



THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL

“Oh, sing unto
The Lord
A new song.”

F-46.111

F15

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and THE FAIR LECTURES

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THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL



A Collection of New and Standard Hymns

For Gospel and Social Meetings, Sunday
Schools and Young People's Societies

Edited by

JOHN FAIR

Author of The New Life

and

H. K. MOYER

Director

The New Life Mission

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THE NEW LIFE SERIES.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL, is edited by JOHN FAIR and H. K. MOYER, with many selections by standard composers, past and present. It is claimed that THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL is the greatest song-book ever written. It is well suited for lecture and revival meetings, containing many hymns of an evangelistic character, as well as for regular church service, society and Sunday school work. The book is interdenominational in its nature, containing numerous standard hymns that are usually sung by leading denominations, all of which are accompanied by their familiar tunes. It contains some of the greatest songs ever written, which have been the greatest success of several meetings. Its motto is sing the Gospel. Special attention is called to the following strong points of THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL:

First. The convenience of a carefully prepared Alphabetical Index with titles in small caps and first lines in Roman, making it easy to find the hymn you want.

Second. Its strict adherence to hymns and tunes based upon a sound interpretation of THE NEW LIFE in the light of the Bible.

Third. Its comprehensiveness, offering a wide choice of songs adapted to the needs of the Sunday school and public worship.

Fourth. Its utility, great care having been taken to see that the music to every hymn is suitable and is pleasing to both the singer and the hearer.

Fifth. Its musical standard, presenting well-harmonized and pleasing melodies that will live across the years as a fit accompaniment to the sacred messages of THE NEW LIFE, and immortality.

Sixth. Its mechanical workmanship, attractive printing, and in all presenting an exceedingly tasteful and dignified book for use in the home, society and church.

THE NEW LIFE soul-winning songs, are soul-cheering and refreshing, giving courage to the faint heart like unto the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The earnest prayer is that through THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL many may be brought into the light and saving knowledge of THE NEW LIFE that never grows old, but grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

THE NEW LIFE SONG, the initial number, was inspired by the sacred principle that Christianity is a life, and, therefore, must begin with a birth, and a new birth means a new life. THE NEW LIFE, based upon the new birth, is the foundation of human progress, and represents the highest point in civilization.

THE PUBLISHERS.

September 2, 1907.

The New Life Hymnal.

No. 1.

The New Life Song.

JOHN FAIR.

H. K. MOYER.

Moderato.

1. Sing the new life, let the ech - o ring; Speak the
 2. Sing the new life, God's gift to man; Speak the
 3. Sing the new life, it be - gins on earth; Speak the
 4. Sing the new life, Je - sus will heed; Speak the

new life, all voi - ces sing; Pray the new life, Look to
 new life, He'll un - der - stand; Pray the new life, at the
 new life, 'tis the new birth; Pray the new life, 'tis
 new life, to ev - 'ry creed; Pray the new life, His

God a - bove; Live the new life, for He is love.
 al - tar fair; Live the new life, our treas - ure rare.
 yours to claim; Live the new life, live not in vain.
 prom - ise true; Live the new life, He died for you.

5 Sing the new life, when prone to sin;
 Speak the new life, that God may win;
 Pray the new life, His power stands;
 Live the new life, with Him join hands.

6 Sing the new life, when sad at heart;
 Speak the new life, and do your part;
 Pray the new life, keep in His sight;
 Live the new life, and make it right.

7 Sing the new life, the Lord is nigh;
 Speak the new life, He'll hear your cry;
 Pray the new life, He'll answer true;
 Live the new life, it is for you.

8 Sing the new life, and "pray" He saith;
 Speak the new life, our fathers' faith;
 Pray the new life, and conquer fear;
 Live the new life, and God will hear.

9 Sing the new life, His love hath given;
 Speak the new life, portal to heaven;
 Pray the new life, man's second birth;
 Live the new life, ye saints of earth.

10 Sing the new life, His love to man;
 Speak the new life, "Be born again;"
 Pray the new life, as when He came;
 Live the new life, and live again.

11 Sing the new life, all hail His name;
 Speak the new life, He's just the same;
 Pray the new life, He'll come again;
 Live the new life, and with Him reign.

12 Sing the new life, the Prince divine;
 Speak the new life, now Christ is mine;
 Pray the new life, Lord I am Thine;
 O, the new life, my soul shall shine!

No. 2.

Heaven for Me.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
 2. The Fa - ther's house, the man - sions fair, My home shall for - ev - er be,
 3. He saved me from my lost es - tate, From sin he has set me free,

A word of welcome when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me.
 But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.
 And just to see him when he shall come I know will be heav'n for me.

CHORUS.

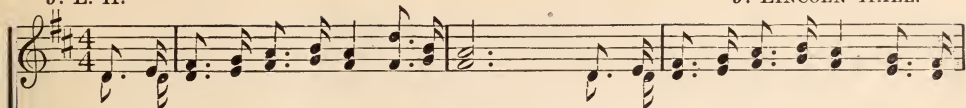
Heav - en for me,..... O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus
 Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be! When Je - sus gives a

whis - pers a wel - come to me..... Heav - en for me,.....
 welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me, to me. Heaven for me, O it will be!

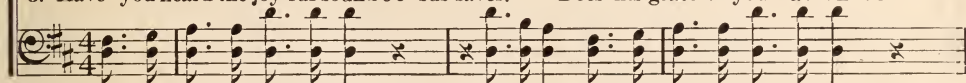
O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.
 Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me.

J. L. H.

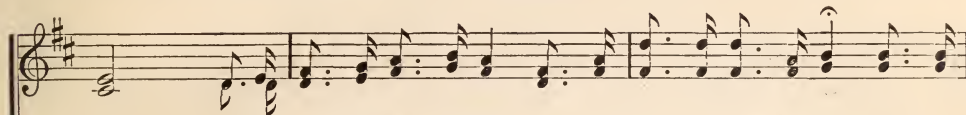
J. LINCOLN HALL.



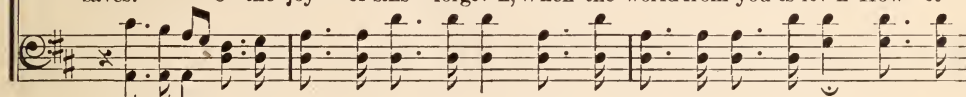
1. There's a mes-sage sweet and clear, Je- sus saves! Sweet-est words that man can hear, Je- sus
2. Tell that sin-ful men may know Je- sus saves! That a bless-ing he'll be-stow, Je- sus
3. Have you heard the joy-ful sound Je- sus saves! Does his grace in you abound? Je- sus



Je-sus saves



saves! Tell the mes-sage far and wide, Let it ring o'er wave and tide, That for
saves! Let the joy-ful tid-ings ring Of the ris-en Lord and King And re-
saves! O the joy of sins forgiv'n, When the world from you is riv'n How it



Je-sus saves!



CHORUS.

all the world he died, Je - sus saves! }
demption's sto-ry sing, Je - sus saves! }
makes of earth a heav'n Je - sus saves! }

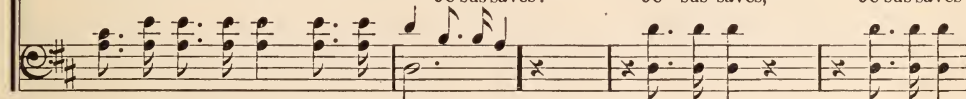
Je - sus saves,

Je-sus saves!

Je-sus saves!

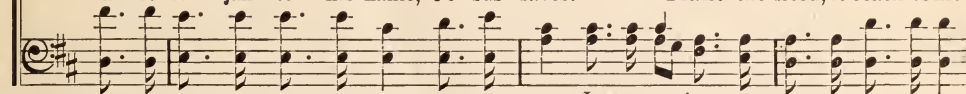
Je - sus saves,

Je-sus saves!

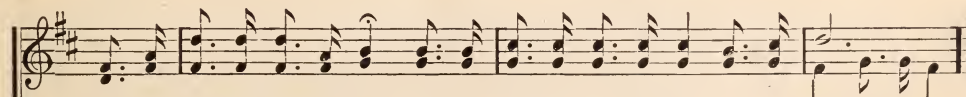


Hal-le-lu-jah to his name, Je-sus saves!

Praise the Lord, it reach-es me



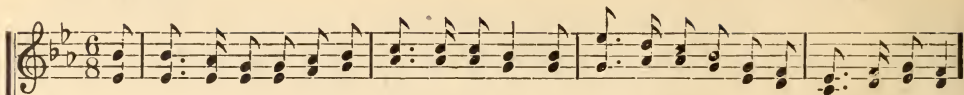
Je-sus saves!



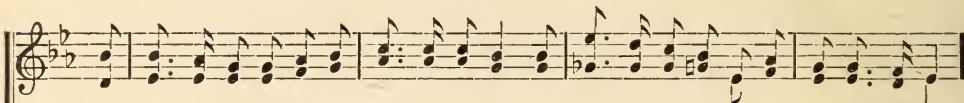
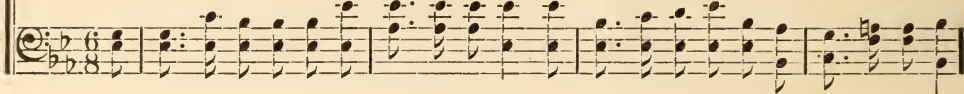
This sal - va - tion full and free, And the cleansing stream I see, Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves!

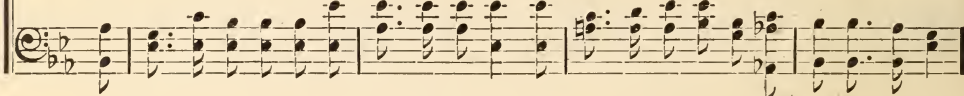




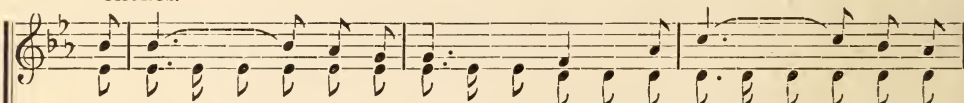
1. O land of the morrow, the day of de-light, The mor-row that never shall fade into night,
2. O land of the morrow, where hearts never break, Where all of my slumbering good shall a-wake;
3. O land of the morrow, I peer thro' the gloom, That hangs like a shadowy mist on the tomb;



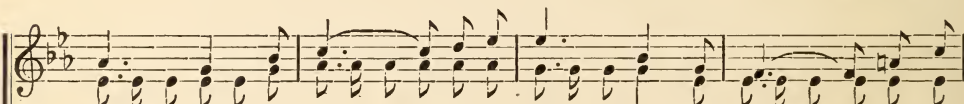
The mor-row of rest and of comfort for me—Each moment but brings my soul nearer to thee.
In midst of thy glories my soul shall a-bide, And min- gle for-ev - er with saints glori-fied.
And thro' the deep darkness thy glo-ry I see, And falter at naught that shall take me to thee,



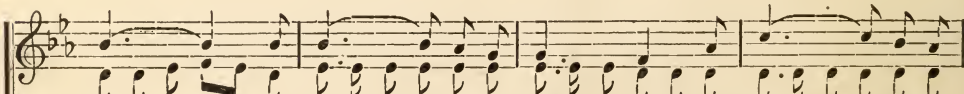
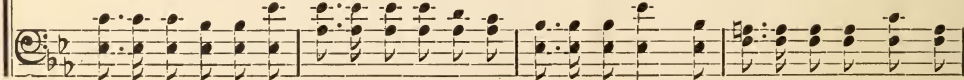
CHORUS.



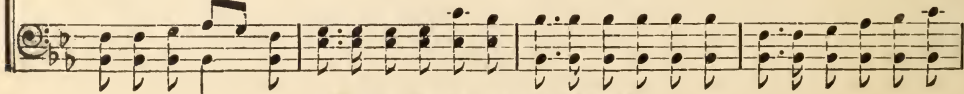
O land..... of the mor - row, Be - yond..... ev - 'ry
O land of the mor - row, O land of the mor - row, Be - yond ev - 'ry sor - row, Be -



sor - row, I'm joy - ful - ly trav - 'ling, I'm trav - 'ling to
youd ev - 'ry sor-row, I'm joy-ful-ly trav'ling, I'm trav'ling to thee, I'm joy - ful - ly trav-'ling I'm



thee,..... O land..... of the mor - row, Thy glad - ness I
trav'ling to thee, O land of the morrow, O land of the morrow, Thy gladness I bor-row, Thy



Land of the Morrow.—Concluded.

bör - row, Thy glo - ry al - read - y I see, I see, I see.
glad-ness I bor-row, Thy glo - ry al-read-y I see, I see, I see, I see, I see.

No. 5.

That's What He's Doing.

C. H. L.

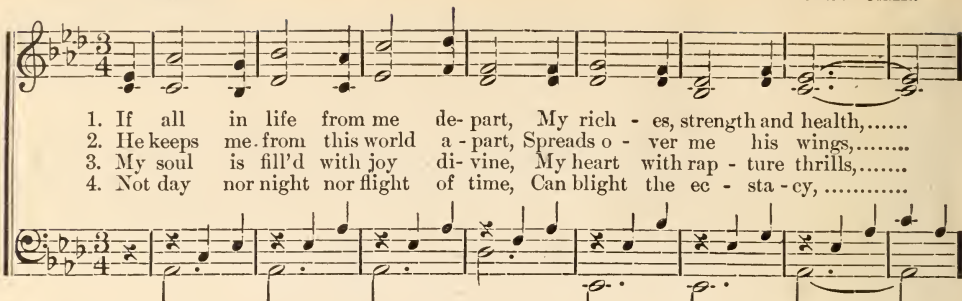
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. I have a friend, my precious Sav-iour, And O I love him so, He makes my
2. He changes ev - 'ry night of tri - al In - to the "per-fect day," He giv - eth
3. And now in heav'n he is pre - par - ing A man - sion bright and fair And when this

CHORUS.
life so full of sunshine I've heav-en here be-low.
joy in place of sadness And sun-shine all the way. } And that's what he's doing ev-'ry
earth - ly life is end - ed I'll meet him ov - er there. } what he's

day do-ing ev - 'ry day Some - thing to brighten all the way,.....And this I
bright-en all the way,

know..... Wher-e'er I go He's in my heart to stay.
And this I know wher-e'er I go,

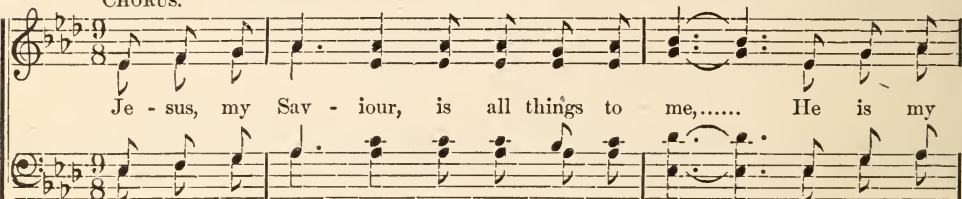


1. If all in life from me de-part, My rich-es, strength and health,.....
 2. He keeps me from this world a-part, Spreads o-ver me his wings,.....
 3. My soul is fill'd with joy di-vine, My heart with rap-ture thrills,.....
 4. Not day nor night nor flight of time, Can blight the ec-sta-cy,



I have my Sav-iour in my heart, And that is more than wealth.
 He comes with ful-ness to my heart, And love and life he brings.
 Since Christ the Lord I know is mine, Sweet peace my be-ing fills.
 Of ho-ly bliss, se-rene, sub-lime, My Sav-iour gives to me.

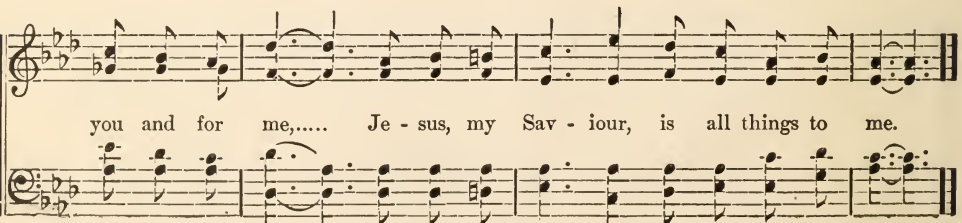
CHORUS.



Je-sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me,..... He is my



Sav-iour who died on the tree; Bring-ing re-demp-tion for



you and for me,..... Je-sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me.

No. 7.

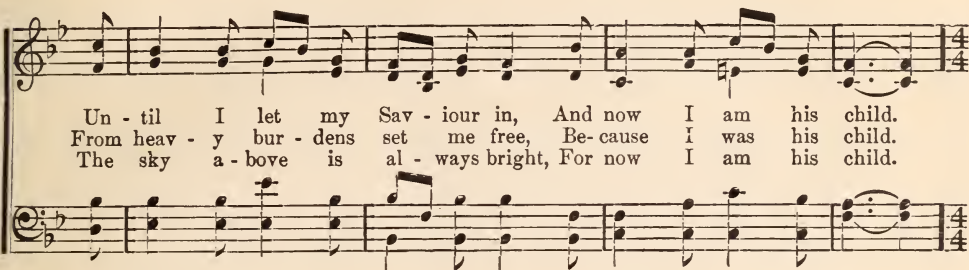
I am His Child.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

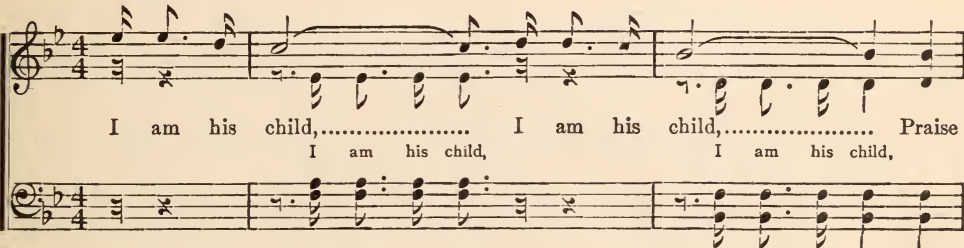


1. How heav - y was my load of sin, My gar - ments how de - filed,
 2. His peace at once he gave to me, He stilled the tem - pest wild,
 3. Tho' ob - sta - cles of mount - ain height A - long my way have piled,



Un - til I let my Sav - iour in, And now I am his child.
 From heav - y bur - dens set me free, Be - cause I was his child.
 The sky a - bove is al - ways bright, For now I am his child.

CHORUS.



I am his child,..... I am his child,..... Praise
 I am his child, I am his child,



God,..... I am his child!..... I stand be - wil - - dered at the
 Praise God, his child! I stand be - wil - dered at the



love,..... The love that makes me his own child.
 his love, The love that makes

The Bridegroom Cometh.

W. C. MARTIN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O my soul would fill with rapt-ure if this mo-ment I might hear: Be-
 2. Soon my ea-ger wait-ing spir-it shall the glad announcement hear: Be-
 3. Hark! the long, ex-pect-ed cry rings out a-mid the stil-ly night: Be-

hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; I would shout a-loud with joy if it were
 hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; And the dreams of night shall van-ish when the
 hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; Go ye out, there-fore, to meet him with a

CHORUS.

spo-ken now and here, Be-hold the Bridegroom com-eth.
 Bridegroom shall appear; Be-hold the Bridegroom com-eth.
 bright and shining light; Be-hold the Bridegroom com-eth. } Almost now I see his matchless

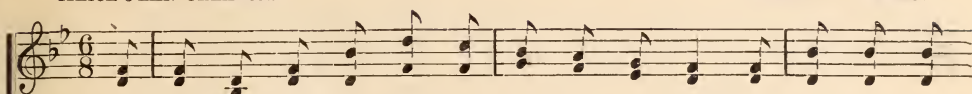
glo-ry in the sky, It may-be that the dawning of his day is draw-ing nigh, And,

O my eag-er heart a-waits the long, ex-pect-ed cry: Be-hold, the Bridegroom com-eth.

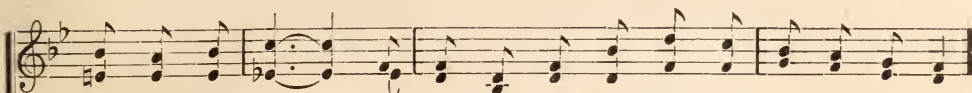
"I Never Will Leave Thee."

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

HERBERT J. LACEY.



1. When bur-dens of life seem too heav-y to bear, When storm-clouds are
 2. O look from the shad-ows to Je-sus to-day, And, striv-ing his
 3. When seem-eth in vain the good seed that you sow, Re-mem-ber bright.



hid-ing the blue, O turn from the weight of your troub-le and care,
 bid-ding to do, Be mind-ful of bless-ings that bright-en your way,
 sheaves you will view; Then look for the sunshine, as on-ward you go,



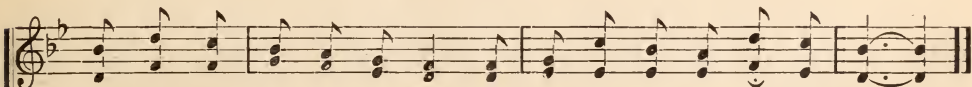
CHORUS.



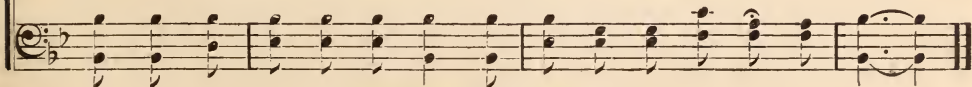
And think of God's promise to you! Just think of God's promise to



you,..... So faith-ful, so pre-cious and true!..... "I nev-er will
 to you, to you!



leave thee—no, nev-er for-sake!" O think of God's promise to you!



He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me

J. E. F.

J. E. FRENCH.

1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sink-ing
 2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No
 3. When all was con - fus - ion midst dark bil - lows' roll, No
 4. And now as I wan - der I sing as I go, His
 5. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And

slow - ly be - neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and
 help from the land could I see, When hope had all van - ished and
 light thro' the gloom could I see, By trust - ing him ful - ly he
 mer - cy is bound - less and free, And tell the glad sto - ry, that
 dang - ers your frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and

CHORUS.
 ef - forts were o'er, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
 dan - ger was nigh, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
 res - cued my soul, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
 oth - ers may know, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
 hear your faint cries, He'll throw out the life-line to you.

He threw out the life-

line to me, to me, He threw out the life - line to me, From
 to me, to me,

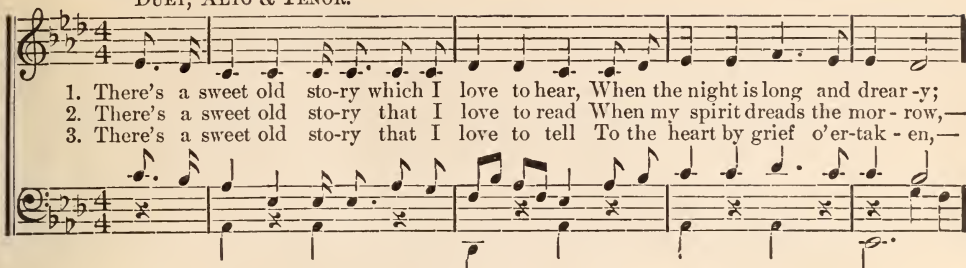
Cal - va - ry's tree, Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.

No. 11. 'Tis the Old, Old Story of His Love.

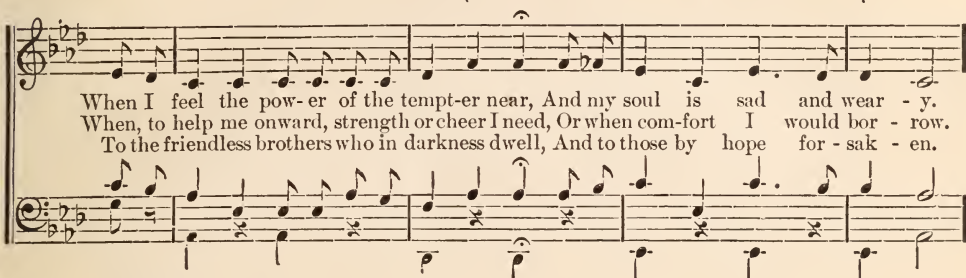
JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.

DUET, ALTO & TENOR.




1. There's a sweet old sto-ry which I love to hear, When the night is long and drear-y;
 2. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to read When my spirit dreads the mor-row,—
 3. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to tell To the heart by grief o'er-tak-en,—

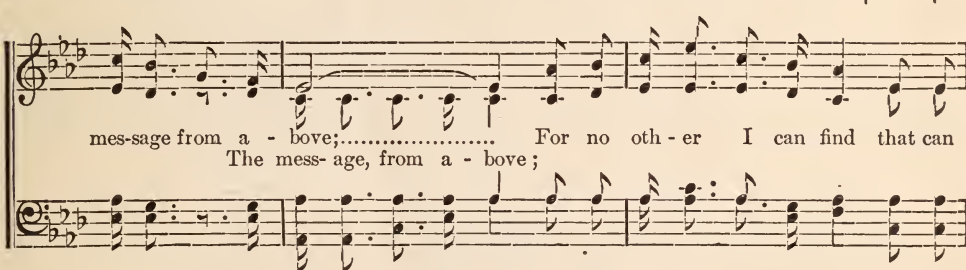


When I feel the pow-er of the tempt-er near, And my soul is sad and wear-y.
 When, to help me onward, strength or cheer I need, Or when com-fort I would bor-row.
 To the friendless brothers who in darkness dwell, And to those by hope for-sak-en.

CHORUS.

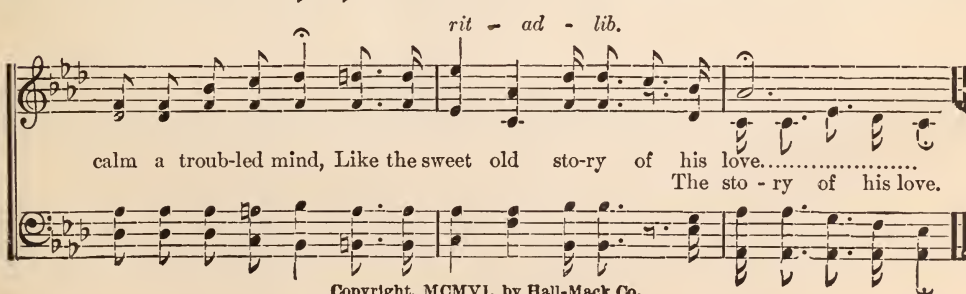


'Tis the old, old sto-ry of his love,..... 'Tis the sweet, old
 The sto-ry of his love



mes-sage from a-bove;..... For no oth-er I can find that can
 The mess-age, from a-bove;

rit - ad - lib.



calm a troub-led mind, Like the sweet old sto-ry of his love,.....
 The sto-ry of his love.

Waving Palms of Victory.

W. W. V.

W. W. VANSANT.

1. When my tri - als here are o - ver and I lay my bur - den down, And em -
 2. I shall join the host un - numbered, who a - round the throne of God Sing his
 3. Now by faith I see my loved ones who have passed the swell - ing tide, And are
 4. O the glo - ry of that meet - ing, when the hands shall clasp a - gain, And from

bark up - on the wa - ters of death's sea; I shall see be - yond its bil - lows souls of
 prais - es thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty; I shall wear a robe of glo - ry and shall
 prais - ing him, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; They are hap - py in his pres - ence, and shall
 earth and all its sor - rows we are free! We shall dwell with Christ forev - er in that

CHORUS.

ransomed saints on high, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
 sing a song of praise, Waving palms of vic - to - ry. } Waving palms..... of vic - to -
 looking, now, for me, Waving palms of vic - to - ry. } Waving palms
 hap - py, gold - en land, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.

ry, Singing songs..... of ju - bi - lee; What a
 of vic - to - ry, Sing - ing songs of ju - bi - lee;

meet - ing and a greet - ing, When my lov'd ones I shall see, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.

No. 13.

Just Tell Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

GEO. S. SCHULER.

SOLO.



1. If some great burden bends you low,
 2. If earth - ly friends forsake your side,
 3. If sin has caused your soul to roam,
 4. O what - so - ev - er you may need,

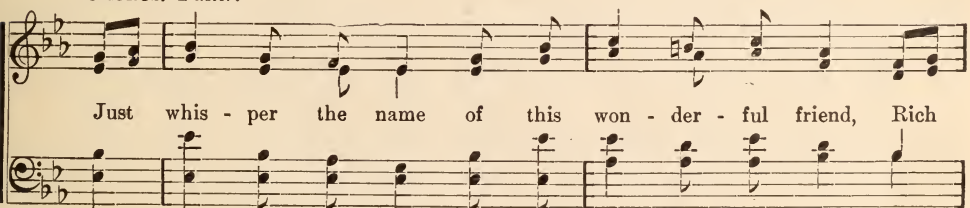
Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus;
 Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus;
 Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus;
 Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus;



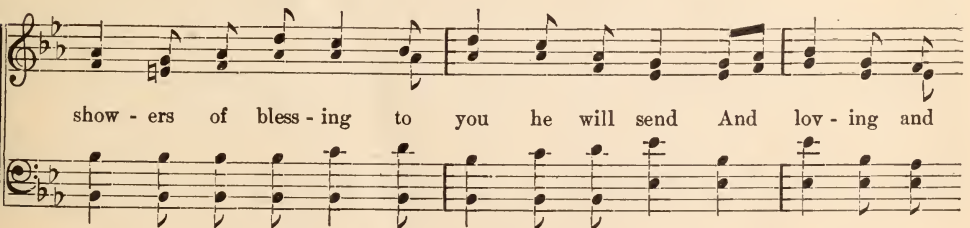
His love will light - en it, I know;
 To none his friendship is de - nied;
 His voice will safe - ly guide you home;
 You'll find in him a friend in - deed;

Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus.
 Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus.
 Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus.
 Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus.

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Just whis - per the name of this won - der - ful friend, Rich



show - ers of bless - ing to you he will send And lov - ing and



faith - ful re - main to the end; Just tell Je - sus, just tell Je - sus.

I'll Follow Him.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him To pas - tures green and fair;
 2. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him When thorn - y is the road,
 3. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him Down in - to death's dark vale;

No fears a - larm nor per - ils harm When in the Shepherd's care.
 When bur - dens press and cares dis - tress, And heav - y is my load.
 For in the shad - ows of earth's night His goodness shall not fail.

More bright the sun - lit path shall seem, The flow'rs more sweet shall be;
 Yet in the sun - shine of his love The shad - ows all shall flee;
 And when the riv - er I shall cross, His glo - rious face I'll see;

For in the pleas - ant paths of peace My Lord is lead - ing me.
 For in the path that once he trod My Lord is lead - ing me.
 For to his heav'n - ly home a - bove My Lord is lead - ing me.

CHORUS. *Very softly.*

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low;

I'll Follow Him.—Concluded.

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

No. 15.

Send Showers of Blessing.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. As show - ers from the clouds come down Up - on the thirst - y ground,
 2. The Word of God as - sures our hearts, We can - not plead in vain;
 3. Of old, at Pen - te - cost, the show'rs De - scend - ed from a - bove,
 4. When we are read - y to re - ceive, Then is God's time at hand

So shall re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace Be poured in plen - ty round.
 The Lord shall brighten all the clouds And send the need - ed rain.
 And ma - ny were the hearts refreshed With heal - ing streams of love.
 When he will give re - fresh - ing show'rs And bless the wea - ry land.

CHORUS.

Send show'rs of bless - ing, Send show - ers of bless - ing; O Lord, from a -

bove, In thy won - der ful love, Send show - ers of bless - ing.

His Name is like Music.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Since I came to the Sav - iour for par - don, And his pow'r from my
 2. I was bound, but my chains now are brok - en, I was blind, but to
 3. I was lost, but the dear Sav - iour found me, And he turned not a -

sins set me free, I am tell - ing his wondrous sal - va - tion, And his
 day I can see! O the Lord was my glo - rious De - liv - 'rer! And his
 way from my plea O he saves with a won - drous sal - va - tion, And his

CHORUS.

name is like mu - sic to me!..... } His name is like mu - sic to me.....
 name is like mu - sic to me!..... } like mu - sic to me
 name is like mu - sic to me!..... }

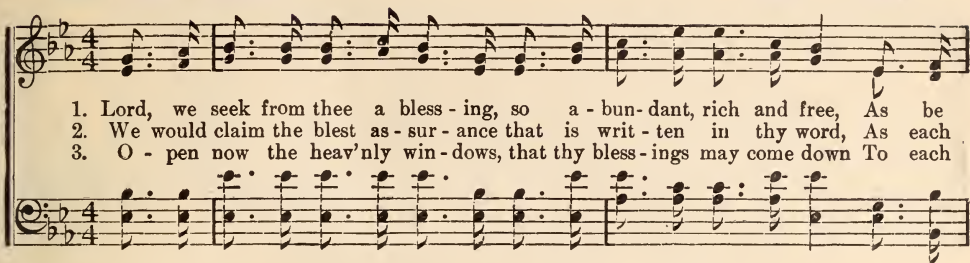
Since his pow - er from sin set me free..... I am tell - ing his
 set me free

won - drous sal - va - tion For his name is like mu - sic to me!

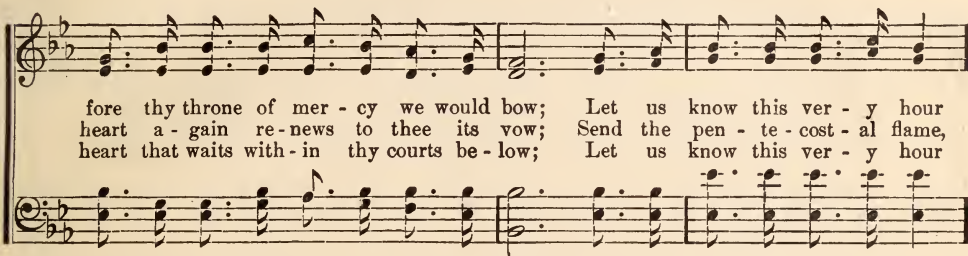
Send thy Promised Blessing Now.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

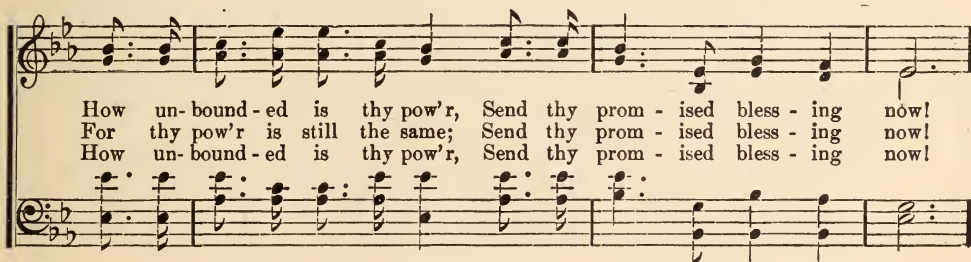
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



1. Lord, we seek from thee a bless - ing, so a - bun - dant, rich and free, As be
 2. We would claim the blest as - sur - ance that is writ - ten in thy word, As each
 3. O - pen now the heav'nly win - dows, that thy bless - ings may come down To each




fore thy throne of mer - cy we would bow; Let us know this ver - y hour
 heart a - gain re - news to thee its vow; Send the pen - te - cost - al flame,
 heart that waits with - in thy courts be - low; Let us know this ver - y hour

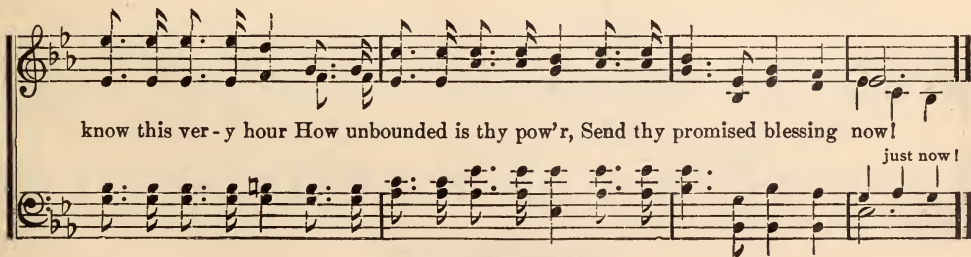


How un - bound - ed is thy pow'r, Send thy prom - ised bless - ing now!
 For thy pow'r is still the same; Send thy prom - ised bless - ing now!
 How un - bound - ed is thy pow'r, Send thy prom - ised bless - ing now!

CHORUS.



Send thy promised bless - ing now! Send thy promised bless - ing now! Let us
 send it now! send it now!



know this ver - y hour How unbounded is thy pow'r, Send thy promised blessing now!
 just now!

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Let oth - ers seek the things of earth, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 2. The pleasures of the world are nought, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 3. My Sav - iour prof - ers wealth un - told, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 4. He'll take me to his home on high, Christ for me! Christ for me!

Be mine the joys of heav'nly birth, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Earth's hap - pi - ness is dear - ly bought, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Rich treas - ures that can ne'er grow old, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 To man - sions far be - yond the sky, Christ for me! Christ for me!

My soul he pur - i - fies with - in, His grace sub - duces my in - most sin,
 The great - est blessings man can know, While pass - ing thro' this world be - low,
 When earth - ly gains have turned to loss, And gold and sil - ver are but dross,
 With all my earth - ly tri - als o'er, On yon - der bright and bless - ed shore,

By him I'll crown of glo - ry win, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Are those which Je - sus can be - stow, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 He makes a crown of ev - ry cross, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 I'll dwell with him for - ev - er more, Christ for me! Christ for me!

CHORUS.

Christ for me! Christ for me! No oth - er way of peace I see,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

Christ for Me!—Concluded.

In time and in e - ter - ni - ty, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 19.

The Pearl of Great Price.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I once was a wand'rer, far from God, I knew not the light of his face;
2. 'Twas while I was seek - ing joys of earth, With heart filled with longing and pain,
3. My hand in - to his at last I put, And O what a won - der - ful peace
4. A long time I walked in sin - ful ways, And knew not the joys of his love;

I chose the dark paths of sin and doubt, Re - fus - ing to learn of his grace.
That Christ gently came and showed the way The pearl of great price to ob - tain.
Came o - ver my soul in flood of joy, With knowledge of full - est re - lease.
But all of earth's pleasures count as naught, Compared to this pearl from a - bove.

CHORUS.

But now I am saved, yes, I'm saved, Sin's pleasures no lon - ger en - tice;

I've found something better than all, The won - der - ful pearl of great price.

Tarry Till You Get the Power.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

1. God is call - ing loud for reap - ers, For his wait - ing har - vest field, There is
 2. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, On that Pen - te - cos - tal day, And those
 3. From that up - per room the mes - sage Went to glad - den all the world, And the
 4. All a - round us men are dy - ing, Drop - ping deep - er in - to sin, Stray - ing

work for us to do this ver - y hour; So we'll wak - en all the sleep - ers
 wait - ing hearts the prom - ise plead - ed o'er; Like a rush - ing wind from heaven,
 bless - ed news to heav'n be - gan to soar; That the world was find - ing Je - sus,
 far - ther, far - ther, far - ther, ev - 'ry hour; And we long to tell the sto - ry,

To his summons we will yield, But we'll wait till we receive the prom - ised power.
 Came the fire from off the throne; It was there those brave dis - ci - ples got the power.
 And the lost were com - ing home, For the mes - sen - gers were pan - o - plied with power.
 Of the Christ who waits to save, But we can - not till we get the promised power.

CHORUS.

We must tar - ry till we get the power, We must
 get the power,

tar - ry till we get the power! We will car - ry sword and shield,
 get the power!

Tarry Till You Get the Power.—Concluded.

We will nev - er, nev - er yield, For we'll tar - ry till we get the pow'r.

No. 21. Hear Him Calling, "It is I!"

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Wea - ry soul, the Lord is near, He will save you, do not fear;
 2. Troub - led soul, with sor - row press'd, Come and Christ will give you rest;
 3. Sin - sick soul, why lon - ger wait? Hast - en e'er it be too late!

O'er life's storm - swept Gal - i - lee, He will come to res - cue thee.
 Ev - 'ry bur - den he will bear, All your tri - als, all your care.
 Je - sus shows his wound - ed side, Can you spurn the cru - ci - fied?

CHORUS.

O'er life's bil - lows wild and chill - ing, Hear him call - ing "It is I!"

With his voice the wild waves still - ing, Do not fear, your Lord is nigh.

After Life's Journey.

J. L. NEWKIRK.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Aft - er the storms have beat up - on our path - way; Af - ter the winds have
 2. How blest the thought that he, who is our Pi - lot Will safe - ly guide a -
 3. 'Twill not be long, the voy - age will have end - ed, And safe at home, up -

hushed their aw - ful blast; Our lit - tle bark, tho' tossed up - on the bil - lows,
 cross life's roll - ing sea, And in the storm, with dark - ness all a - round us,
 on that gold - en shore; With those we love, through - out the count - less a - ges

CHORUS.

Will safe - ly reach the har - bor - home at last.
 He sweetly speaks, "I'll ev - er be with thee." } O troubled heart, by faith look o'er the
 Will praise his name, who brought us safely o'er.

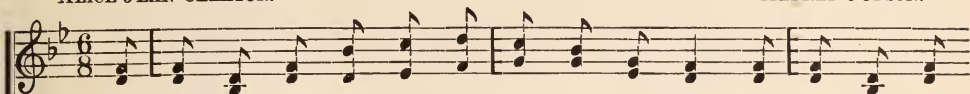
wa - ter, Hope clears the mists, to yon - der cit - y's dome, Where in that land, no

storm-clouds ev - er en - ter, Af - ter life's jour - ney comes our home, sweet home.

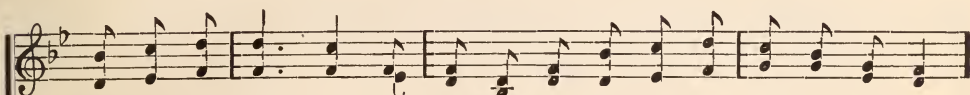
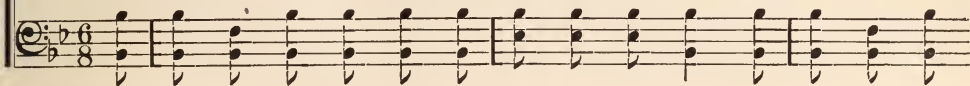
God's Word Shall Endure.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

ALFRED JUDSON.



1. O sol - diers of Christ, thou shalt vic - to - ry win! God send - eth his
2. Each bless - ed as - sur - ance is might - y in pow'r, As sure as when
3. Be strong in his serv - ice to do and to dare, And trust in the



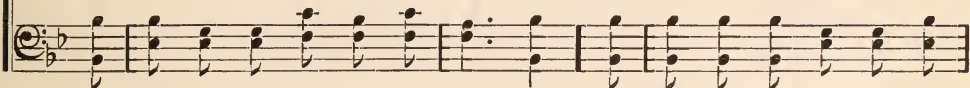
word as love's to - ken; 'Tis changeless and sure, It shall ev - er en - dure!
 first they were spok - en; 'Tis glad - ness to - know, While we're serving be - low,
 Bi - ble—God's to - ken! It ev - er shall stand As the work of God's hand,



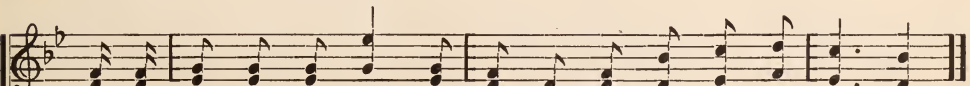
CHORUS.



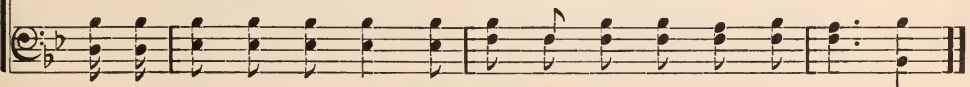
No prom - ise shall ev - er be bro - ken! No prom - ise shall ev - er be



bro - ken! No prom - ise shall ev - er be bro - ken! God's word shall en - dure!



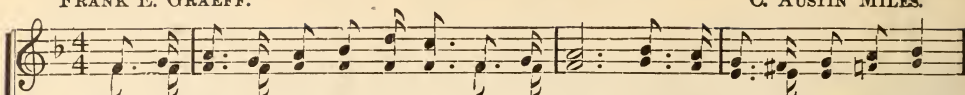
It is change - less and sure! No prom - ise shall ev - er be bro - ken!



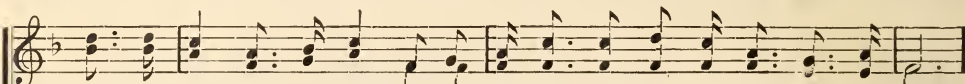
I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

C. AUSTIN MILES.




1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
 2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
 3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
 4. There is One I love more dear-ly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

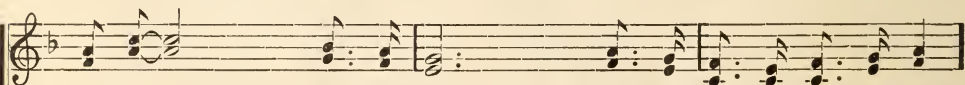


Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

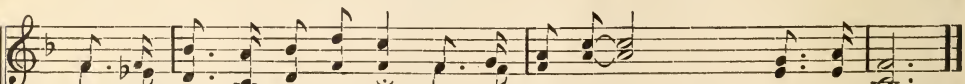
CHORUS.



O I nev-er can for-get! O I
 O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I
 O I nev-er can for-get! O I



nev-er can for-get! How he died on Cal-va-ry,
 nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!
 nev-er can for-get!



How he died to set me free, O I nev-er can for-get!
 O I nev-er, no I nev-er can for-get!
 O I nev-er can for-get!

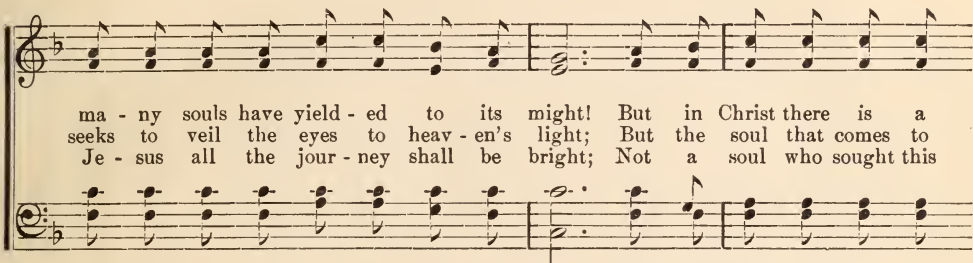
No. 25. Are You Sheltered From the Storm?

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

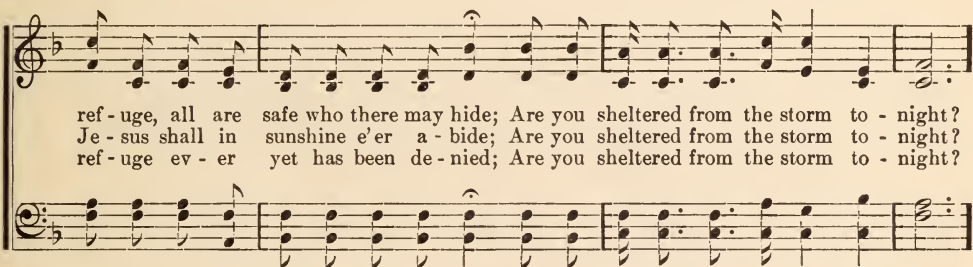
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



1. There's a tem-pest ev-er rag-ing o'er life's dark and troubled tide, O how
 2. There's a tem-pest ev-er rag-ing o'er life's dark and troubled tide, And it
 3. There's a tem-pest ev-er rag-ing o'er life's dark and troubled tide, But with

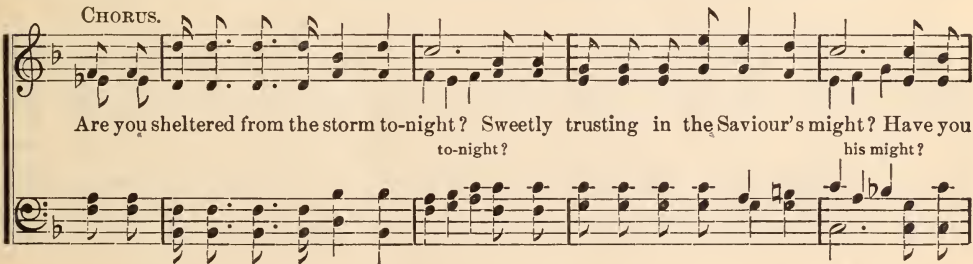


ma-ny souls have yield-ed to its might! But in Christ there is a
 seeks to veil the eyes to heav-en's light; But the soul that comes to
 Je-sus all the jour-ney shall be bright; Not a soul who sought this

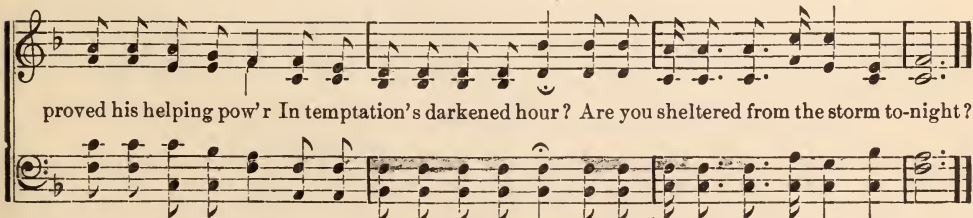


ref-uge, all are safe who there may hide; Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?
 Je-sus shall in sunshine e'er a-bide; Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?
 ref-uge ev-er yet has been de-nied; Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?

CHORUS.



Are you sheltered from the storm to-night? Sweetly trusting in the Saviour's might? Have you
 to-night? his might?



proved his helping pow'r In temptation's darkened hour? Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?

No Change in Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. When clouds of trou - ble gath - er near, And fill our souls with doubt and fear,
 2. When foes sur - prise and lay us low, And swell our hearts with pain and woe,
 3. When for - tune turns from us a - way, And pov - er - ty our lives dis - play,
 4. And so 'twill be un - til the end; We'll ev - er have a pre - cious friend

Though friends grow cold and dis - ap - pear, We'll find no change in Je - sus.
 And friends, un - heed - ing, on - ward go, We'll find no change in Je - sus.
 Though friends their shal - low hearts be - tray, We'll find no change in Je - sus.
 Up - on whose love we may de - pend; We'll find no change in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

No change in him (no change in him,) no change in him (no change in him)

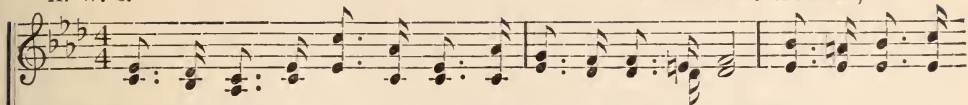
All glo - ry to his pre - cious name! For us his love (for us his love

re - mains the same; (re - mains the same;) We find no change in Je - sus.

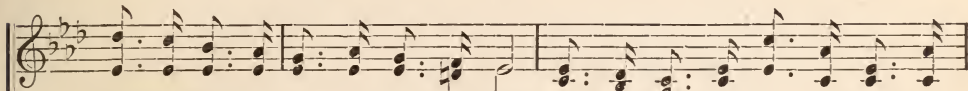
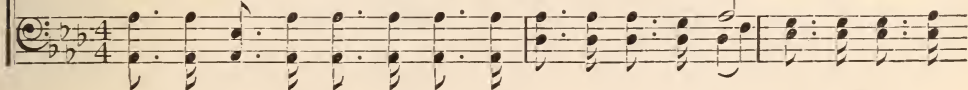
Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S.

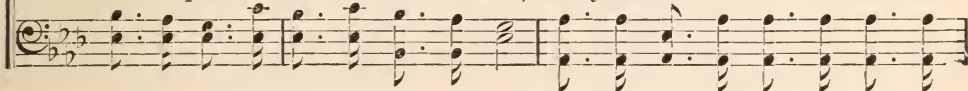
ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.



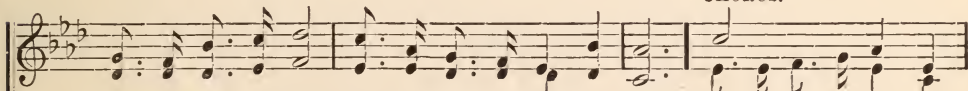
1. When up - on life's jour - ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems
2. When your sky is dark - ened with a heav - y cloud of sin, When your soul is
3. When the temp - ter whis - pers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have



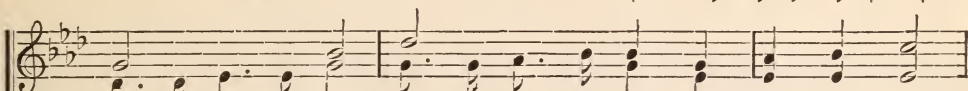
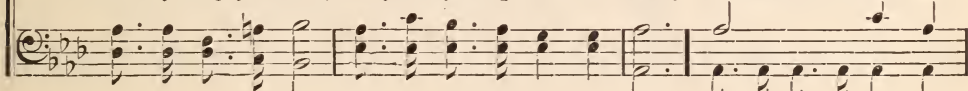
break - ing with its sor - row and de - spair; Je - sus stands be - side you, all your
troub - led, and you have no peace with - in; Lift your eyes to heav - en, light and
found the prom - is - es of God are true; Put your trust in Je - sus he will



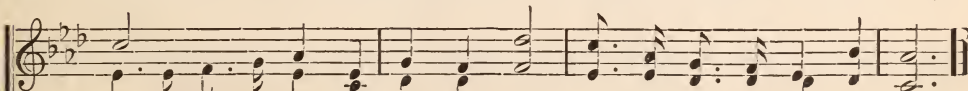
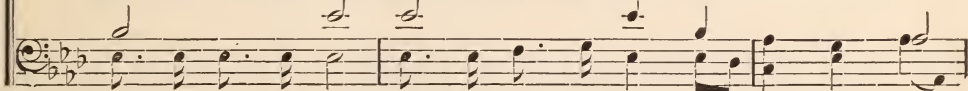
CHORUS.



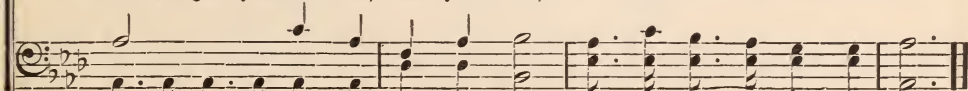
bur - dens glad to share, Fix your eyes up - on the cross. } Je - sus is
joy will then be - gin, Fix your eyes up - on the cross. } See the bless - ed Je - sus,
sure - ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up - on the cross. }



near stand - ing at your side, he Wait - ing now to come to be your Guide,



He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
He will give you com - fort, bear your loss,



The Sunshine of His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Long a hope-less soul I wandered, in the sin-ful vale of night, And no
 2. I was help-less and de-spair-ing, like a sail-or on the sea In a
 3. O if life is dark and hope-less, if your soul is lost in sin, And to

earthly friend could hope or cheer im-part; But the lov-ing Saviour found me, and I'm
 storm, without a compass or a chart, But the lov-ing Saviour found me, and to-
 you the world no com-fort can in-part— If, with hope and joy and courage, life a-

walk-ing in the light, For the sunshine of his love is in my heart.
 day I'm strong and free, For the sunshine of his love is in my heart.
 new you would be-gin, Let the love of Je-sus shine with-in your heart.

CHORUS.

Yes, the sunshine of his love is in my heart, And the joy which on-ly

Je-sus can im-part; I am hap-py day and night, And my

The Sunshine of His Love.—Concluded.

way is al-ways bright, For the sunshine of his love is in my heart.

No. 29.

R. C. W.

Take Him at His Word.

R. C. WARD.

1. When dark-est clouds o'erhang the way, And threat'ning storms are heard,
2. Tho' e-evil hosts as-sail, and oft Your heart with fear is stirred,
3. Your pray'rs as-cend the throne of grace, Al-though by men un-heard;
4. He read-y waits to fill the soul With mel-o-dy un-heard;

Just rest up-on the prom-is-es, And take him at his word.
No e-evil can pre-vail, if you Will take him at his word.
There's One who hears the pray'r of faith, Then take him at his word.
Just cast your all up-on the Lord, And take him at his word.

CHORUS.

O take him at his word,..... Yes, take him at his word;.....
take him at his word, take him at his word;

'Tis sweet to trust in Je-sus' name, And take him at his word.

1. Thine, ev - er un-chang-ing, in days calm and bright, When skies are all sun - ny, and
 2. Thine, ev - er un-chang-ing, when hope - ful and strong, The soul in its tri - umph goes
 3. Thine, ev - er un-chang-ing, when troub - les o'er-take, A - lone in thy sor - row, tho'
 4. Thine, ev - er un-chang-ing, in sin's deep dis - tress, Though weak and un - wor - thy, and

all is de - light; Thine, too, when at mid-night, stars hid - den from view,
 stead - i ly on; And, when in the con - flict, thy help - ers are few,
 moth - er for - sake; De - sert - ed and friend-less, should all prove un - true,
 fail - ures op - press; Still shin - eth for - ev - er, God's prom - ise, a - new,

CHORUS.

Faith sings in the dark-ness, "he car-eth for you."
 Faith whispers un-daunt-ed, "he car-eth for you."
 Faith bringeth sweet comfort—"he car-eth for you."
 While faith is as - sur-ing, "he car-eth for you."

He car-eth for you!.....

He car-eth for you!

He car - eth for you! Soul take cour - age, re - mem - ber,
 He car - eth for you!

He car - eth for you!..... He car - eth for you!..... he car - eth for
 He car-eth for you! he

Thine, Ever Unchanging.—Concluded.

you,..... Je - sus the friend of the need - y, He car - eth for you....

car - eth for you,

No. 31.

Lord, Remember Me.

JOHN JAMES.

J. J. LOWE.

1. On the cross of Cal - v'ry dy - ing, Son of God O yes 'tis he
 2. Je - sus turns in love and pit - y, As the thief for mer - cy cries,
 3. To the cross of Cal - v'ry flee - ing, Hear O Lord my earn - est plea,
 4. Thou art com - ing soon dear Sav - iour, And the king - dom thine shall be;

At his side a sin - ner cry - ing—Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 E'en to - day thou shalt be with me Safe in Par - a - dise.
 As I pray my sin con - fess - ing, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 When thy glo - ry fills the heav - ens Lord, re - mem - ber me.

CHORUS.

Lord, re - mem - ber me,..... Lord, re - mem - ber me,.....
 Yes me, Yes me,

When thou com - est in - to thy king - dom, Lord, re - mem - ber me,.....
 Yes me.

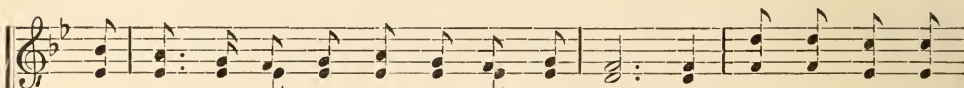
Just Take His Hand.

JAMES ROWE.

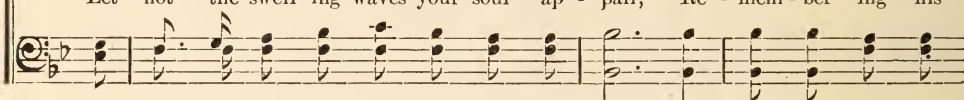
G. S. SCHULER.



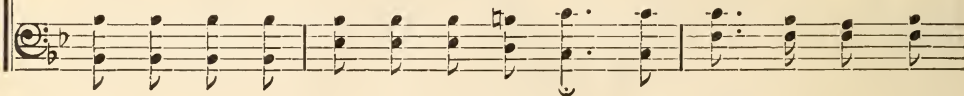
1. When storms of life are rag - ing and the way you can - not see,
 2. When sor - row o - ver - takes you, tho' your friends from you de - part,
 3. When comes at last the sum - mons, and the si - lent stream you see,



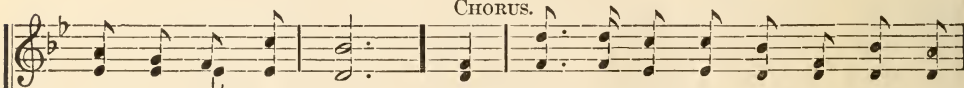
Or when your bur - den caus - es you to fall, Let not your heart be
 Un - mind - ful of your plead - ing sigh or call, Let not your faith de -
 Let not the swell - ing waves your soul ap - pall; Re - mem - ber - ing his



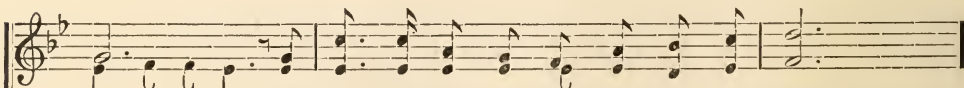
troub - led, do not let your cour - age flee; Just take the hand of
 crease, but keep a peace - ful, trust - ing heart, And take the hand of
 prom - is - es, still true and fear - less be, And take the hand of



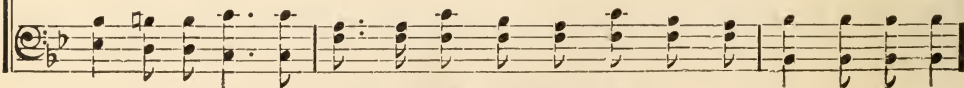
CHORUS.



Je - sus, that is all. Just take the hand of Je - sus, that is



all; that is all; He'll help you thro' your tri - als great or small; great or small;



Just Take His Hand.—Concluded.

Oh, when you need a friend on whom you can depend, Just take the hand of Jesus, that is all.

No. 33.

Sing of His Love.

G. P. E.

GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

1. What won-der-ful love has the Sav-iour shown! He suf-fered on Cal - va - ry,
 2. My trust is in him who was cru - ci - fied, But now is en-throned a - bove,
 3. The Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare a home For all who by faith o - bey,

No love that is great-er was ev - er known—The love he has shown for me.
 I'll drink from this fount un - til sat - is - fied, And filled with his won-drous love.
 When earth-life is o - ver he bids us come And dwell with him there for aye.

CHORUS.

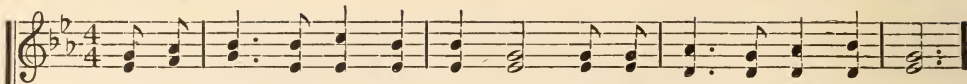
I'll sing of the love of Je - sus, Of love so full and free,

The won-der-ful love of Je - sus, Who suf - fered and died for me.

Trust and Just Wait.

RICHARD BEESLEY.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.



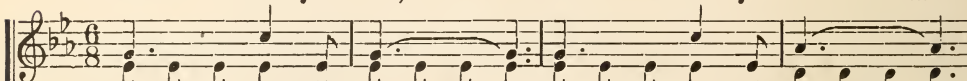
1. Oft - en when I am im - pa - tient And my heart says, "now, right now,"
 2. If it be thy will to keep me Here to serve the small or great
 3. Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Give me pa - tience now to wait



Then my Sav - iour soft - ly an - swers With a qui - et voice and low.
 Or by death to glo - ri - fy thee, Help me just to trust and wait.
 Help me ev - er - more to trust thee, Till I stand be - yond the gate.

CHORUS.

Trust and just wait,..... trust and just wait.....



Trust and just wait, trust and just wait, Trust and just wait, trust and just wait,

Trust and just wait.....



Thus Je - sus my Sav - iour speaks to me, Trust and just wait, trust and just wait,

thee.....



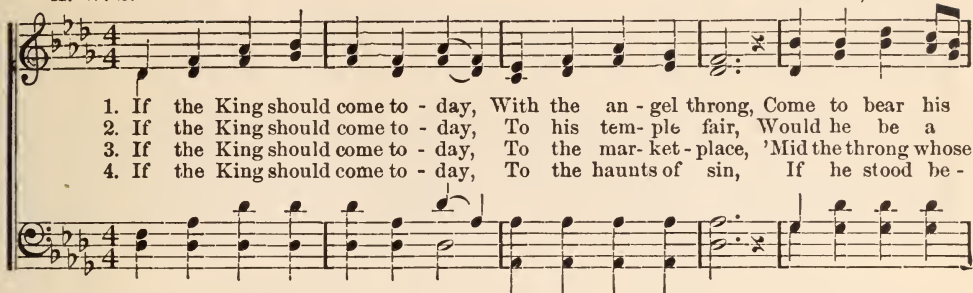
Trust and just wait, And it will be well with thee, (with thee.)

thee.....

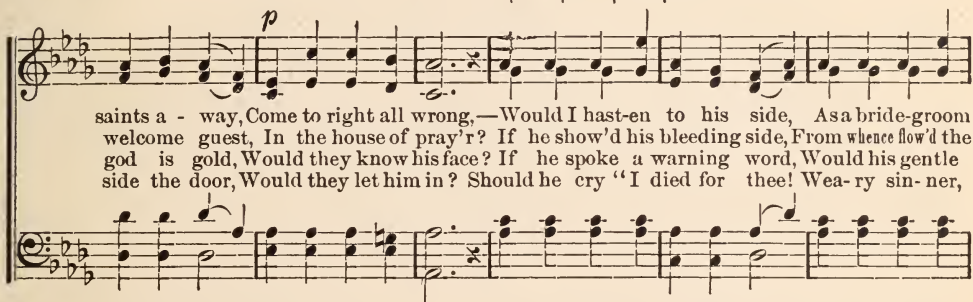
If the King Should Come To-day.

A. W. S.

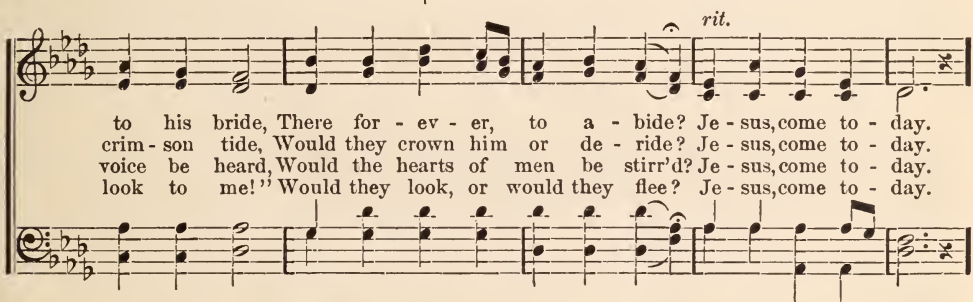
ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.



1. If the King should come to - day, With the an - gel throng, Come to hear his
 2. If the King should come to - day, To his tem - ple fair, Would he be a
 3. If the King should come to - day, To the mar - ket - place, 'Mid the throng whose
 4. If the King should come to - day, To the haunts of sin, If he stood be -



saints a - way, Come to right all wrong, — Would I hast - en to his side, As a bride - groom
 welcome guest, In the house of pray'r? If he show'd his bleeding side, From whence flow'd the
 god is gold, Would they know his face? If he spoke a warning word, Would his gentle
 side the door, Would they let him in? Should he cry "I died for thee! Wea - ry sin - ner,

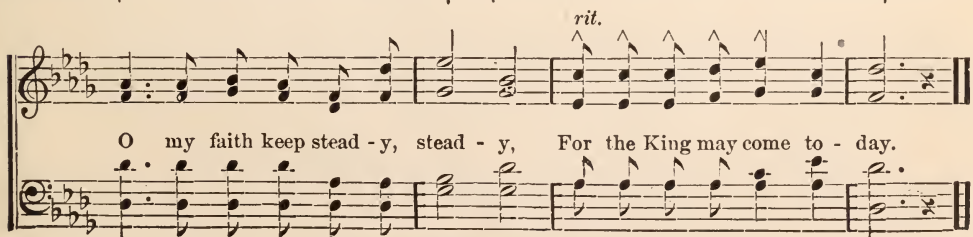


to his bride, There for - ev - er, to a - bid - e? Je - sus, come to - day.
 crim - son tide, Would they crown him or de - ride? Je - sus, come to - day.
 voice be heard, Would the hearts of men be stirr'd? Je - sus, come to - day.
 look to me!" Would they look, or would they flee? Je - sus, come to - day.

CHORUS.



O my soul be read - y, read - y, Read - y for the judg - ment day!



O my faith keep stead - y, stead - y, For the King may come to - day.

There's a Promise.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. If temp-ta-tion oft confronts you with an un-re-lent-ing pow'r, Seek-ing
 2. In your la-bors for the Mas-ter do you some-times wea-ry grow, See-ing
 3. In each hour of joy or sor-row, in temp-ta-tion or dis-tress, God has

from the path of Right your steps to lead, God has prom-ised to be with you; look to
 not the har-vest from the scattered seed? Do not fret a-bout the reap-ing, seek for
 said that he will be your strength indeed, Search the Ho-ly Word for guid-ance; it will

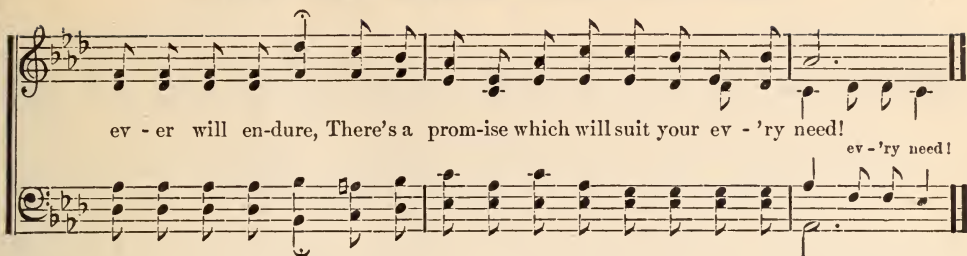
him in faith each hour, There's a prom-ise which will suit your ev-'ry need!
 help to wise-ly sow, There's a prom-ise which will suit your ev-'ry need!
 help and cheer and bless, There's a prom-ise which will suit your ev-'ry need!

CHORUS.

There's a prom-ise! There's a prom-ise! yes, a prom-ise! From temp-
 There's a prom-ise! yes, a prom-ise!

ta-tions pow'r you swift-ly may be freed; There's a prom-ise glad and sure which for-

There's a Promise.—Concluded.



ev - er will en-dure, There's a prom-ise which will suit your ev - 'ry need!

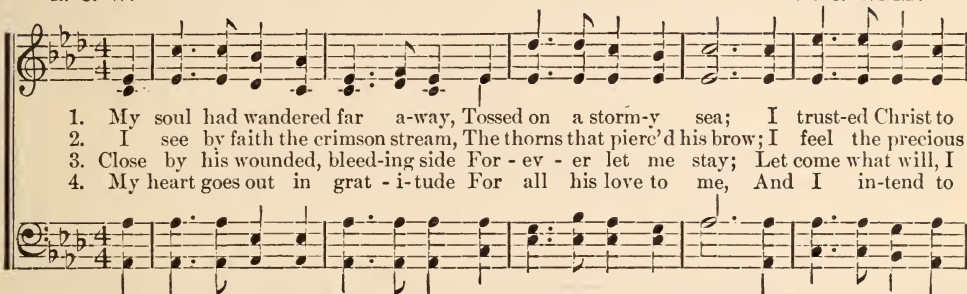
ev - 'ry need!

No. 37.

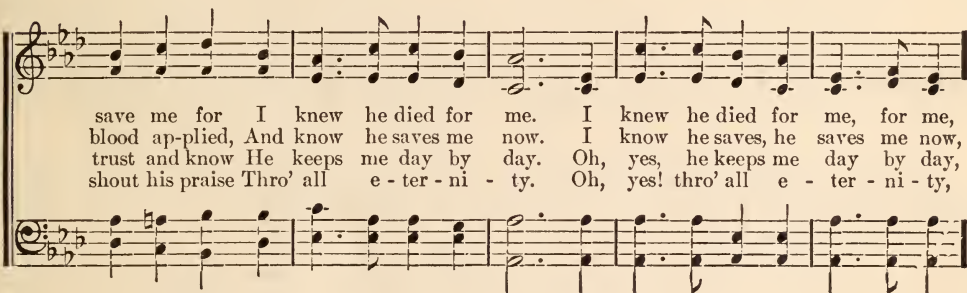
I Know.

R. C. W.

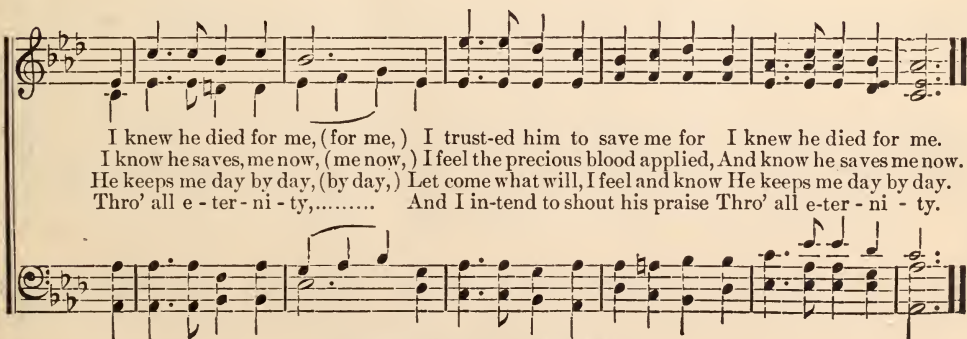
R. C. WARD.



1. My soul had wandered far a-way, Tossed on a storm-y sea; I trust-ed Christ to
 2. I see by faith the crimson stream, The thorns that pierc'd his brow; I feel the precious
 3. Close by his wounded, bleed-ing side For - ev - er let me stay; Let come what will, I
 4. My heart goes out in grat - i-tude For all his love to me, And I in-tend to



save me for I knew he died for me. I knew he died for me, for me,
 blood ap-plied, And know he saves me now. I know he saves, he saves me now,
 trust and know He keeps me day by day. Oh, yes, he keeps me day by day,
 shout his praise Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. Oh, yes! thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,



I knew he died for me, (for me,) I trust-ed him to save me for I knew he died for me.
 I know he saves, me now, (me now,) I feel the precious blood applied, And know he saves me now.
 He keeps me day by day, (by day,) Let come what will, I feel and know He keeps me day by day.
 Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,..... And I in-tend to shout his praise Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Time Can Never Change His Love.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Though time brings changes and de - cay, While years on swift - est pin - ions move,
 2. More bright - ly than the morn - ing sun The love of Christ still shines a - bove;
 3. Though earth - ly treas - ures prove in vain, Though trust - ed friends may faith - less prove,

I praise the Lord from day to day That time can nev - er change his love!
 It thrills my heart with joy to know That time can nev - er change his love!
 Thank God, this bless - ed truth re - mains That time can nev - er change his love!

CHORUS.

For time can nev - er change his love! The years but serve its pow'r to prove!

I praise the Lord I praise the Lord from day to day from day to day,

That time can nev - er change his love. nev - er change his love.

Slowly.

1. Is it nothing to you that long a - ges a - go The Sav - iour from
 2. Is it nothing to you that he wan - dered on earth, De - spised and re -
 3. Is it nothing to you that he died on the cross, And bore such a
 4. Is it nothing to you that he en - tered the grave, And met the last
 5. Is it nothing to you that he's com - ing a - gain, With an - gels a

heav - en came down, De - prived of the glo - ry he had up - on high, Be -
 ject - ed of men? The fox - es had holes and the birds had their nests, But
 ter - ri - ble load, While out of his bo - som the stream of his love, A
 en - e - my there, And con - quered the le - gions of hell by his power, The
 glo - ri - ous train, To sit on his throne as the judge of the world, And

CHORUS.

reft of his beau - ti - ful crown.
 he had no rest - ing place then.
 cur - rent of crim - son fast flowed.
 crown of the vic - tor to wear.
 then to e - ter - ni - ty reign.

Is it nothing, nothing, Nothing to you,

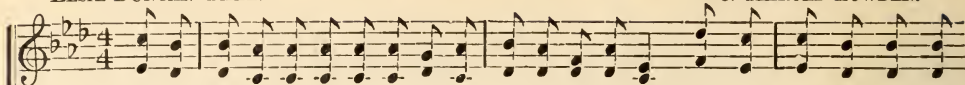
Is it noth - ing, O sin - ner, to you? Be - think you to - day,

Ere your life ebbs a - way; Is it noth - ing, just noth - ing to you?

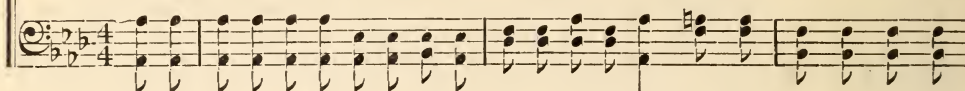
Though Thy Sins be as Scarlet.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

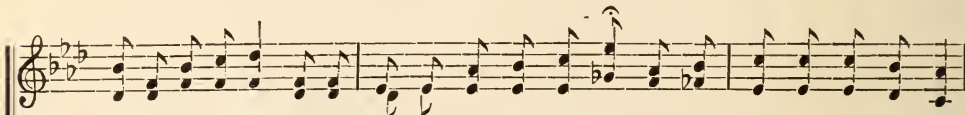
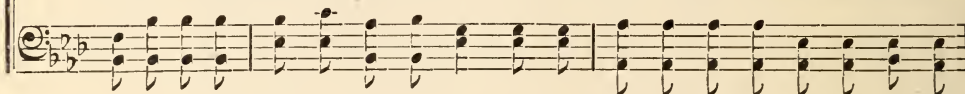
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



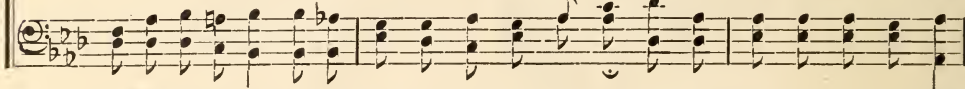
1. Though thy sins may be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, Sweetest words of love and
2. Though thy sins may be as scarlet Christ has promised to forgive Trust-ing on - ly in his
3. Though thy sins may be as scarlet, still a - jar is mer-cy's gate Thro' the door for sin - ners



pardon that the world can ev - er know, Tho' your sins be red as crim-son pure as
mer-cy un-to Je - sus look and live, All the way-ward-ness and wand'rings, all the
opened, en-ter ere it be too late, By the pard'ning grace that saves thee, sweetest



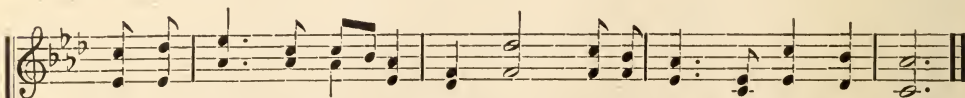
wool yet they may be, Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus, slain for sin - ners on the tree.
fol - ly and the loss, All the sins and the transgress-ions he has nailed un - to his cross.
peace thy heart shall know, Tho' thy sins may be as scar-let, they shall be as white as snow.



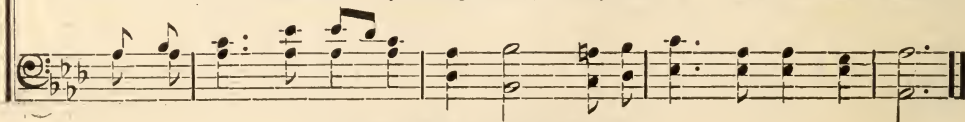
CHORUS.



Through the blood of Christ who bought thee, Saw thee wan - der-ing and sought thee,



To his fold then safe - ly brought thee, They shall be as white as snow.



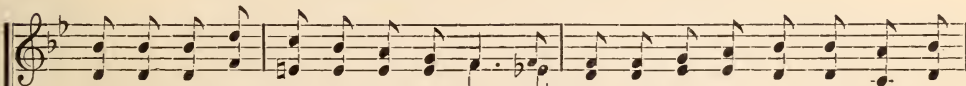
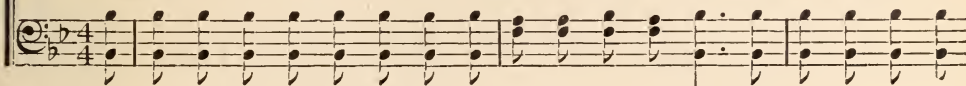
Give Us Power.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

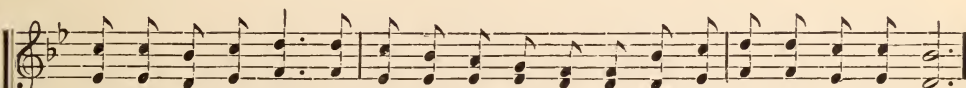
C. AUSTIN MILES.



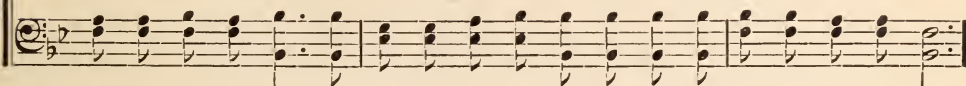
1. O Lord thou didst the prom-ise give In a - ges long a - go, That thou wouldst on thy
2. When they the pow'r of God received, Their tongues were all aflame, And bold - ly they pro-
3. O let the pen - te - cost - al flame, Descend up - on us now, While we are wait-ing



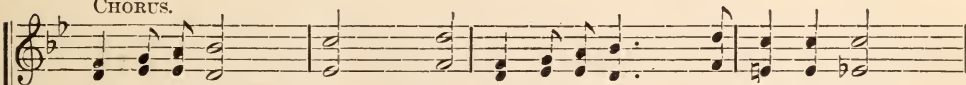
wait-ing church, The gift of pow'r be - stow, And when with-in the up - per room, In
 claimed a - broad, The Saviour's glo-rious name, They told the sto - ry of the cross, With
 in thy house And in thy pres-ence bow, O may the spir - it's quick'ning grace, En-



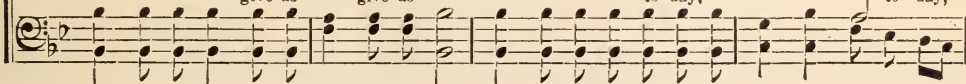
old Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy true dis - ci - ples met and prayed, Thou gavest pow'r to them.
 hearts in one ac - cord And thousands by the wondrous theme, Were won un-to the Lord.
 due us each and all, Till self and sin shall be effaced, And Christ is Lord of all.



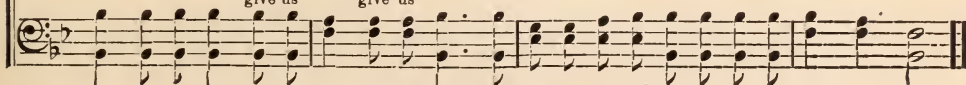
CHORUS.



Lord give us pow'r, pow'r, pow'r, Lord give us pow'r thy pow'r to - day,
 give us give us to - day, to - day,



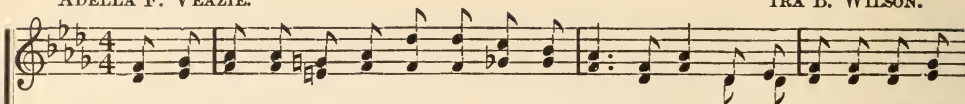
Lord give us pow'r, pow'r, pow'r, Swing open wide the gates And give us pow'r we pray.
 give us give us



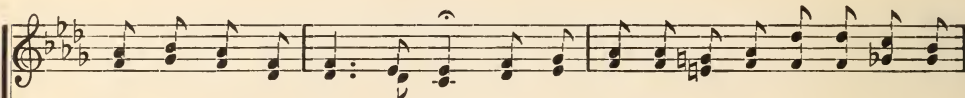
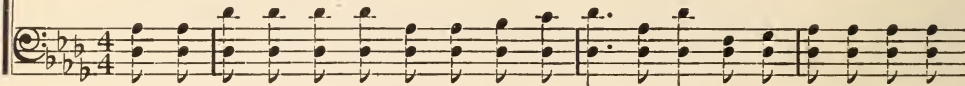
In the Hollow of His Hand.

ADELLA F. VEAZIE.

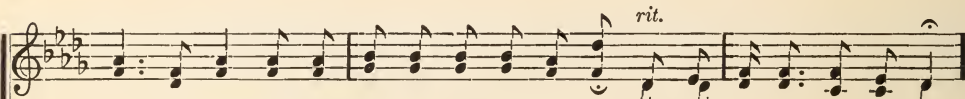
IRA B. WILSON.



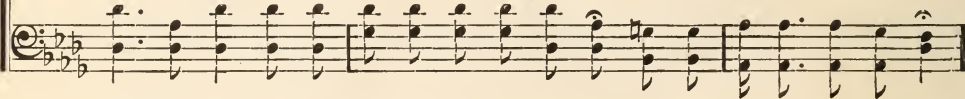
1. In the hol-low of his hand my Father hold-eth me; Calmly gaze I from my
2. Storm and tempest hold no terrors, an-gry tho' they be; I will fear no e-vil
3. Clouds may rise, and storms may gather dark-ly o'er my way; Far from fold and tender



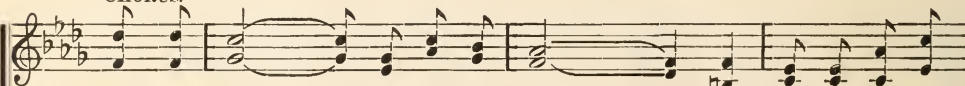
shel-ter, o'er the storm-y sea. Naught can harm me, naught alarm me, all un-
while my Fa-ther hold-eth me. Trusting ev-er, doubting nev-er, on the
shepherd, err-ing feet may stray; Friends may grieve me, love deceive me; sin may



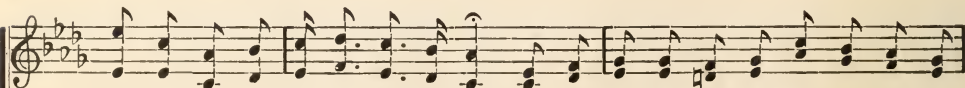
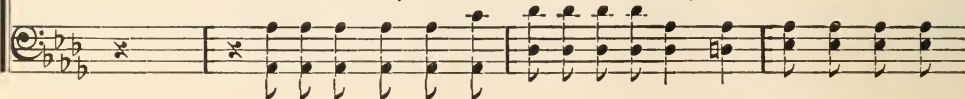
moved I stand, While my heav'nly Fa-ther holds me in the hollow of his hand.
sea or land; For my heav'nly Fa-ther holds me in the hollow of his hand.
leave its brand; Yet a lov-ing Fa-ther holds me in the hollow of his hand.



CHORUS.



In the hol-low of his hand,..... My heav'nly Fa-ther
In the hol-low, in the hol-low of his hand,

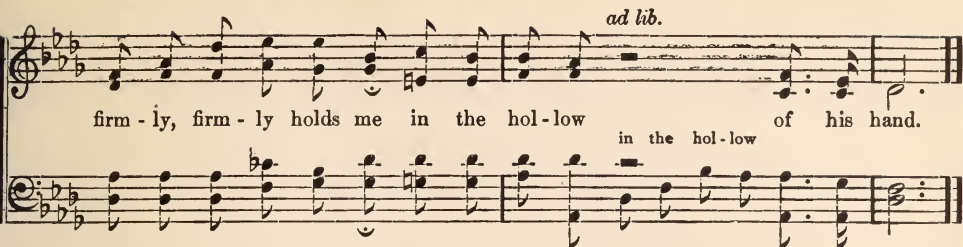


holds me in the hollow of his hand; Gently to his will he moulds me, While he



In the Hollow of His Hand.—Concluded.

ad lib.



firm - ly, firm - ly holds me in the hol - low in the hol - low of his hand.

No. 43. God's Children are Never Alone.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.
SOLO.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. God's children are nev - er a - lone, The Mas - ter is with them al - way;
2. God's children are nev - er a - lone, Each step of the way he is near;
3. God's children are nev - er a - lone, Beneath them the strength of his arm;

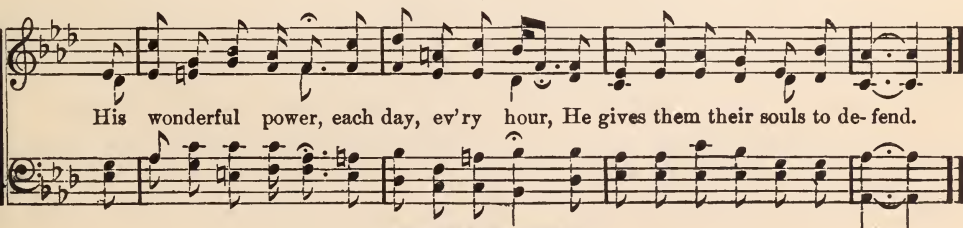


He nev - er for - sak - eth his own In time or e - ter - ni - ty.
What comfort—he knoweth his own, His presence dis - pels ev - 'ry fear.
His grace ev - 'ry moment is shown, His love is the spirit's sweet balm.

CHORUS.



God's children are nev - er a - lone,..... He lov - eth them down to the end;

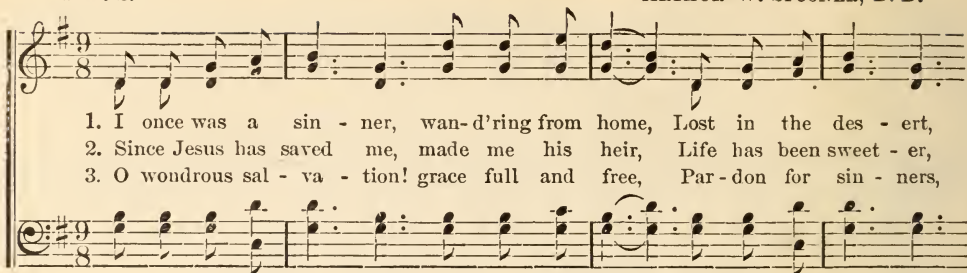


His wonderful power, each day, ev'ry hour, He gives them their souls to de - fend.

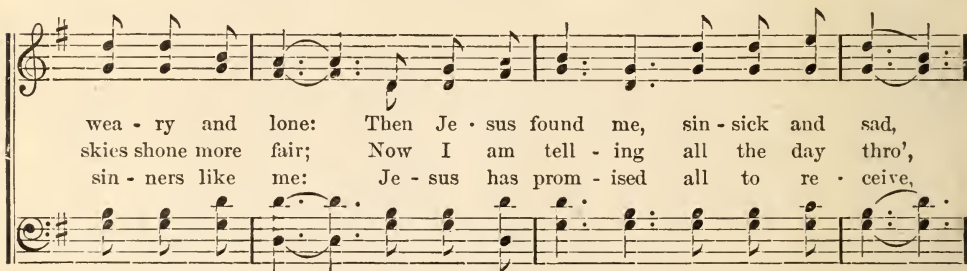
Saved by the Blood.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

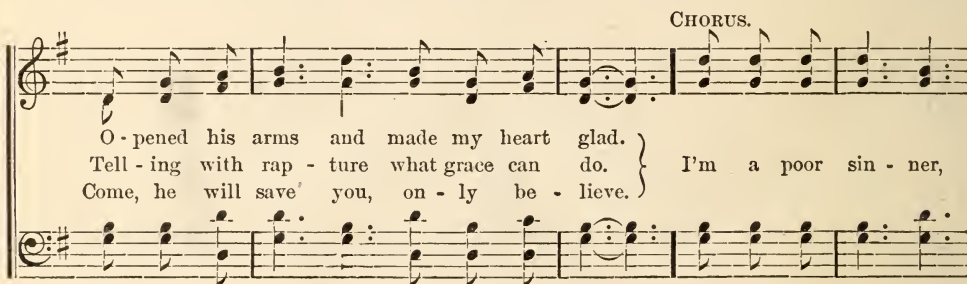


1. I once was a sin - ner, wan-d'ring from home, Lost in the des - ert,
 2. Since Jesus has saved me, made me his heir, Life has been sweet - er,
 3. O wondrous sal - va - tion! grace full and free, Par - don for sin - ners,

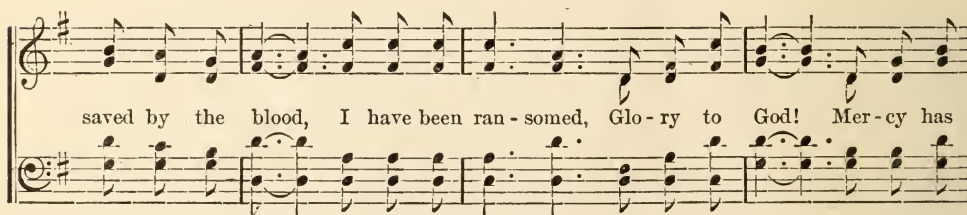


wea - ry and lone: Then Je - sus found me, sin - sick and sad,
 skies shone more fair; Now I am tell - ing all the day thro',
 sin - ners like me: Je - sus has prom - ised all to re - ceive,

CHORUS.



O - pened his arms and made my heart glad.
 Tell - ing with rap - ture what grace can do. } I'm a poor sin - ner,
 Come, he will save you, on - ly be - lieve. }



saved by the blood, I have been ran - somed, Glo - ry to God! Mer - cy has

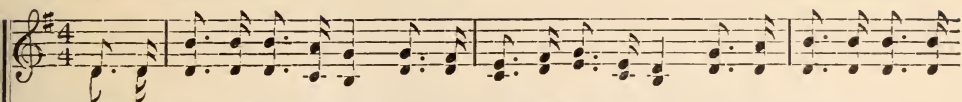


found me, Cleansed me from sin, Je - sus is mine and heav - en with - in.

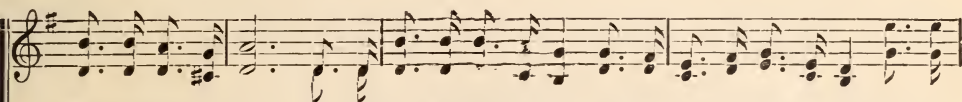
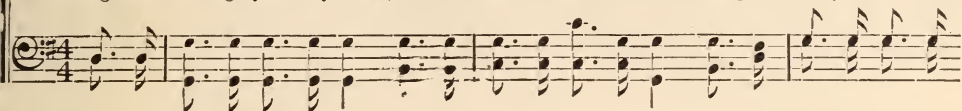
No. 45. There is Safety in the Promises of God.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



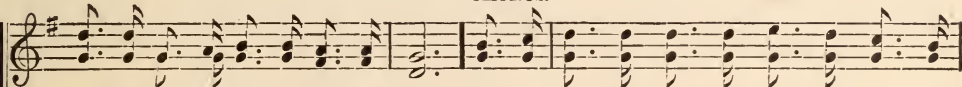
1. Though the storms of life ap-pall, Though the shadows darkly fall, Though you bend beneath the
2. When thy dai-ly cares as-sail, When the tempt-er would prevail When a toil-some path thy
3. Strength and courage you may know, For the con-flict with the foe, Though each day the hosts of



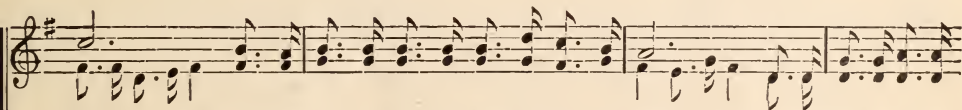
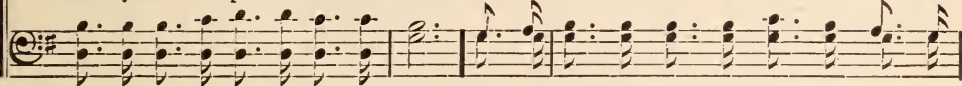
sore-ly chast'ning rod, If your trust in him is sure You shall ev-'ry storm endure, There is
feet so long have trod, There's a sure and safe re-treat For each trying hour you meet, There is
darkness are a-broad, There's a ha-ven ev-er nigh, To its shel-ter you may fly, There is



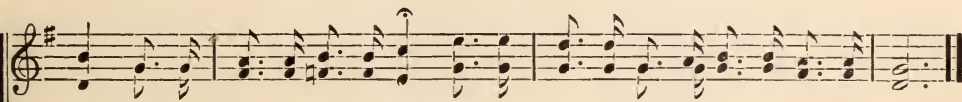
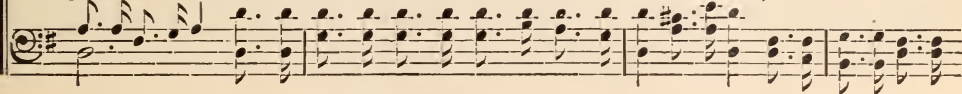
CHORUS.



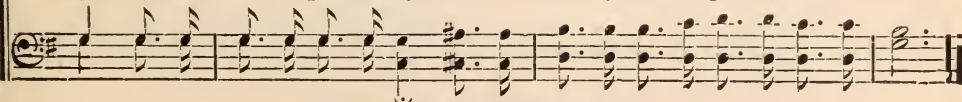
safe-ty in the promis-es of God! } Yes, there's safe-ty in the prom-is-es of
safe-ty in the promis-es of God! } the
safe-ty in the promis-es of God! }



God Through the a-ges they have long unshak-en stood, Tho' the starry worlds de-
prom-is-es of God they have stood,



cay, They shall nev-er pass a-way There is safe-ty in the promis-es of God!



Open the Door of Your Heart.

G. P. E.

GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

1. O - pen the door of your heart to - day, Let the dear Sav - iour in, He will take
 2. O - pen the door of your wayward heart, Lad - en with guilt and sin, Quick - ly o -
 3. Je - sus has wait - ed the lost's re - turn, Wait - ed the long years thro', Still he is

CHORUS.

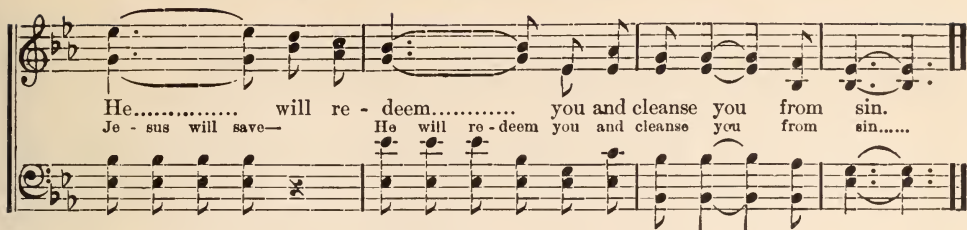
all of your guilt a - way, Cleanse you from ev - 'ry sin. } O - - - pen the
 bey lest he may de - part— O - pen, and let him in. }
 stand - ing with outstretched arms, Wait - ing to wel - come you. } O - pen the door,

door..... and let Je - - - sus come in,..... Come,..... and o -
 Door of your heart, O - pen the door and let Je - sus come in, Broth - er, o - bey,

bey,..... and your peace..... will be - gin,.....
 Quick - ly o - bey, Quick - ly o - bey and your peace will be - gin,

O - - - pen the door..... and let Je - - - sus come in,.....
 O - pen the door, door of your heart, O - pen the door and let Je - sus come in,

Open the Door of Your Heart.—Concluded.

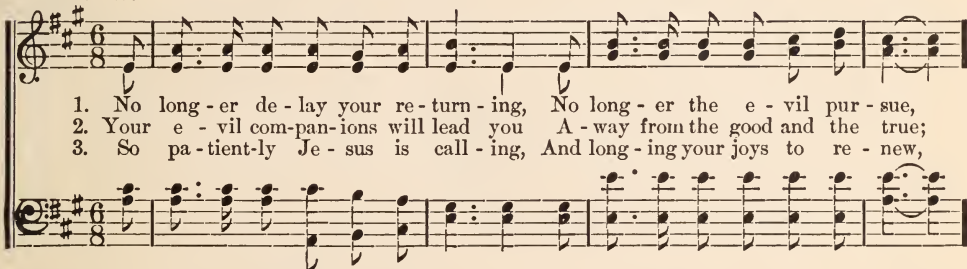


He..... will re - deem..... you and cleanse you from sin.
 Je - sus will save— He will re - deem you and cleanse you from sin.....

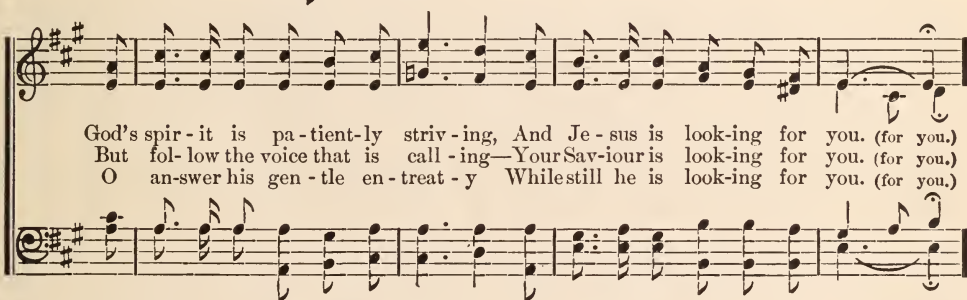
No. 47. Jesus is Looking for You.

R. C. W.

R. C. WARD.

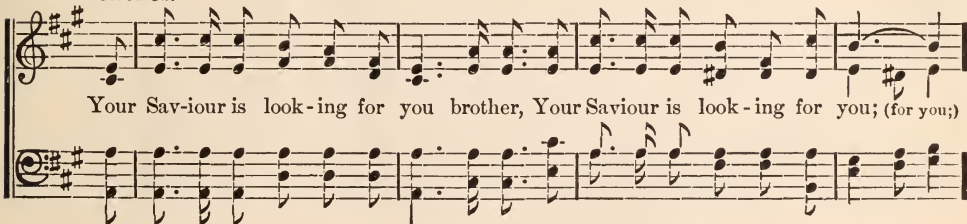


1. No long - er de - lay your re - turn - ing, No long - er the e - vil pur - sue,
 2. Your e - vil com - pan - ions will lead you A - way from the good and the true;
 3. So pa - tient - ly Je - sus is call - ing, And long - ing your joys to re - new,

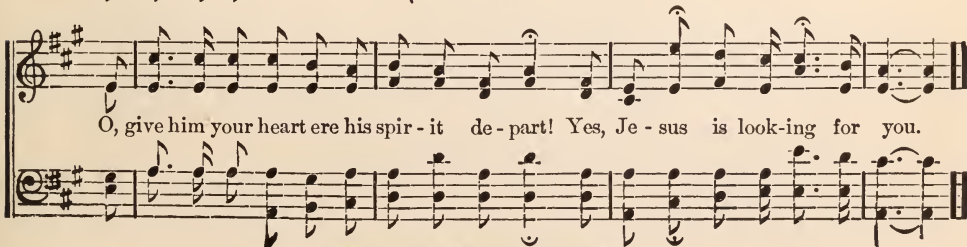


God's spir - it is pa - tient - ly striv - ing, And Je - sus is look - ing for you. (for you.)
 But fol - low the voice that is call - ing—Your Sav - iour is look - ing for you. (for you.)
 O an - swer his gen - tle en - treat - y Whilestill he is look - ing for you. (for you.)

CHORUS.



Your Sav - iour is look - ing for you brother, Your Saviour is look - ing for you; (for you;)



O, give him your heart ere his spir - it de - part! Yes, Je - sus is look - ing for you.

Walking in the Light.

W. W. V.

W. W. VANSANT.

1. Walk - ing in the light of God, As it shines throughout his word, There's a
 2. Oft - en wea - ry, oft - en sad, Yet the soul is ev - er glad, For the
 3. Till we reach the sum - mit high, And be - hold the glo - rious sky, With its

bright and shin - ing path the way a - long; And a path that would be drear,
 light of God the cheer - ful - ness sup - plies; So we walk wher - e'er he leads,
 ra - dian't light that comes from heaven's dome; We shall trust in God our King,

Shines with glo - ry, O so clear! That the heart re - joic - es in a song.
 Thro' the vale or mountain meads, Where new glo - ries greet our wea - ried eyes.
 And press on - ward, while we sing Of the glo - ries of our heav'n - ly home.

CHORUS.

We are walk - - - ing in the light, We are
 We are walk - ing in the light, walk - ing in the light of God, We are

walk - - - ing in the light; Walk - ing in the nar - row way,
 walk - ing in the light, walk - ing in the light of God;

Walking in the Light.—Concluded.

To the realms of end - less day, We are walk - ing in the light of God.

No. 49.

That Blessed Light.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. It is not dark where Je - sus is, He makes my path - way bright;
2. When I am filled with sore distress And life is sad and drear.
3. Oft have I seen the clouds de - part When his be - nig - nant ray
4. I will not fear death's gloom - y vale, Nor heed the pall and bier;
5. The Sav - iour is the Light of Life When here by tem - pests driv'n;

The dark - est night is turned to day When he becomes my light.
His gra - cious smile dis - pels my gloom, And fills my soul with cheer.
Has pierced the sa - ble mys - te - ry And bade it flee a - way.
The val - ley shall be filled with joy, If Je - sus be but near.
My Sun, that scat - ters ev - 'ry cloud; My Star, that guides to heav'n.

CHORUS.

That bless - ed Light, that bless - ed Light That streams up - on my way:

I need no oth - er sun nor star To guide by night or day.

INA DULEY OGDON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.

1. Once poor and despised and a stran - ger, A - down the deep valley of tears, I
 2. He an - xiously, pa - tient - ly sought me, He knew of my ruined es - tate, And
 3. O her - it - age vast and un - fail - ing O treasures un - fad - ing for aye, O

walked in temp - ta - tion and dan - ger, I languished in darkness and fears, But
 now he has found me and bought me, By sac - ri - fice aw - ful and great, His
 shel - ter e - ter - nal pre - vail - ing In man - sions of in - fi - nite day, O

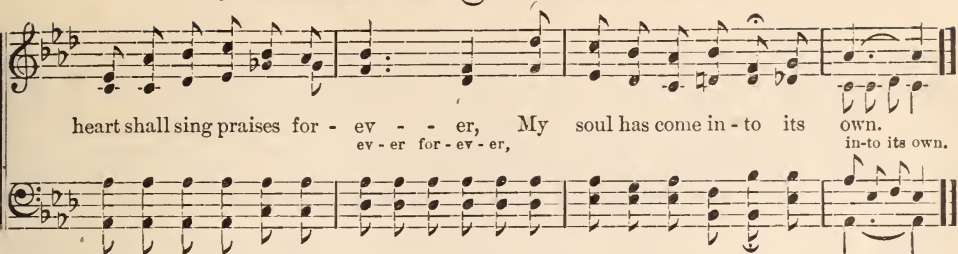
now what a Friend is be - side me, No more shall I wan - der a - lone, And
 stripes and his blood they have healed me, Suf - fi - cient for all to a - tone, A
 won - der - ful, gra - cious Re - deem - er, Suf - fi - cient for all to a - tone, My

sor - row nor want shall be - tide me, My soul has come in - to its own.
 child of the King he has sealed me, My soul has come in - to its own.
 heart shall sing prais - es for - ev - er, My soul has come in - to its own.

CHORUS.

O won - der - ful, gra - cious Re - deem - er, Suf - fi - cient for all to a - tone, My

Sufficient for All.—Concluded.

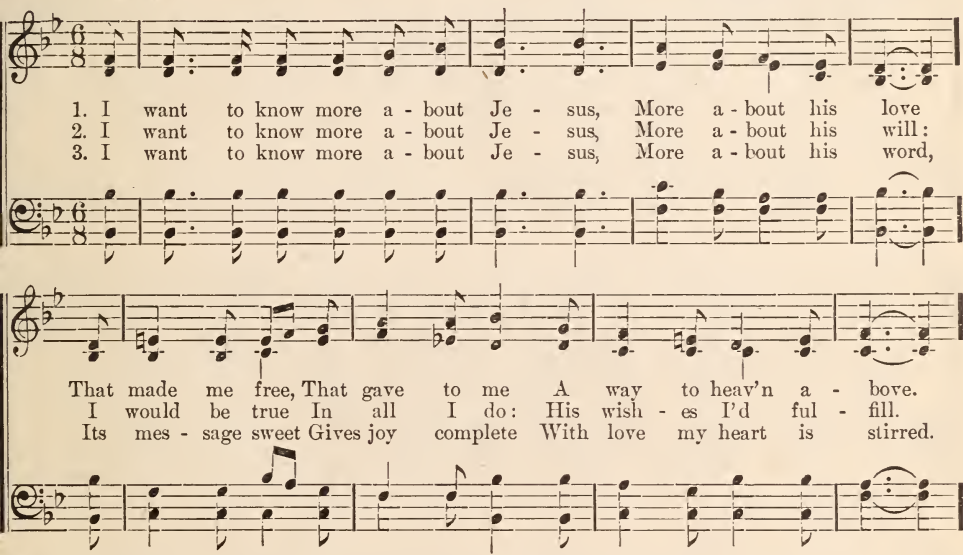


heart shall sing praises for - ev - - er, My soul has come in - to its own.
ev - er for - ev - er, in-to its own.

No. 51. I Want to Know More About Jesus.

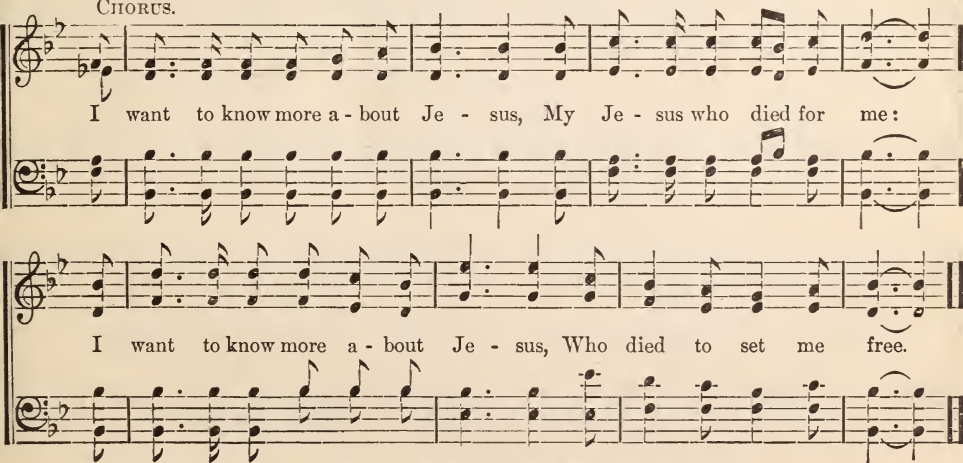
J. E. LATTA.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.



1. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, More a - bout his love
2. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, More a - bout his will:
3. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, More a - bout his word,
That made me free, That gave to me A way to heav'n a - bove.
I would be true In all I do: His wish - es I'd ful - fill.
Its mes - sage sweet Gives joy complete With love my heart is stirred.

CHORUS.



I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, My Je - sus who died for me:
I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, Who died to set me free.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When doubt and fear as - sail me, And bend my spir - it low, I know there is a
 2. When I am sore - ly tempt - ed, And know not where to flee, My Je - sus walks be -
 3. No mat - ter what be - fall me, My faith in him I'll hold, My share in his a -

Sav - iour, To whom I e'er can go; He's prom - ised to be with me, No
 side me, And ev - 'ry step I see; I see him now, not plain - ly, Al -
 tone - ment There's nothing can with - hold; No won - der that I'm hap - py, While

mat - ter what be - tide; Till some day when he'll call me To sit down at his side.
 though I feel his might, But some day I shall see him, When faith is lost in sight.
 here I wait and sing, For some day I'll be - hold him, My ev - er - liv - ing King.

CHORUS.

I'll wait, I'll wait, I'll wait for the com - ing of the King, And then I'll
 I'll wait, I'll wait, And then

go to where the harps of an - gels ring; A - round the throne in
 I'll go A - round the throne

I'll Wait.—Concluded.

songs of praise I'll ev - er sing, Halle - lu - jah ev - er-more, Praise the might-y King!

No. 53.

My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
 2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of love—I hear them yet;
 4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Saviour's cleansing pow'r,

"You're leav - ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem - ber, child, your mother's pray'r."
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.
 I see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in humble pray'r.
 My sin and guilt he canceled there, 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.

CHORUS.

1, 2 & 3. When'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
 4. O praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face

A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re - minding me of mother's pray'r.
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.

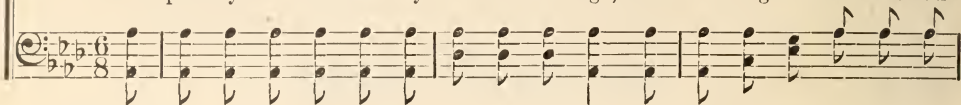
Safe in His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

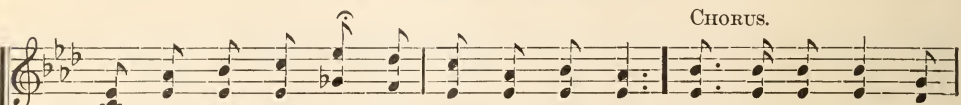
G. HAROLD LOWDEN.



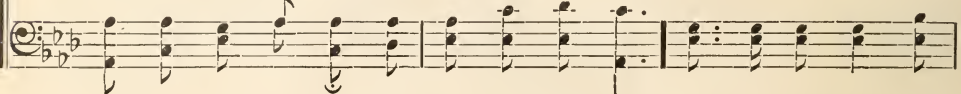
1. When heav-y my bur-den, and life seem-eth drear, When thorns are be-fore me and
 2. When wa-ters of sor-row sweep o-ver my soul, When striv-eth the tempt-er my
 3. Com-plete-ly to Je-sus my-self I re-sign, And noth-ing shall cause me un-



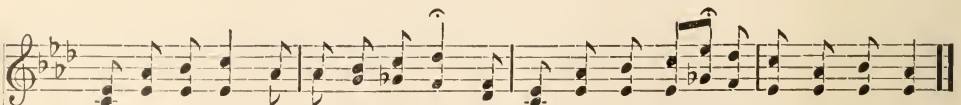
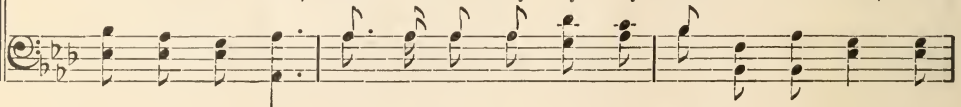
storm-clouds a-bove, What com-fort it gives me, what cour-age and cheer, To
 faith to re-move, O then how it helps me my heart to con-trol, To
 faith-ful to prove; I'll fol-low my Sav-iour thro' shad-ow or shine, As -



know I am safe in his won-der-ful love. } Safe in his love, his
 know I am safe in his won-der-ful love. }
 sured that I'm safe in his won-der-ful love. }



won-der-ful love; Guard-ed each day by my Sav-iour a-bove; I've



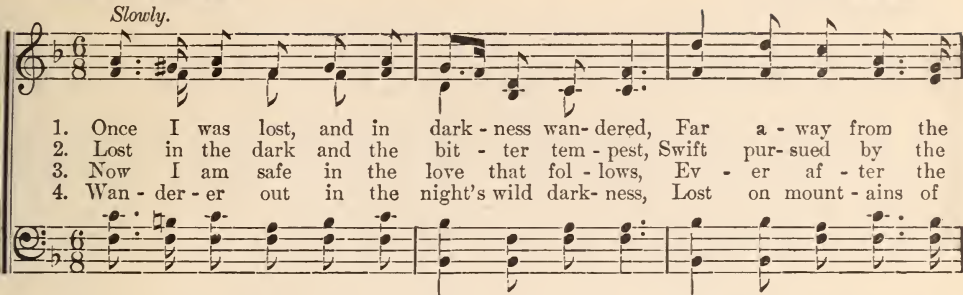
noth-ing to fear while journeying here; I'm safe in his love, his won-der-ful love.



The Father's Fold.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

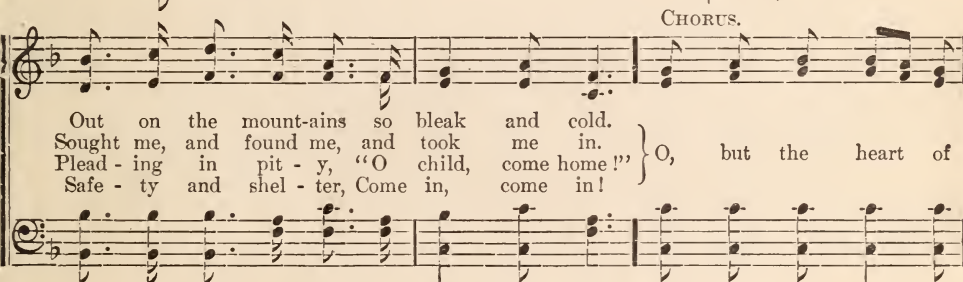
O. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.


1. Once I was lost, and in dark-ness wan-dered, Far a-way from the
 2. Lost in the dark and the bit-ter tem-pest, Swift pur-sued by the
 3. Now I am safe in the love that fol-lows, Ev-er af-ter the
 4. Wan-der-er out in the night's wild dark-ness, Lost on mount-ains of

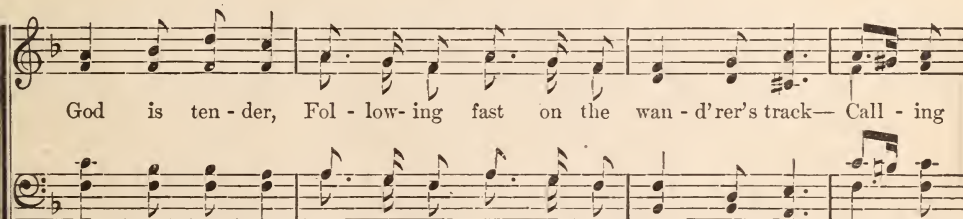


Fa-ther's fold, Lost in a night that was full of dan-ger,
 wolves of sin, "Save me" I cried, and the Fa-ther heard me,
 ones who roam, Seek-ing them ev-er where dan-ger's thick-est,
 doubt and sin, Come to this fold where there's wel-come wait-ing—

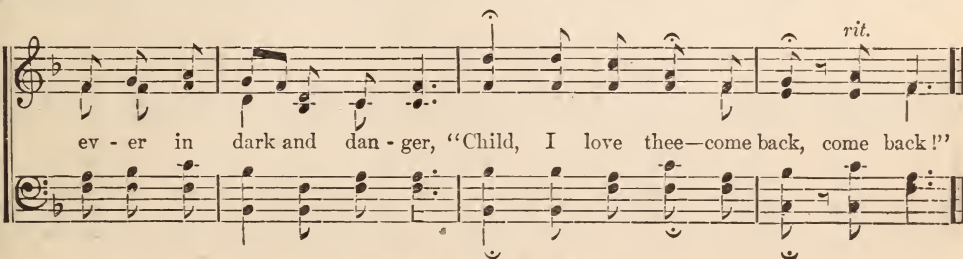


CHORUS.

Out on the mount-ains so bleak and cold.
 Sought me, and found me, and took me in. } O, but the heart of
 Plead-ing in pit-y, "O child, come home!" }
 Safe-ty and shel-ter, Come in, come in!



God is ten-der, Fol-low-ing fast on the wan-d'rer's track— Call-ing

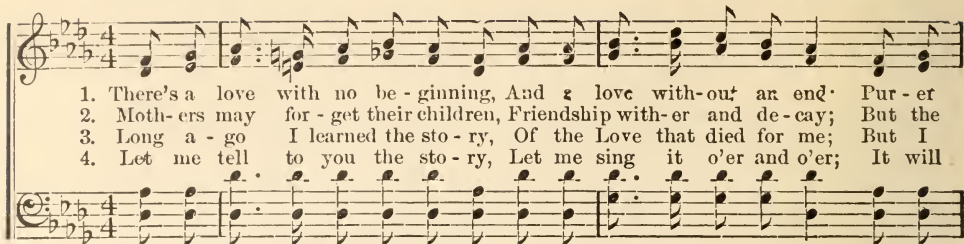


ev-er in dark and dan-ger, "Child, I love thee—come back, come back!" *rit.*

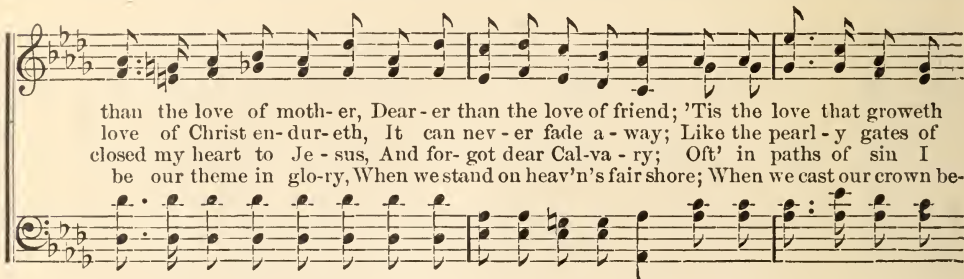
The Love that Can't Be Told.

A. W. S.

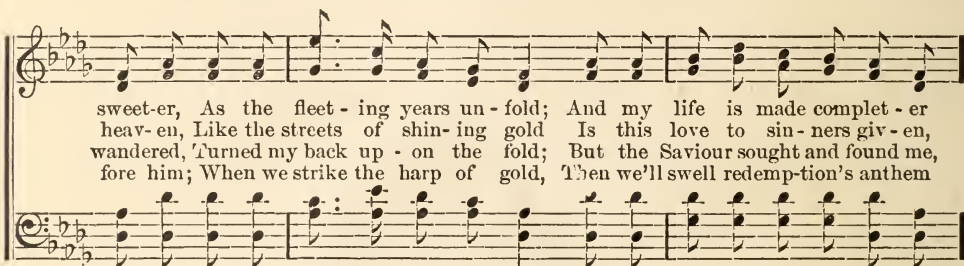
ARTHUR W. SPOONER.



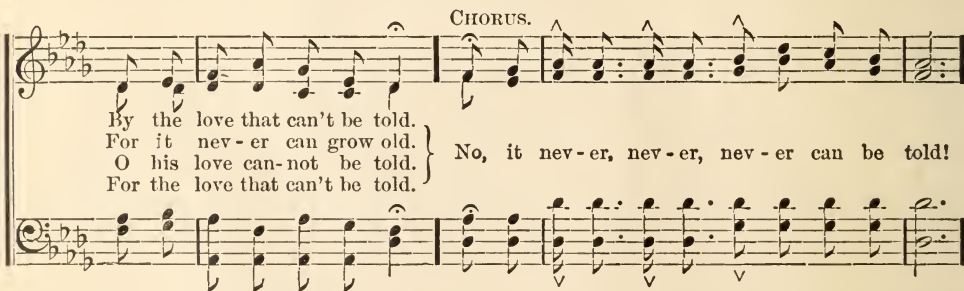
1. There's a love with no be-ginning, And a love with-out an end. Pur-er
 2. Moth-ers may for-get their children, Friendship with-er and de-cay; But the
 3. Long a-go I learned the sto-ry, Of the Love that died for me; But I
 4. Let me tell to you the sto-ry, Let me sing it o'er and o'er; It will



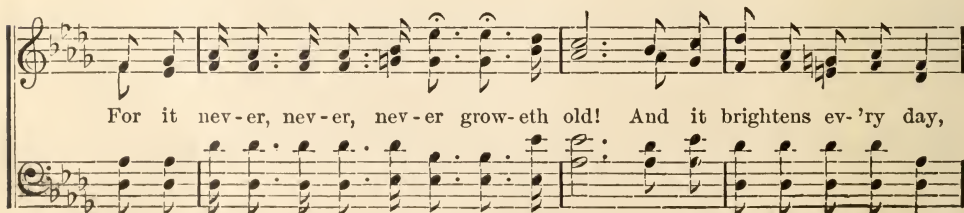
than the love of moth-er, Dear-er than the love of friend; 'Tis the love that groweth
 love of Christ en-dur-eth, It can nev-er fade a-way; Like the pearl-y gates of
 closed my heart to Je-sus, And for-got dear Cal-va-ry; Oft' in paths of sin I
 be our theme in glo-ry, When we stand on heav'n's fair shore; When we cast our crown be-



sweet-er, As the fleet-ing years un-fold; And my life is made complet-er
 heav-en, Like the streets of shin-ing gold Is this love to sin-ners giv-en,
 wandered, 'Turned my back up-on the fold; But the Saviour sought and found me,
 fore him; When we strike the harp of gold, 'Then we'll swell redemp-tion's anthem



CHORUS.
 By the love that can't be told.
 For it nev-er can grow old.
 O his love can-not be told.
 For the love that can't be told. } No, it nev-er, nev-er, nev-er can be told!



For it nev-er, nev-er, nev-er grow-eth old! And it brightens ev-'ry day,

The Love that Can't Be Told.—Concluded.

As I walk the nar-row way, And it nev-er, nev-er, nev-er can be told!

No. 57.

There's a Shout in the Camp.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's a shout in the camp: "Keep the fires brightly burning All the night long,"
2. There's a shout in the camp for the vic-t'ry is com-ing O'er Sa-tan's pow'r,
3. There's a shout in the camp o-ver sin-ners re-turn-ing Home to the fold,
4. There's a shout in the camp, 'tis a glad "Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord,"

That the lost may re-turn to the fold of the shepherd From paths of wrong.
Thro' the word of the Lord we the bat-tle are gain-ing This ver-y hour.
From the by-way of sin with its bur-den of sor-row To joy un-told.
All who trust in his name shall re-ceive his sal-va-tion, 'Tis God's own word.

CHORUS.

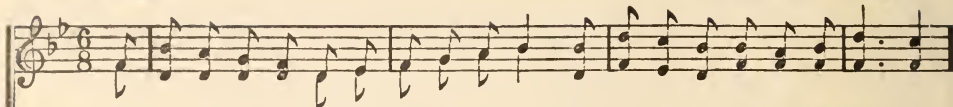
There's a shout in the camp, Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to God!

There's an ech-o in heav'n, Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to God.

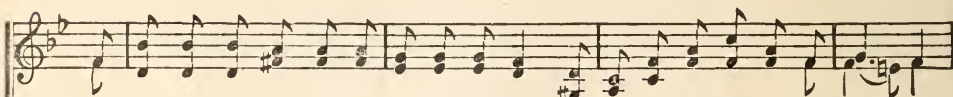
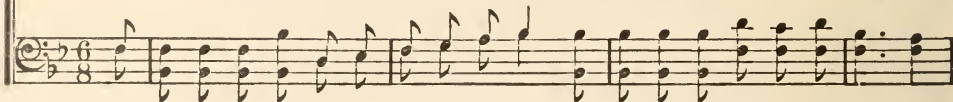
He Keepeth His Promise.

S. C. KIRK.

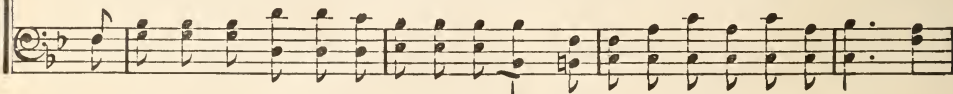
HERBERT J. LAOWY.



1. The Lord hath declared and the Lord will perform; "Behold! I am near to de - liv - er,
2. Who seek him shall find him, shall find him today, The word is to all, "who-so - ev - er!"
3. Tho' oft - en my toil seems but la - bor in vain, I leave with the Lord my en - deav - or;
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But nev - er, he tells me, O nev - er!
5. The bonds that unite us in earth's dearest ties, The rude hand of Time will dis - sev - er;



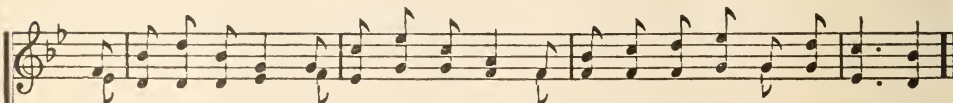
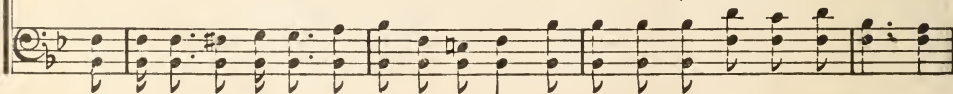
A ref - uge and fortress, a covert in storm;" He keep - eth his promise for - ev - er.
 No soul that en - treat - eth, he turn - eth a - way; He keep - eth his promise for - ev - er.
 I pa - tient - ly wait for the sunshine and rain—He keep - eth his promise for - ev - er!
 The frail, bruis - ed reed will he break; and I know He keep - eth his promise for - ev - er.
 But we shall re - new them a - gain in the skies; He keep - eth his promise for - ev - er!



CHORUS.



For - ev - er! For - ev - er! O not for a day! He keepeth his promise for ev - er!



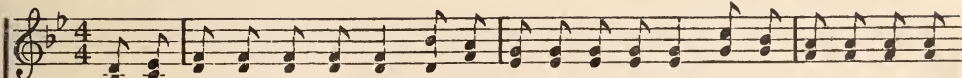
To all who believe, to all who o - bey, He keepeth his promise for - ev - er!



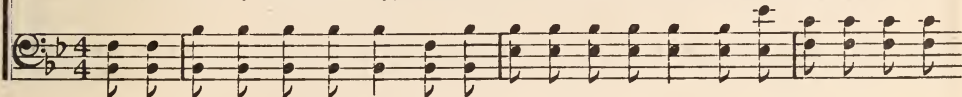
Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

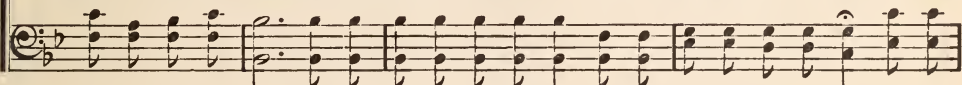
HERBERT J. LACEY.



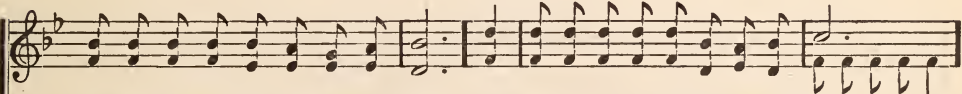
1. O the prom - is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
3. Trust those holy words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-



o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those
splendor shall assail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those
tation's roughest gale; strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those

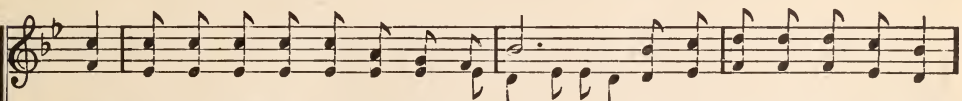
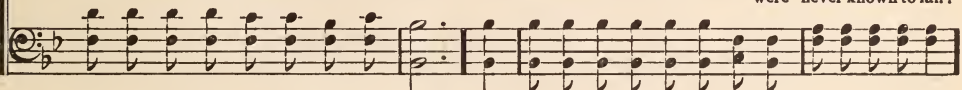


CHORUS.



prom - is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail!

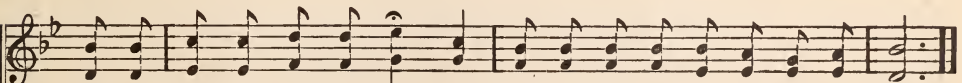
were never known to fail!



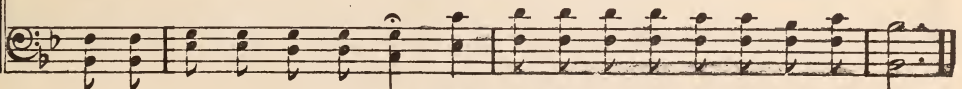
No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre - vail!

They are builded sure and strong

shall prevail!



For the con - flict with the wrong, God's prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!



I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTE.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans - cends,
 2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
 3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

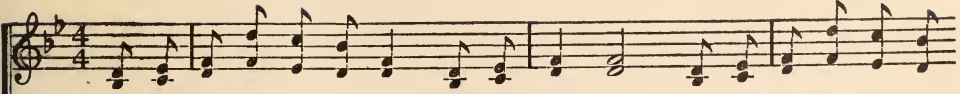
me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 a - round him shine,

As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PATN.

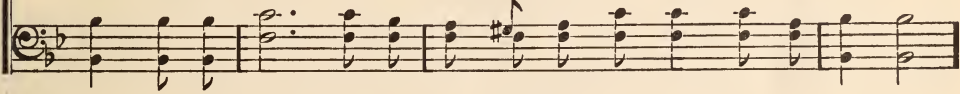
C. AUSTIN MILES.



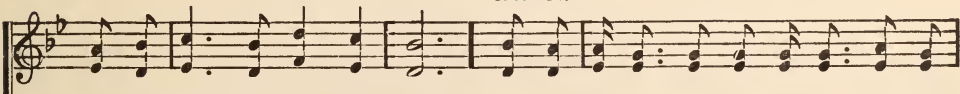
1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath - er home at last there'll be sing - ing, Such as an - gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who



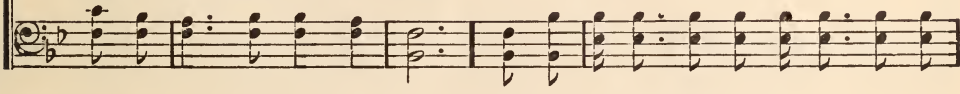
day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re - deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,



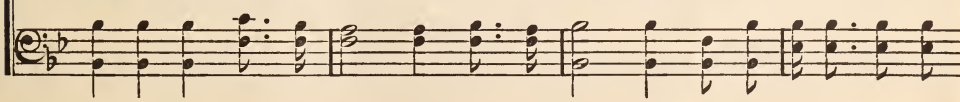
CHORUS.



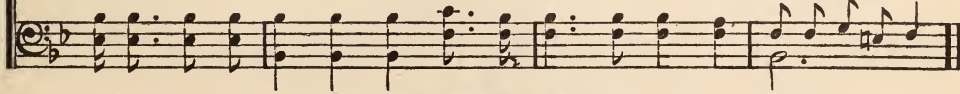
As the day breaks o'er the hills. } I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
As the day breaks o'er the hills. }
When the day breaks o'er the hills. }



journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be



shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills,
the heavenly hills.



Tell Jesus All.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thy cup of woe,..... thy weight of loss, The sins that
 2. The road that oft..... seems dim and long, The shad-ows
 3. The storms that rage..... so fierce and wild, The mountains

1. Thy cup of woe, thy weight of loss,

would thy soul en - thrall; Thy dai - ly cares,..... the heav-y cross—
 that a-round thee fall; The con-flict with..... the sin and wrong,
 ris - ing grim and tall; He knows thy way,..... O wea-ry child,

Thy dai - ly cares, the heav - y cross—

CHORUS.

Tell Je - sus all! Tell him all!..... Tell Je - sus
 Tell Je - sus all! Tell Je - sus all!

all! He can-not fail..... to hear thy call; O wea-ry
 Tell Je - sus all! He can-not fail

heart,..... he'll strength impart, Tell Je - sus all!.....
 O wea-ry heart, he'll strength impart, Tell Je - sus all!

Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOS. KEEL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-
4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's
5. I know thou wilt, un-wor-thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en

safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me, And shall un-
oth-ers tho't, That I a-lone could sure-ly find the way From na-ture's
stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my
broad'ning way; For it is death to lin-ger there, or stay— With night so
Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their

p CHORUS.

til by faith the Lord I see. Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,
night to realms of end-less day. }
soul can show the Cru-ci-fied. }
near, en-cir-cling life's short day. }
ranks, at home, to part no more. }
O lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;

O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru-ci-fied.

When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO. *With expression.*

1. There's a sweet and pre-cious sto - ry, That is all in all to me, 'Tis the
 2. I can see her in the twi-light, In those days from care so free, As she
 3. Long, long years have gone since moth-er With her hand up - on my head, Told me
 4. "There's a Friend who loves you tru - ly, Who was once a lit - tle child, And he

sto - ry of the Saviour's love so true;
 told the precious sto - ry o'er and o'er;
 of this Friend un-failing, lov - ing, dear;
 came from heav'n to earth long, long a-go;

For I heard it whispered oft-en As I
 And I long for such a moment, Just to
 But in all my life's long journey, By her
 He was ten-der, patient, lov-ing; He was

rit.

knelt at mother's knee, And she said "this lov-ing Sav-iour died for you."
 rest be-side her knee, Whe nmy heart with cares is bleeding, bruised and sore.
 coun-sels safe-ly led, I have found this pre-cious Sav-iour ev - er near.
 ho - ly, meek and mild, And I pray this Friend so faith-ful you may know."

rit.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

O that sto - ry ne'er grows old, Tho' to me 'twas oft - en told

When I Knelt At Mother's Knee.—Concluded.

rit.

As I knelt close by my saint - ed moth - er's knee.

No. 65.

The Blood On the Cross.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. The word of the Lord can nev - er fail, This won - der - ful truth I see,
2. When sin like a storm my path - way dims, A light thro' the clouds I see;
3. Tho' doubt may as - sail and faith grow dim And troubled my soul may be,
4. And when I am called to pass a - way, And fear - ful it seems to me,

The blood o'er the door saved Is - ra - el The blood on the cross saves me.
The blood on the cross for sin a - tones The blood on the cross saves me.
I'll lift up a pray'r and shout a - loud The blood on the cross saves me.
I'll shout as I pass the val - ley thro' The blood on the cross saves me.

CHORUS.

I'll sing it, yes, and I'll shout it! The blood,..... the blood,.....
pre - cious blood, the sav - ing blood,

There's nev - er a soul saved without it..... This blood of Cal - va - ry.....

No. 66.

Send Showers of Salvation To-day.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. To thee whose pow'r no bounds can know, With burn - ing hearts we pray,
 2. The soul - re - viv - ing pow'r we need, Let not its course de - lay!
 3. All lands at last thine own shall be, No hand thy pow'r can stay!

Thy rich - est bless - ings now be - stow, Send show'rs of sal - va - tion to - day!
 This bless - ing, gra - cious Lord we plead—Send show'rs of sal - va - tion to - day!
 To dark - ened lands a - cross the sea Send show'rs of sal - va - tion to - day!

CHORUS.

Send show'rs of sal - va - tion to - day!..... Send show'rs of sal - va - tion to - day!
 we pray!

Thy rich - est bless - ings now be - stow, Send show'rs of sal - va - tion to - day!

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No. 67.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

D. C.

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

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 68.

Get Right With God.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. Why don't you get right with God, O sin-ner? For-sake now the path you so long have trod,
2. Why don't you get right with God, O wand'rer? Come back to the way that you used to love,
3. Be sure you are right with God, O christian! Let nothing deceive you, be sure to know,
4. Why lon-ger re-fuse his tender compassion, Why longer remain in your lost es-tate,

Your sins will belost in the depths of love's o-cean, If you'll on - ly get right with God.
Your God will receive you and give you a welcome, And new joys send you from a - bove.
You've left all your doubts at the cross of your Saviour, And your soul un-der Cal-v'ry's flow.
Get right with your God while the moments are passing, Ere it be ev - er - more too late.

CHORUS.

Why don't you get right with God?..... O come to him just as you are,.....
with God?

Ritard. just as you are,
Why don't you get right with God, Ere he calls you, calls you to his judg-ment bar.

No. 69.

Lord, Here Am I.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. There's a place just for you in the work of the Lord, Do not long-er your du-ty de-fy!
 2. O how ma-ny are wand'ring from Jesus to-day, Will you leave them in darkness to die?
 3. There are souls who to-day may be look-ing to you For the word that would point them on high,

To the res-cue of souls he is call-ing you now, Will you answer him, "Lord, here am I?"
 Will you shine like a star o'er the dark night of sin? Will you answer him, "Lord, here am I?"
 To the call of the Lord do not fail to be true, Will you answer him, "Lord, here am I?"

CHORUS.

Will you answer him, "Lord, here am I?" Will you now on the Saviour re-ly?
 "here am I?" "here am I?"

To the res-cue of souls he is call-ing you now, Will you answer him, "Lord, here am I?"

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No. 70.

The Old Time Religion.

1. It has shown me a Sav-iour, It has shown me a Sav-iour,
 2. It will help me while liv-ing, It will help me while liv-ing,
 3. It will help me when dy-ing, It will help me when dy-ing,

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,

The Old Time Religion.—Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.

It has shown me a Sav- iour, And it's good e- nough for me!
 It will help me while liv- ing, So it's good e- nough for me!
 It will help me when dy- ing, So it's good e- nough for me!

'Tis the old time re- lig- ion, And it's good e- nough for me!

4 ||: It will lead me to Jesus :||
 And it's good enough for me!

6 ||: It will save every sinner :||
 So it's good enough for all!

5 ||: Every day it grows better :||
 And it's good enough for me!

7 ||: It will bless everybody :||
 And it's good enough for me!

No. 71.

Share Thy Life.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. O Chris- tian toil not for thy- self, Go share the life God gives,
 2. The rose its fra- grance sheds a- broad, The spring the brook sup- plies,
 3. As God him- self his love out- pours, And seat- ters mer- cies wide,
 4. The world is full of wants and woes, And hearts are oft- en sad;

Who lifts the load his broth- er bears He on- ly, tru- ly lives.
 The soul that does not oth- ers bless De- clines, de- cays and dies.
 So man if he would God- like be, Must help on ev- 'ry side.
 The mu- sic that God gives to us Is ours to make men glad.

CHORUS.

Then let us seek to bless the world, Our gifts and gra- ces share,

Till des- erts blos- som like the rose, And love smiles ev- 'ry- where.

No. 72.

Be of Good Cheer.

G. P. E.

GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

Moderato.

1. In sail - ing life's sea I have noth - ing to fear, Tho' tempests are tossing me high,
 2. Tho' for - tune may fail me and health may de - cline, Tho' oth - ers turn back in dis - may,
 3. No dan - gers ap - pall when my Sav - iour is near, And when I am summoned on high,

If on - ly the voice of my Sav - iour I hear: "Come, be of good cheer, it is I."
 I'll cling to my Sav - iour and nev - er re - pine, And he will not cast me a - way.
 My heart will re - joice if I on - ly can hear "Come, be of good cheer it is I."

CHORUS.

Though tri - als my strength may de - fy,..... For help un - to Je - sus I cry,.....
 Though tri - als de - fy, To Je - sus I cry,

And when I am tempt - ed or dan - ger is near, I'll trust him and be of good cheer.

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No. 73.

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest be the Tie that Binds.—Concluded.

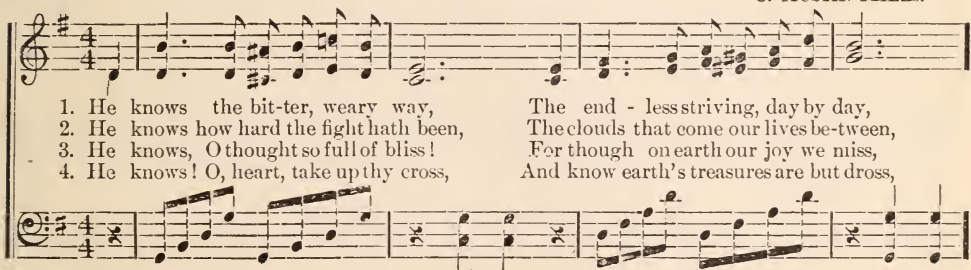


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 74.

He Knows!

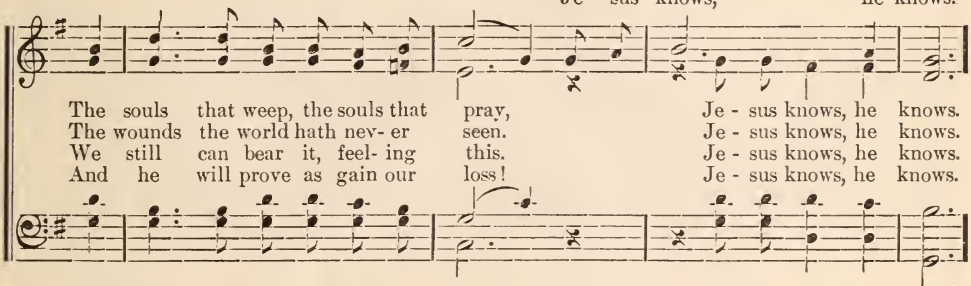
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. He knows the bit-ter, weary way,
 2. He knows how hard the fight hath been,
 3. He knows, O thought so full of bliss!
 4. He knows! O, heart, take up thy cross,

The end - less striving, day by day,
 The clouds that come our lives be-tween,
 For though on earth our joy we miss,
 And know earth's treasures are but dross,

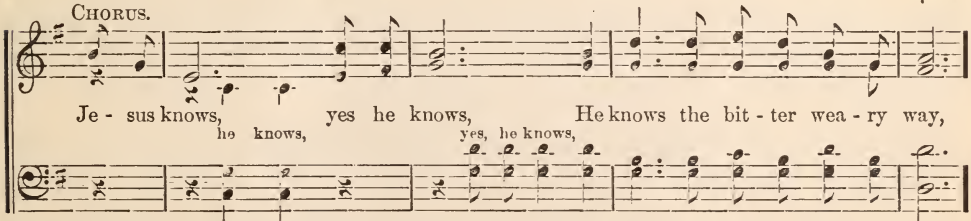
Je - sus knows, he knows.



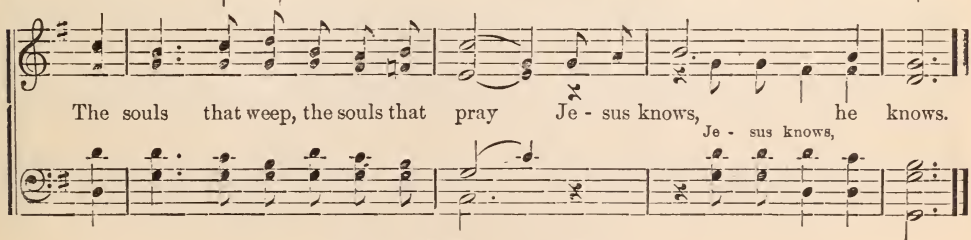
The souls that weep, the souls that pray,
 The wounds the world hath nev - er seen,
 We still can bear it, feel - ing this.
 And he will prove as gain our loss!

Je - sus knows, he knows.
 Je - sus knows, he knows.
 Je - sus knows, he knows.
 Je - sus knows, he knows.

CHORUS.



Je - sus knows, he knows, yes he knows, yes, he knows, He knows the bit - ter wea - ry way,



The souls that weep, the souls that pray Je - sus knows, he knows.
 Je - sus knows, he knows.

No. 75.

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 or 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 dis - tress, 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 heartaches Till it near - ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

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

ad lib. When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sa - viour cares.
rit. he cares.

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No. 76.

How Firm A Foundation.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to
 2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy
 4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-

How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.

you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Je- sus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Je- sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gracious, omnipotent hand, Up-held by my gracious om-nip-o-tent hand.
 trou- ble to bless, And sanc-ti- fy to thee thy deepest distress, And sanc-ti- fy to thee thy deepest distress.
 deav- er to shake I'll nev- er—no never—no nev- er for- sake! I'll never—no never—no nev- er for- sake.

No. 77.

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 treas-ures 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, Gazing on some glo-rious view—
 When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to his name!"
 When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be-hold his face—

Hallelujah!

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!
 I'll be there! precious name!

No. 78.

Begin in Me.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O Lord in me thy work re-vive, Be-gin this ver-y hour;
 2. Thy wea-ry Church has wait-ed long, May it not wait in vain;
 3. Might but a show'r of grace descend, Our hearts would lose their gloom,
 4. O help thy peo-ple, one and all, Thy prom-ise to be-lieve,
 5. We seek, O Lord, thy bless-ing now With one prolonged de-sire;

O may my eyes in rap-ture see Thy Spir-it's might-y pow'r.
 Break thro' the darksome clouds we dread And send re-fresh-ing rain.
 The bar-ren hills would all re-joice, The wil-der-ness would bloom.
 And o-pen thou our ev-'ry heart Thy bless-ing to re-ceive.
 De-lay no lon-ger, gra-cious God, The pen-fe-cost-al fire.

CHORUS.

Be-gin in me, be-gin in me Thy work of love and pow'r;

O Spir-it of the Liv-ing God, Be-gin this ver-y hour.

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No. 79.

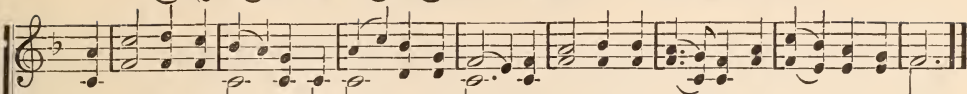
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

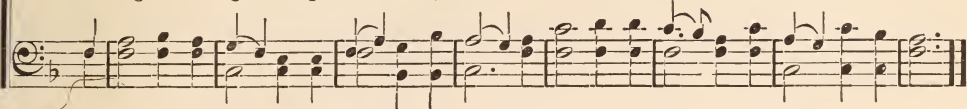
A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the fol-lies of sin I resign;
 2. I love thee because thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Cal-vary'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 mansions of glo-ry and endless delight, I'll ev-er a-dore thee in heaven so bright;

My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.



My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour 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 glittering crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

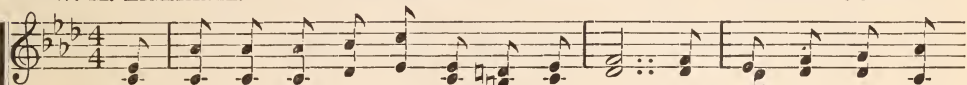


No. 80.

I Never Knew.

W. M. LIDTHALL.

ALFRED JUDSON.



1. I nev - er knew that life could be so sweet Till Je - sus came so
 2. I nev - er knew my own poor sin - ful heart Un - til I saw my
 3. I nev - er knew the height and breadth of love Un - til I found it
 4. I nev - er knew an hour of per - fect peace Till with his wondrous



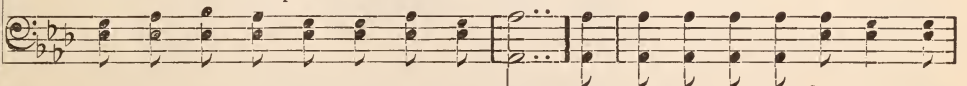
sweetly in - to mine; The joys I found were sad - ly in - com - plete Till
 Saviour at the door; He searched my heart and, bid - ding sin de - part, He
 at his bleeding feet, And viewed that glo - ry - cir - cled face a - bove, And
 peace he filled my soul; Then did my doubts and fears and bod - ings cease, And



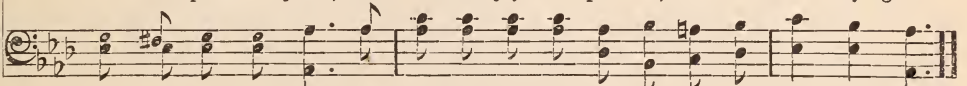
CHORUS.



Je - sus filled me with his joy di - vine.
 said, "Thou art for - giv - en; sin no more!" } Now I have life e - ter - nal, Now
 heard him bid me rise in ac - cents sweet.
 his un - fathomed peace did o'er me roll.



I have per - fect peace, Now I have joy su - per - nal, Now I'm saved by grace.



No. 81.

By and By.

ANNA C. HOWARD.

J. J. LOWE.

1. There will be no sin nor pain, By and by, by and by,
 2. When life's les - son we shall learn, By and by, by and by,
 3. We shall see him eye to eye, By and by, by and by,

All that's dark will be made plain, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Je - sus' voice we shall dis - cern, By and by, yes, by and by.
 We shall meet him in the sky, By and by, yes, by and by.

For the Lord will come a - gain, O how glo - rious is his reign,
 He will ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh, Let us lift our hearts on high,
 We shall hear his ten - der tone, We shall be no more a - lone,

Like the sun - shine af - ter rain, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Our re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh, By and by, yes, by and by.
 He is com - ing to his own, By and by, yes, by and by.

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No. 82.

Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord:

Am I a Soldier?—Concluded.

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

No. 83.

Only for You.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Our Saviour came down from his home in the sky, Down to the cross, to suf-fer and die,
2. Oft, oft was he smit-ten, dis-cour-aged and sad, Burdened himself to make other hearts glad,
3. Out there in the garden 'neath olive tree's shade, There in his weakness, he fervently pray'd,
4. And since he as-cend-ed to heav-en a - bove, Up to the home of his in - fi-nite love,

Choos - ing the will of his Fa - ther to do, On - ly for you, just you.
Dai - ly he la-bored be-neath heav-ens blue, On - ly for you, just you.
Bear - ing such sor - rows as earth nev - er knew, On - ly for you, just you.
There he is pray - ing e - ter - ni - ty thro', On - ly for you, just you.

CHORUS.

On - ly for you, just you, On - ly for you, just you, On the

cross cru - ci - fied He suf - fered and died, On - ly for you, just you.

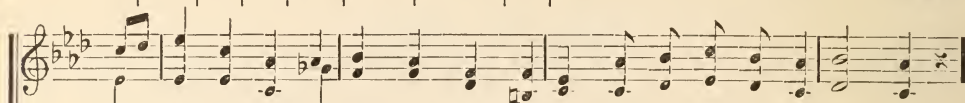
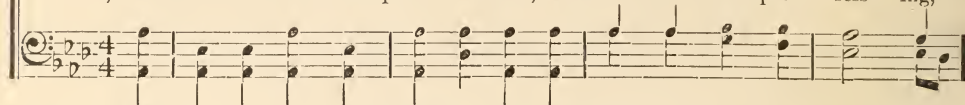
No. 84. Lord, Send Us a Wonderful Blessing!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

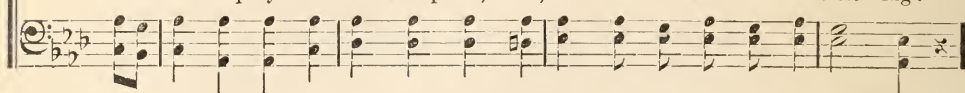
C. AUSTIN MILES.



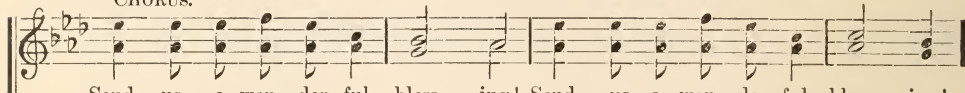
1. Low at the throne of grace we bow Our deep - est needs con - fess - ing,
2. O help us each thine own to be Still clos - er to thee press - ing!
3. The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r we need, More love for thee pos - sess - ing,



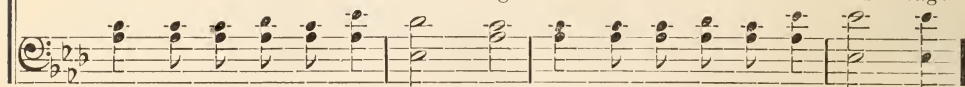
And while each heart re-news its vow, Lord, send us a won - der - ful bless - ing!
That each may be a pow'r for thee, Lord, send us a won - der - ful bless - ing!
O hear this prayer which now we plead, Lord, send us a won - der - ful bless - ing!



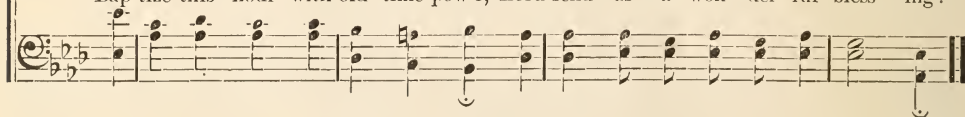
CHORUS.



Send us a won - der - ful bless - ing! Send us a won - der - ful bless - ing!



Bap-tize this hour with old-time pow'r, Lord send us a won - der - ful bless - ing!



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No. 85.

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
2. { He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus! }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh hear the voice of Je - sus! }
2. { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }



D.S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

The Great Physician.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

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

3 All glory to the dying Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus ;
I love the blessed Saviour's name ;
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus ;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 86.

How Much I Owe.

ROBT. M. McCHEYNE.

J. J. LOWE.

1. When this pass-ing world is done
2. When I stand be-fore the throne
3. When the praise of heav'n I hear
4. Chos-en not for good in me,

When has sunk yon glorious sun
Clothed in beauty not my own
Loud as thunders to the ear
Wak-ened up from wrath to flee

When I stand with Christ in life
Love I see thee as thou art
Love as ma-ny wa-ter's noise
Hid-den in the Saviour's side

Look-ing o'er earth's finished strife
Love thee with un-sin-ning heart
Sweet as harps' melodious voice.
By the Spir-it sanc-ti-fied.

CHORUS.

Then Lord shall I ful-ly know,
Not till then how much I owe,

Then Lord shall I ful-ly know
Not till then how much I owe.

No. 87.

'Tis Jesus!

S. C. KIRK.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. In land or store I may be poor; My place un-known, my name ob-scure;
 2. On life's rough sea how frail my bark! But in the storm and dens-est dark
 3. When shad-ows deep a-round me fall, And gloom and fear my soul en-thrall,
 4. Soon will this fleet-ing life be o'er: O then, up-on the oth-er shore

Of this I have the wit-ness sure; O bless the Lord, I've Je-sus!
 I have a safe and trust-ed Ark; O bless the Lord, 'tis Je-sus!
 There is an arm be-neath them all; O bless the Lord, 'tis Je-sus!
 I'll be with him for-ev-er-more, For-ev-er-more with Je-sus.

CHORUS.
 What tho' the world its gifts de-ny, I've rich-es more than gold can buy—

The key to treas-ures in the sky! O bless the Lord, I've Je-sus!

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No 88.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

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 me!

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.

D. C.

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. 89.

Let Me Walk With Thee.

IDA L. REED.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Let me walk with thee, dear Sav - iour, For the storm-clouds, sweeping low
 2. Let me walk with thee, dear Sav - iour, There is safe - ty by thy side,
 3. Let me walk with thee, dear Sav - iour, 'Mid the dark - ness deep up - hold
 4. Let me walk with thee, dear Sav - iour, Keep me ev - er near to thee,

From mine eyes have hid the path - way, And I know not where to go.
 Though the shad - ows close a - round me, Left a - lone I wan - der wide.
 All my steps in ten - der mer - cy, Let thy love my life en - fold.
 Through life's fit - ful jour - ney ev - er Thou my hope, my light shalt be.

CHORUS.

Let me walk with thee, dear Sav - iour, Draw me near, and near - er thee,
 Let me walk my Sav - iour dear, Draw me near - er, near - er thee,

In thine own, my weak hand hold - ing, Thou a - lone my strength must be.

No. 90.

Since the Comforter Has Come.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. O the joy of his sal - va - tion, Christ has made my heart his home,
 2. When my path is sad and lone - ly, And the clouds, their shad - ows spread,
 3. So I rest, my ev - 'ry mo - ment Un - der his com - plete con - trol,
 4. He a - bides to cheer and com - fort, And I would no long - er roam,

Fill - ing life with bright - est sun - shine Since the Com - fort - er has come.
 Then so close on his dear bo - som, Do I pil - low there my head.
 Bless - ed peace he ev - er gives me, And he sat - is - fies my soul.
 For I have a peace e - ter - nal Since the Com - fort - er has come.

Since the Com - fort - er has come, Since the Com - fort - er has come,

O the calm and ho - ly qui - et Since the Com - fort - er has come.

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No. 91.

He is Calling

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea; }
 { There's a kind-ness in his jus - tice Which is more than (Omit.....) } lib - er - ty.

He is Calling.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.
- 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. 92.

Jesus Knows Best.

C. H. L.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. I would not choose my dai-ly tri-als, I would not ask what should be my test;
2. Tho' mine may not be world-ly rich-es, Not for my feet may be times of rest;
3. For all is safe in Je-sus' keeping, And in his love I am ev-er blest;

Strong arms uphold me, God's love enfolds me, I am con-tent for Je-sus knows best.
Not from to-mor-row Hope would I bor-row, Dai-ly I'll trust for Je-sus knows best.
Naught shall a-larm me, Noth-ing can harm me, While I can say: "My Je-sus knows best."

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus knows best, He sure-ly knows best, Safe in his love I am great-ly blest;

I will leave to him to-mor-row's grief and care, Dai-ly I'll trust, for Je-sus knows best.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

(DIADDEM.)

JAMES ELLAR.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let an-gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev-'ry kin - dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sacred throng We at his feet may fall, We at his feet may fall!

And crown.....
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown.....

And crown him, crown him, crown him,
him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
 crown him, And crown him Lord of all, crown him, And crown him Lord of all!
him, crown him, crown.....him,
 crown..... him, And crown him Lord of all!

I Do Believe.

ISAAC WATTS.

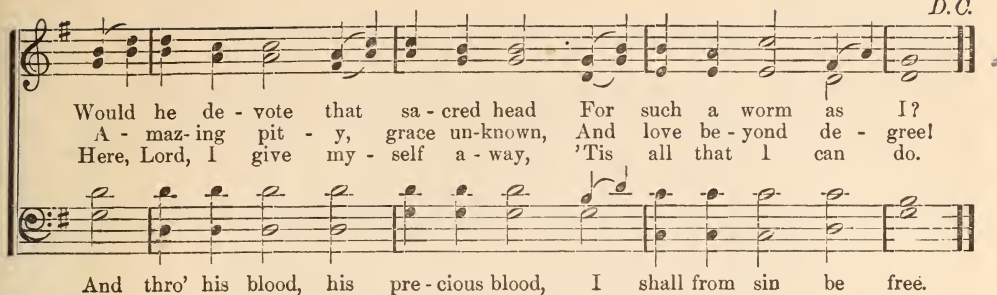
ANON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe.

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

I Do Believe.—Concluded.

D. C.



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

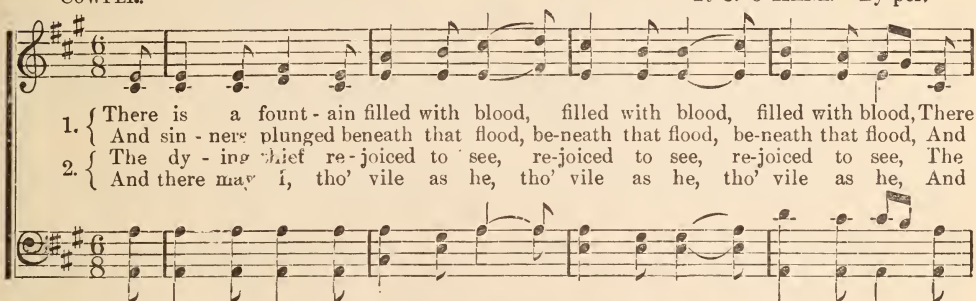
And thro' his blood, his pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 95.

Glorious Fountain.

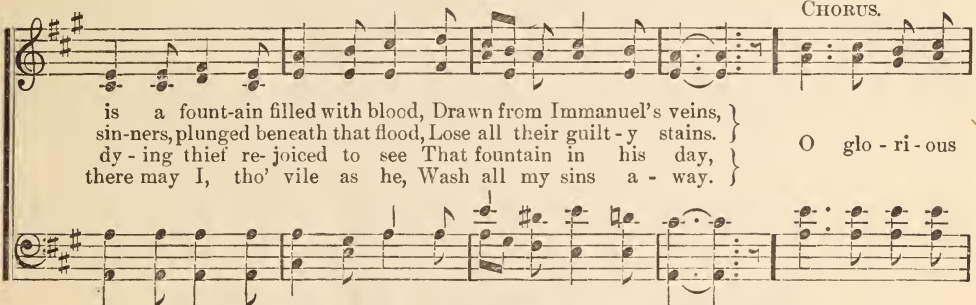
COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.



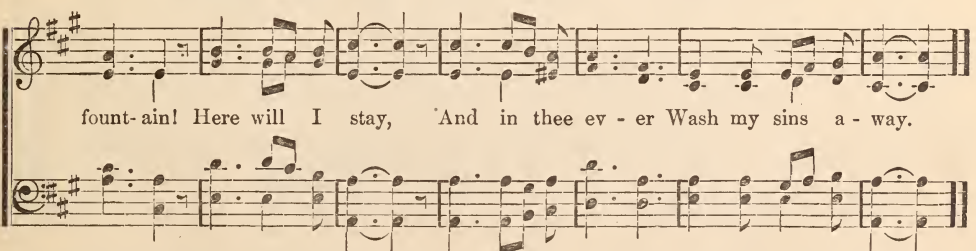
1. { There is a fount - ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, be - neath that flood, be - neath that flood, And
2. { The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

CHORUS.



is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain in his day, }
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

O glo - ri - ous



fount - ain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood :||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God :||
Are saved, to sin no more.

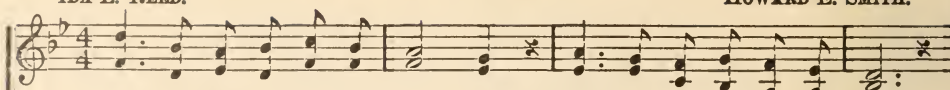
4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream :||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||
And shall be till I die.

No. 96.

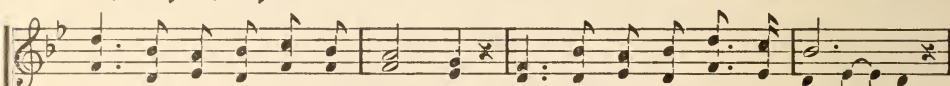
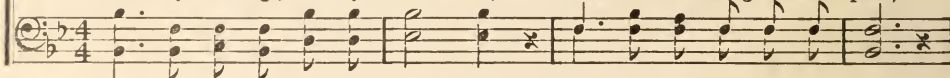
Count Thy Blessings.

IDA L. REED.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

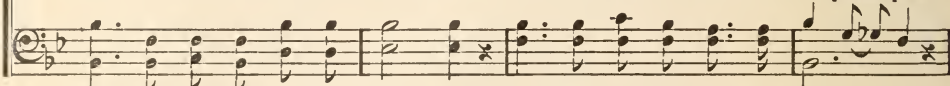


1. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, When thou'rt tempted to com - plain
2. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Nev - er doubt thy Father's love;
3. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All the mercies rich and free
4. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Think not of the grief and pain;

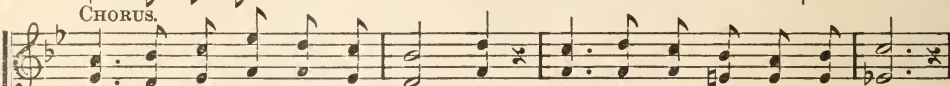


Of life's tri - als and its sor - row, Of its ev - er pres - ent pain.
 Tho' life's storms thy way o'er-shad - ow, Still he keeps his watch a - bove.
 That doth fill thy days with glad - ness; O how much God gives to thee.
 Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, And thou canst not then complain.

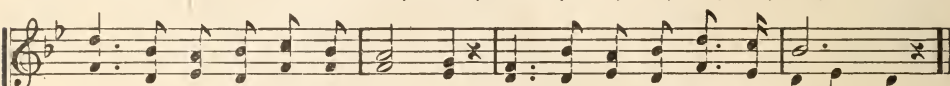
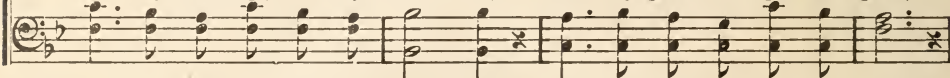
x. present pain.



CHORUS.

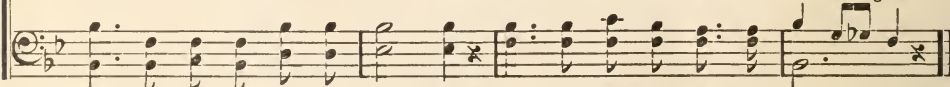


Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All thy griefs will light - er grow;



All thy cares they will out - num - ber, And thy skies with light shall glow.

shall glow.



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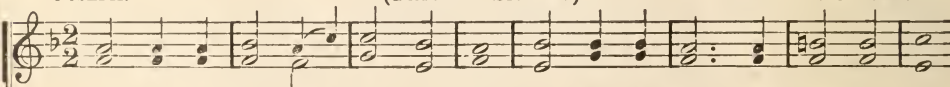
No. 97.

Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.

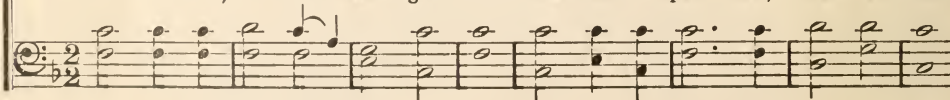
JOSEPH.

(FEDERAL STREET.)

HENRY K. OLIVER.



1. Be - hold, a Stranger's at the door! He gent - ly knocks—has knocked be - fore;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, he stands With melting heart and lad - ed hands!
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat - i - tude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn—His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn:



Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.—Concluded.

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness! And he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
 The friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster—sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
 Ad-mit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door re-ject-ed stand.

No. 98.

Singing and Trusting.

E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Look up to Je-sus and, with loving trust, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
 2. Your song may cheer a heavy-lad-en heart, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
 3. For-get-ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
 Keep sing-ing, sweetly singing of our Saviour's love;

He'll safe-ly guide us, he is wise and just; Trust Je-sus, the Saviour King.
 And stronger faith and brighter hope im-part, In Je-sus, the Saviour King.
 In sum-mer bloom, or 'mid the win-try blast, Trust Je-sus, the Saviour King.

CHORUS.

Sing on thro' sunny days, Sing on in darken'd ways, Sing, sing;
 Singing, sweetly singing, singing, sweetly singing;

Sing on, his name is love; Sing on, he reigns a-bove; Sing, sing.
 Sing on, trust on and sing.

No 99.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.* *m*

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

See on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me?
 Tho' we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

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

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

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

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No. 100.

To - Day!

SAMUEL F. SMITH. alt.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls! Ye wand' rers, come! O ye benight - ed souls, Why long - er roam!
 2. To - day the Saviour calls! O hear him now! With - in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
 3. To - day the Saviour calls! For ref - uge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his pow' r: O grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour!

Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 28.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove,
 hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. } This is my sto ry,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. }
 Fill'd with his good - ness, lost in his love. }

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

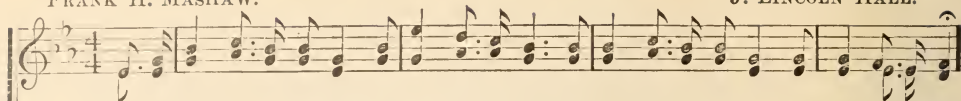
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

No. 102.

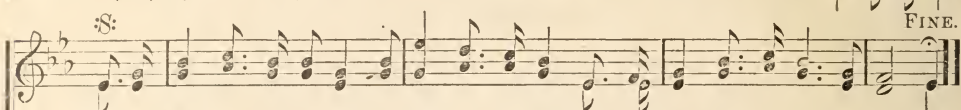
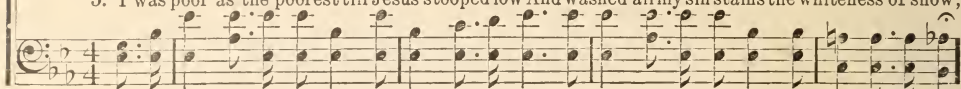
I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

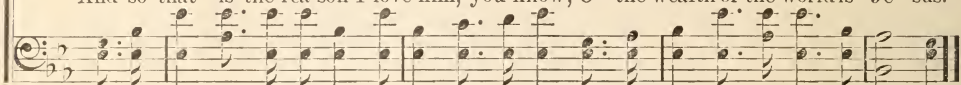
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, I sank by the wayside with hunger and cold;
2. I was poor as the poorest, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long;
3. I was poor as the poorest, I wandered a-lone, No place for a dwelling, my pil-low a stone;
4. I was poor as the poorest, he came from the sky With love that was deathless for sinners to die;
5. I was poor as the poorest till Jesus stooped low And washed all my sin stains the whiteness of snow;



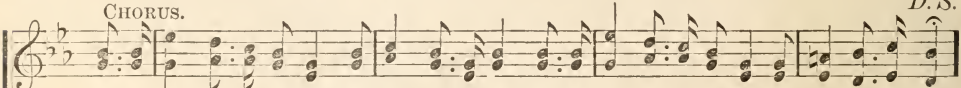
But he bade me look upward his rich-es be-hold; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
 But he came like the morning with sunlight and song Now the light of my life is Je-sus.
 But I heard someone whisper, "My child, still my own," Now the peace of my heart is Je-sus.
 And he bled there on Cal'-ry my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je-sus.
 And so that is the rea-son I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.



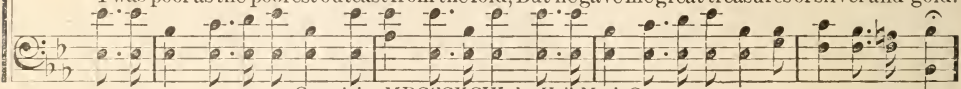
D.S.—And a man-sion up yonder that nev-er grows old, For the wealth of the world is Je-sus.

CHORUS.

D.S.



I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, But he gave me great treasures of silver and gold.



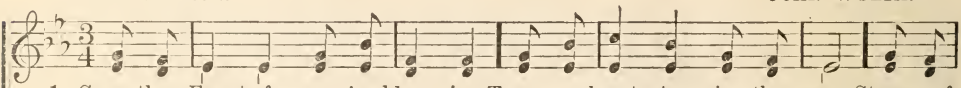
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No. 103.

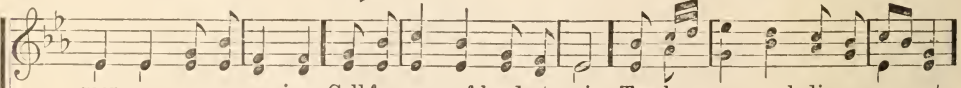
Come, Thou Fount.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

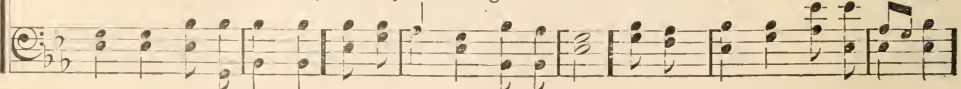
JOHN WYETH.



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



mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious son-net,
 hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar-rive at home. Je-sus sought me as a stran-ger
 good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee: Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,



Come, Thou Fount.—Concluded.

Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of thy redeeming love.
Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res-cue me from danger, In-ter-posed his precious blood.
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a-bove.

No. 104.

The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H.

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 wit-ness with-in..... Je - sus now saves me from sin.....
with-in from sin

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

No. 105.

The Voice of Free Grace.

RICHARD BIRDSALL.

Rev. W. McDONALD. Arr.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Es-cape to the mountain; For
 2. Now glo - ry to God in the high - est is giv - en; Now
 3. O Je - sus, ride on— thy king - dom is glo - rious; O'er
 4. When on Zi - on we stand, hav - ing gained the blest shore, With our

Adam's lost race Christ hath o - pened a fountain: For sin and un-clean-ness, and
 glo - ry to God is re - ech - oed in heav-en; A - round the whole earth let us
 sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us vic - to - rious: Thy name shall be praised in the
 harps in our hands, we will praise ev - er - more: We'll range the blest fields on the

D.S.—Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has

ev - 'ry trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion."
 tell the glad sto - ry, And sing of his love, his sal - va - tion and glo - ry.
 great con - gre - ga - tion, And saints shall as - cribe un - to thee their sal - va - tion.
 banks of the riv - er, And sing of re - demp - tion for - ev - er and ev - er.

purchased our par-don! We will praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor-dan.

Arr.—Copyright, MCMV, by Hall-Mack Co.

No. 106.

Rock of Ages.

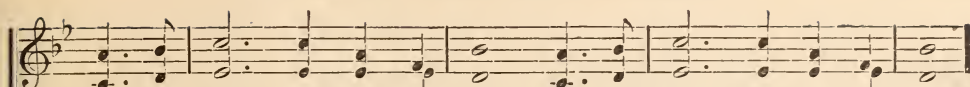
A. M. TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY. 7s, 61.)

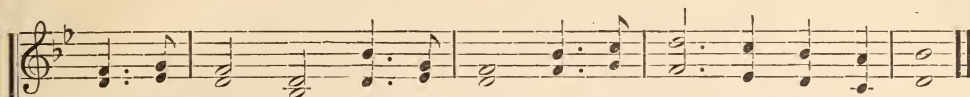
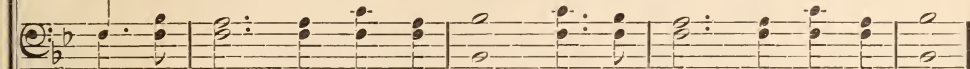
THOS. HASTINGS.

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

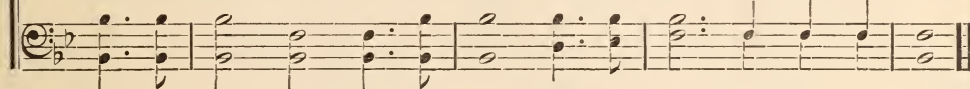
Rock of Ages.—Concluded.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.



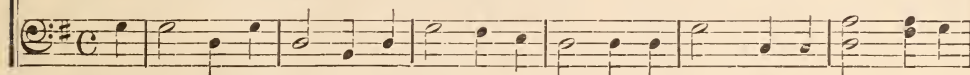
No. 107.

Gospel Joy.

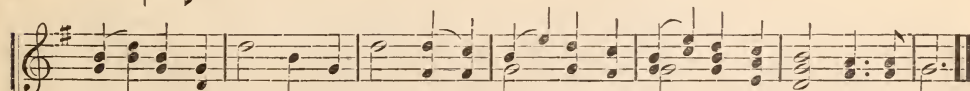
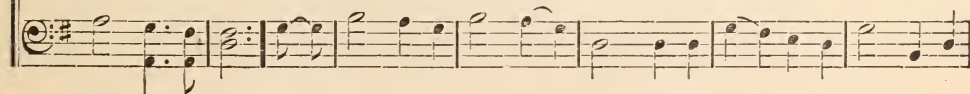
T. JARMAN.



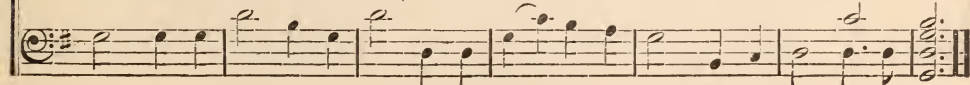
1. My God, I am thine! What a com - fort di - vine; What a bless - ing to know that my
2. True pleasures a - bound in the rap - tur - ous sound, And who - ev - er hath found it, hath
3. Yet on - ward I haste to the heav - en - ly feast: That, that is the full - ness, but



Je - sus is mine. In the heav - en - ly Lamb thrice hap - py I am, And my heart doth re -
par - a - dise found. My Je - sus to know, and feel his blood flow, 'Tis life ev - er -
this is the taste. And this I shall prove, till with joy I re - move To the heaven



joice at the sound of his name, And my heart doth re - joice at the sound of his name.
last - ing, 'tis heav - en be - low, 'Tis life ev - er - last - ing, 'tis heav - en be - low.
of heavens in Je - sus' love, To the heaven of heavens in Je - sus' love.



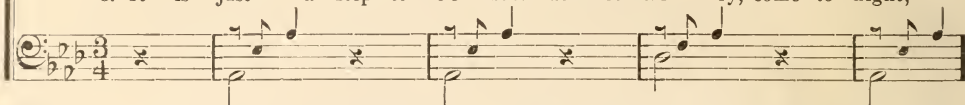
Just a Step to Jesus.

A. L. TUBBS.

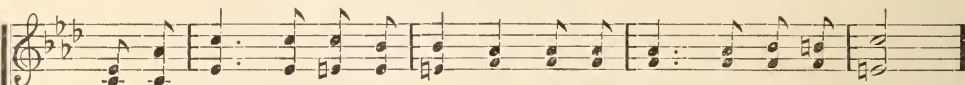
WALTER A. ANDREWS.



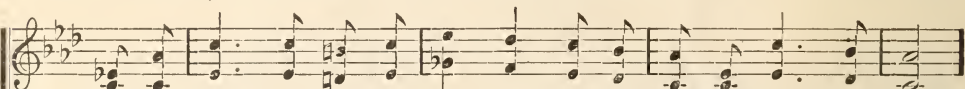
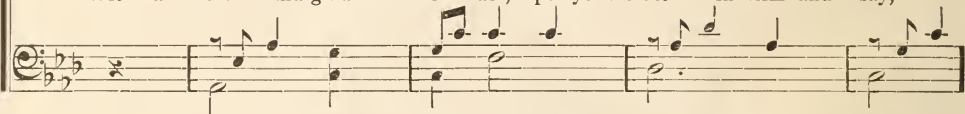
1. It is just a step to Je - sus, will you take it, friend, to - night?
2. It is just a step to Je - sus, sinner, will you cross the line?
3. It is just a step to Je - sus: do not tar - ry, come to - night;



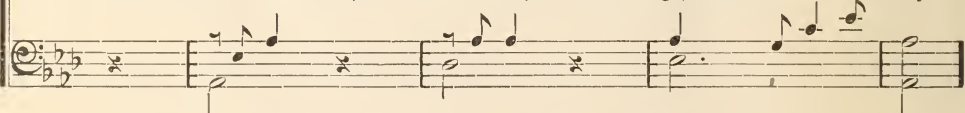
He is wait - ing to re - ceive you; will you walk in - to the light?
 Will you let his love so precious in your life for - ev - er shine?
 Put your hand in his and fol - low in the bless - ed - ness of light.



With a ten - der - ness e - ter - nal that is deep - er than the sea
 Tho' the world has charms al - lur - ing, they are like the fad - ing leaf,
 With a full and glad sur - ren - der, put your trust in him and say,



He im - plores you and in - vites you, say - ing kind - ly, "Come to me."
 And at last will fall and with - er, leaving on - ly pain and grief.
 "Where thou lead - est me, O Sav - iour, I will go, and nev - er stray."



CHORUS.



O how can you slight his mer - cy? 'Tis so boun - ti - ful and sweet;

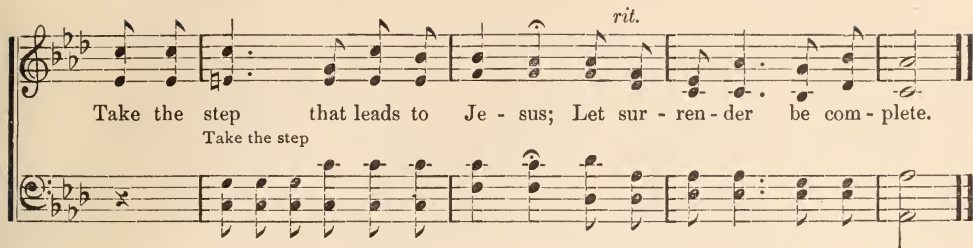
O how can

'Tis so boun -

and sweet;



Just a Step to Jesus.—Concluded.



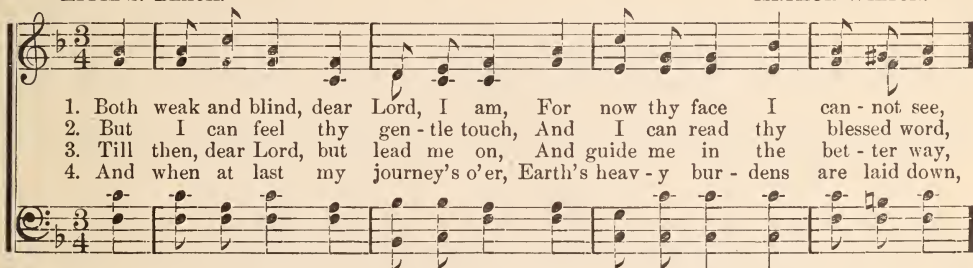
rit.

Take the step that leads to Je - sus; Let sur - ren - der be com - plete.
Take the step

No. 109. When in Thy Courts I Stand.

EFFIE S. BLACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

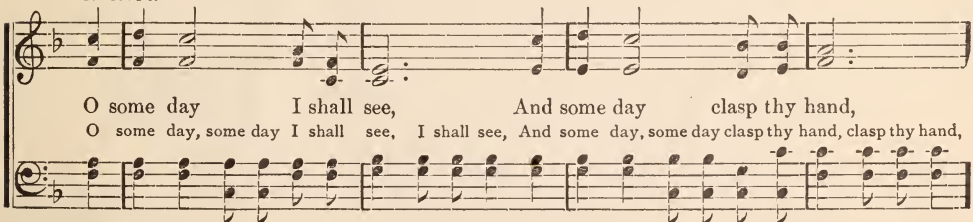


1. Both weak and blind, dear Lord, I am, For now thy face I can - not see,
2. But I can feel thy gen - tle touch, And I can read thy blessed word,
3. Till then, dear Lord, but lead me on, And guide me in the bet - ter way,
4. And when at last my journey's o'er, Earth's heav - y bur - dens are laid down,

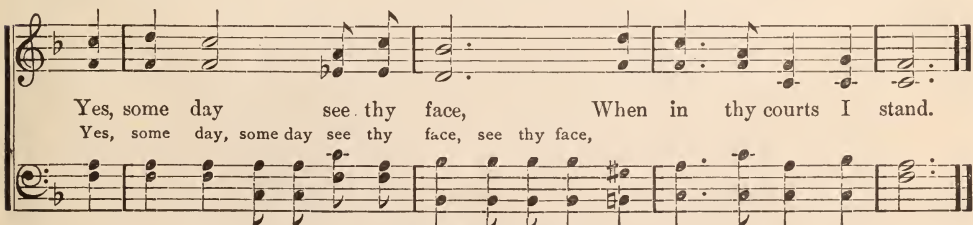


But I can hear thy gen - tle voice Speak words of love to me.
And with thy might - y, throbbing love My lone - ly heart is stirred.
Lest grop - ing in the dark - ness here My feet should go a - stray.
When tears are changed to pearls of joy, My cross to jew - eled crown.

CHORUS.



O some day I shall see, And some day clasp thy hand,
O some day, some day I shall see, I shall see, And some day, some day clasp thy hand, clasp thy hand,



Yes, some day see thy face, When in thy courts I stand.
Yes, some day, some day see thy face, see thy face,

No. 110.

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and

by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you
 by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
 by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you

CHORUS.

read-y for that day to come? } Are you ready? are you ready? Are you ready
 read-y for that day to come? }
 read-y for that day to come? }

for the judg-ment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson. East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 111.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
 2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my Guide: Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour

My Faith Looks Up to Thee—Concluded.

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
 died for me, O may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

No. 112.

Now I'm Coming Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

With feeling.

1. Long I have wan-dered a - far from my Lord, Now I am com-ing home;
 2. Tired of the world with its fol - ly and sin, Now I am com-ing home;
 3. Know - ing my Sav - iour can give me his rest, Now I am com-ing home;
 4. Hum - bly I crave but a poor servant's place, Now I am com-ing home;
 5. Oh, bless the Lord, my dear Sav - iour I see, Now I am com-ing home;

Long - ing to be to his fav - or re - stored, Now I am com-ing home.
 B'liev-ing the Sav - iour will wel - come me in, Now I am com-ing home.
 Long - ing to an - chor my soul on his breast, Now I am com-ing home.
 On - ly de - sir - ing to taste of his grace, Now I am com-ing home.
 Wait - ing to wel - come a sin - ner like me, Now I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

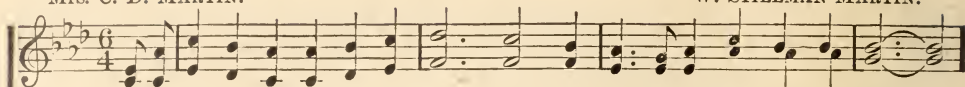
Yes, I am com - ing, Dear Lord, I'm com-ing, Just now I'm com-ing home;

Yes, I am com - ing, Dear Lord, I'm coming, Just now I'm com-ing home.

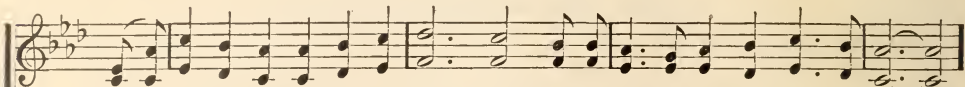
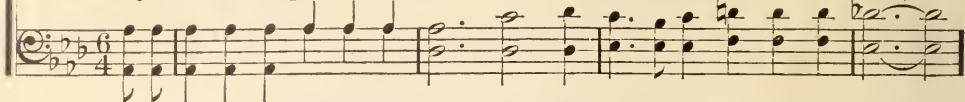
No. 113. Your Sins are Remembered No More.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

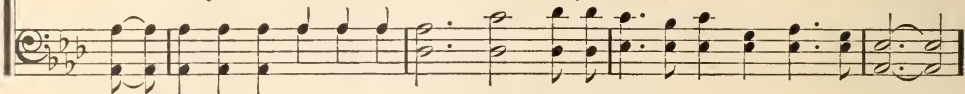
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



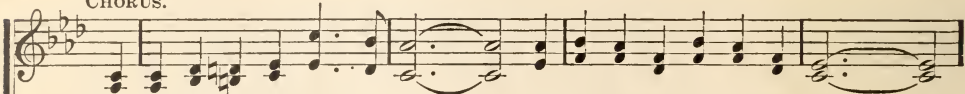
1. Tho' your sins are as red as the crim - son, As countless as sands on the shore,
2. Tho' your sins are as deep as the scar - let, To judgment they've gone on be - fore,
3. If you ev - er ex - pect to reach heav - en The Saviour a - lone is the door;



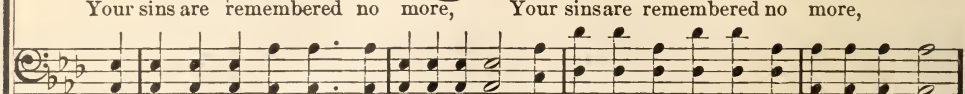
In the blood of the blessed Re - deem - er They are cleansed and remembered no more.
The blood of the Sav - iour will cleanse you, And your sins he'll re - mem - ber no more.
In his life you are safe now and ev - er And your sins are re - mem - bered no more.



CHORUS.

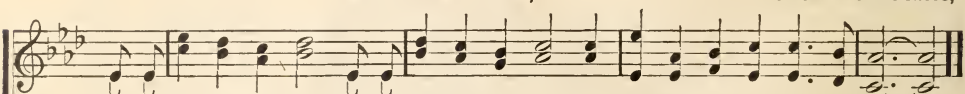


Your sins are remembered no more, Your sins are remembered no more,

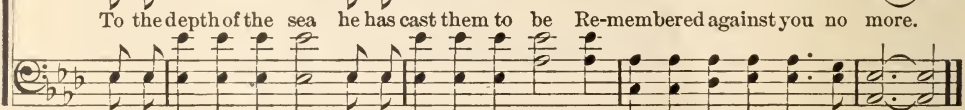


remembered no more,

remembered no more,



To the depth of the sea he has cast them to be Re - mem - bered against you no more.

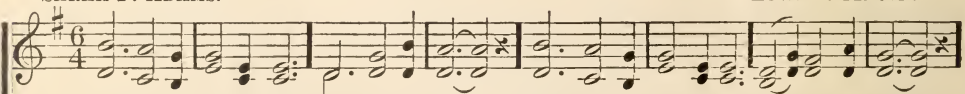


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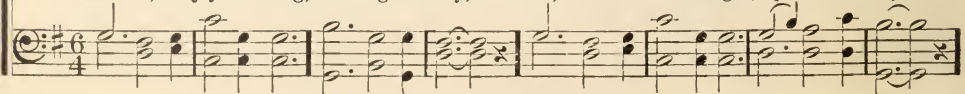
No. 114. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er The sungone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap - pear 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 sto - ny griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly;



Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

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

No. 115.

Heartily Unto the Lord.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. When-ev-er you toil for the Mast-er, Ne'er think of the promised re-ward,
 2. When-ev-er you join in the prais-es Of him by the an-gels a-dored,
 3. When-ev-er you scat-ter the mer-cies Which grace in your gar-ners has stored,
 4. When-ev-er you find your life rich-er In love which the Lord hath out-poured,

Go out and per-form ev-'ry du-ty, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.
 Sing out your glad song of thanks-giv-ing, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.
 The gifts of your love shall be prof-fered, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.
 Be sure you re-spond to the mer-cy Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.

CHORUS.

Un-to the Lord, un-to the Lord, Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord;

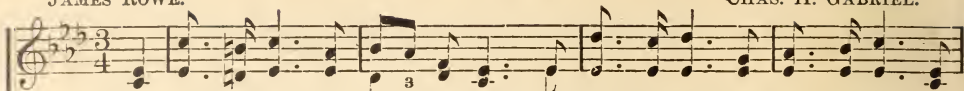
Go forth and perform ev-'ry du-ty Heart-i-ly un-to the Lord.....
 the Lord.

No. 116.

I Know That I Have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

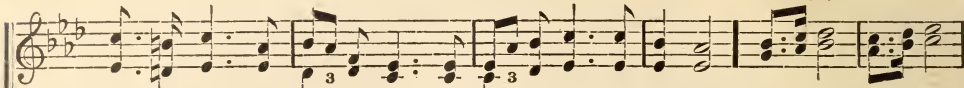
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Tho' lov'd ones van - ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a-bide, I
2. Tho' heav - y be my load of care, And tri - als meet me ev - 'rywhere, With
3. When Sa - tan's ar - rows round me fly, And sin, a tor - rent, rush - es by, A
4. And when the an - gel shall ap-pear, To call methro' the val - ley drear, I

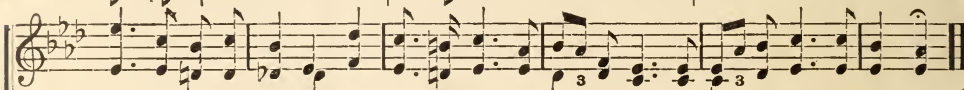
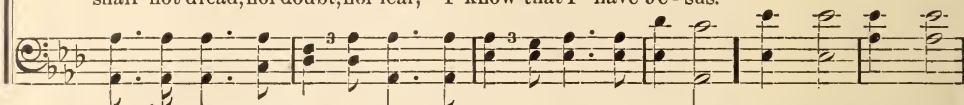


CHORUS.

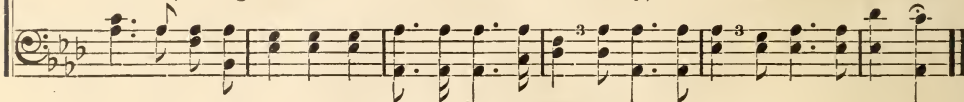


- still am ful - ly sat-is-fied— I know that I have Je - sus.
 pa - tience I my cross will bear,— I know that I have Je - sus.
 nev - er - fail - ing friend is nigh,— I know that I have Je - sus.
 shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,— I know that I have Je - sus.

Je - sus, Je - sus,



Gen - tle, lov - ing Je - sus! For life and for e - ter - ni - ty, I know that I have Je - sus.



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No. 117.

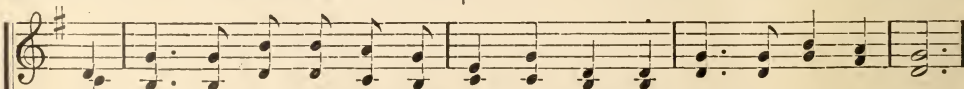
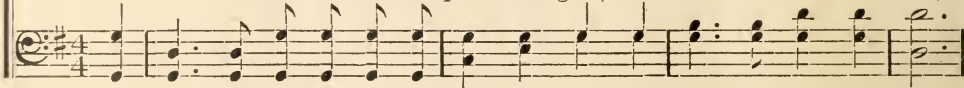
Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

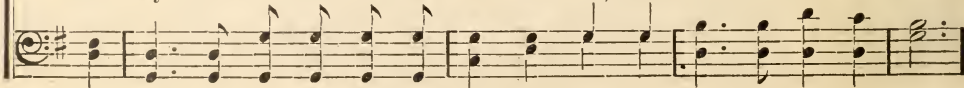
J. W. VANDEVENTER.



1. Some-time we'll stand be - fore the judg - ment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet and nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

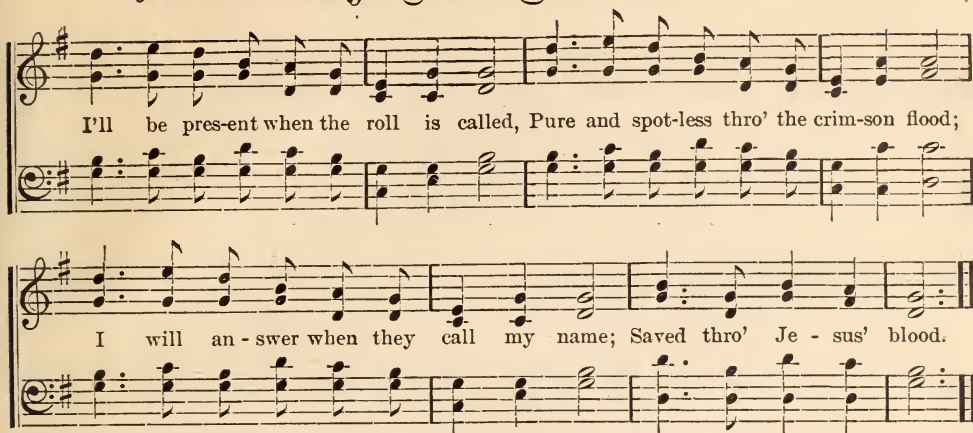


The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with him ten thou - sand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our bur - dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.



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Saved Through Jesus' Blood.—Concluded.



I'll be pres-ent when the roll is called, Pure and spot-less thro' the crim-son flood;

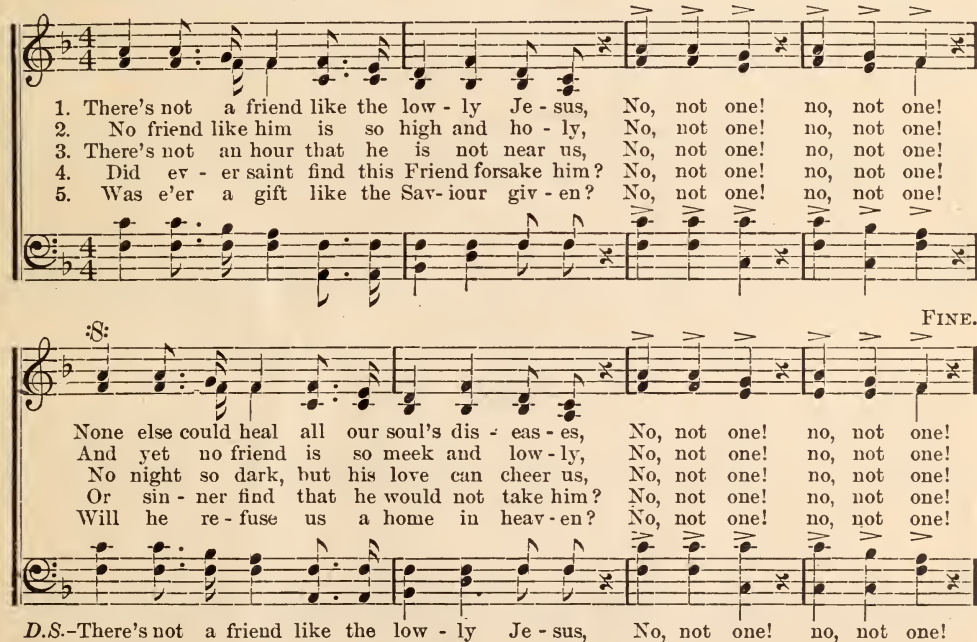
I will an-swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je-sus' blood.

No. 118.

No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

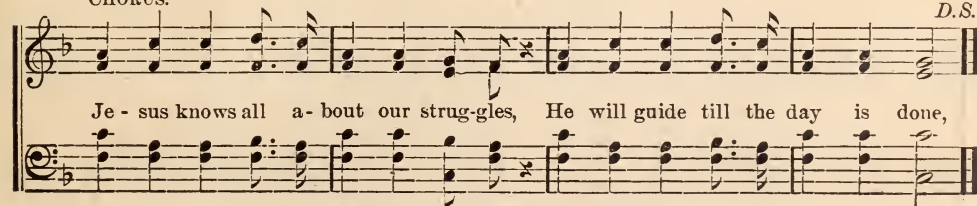
FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

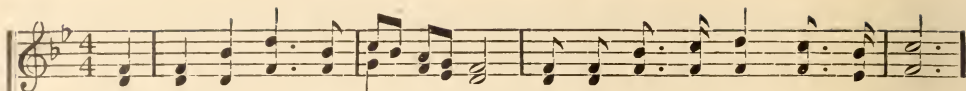
CHORUS.

D.S.

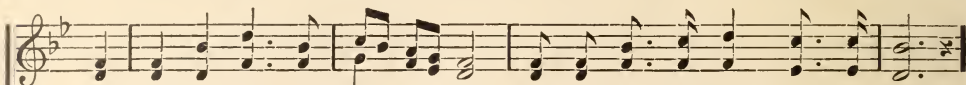


Je-sus knows all a-bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done,

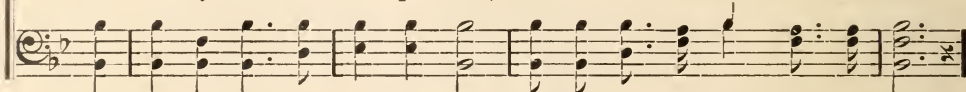
Blessed be the Name.



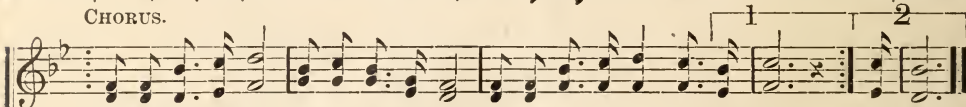
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sin - ner's breast, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu - sic in the Sav-iour's name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;



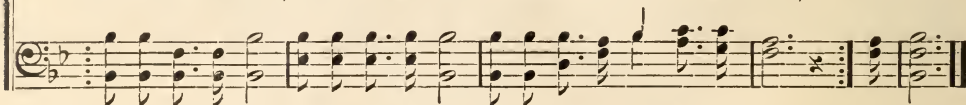
It soothes my sor - rows, heals my wounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man - na to the hun-gry soul, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea - ry sweet-est rest, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav - iour I have found, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev - 'ry heart his love pro-claim, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name Blessed be the name of the Lord; the Lord.



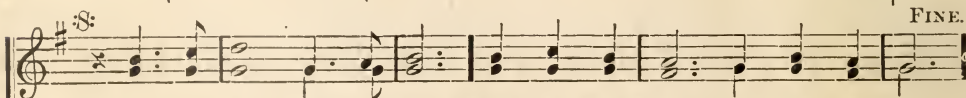
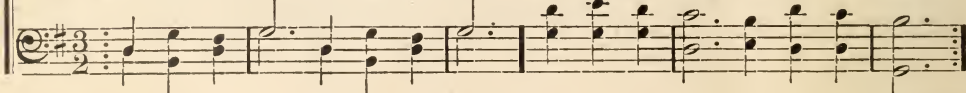
O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

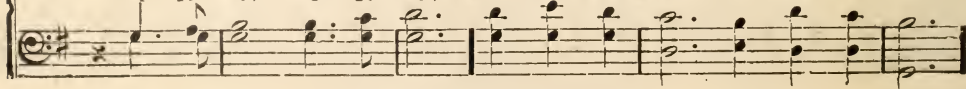
E. F. RIMBAULT.



1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad. }



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!



FINE.

O Happy Day.—Concluded,

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am the Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 121.

Take Me As I Am!

1. Je-sus my Lord, to thee, I cry; Un-less thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep-a-ra-tion can I make, My best re-solves I on-ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;

FINE.

O bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to thee I can-not move, O take me as I am!

D.S.—O bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

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

5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone:
Lord, take me as I am!

Christ is All.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there. Yet
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head, Wait -
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age shake, Nor
 4. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Fath-er, Son, and Spir - it say; The

peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her help - less
 ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 death his soul ap - pall, I asked him whence his strength was giv'n, He looked tri -
 Bride re - peats the call; For he will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will

CHORUS.

wid - ow-hood's de-fense, She told me "Christ was all."
 spir - it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
 soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all." } Christ is all, all in all, Yes,

Christ is all in all; Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

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

Only Trust Him.—Concluded.

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

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now!
 He will save you, he will save you, He will save (Omit.....) you now!

No. 124.

Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free—
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to thee;
 4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
 5. Love of God, so pure and change-less; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 6. Pass me not! thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee,

Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drop - pings fall on me—
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me—
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor, Whilst thou'rt call - ing, O call me—
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
 Grace of God, so strong and bound - less;—Mag - ni - fy them all in me—
 While the streams of life are spring - ing, Bless - ing oth - ers, O bless me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

No. 125.

Tell it unto Others.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Have you left the path of sin? Tell it un - to oth - ers!
 2. Are you walk - ing in the light! Tell it un - to oth - ers!
 3. Is the Mas - ter's serv - ice sweet? Tell it un - to oth - ers!

Do you know of peace with - in Tell it un - to oth - ers!
 Does the path - way grow more bright? Tell it un - to oth - ers!
 Does he give you joy com - plete? Tell it un - to oth - ers!

CHORUS.

Tell of Je - sus kind and true, Tell what he has done for you,

Oth - er souls will seek him too, Tell it un - to oth - ers!

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No. 126.

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

(MILES LANE.)

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all maj - es -
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er -

All Hail the Power.—Concluded.

di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
 Israel's might, 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. 127.

O What A Change.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O what a change from a world of de-spair, Glo - ry di-vine with my Sav-iour to share;
 2. O what a change! yet he's always the same Par-don and peace not a-lone would I claim,
 3. O what a change! Now his face I can see, Once hid from view now 'tis glorious to me;
 4. O what a change when the garments I own Shall be replaced by a robe and a crown,

Where once was gloom now 'tis light ev-'ry-where, O what a change! O what a change!
 There comes to all who be-lieve on his name O what a change! O what a change!
 Once bound with sin, what a joy to be free, O what a change! O what a change!
 When at his feet I my bur-dens lay down, O what a change! O what a change!

CHORUS.

O what a change from the burden of sin O what a change! O what a change!

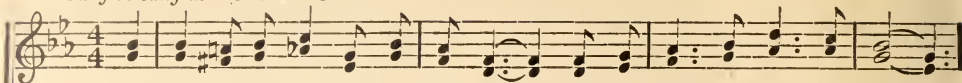
ad. lib.
 O what a change in my life there has been, O what a change!

No. 128.

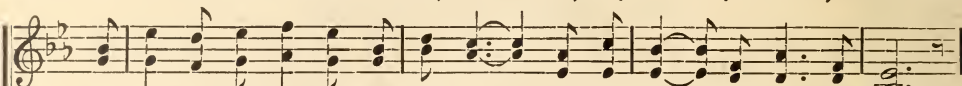
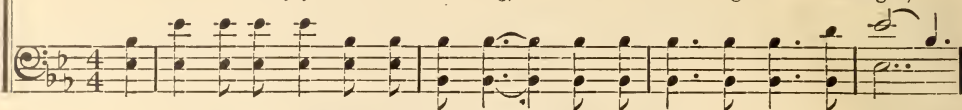
The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than com - posed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shin - eth bright - er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk - ing in his sight,



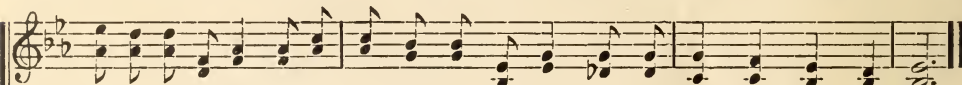
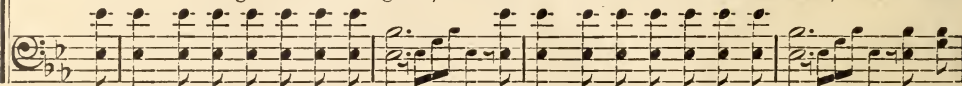
- The storm that I feared may sur - round me, But it ne'er ex - cludes his face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than he drank in Geth - sem - a - ne.
 The toil of my work grow - eth light - er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring - ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



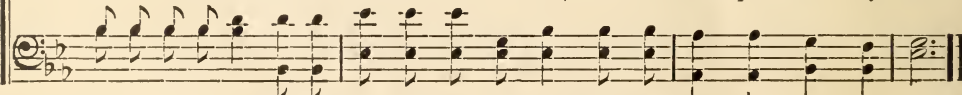
CHORUS.



- The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot hide his blessed face; I am



- sat - is - fied to know That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



No. 129.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.



1. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
2. I need thee ev'ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee ev'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis - es In me ful - fill.
4. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy One; O make me thine indeed, Thou bless - ed Son.



I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O, I need thee; Ev'ry hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

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No. 130.

Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing from the throne of God.
 We shall walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
 We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

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

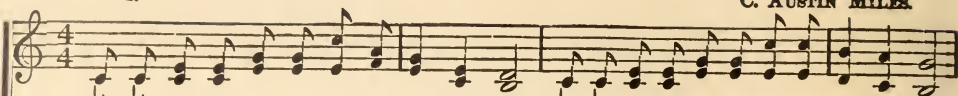
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

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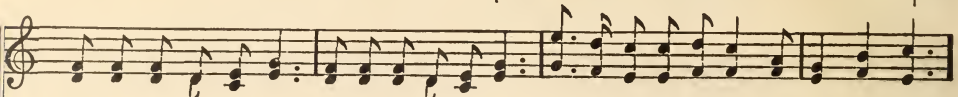
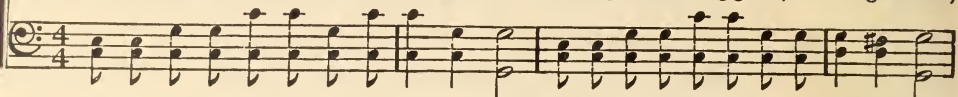
When I Get Home.

C A M.

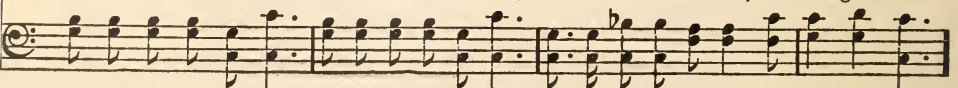
C. AUSTIN MILLS.



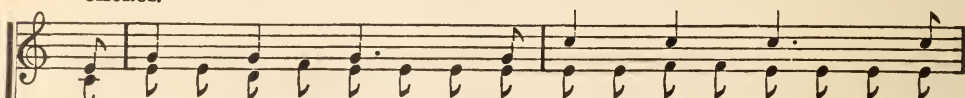
1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;



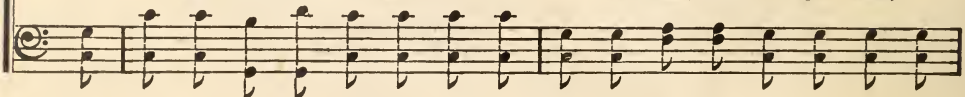
Clad in robes of glo-ry, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.
 I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll adore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.



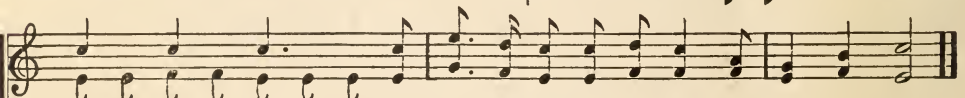
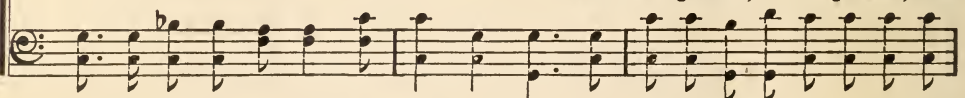
CHORUS.



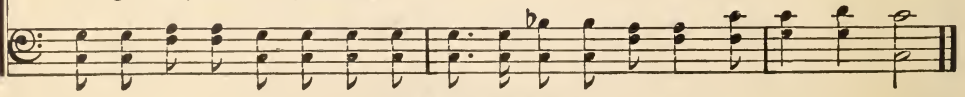
When I get home, When I get home, All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,



sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
 When I get home, when I get home, When



I get home, All sorrow will be o-ver, When I get home.
 I get home, when I get home



No. 132.

How firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Composer Unknown.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed; For I am thy
 3. 'When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
 4. 'E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
 5. 'The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re- pose, I will not, I
 faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup- ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
 you he hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"'

No. 133.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

S. STANLEY.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
 2 I love thy Church, O God: Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
 3 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
 4 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God:
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;

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 Till toils and cares shall end.
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 Her hymns of love and praise.
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