
2. To-mor-row's sun may rise or sink. To whom thy long de - ad - ed night;  
3. Our Lord is pit - y less - even still. And with thee thou His love re - quired!  
4. Our blest-ed Lord re - de - em - some Who would to Him their souls a - scribe;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.  
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.  
Re - source at once thy soul-born will, Be saved, O to - night.  
Re - new, a - bay, 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?

With thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
With thou be saved, with thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

W. T. CLARKE

Geo. C. Stebbins



1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fall-ow and low, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of ex-cess and ar-re-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - void, Je-sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's nar-row in - to Thy calm, Out of life's storm and in - to Thy calm,  
 Out of my self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in - to rap-ture a-bove,  
 Out of the depths of re-in-car-nate, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je-sus, I come to Thee.  
 Out of dis-tress to Je-hi-lah's peace, Je-sus, I come to Thee.  
 Up-ward I raise on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.  
 Re-ve Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



W. L. T.

Wm. 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 Jesus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me;  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;  
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death - bells are ringing, Ring - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

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

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Mrs. H. M. Hall

John T. Shaw

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I feel Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can  
 3. For such - ing good have I Wound by Thy grace to claim— I'll  
 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in His com - plete, "Je - sus

Chorus

weakness, wash and pray, Fled in Me thine all in all."  
 change the lep - er's spots, And wash the heart of stone, Je - sus paid it all,  
 wash my garments white, In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb,  
 did my soul to save, "My lips shall still re - pent.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

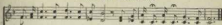
H. W. Flannery

J. S. Thomas

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

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

## Where He Leads Me



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



Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

132

## Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've want-ed rest-y peo-ple's years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The pain of sin too long I've tried, Lord, I'm com-ing home,  
 I now re-peat with his-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home,  
 I'll trust Thy love, be-fore Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home,  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



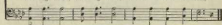
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Chorus

D. S.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er - or - dare to roam,



F. P. B.

F. P. B.

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

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now more dead to say, "Go, Spir-it,  
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-geles are  
 down about al-lert! "Al-most" can-not a-void; "Al-most" is

go Thy way. Some stars over-ven-er-ous-day. Oh... Then I'll call."  
 ring ring now, Fragments rise from hearts as dear, O... van-d'rer, come.  
 but to tell! Sad, sad, that his-ter-ial, "Al-most," but best.

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W. H. Warren

H. E. Palmer

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

# Come, Sinner, Come

Now is the time to save 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 will not re-ceive 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!

## 135 I Gave My Life For Thee

FRANCIS D. HAYWARD

F. F. Thompson

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry - re - d - ded throne,  
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,  
 That thou might'st re-surrect be, And quick-ened from the dead;  
 I left for earth-ly sight, For wan-d'ring sad and lone;  
 Of life's great ag-o - ry, To re - ce - ive thee from heav'n;  
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;  
 I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n 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?

## Calling the Prodigal



**Figure 1**

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay. Hear, O hear Him  
2. Pa-tern, ter-ry-ing and ter-ror-ly will the Fa-ther please, Hear, O hear Him  
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him

call - ing, call - ing now for thee;      The' you've wandered so far from His  
call - ing, call - ing now for thee;      Oh! re - turn while the Spir - it is  
call - ing, call - ing now for thee;      Lo! the ta - ble is spread and the

for thee;

pre-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.  
 ear-ry in-ter-ces-see, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.  
 heart is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (sing-ing with.)

Call - ing now for thee, O won - der - ful, come,


  
 prod-i-gal, come; Call-Ing now for thee, Call-Ing now for thee, Call-Ing now for thee,



# Calling the Prodigal

0 was - ry prod-i - gal, come, was - ry prod-i - gal, come.

Was - ry prod-i - gal, come, was - ry prod-i - gal, come.

137

## Bring Them In

Samuel Thomas

W. A. Gatten

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,  
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd find, Help him the wand'ring ones to find  
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way,  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep where-e'er they be."

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;  
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - su.

J. B. ANTHONY

E. C. JOHNSON



1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;  
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;  
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;  
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Ser-vice in, Let the Ser-vice in;



He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;  
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;  
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Ser-vice in, Let the Ser-vice in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus.  
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, His your soul will sure de - fend, He will  
 He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His  
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth and all are ris'n, He will



Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in,  
 keep you to the end, Let Him in,  
 ransom you will a - done, Let Him in,  
 take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.

Let the Ser-vice in, Let the Ser-vice in.

*Not fast*

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do,  
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and disgrace,  
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus where-ever I am, Do-ing each du-ty to His ho-ly name,  
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's trials and strife, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His smile.

Tell-ing al-ls-glad-ly, glad-hearted and free, This is the path-way of liv-ing for me,  
 Such love com-mands me to an-swer His call, For-give His lov-ing and give Him my all,  
 Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss, De-cis-ing each tri- al a part of my cross,  
 Seek-ing the best way He bid to re-learn, Drag-ging the wea-ry to that rest in Him.

*\*Chorus. Chorus. A little slower*

O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee For Thou is Thy a-

lone-ness, That give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Sav-ior, My

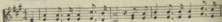
heart shall be Thy throne, My life I give, hence-forth to live, O Christ, for Thou a-lone.

\*Melody in lower tones. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the triadic notes.

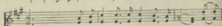
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D. W. C. HENNINGSEN

THOMAS C. O'BRIEN

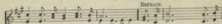
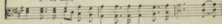


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney home
3. My Sis - ter is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



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

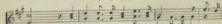
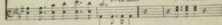
o - ver there,



robed in their garments of white,	O - ver there,	O - ver
home in the pal - ace of God,	O - ver there,	O - ver
By the land of the blest,	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 Sis - ter 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, there, there, there,  
O - ver there,

a - ver there, a-ver there, O think of the home a-ver there,  
a - ver there, a-ver there, O think of the friends a-ver there,  
a - ver there, a-ver there, My Sav - ior is now a-ver there,  
a - ver there, a-ver there, I'd soon be at home a-ver there.

141

## Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

Chas. F. Brown, ly. rev.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your  
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a tar-dier de - lay? There's  
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir - it now wait - ing with - in? Oh,  
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way: Your

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

Chorus

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

C. D. Maxson

(Indicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis)

W. B. Maxson




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-hide, God will take care of you.  
 When dan-gers bar-ter your path as-sail, God will take care of you.  
 Nuth-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.

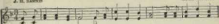
Chorus



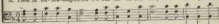
God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



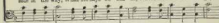
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.  
 take care of you.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word What a glo-ry He
2. Not a cloud we can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bar-der we hear, Not a sor-row we share, Not our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-light of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



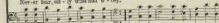
side on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-miles with us still,  
 driveth a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,  
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,  
 el-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,  
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He leads we will go,—



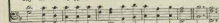
Chorus.



And with all who will trust and o-bey.  
 Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.  
 But is best if we trust and o-bey, Trust and o-bey, for there's no oth-er  
 Are for them who will trust and o-bey.  
 Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.



way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o-bey. A-men.



J. H. B.

J. H. Bennett

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

And He will sure - ly give you rest by trust - ing in His word.  
 Flung now in - to the crim - inated That wash - es white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ex - cel - sient land, Where joys in - mor - tal flow.

( 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.

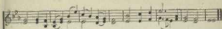
Isaac Watts

John Barnett

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun, Does his ori - gen - a - live jour - nals run;  
 2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom - age at His feet;  
 3. To Him shall ev - ery knee be made, And ev - ery tongue crown Him with praise;  
 4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song.



# Jesus Shall Reign



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till nations shall wax and wane no more.  
While western em-pires own their Lord, And sav-ary tribes at-tend His word.  
His name like sweet pe-tune shall rise With ev-ry morn-ing sun-ri-son.  
And in-fant voic-es shall pre-claim Their ear-ly bless-ing on His name.



## 146. Savior, More Than Life

Fanny J. Cheney

W. H. Doane



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



Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-ply'd, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
Trus-ting Thee, I can-not stray, I can not-er, not-er lose my way.  
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bode.



D.C.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me do-er, do-er, Lord, to Thee.



Ev-ry day, ev-ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleav-ing pow'r;  
Ev-ry day and hour, ev-ry day and hour,



H. D. C.

Harry D. Clarke

*Sing passionately*

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

Come in to-day, Come in to-day, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - su.

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## Love Opened Wide the Door

Rev. A. H. Andrews

A. H. Andrews

Love opened wide the door for me, Re-stored my soul, and set me free; His

His He free-ly gave, my life to save, 'Twas Love that opened wide the door for me.

Copyright, 1911, by Mrs. G. W. Andrews. Used by permission.

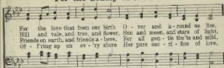
## For the Beauty of the Earth

FREDDOCK G. FREDDOCK

Arranged from Christian hymns

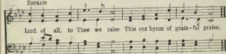
1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,  
 2. For the won-der of each hour, Of the day and of the night,  
 3. For the joy of brother love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,  
 4. For Thy church that ev-er-more Let-eth ho-ly hands a-lore,

# For the Beauty of the Earth



For the love that from our birth O - ver and a - round us flows,  
Hill and vale, and tree, and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle tho'ts and mild,  
Of - fering up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love.

Verse




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

150

## Jesus Loves Me

(The Favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. H. Burdett



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

Chorus



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong,  
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in, Yes, Je - sus  
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie,  
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The H - He tells me so.

C. A. M.

CHORUS

C. A. MILES

O He loves me, yes, He loves me, No matter where I be, My Savior still loves me;

O He loves me, yes, He loves me, And He died on the cross for me.

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P. R.

PAUL RADER

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve;

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

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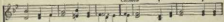
FREDERICK J. CHAMBER  
GOSPEL

W. E. DUNN

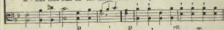
1. Be at - tent, be at - tent, A whis - per is heard, Be at - tent, and  
2. Be at - tent, be at - tent, For so - by this place, This af - ter that  
3. Be at - tent, be at - tent, Breathe huz - zle our prayer, A fore - taste of  
4. Be at - tent, be at - tent, His sac - ri - fice re - cord, Be at - tent, be

# Tread Softly

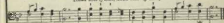
Chorus



Is - ter, O' treas - ure each word  
 sub - sea The mas - sage of grace. Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The  
 E - den This mas - sage we share.  
 al - lest And wait on the Lord. Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,



Mas - ter is here, Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, His side we draw near.  
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,



## 154 Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True

Excerpt from

W. J. Rogers



1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true. Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true. God in your Fa - ther, He watches o'er you;
3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true. God grant you courage to car - ry you thro'



Fight with us bravely, fight and be strong. Christ is your Cap - tain, fear only the wrong.  
 He knows your trials; when your heart fails, Call Him to re - store— His grace never fails.  
 Try to help oth - ers, ev - er be kind. Let the op - port - a - strong friend in you find.



Excerpt from



Fight then, good soldiers, fight and be brave; Christ is your Cap - tain, no glory to save.



H. R. P.

ED. H. R. PALMER



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will  
 2. Show e - vil over-pow-ers, Bad lan-guage dis-claim; God's name hold in  
 3. To him that e'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Tho' faith we will





help you Some-oth-er to win; Fight tri-um-fal-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,



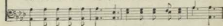

Dart pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



Chorus



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;




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



## I Would Be True

HERMAN ARNOLD WALKER

Feet. 11, 11, 11, 11.

JESSE TAYLOR POET



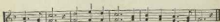
1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be  
 2. I would be friend of all—the low, the friend-less; I would be  
 3. I would be prayer-ful thro' each hour—y—no—more; I would be



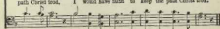

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for  
 give—ing, and for—get the gift; I would be low—ly,  
 con—stant—ly in touch with God; I would be true to




there is much to suf—fer; I would be brave, for there is  
 for I know my weak—ness; I would look up, and laugh, and  
 hear the alight—en—whis—per; I would have faith to keep the

much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
 here, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and here, and lift.  
 path Christ trod, I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.







# Serve the Lord in Youth

Piano

While life is like the spring. O serve the Lord and King.

158

## Beautiful River

Robert Lowry

B. L.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;  
2. On the bos-om of the riv-er, Where the har-mon-ies we own,  
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-ry bur-den down;  
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God!  
We shall meet, and our-rare ser-vice, 'Neath the glo-ry of the throne.  
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.  
Soon our hap-py hearts will get-ter With the mil-lions of heav'n.

Chorus

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the heav-ni-ty riv-er,

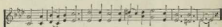
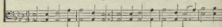
Gath-er with the spi-rits at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

MARY A. LACHMONT

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heart's is touching earth with rest; Well and
2. Lord of life, be-meth the dawn Of the a - ni-ver-sary, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep-wing shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When far-er - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps afloat Thro' all the sky,  
 on, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art high-  
 gh - ly and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend,  
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end.



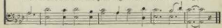
Breath.



He - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heart's and earth are full of



Thou! Heart's and earth are praise-ing Thee, O Lord most high!



## Joy to the World!

Israel Watts

George F. Root

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

ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,  
 songs en-play; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
 feel the ground; He comes to make His Man-nage flow  
 na-ture prove The glo-ri-ous of His right-son-ness,

And Hear'n and na-ture sing, And Hear'n and na-ture  
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing  
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is  
 And won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His  
 1. And Hear'n and na-ture sing,..... And

sing, And Hear'n, and Hear'n and na-ture sing,  
 joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy,  
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found,  
 love, And won-ders, and won-ders of His love,  
 Hear'n and na-ture sing,

CHARLES WHEAT

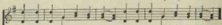
WHEAT &amp; WHEAT



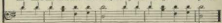
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;  
 2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;  
 3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of right-ous-ness!  
 4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy heav'n-ly home;




Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."  
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb,  
 Light and Life to all His be - lievers, Kin's with heal - ing in His wings;  
 Hail, the weak-er's com - for - ting word, Brine in us the mer - cy's heav'nly flood;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph 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, Born that man no more may die;  
 Ad - am's sin - ners now re - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place;




With an - gels ho - ly hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
 Pleased as men with news to ap - pear, Je - sus our In - man - nel here,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sin - ner's birth,  
 Sec - ond Ad - am from a - born, Re - in - state us in Thy love.



# Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

162

## O Come, All Ye Faithful

To. by FREDERICK CHAPMAN

Walter's Carols Revised

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O  
 3. You, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him  
 sing, all ye bright hosts of heav'n's a - bow; Glo - ry to God, all  
 Jo - ann, to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther,

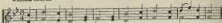
Refrain

born the King of an - gels  
 glo - ry in the high - est; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us  
 now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

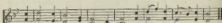
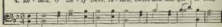
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

WILLIAM CORRIE

H. CHURCH



1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where in the blissful home I know When first I saw the Lord!
3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!
4. Re-turn, O Heav'nly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;



A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!  
 Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word?  
 But they have left an aching void The world can nev-er fill.  
 I hate the sin that made Them mourn, And drove Them from my breast.

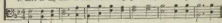


MARY A. TOWNSE

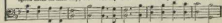
JAMES WALTON



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy wis-dom high fal-ling, To tell to all the
2. Na-tions how man-y thou-minds still are ly-ing, Down in the dark-ness
3. Pre-claim to ev-ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That died in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-ri-ous; Give of thy world to

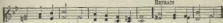


world that God is light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing  
 sin-ners to live. With more to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,  
 live and move in love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,  
 speed them on their way; Poor out thy soul for them in prayer re-vo-lution;

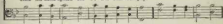


## O Zion, Haste

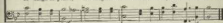
Ritornel



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night,  
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lic glad ti - dings,  
And glad on earth that man might live a - lone,  
And all thou spend - est Je - su will re - pay.



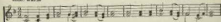
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - su, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.



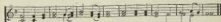
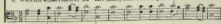
## 165 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS

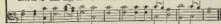
Arr. by THOMAS BALDWIN



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. Per - mitted, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sur - row and love flow sin - glad down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pre - sent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And poor contempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pass so rich a crown?  
Love as a - man - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

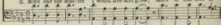


C. H. C.

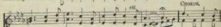
CHAS. H. GAMMEL



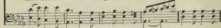

1. More Like the Mas-ter I would ex-or-be, More of His teach-ment,  
 2. More like the Mas-ter in my dai-ly pray-er; More strength to sur-vy  
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to



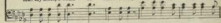

more in-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,  
 cross-es I want bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His King-dom in;  
 oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like Him in God-li-ness,

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Then my  
 More of His Spir-it, the won-der-er to win. . . . .  
 More like the Mas-ter I long to ex-or-be. . . . . Take my heart, O

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




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





## More Like the Master

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

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## Glory to His Name

Rev. E. A. Sorensen

Rev. J. H. Sorensen

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

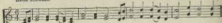
54 First  
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name,  
taken with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name,  
on - tord in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name,  
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and he made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

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

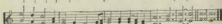
Crescendo D. S.  
Glo - ry to His name, . . . Glo - ry to His name; . . .

Hector Stowell

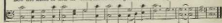
Thomas Hastings



1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry suck-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus dwells The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits bleed, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! with-er could we flee for aye, When tempt-ed, dis-a-late, dis-may'd; Or



is a calm, a sure re-tract: The land beneath the foot-ey - seat,  
 place that all toddlers were sweet: It is the land he's met-ey - seat,  
 numbered far, by faith they meet Around one common met-ey - seat.  
 how the hosts of hell de- feat, Had self-ring saints no met-ey - seat? A - MEN.

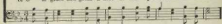


Hector Stowell

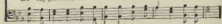
John W. Pratt



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Turn my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine ab-sen-s - er; With-er by Thy help I'm com-ing;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or! Dai - ly I'm constrained to bring



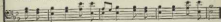
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of heart-est praise,  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Let Thy good-ness, like a let - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee



## Come, Thou Fount



Teach me some new - ly-foun-tain - ned, Spring by foun-tain-tan-gens-a-bow;  
As - soon-sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Faint to wait - der, Lord, I led it, Faint to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount - I'm fixed up - on it - Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.  
Hail, to raise me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - love.

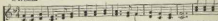


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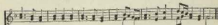
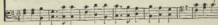
## America

S. F. Smith

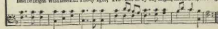
English



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the an - nunc - iate, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let freedom ring the towers, And ring them all the towers Sweet land - our song; Let our- self
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, As - cribe of Lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing! Long may our

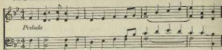


In thee died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!  
Rock and rills, Thy woods and templed hills! My heart with raptures thrills! Like thee, a-brown,  
Lips awake! Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pre-long,  
And be bright With freedom's holy light! Pro-tract us by Thy night, Great God, our King.

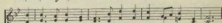
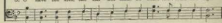


Bishop Joseph F. Sawyer

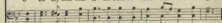
Rev. R. B. Jackson



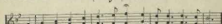
1. A - wake, O Chris-tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy broth-er's call
2. 'Mid deep - est gloom and dark - est night He lifts his help - less hands;
3. O save the lost, the sin - ner torn! To blind men send the light!



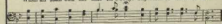
He cries to thee a - cross the deep, Where dark-est shad-ows fall,  
Can aught but Je - sus give him light Or break his cru - el bands?  
O let thy soul with ar - dor burn To lead them to the right;



From sin and guilt and wretch-ed-ness He knows not where to see;  
Then send, O send the Mas - ter's Word A - cross the wide blue sea,  
Then wait - er in that glo - rious day, The king - dom yet to be,

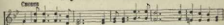


Go tell him how the Lord can bless! Thy broth-er calls to thee,  
Where Mas - s - do - min's cry is heard! Thy broth-er calls to thee,  
When all shall own the Mas - ter's way! Thy broth-er calls to thee.

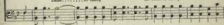


# Thy Brother Calls to Thee

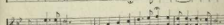
Chorus



Thy brother calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee; From lands a-far a-  
call - ..... to thee, he calls to thee;



from the sea He's calling, calling thee; Thy brother calls to thee, Thy  
He's call - ing, calling thee; Thy brother calls, ..... to thee,



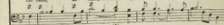
brother calls to thee; O send the news, the joyful news, Thy brother calls to thee.  
he calls to thee;



Chorus, After last verse only.



He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy brother calls to thee;  
He calls, he calls, ..... Thy brother calls to thee;



Chorus may be repeated pp.



He calls, He calls, he calls, Thy brother calls to thee.  
He calls, He calls, ..... Thy brother calls to thee;

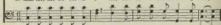


MARY A. BAKER

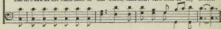
H. R. FOLSON



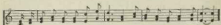
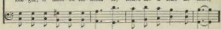
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;  
 3. Mas-ter, the ter -ror is o - ver, The al - a-moon sweet - ly reas-



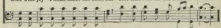
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wait - on and save, I pray!  
 Earth's sea in the calm lake is stir - rous, And heav-en's with in my breast.



"Car - en! Thou sad that we per - ish!" How canst Thou be a - sleep,  
 The-vents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sick - ing soul!  
 Lie - geat, 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 han - ten, and take con - trol!  
 And with joy I shall make the blast har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore,



# Peace! Be Still!

*Requies* *p* *pp*

The winds and the waves shall a-ley My will; Peace, . . . be still . . .  
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a 'Requies' marking and a dynamic of 'p'. The second staff has a dynamic of 'pp'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mon, or man, or what-

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the third staff and the second line to the fourth staff.

*cresc.* *cresc.*

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the fifth staff and the second line to the sixth staff. The dynamics 'cresc.' are marked above the first and fifth staves.

*dim.*

o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly a-ley My will; Peace, be still

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the seventh staff and the second line to the eighth staff. The dynamic 'dim.' is marked above the first staff.

*p* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly a-ley My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

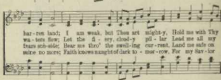
This system contains the ninth and tenth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the ninth staff and the second line to the tenth staff. The dynamics 'p', 'p', and 'pp' are marked above the first, fifth, and ninth staves respectively.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS  
and LOUIS ARMSTRONG

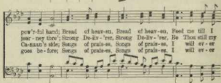
Arr. from Words by  
R. H. BROWN (1908)



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Fill - grip thro' this  
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing  
3. When I tread the weeds of Jer - dan, Bid my sin - ner  
4. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame are



har - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy  
wa - ters flow; Let the d - ry, thirst - y gi - lar Lead me all my  
trous - er - side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on  
mine no more; Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - ior



pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I  
hear - say thro'; Strong De - liv - 'er, Strong De - liv - 'er, Be Thou still my  
Ca - p - tain's side; Songs of praise - m, Songs of praise - m, I will ex - ce  
goss - be - fore; Songs of praise - m, Songs of praise - m, I will ex - ce



want no more; (I want no more) Feed me till I want no more,  
strength and shield; (my strength and shield) Be Thou still my strength and shield,  
give to Thee (it's give to Thee) I will ex - ce give to Thee,  
give to Thee (it's give to Thee) I will ex - ce give to Thee.



# RESPONSIVE READINGS

## Selection 1

### I WAS GLAD

Psalms 122; 95: 1, 2, 3, 6

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

## Selection 2

### GRACE AND GLORY

Psalms 84

How desirable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:

My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young.

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are the ways of thee.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our Shield! and look upon the face of thine Anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield.

O Lord of hosts! blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

### Selection 3

#### THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

*Psalm 24; Revelation 19:6*

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

### Selection 4

#### THE EXCELLENT NAME

*Psalm 8; 1 John 3:2, 3*

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands:

Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:

But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him:

For we shall see him as he is.

And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

## Selection 5

## THE CREATION

Genesis 1 and 2; John 1:1-4, 9, 14

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

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.

And God said, let there be light: and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

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.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

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.

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.

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.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

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.

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.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

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.

## Selection 6

## THE SECRET PLACE

Psalm 91: 1-6, 9-12, 14-16

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust!

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

## Selection 7

## THE LORD MY STRENGTH

Psalm 33: 1-3, 14

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after:

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:

In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me:

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy.

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice:

Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

### Selection 8

#### ANSWERED PRAYER

Psalms 118

I love the Lord, because he hath  
heard my voice and my supplica-  
tions.

Because he hath inclined his ear  
unto me, therefore will I call upon  
him as long as I live.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous:  
yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple:  
I was brought low, and he helped  
me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul;  
for the Lord hath dealt bountifully  
with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul  
from death, mine eyes from tears,  
and my feet from falling.

What shall I render unto the Lord  
for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation,  
and call upon the name of the Lord:  
I will pay my vows unto the Lord  
now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord  
is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I  
am thy servant, and the son of thine  
handmaid: thou hast loosed my  
bond.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice  
of thanksgiving, and will call upon  
the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord  
now in the presence of all his people,  
in the courts of the Lord's house, in  
the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.  
Praise ye the Lord.

### Selection 9

#### THE SINS OF YOUTH

Psalms 25:1-12, 14

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up  
my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let  
me not be ashamed, let not mine  
enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let mine that wait on thee be  
ashamed: let them be ashamed  
which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach  
me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth and teach  
me: for thou art the God of my sal-  
vation: on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender  
mercies and thy lovingkindnesses:  
for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my  
youth, nor my transgressions: ac-  
cording to thy mercy remember  
these me for thy goodness' sake, O  
Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord:  
therefore will he teach sinners in the  
way.

The meek will he guide in judg-  
ment: and the meek will he teach  
his way.

All the paths of the Lord are  
mercy and truth unto such as keep  
his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, par-  
don mine iniquity: for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the  
Lord? him shall he teach in the way  
that he shall choose.

The secret of the Lord is with  
them that fear him; and he will shew  
them his covenant.

## Selection 10

## THE GODLY MAN

Psalms 1: 1-5

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.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

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.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

He that seareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

## Selection 11

## FRET NOT THYSELF

Psalms 37: 1-21

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

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.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

### Selection 12

#### JUSTIFIED BY FAITH

Romans 3:1-12; John 3:16; Romans  
8:31-35, 37-39

Therefore being justified by faith,  
we have peace with God through our  
Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by  
faith into this grace wherein we  
stand, and rejoice in hope of the  
glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in  
tribulations also: knowing that  
tribulation worketh patience;

And patience, experience; and ex-  
perience, hope:

And hope maketh not ashamed:  
because the love of God is shed  
abroad in our hearts by the Holy  
Ghost, which is given unto us.

For when we were yet without  
strength, in due time Christ died for  
the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man  
will one die: yet peradventure for a  
good man some would even dart to  
die.

But God commendeth his love  
toward us, in that, while we were  
yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Much more then, being now just-  
ified by his blood, we shall be saved  
from wrath through him.

For if, when we were enemies,  
we were reconciled to God by the  
death of his Son, much more, being  
reconciled, we shall be saved by his  
life.

And not only so, but we also joy  
in God through our Lord Jesus

Christ, by whom we have now re-  
ceived the atonement.

As by one man sin entered into  
the world, and death by sin; so death  
passed upon all men, for that all  
have sinned.

God so loved the world, that he  
gave his only begotten Son, that  
whosoever believeth in him should  
not perish, but have everlasting life.

What shall we then say to these  
things? If God be for us, who can  
be against us?

He that spared not his own Son,  
but delivered him up for us all, how  
shall he not with him also freely  
give us all things?

Who shall lay any thing to the  
charge of God's elect? It is God that  
justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth? It is  
Christ that died, yea rather, that is  
risen again, who is even at the right  
hand of God, who also maketh inter-  
cession for us.

Who shall separate us from the  
love of Christ? shall tribulation, or  
distress, or persecution, or famine,  
or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are  
more than conquerors through him  
that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither  
death, nor life, nor angels, nor  
principalities, nor powers, nor things  
present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any  
other creature, shall be able to sepa-  
rate us from the love of God, which  
is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

## Selection 13

## HEALED BY HIS STRIPES

Isaiah 53; Hebrews 2:9; 4:14-16

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done us violence, neither was any drunk in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.



### The following

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Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

## TOPICAL INDEX

Category	Item	Price	Quantity	Total
Apples	Red Delicious	1.50	100	150.00
	Golden Delicious	1.20	100	120.00
	Granny Smith	1.80	100	180.00
	Fuji	1.60	100	160.00
Bananas	Standard	0.80	200	160.00
	Large	1.00	100	100.00
	Small	0.60	200	120.00
	Plantain	0.90	100	90.00
Oranges	Navel	1.10	100	110.00
	Valencia	0.90	100	90.00
	Seedling	1.30	100	130.00
	Washington	1.00	100	100.00
Pears	Bartlett	1.40	100	140.00
	Anjou	1.20	100	120.00
	Bosc	1.60	100	160.00
	Comice	1.50	100	150.00
Grapes	Concord	0.70	200	140.00
	Black	0.90	100	90.00
	Red	1.10	100	110.00
	White	1.00	100	100.00
Strawberries	Early	2.00	100	200.00
	Midseason	1.80	100	180.00
	Late	1.60	100	160.00
	Super	2.20	100	220.00
Cherries	Bing	2.50	100	250.00
	Montmorency	2.00	100	200.00
	Stella	2.20	100	220.00
	Black	2.40	100	240.00
Plums	Black	1.80	100	180.00
	Yellow	1.60	100	160.00
	Red	1.90	100	190.00
	Green	1.70	100	170.00
Peaches	Elberta	1.50	100	150.00
	Redhaven	1.40	100	140.00
	Champion	1.60	100	160.00
	Flavor	1.30	100	130.00
Nectarines	Standard	1.20	100	120.00
	Large	1.40	100	140.00
	Small	1.00	100	100.00
	Plantain	1.10	100	110.00
Apricots	Standard	1.00	100	100.00
	Large	1.20	100	120.00
	Small	0.80	100	80.00
	Plantain	0.90	100	90.00
Pineapples	Standard	0.50	200	100.00
	Large	0.60	100	60.00
	Small	0.40	200	80.00
	Plantain	0.55	100	55.00
Mangoes	Standard	0.70	200	140.00
	Large	0.80	100	80.00
	Small	0.60	200	120.00
	Plantain	0.75	100	75.00
Guavas	Standard	0.40	200	80.00
	Large	0.50	100	50.00
	Small	0.30	200	60.00
	Plantain	0.45	100	45.00
Lemon	Standard	0.30	200	60.00
	Large	0.40	100	40.00
	Small	0.20	200	40.00
	Plantain	0.35	100	35.00
Lime	Standard	0.25	200	50.00
	Large	0.35	100	35.00
	Small	0.15	200	30.00
	Plantain	0.30	100	30.00

## TOPICAL INDEX

[illegible]

## TOPICAL INDEX

[illegible]

## GENERAL INDEX

Taking you to Special Cuts: Best Hair in lower east town.

<b>A</b>	No.	<b>B</b>	No.
A call for local soldiers	69	Place you without thought after	101
And with us	1	Shout to the shepherd's	102
And, and we are never more (Tune)	99	Shout your own way, come	103
Arise	97	On highlands and	104
Arise, and did my Father bleed (Hudson)	97	On lowlands and	105
Be man, my power (Cromwell)	99	On lofty hills	106
Be, that we be never taken in	7	On lofty hills (Tune)	107
Blessed man, man	100	Lead us to the Master's call	108
But a moment of the dawn	95	Remember, Father, lead the power	109
Exquisite music	170	Remember, lead us	110
Exquisite	90	Only when there least seems	111
At a distance	10	Only, only, only	112
At distance	10	Only when, suddenly, there	113
At the close	10	Only when a resurrection (Resurrection)	114
Awake, O Christian, from thy sleep	771	Only when and darkness has passed	115
<b>C</b>	No.	<b>D</b>	No.
Caution, men	100	See a stranger here	101
Caution, the voice of peace	10	See as glad that our Father	102
Caution, the voice of peace	101	See as happy in Christ	103
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Caution, the voice of peace	101	See as happy in Christ	105
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