

**NEW  
SONGS  
O F  
PENTECOST**

<sup>N</sup><sub>o</sub>  
**2**

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**2**

Compiled and Edited by  
**J. LINCOLN HALL, C. AUSTIN MILES, ADAM GEIBEL** MUS. DOC.

**HALL-MACK CO.**

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FOR  
PRICES SEE INSIDE PAGE



*J. E. Armstrong*

# New Songs of Pentecost

## No. 2

Compiled and Edited by

*J. LINCOLN HALL*

*C. AUSTIN MILES*

*ADAM GEIBEL, Mus. Doc.*

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# New Songs of Pentecost No. 2

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GOSPEL SONGS FOUR SQUARE ON THE BIBLE was adopted as an ideal in the preparation of New Songs of Pentecost No. 1, and every new composition before being accepted was weighed and measured by that high standard. As a result the book immediately was adopted for use in religious meetings already possessing or aiming to attain deeply spiritual atmosphere.

New Songs of Pentecost No. 2 is built on the same plan; the same high standard of excellence was required to secure admission and no question of policy, favor or influence was permitted to break down the barrier.

For the use of valuable copyrights, or for very helpful suggestions in the preparation of New Songs of Pentecost No. 2, the thanks of the Editors are gratefully tendered to:

B. D. Ackley	Rev. Q. A. Hammill	Rodeheaver Co.
J. T. Benson	J. M. Harris	C. F. Weigle
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George D. Elderkin	Haldor Lillenas	W. B. Woodrow
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	L. L. Pickett	

## NEW SONGS OF PENTECOST No. 2 is FOUR SQUARE ON THE BIBLE

and because it takes that stand it dare go forth on its mission for the Salvation of Souls, the Strengthening of Believers and the Upbuilding of the Kingdom.

THE EDITORS.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

*Just how long we will be able to sell this book at the low price (\$10, the hundred, card cover; \$15.00 in Art Boards) we cannot say. Buyers are urged to order immediately, as another advance in cost will necessitate an increase in price. So far, we have stood all the rise at the expense of our profit, but it stands to reason that a limit soon must be reached.*

# New Songs of Pentecost, No. 2.

## No. 1.

## I Want Jesus.

(Convicted, a man rushed forward crying, "I want Jesus.")

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I need the blood to me ap-plied, For cleans - ing, keep - ing pow'r;  
2. I need His grace each try - ing day, To keep me lest I fall;  
3. I want Thee, Lord, and need Thee more Than tongue of mine can tell;  
4. O heart of mine! He speaks to Thee, "Thy sins are all for - giv'n;"

O bless - ed Sav - iour, Cru - ci - fied, Save me this ver - y hour.  
O Je - sus, come and with me stay, To be my All in All.  
O en - ter in and ev - er more Con - sent with me to dwell.  
On earth I have the vic - to - ry, O blest fore - taste of heav'n!

### CHORUS.

I want Je - sus, I want Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day and hour;

For I need His grace to keep me, And I know His Sav - ing pow'r.

# No. 2

# A Little Closer to My Lord.

Rev. GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

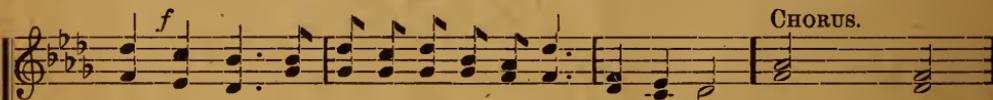
*Quietly, with great feeling.*



1. My heart is clos - er drawn to Je - sus, day by day, 'Tis sweet to walk and
2. When tri - als sore op - press me, and the way grows dim, 'Tis good to know that
3. What - ev - er dan - gers threaten me. I will not fear, For naught of ill can



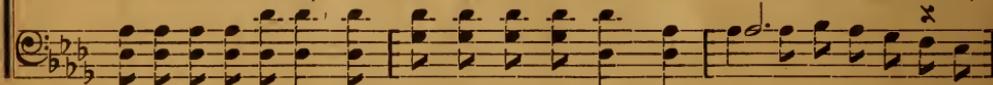
talk with Him a - long life's way; My one de - sire to live with Him in  
I am in the way with Him; My faith in Him has nev - er failed of  
harm me if my Lord is near; I gird me for the con - flict, take the



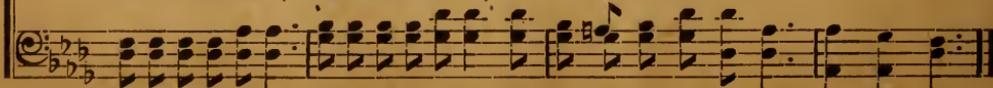
full ac - cord, Each day a lit - tle clos - er to my Lord. }  
full re - ward, I want to draw yet clos - er to my Lord. } Clos - - er,  
spir - it's sword, And draw a lit - tle clos - er to my Lord. } Just a lit - tle clos - er,



clos - - er, While trust - ing in His pre - cious word;  
Just a lit - tle clos - er, Just a lit - tle clos - er;



Clos - er, clos - er, Each day a lit - tle clos - er to my Lord.  
Just a lit - tle clos - er, Just a lit - tle clos - er,



## No. 3.

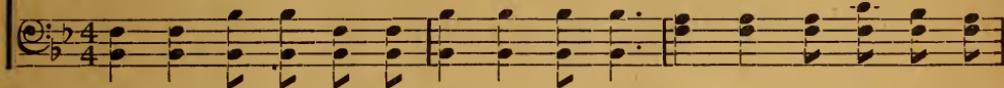
## I'm Living Under Grace.

C. A. M.

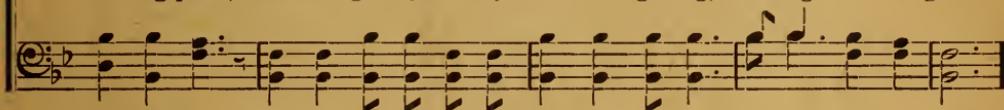
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I've left E-gypt and its sin be-hind me, Pitched my tent in Ca-naan's  
 2. When temp-ta-tion spreads its net a-round me, Then I look in-to my  
 3. On the moun-tain-top of bless-ing liv-ing, There can be no saf-er



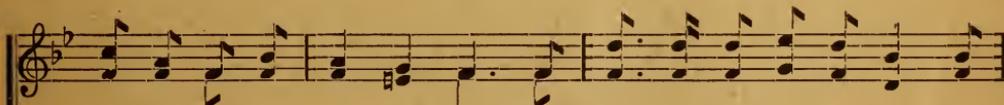
blest em-brace, Told the world that it may ev-er find me Liv-ing un-der grace.  
 Saviour's face, And re-joice to know that sin has found me Liv-ing un-der grace.  
 rest-ing place; Here all glo-ry to my Lord I'm giv-ing, Liv-ing un-der grace.



## CHORUS.



From sin and con-dem-na-tion, I now am free, I've tast-ed full sal-



va-tion and it just suits me; I live in per-fect free-dom, in



ev-'ry time and place, For I'm not liv-ing un-der law, but un-der grace.



# No. 4. He Took Every Burden Away.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH.

JAMES M. BLACK.

1. In sor - row I came to the Sav - iour one day, My heart was all  
 2. I fol - low Him now where - so - ev - er He leads, Re - joic - ing in  
 3. And now His sweet praise in my soul ne'er shall cease, I love Him each

bro - ken with sin; I pray'd that the bur - den be tak - en a - way,  
 His love di - vine; Thro' won - der - ful grace He sup - plies all my needs  
 day more and more; His mer - cies and bless - ings shall dai - ly in - crease,

## CHORUS.

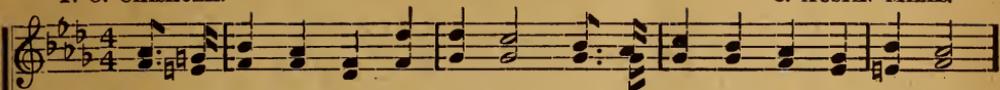
And quick - ly He spoke peace with - in. } He took ev - 'ry bur - den a -  
 And ma - ny rich bless - ings are mine. }  
 Un - til all my la - bors are o'er. } yes, He took ev - 'ry

way, . . . . . He took ev - 'ry bur - den a - way; . . . . . His love, so di -  
 bur - den a - way, yes, He took ev - 'ry 'bur - den a - way;

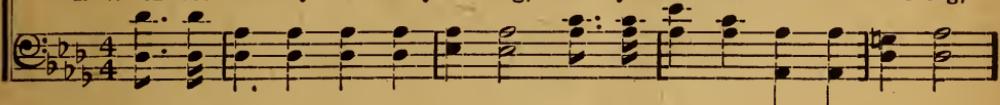
vine, shall for - ev - er be mine, He took ev - 'ry bur - den a - way.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

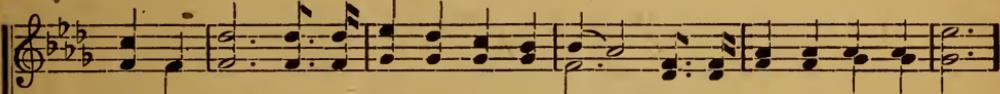
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. When the clouds are hanging o'er thee, When thy path is dark be-fore thee,
2. When ma-li-cious foes as-sail thee, When thy strength and courage fail thee,
3. When thy bur-dens sore-ly press thee, Wrong and pain and grief dis-tress thee,
4. When for rest thy heart is yearn-ing, And thy tho'ts t'ward heav'n are turning,



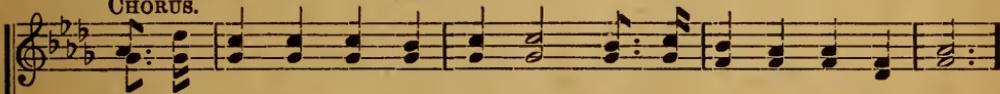
Think of Je-sus, have no fear! Tho' His form thou cans't not trace, Nor thine eyes be-  
 Think of Je-sus, to Him call; When there is no oth-er friend Who thy need can  
 Think of Je-sus, what He bore; Ah! That crushing weight of woe, Thou cans't never,  
 Think of Je-sus, wait-ing there; He that bore thy sins a-lone, Seat-ed there be-



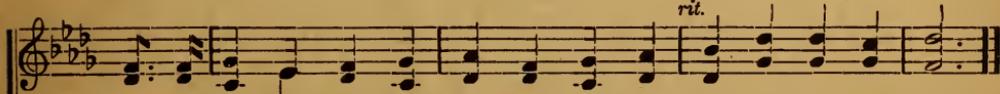
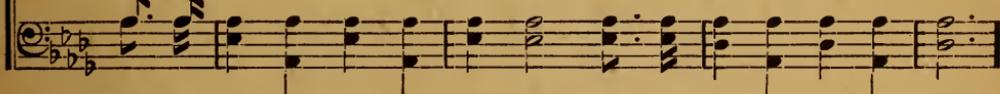
hold His face, All the time, in ev-'ry place, Think of Je-sus, He is near.  
 comp-re-hend, And none oth-er help can lend, Think of Je-sus, tell Him all.  
 nev-er know, 'Twas for thee He suf-fered so, Think of Je-sus, what He bore!  
 side the throne, Wait-ing to re-ceive His own, Think of Je-sus, wait-ing there!



CHORUS.



Think of Him, thy Friend and Sav-iour, One whose love will nev-er cease;



He whose mind is stayed on Je-sus Shall be kept in per-fect peace.



# No. 6.

# The Sons of God.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I can face all tri - als here, With a faith that must pre - vail, God has giv'n this
2. Stumbling oft - en, kept from fall On - ly by my Saviour's grace, I shall wres - tle
3. "Now are we the sons of God," This is con - so - la - tion here, But we shall be



## CHORUS.



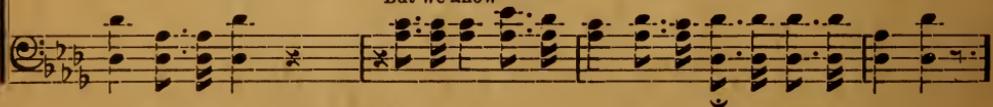
word to me that can - not fail.  
 on un - til I see His face. } Be - lov - ed, be - lov - ed, "Now are we the sons of  
 like Him when He shall appear. }



God," And it doth not yet appear what we shall be; But we know that when  
 But we know



He shall appear, But we know that when He shall appear, We shall be like Him,  
 But we know



We shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah!



# No. 7.

# I'm Moving.

"I hope to move out at an early date."—Rev. Dr. Izer.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When the Lord shall come to take me home, I'll be read-y whether night or day,  
 2. I have cleans'd this house He gave to me, For my soul's re-turning by - and - by,  
 3. I am mov-ing out with-out re-gret, Having tried to do my ver-y best;  
 4. E - ven so, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come, I am read-y, and prepared to go;

For I'm all pack'd up, pre-pared to go When He comes to bear my soul a - way.  
 When the dead shall rise to dwell with Christ, All im-mor-tal, nev-er-more to die.  
 With my faith undimmed, I've sown the seed, To my Sav-iour leaving all the rest.  
 In the fight with death I can-not fail, There is vic-to-ry for me I know.

## CHORUS.

I'm mov - ing, I'm mov - ing, To a build - ing not made with hands; I'm

go - ing home no more to roam, To where my bless - ed Sav - iour stands.  
 bless - ed Sav - iour stands.

I'm go - ing home no more to roam, I'm mov - ing to the glo - ry land.

# No. 8.

# Love and Sunshine.

A. STANLEY HYDE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Not too quickly.*

1. My life is full of sun-shine, and peace is in my soul, Since Je-sus came to
2. I've seen the lightnings flashing and heard the thunder roar, And rain to earth de-
3. The Light that nev-er fail-eth e'en tho' the sun may wane—Can brighten darkest

dwell there, and take the full con-trol. The heav-y clouds of dark-ness no  
scend-ing has cov-ered glen and moor; But while the storm is rag-ing, and  
cor-ners, shine thro' the vil-est stain. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, the

more the sun can hide, For in my heart there's sunshine, since He came to a-bide.  
dark may be the night, There's hope and peace in Je-sus, in my heart there is light.  
Light of all man-kind, And gloom will sure-ly van-ish, peace in Him you will find.

**CHORUS.**

Je - sus shine

Let the love of Je-sus shine, shine in you, shine in you, For His love will brighten each

shine

step of the way; you, So o - pen your heart, let in His sun-shine to-day.



# No. 10.

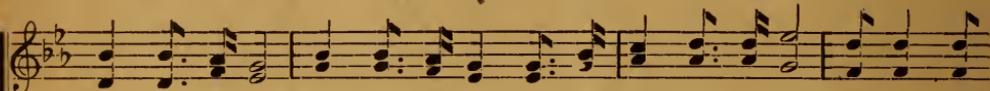
# Never Retreat.

JAMES ROWE.

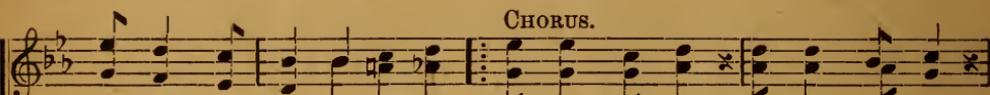
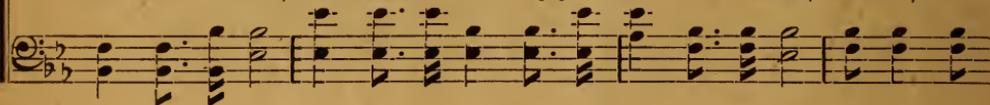
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. On - ward, O sol - dier, a - new to be - gin, For - ward to con - quer the
2. On - ward, O sol - dier, the might - y One leads, For - ward with Him who to
3. On - ward, O sol - dier, the life - crown to gain, Close to your glo - ri - ous



fore - es of sin; Keep - ing the Spir - it of Je - sus with - in, Nev - er, O  
 vic - to - ry speeds; Sure that His grace is sup - ply - ing your needs, Nev - er, O  
 Lead - er re - main; Sure that the vic - t'ry your faith will ob - tain, Nev - er, O



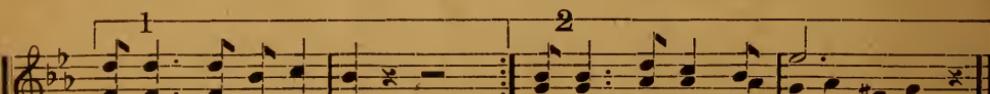
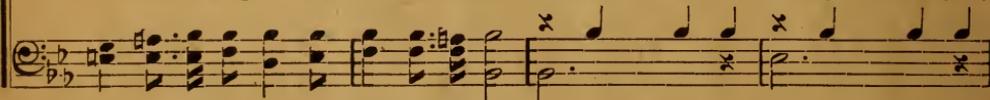
## CHORUS.

nev - er re - treat. O sol - dier. Nev - er re - treat, nev - er re - treat,



## SOP. AND ALTO.

Je - sus will help you the foe to de - feat; He will de - fend you, cour - age will lend you,



Nev - er, nev - er re - treat. O sol - dier. Nev - er, nev - er re - treat, O nev - er re - treat.



## No. 11.

## I Have Taken Up My Cross.

RICHARD HAINSWORTH.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. I have tak - en up my cross for Je - sus, I would fol - low in His  
 2. Tho' the world should leave me and for - sake me, I shall be con - tent for  
 3. O the hal - lowed cross has won - drous glo - ry, And I know that cru - ci -



foot - steps here be - low, Tho' the way is oft - en rough and nar - row,  
 Christ will still a - bide; Tho' the pow'rs of e - vil may sur - round me,  
 fied with Christ am I; If on earth I bear the cross for Je - sus,



## CHORUS.

All the way with Him I mean to go. }  
 In the shad - ow of His wings I hide. } I will nev - er lay  
 I shall live and reign with Him on high. }



down the cross, . . . Tho' on me the world may frown; . . . I will  
 bless - ed cross, the world may frown;



nev - er lay down the bless - ed cross, Un - til I've re - ceived my crown.



T. O. CHISHOLM.

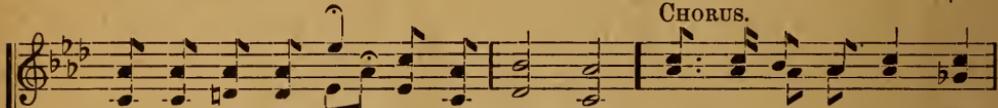
HENRY P. MORTON.



1. When I was far from God, filled with fear and deep distress, With-out the bless-ed
2. 'Twas then I chanced to look where One hung up-on the tree, 'Twas Christ, the Saviour
3. The peace which then I felt doth to - day my spir - it fill, When oth-er com-forts
4. When griefs and troubles come He doth bear me thro' them all, His might-y arms sup -



joy I now pos - sess; In bit - ter want and woe, in guilt and help-less-ness,  
 dy - ing there for me! I know not how it came, but, look-ing, I was free—  
 fail, 'tis with me still, I'm rest - ing in His love, and fear no threat'ning ill—  
 port me when I fall; He sat - is - fies each long - ing, an-swers ev-'ry call—



## CHORUS.

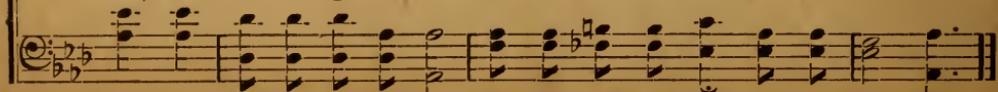
What would I have done but for Je - sus? Where would I have been, with



all my guilt and sin? What would I have done but for Je - sus? When I was sink-ing



down, beneath God's righteous frown, What would I have done but for Je - sus?



HALDOR LILLENAS.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Once I was bound by sin's gall-ing fet-ters, Chained like a slave I  
 2. Free-dom from all the car-nal af-fec-tions, Free-dom from en-vy,  
 3. Free-dom from pride and all sin-ful fol-lies, Free-dom from love and  
 4. Free-dom from fear with all of its tor-ments, Free-dom from care with

struggled in vain; But I re-ceived a glo-ri-ous free-dom,  
 ha-tred and strife; Free-dom from vain and world-ly am-bi-tions,  
 glit-ter of gold; Free-dom from e-vil temp-er and an-ger,  
 all of its pain; Free-dom in Christ my bless-ed Re-deem-er.

CHORUS.

When Je-sus broke my fet-ters in twain.  
 Free-dom from all that saddened my life. } Glo-ri-ous free-dom,  
 Glo-ri-ous free-dom, rap-ture un-told. }  
 He who has rent my fet-ters in twain.

won-der-ful free-dom, No more in chains of sin I re-pine! Je-sus the

glo-ri-ous E-man-ci-pa-tor, Now and for ev-er He shall be mine.

LEAH DYER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Tell it to some-one, go tell it to-day, How Je - sus helps you a -  
 2. Were you a-wea - y and bur - dened with care? And did you take it to  
 3. Count-less the blessings be-stowed un - to you, Tell it to some-one, the

long on your way; Some soul is wait - ing for you just to say,  
 Je - sus in pray'r? Tell how He helped you your bur - den to bear,  
 least you can do Is just 'to wit - ness His love ev - er true,

CHORUS.

Je - sus has helped me and He will help you. }  
 Go tell some wea - ry one He has helped you. } Je - sus has helped me and He  
 "Je - sus still helps me and He will help you." }

will help you, Ask Him and trust Him, He'll car - ry you through; He will bring

com - fort, your strength will renew, Je - sus has helped me and He will help you.

# No. 15. A Glimpse of My Saviour's Face.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. There are drear - y hours when my heart is sad, And the path - way I  
2. There are days when hope seems a - bout to die, And the storm-clouds come  
3. When the tempt - er comes and would lead a - stray, In - to sin and my  
4. When the loved of earth have been borne a - way, And the world seems an

can - not trace; But the shad - ows flee, when by faith I see, Just a  
on a - pace; But the dread a - larm turns to per - fect calm, With a  
soul dis - grace; Then the fight I win o - ver ev - 'ry sin, By a  
emp - ty space; Then I lose my fear and I'm filled with cheer, By a

glimpse of my Sav - iour's face. . . Just a glimpse of my Sav - iour's

face, . . . Just a glimpse of my Sav - iour's face; How it  
His face,

lifts the load on the wea - ry road! Just a glimpse of my Saviour's face.

# No. 16.

# Have Thine Own Way.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee I'm com - ing, My lit - tle all to  
 2. I need Thy help, O bless - ed Sav - iour, I'm tired of sin and  
 3. Let self die out, O Gal - i - le - an, My conquer'd heart for -

give to Thee; My stub - born will I yield for - ev - er, Have Thine own  
 doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur - ren - der, O bless - ed  
 ev - er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re - deem - er, Thou art my

*rit.*

CHORUS. *a tempo. cres.*

way, 'tis best for me. } Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own  
 Lord, be ev - er near. }  
 King, my Lord di - vine. }

way, All on the al - tar I glad - ly lay; Thou art the

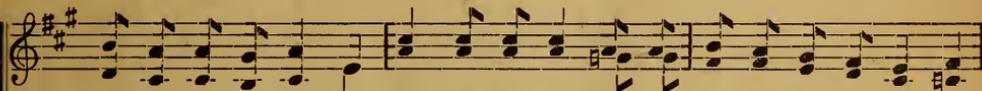
Pot - ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.

H. L.

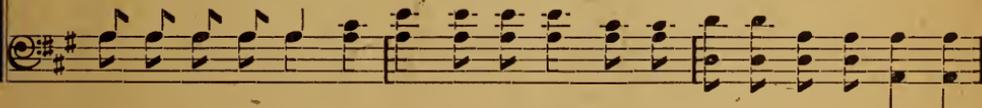
HALDOR LILLENAS.



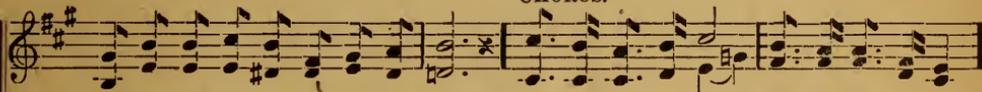
1. The path of the just is as a shin-ing light, That shineth more and more un-  
 2. The way may be nar-row, but de-light-ful still, I have commun-ion sweet, for  
 3. The way may be long, but at the end I see The lights of heav-en shine, where



to the per-fect day; Since I have been saved all my jour-ney has been bright, And  
 Je-sus talks with me; I find sweet con-tent-ment to do His bless-ed will, And  
 flows the crys-tal stream; So as I press on-ward the shad-ows break and flee, And



## CHORUS.



it is grow-ing bright-er all the way.  
 joy for time and all e-ter-ni-ty. } Brighter ev-'ry day, bet-ter all the way,  
 just a-head I see the sun-light's gleam. }



My path is grow-ing bright-er and bet-ter ev-'ry day; Bright-er ev-'ry



day, heav-en on the way, My path is grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day.



"Pains are pearls."—Rev. Dr. Izer, while on a bed of affliction.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'll glad - ly suf - fer for Je - sus, While doing His bless - ed will, I'll have His  
 2. I'll glad - ly suf - fer for Je - sus, Who suffered so much for me; And to my  
 3. I'll glad - ly suf - fer for Je - sus, Be true in the dark - est night; He'll help me

CHORUS.

pres - ence to cheer me, To say "In the fire be still." } So I'm con - tent . a -  
 soul He is pre - cious, For doubt - ing and fear shall flee. }  
 bear ev - 'ry bur - den; And dark - ness will change to light. }

So I'm con -

long the way, If He will be my guide and stay, And I will trust from day to day, My  
 tent a - long the way, And

dear al - might - y Sav - iour; Whate'er He wills I'll not complain, Come weal, come woe He  
 What - e'er He wills I'll not com - -

will sus - tain, So I'll rejoice with heart and voice, I'll glad - ly suf - fer for Je - sus.  
 plain, So

# No. 19.

# Climb Higher.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Does sin be - set your dai - ly path, Un - til your cour - age fails?  
 2. Be not con - tent un - til you win The bless - ing meant for you;  
 3. If in the watch - es of the night Your form is racked with pain;  
 4. Climb high - er, Christ - ian, 'til your soul With Christ shall be as one;

O Christ - ian, pray and wres - tle 'til Your faith o'er all pre - vails.  
 For God has prom - ised and you know His word is ev - er true.  
 Let faith per - form her will - ing task And give you strength a - gain.  
 Nor be con - tent un - til He speaks Thy glo - rious vic - t'ry won.

CHORUS.

Climb high - er and high - er, un - til the heights you view, Press  
 Christian

on - ward and up - ward, your strength re - new; Climb high - er and high - er and  
 Christian

reach your heart's desire, O Christian, claim your blessing, Climb higher and high - er.

# No. 20. Walking and Talking With Jesus.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Two pilgrims walked a - long a wea - ry road, With blight-ed hopes and bear - ing  
 2. And still un - seen the bless - ed One is here, And still to lone - ly hearts He  
 3. If an - y - one is lone - ly on the way, Come seek the Mas - ter's com - pa -

sor - row's load; Then did the Mas - ter un - to them ap - pear, And  
 draw - eth near; And by His touch di - vine we bear our pain, His  
 ny to - day; For O with Him, tho' rough the road and long, Joy's

## CHORUS.

strange-ly burned their hearts, His words to hear. } 1. 2. - As they walk'd with Him by the  
 words make hearts de-spair-ing glad a - gain. } words make hearts de-spair-ing glad a - gain.  
 flow - ers bloom and weep-ing turns to song. } 3. - As we walk'd with Him by the

way, As they talked with Him by the way; O the load grew  
 way, As we talked with Him by the way; O the load grew

light, And the path-way bright, While walk-ing and talk-ing with Je - sus.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Why wan-der in the wil-der-ness, O faint-ing soul, Come o-ver in-to  
 2. Its sun-kiss'd mountains rise a-bove the val-ley fair, Come o-ver in-to  
 3. Sweet songs of tri-umph ring with-in its bor-ders bright, Come o-ver in-to  
 4. This charm-ing land of Ca-naan is a land of love, Come o-ver in-to

Ca-naan land; By faith cross o-ver Jor-dan tho' the waves may roll,  
 Ca-naan land; And lus-cious fruits de-lec-ta-ble grow ev-'ry-where,  
 Ca-naan land; No burn-ing sands but foun-tains sparkling with de-light,  
 Ca-naan land; And thro' it we must pass to reach our home a-bove,

CHORUS.

Come o-ver in-to Ca-naan land... Come o-ver in-to Ca-naan

land, . . . . . Come o-ver in-to Ca-naan land, . . . . . Where the  
 in-to Ca-naan land, in-to Ca-naan land,

grapes of Eschol grow, Where the milk and honey flow, Come o-ver in-to Ca-naan land.

*rit. e. dim.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Hawaiian Melody.  
Arr. by Clarence Kohlmann.

1. Go and tell un - to all the gos - pel sto - ry, They wait for the  
2. Tar - ry not, for the day - light hours are fleet - ing, The shades of the  
3. There is One who is stand - ing, wait - ing, plead - ing, He points to His

light of His word; They wait for the Mes - sen - ger of glo - ry, Of  
night gath - er - fast; To - day in - to yes - ter - day re - treat - ing, But  
hands and His side; His wounds for the world are in - ter - ced - ing, Go

CHORUS.

whom they as yet have not heard. } O who will tell the sto - ry old,  
warns thee that time can - not last. }  
save them for whom He has died. }

MALE VOICES.

SOP. AND ALTO.

ALL. Unison.

The sto - ry of re - demption ev - er new? . . . . . O who will

Parts.

bring them to the fold? The Lord is wait - ing for you. (for you.)

# No. 23.

# In the Likeness of My King.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There will dawn a glo-ri-ous morn-ing, When the pear-ly gates un-fold; I shall  
 2. O the greet-ing and re-joic-ing, When the dear ones I shall meet; Heart to  
 3. But the face of Christ my Sav-i-our, I have longed so much to see, Will be



see my home in glo-ry, Jas-per walls and streets of gold. I shall see those  
 heart in glad re-un-ion, We shall tread heav'n's golden street. Then my joy will  
 fair-est of ten thou-sand, Gath'ered 'round the crystal sea. O how sweet this



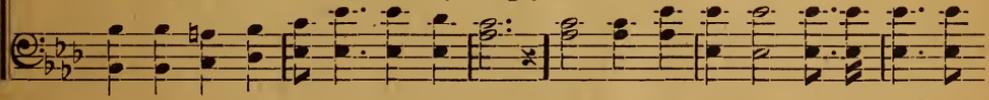
an-gel fac-es, Hear their voic-es as they sing, And re-joice when I a-  
 know its full-ness, As the glad "ho-san-nas" sing, When I wak-en in His  
 smile of wel-come, When to Him my all I bring, And re-joice when I a-



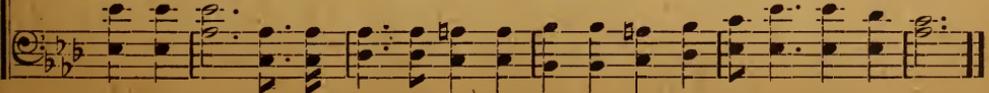
### CHORUS.



wak-en, In the like-ness of my King. }  
 like-ness, In the like-ness of my King. } I shall be like Him, And redemption's  
 wak-en, In the like-ness of my King. }



song shall sing, When I wak-en in His like-ness, In the like-ness of my King.



# No. 24. I Have the Blessor and the Blessing, Too.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I've the Bless - er and the bless - ing, With - in my soul to - day;  
2. In this world where sin is striv - ing To lure us from the goal;  
3. I'm so glad I found the Bless - er, Re - ceived the bless - ing too;

My life is filled with sun - shine, Since He came in to stay.  
We need the Bless - er dwell - ing Each day with - in the soul.  
He filled my life with glad - ness, He'll do the same for you.

## CHORUS.

Yes, I have them both to - day, to - day, And its glo - ry, its

glo - ry a - long the way; Ev - 'ry day He gives rich bless - ings, Which

thrill me thro' and thro', For I have the Bless - er and the bless - ing, too.

1. Are you build-ing to-day for e - ter - ni - ty? Dig down till you strike the rock;
2. Are you pray-ing for cleansing from in - bred sin? Dig down till you strike the rock;
3. Are you wea-ry and needing your strength renewed? Dig down till you strike the rock;

Are you seek - ing a place of se - cur - i - ty? Dig down till you strike the rock.  
 Nev - er doubt, never fear, Christ will make you clean, Dig down till you strike the rock.  
 Wait on God and with pow'r you shall be en - dued, Dig down till you strike the rock.

CHORUS.

Dig down till you strike a sure foun-da - tion, Dig down till you strike the rock,

strike the rock.

Un - til you are free from con-dem-na - tion, And you can stand the tem - pest

shock, Dig Dig down till you strike the Rock of A - ges and build there-on.

dig deep-er

# No. 26.

# Galilee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

DONIZETTI.  
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

## DUET.

1. Sun - lit sea what mem'ries gold - en, Hov - er round thy tran-quil shore;  
 2. Bright thy waves thy bil-lows swell - ing, O'er thee bends an a-zure sky;  
 3. We re-call with joy thy sto - ry, Mem'ries blest' a-bout thee twine;

Thro' the a - ges words so old - en, Bring us life for - ev - er more! sky;  
 As the Sav - iour, earth is tell - ing, Ti - dings sweet from heav'n on high.  
 For the King who left His glo - ry, Is our Sav - iour Lord di - vine.

## CHORUS.

Bless - ed shore . . . . . where once the Sav - iour trod, Son of  
 Bless - ed shore

Man . . . and yet the Son of God; Hal - lowed shall Thy vis - ion  
 Son of Man

be . . . . . O bless - ed sun - lit shore of Gal - i - lee.

# No. 27. Be a Beacon of Righteousness.

C. A. M.

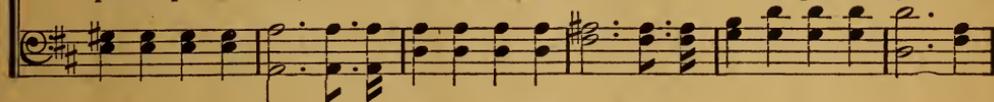
C. AUSTIN MILES.



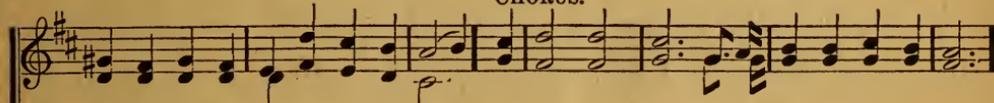
1. As a lighthouse on the shore, When the stormy billows roar, Sends its bless-ed light a-
2. Of the world ye are the light, Ev-er shining clear and bright, That a doubting soul may
3. For the Lord a light to be, That a wea-ry one may see Who trav-els on the



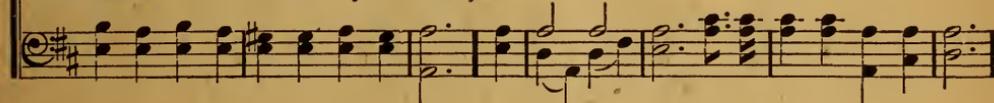
cross the surging wave; So a Christian's joy should be Standing by life's boist' rous sea, To know which way to go; And no matter what may come, Be a light to guide those home Who up-ward path a-lone, Is a rich-er di-a-dem, Than a crown of priceless gem That



## CHORUS.



let his light shine out some soul to save. }  
 strug- gle on in sor- row or in woe. } Then shine, shine, shine Over all the way to day,  
 decks a monarch on his royal throne. }



Be a Beacon of Righteousness, And send abroad your blessed ray; Then shine, shine, shine,



O do not your light confine, Be a Beacon of Righteousness, And shine, shine, shine.



1. Lord, I come be-liev - ing now, to Cal - va - ry, Seek - ing in its full - ness  
 2. Lord, I come be-liev - ing ev - 'ry prom - ise true, Right - eous al - to - geth - er;  
 3. Hide me in the safe - ty of Thy shelt'ring wing, Fill my life with mu - sic,

grace so rich and free; Just a hum - ble fol - low'r I would ev - er be;  
 I have claimed but few; Joy at noon or mid - night they shall bring to me;  
 stir my heart to sing; Teach me faith and pa - tience, tho' it hard may be;

CHORUS.

Lord, I come be - liev - ing Thou hast died for me. Lord, . . . . . I come be -  
 Lord, I come be - liev - ing Thou hast

Lord, I come be - liev - ing

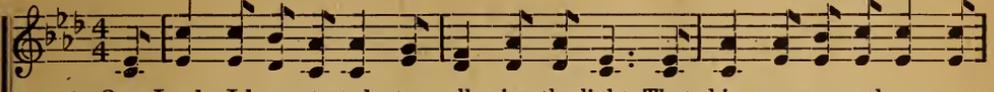
liev - ing, Thou . . . . . hast died for me, I claim Thy promise mine,  
 died for me, Lord, I come be - liev - ing, give me vic - to - ry,

Thou hast died for me, Lord, I come be - liev - ing, give me vic - to - ry,

Fill my soul with peace divine, Lord, I come be - liev - ing Thou hast died for me.

H. B.

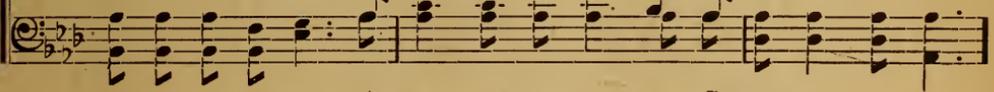
H. BUFFUM.



1. O Lord, I have started to walk in the light, That shines on my pathway so  
 2. How ma - ny once started to run in this race, But with our dear Saviour they  
 3. I'd far rath - er fol - low my Sav - iour a - lone, And have for my pil - low, like  
 4. O come then, my brother, and start in this way, This world and its fol - lies will



clear - ly and so bright, I've bade all the world and its fol - lies a - dieu;  
 could not keep the pace; While oth - ers ac - cept - ed be - cause it was new,  
 Is - ra - el, a stone, Than gain all the world and its pleas - ures pur - sue;  
 sure - ly nev - er pay; Then turn from your i - dols and join with the few,



CHORUS.

And now with my Sav - iour I mean to go thro'.  
 But not ver - y ma - ny seem'd bound to go thro'.  
 Than turn from the pathway and fail to go thro'.  
 Let's start in with Je - sus and those go - ing thro'. } I'm go - ing thro', Je - sus,



I'm go - ing thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the  
 I'm go - ing thro',



way with the Lord's de - spis - ed few, I've start - ed in Je - sus, I'm go - ing thro'.



FRANK E. ROUSH.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. When I cross the swell - ing tide, And the gates swing o - pen wide, 'Twill be
2. When the cit - y I shall see, Where I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty, 'Twill be
3. In that land of end - less day, Where all tears are wiped a - way, 'Twill be
4. When my life work here is done, And my star - ry crown is wou, 'Twill be



joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all; When the saints my wel - come sing,  
 joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all; When I hear the an - gel throug  
 joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all; By the crys - tal riv - er side,  
 joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all; When I stand be - fore the throne,

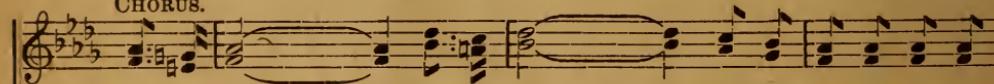


And the harps of heav - en ring, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all.  
 Sing the ev - er - lasting song, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all.  
 Where the ransom'd hosts abide, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all.  
 Yon - der in my hap - py home, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all.



D.S.—'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - iour first of all.

## CHORUS.



'Twill be joy, Won - der - ful joy, 'twill be joy, won - der - ful joy, 'Twill be joy to meet my



Saviour first of all; first of all; 'Twill be joy, Wonderful joy, 'twill be joy, wonderful joy,



ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Parts.*

1. My Father's hand is clasped in mine, I'm hold-ing fast; Un - to His promis - es di-vine,
2. Un - to His word that stands for aye, I'm hold-ing fast; Till heav'n and earth shall pass away,
3. Un - to the hope that He has giv'n, I'm hold-ing fast; Unto the peace that comes from heav'n

MALE VOICES.

MALE VOICES.

*Parts.* SOP. AND ALTO.

I'm hold - ing fast; For what can part me from His love, Nor depth below nor height above;  
 I'm hold - ing fast; For as a rock and ref-uge sure, Thro' ages long it shall en-dure;  
 I'm hold - ing fast; My faith'in Him shall nev-er fail, My an-chor holds within the vail;

*CHORUS. Unison.*

And from His care can naught remove, I'm holding fast.  
 And so I rest, se-rene, se-cure, I'm holding fast. } I'm hold - ing fast to my  
 To Him who ev - er shall pre-vail, I'm holding fast.

*Parts.*

Fa - ther's hand, I'll love Him ev - er And naught shall sever what'er be - tide,

*Parts.*

Fa - ther's hand; . . . My faith in Him shall nev-er fail, I'm hold-ing fast.



1. There's a light that nev - er fails, Shin - ing o'er the hills and vales, Of the  
 2. There's a light that nev - er fails, Gleaming out thro' storm-y gales, As they  
 3. There's a light that nev - er fails, When the gloom of death pre-vals And the



rug - ged path-way o - ver which we go; And its rays are ev - er bright, Lighting  
 beat up - on this lit - tle bark of mine; And it guides me safe - ly home, Far a -  
 val - ley of the shad - ow dark we tread; It will ban - ish tears a-way, And will



up the dark - est night, 'Tis the light of heav - en shin - ing here be - low.  
 cross the rag - ing foam, 'Tis the bright and shin - ing light of Love Di - vine.  
 turn our light to - day, 'Tis the light of life in Christ our Liv - ing Head.



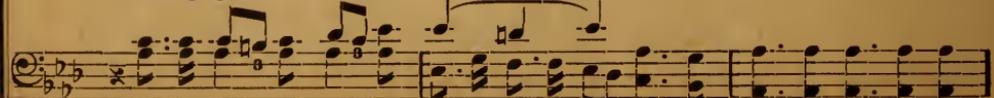
CHORUS.



Won-drous light . . . . . that nev - er fails, . . . . . Guid - ing  
 Won-drous light that nev - er fails,



light . . . . . that nev - er fails; Gleam - ing from the throne a - bove,  
 Guid - ing light that nev - er fails;



# The Light That Never Fails.—Concluded.

Gold - en rays of per - feet love, 'Tis the wondrous light that nev - er, nev - er fails.

## No. 33. Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY. CHO. A. H. A.

1. Vile and sin - ful tho' my heart may be ' Full - y trusting, Lord I come to Thee,
2. Like a fa - ther seeks a way - ward child, Thou hast sought me o'er the des - ert wild,
3. Plead - ing ten - der - ly, His voice I hear, Why should I re - fuse a friend so dear,
4. Pre - cious blood of Je - sus, may its flow Cleanse from e - vil, wash me white as snow,
5. Tell my moth - er what her boy has done, God has spo - ken to her way - ward son,

Thou hast pow'r to cleanse and make me free, I am com - ing home.  
 Sick and help - less by my sin de - filed, I am com - ing home.  
 He will take a - way my guilt and fear, I am com - ing home.  
 There is hope a - lone in Thee, I know, I am com - ing home.  
 To be faith - ful till my crown is won, I am com - ing home.

### CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, No lon - ger in the path of sin to roam,  
 I'm coming home, I'm coming home,

I'm coming home, com - ing home, Lord Je - sus, I am com - ing home.  
 I'm coming home, I'm coming home,

# No. 34.

# Tell Us.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. L. H. Arr. from "Humoresque," by Anton Dvorak.

ALL. Unison, slowly.

1. Gal - i - le - an, meek and low - ly, Son of God and Man, so ho - ly,  
2. Gal - i - le - an, Thou has won us, Tho' the friends of earth may shun us,

CHO.—"Come to Me thy all for-sak - ing, And thy heart in sor - row break-ing,

We would glad - ly come and fol - low Thee; Joy-ous youth and joy-ous maid-en,  
Thou a great-er friend than all will be; Earth-ly rich - es can-not meas-ure,

I will heal and joy di - vine will give; Feed thee on the bread of heav-en,

See, we come all treas-ure la - den, Fol-l'wers Thine for aye to be.  
Wealth from Thee a price-less treas-ure, Lasts thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Speak the peace of sins for-giv - en, Look on me, O soul, and live."

SOP. AND ALTO. *In Parts, faster.*

Tell us, O tell us, what yet a-waits us, If we will fol - low Thee a-lone;  
Tell us, O tell, us, wilt Thou re-ceive us, If we sur-render all to Thee?

Tell us, O tell us, are crowns of glo - ry Wait-ing us for bat - tles won?  
Tell us, O tell us, will - ing and wait-ing, Ev - er, on - ly Thine to be.

E. E. HEWITT.

DUET, (or all Sops. and Altos).

G. VERDI.

(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

1. Sing . . . . . of the cross, the won - drous cross, Sing . . . . .  
 2. Sing . . . . . of His crown, His roy - al crown, Sing . . . . .  
 3. Sing . . . . . of the throne, the ra - diant throne, Throne . . . . .

. . . of its grace di - vine; Christ our Re-deem - er Saved us from sorrow and  
 . . . of its pow'r di - vine; King ev - er - last - ing, Vain-ly His en - e - mies  
 . . . of the King di - vine; Je - sus is reign - ing, Hap - py al - le - giance we

loss; Sing on, . . . sing on! Sing of the cross, sing on, sing on!  
 frown; Sing on, . . . sing on! Sing of His crown, sing on, sing on!  
 own; Sing on, . . . sing on! Sing of the throne, sing on, sing on!

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Sing of the King of glo - ry, God's well - be - lov - ed Son; O sing ye;  
 O sing of the King of glo - ry,

Hon - or His name, mer - cy pro - claim, O friends of Je - sus, sing on, sing on!  
 so wondrous, proclaim, friends

1. O my broth-er, do you know the Sav - iour, Who is won-drous  
 2. Have you "tast - ed that the Lord is gra - cious?" Has your heart been  
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have  
 4. Then go out through the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to

kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion" There's  
 made a - new? Are you drink - ing from Life's foun - tain? There's  
 me to do?" Nev - er fear He'll sure - ly an - swer; There's  
 ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er, There's

CHORUS.

hon - ey in the Rock for you. O there's hon - ey in the Rock, my

broth - er, . . . . . There's hon - ey in the Rock for you: Leave your  
 my broth - er, for you;

sins for the blood to cov - er, There's hon - ey in the Rock for you.  
 for you.

JAMES ROWE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I have a Sav-iour, a won-der-ful friend, And on His love I can  
 2. He has come down from His king-dom on high, Suf-fered and died, my great  
 3. He will up-hold me, when tri-als be-tide, Safe from the tempt-er my

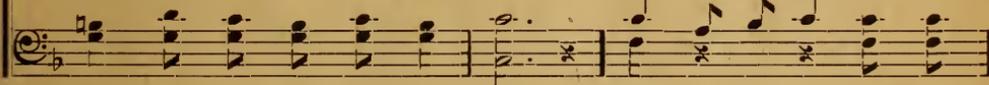


al-ways de-pend; Good-ness and mer-cy my path-way at-tend,  
 need to sup-ply; So, on my friend to the end I'll re-ly,  
 soul He will hide; Straight to the cit-y, I know He will guide,



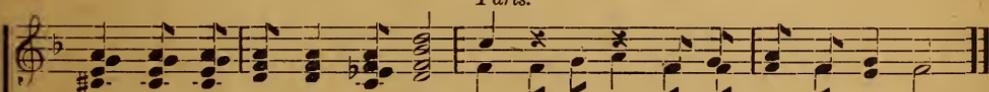
CHORUS.

For I am sure of His love. Yes, I am sure I am



Unison.

sure of His love, Yes, of my Sav-iour a-bove; He will be  
 I am sure



Parts.

near to en-cour-age or cheer; Yes, I am sure, I am sure of His love.



# No. 38.

# In the Morning of Life.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. In the morning of life we are sing - ing, Our hearts to the Lord we are bring - ing;  
 2. In the morning of life we are tell - ing Of goodness and mer - cy ex - cel - ling;  
 3. In the morning of life we would ren - der A serv - ice of joy, sweet and ten - der;

Now the bells of the gos - pel are ring - ing, Pro - claim - ing redeem - ing love;  
 Bless - ed sto - ry, the dark - ness dis - pel - ling, Pro - claim - ing redeem - ing love;  
 Light - ing souls with the heav - en - ly splen - dor, Pro - claim - ing redeem - ing love;

ALL. Parts.

Praise the Lord! . . . Praise the Lord! . . . In the morning of life we're sing - ing.  
 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

SOP. AND ALTO.

Come with re - joic - ing, grat - i - tude voic - ing, Prais - ing our

Sav - iour, bound - less in grace; Come with re - joic - ing, grat - i - tude

\* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes, (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or by the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

# In the Morning of Life.—Concluded.

voic - ing; Come! In the morning of life, we will seek His face.

## No. 39. I Walk With the King.

JAMES ROWE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. In sorrow I wandered, my spir-it opprest, But now I am hap-py, se-cure-ly I rest;
2. For years in the fetters of sin I was bound, The world could not help me, no comfort I found;
3. O souls near despair in the lowlands of strife, Look up and let Je-sus come in - to your life;

From morning till evening glad carols I sing, And this is the rea-son: I walk with the King.  
But now like the birds and the sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and rejoicing, I walk with the King.  
The joy of salvation to you He would bring, Come into the sunlight and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal - le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!

No lon-ger I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

# No. 40.

# Crown Jesus King.

FRANK E. ROUSH.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Crown Je-sus your Sav-iour, Lord and King, Now un-to Him hom-age glad-ly;
2. This won-der-ful Sav-iour, Prince of Peace, His heav-en-ly reign shall nev-er
3. He died on the cross of Cal-va-ry, He brought you His peace and lib-er-
4. We'll know Him as we by Him are known, In heav-en a-round His great white

bring; He who was slain liv-eth a-gain, Crown Him your cru-ci-fied,  
 cease; Crown Him your King while an-gels sing, Crown Him your cru-ci-fied,  
 ty; Crown Him to-day, do not de-lay, Crown Him your cru-ci-fied,  
 throne; Crown Him your Lord, win His re-ward, Crown Him your cru-ci-fied,

## CHORUS.

glo-ri-fied Lord and King! { Crown Him! Crown Him! High-est arch-an-gels are  
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Cru-ci-fied, glo-ri- (Omit.

## 2

singing; Crown Him! Crown Him! Heavenly anthems are ring-ing. fied King!

Glo-ry to God in the high-est! E-ter-nal-ly Crown Him King!  
 crown Him King!

C. A. M.

(MARCH SONG FOR MEN.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*In march time.*

- |                                       |                                     |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. If to Christ our on - ly King      | Men re-deemed we strive to bring,   |
| 2. Side by side we stand each day,    | Saved are we, but lost are they;    |
| 3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, | Dare this gift of God mis-use;      |
| 4. Not for hope of great re - ward    | Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord; |



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



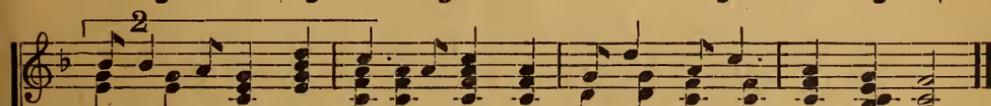
## CHORUS.



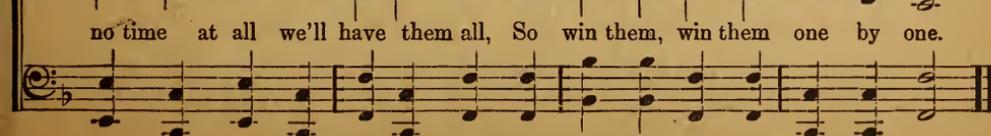
{ So, you bring the one next to you,	And I'll bring the one next to me;	In
{ If you'll bring the one next to you,	And I bring the one next to me;	In



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



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



# No. 42. That's What His Love Means to Me.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. A light on my path-way to ban-ish the night, A bea-con to  
 2. A shel-ter from tem-pest and storm-winds that blow, A safe, sure re-  
 3. A well-spring of wa-ter 'mid des-ert and heat, A rest from my

guide me and lead me a-right, A ra-di-ant sun-beam that  
 treat where-so-ev-er I go, The source of all com-fort that  
 la-bor, a joy full, com-plete; A peace calm and ho-ly, a

shin-eth so bright, That's what His love means to me. . . . .  
 here I may know, That's what His love means to me. . . . .  
 fel-low-ship sweet, That's what His love means to me. . . . .  
 to me.

## CHORUS.

That's what His love means to me, to me. That's what His love means to me; to me; A

*poco rit.*  
 light on my way, my com-fort and stay, That's what His love means to me. . . . .  
 to me.

# No. 43.

# His Coming May Be Near.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



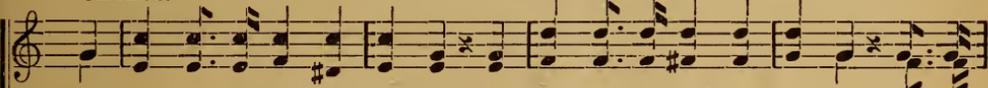
1. Who can tell the hour of His ap-pear-ing? Are the signs now in the sky?  
 2. Chris-tian, yours will be the hap-py mo-ment, When in clouds He comes for you;  
 3. Heed the warn-ing, e-ven tho' the mo-ment May not sure-ly be made known;



Are we read-y if the com-ing dawn-ing Sees Him draw-ing nigh?  
 Sin-ner, should His com-ing be to-mor-row, What, then, would you do?  
 But we know that He is sure-ly com-ing Down to claim His own.



## CHORUS.



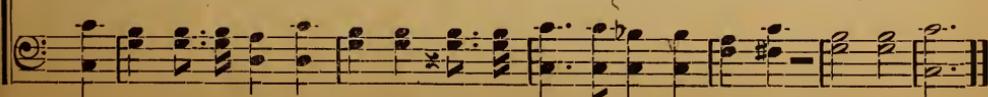
Look well to your garments, Christian, Be sure they are clean and spot-less, For the

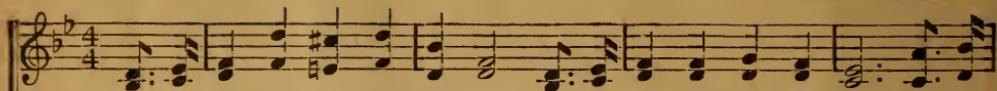


com-ing of the Bridegroom when He shall ap-pear; Look well to your soul, O sin-ner,

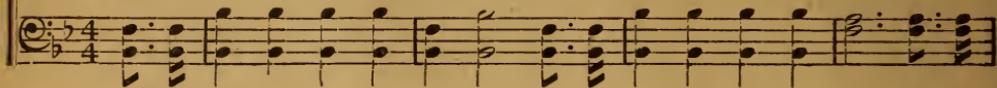


Re-pent, that it be made read-y For the com-ing of the Bridegroom may be near.





1. There's a land of peace and plen-ty, And its gates are o - pen wide, And the  
 2. There is bread of heav - en grow-ing, In its fair and fer - tile fields, And the  
 3. Who would stay with-out its bor-ders, In the des - ert dark and drear, When the



pure in heart and ho - ly In its shel-ter may a - bide; It is not thro' gates of  
 wine of love its vineyard To the thirsting mortal yields; There are mountain heights of  
 lus - cious grapes of Es - chol Are so ver - y, ver - y near? En - ter in then with re-



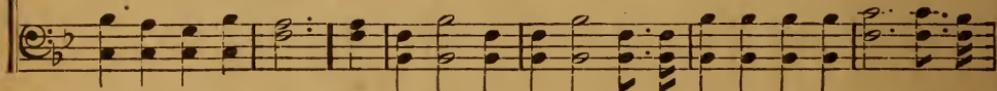
glo - ry That a soul must en - ter in; But all who would find entrance there Must  
 glo - ry That a - wait the trav - ler's rod, And blest retreats where empty souls Draw  
 joic - ing, For the Lord is on your side, And in his glorious presence Ev - er-



CHORUS.



leave the ways of sin. }  
 near - er un - to God. } Come o-ver, come o-ver, To the land of corn and wine; There is  
 more you shall a-bide. }



nothing can compare With the ma - ny ho - ly pleasures there; Come o - ver, come o - ver,



# Come Over.—Concluded.

Leave the desert plain be-low And come a-way, away, Come o - - ver.  
O come a - way, To Canaan's blessings go.

## No. 45.

## In the Garden.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*

1. I come to the garden a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the  
2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the  
3. I'd stay in the garden with him, Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But he

voice I hear, Falling on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es.  
mel - o - dy, That he gave to me; With-in my heart is ring - ing.  
bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

CHORUS.

And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me I am his own,

And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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This Gospel Song may be had on Victor Record No. 18020. All dealers.

# No. 46. There's a Song in My Heart.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

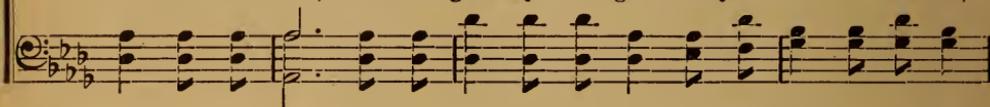
KATHERINE ROWE.



1. There's a song in my heart I am sing - ing al - way, It fills me with
2. There's a song in my heart, O the joy that it brings, It drives a - way
3. There's a song in my heart you can learn if you will, It came from our



com - fort and cheer; Like the chime of sweet bells sound - ing day aft - er day,  
troub - le and care; With the mu - sic of heav - en un - ceas - ing it rings,  
Fa - ther a - bove; With new glo - ry and glad - ness your soul it will fill,



## CHORUS.



'Tis the love of my Sav - iour so	dear. . . . .	} Love is the song I am
'Tis a balm for all sor - row and de -	spair. . . . .	
If you dwell in His ev - er - last - ing	love. . . . .	
1. my	Sav - iour so dear.	



sing - ing, Down in my heart sweet and clear; . . Love is the



song I am sing - ing, The love of my Sav - iour dear.



# No. 47. Have You Ever Heard the Story?

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry, How Je - sus bled and died?  
2. Have you ev - er felt the pres - ence, Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied?  
3. Do you know the sav - ing pow - er, The pre - cious blood ap - plied?

How He left His home in glo - ry, For us was cru - ci - fied?  
Has your heart been stirred with - in you, While walk - ing by His side?  
Has it washed a - way all sin - stains, By Cal - v'ry's cleans - ing tide?

## CHORUS.

For it is won - der - ful, so ver - y won - der - ful, That He should

die for me, . . should die on Cal - va - ry; . . . O yes, it's won - der -

ful, so ver - y won - der - ful, That He should die for you, for me. *rit.*  
for me.



1. Since the bless - ed Sav - iour sought me when I went a - stray, And in  
 2. Since my lips have learned to praise Him for re - deem - ing grace, Since my  
 3. When I read the won - drous sto - ry of the man - sions there, Of the



lov - ing kind - ness bro't me to the nar - row way; Since the cleans - ing of His  
 heart has learned to raise Him to' His right - ful place; Since the home which He's pre -  
 splen - dors, of the tri - umph which I hope to share; Earth - ly tri - als like a



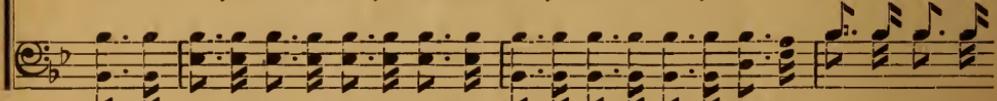
precious blood has made me whole, There's a hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus in my soul.  
 par - ing is my heav'n - ly goal, There's a hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus in my soul.  
 tem - pest o - ver me may roll, There's a hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus in my soul.



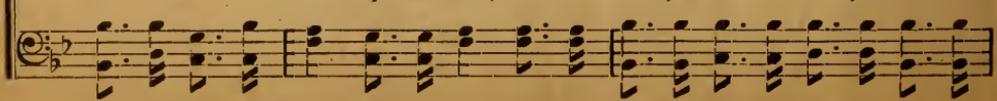
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Hal - le - lu - - - jah! For the pow - er that has  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



made and kept me whole; Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Hal - le -  
 kept me whole; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -



# A Hallelujah Chorus.—Concluded.

lu - - jah! There's a hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus in my soul.  
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

## No. 49. His Yoke is Easy.

Psalm xxiii.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to  
2. My soul cri-eth out: 're-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to  
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the val-ley of death. Yet why should I fear from

lie In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.'  
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

### CHORUS.

'His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;  
He lead-eth me, by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

1. When I'm tempt - ed to wan - der in sin far a - way, Then  
 2. When the bat - tle grows hard - er and I dread the fight, When  
 3. When the call of my Sav - iour sounds clear - er to me, That  
 4. When I think of my moth - er in the old rock - ing chair, As

sweet mem'ries hold me with - in the right way; And something just whispers "Be  
 wrong seems to tri-umph and con-quer the right; Then faint - ly but firm - ly I  
 tells how He suffered and died on the tree; To win o'er temp-tation I  
 when for her bless-ings I knelt there in pray'r; I laugh at all struggles and

stead - y there, you," To your moth-er's teachings be faith-ful and true.  
 hear her clear call, While God watch-es o - ver, I nev - er shall fall.  
 sure - ly will try, For Christ and my moth-er I'll con-quer or die.  
 storm toss - ing sea, And my moth-er's mem'ry brings vic-t'ry for me.

## CHORUS.

For moth-er's sake I must be true, For moth-er's sake I'll dare and

do; And fol - low Christ to - day—will you? For dear old moth-er's sake.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. In ten - der com - pas - sion He sought me, When I was a  
 2. In lov - ing com - mun - ion to - geth - er, Tho' some - times the  
 3. I tell Him what - ev - er per - plex - es, His grace is suf -  
 4. I know He is with me each mo - ment, And close to His




stran - ger to grace, And back to His fold He has brought me, To  
 way may be long, Tho' pleas - ant or dark be the weath - er, His  
 fi - cient each day; I tell Him each troub - le that vex - es, He  
 heart I would dwell; But still I shall know Him far bet - ter In



## CHORUS.



look on His won - der - ful face.  
 love is the theme of my song. } O I am no stran - ger to  
 helps me each step of the way. }  
 heav - en where all shall be well.




Je - sus, And He is no stran - ger to me; to me; In fel - low - ship sweet,




I sit at His feet, No mor - tal more bless - ed could be. could be.



# I Will Trusting Go.

FRONA SCOTT.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

SOLO.

1. I may not see the rea-son for my tears, . . . But all is well for
2. The prize I hope to gain may not be mine, . . . Yet strive I must un-
3. I may not reach the summits that I seek, . . . Yet up-ward, t'ward the

God directs my way; . . . I know that o'er the fleet-ing shadowed years, . . .  
till the night shall come; . . . The sun for me may oft re-fuse to shine, . . .  
light my soul must climb; . . . The dai-ly tasks I do, the words I speak, . . .

CHORUS.

The light of truth and love illumed each day. . . . } I may not see but  
But I must jour-ney onward t'ward my home. . . . } may not see  
Are stepping stones that scale the hills of time. . . . }

God is love I know, I know The storms may beat, but I will trust-ing  
but God is love I know, may beat,

go; I will trust-ing go; Some day at last when I have found sweet  
I will trust-ing go; some glad day when I

# I Will Trusting Go.—Concluded.

rest, . . . . . I'll see and know that all God's ways were best. were best.  
 shall find sweetest rest, see and know that all God's ways were best.

## No. 53. Take Me Anywhere.

JAMES ROWE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Let the Ho - ly Spir - it lead me, For my love I wish to show,  
 2. I have prom - ised to be loy - al, And shall keep the word I gave;  
 3. Lead me to the low - lands drear - y, Rug - ged heights let me as - cend;  
 4. Naught my pur - pose here shall al - ter, I will ev - 'ry bat - tle win;

And wher - ev - er you may need me, I am read - y, Lord, to go.  
 Till the end of life the ban - ner Roy - al o - ver me shall wave.  
 Tho' at times my soul be wea - ry, I will fol - low to the end.  
 I will wav - er not nor fal - ter, Till I con - quer ev - 'ry sin.

### CHORUS.

Take me an - y - where, take me an - y - where, I am read - y, Lord, to go;

On the land or sea, I'll glad - ly fol - low Thee, Thou wilt care for me, I know. I know.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON,

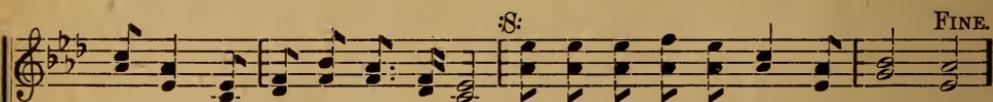
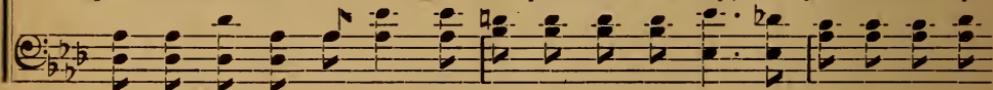
HERBERT J. LACEY.



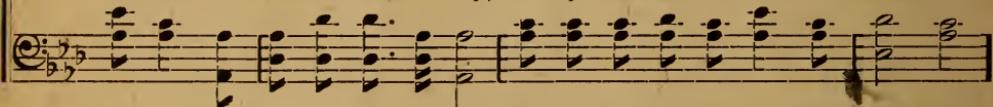
1. The old, old gos - pel sto - ry so ma - ny long to hear, For  
 2. The Lord can oft - en use us though hum - ble we may be, A  
 3. Then if you love the Sav - iour, O friend do not de - lay, But



hearts are sad and lone - ly and lives are void of cheer; And an - y - one can  
 lit - tle child, a wise man, may bring the light to see; 'Tis just to let the  
 speak - a word for Je - sus to those you meet each day; If you sin - cere - ly



tell it to whom the Lord is dear, An - y - one can tell it who loves Him.  
 Spir - it to us have ac - cess free, An - y - one can tell it who loves Him.  
 love Him the Lord will show the way, An - y - one can tell it who loves Him.

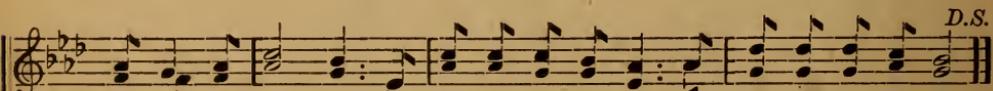


*D.S.*—An - y - one can tell it who loves Him.

CHORUS.



An - y - one can tell it, an - y - one can tell it, An - y - one can



tell it who loves Him, So tell it as you go, that all the world may know,



H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

*Unison.*

1. Je - sus needs your serv - ice ev - 'ry pass - ing day, For the work - ers yet are  
 2. There are hearts that droop with sorrow and with pain, Speak to them a word of  
 3. Mul - ti - tudes have nev - er heard of Je - sus love, Tell to them the sto - ry

few;  
cheer;  
sweet;

In the world are mul-titudes from God a - way, There is much that  
 There are those who seek for light but seek in vain, Spread the gos-pel  
 Of the mighty One who came from heav'n above, Who can give them

*CHORUS. Parts.*

you can do. }  
 far and near. }  
 joy com-plete. }

Je - sus needs your willing serv - ice day by day,

Do not while the ma - ny gold - en hours a - way; He will all your

sac - ri - fice and love re - pay, Je - sus needs you ev - 'ry day. . . .

# No. 56. A Light Ever Shining at the Cross.

A. CRUMPTON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Not too fast.*

1. When the earth was fill'd with darkness, And the sun withheld its light, The Disciples tho't that  
 2. Saul went trav'ling to Da-mas-cus, The Dis-ciples there to bind, And it seem'd the Christian  
 3. Just a beg-gar ly-ing helpless, At the pal-ace of the rich, But the rich-es of the  
 4. And my soul roam'd in the darkness, In the fearful depths of sin, On the waves of rag ing

Christ and all was lost; When the earthquake shook the heavens, In the fearful gloom of night,  
 hope was sure-ly lost; He was struck with to-tal blindness, And no so-lace could he find,  
 pal-ace were as dross; There's a pov-er-ty in rich-es, But a wealth of jew-els rare  
 bil-lows tempest tossed; Till I bowed be-fore my Sav-iour, And sur-ren-dered all to Him,

CHORUS.

Still a wondrous light was shining at the cross.  
 Till he found the light that's shining at the cross. } There's a light ev-er shin-ing at the  
 In the light that's ev-er shining at the cross. }  
 And I found the light that's shining at the cross.

*Slower.*

cross, There's a light ev-er shin-ing at the cross; When the world is dark and drear,  
 at the cross,

*Faster.*

And our souls are in de-spair, There's a light ev-er shin-ing at the cross.

# No. 57. If You'll Only Put Your Hand in His.

E. V. J.

ETHEL V. JOHNSON.

1. In our jour-ney thro' this life we're sure to find, Ma-ny ways the path of  
2. There is on-ly one sure way to reach the goal, Of a home in yon-der  
3. Have you found the way is thorn-y, hard and drear? Do you long to walk in

life to miss; But a Guide I know who's trav-eled all the way, So I  
land of bliss; If you try to find it all a-lone you'll fail, You must  
paths of peace? Gloom-y places will be all made bright and clear, If you'll

## CHORUS.

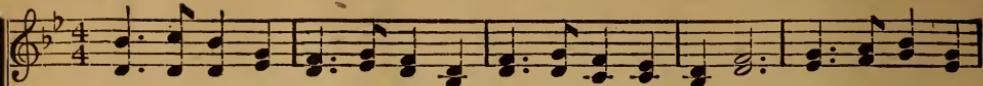
sim-ply put my hand in His. }  
sim-ply put your hand in His. } If you'll on-ly put your hand in His,  
on-ly put your hand in His. }

If you'll on-ly put your hand in His; Gloom-y paths will be made bright,

Dark-ness will be chang'd to light, If you'll on-ly put your hand in His.

C. A. M.

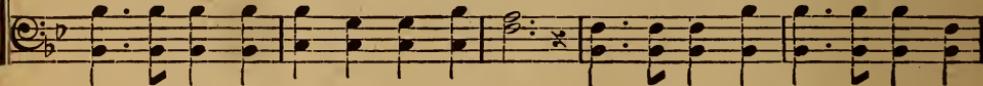
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Fel - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm - y breez - es blow, their cry can - not a - larm me, I am safe - ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con - tem - pla - tion, Hear - ing now his



sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle  
 shel - ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing,  
 bless - ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwelling in the Spir - it, here I



vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.  
 of God's word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.  
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.



## CHORUS.



I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky, I'm  
 Praise God!



drinking at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the





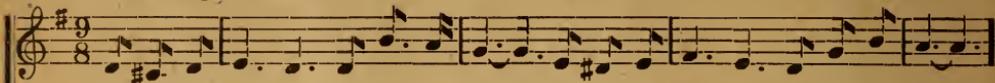
# No. 60.

# Keep On Believing.

C. S. B.

DUET. Sop. or Alto and Tenor.

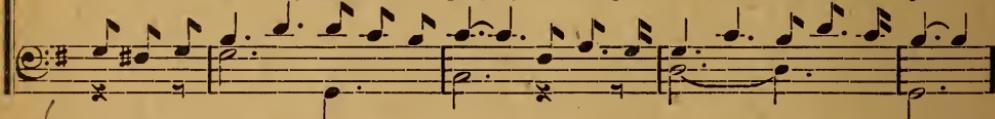
C. S. BULLOCK.  
(Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.)



1. When thou art weakest, tri-als a - bound, Sub-tle temp-ta-tions, troubles sur - round,
2. If in temp-ta-tion, then He is near; He knows thy danger, why shouldst thou fear,
3. If old companions—friends of gone days—Gather around thee, tempt to their ways,



All things seem hopeless, nothing seems glad, All is de-spair-ing, e-ven-time sad.  
He will up-hold thee, cause thee to stand, Cheering thee ev-er, hold-ing thy hand.  
Look to the Sav-iour, seek Him in pray'r; He will pro-tect thee, nev-er de-spair.



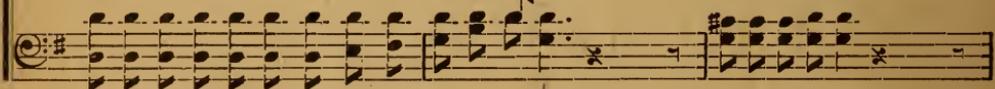
## CHORUS.



Keep on be - liev - ing; Je - sus is near, . . . Keep on be -  
Keep on be-liev-ing; Je - sus is near,



liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; . . . Keep on be - liev - ing, this is the  
Keep on be-liev-ing, there's noth-ing to fear; Keep on believing,



way, . . . Faith in the night, . . . as well as the day.  
this is the way, Faith in the night,



1. I'm trav-'ling now on the saf - est road, That a trav - 'ler ev - er found,  
 2. The will of God is my "or - ders" now, And I'm run - ning right "on time,"  
 3. My "roll - ing stock" is the best that's made, In 'the gos - pel "shop" down here,  
 4. I know my road has a "tun - nel," too, But my lamps with oil are filled,  
 5. My "run" shall end at the Grand De - pot, Where the Su - per - in - ten - dent waits;

My "right of way" is the Word of God, And it runs on sol - id ground.  
 I'm all prayed up and with "sig - nals clear," "Up the grade" pre - pared to climb.  
 From "pi - lot's nose" on the en - gine front, To the "mark - ers" in the rear.  
 And I'll pass thro' with the gos - pel train, As the Su - per - in - ten - dent willed.  
 Re - ceive my "pay" with a glad "well done," As I pass the o - pen gates.

## CHORUS.

I am trav-'ling on the "hal - le - lu - jah line," On the good old gos - pel train,

I am on the right track, and nev - er will go back To the sta - tion of sin a - gain.

*D.S.*—I am trav - 'ling on the "hal - le - lu - jah line," On the good old gos - pel train.

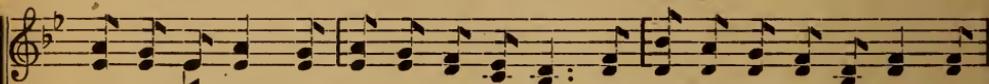
I need no fare, I'm rid - ing on a "pass," 'Tis the blood for sin - ners slain;

E. V. J.

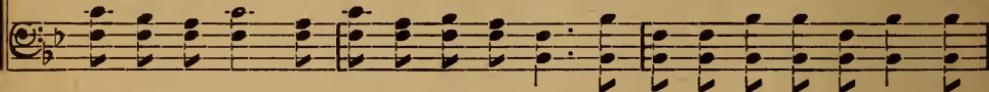
ETHEL V. JOHNSON.



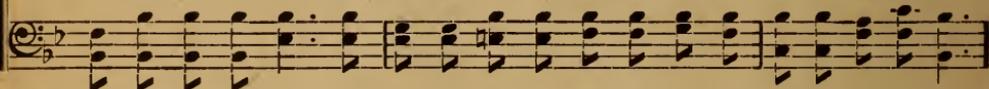
1 When Sa - tan tries to tempt me, and says it is in vain To walk the  
 2. A thou-sand snares and pit-falls my foot-steps may sur-round, An host en-  
 3. And so with faith tri-umph-ant, tho' tempt-ed oft to sin, I lean on



nar - row path-way, my goal I'll nev - er gain; Be - fore his darts can harm me, I  
 camp a-gainst me, and dangers fierce a-bound; But none of these can harm me, for  
 Him who helps me, the vic - to - ry to win; And tho' I am un-wor-thy, His



hear a gen - tle call, Which says that He who died to save me will not let me fall.  
 like a fier - y wall, His lov - ing arms pro - tect me and He will not let me fall.  
 love sup - plies my all, I know that I shall con - quer, for He will not let me fall.



## CHORUS.



He will not let me fall, No, He will not let me fall, His gentle voice still guides me,



I hear His lov - ing call. I lean up - on His promise, For He will not let me fall.



T. O. CHISHOLM.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I love to sing of the love of Je - sus, The love that caused Him to  
 2. 'Twas at the cross I re - ceived for - give - ness, When thence I came with a  
 3. I think of home, with its mem - 'ries ten - der, Of childhood's years that were  
 4. Then let me sing of the cross of Je - sus, The dear - est theme it for -



die on the tree, To pur - chase there my e - ter - nal re - demp - tion, The  
 pen - i - tent's plea, 'Twas there the Lord first ap - peared as my Sav - iour, The  
 hap - py and free; Tho' tears will spring when of them I am sing - ing, The  
 ev - er will be; In aught be - side God for - bid I should glo - ry, The



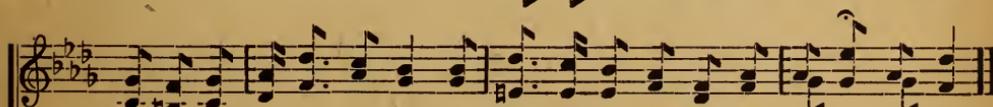
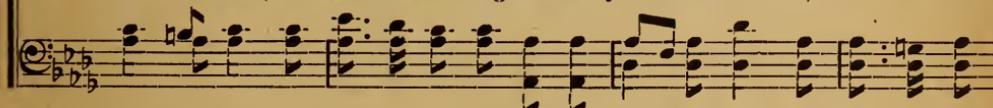
## CHORUS.



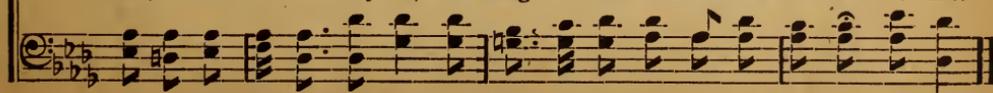
songs of the cross are the sweetest to me. Of all the sweet mu - sic I



ev - er heard, Of all the sweet songs which my heart have stirred; Of moth - er and

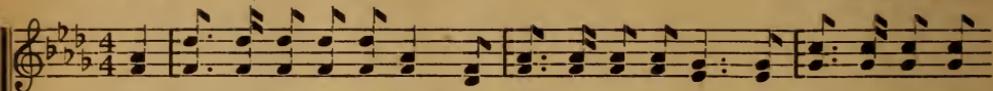


home, or what - ev - er they be, The songs of the cross are the sweet - est to me.



BIRDIE BELL.

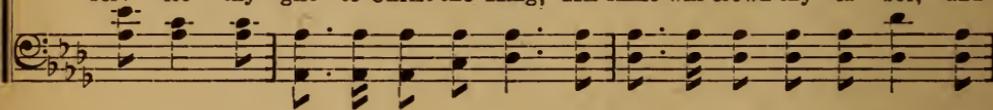
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. A life of low-ly serv-ice may seem but small to thee, And yet there's One who
2. The deeds of love and kindness which bless thy fellow man, Will prove that thou art
3. Then turn from vain am-bi-tion to do some greater thing, A life of low-ly



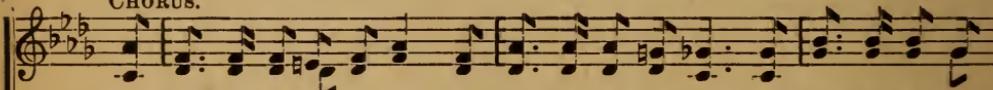
whis-pers " 'Twill prove thy love for Me! " O - bey His call to du - ty, what -  
 faith - ful to His ap-point-ed plan; Complete the task un - fin-ished, some  
 serv - ice thy gift to Christ the King; His smile will crown thy la - bor, and



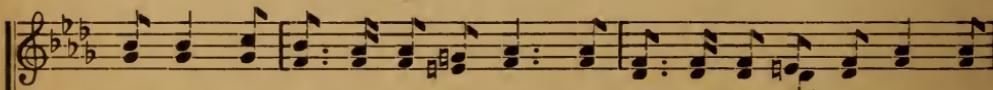
ev - er it may be, For it means e - ter-nal glo-ry and a crown.  
 oth - er life be-gan, For it means e - ter-nal glo-ry and a crown.  
 glad-ness it will bring, For it means e - ter-nal glo-ry and a crown. (and a crown.)



## CHORUS.



"To Him that o-ver-com-eth, a crown of life I'll give," E - ter - nal - ly in



heav - en, that soul with Him shall live; I'll do the work He gives me, nor



# Eternal Glory and a Crown.—Concluded.

ask to lay it down, 'Til I win e - ter - nal glo - ry and a crown.

## No. 65. I Touched the Hem of His Garment.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. My Lord was pass - ing my way one day, And ten - der - ly He said to me;  
 2. I pressed my way to His pre - ciousside, My sin - ful soul with long - ing stirred;  
 3. His blood so pre - cious a - vails for me, Since I re - pent - ant came to Him;

“Just touch the hem of My gar - ment now, Thou shalt from sin be free.”  
 And knelt re - pent - ant at His dear feet, Be - liev - ing on His word.  
 And touch'd the hem of His gar - ment fair, And felt His pow'r sweep in.

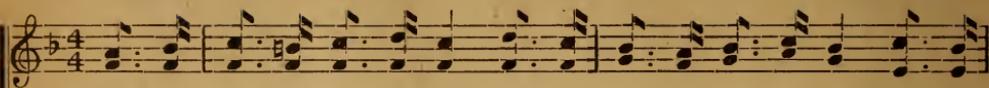
### CHORUS.

I touched the hem of His gar - ment, And o'er my sin - sick soul;

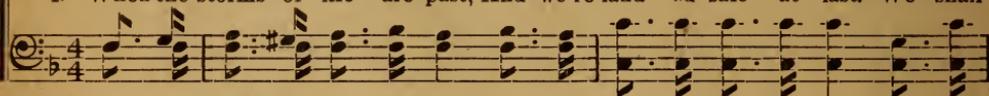
I felt the life - giv - ing cur - rent Sweep in and make me whole.

I. N. McH.

I. N. McHose.



1. 'Mid the lightning's lu - rid flash, And the thun - der's start - ling crash There are
2. 'Mid the break - ers near the coast They will sure - ly all be lost, If the
3. Yes, the line that we will use, Is the one the Sav - iour chose, With the
4. When the storms of life are past, And we're land - ed safe at last. We shall



voic - es call - ing loud for help - ing hands; Shall we nev - er heed their cry?  
 sig - nal is not fol - lowed for a guide; O my broth - er, lend a hand,  
 scar - let thread so nice - ly in - ter - twined; It is strong and sure, and saves  
 greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, There no waves of troub - le roll;



Shall we let them sink and die? And not e - ven throw a line to them from land?  
 Try to help them safe to land, Throw a line that reach - es to the oth - er side.  
 Souls that strug - gle 'mid the waves, Throw it out to all the per - ish - ing you find.  
 There is joy in ev - 'ry soul, Saved by Je - sus' blood to all e - ter - ni - ty.

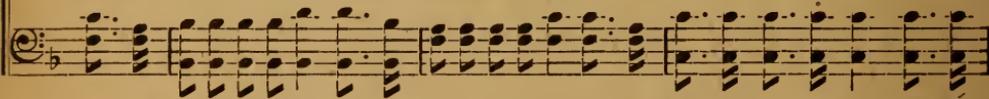


*D.S.*—am - ple, that will bring them to the shore.

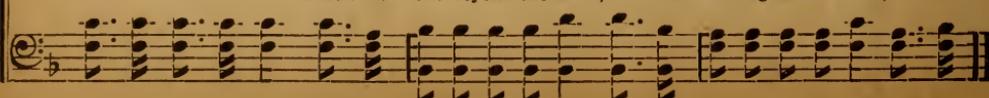
CHORUS.



Throw a line, . . . . . Throw a line; . . . . . Help the per - ish - ing to shore, While the  
 Throw a line, salvation's line, Throw the crimson saving line;



break - ers loud - ly roar; Throw a line, . . . . . Throw a line, . . . . . Strong and  
 Throw it out beyond the wave, To the faint - ing ones to save,



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of  
 2. O that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at -  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stain'd 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 -

suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best  
 trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,  
 beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died,  
 proach gladly bear, 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 cher - ish the old rug-ged  
 To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me. } cross the  
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

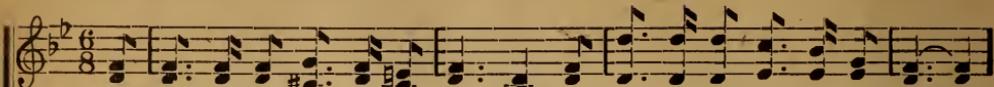
cross, . . . . Till my tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug - ged cross, . . . . And exchange it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,

# No. 68. Perfect Through Infinite Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. We sing of a glo - ri - ous mor - row, Whose dawning perhaps may be near;  
2. We sing of a won - der - ful cit - y, No mor - tal can ev - er be - hold;  
3. We sing of a bless - ed re - un - ion, Of souls that have drift - ed a - part;



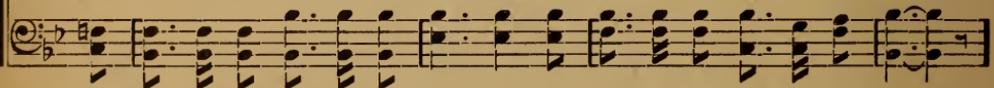
We look for its gleam on our path - way, The end of our pil - grim - age here.  
Its gates are of pearl and most pre - cious, Its walls are of jas - per and gold.  
We sing of the links that were bro - ken, More ten - der - ly bind - ing the heart.



We sing of a dwell - ing e - ter - nal, Pre - pared by our Sav - iour a - bove;  
We sing of the harps that are swell - ing Their an - thems to Je - sus a - bove;  
We sing of a rest for the wea - ry, With Je - sus our Sav - iour a - bove;



O there shall we see and be like Him, Made per - fect thro' in - fi - nite love.



## CHORUS.



Yes, we shall be like Him, Je - sus, ex - alt - ed a - bove; . . . .



Yes, we shall be like Him, Je - sus, ex - alt - ed a - bove;

# Perfect Through Infinite Love.—Concluded.

We shall a - wake in His like - ness, Made per - fect thro' in - fi - nite love.

## No. 69.

## Sheltered.

ELIZABETH. F. GUPTILL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. God be with you thro' the night, 'Neath the shadow of His wing; Keep you safe till  
 2. God be with you thro' the night, Wake you to an - oth - er day; Guide you thro' the  
 3. When death's night shall hover o'er, God be with you thro' the night; Bear you to the

### CHORUS.

morn - ing light, While the angels soft - ly sing.  
 morn - ing light, Keep you ev - er in His way. } Sheltered, sheltered, 'neath His mighty  
 gold - en shore, Where there's everlasting light. } Sheltered, sheltered,

wing, Sheltered, sheltered, while the an - gels sing; Sheltered.  
 mighty wing, Sheltered, sheltered, Sheltered.

Sheltered 'til the morning light, God be with you through the night.  
 Sheltered

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done, Be - hold how He  
 2. From heav - en He came, He loved you—He died: Such love as His  
 3. No pit - y - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none, He saw us and  
 4. They cru - ci - fied Him, and yet He for - gave, "My Fa - ther, for -  
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King? Say, how will you

suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci - fied Him, God's in - no - cent Son,  
 nev - er was known; Be - hold! On the cross your King cru - ci - fied,  
 pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight, the vic - t'ry He won;  
 give them," He cried, What must He have borne, the sin - ner to save,  
 meet Him at last? What plea in the day of wrath will you bring,

CHORUS.

For - sak - en, He died on the tree!  
 To make you an heir to His throne!  
 O praise Him, ye chil - dren of men. } They cru - ci - fied Him, they  
 When un - der the bur - den He died. }  
 When of - fers of mer - cy are past? }

cru - ci - fied Him, They nailed Him to the tree, And there He died,

A King cru - ci - fied, To save a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

# No. 71.

# The Blood Saves To-day.

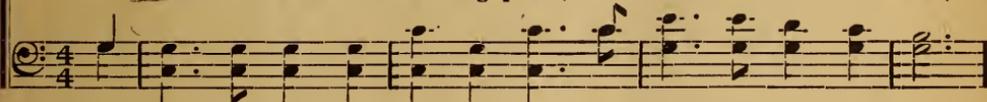
("There is a Fountain," and "Alas! And did my Saviour bleed," may be sung to this tune.)

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. What would a help-less sin-ner do With-out the cleans-ing blood?
2. "There is a foun-tain filled with blood" Is just as true to-day,"
3. It is the sin-ner's hope and plea, The Church's cor-ner-stone,
4. The Chris-tian knows its cleans-ing pow'r, His sin-stain to re-move;



To bear his lost con-di-tion thro' To an of-fend-ed God?  
 And sin-ners yet "be-neath its flood," Wash all their sins a-way."  
 And saint and sin-ner both may see Its pow'r and vir-tue shown.  
 The sin-ner may this ver-y hour, Con-sent its pow'r to prove.



## CHORUS.



O sin-ner, do not doubt it, You'll not be sav'd with-out it, There's pow-er in the



blood al-way, To wash your ev-'ry sin a-way; O come in faith, be-liev-ing, And



par-don, full, re-ceive-ing, Without a doubt, you'll sing and shout. "The blood saves to-day."



# No. 72. His Love is Shining in My Heart.

INA DULEY OGDON.

(To be used only as a Solo.)

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. No cloud can hide the heaven's blue, the rainbow must appear, No storm, no billow can de-
2. The dews of mercy shine as pearls to greet the blessed morn, The summer never fades a-
3. O could I tell His wondrous love and pass it on to you! O could you see His gracious



stroy, nor cause my heart to fear; For in my Saviour's light and life I know I share a part,  
way, the trees are nev-er shorn; The fragrant flowers do not die nor sing- ing birds depart,  
smile in blessings ev-er new; If now you seek His saving grace, new life He will impart,



## CHORUS.

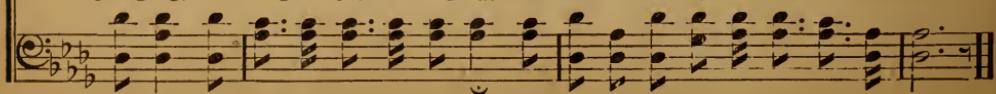
And ev-'ry day His love is shining in my heart. }  
For ev-'ry day His love is shining in my heart. } His love is always shining in my  
And ev-'ry day His love will shine within your heart. }



heart, His love is al-ways shin-ing in my heart; The flow'rs of hope are



springing, And songs of joy are ringing, His love is al-ways shining in my heart.



# No. 73.

# His Mercy to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET OR SOLO.



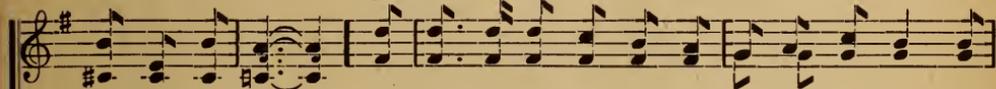
1. Far out on the cold rug-ged mountains of sin, And near to the brink of de-  
 2. He lift-ed my bur-den, He, o-pened mine eyes, The light of His smile to be-  
 3. And while in His pres-ence by faith I a-bide, There pa-tient-ly learn-ing His  
 4. O glo-ry to Je-sus, my soul has found rest, My spir-it from bondage is



spair, I wan-dered in sor-row and dark-ness a-lone, But Je-sus came  
 hold; Then ten-der-ly pil-lowed my head on His breast, And car-ried me  
 will; In per-fect en-joy-ment I sit at His feet, The storm and the  
 free; I nev-er can thank Him for all He has done, To-pur-chase a



### CHORUS.



seek-ing me there.  
 home to His fold. } O glo-ry to Je-sus, my Shep-herd so dear, I'll  
 tem-pest are still.  
 ran-som for me.



praise Him wher-e'er I may be; I may be; O glo-ry to Je-sus, I'll



sing of His love, And tell of His mer-cy to me. to me.



Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. For a world-wide re - viv - al, Blessed Mas - ter we pray, Let the pow'r of the
2. Send the "show-ers of blessing," As de - clared in Thy word, Let the "Spir - it of
3. There's a "sound of a go - ing, In the mul - ber - ry trees," News of na - tions a -



high - est, Be up - on us to - day, For this world dear - ly purchased, By the  
 prom - ise, On all flesh be outpoured;" Send the "lat - ter rain" on us, Till the  
 wak - ing, Borne up - on ev - 'ry breeze; For the pray'rs of His chil - dren, God in



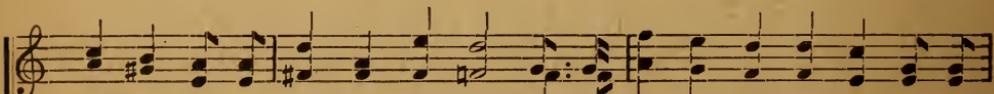
blood of God's Son Back from Sa - tan's do - min - ion, And from sin must be won.  
 land o - ver - flows, Till the des - ert re - joic - ing, Blos - soms forth as the rose.  
 mer - cy doth own, The re - viv - al's be - gin - ing, And the pow'r's coming down.



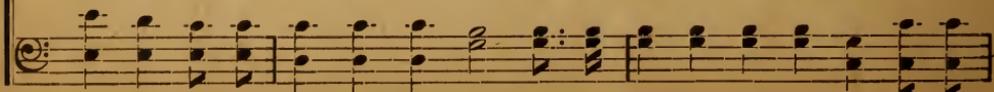
## CHORUS.



Send the pow'r, O Lord, send the pow'r, O Lord, Send the Ho - ly Ghost



pow - er, let it now be out-poured; Send it surg - ing and sweep - ing like the



# A World-Wide Revival.—Concluded.

waves of the sea Send a world-wide re - vi - val, and be - gin it in me.

## No. 75. Tell Somebody To-day.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. If Je - sus has pardoned all your sin, Tell some - bod - y to - day;
2. If now you be - lieve in Je - sus' name, Tell some - bod - y to - day;
3. If Je - sus has filled your life with song, Tell some - bod - y to - day;

If in your own heart the light shines in, Tell some - bod - y to - day. . . .  
 His won - der - ful love with joy pro - claim, Tell some - bod - y to - day. . . .  
 'Twill bright - en the hours the whole day long, Tell some - bod - y to - day. to - day.

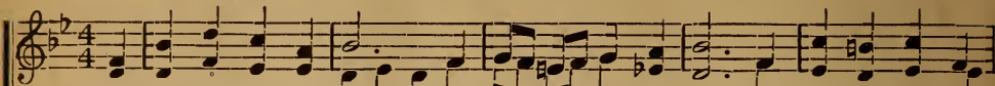
### CHORUS.

Tell some - bod - y to - day, . . . . Some - bod - y up - on life's way; Your  
some - bod - y to - day,

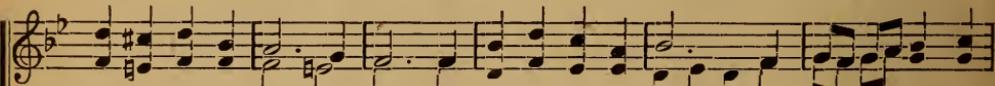
tell - ing may win An - oth - er from sin; O tell some - bod - y to - day! . . . .  
some - bod - y to - day!

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Je - sus, our Lord shall reign, His kingdom shall increase, And soon o'er all the  
 2. Je - sus, our Lord shall reign, then for - ward to the field, Thro' all the con - flict  
 3. Je - sus, our Lord shall reign, then let us joy - ful be, And serve our King and  
 1. Je - sus, our Lord shall reign,



world shall fall the balm of peace; No more shall war be heard in all earth's green do-  
 He shall be our strength and shield; Then of good courage be, and loy - al in the  
 bring the fruits of vic - to - ry; His ar - mor now put on, and glad - ly face the  
 No more shall war be heard

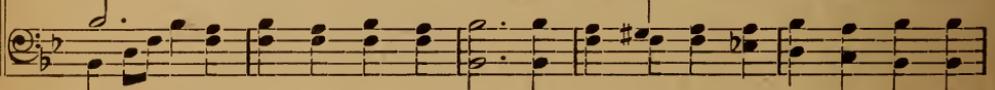


CHORUS.

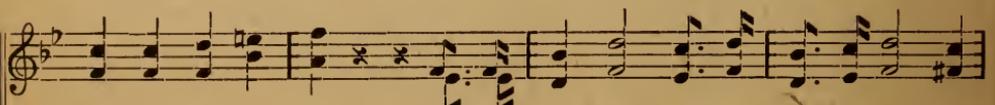
main, For Christ shall reign, from bond - age give re - lease. } Je - sus, our Lord shall  
 fight, For Christ shall reign, all wrong things He will right. }  
 foe, For Christ shall reign, thro' all the world be - low. }



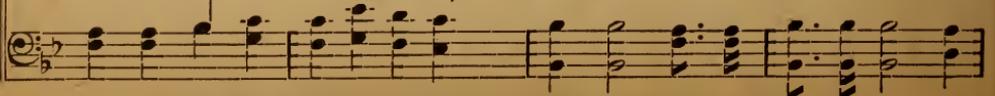
reign, we need not be dis - mayed, Tho' foes a - rise and darts are hurled we



shall reign,



will not be a - fraid; He is a - ble to de - liv - er us, in  
 He's a - ble,



# Jesus, Our Lord Shall Reign.—Concluded.

His all-glorious day, For Christ shall reign, for Christ shall reign, shall reign for aye.

## No. 77. When I See My Saviour's Face.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Tho' the dark clouds rise on the sun-ny skies, As I run my earth-ly race;  
 2. When temp-tations press, when in sore dis-tress, I can find no rest-ing place;  
 3. So I trust-ing go, thro' the world be-low, Just a sin-ner saved by grace;

There'll be light a-bove, in the land of love, When I see my Saviour's face.  
 To my heart I say, "they will pass a-way, When I see my Saviour's face."  
 In that heav'n-ly land, I shall un-der-stand, When I see my Saviour's face.

### CHORUS.

When I see the bless-ed face, Of Him who saved me by His grace;  
 When I see the bless-ed, bless-ed face, Of Him who saved me, saved me by His grace;

All my sor-rows past, joy will come at last—When I see my Sav-iour's face.

1. There's a call for vol-un-teers, Hear the cry! . . . . See, the battle-clouds hang  
 2. There's a call for vol-un-teers, Who will go? . . . . You-der, marching to the  
 3. There's a call for vol-un-teers, Brave and true; . . . Hark! A-gain, the clar-ion  
 4. There's a call for vol-un-teers Stand we must; . . . Till the pow'r of wrong is  
 1. Hear the cry!

low, In the sky! . . . Hark! The bugle, loud and clear, Speaks to all, both far and near,  
 fray, Comes the foe. . . 'Tis a call to go and fight, 'Gainst the wrong and for the right,  
 notes, Call for you. . . Now, the clash of arms is here, Come, en-list, and do not fear,  
 laid, In the dust; . . Now, your God and Country calls, Strike the foe who now enthalls!  
 In the sky!

CHORUS.  
 There's a call, yes, a call for vol - un - teers. There's a call . . . . . for vol - un -  
 There's a call

teers, . . . There's a call. There's a call for vol - un - teers; . . .  
 for vol - un - teers, There's a call for vol - un - teers;

1  
 March-ing with the sons of light, Let us bat - tle for the right, There's a

# A Call for Volunteers.—Concluded.

*rit.* <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> *a tempo.* <sup>2</sup>

call, a call for vol-un-teers to-day; There's a Call to-day; Come and fill the ranks to-day,

To the bat-tle front a-way! There's a call, there's a call for vol-un-teers.

## No. 79.

## Since My Saviour Came.

J. L. H.

G. F. Root.

(Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.)

1. Since my Sav-iour came from heav'n to save me, 'Tis glo-ry all the way;  
 2. He re-deemed me when in sin and sor-row, 'Tis glo-ry all the way;  
 3. So I praise the Lord for pow'r to keep me, 'Tis glo-ry all the way;

**FINE.**

All my sin my bless-ed Lord for-gave me, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.  
 Now the joy of heav-en I can bor-row, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.  
 For the blood that saves this ver-y hour, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.

*D.S.*—I will tell to all the wondrous sto-ry, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.

### CHORUS.

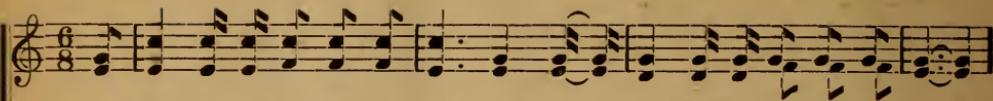
*D.S.*

Hal-le-lu-jah! O what glo-ry, In my soul to-day,

# 5. 80. The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry.

L. L. PICKETT.



1. I dream'd that the great Judgment Morning Had dawn'd and the trumpet had blown,
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and vanished a - way,
3. The wid - ow was there and the or - phan, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor - al man came to the Judg - ment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;
5. The back - slid - er came to the Judg - ment, His head bow'd in sor - row and shame;



I dream'd that the na-tions had gath - ered To Judgment be-fore the great throne.  
 A pau - per he stood in the Judg - ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.  
 No sor - row in Heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.  
 The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.  
 He re-mem-bered the time he loved Je - sus, That sweet day he called on His name.



From the throne came a bright shining an - gel, And stood on the land and the sea,  
 The great man was there, but his great-ness When death came was left far be - hind;  
 The gamb - ler was there and the drunk - ard, And the man who had sold him the drink,  
 The souls that had put off sal - va - tion— "Not to-night; I'll get sav'd by-and-by;  
 But he turned from the Lord and His serv-ice, And care-less-ly drift-ed a - way,—



And said, with His hand raised to Heav - en, That time was no lon-ger to be.  
 The an - gel that o-pened the rec - ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.  
 With the peo-ple who gave him the li - cense—To - geth - er in Hell they did sink.  
 No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.  
 Be - yond the con-fines of mer - cy, And plunged in-to Hell, there to stay.

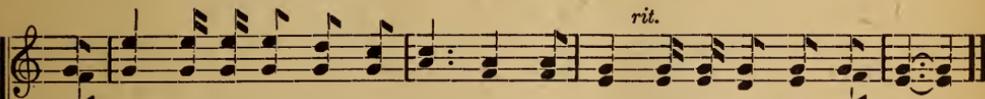


# The Great Judgment Morning.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



And O what a weep-ing and wail - ing, As the lost ones were told of their fate;



They cried for the rocks and the moun-tains, They pray'd, but their pray'rs were too late.

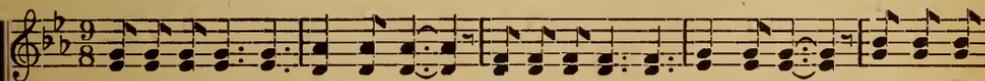


## No. 81.

## Living for Jesus.

C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGELE.



1. Living for Je-sus, O what peace! Riv-ers of pleasure nev-er cease; Tri-als may
2. Living for Je-sus, O what rest! Pleas-ing my Savi-our, I am blest; On-ly to
3. Living for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where, All of my bur-dens He doth bear; Friends may for-
4. Living for Je-sus, till at last In-to His glo-ry I have passed, There to be-



FINE. CHORUS.

come, yet I'll not fear, Liv-ing for Je-sus, He is near.  
 live for Him a-lone, Do-ing His will till life is done.  
 sake me, He'll be true, Trust-ing in Him, He'll guide me thro'.  
 hold Him on His throne, Hear from His lips, "My child, well done." } Help me to serve Thee



*D.S.*—Nev-er to turn from Thee a - way.

*D.S.*



more and more, Help me to praise Thee o'er and o'er; Live in Thy presence day by day.



# No. 82.

# The Harbor Light.

E. V. J.

ETHEL V. JOHNSON.

DUET.



1. There's a land far a-way in the re-gions of day, Where there  
 2. When by storm I was tossed and my course I had lost, When no  
 3. When my voy-age is past and my an-chor I cast By the



comes nei-ther sor-row nor night; To its shores God will guide o-ver  
 res-cue nor help was in sight; Then a light came to me, placed in  
 shores of that coun-try so bright; On its glo-ries I'll gaze and my



CHORUS.



life's roll-ing tide, By the beams from the har-bor light. }  
 love by the sea, 'Twas the beam from the har-bor light. } Hark! A voice o'er the wave!  
 Pi-lot I'll praise, For the beams from the har-bor light. }



'Tis the Might-y to Save, And He calls thro' the gloom of the night:— "I will



the night:—



guide safe thy barque, Thro' the mist and the dark, By the beams from the har-bor light."



C. LOUISE BELL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



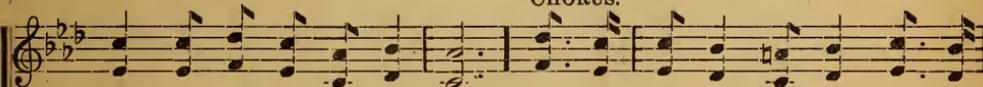
1. No mat-ter if clouds have o'er-shad-owed the way, This thought like a  
 2. No mat-ter that bur-dens have come to my life, I bore ev-'ry  
 3. No mat-ter how oft-en the sor-rows would come, This thought in my



bea-con has glow-ed; It brightened the jour-ney from day un-to day, There is  
 wea-ri-some load; This promise is mine, 'midst the toil and the strife, There is  
 spir-it a-bode; Each day I am near-er my heav-en-ly home, There is



## CHORUS.



light at the end of the road. }  
 rest at the end of the road. } At the end of the road shall the  
 joy at the end of the road. }



light ev-er glow, There the rest that was promised I know; And the joy which I



craved as I jour-neyed be-low, Will be found at the end of the road.



CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - wake! A - wake! And sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A - wake! A -  
A-wake! A-wake!  
 2. Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re - peat, re -  
Ring out! Ring out! Re-peat, Re-peat,

wake! And let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! A-wake! The earth is full of  
A-wake! A-wake!  
 peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the earth shall lose its weight of  
re-peat Till all the earth

glo - ry, And light is beam - ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the  
And light is beaming  
 sad - ness, And shout a - new the glo - ri - ous re - refrain; With an - gels in the  
And shout a - new **MALE VOICES.**

vales and hills resound with gladness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song.  
 heights sing of the great sal - va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

**CHORUS. Parts.** *Unison.*  
 The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and sin is backward hurled! Re - joice! Re -  
sin is back-ward hurled!

# Awakening Chorus.—Concluded.

*Parts.*

joyce! Lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to  
 pow'r

all the world, And let His glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-  
 to all the world, And let the grand and glo-rious ban-ner be uufurled! Je - ho - vah

ho - vah reigns! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Je - ho - vah reigns!  
 reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns! Re-joycel Re-joyce! Re-joycel

## No. 85.

## No Shadows Yonder.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

(From the "Holy City")

ALFRED R. GAUL.

1. No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der,  
 2. No weep-ing yon-der! All fled a-way! While here I wan-der,  
 3. No part-ing yon-der! No space or time Shall hearts e'er sun-der,  
 4. None want-ing yon-der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un-der

And say, "How long Shall time me sun-der From that dear throng?"  
 Each wea-ry day, I sigh and pon-der My long, long stay.  
 In that fair clime, Dear-er and fond-er—In friendship sub-lime.  
 The ev-er-green palm, Loud as night's thunder Swells out the glad psalm.

# No. 86.

# Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

J. H. W.

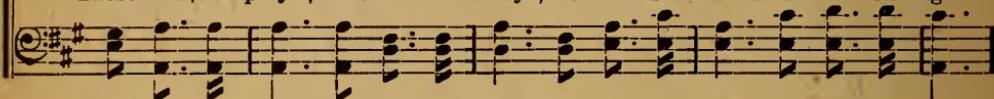
Prof. J. H. WEBER.



1. Can a boy for - get his mother's pray'r, When he has wandered, God knows where?
2. Can a boy for - get his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with grace?
3. Can a boy for - get his mother's door, From which he wandered years be - fore?
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny years have passed and fled?



It's down the path of death and shame, But mother's pray'rs are heard the same!  
 Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!  
 With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"  
 Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Good-bye;" She waits to wel - come thee on high!



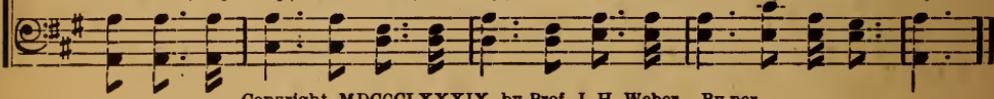
## CHORUS.



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy moth - er's way!



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.



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# No. 87.

# Have You Prayed it Through?

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Have you pray'd all night, Till the break of day, And the morning light Drove the dark away?
2. Did you pray it thro' Till the answer came? There's a promise true For your faith to claim,
3. As the Master pray'd In the garden lone, Let your pray'r be made To the Father's throne,

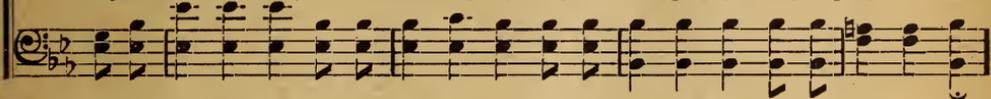


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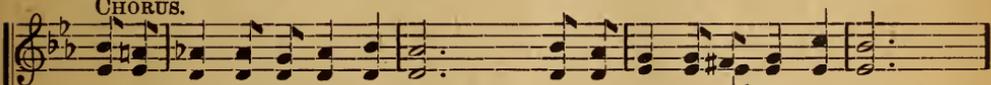
# Have You Prayed it Through?—Concluded.



Did you linger there, Till the morning dew, In prevailing pray'r—Did you pray it thro' ?  
 At the place of pray'r, Je-sus waits for you, Did you meet Him there, Did you pray it thro' ?  
 If you seek His will, He will answer you; Are you trusting still, Have you pray'd it thro' ?



## CHORUS.



Did you pray till the answer came, Did you plead in the Saviour's name?  
till it came, in His name?



Have you pray'd all night till the morning light, Did you pray till the answer came?



## No. 88.

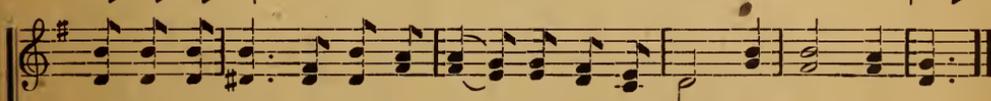
## He Leadeth Me.

Mrs. C. H. W.

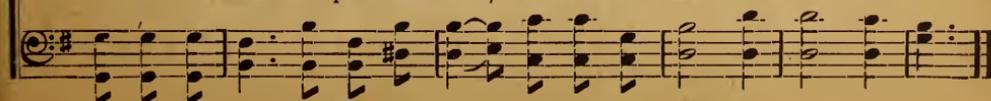
Mrs. C. H. WOOLSTON.



1. He lead-eth me! O word di-vine, What comfort thrills this heart of mine;  
 2. He lead-eth me! My Shepherd, Guide, Se-cure-ly thro' the pas-tures wide;  
 3. He lead-eth me! In sor-rows He My Keep-er is, wher-e'er I be;  
 4. He lead-eth me! His goodness tell; His mer-cy with His child doth dwell;



O bless-ed light in darkness shine, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!  
 A-bid-ing close-ly by my side, He lead-eth me! Yea, lead-eth me!  
 In sha-dy nook or storm-y sea, He lead-eth me! Yea, e-ven me!  
 O let the theme His prais-es swell, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!

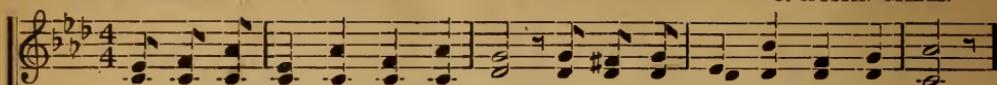


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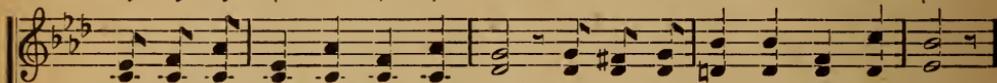
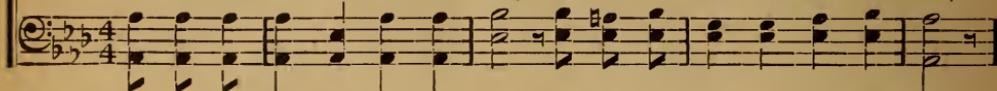
# For Me, For You.

DAVID BERKEY.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



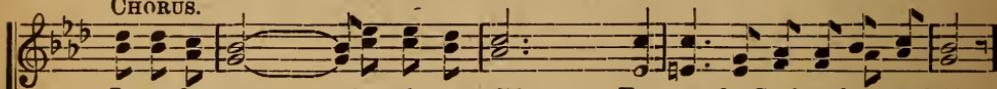
1. It was for me the Sav-iour died, The crimson blood flowed from His side;
2. It was for me the Sav-iour sought, My soul at won-drous price was bought,
3. It was for me, O praise His name, The Spir-it sent in liv-ing flame;
4. It was for me a sin-ner lost, The Sav-iour came at won-drous cost,



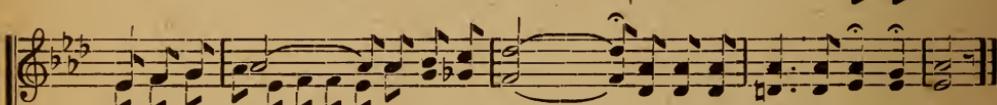
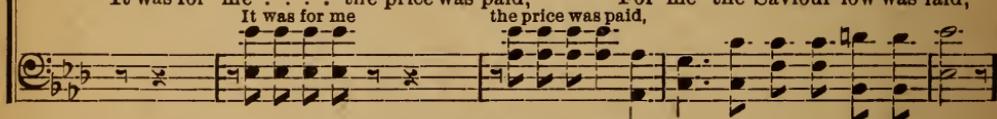
For me the foun-tain o-pened wide, It was for me, yes, Lord, for me.  
 For me sal-va-tion's plan was wrought, It was for me, yes, Lord, for me.  
 For me, let voice and tongue pro-claim, It was for me, yes, Lord, for me,  
 Now in His name I'll ev-er boast, For Thee, for Thee, yea, Lord, for Thee.



## CHORUS.



It was for me . . . . the price was paid, For me the Saviour low was laid;



For me the wrath . . . of God was stayed, . . . It was for me, for you and me.  
 For me the wrath of God was stayed,



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# No. 90.

# One Step at a Time.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.



1. It would not do for me to know, God's that's and plans di-vine;
2. Sometimes I fal-ter 'neath the cares, And bur-dens of the day;
3. So I'll not ques-tion "How" or "Why," But with my hand in Thine;



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# One Step at a Time.—Concluded.

FINE.

His way is best to lead me on, Just one step at a time.  
 But Thou wilt guide, if I in faith, Trust each step of the way.  
 Trust Thy un-fail-ing love to lead, Just one step at a time.

*D.S.*—Lead Thou me on to heights sub-lime, Just one step at a time.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Just one step at a time, dear Lord, My hand held close in Thine;

## No. 91. While He Walks With Me.

J. G. J.

JOS. G. JOHNSON.

1. Ev - 'ry day all the way, My Sav - iour walks with me; Joy di-vine,  
 2. Some may stay far a-way, Nor hear His gen - tle voice; I will stay  
 3. I'll a - bide at His side, Nor ev - er from Him stray; Peace of mind

CHORUS.

then is mine, With Him each day to be.  
 and o-bey, And ev - er-more re-joice. } As He walks with me, Let Him  
 I can find, With Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

walk with thee, 'Tis heav-en in my soul to-day, To have Him walk with me.  
 with thee,

# No. 92.

# Lord, I am Willing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

JOS. G. JOHNSON.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

1. Lord, let my eyes be quick to see, A way-ward one by sin dis-trest,  
 2. Lord, let my ears be keen to hear, The cry of those in woe or pain,  
 3. My strong de-sire is not that I May mer-it words of praise from men,

And help me bring that soul to Thee, To dwell in peace and per-fect rest.  
 And speak a word of hope and cheer, To lift them up to joy a-gain.  
 But rath-er please my Lord, and try To bring lost souls to Him a-gain.

## CHORUS.

Lord, I am will-ing ev-er to be, Use-ful in serv-ice on-ly for Thee;

So take and use me, im-per-fect still, Save as I strive to fol-low Thy will.

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# No. 93.

# My Truest Friend is Jesus.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When world-ly cares and troub-les roll, Like rag-ing bil-lows o'er my soul; When  
 2. When heav-y is the cross I bear, And sor-row fills me with despair; When  
 3. When death hath shattered clos-est ties, And bit-ter tears fall from my eyes; When  
 4. In life or death He will be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; There's

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# My Truest Friend is Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



clouds ob-scure the shin-ing goal, My tru-est Friend is Je - sus.  
 earth - ly friends no lon - ger care, My tru-est Friend is Je - sus. } Je - sus, of  
 all a-lone my spir - it sighs, My tru-est Friend is Je - sus.  
 naught on earth can harm me here, My tru-est Friend is Je - sus.



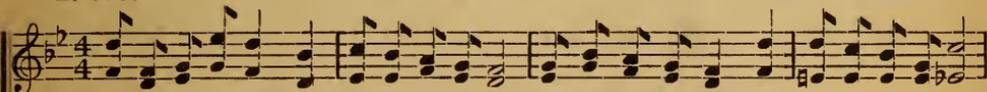
Cal - va-ry, Je - sus, who died for me; Je - sus, e - ter-nal-ly, My truest Friend is Je - sus.



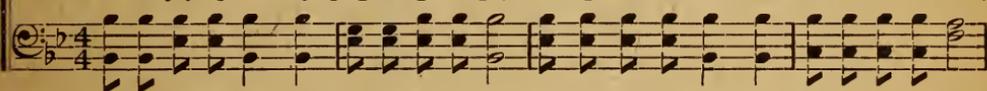
## No. 94. Nearer to the Homeland.

E. V. J.

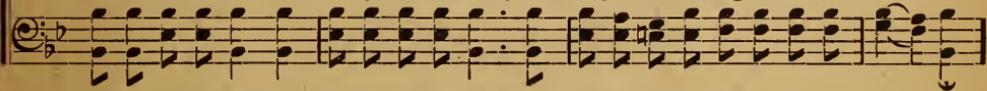
ETHEL V. JOHNSON.



1. Tho' I am a pilgrim and a stranger here, Tho' my journey leads me o'er the desert drear;
2. What then does it matter if the skies be gray? Tho' the thorns and briars spring up along my way?
3. So with joy up-on my pilgrimage I go, Fearing neither storms nor tri-als here be-low;



Still I have this tho't to comfort and to cheer; Each day I'm drawing nearer to the homeland.  
 If at twilight hour my happy heart can say, "I'm one day's journey nearer to the homeland."  
 For whate'er be-fall me on-ly this I know, Each day I'm drawing nearer to the homeland.

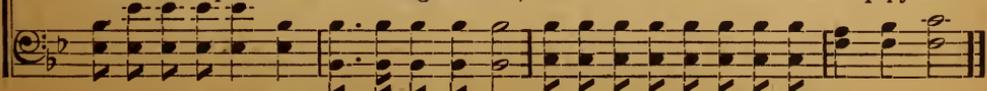


D.S.—Nearer to the mansions on the golden strand, I'm one day's journey nearer to the homeland.

CHORUS.



Nearer to the portals where the angels stand, Nearer to the dear ones in that hap-py land.



# No. 95.

# When Jesus Shall Come Again.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. All of my tri - als will flee a - way, When Je - sus shall come a - gain;
2. Ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion will dis - ap - pear, When Je - sus shall come a - gain;
3. Heart - break and an - guish will come no more, When Je - sus shall come a - gain;
4. Songs of de - liv - rance will ev - er ring, When Je - sus shall come a - gain;



Dark - ness will change to a gold - en day, When Je - sus shall come a - gain.  
 Ban - ished will be ev - 'ry pain and fear, When Je - sus shall come a - gain.  
 Peace will be reign - ing in place of war, When Je - sus shall come a - gain.  
 Mul - ti - tudes glad - ly shall crown Him King, When Je - sus shall come a - gain.



## CHORUS.



When Je - sus shall come a - gain, . . . When Je - sus shall come a - gain; . . .  
 shall come a - gain, shall come a - gain;



My heart will be singing, The joybells be ringing, When Jesus shall come a - gain. . . .  
 shall come a - gain.



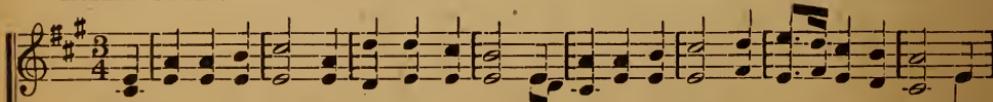
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# No. 96.

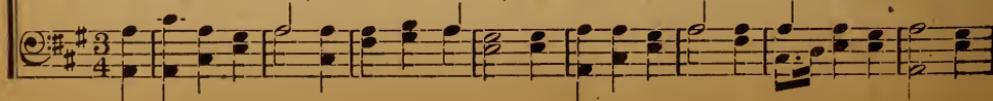
# O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

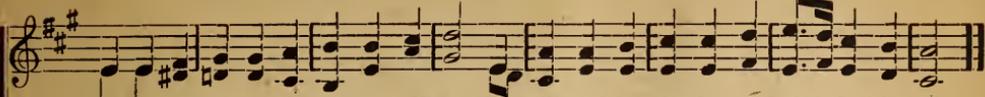
F. J. HAYDN.



1. O worship the King all - glorious above, And gratefully sing His won - derful love; Our
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; His
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light. It
4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy



# O Worship the King.—Concluded.



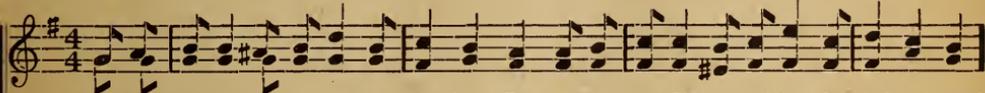
Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pa- vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm. streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain. mercies how tender! How firm to the end! Our Maker, Defend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.



## No. 97. Jesus Knows His Own by Name.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

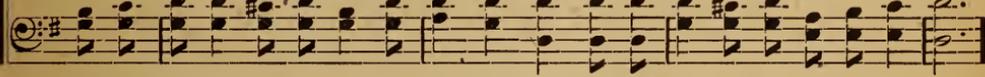
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Are the burdens you carry too hard to bear, Do you soon get discourag'd with grief and care?
2. When you feel sad and lonely you're not alone, Ev'ry sorrow and burden to Him are known;
3. If the pathway is gloomy you're call'd to tread, Do not falter not tremble, there's light ahead;
4. When we gather in glory to dwell for aye, We shall see Him and know Him on that glad day;



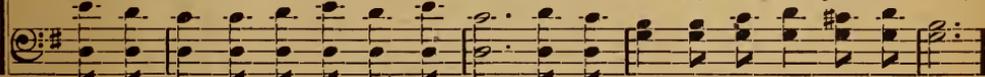
Go and tell it to Je-sus, He'll hear your pray'r, For He knows all His children by name. He is pleading in mer-cy be-fore the throne, For the children He call-eth by name. Keep on pressing and toiling, there's naught to dread, Jesus knows all His children by name. And for - ev - er and ev - er with Him we'll stay, For the children He call-eth by name.



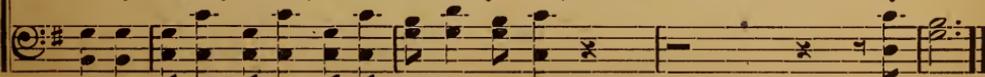
### CHORUS.



Je - sus knows all His chil - dren by name, And His mer - cy re - mains just the same;



Ev - ry bur - den you bear, He will cheerfully share, For He knows all His children by name.



# No. 98. There's a Song Within My Heart.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I have a song with - in my heart, O it is sweet to me,  
2. Days may be dark and skies be drear, Storms may be o'er my way,  
3. When thro' the blood His face I see, When at His feet I fall,

Tell - ing of Je - sus' love and grace, How He from sin sets free.  
Still I can sing my hap - py song, "Sav'd by His grace to - day."  
Then I shall sing a new, new song, Crown Him the Lord of all.

## CHORUS.

So I am sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, So I am sing - ing all the day long;

Je - sus so won - drous - ly saves me from sin, So I'm sing - ing all the day long.

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# No. 99. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

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

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

# I'll Live for Him.—Concluded.

*D. C. Chorus.*

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

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

## No. 100.

## Will You Come?

A. A. PAYN.

E. ALONZO CASSELBERRY.

1. Thro' the Sav - iour, cru - ci - fied, Mer - cy's door is opene'd wide, Where re -  
 2. Tar - ry not out - side the door, Lest it close for - ev - er - more, And you  
 3. When you meet the last of foes, And your eyes for - ev - er close, Will they

pent - ant souls may en - ter in; Those who on His word be - lieve, Peace and  
 seek to en - ter it in vain; If your conscience harder grows, And His  
 o - pen on a man - sion fair? Rest your faith up - on the Lord, Take Him

*D.S.*—Je - sus waits to take you in, Waits to

par - don shall re - ceive, And a cleans - ing from the stain of sin.  
 will you still op - pose, He may not re - turn to you a - gain.  
 ful - ly at His word, You will find a - bun - dant en - trance there.

par - don all your sin, If in pen - i - tence you hum - bly bow.

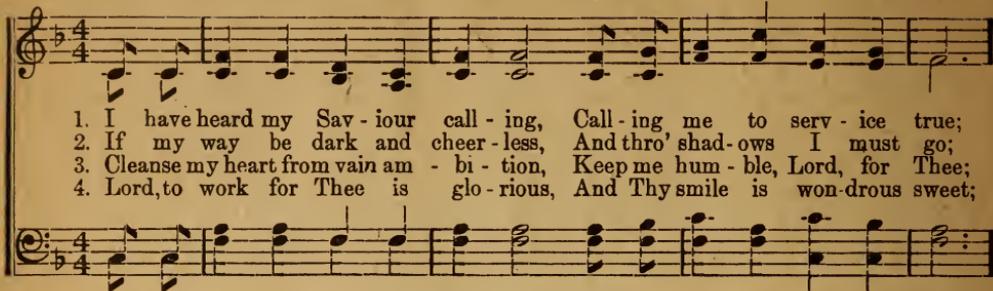
CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Will you come, will you come? Will you come just now?  
 Will you come, will you come? Will you come just now?

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing, Call-ing me to serv-ice true;  
 2. If my way be dark and cheer-less, And thro' shad-ows I must go;  
 3. Cleanse my heart from vain am-bi-tion, Keep me hum-ble, Lord, for Thee;  
 4. Lord, to work for Thee is glo-rious, And Thy smile is won-drous sweet;

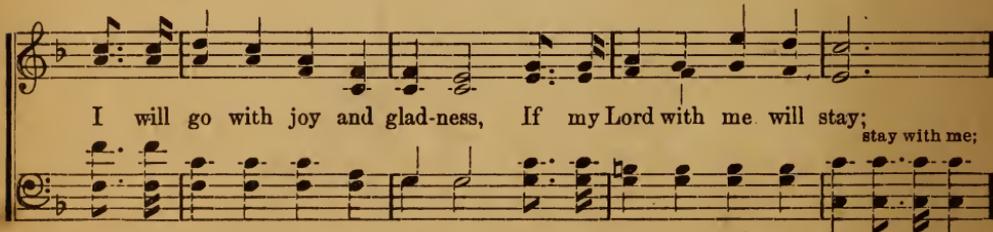


I am will-ing, I am read-y, Bless-ed Lord, Thy will to do.  
 Give the sun-shine of Thy pres-ence, Ev-en there Thy will to know.  
 My de-sire is for Thy serv-ice, And my cry is "Lord, send me."  
 Take me, use me, fill me, Mas-ter, As a sac-ri-fice com-plete.

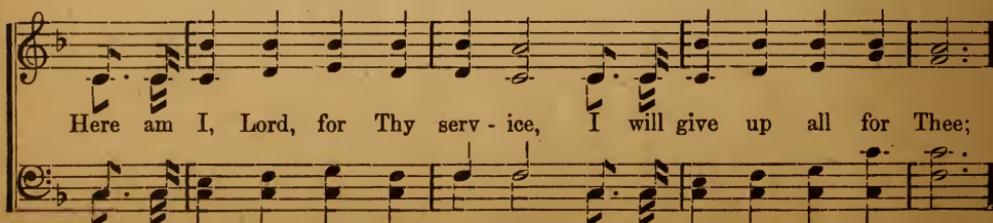
## CHORUS.



But I must have Je-sus with me, All the way, ev-'ry day  
 All the way, ev-'ry day



I will go with joy and glad-ness, If my Lord with me will stay;  
 stay with me;



Here am I, Lord, for Thy serv-ice, I will give up all for Thee;

# I Must Have Jesus with Me.—Concluded.

*rit.*

I am read - y, I am will - ing, Lord, if Thou wilt go with me.

## No. 102. We Wonder Why.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. We won - der why the leaves must fall, Why joy - birds fly be - yond re - call;
2. We won - der why the ros - es fade, Why storms should sweep the sunny glade;
3. We won - der why our hearts are torn, And why for loved ones we must mourn;

*rit.*

Why shad - ows drift a - cross the sky, We won - der why, we won - der why.  
 Why blos - soms sweet should droop and die, We won - der why, we won - der why.  
 Why dear - est friends must say good - by, We won - der why, we won - der why.

CHORUS.

O won - der not, but trust it all, To Him who notes the spar - row's fall;  
 O won - der not, but trust it all,

In His bright home be - yond the sky, He'll tell us why, He'll tell us why.  
 In His bright home

# No. 103.

# Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my  
 2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-bides within, There at the  
 3. O precious Fountain that saves from sin! I am so glad I have entered in, There Je-sus  
 4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-

D.S.—There to my *D.S.*

FINE. CHORUS.

heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.  
 cross where He took me in, Glory to His name.  
 saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to His name.  
 day and made me complete, Glory to His name.

Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

# No. 104.

# Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend - ed knee, Je - sus whis-pered to me, Sweet-er voice I had  
 2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er de-destroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in  
 3. Days may come, they must go, as a tor - rent they flow, Rush - ing on to e -

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I  
 peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the  
 ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a -

CHORUS.

lin - ger up - on His word.)  
 One whom I love so well. } For He is sweet-er as the years roll by,  
 waits when my King I'll see. } as the years roll by,

To be wor - thy of His love I'll try; (I will try;) So I'll love Him more and more,

# Sweeter as the Years Roll By.—Concluded.

As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweet - er as the years roll by. (roll by.)

## No. 105. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

G. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.* QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der - er come, Somebod-y's praying for you;  
 2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de - lay, Somebod-y's praying for you;  
 3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Turn from the sin-paths no lon - ger to roam, Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .  
 Bow at the mer - cy-seat, bend while you may, Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .  
 God waits his par-don, his peace to im-part, Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .  
 is praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Somebod - y loves you wher - ev - er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft - er day;  
 Somebod - y's wresting in pray'r for your soul, Long - ing to see you made perfect - ly whole;  
 Kneel in your weakness confess - ing your sin, Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET. QUARTET.

Pray'rful - ly follows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.  
 Down where the billows of Cal - va - ry roll, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.  
 O - pen your heart, let love's cleansing tide in, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.") *Very softly.*

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

# No. 106.

# Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris-en dead; The Lord will  
 2. I'll then receive a bright and starry crown, As on-ly God can give; And when I've  
 3. Then we shall meet and nev-er part a-gain; Our toil will then be o'er; We'll lay our

CHORUS.

then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.  
 been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live. } I'll be present when the roll is called,  
 burdens down at Je-sus' feet, And rest for-ev-er-more. }

Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood; I will answer when they call my name; Sav'd thro' Jesus' blood.

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# No. 107.

# He is Calling.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea; }  
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.....) } lib-er-ty.  
 2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more grac-es for the good; }  
 { There is mer-cy with the Saviour, There is heal-ing (Omit.....) } in his blood.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of the Lord.

# No. 108.

# Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Almost persuaded," now to be-lieve; "Almost persuaded," Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some  
 2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day, "Almost persuaded," turn not a-way; Je-sus in-  
 3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last! "Almost," can-

# Almost Persuaded.—Concluded.

soul to say, "Go, Spir-it, go thy way, Some more convenient day On thee I'll call."  
vites you here An - gels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.  
not a-vail; "Al-most," is but to fail! Sad, sad the bit-ter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

## No. 109. Decide for Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. How oft across life's narrow path As on we tread the way, There comes to us the  
2. O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right? His ways are paths of  
3. The pleadings often you have heard, The Saviour calls you: "come," Re - turn, tho' far you  
4. The world allures with promise vain, Yet death the end must be, But sweet the life our

CHORUS.

still, small voice, "Give me your heart to-day."  
love and peace, The end is joy and light. } Decide for Je - sus, decide for Je - sus, No  
are a-stray, Your footsteps turn to "home." }  
Sav-iour gives, It lasts e - ter - nal - ly.

lon - ger make delay; De-cide for Je - sus, de-cide for Je - sus, Make this de-cis-ion day.

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## No. 110. The Old Time Religion.

Anon.

Cho.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-  
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our  
lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.  
mothers, And it's good enough for me.

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

# No. 111.

J. L. H.

# The Witness of the Spirit.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my por-tion for - ev - er, He is my Sav-iour from sin;  
 2. He is my fort-ress and tow - er, He is my guide and my King;  
 3. Praise to the One who re - deems me, Praise to my cru - ci - fied Lord;

He is my bless-ed sal - va - tion, I have the wit-ness with - in.  
 He is my Shep-herd, my Keep - er, Joy - ful - ly now I can sing.  
 Now I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for the won - der - ful word.

CHORUS.

I have the witness with-in, . . . . Je - sus now saves me from sin; . . . . In his  
with-in from sin

heart I've a place, I am saved by his grace, And I have the wit-ness with-in.  
with-in.

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# No. 112.

J. H. S.

# Only Trust Him.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely give you rest  
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood  
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in him without de-lay,  
 4. Come, then, and join the holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce - les-tial land,

CHORUS.

By trusting in his word,  
 That washes white as snow,  
 And you are ful-ly blest.  
 Where joys immortal flow.

{ \*Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now; }  
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) } save you now.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only trust him."

# No. 113.

# Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; O bring thy
2. Help - less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou can'st
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove; But since to
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new, And work both

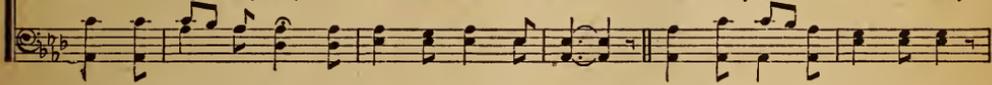


**CHORUS.**



free sal - va - tion high And take me as I am!  
 make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!  
 thee I can - not move O take me as I am!  
 in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

Take me as I am, . . . .  
 Take me, take me as I am,



Take me as I am; . . . O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 Take me, take me as I am;



# No. 114.

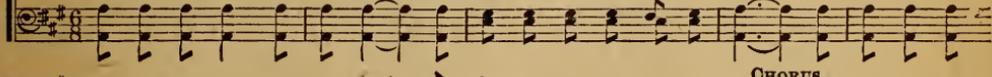
# Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

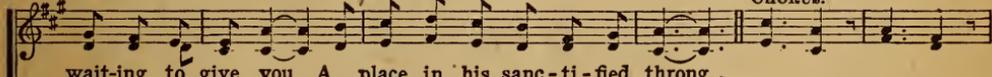
GEO. F. ROOT.



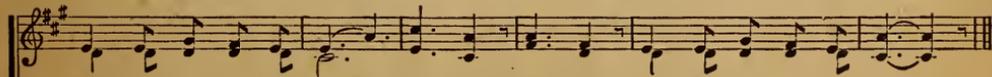
1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your Saviour is
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striving with - in? O why not ac -
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is



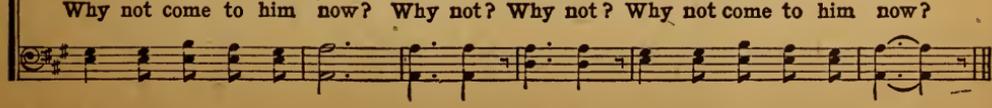
**CHORUS.**



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



Why not come to him now? Why not? Why not? Why not come to him now?



# No. 115.

# I Know that I Have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

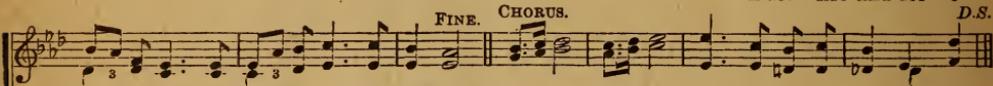
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Tho' lov'd ones vanish from my side, And grief and pain with me a-bide, I still am ful - ly
2. Tho' heav - y be my load of care, And tri - als meet me ev'rywhere, With patience I my
3. When Satan's arrows round me fly, And sin, a tor - rent, rushes by, A nev - er-fail - ing
4. And when the an - gel shall appear, To call me thro' the valley drear, I shall not dread, nor



*D.S.*—life and for e - *D.S.*



- sat - is - fied—I know that I have Jesus.  
 cross will bear—I know that I have Jesus.  
 friend is nigh—I know that I have Jesus.  
 doubt, nor fear—I know that I have Jesus.
- Je - sus, Je - sus, Gen - tle, loving Je - sus! For



ter - ni - ty, I know that I have Jesus.

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# No. 116.

# Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

JEAN J. ROUSSEAU.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
- D.C.*—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'rs:

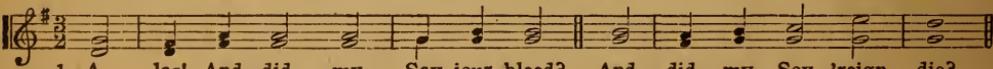
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh,  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all;  
 Not the righteous—  
 Sinners, Jesus came to all.

# No. 117.

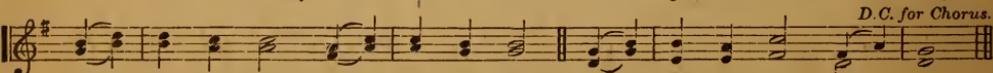
# I Do Believe.

I. WATTS.

Unknown.



1. A - las! And did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
- CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;



*D.C. for Chorus.*

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
 And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe:  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

# No. 118.

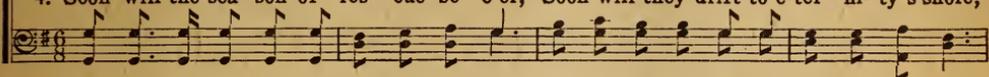
# Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U.

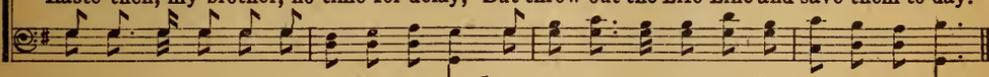
Rev. E. S. UFFORD.



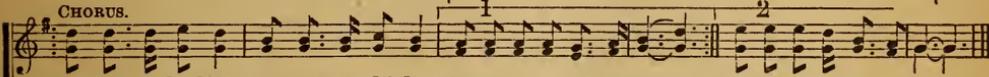
1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom someone could save;
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tarry, why lin - ger so long?
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
4. Soon will the sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-ter - ni - ty's shore;



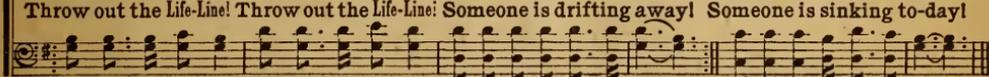
Somebod - y's brother! O who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share.  
 Seel He is sinking; O has-ten to-day—And out with the Life-Boat! Away, then, a-way!  
 Winds of temp-tation and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.  
 Haste then, my brother, no time for delay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.



CHORUS.



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drifting away! Someone is sinking to-day!

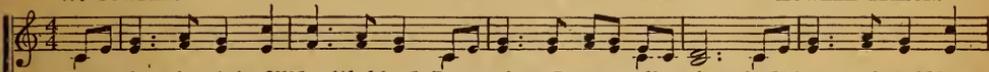


# No. 119.

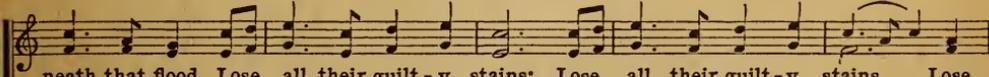
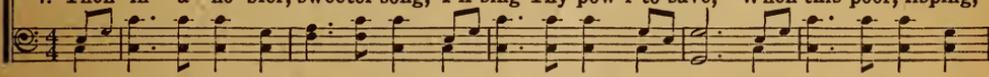
# There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

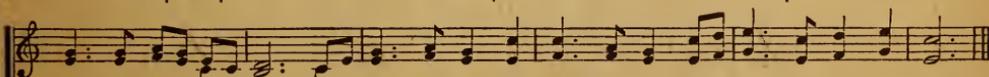
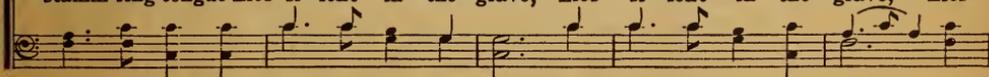
LOWELL MASON.



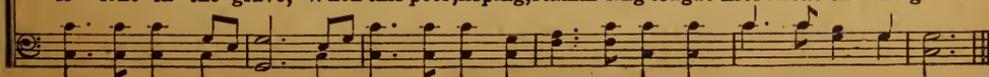
1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd be-
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may I, tho'
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd
4. Then in a no-bler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor, lisping,



neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains; Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose  
 vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way; Wash all my sins a - way, Wash  
 Church of God Be saved, to sin no more; Be saved, to sin no more, Be  
 stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave; Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies



all their guilt - y stains; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 all my sins a - way; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 saved, to sin no more; Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.  
 si - lent in the grave; When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.



# No. 120.

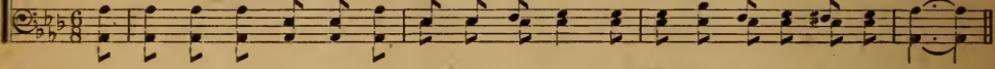
# Jesus is Real to Me.

G. H. C.

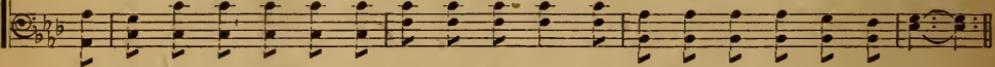
GEORGE H. CARR.



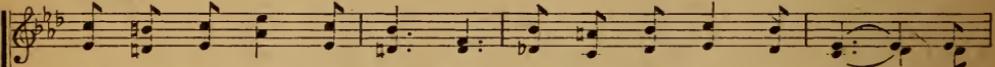
1. Tho' life's changing values may van-ish a-way, And things that were real become dreams,
2. I never have seen Him with these eyes of mine, But tho' He be hid from my sight,
3. My Sav-iour and Lead-er each moment is He, My Help-er in all that I do;
4. My reas-on the un-seen can nev-er dis-cern, Nor ful-ly ex-plain the un-known;



How bless-ed to walk with the Lord day by day, And know He is real as He seems.  
 I know He is with me in Spir-it di-vine, I live in the strength of His might.  
 Com-pan-ion-ship with Him is bless-ed to me, His friendship is faith-ful and true.  
 But pre-cious the truths of the Spir-it I learn, When His Spir-it speaks to my own.



CHORUS.



Je-sus is real to me, Yes, Je-sus is real to me; I



nev-er will doubt Him, Nor jour-ney without Him, For He is so real to me.

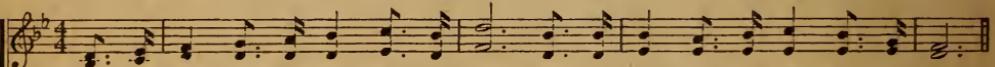


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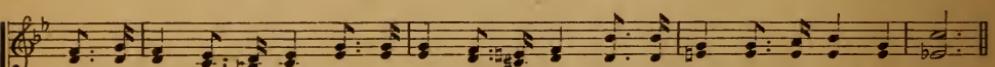
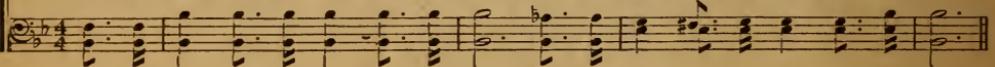
# No. 121. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

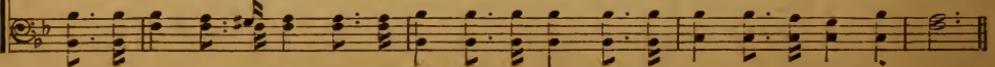
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. There are fields that to har-vest are white, And a reap-er with joy I will be;
2. There's a mes-sage to bear far and near, Of a Sa-viour whose love sets us free;
3. There are souls who are drift-ing a-way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un-to Thee.



Golden sheaves will I bring to my Mas-ter and King, For the Lord can de-pend on mel  
 And the call ringing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can de-pend on mel  
 I will seek them to-day, I will haste nor de-lay, For the Lord can de-pend on mel



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# Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes, the Lord can de-pend on me, Yes, the Lord can de-pend on me; on me; on me;

And His name I'll confess, un - to Him I say "yes," For the Lord can de-pend on me!

## No. 122.

## The Wedding Robe.

Rev. C. H. W.

Rev. C. H. WOOLSTON.

1. In the Lamb's bright hall, There's a feast for all, 'Tis the marriage of the King's dear Son;
2. If you on - ly believe, Your soul shall receive, For redemption's work for you is done;
3. Now the feast is free, There's a call for thee, 'Tis the call of the King's dear Son;
4. All the sav'd will be there, Come, their glory to share, For the race of life will soon be run;

CHORUS.

Come, ye weary one, Come, ye laden one, Put on the Wedding Robe. The bells will be ringing,

There'll be shouting, there'll be singing, When I come to the end of the road; Good-

bye to all sigh-ing, to sin-ning and to dy-ing, When I put on the Wedding Robe.

# No. 123.

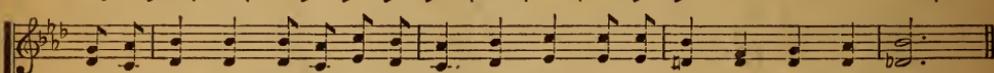
# Look for Me!

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



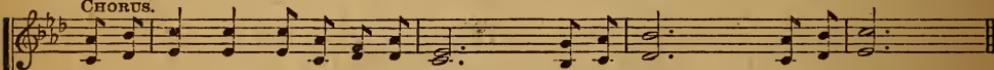
1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure-ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find-ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;



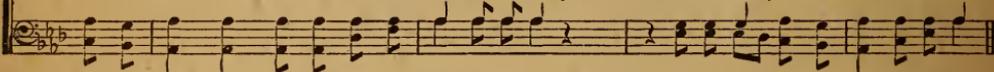
Af-ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—  
 When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gaz-ing on some glo-rious view—  
 When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glo-ry to his name!"  
 When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be-hold his face—



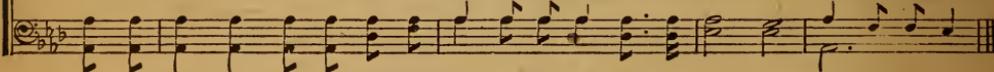
CHORUS.



You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!



You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name! Precious name!



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# No. 124.

# The Home Gathering.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Here we all must part, Here the ach-ing heart And the sor-row o'er and o'er must come;
2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can-not see the hand of God,
3. Tho' we can-not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to us may come,



But be-yond the skies, Joy-ful souls shall rise When the loved ones are gathered home.  
 So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we walk where the saints have trod.  
 For we know the Lord And be-lieve his word, And we know he will take us home.



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# The Home Gathering.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

At the great home gathering I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,  
So will I, So will I, So will I,

At the great home gathering I'll be there And I'll nev - er say "good-bye."  
So will I, nev - er say "good-bye."

## No. 125. O What He's Done for Me!

J. B. M.

Rev. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus loves me with a changeless love, He to save me left his throne a - bove;  
2. When I fell be-neath a heav - y load, Faint and wea - ry, on the downward road,  
3. I had sor - rows that were hard to bear, Heav - y bur - dens that no soul could share;  
4. I'm so glad that Je - sus is ' my friend, His is friendship that will nev - er end;

All my sins he bore up - on the tree; I nev - er can tell all he's done for me.  
Je - sus took me from the mir - y clay—He led me in - to the King's highway.  
When I faint - ed, in my bit - ter grief, He was the one came to my re - lief.  
O that I could make the whole world see Just what a Sav - iour he is to me!

CHORUS.

O what he's done for me! O what he's done for me!  
O what he's done O what he's done

If I tried, to e - ter - ni - ty, I nev - er could tell all he's done for me!

# No. 126. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*Solo, or all in unison.*

1. I do not know why oft 'round me, My hopes all shattered seem to be; God's perfect  
 2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart above; My faith to  
 3. Tho' tri-als come thro' passing days, My life may still be fill'd with praise; For God will

CHORUS.

plan I can-not see,.....But some day I'll understand.  
 test my love to prove, ...But some day I'll understand. } Some day He'll make it plain to me,  
 lead thro' darken'd ways, And some day I'll understand.

Some day when I His face shall see; Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall understand.

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# No. 127. Hallelujah, 'Tis Done.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to Him who on  
 2. Tho' the path-way be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure-ly Je-sus is  
 3. Ma-ny loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in  
 4. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their  
 5. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.

Je-sus His Son will be-lieve,  
 a-ble to car-ry me thro'. } Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the  
 glo-ry and this is their song.  
 song of sal-va-tion they sing;  
 prais-es for-ev-er will be.

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

# No. 128.

# Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
 As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades, Does He care e - nough to be near?  
 When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 And my sad heart aches till it near - ly breaks - Is it naught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares; His heart is touched with my grief;

*ad lib.* *rit.*

When the days are wea - ry, the long nights drear - y, I know my Sav - iour cares.....  
 He cares.

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# No. 129.

# O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

Tune, MEDITATION.

1. 'O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - lic - tion I call,  
 2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in past-ures of love?  
 3. He looks and ten thousands of an - gels re - joice, And myr - i - ads wait for His word;  
 4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol - low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!  
 Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - derness rove?  
 He speaks! And e - ter - ni - ty, fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.  
 Re - store and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

# No. 130.

# Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

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, Lord God al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Lord God al-might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!

# No. 131. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy  
 2. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -  
 3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be; Let us see Thy

hum - ble dwelling! All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,  
 turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave: Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,  
 great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee. Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry,

Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev'ry trembling heart.  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.  
 Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

# No. 132. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain: His blood - red ban - ner  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas - ter  
 3. A • glorious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came, Twelve valiant saints, their

streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri -  
 in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In  
 hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame; They climb'd the steep ascent of heav - en Thro'

umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross be - low. He fol - lows in His train.  
 midst of mor - tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?  
 per - il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in His train.

# No. 133. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see. .... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears, .... Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.  
 an - gel fac - es smile, .... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

# No. 134.

# Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-our dear, It is not night if Thou be near.  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,  
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;  
 4. Watch by the sick; en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy bound-less store;  
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.  
 Be ev-'ry mourn-er's sleep to-night, Like in-fant's slum-bers, pure and light.  
 Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

# No. 135.

# Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one 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' toss'd a-bout With ma-ny'a con-flict, ma-ny'a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;  
 5. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid'st 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-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# No. 136.

# O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,  
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,  
 3. Je-sus! The name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;

# O For a Thousand Tongues.—Concluded.

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!  
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.  
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

## No. 137. Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!  
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
 Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, Thy vic-tory? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me.  
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

## No. 138. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET, Alt.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-ra-el's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er-for-get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro-phies
4. Let ev-'ry kind-red ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-
5. O that, with yon-der sacred throng, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-

di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 ty as-cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 last - ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 139. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend;  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;  
 4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!

Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!  
 Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success, Spirit of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
 Thou, who almight - y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 His sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

# No. 140. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 D.C.—Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

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

# No. 141. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I re - sign;  
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchas'd my pardon on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

# My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

My gracious Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.  
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."  
 I'll sing with the glit-tering crown on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."

## No. 142. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood
2. Could my tears for ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a-tone;
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring Sim- ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 143. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELI MASON.

1. Near-er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

# No. 144.

# God of our Fathers.

D. C. ROBERTS.

(NATIONAL HYMN.)

G. W. WARREN.

VOICES ALONE.

- Trumpets, before each verse.*
1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al - might - y hand
  2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
  3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,
  4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

WITH ORGAN.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band	Of shin - ing worlds in
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;	Be Thou our rul - er,
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence;	Thy true re - lig - ion
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;	Fill all our lives with

splen - dor thro' the skies,	Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
guardian, guide and stay,	Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
in our hearts in - crease,	Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
love and grace di - vine,	And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

# No. 145.

# America for Christ.

J. B. M.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

1. Dear Sav - iour, we our love would show, That all the world might see, The joy, the rest, the
2. Help us, the gos - pel news to tell, Till not our hearts a - lone; But all who come with
3. O send us forth as flaming brands, Whose sacred beams shall shine: Till those in all our
4. Thy wondrous grace on us be - stow, And fill each heart and mind, That we with zeal may

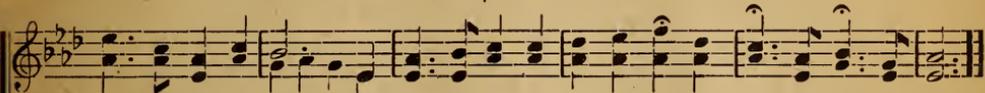
# America for Christ.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



peace they know, Who love and worship Thee.  
us to dwell, Thy sov'reign right shall own.  
Is-land lands, Be-hold the light di-vine.  
for-ward go, To help and bless mankind.

A-mer-i-ca, A-mer-i-ca! Thro'-  
*Last verse.*  
The world for Christ, the world for Christ, Thro'-



out, from sea to sea. We want A-mer-i-ca for Christ, A-mer-i-ca, the free.  
out, from sea to sea. We want the worldwide world for Christ To set the nations free.



## No. 146.

## America, the Beautiful.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

S. A. WARD.



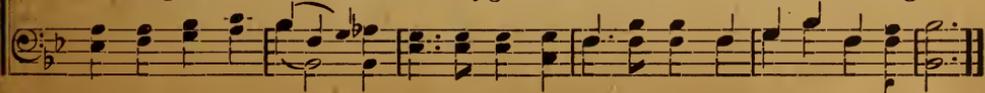
1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur-ple mountain  
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern impassioned stress A thoroughfare for  
3. O beau-ti-ful for patriot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter



maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God  
free-dom beat, A-cross the wil-der-ness! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God  
cit-ies gleam, Undimmed by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God



shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!  
mend thine ev-ry flaw, Con-form thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!  
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!



1. Said Washing-ton to Bet-sy Ross, "A flag our na-tion needs, To lead our  
2. Said Bet-sy Ross to Wash-ing-ton, "Your country's flag behold," And thro' his  
3. She made the flag as we all know with stitches strong and neat, And nei-ther

val-iant sol-diers on to high and no-ble deeds; Now, can you make one for us?" To  
tear-dimmed eyes he saw the Stars and Stripes unfold; Then to his breast he clasped it and  
on the land or sea has that flag met de-feat; The Stars and Stripes shall ev-er a-

which she made re-ply "I am not cer-tain that I can; at least I'll glad-ly try."  
looked to heav'n a-bove, "O may it ev-erstand" he cried, "for right and truth and love."  
bove our coun-try wave, Our land of truth and free-dom and the home-land of the brave.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

So she took some red for the blood they shed, Some white for puri-ty, Some stars so

bright from the sky o'erhead, Some blue for loyal-ty, And sewed them all to-gether, For

NOTE.—This song is intended for children. It was sung with great success, July 4th, with the following exercise; A flag lying on a table was concealed. Before it were heaps of red, white and blue paper, and also irregular pieces of white paper representing stars. While refrain was sung portions of the paper were dropped upon the flag and as refrain ended for 3rd stanza the flag was waved.

# How Betsy Made the Flag.—Concluded.

*rit.*

loy - al hearts and true; And hand in hand as one we stand, For the red, white and blue.

## No. 148.

G. M. V.

## Guard the Flag.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

*Tempo di marcia.*

1. Guard the flag, guard the flag of our na - tive land, Guard the flag of lib - er - ty;
2. Guard the flag, guard the flag that our fa - thers bore; Let its pride our glo - ry be;

CHO.—Guard the flag, guard the flag of our na - tive land, Guard the flag of lib - er - ty;

FINE.

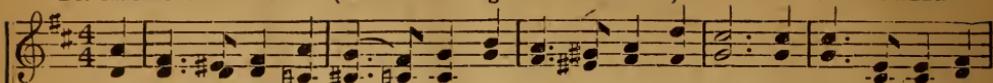
Guard well the flag with heart and hand; God save the ban - ner of the free!  
O let it wave o'er sea and shore, The star - ry em - blem of the free!

Guard well the flag with heart and hand; God save the ban - ner of the free!

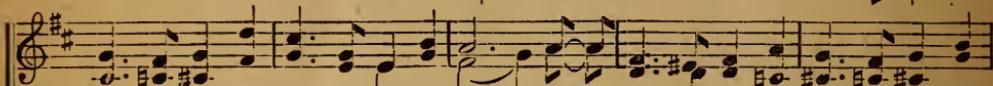
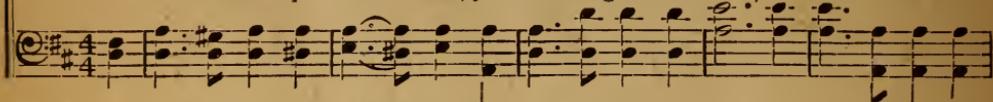
Sons of the na - tion, hold it a - loft, Brave - ly its foes de - fy;  
Tho' 'neath it march - ing on - ward to war, Tho' 'neath its folds in peace,

*D. C. al Fine for Chorus.*

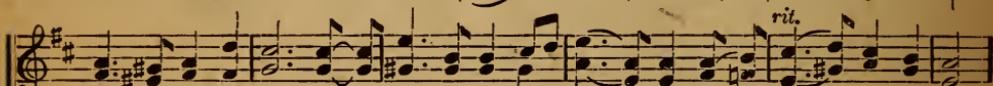
Our beau - ti - ful flag, the hope of the world, Ev - er shall wave on high!  
Our mot - to shall be, to guard still the flag, Nev - er our vig - il cease!



1. 'Tis fine to see the Old World, and trav - el up and down A - mong the fa - mous
2. O Lon - don is a man's town, there's pow - er in the air; And Par - is is a
3. I like the Ger - man fir - woods, in green bat - tal - ions drilled; I like the gardens
4. I know that Europe's won - der - ful, yet something seems to lack; The Past is too much



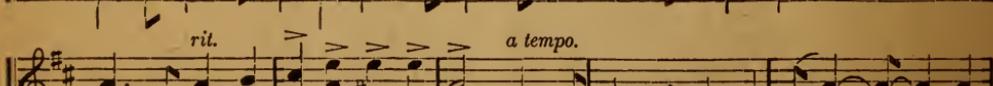
pal - a - ces and cit - ies of re - nown, To ad - mire the crum - bly cas - tles and the  
woman's town, with flow - ers in her hair; And it's sweet to dream in Ven - ice, and it's  
of Versailles with flashing fountains fill'd; But, O to take your hand, my dear, and  
with her, and the peo - ple look - ing back; But the glo - ry of the Pres - ent is to



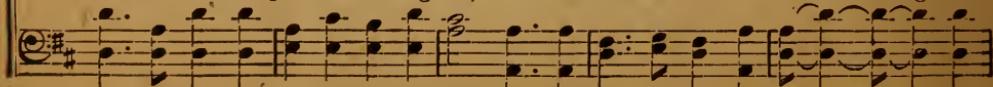
stat - ues of the Kings, But now I think I've had e - nough of an - ti - quat - ed things.  
great to stud - y Rome; But when it comes to liv - ing, there is no place like home.  
ram - ble for a day In the friendly West - ern wood - land where Na - ture has her way!  
make the Future free, We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

So it's home a - gain, and home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! My heart is turn - ing  
*Last Refrain.*  
O it's home a - gain, and home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! I want a ship that's



home a - gain, and there I long to be In the land of youth and free - dom . . . be -  
westward bound to plow the rolling sea, To the bless - ed Land of Room enough be -



# America for Me.—Concluded.



## No. 150. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

(The Red, White, and Blue.)

(Key C.)

- 1 O Columbial The gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee,  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's form stands in view;  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

- Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
- 2 When war winged its wild desolation,  
And threatened the land to deform,  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;  
With her garlands of victory around her,  
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

- Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
- 3 "Old Glory" to greet, now come hither,  
With eyes full of love to the brim,  
May the wreaths of our heroes ne'er wither,  
Nor a star of our banner grow dim;  
May the service united ne'er sever,  
But they to our colors prove true!  
The Army and Navy forever,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

- Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
The Army and Navy forever,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

—DAVID T. SHAW

## No. 151. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

(Key C.)

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming  
of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage, where the  
grapes of wrath are stored;  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His ter-  
rible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

- Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.
- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-  
dred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim  
and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished  
rows of steel;  
"As you deal with my contemners, so with you  
my grace shall deal;  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment seat;  
O be swift my soul to answer Him! Be jubilant  
my feet!  
Our God is marching on.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born  
across the sea;  
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures  
you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to  
make men free,  
While God is marching on.

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. Thy white stars laid in heaven's blue Are fixed as the stars on high, And  
 2. Thy white stripes speak for lib - er - ty, Thy red of the martyrs' blood, Of  
 3. No ty - rant foe nor al - ien hand Shall tread in the dust thy folds, Nor

## CHORUS.

stripe and star As last - ing are As plan - ets in the sky. } I sa - lute thee, Old  
 those who gave Their lives to save Our land from tyrant's rod. }  
 friend nor foe Can lay thee low Whom freedom's God upholds. }

Glo - ry, Here's my heart and hand to you, And to your gleaming col - ors I

promise to be true; I sa - lute thee, Old Glo - ry, And my hat is off to

you; I love each stripe and sa - cred star Of the red, white and blue.

# No. 153.

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

*Maestoso.*

1. { O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, }  
 { Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming? }  
 2. { On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, }  
 { What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? }  
 3. { O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild war's desolation; }  
 { Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation! }

*cres.*  
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines o'er the stream:  
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

*CHORUS.* *rit.*  
 O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

# No. 154.

# My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.  
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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