"Oh, sing unto The Lord A new song."

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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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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE NEW LIFE HYMNAL, is edited by John Fair and H. K. Mover, 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 adherance 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 accompanient 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.
No. 1.

The New Life Song.

John Fair.  

H. K. Moyer.

1. Sing the new life, let the echo ring;  
   Speak the new life, all voices sing;  
   Pray the new life, Look to God above;  
   Live the new life, for He is love.

2. Sing the new life, God's gift to man;  
   Speak the new life, He'll understand;  
   Pray the new life, at the altar fair;  
   Live the new life, our treasure rare.

3. Sing the new life, it begins on earth;  
   Speak the new life, 'tis the new birth;  
   Pray the new life,ours to claim;  
   Live the new life, live not in vain.

4. Sing the new life, Jesus will heed;  
   Speak the new life, to every creed;  
   Pray the new life, promise 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!

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1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
2. The Father's house, the mansions fair, My home shall for ev er be,
3. He saved me from my lost estate, 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 Jesus
Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus 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 Jesus 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.

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No. 3.

**Jesus Saves.**

**J. L. H.**

1. There's a message sweet and clear, Jesus saves!
   
2. Tell that sinful men may know Jesus saves!

3. Have you heard the joyful sound Jesus saves!

**J. LINCOLN HALL.**

Sweet-est words that man can hear, Jesus saves!

That a blessing he'll bestow, Jesus saves!

Does his grace in you abound? Jesus saves!

---

**CHORUS.**

Jesus saves! Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Tell the message 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 saves!

---

All the world he died, Jesus saves!

demption's storying sing, Jesus saves!

makes of earth a heav'n Jesus saves!

---

Halle-lu-jah to his name, Jesus saves!

Praise the Lord, it reaches me

---

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

---

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No. 4.

W. C. MARTIN.

Land of the Morrow.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

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 slum-bering 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 brin-gis 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 fal-ter 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, 0 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 mor-row, O land of the mor-row, Thy gladness I bor-row, Thy

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That's What He's Doing.

C. Harold Lowden.

1. I have a friend, my precious Saviour, And O I love him so, He makes my
life so full of sunshine I've heaven here below,
joy in place of sadness And sunshine all the way,
and that's what he's doing every day, what he's

2. He changes ev'ry night of trial Into the "perfect day," He giveth

3. And now in heaven he is preparing A mansion bright and fair And when this
day Something to brighten all the way And this I

Chorus.

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He's all things to Me.

Richard Beesley.

G. S. Schuler.

1. If all in life from me depart, My riches, strength and health, . . . .
2. He keeps me from this world apart, Spreads o'er me his wings, . . . .
3. My soul is fill'd with joy divine, My heart with rapture thrills, . . . .
4. Not day nor night nor flight of time, Can blight the ecstasy, . . . .

I have my Saviour in my heart, And that is more than wealth.
He comes with fulness to my heart, And love and life he brings.
Since Christ the Lord I know is mine, Sweet peace my being fills.
Of holy bliss, serene, sublime, My Saviour gives to me.

Chorus.

Jesus, my Saviour, is all things to me, . . . .
He is my Saviour who died on the tree; Bringing redemption for
you and for me, . . . .
Jesus, my Saviour, is all things to me.

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No. 7.

I am His Child.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. How heavy was my load of sin, My garments how defiled,
2. His peace at once he gave to me, He stilled the tempest wild,
3. Tho' obstacles of mountain height Along my way have piled,

Until I let my Saviour in, And now I am his child.
From heavy burdens set me free, Because I was his child.
The sky above is always 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 bewildered at the
Praise God, his child! I stand bewildered at the

love, The love that makes
his love, The love that makes

me his own child.

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No. 8. The Bridegroom Cometh.

W. C. Martin.

C. Austin Miles.

1. O my soul would fill with rapture if this moment I might hear: Be-
   hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; I would shout aloud with joy if it were
   held, the Bride-groom com-eth; And the dreams of night shall vanish when the
   hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; Go ye out, therefore, to meet him with a

2. Soon my eager wait-ing spirit shall the glad announcement hear: Be-
   hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; I would shout aloud with joy if it were
   held, the Bride-groom com-eth; And the dreams of night shall vanish when the
   hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; Go ye out, therefore, to meet him with a

3. Hark! the long, ex-pect-ed cry rings out amid the stillly night: Be-
   hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; I would shout aloud with joy if it were
   held, the Bride-groom com-eth; And the dreams of night shall vanish when the
   hold, the Bride-groom com-eth; Go ye out, therefore, to meet him with a

Chorus.

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

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

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

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No. 9.

"I Never Will Leave Thee."

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. When burdens of life seem too heavy to bear, When storm-clouds are

2. O look from the shadows to Jesus today, And, striving his

3. When seemeth in vain the good seed that you sow, Remember bright.

Chorus.

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

you,..... So faithful, so precious and true!..... "I never will

to you,

leave thee—no, never forsake!" O think of God's promise to you!

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No. 10.  

He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me

J. E. F.  

1. I was wrecked on a rocky and desolate shore, Sink-ing
2. The billows were dash-ing, the waves roll-ing high, No
3. When all was con-fu-sion midst dark billows' roll, No
4. And now as I wan-der I sing as I go, His
5. Your sins like the billows 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 full-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.

He threw out the life-line to me, to me, From
Cal-va-ry's tree, Far over the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.

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

JAMES ROWE.  IRA B. WILSON.

Duet, Alto & Tenor.

1. There's a sweet old story which I love to hear, When the night is long and dreary;
2. There's a sweet old story that I love to read When my spirit dreads the morning;
3. There's a sweet old story that I love to tell To the heart by grief o'er-taken,

When we feel the power of the tempter near, And my soul is sad and weary.
When, to help me onward, strength or cheer I need, Or when comfort I would borrow.
To the friendless brothers who in darkness dwell, And to those by hope forsaken.

Chorus.

'Tis the old, old story of his love, The story of his love.

message from above; For no other I can find that can calm a troubled mind, Like the sweet old story of his love.

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Waving Palms of Victory.

No. 12.

W. W. V. W. W. VANSANT.

1. When my trials here are over and I lay my burden down, And em-
2. I shall join the host un-numbered, who around the throne of God Sing his
3. Now by faith I see my loved ones who have passed the swelling tide, And are
4. O the glory of that meeting, when the hands shall clasp again, And from

bark upon the waters of death's sea; I shall see beyond its billows souls of
praises thro' a glad eternity; I shall wear a robe of glory and shall
praising him, the Lamb of Calvary; They are happy in his presence, and are
earth and all its sorrows we are free! We shall dwell with Christ forever in that

Chorus.

ransomed saints on high, Waving palms of victory.

sing a song of praise, Waving palms of victory.

looking, now, for me, Waving palms of victory.

happy, gold-en land, Waving palms of victory.

Waving palms... of victory.

Waving palms... of jubilee;

What a

meeting and greeting, When my lov'd ones I shall see, Waving palms of victory.
Just Tell Jesus.

No. 13.

James Rowe.

Solo.

1. If some great burden bends you low, Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus;
2. If earthly friends forsake your side, Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus;
3. If sin has caused your soul to roam, Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus;
4. O what-so-ever you may need, Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus;

Chorus. Faster.

His love will lighten it, I know; Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus.
To none his friendship is denied; Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus.
His voice will safely guide you home; Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus.
You'll find in him a friend indeed; Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus.

Just whisper the name of this wonderful friend, Rich
showers of blessing to you he will send And loving and
faithful remain to the end; Just tell Jesus, just tell Jesus.
1. I'll follow him, I'll follow him To pastures green and fair;
When burdens press and cares distress, And heavy is my load.
For in the shadows of earth's night His goodness shall not fail.

No fears alarm nor perils harm When in the Shepherd's care.
More bright the sun-lit path shall seem, The flow'rs more sweet shall be;
Yet in the sunshine of his love The shadows all shall flee;
And when the river I shall cross, His glorious face I'll see;

For in the pleasant paths of peace My Lord is leading me.
For in the path that once he trod My Lord is leading me.
For to his heav'n-ly home above My Lord is leading me.

Chorus. Very softly.

Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow;
I'll Follow Him.—Concluded.

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

No. 15.

Send Showers of Blessing.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. As showers from the clouds come down Upon the thirsty ground,
2. The Word of God assures our hearts, We cannot plead in vain;
3. Of old, at Pentecost, the show'rs Descended from above,
4. When we are ready to receive, Then is God's time at hand

So shall refreshing show'rs of grace Be poured in plenty round.
The Lord shall brighten all the clouds And send the needed rain.
And many were the hearts refreshed With healing streams of love.
When he will give refreshing show'rs And bless the weary land.

CHORUS.

Send show'rs of blessing, Send show'rs of blessing; O Lord, from above, In thy wonderful love, Send show'rs of blessing.

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His Name is like Music.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Since I came to the Saviour for pardon, And his pow'r from my sins set me free, I am tell-ing his wondrous salvation, And his name is like music to me!

2. I was bound, but my chains now are broken, I was blind, but to day I can see!  O the Lord was my glorious Deliverer! And his name is like music to me!

3. I was lost, but the dear Saviour found me, And he turned not a blind eye! His name is like music to me...

Chorus.

Since his pow-er from sin set me free............. I am tell-ing his won-drous sal-va-tion For his name is like mu-sic to me!

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No. 17.  

Send thy Promised Blessing Now.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.  

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Lord, we seek from thee a blessing, so abundant, rich and free, As be
fore thy throne of mercy we would bow; Let us know this very hour
How unbounded is thy pow'r, Send thy promised blessing now!

2. We would claim the blest assurance that is written in thy word, As each
heart again renew to thee its vow; Send the pentecostal flame,
For thy pow'r is still the same; Send thy promised blessing now!

3. O - pen now the heav'nly windows, that thy blessings may come down To each
heart that waits within thy courts below; Let us know this very hour
How unbounded is thy pow'r, Send thy promised blessing now!

CHORUS.

Send thy promised blessing now! Send thy promised blessing now! Let us
know this very hour How unbounded is thy pow'r, Send thy promised blessing now!

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No. 18. Christ for Me!

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-dues 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!

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Christ for Me!—Concluded.

In time and in eternity, Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 19. The Pearl of Great Price.


1. I once was a wand’rer, far from God, I knew not the light of his face;
2. 'Twas while I was seeking joys of earth, With heart filled with longing and pain,
3. My hand into his at last I put, And O what a wonderful peace
4. A long time I walked in sinful ways, And knew not the joys of his love;

I chose the dark paths of sin and doubt, Refusing to learn of his grace.
That Christ gently came and showed the way The pearl of great price to obtain.
Came over my soul in flood of joy, With knowledge of fullest release.
But all of earth's pleasures count as naught, Compared to this pearl from above.

Chorus.

But now I am saved, yes, I'm saved, Sin's pleasures no longer entice;

I've found something better than all, The wonderful pearl of great price.
No. 20.  Tarry Till You Get the Power.

A. W. S.  ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

1. God is calling loud for reapers, For his waiting harvest field, There is
   work for us to do this very hour; So we'll waken all the sleepers
   waiting hearts the promise pleaded o'er; Like a rushing wind from heaven,
   blesséd news to heav'n began to soar; That the world was finding Jesus,

2. When the Holy Ghost descendéd, On that Pentecostal day, And those
   To his summons we will yield, But we'll wait till we receive the promised power.
   Came the fire from off the throne; It was there those brave disciples got the power.
   And the lost were coming home, For the messengers were supplied with power.

3. From that upper room the message Went to glad den all the world, And the
   Of the Christ who waits to save, But we can not till we get the promised power.
   From that upper room the message Went to glad den all the world, And the

4. All around us men are dying, Dropping deeper into sin, Straying
   Chorus.
   We must tarry till we get the power.
   We must get the power,
   We will carry sword and shield,

   __*^=t=pz t=t=:*
   ——^=r=^=F^± ——
   i—
   __*±—i__—
   __*±—i__—
   __*±—i__—
   __*±—i__—

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No. 21.

Hear Him Calling, "It is I!"

A. W. S.  
ARThUR W. Spooner, D. D.

Duet.—Soprano and Tenor.

1. Weary soul, the Lord is near, He will save you, do not fear;
2. Troubled soul, with sorrow press'd, Come and Christ will give you rest;
3. Sickness soul, why longer wait? Hasten e'er it be too late!

O'er life's storm-swept Galilee, He will come to rescue thee.
Every burden he will bear, All your trials, all your care.
Jesus shows his wounded side, Can you spurn the crucified?

Chorus.

O'er life's billows wild and chilling, Hear him calling "It is I!

With his voice the wild waves stilling, Do not fear, your Lord is nigh.

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No. 22.  

**After Life's Journey.**

**J. L. Newkirk.**

**C. Harold Lowden.**

1. After the storms have beat up on our pathway; After the winds have hushed their awful blast; Our little bark, tho' tossed up on the billows, cross life's rolling sea, And in the storm, with darkness all around us, on that golden shore; With those we love, through-out the countless ages

2. How blest the thought that he, who is our Pilot Will safely guide a

3. 'Twill not be long, the voyage will have ended, And safe at home, up

   **Chorus.**

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

   water, Hope clears the mists, to yonder city's dome, Where in that land, no

   storm-clouds ever enter, After life's journey comes our home, sweet home.

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No. 23.

**God's Word Shall Endure.**

**ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.**

1. O soldiers of Christ, thou shalt victory win! God sendeth his word as love's token; 'Tis changeless and sure, It shall ever endure!

2. Each blessed assurance is mighty in pow'r, As sure as when first they were spoken; 'Tis gladness to know, While we're serving below, Bible—God's token! It ever shall stand As the work of God's hand,

3. Be strong in his service to do and to dare, And trust in the

Chorus.

No promise shall ever be broken! No promise shall ever be broken! No promise shall ever be broken! God's word shall endure! It is changeless and sure! No promise shall ever be broken!

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1. There is One who loved me truly, and so well, That he came from heav’n for me,
2. There is One who bore my burden, 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 dearly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I never, no, I never can forget.
All for me, on the tree, And I never, no, I never can forget.
F’en for me, on the tree, And I never, no, I never can forget.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I never, no, I never can forget.

Chorus.

O I never can forget!
O I never, no, I never, O I never can forget!
O I never can forget!

How he died on Calvary,
never, no, I never can forget, can forget!
never can forget!

How he died to set me free, O I never can forget!
O I never, no I never can forget!
O I never can forget!
No. 25.  Are You Sheltered From the Storm?

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.  C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. There's a tempest ever raging o'er life's dark and troubled tide, O how
2. There's a tempest ever raging o'er life's dark and troubled tide, And it
3. There's a tempest ever raging o'er life's dark and troubled tide, But with

man-y souls have yielded to its might! But in Christ there is a
seeks to veil the eyes to heaven's light; But the soul that comes to
Jesus all the journey shall be bright; Not a soul who sought this

refuge, all are safe who there may hide; Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?
Jesus shall in sunshine e'er abide; Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?
refuge ever yet has been denied; 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?

proved his helping pow'r In temptation's darkened hour? Are you sheltered from the storm to-night?
No. 26.

No Change in Jesus.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. When clouds of trouble gather near, And fill our souls with doubt and fear,
2. When foes surprise and lay us low, And swell our hearts with pain and woe,
3. When fortune turns from us away, And poverty our lives display,
4. And so 'twill be until the end; We'll ever have a precious friend

Though friends grow cold and disappear, We'll find no change in Jesus.
And friends, unheeding, onward go, We'll find no change in Jesus.
Though friends their shallow hearts betray, We'll find no change in Jesus.
Up on whose love we may depend; We'll find no change in Jesus.

Chorus.

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

All glory to his precious name! For us his love (for us his love

re mains the same; (re mains the same;) We find no change in Jesus.

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No. 27.  

Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S.  

ARThUR W. SPOOPER, D. D.

1. When up-on life's jour-ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems 
   break-ing with its sor-row and de-spair; Je-sus stands be-side you, all your 
   trou-bled, 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 

2. When your sky is dark-ened with a heav-y cloud of sin, When your soul is 
   near stand-ing at your side, Wait-ing now to help you.

3. When the temp-ter whis-pers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have 
   He'll bear your ev-ry loss, Fix your eyes up-on the cross.

4. =r
   joy will then be-gin, Fix your eyes up-on the cross.
   sure-ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up-on the cross.
   See the bless-ed Je-sus, 

Chorus.

He will give you com-fort, bear your loss,

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No. 28.

The Sunshine of His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Long a hopeless soul I wandered, in the sinful vale of night, And no
   earthly friend could hope or cheer impart; But the loving Saviour found me, and I'm
   storm, without a compass or a chart, But the loving Saviour found me, and to-
   you the world no comfort can impart— If, with hope and joy and courage, life a-

2. I was helpless and despairing, like a sail or on the sea In a
   day I'm strong and free, For the sunshine of his love is in my heart.
   new you would begin, Let the love of Jesus shine with in your heart.

3. O if life is dark and hopeless, if your soul is lost in sin, And to
   walking in the light, For the sunshine of his love is in my heart.

Chorus.

Yes, the sunshine of his love is in my heart, And the joy which only

Jesus can impart; I am happy day and night, And my
way is always bright, For the sunshine of his love is in my heart.

No. 29.  

Take Him at His Word.  

R. C. Ward.

1. When darkest clouds o'erhang the way, And threatening storms are heard,
   Just rest upon the promises, And take him at his word.
   O take him at his word...... Yes, take him at his word......
   'Tis sweet to trust in Jesus' name, And take him at his word.

2. Tho' evil hosts assail, and oft Your heart with fear is stirred,
   No evil can prevail, if you Will take him at his word.
   There's One who hears the pray'r of faith, Then take him at his word.

3. Your pray'rs ascend the throne of grace, Al though by men unheard:
   Just cast your all upon the Lord, And take him at his word.

4. He ready waits to fill the soul With melody unheard;
   He ready waits to fill the soul With melody unheard;
   He ready waits to fill the soul With melody unheard;
   He ready waits to fill the soul With melody unheard;

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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 trou-bles 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-u-res 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 whis-per-s un-dau-ted, "He car-eth for you!"
Faith bringeth sweet com-fort—"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! 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 you!

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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.
No. 32. 

**Just Take His Hand.**

**James Rowe.**

1. When storms of life are raging and the way you cannot see,
2. When sorrow overtakes you, tho' your friends from you depart,
3. When comes at last the summons, and the silent stream you see,

Or when your burden causes you to fall, Let not your heart be 
Unmindful of your pleading sigh or call, Let not your faith dwell. 
Let not the swelling waves your soul appall; Remembering his

troubled, do not let your courage flee; Just take the hand of crease, but keep a peaceful, trusting heart, And take the hand of promises, still true and fearless be, And take the hand of

**Chorus.**

Jesus, that is all. Just take the hand of Jesus, that is

all; that is all; He'll help you thro' your trials great or small; great or small;

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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,

Chorus.

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

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1. Often when I am impatient And my heart says, "now, right now"
2. If it be thy will to keep me Here to serve the small or great
3. Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Give me patience now to wait

Then my Saviour softly answers With a quiet voice and low.
Or by death to glorify thee, Help me just to trust and wait.
Help me evermore to trust thee, Till I stand beyond 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,

Thus Jesus my Saviour speaks to me, Trust and just wait, trust and just wait,

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

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If the King Should Come To-day.

A. W. S.

1. If the King should come to-day, With the angel throng, Come to bear his
2. If the King should come to-day, To his temple fair, Would he be a
3. If the King should come to-day, To the market-place, 'Mid the throng whose
4. If the King should come to-day, To the haunts of sin, If he stood be-
saints away, Come to right all wrong.—Would I hasten to his side, As a bride-groom
welcome guest, In the house of pray'r? If he show'd his bleeding side, From where 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-
to his bride, There for-ev-er, to a-bide? 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.

1. If temptation oft confronts you with an unrelenting pow'r, Seeking
   from the path of Right your steps to lead, God has promised to be with you; look to
2. In your labors for the Master do you sometimes weary grow, Seeking
   not the harvest from the scattered seed? Do not fret about the reaping, seek for
3. In each hour of joy or sorrow, in temptation or distress, God has
   said that he will be your strength indeed, Search the Holy Word for guidance; it will

him in faith each hour, There's a promise which will suit your every need!
help to wisely sow, There's a promise which will suit your every need!
help and cheer and bless, There's a promise which will suit your every need!

Chorus.

There's a promise! There's a promise! yes, a promise! From temptation pow'r you swiftly may be freed; There's a promise glad and sure which for-

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There's a Promise.—Concluded.

ev'er will endure, There's a promise which will suit your ev'-ry need!

No. 37.  

I Know.  

R. C. W.  

R. C. Ward.

1. My soul had wandered far away, Tossed on a stormy sea; I trusted Christ to save me for I knew he died for me. I knew he died for me, for me, blood applied, 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.

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No. 38.  Time Can Never Change His Love.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.  

1. Though time brings changes and decay, 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!

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

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Is it nothing to you that long ages ago
The Saviour from heaven came down,
Deprived of the glory he had upon high,
Beheld by the foxes and birds their nests,
But he was despised and rejected of men?

Is it nothing to you that he wandered on earth,
Deprived of the glory he had upon high,
Be the foxes and birds their nests,
But he was despised and rejected of men?

Is it nothing to you that he died on the cross,
And bore such a terrible load,
While out of his bosom the stream of his love,
And conquered the legions of hell by his power.

Is it nothing to you that he entered the grave,
And met the last enemy there,
And conquered the legions of hell by his power,
The glorious train, To sit on his throne as the judge of the world.

Is it nothing to you that he is coming again,
With angels a heaven.

Rest of his beautiful crown,
He had no resting place then.
Current of crimson fast flowed.
Crown of the victor to wear.

Is it nothing, nothing, Nothing to you,
To e - ter - ni - ty reign.

Is it nothing, O sinner, to you? Be - think you to - day,
Ere your life ebbs away; Is it nothing, just nothing 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 pardon that the world can ev' er know, Tho' your sins be red as crimson pure as wool yet they may be, Thro' the sacrilege of Jesus, slain for sinners on the tree. peace thy heart shall know, Tho' thy sins may be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

Chorus.

Through the blood of Christ who bought thee, Saw thee wandering and sought thee, To his fold then safely brought thee, They shall be as white as snow.

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1. O Lord thou didst the promise give In ages long ago, 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 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
No. 42.

In the Hollow of His Hand.

ADELLA F. VEAZIE.  Ira B. Wilson.

1. In the hollow 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'ny Fa-ther holds me in the hollow of his hand.
sea or land; For my heav'ny 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'ny 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

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In the Hollow of His Hand.—Concluded.

f irm-ly, firm-ly holds me in the hollow of his hand.

No. 43.

God’s Children are Never Alone.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. God’s children are never alone, The Master is with them always;
2. God’s children are never alone, Each step of the way he is near;
3. God’s children are never alone, Beneath them the strength of his arm;

He never forsaketh his own In time or eternity.
What comfort—he knoweth his own, His presence dispels every fear.
His grace every moment is shown, His love is the spirit’s sweet balm.

Chorus.

God’s children are never alone,... He loveth them down to the end;

His wonderful power, each day, every hour, He gives them their souls to defend.

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No. 44.  
Saved by the Blood.  
A. W. S.  

1. I once was a sinner, wander'ring from home, Lost in the desert, 
2. Since Jesus has saved me, made me his heir, Life has been sweeter, 
3. O wondrous salvation! grace full and free, Pardon for sinners, 

weary and lone: Then Jesus found me, sick and sad, 
On the road, skies shone more fair; Now I am telling all the day thro', 
sinners like me: Jesus has promised all to receive,

Chorus.

Open his arms and made my heart glad. 
Tell ing with rapture what grace can do. 
I'm a poor sinner, 
Come, he will save you, only believe. 

saved by the blood, I have been ransomed, Glory to God! Mercy has 

found me, Cleansed me from sin, Jesus is mine and heaven within. 

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

Alice Jean Cleator. C. Harold Lowden.

1. Though the storms of life appall, Though the shadows darkly fall, Though you bend beneath the sore-ly chast'ning rod, If your trust in him is sure You shall ev'ry storm endure, There is safety in the promises of God!

2. When thy daily cares assail, When the tempter would prevail When a toilsome path thy feet so long have trod, There's a sure and safe retreat For each trying hour you meet, There is safety in the promises of God! Yes, there's safety in the promises of God!

3. Strength and courage you may know, For the conflict with the foe, Though each day the hosts of darkness are abroad, There's a haven ever nigh; To its shelter you may fly, There is safety in the promises of God! God

Through the ages they have long unshaken stood, Tho' the starry worlds decay, They shall never pass away There is safety in the promises of God!

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No. 46.  
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 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,

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Open the Door of Your Heart.—Concluded.

He will redeem you and cleanse you from sin.

Jesus is Looking for You.

R. C. W.  R. C. WARD.

1. No longer delay your returning, No longer the evil pursue,
2. Your evil companions will lead you Away from the good and the true;
3. So patiently Jesus is calling, And longing your joys to renew,

God's spirit is patiently striving, And Jesus is looking for you. (for you.)
But follow the voice that is calling—Your Saviour is looking for you. (for you.)
O answer his gentle entreaty While still he is looking for you. (for you.)

CHORUS.

Your Saviour is looking for you brother, Your Saviour is looking for you; (for you)

O, give him your heart ere his spirit depart! Yes, Jesus is looking for you.

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No. 48.

Walking in the Light.

W. W. V.

W. W. Vansant.

1. Walking in the light of God, As it shines throughout his word, There's a

bright and shining path the way along; And a path that would be drear,

light of God the cheerfulness supplies; So we walk wherever he leads,

ra-diant light that comes from heaven's dome; We shall trust in God our King,

Shines with glory, O so clear! That the heart rejoices in a song.

Thro' the vale or mountain meads, Where new glories greet our weary eyes.

And press on-ward, while we sing Of the glories of our heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

We are walking in the light, We are

We are walking in the light, walking in the light of God, We are

walk - ing in the light; Walking in the nar-row way,

walk - ing in the light, walking in the light of God;

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Walking in the Light.—Concluded.

To the realms of endless day, We are walking in the light of God.

No. 49.

That Blessed Light.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. It is not dark where Jesus is, He makes my pathway bright;
2. When I am filled with sore distress And life is sad and drear.
3. Oft have I seen the clouds depart When his benignant ray
4. I will not fear death's gloomy vale, Nor heed the pall and bier;
5. The Saviour is the Light of Life When here by tempests driv'n;

The darkest night is turned to day When he becomes my light.
His gracious smile dispels my gloom, And fills my soul with cheer.
Has pierced the sable mystery And bade it flee away.
The vale shall be filled with joy, If Jesus be but near.
My Sun, that scatters ev'ry cloud; My Star, that guides to heav'n.

Chorus.

That blessed Light, that blessed Light That streams upon my way:

I need no other sun nor star To guide by night or day.

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No. 50.
Ina Duley Ogdon.

Duet.

1. Once poor and despised and a stranger, a down the deep valley of tears, I
2. He anxiously, patiently sought me, He knew of my ruined estate, And
3. O her-itage 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-rifice awful and great. His
shel-ter et-er-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, Su-fi-cient for all to a-tone, A
won-der-ful, gra-cious Re-deem-er, Su-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 praises forever, My soul has come in-to its own.

Chorus.

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

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Sufficient for All.—Concluded.

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.

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No. 52.  

**I'll Wait.**

A. A. Payn.  

C. Austin Miles.

1. When doubt and fear as sail me, And bend my spirit low, I know there is a

2. When I am sorely tempted, And know not where to flee, My Jesus walks be-

3. No matter what befall me, My faith in him I'll hold, My share in his a-

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

matter 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

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I'll Wait.—Concluded.

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

My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

No. 53.

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 an-swered mother's pray'r.

Chorus.

1, 2 & 3. Whene'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-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.

The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.

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1. When heavy my burden, and life seem-eth dear,
   When thorns are before me and
storm-clouds above, What comfort it gives me, what courage and cheer,
   To faith to re-move, O then how it helps me my heart to control,
   To faith-ful to prove; I'll fol-low my Sav-iour thro' shade-ow or shine,
   As

2. When wa-ters of sor-row sweep o-ver my soul,
   When striv-eth the tempt-er my
know I am safe in his won-der-ful love.
   Guard-ed each day by my Sav-iour a-bove; I've
nothing to fear while journeying here; I'm safe in his love, his
   As

3. Com-plete-ly to Je-sus my-self I re-sign,
   And noth-ing shall cause me un-
-0-
   Safe in his love, his

Chorus.

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No. 55.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Slowly.

The Father's Fold.

O. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Once I was lost, and in darkness wandered, Far away from the
2. Lost in the dark and the bitter tempest, Swift pursued by the
3. Now I am safe in the love that follows, Ever after the
4. Wanderer out in the night's wild darkness, Lost on mountains of

Father's fold, Lost in a night that was full of danger,
wolves of sin, "Save me" I cried, and the Father heard me,
ones who roam, Seeking them ever where danger's thickest,
doubt and sin, Come to this fold where there's welcome waiting-

Chorus.

Out on the mountains so bleak and cold.
Sought me, and found me, and took me in.
Pleading in pity, "O child, come home!"

O, but the heart of

God is tender, Following fast on the wanderer's track—Calling

ever in dark and danger, "Child, I love thee—come back, come back!"

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The Love that Can't Be Told.

A. W. S.

1. There's a love with no beginning, And a love without an end. Pur-er
2. Mothers may forget 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,
As I walk the narrow way, And it never, never, never 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 victory is coming O'er Satan's power,
3. There's a shout in the camp over sinners returning Home to the fold,
4. There's a shout in the camp, 'tis a glad "Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord,"

That the lost may return to the fold of the shepherd From paths of wrong,
Thro' the word of the Lord we the battle are gaining This very hour.
From the byway of sin with its burden of sorrow To joy untold.
All who trust in his name shall receive his salvation, 'Tis God's own word.

CHORUS.

There's a shout in the camp, Hallelujah! Glory to God!

There's an echo in heav'n, Hallelujah! Glory to God.

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1. The Lord hath declared and the Lord will perform; "Behold! I am near to deliver,
2. Who seek him shall find him, shall find him today, The word is to all, "who-so-ever!"
3. Tho' oft my toil seems but labor in vain, I leave with the Lord my endeavor;
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But never, he tells me, O never!
5. The bonds that unite us in earth's dearest ties, The rude hand of Time will disperse;

A refuge and fortress, a covert in storm; He keepeth his promise forever.
No soul that entreateth, he turneth away; He keepeth his promise forever.
I patiently wait for the sunshine and rain—He keepeth his promise forever!
The frail, bruised reed will he break; and I know He keepeth his promise forever.
But we shall renew them again in the skies; He keepeth his promise forever!

Chorus.

For-ever! For-ever! O not for a day! He keepeth his promise forever!

To all who believe, to all who obey, He keepeth his promise forever!

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No. 59.

Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

1. O the promises of God Long have Satan's might withstand, And no pow'r of darkness 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

2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their prom- is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail! were never known to fail!

3. Trust those holy words to-day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-

CHORUS.

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

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No. 60.

Revd. 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 me, he's ev - er near;
I know he's mine, this friend so dear, Ten thousand charms, a - round him shine,

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

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As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Patn.

1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that
day by and by; When the trumpet of the Lord shall be calling,
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be

2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing; Such as angels round the
throne never heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ringing,
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks over the hills.

3. I shall rise to be with Jesus forever, I shall meet the ones who
passed on before; We shall meet to part no more, never, never,
the heavenly hills.

Chorus.
As the day breaks over the hills,
I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my

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No. 62.  

Tell Jesus All.  

Alice Jean Cleator.  

C. Austin Miles.

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

Thy cup of woe, thy weight of loss,  

Thy daily cares, the heavy cross that a-round thee fall; The conflict with the sin and wrong, rising grim and tall; He knows thy way, O weary child, Thy daily cares, the heavy cross—

Chorus.

Tell Jesus all! Tell Jesus all! Tell him all! Tell Jesus all! He cannot fail to hear thy call; O weary heart, he'll strength impart, Tell Jesus all!

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No. 63.

Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

J. O. HILL.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Dear Spirit, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
2. For thy sure guidance I've not always sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy counsel, Lord, in-
4. Sweet Spirit, lead me kindly on I pray, Out of the maze of error's
5. I know thou wilt, unworthy thou I be, Safe lead me on, my risen

safe-ty hide From wrath divine, now hanging o-ver me, And shall un-
others tho', That I alone could sure-ly find the way From nature'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 linger there, or stay— With night so
Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone before, To join their

Chorus.

Dear Spirit, lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safety hide; I place my hand in thine;

O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I behold my Lord, Crucified.

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No. 64. When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

SOLO. With expression.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a sweet and precious story, That is all in all to me, 'Tis the story of the Saviour's love so true; For I heard it whispered often As I knew that story ne'er grows old, Tho' to me 'twas often told

2. I can see her in the twilight, In those days from care so free, As she stood by my side, I long for such a moment, Just to rest beside her knee, When my heart with cares is bleeding, bruised and sore.

3. Long, long years have gone since mother With her hand upon my head, Told me of this Friend unfailing, loving, dear; But in all my life's long journey, By her counsels safely led, I have found this precious Saviour ever near.

4. "There's a Friend who loves you truly, Who was once a little child, And he knelt at mother's knee, And she said "this loving Saviour died for you." He was tender, patient, loving; He was holy, meek and mild, And I pray this Friend so faithful you may know."

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As I knelt close by my sainted mother's knee.

1. The word of the Lord can never fail, This wonderful 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 fearful it seems to me,

The blood o'er the door saved Israel
The blood on the cross for sin atones
I'll lift up a pray'r and shout aloud
I'll shout as I pass the valley thro'

Chorus.

I'll sing it, yes, and I'll shout it! The blood, the precious blood, the saving blood,

There's never a soul saved without it.... This blood of Calvary....

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No. 66.  
Send Showers of Salvation To-day.  

Alice Jean Cleator.  
Arthur Wilton.

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

Thy richest blessings now bestow, Send show'rs of salvation to-day!
This blessing, gracious Lord we plead—Send show'rs of salvation to-day!
To darkened lands across the sea Send show'rs of salvation to-day!

Chorus.

Send show'rs of salvation to-day!..... Send show'rs of salvation to-day!

Thy richest blessings now bestow, Send show'rs of salvation to-day!

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No. 67.  
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.  

Charles Wesley.  
S. B. Marsh.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high!

D.C.—Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

Hide me, O my Saviour, 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.

Get Right With God.

No. 68.

C. A. M.

Slowly.

1. Why don't you get right with God, O sinner? For-sake now the path you so long have trod, Your sins will be lost in the depths of love's ocean, If you'll only get right with God.

2. Why don't you get right with God, O wand'r? Come back to the way that you used to love, Your God will receive you and give you a welcome, And new joys send you from above.

3. Be sure you are right with God, O Christian! Let nothing deceive you, be sure to know, You've left all your doubts at the cross of your Saviour, And your soul under Calvary's flow.

4. Why longer refuse his tender compassion, Why longer remain in your lost estate, Get right with your God while the moments are passing, Ere it be ever more too late.

Chorus.

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

Ritard. just as you are,

Why don't you get right with God, Ere he calls you, calls you to his judgment bar.
Lord, Here Am I.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

HERBERT J. LACER.

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 re 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?

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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.

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

No. 71.

Share Thy Life.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

1. O Chris-tian toil not for thy-self, Go share the life God gives,
2. The rose its fra-ger-nce sheds a-broad, The spring the brook sup-pies,
3. As God him-self his love out-pours, And scat-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.

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No. 72.

Be of Good Cheer.

G. P. E.

GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

Moderato.

1. In sailing life's sea I have nothing to fear, Tho' tempests are tossing me high,
2. Tho' fortune may fail me and health may decline, Tho' others turn back in dismay,
3. No dangers appall when my Saviour is near, And when I am summoned on high,

If only the voice of my Saviour I hear: "Come, be of good cheer, it is I." I'll cling to my Saviour and never repine, And he will not cast me away.
My heart will rejoice if I only can hear "Come, be of good cheer it is I."

CHORUS.

Though trials my strength may defy, For help unto Jesus I cry,

And when I am tempted or danger 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.

II. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers;
3. We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear,
4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us inward pain;

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He Knows!

C. Austin Miles.

No. 74.

1. He knows the bitter, weary way,
   The end-less striving, day by day,

2. He knows how hard the fight hath been,
   The clouds that come our lives betwixt,

3. He knows, O thought so full of bliss!
   For though on earth our joy we miss,

4. He knows! O, heart, take up thy cross,
   And know earth's treasures are but dust,

   Jesus knows, he knows.

   The souls that weep, the souls that pray,
   Jesus knows, he knows.

   The wounds the world hath never seen.
   Jesus knows, he knows.

   We still can bear it, feeling this.
   Jesus knows, he knows.

   And he will prove as gain our loss!
   Jesus knows, he knows.

Chorus.

   Jesus knows, yes he knows, He knows the bitter weary way,

   The souls that weep, the souls that pray Jesus knows, Jesus knows.
1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep nightshades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the nightlong?
And my sad heartaches Till it nearly 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 weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.

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No. 76.

How Firm A Foundation.

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No. 75.

Does Jesus Care?

J. Lincoln Hall.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

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-
you he hath said,—To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, omnipotent hand, Up-held by my gracious om-nip-o-tent hand.
trouble to bless, And sancti-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 never for-sake! I'll never—no never—no nev-er for-sake.

No. 77.

A. A. PAYN.

Look For Me.

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 worship 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-ri-ous 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—

CHORUS.

You may look for me, for 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 precious name!

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1. O Lord in me thy work revive, Begin this very hour;  
2. Thy weary Church has waited 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 people, one and all, Thy promise to believe;  
5. We seek, O Lord, thy blessing now With one prolonged desire;  

O may my eyes in rapture see Thy Spirit's mighty pow'r.  
Break thro' the darksome clouds we dread And send refreshing rain.  
The barren hills would all rejoice, The wilderness would bloom.  
And open thou our ev'ry heart Thy blessing to receive.  
Delay no longer, gracious God, The pentecostal fire.  

Chorus:  
Begin in me, begin in me Thy work of love and pow'r;  

O Spirit of the Living God, Begin this very hour.  

No. 79.  
My Jesus, I Love Thee.  
A. J. Gordon.  

London Hymn Book.  

1. My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the follies of sin I resign;  
2. I love thee because thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Calvary'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 glory and endless delight, I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou; If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow; If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: "If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now." I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow: "If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

I Never Knew.

1. I never knew that life could be so sweet Till Jesus came so sweetly into mine; The joys I found were sadly incomplete Till Jesus filled me with his joy divine.

2. I never knew my own poor sinful heart Until I saw my Saviour at the door; He searched my heart and, bidding sin depart, He said, "Thou art forgiven; sin no more!"

3. I never knew the height and breadth of love Until I found it at his bleeding feet, And viewed that glory-circled face above, And heard him bid me rise in accents sweet.

4. I never knew an hour of perfect peace Till with his wondrous peace he filled my soul; Then did my doubts and fears and bodings cease, And his unfathomed peace did o'er me roll.

CHORUS.

Now I have life eternal, Now I have perfect peace, Now I have joy supernatural, Now I'm saved by grace.

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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 lesson 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.
Jesus' voice we shall discern, 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 again, O how glorious is his reign,
He will banish ev'ry sigh, Let us lift our hearts on high,
We shall hear his tender tone, We shall be no more alone,

Like the sunshine after rain, By and by, yes, by and by.
Our redemption draweth nigh, By and by, yes, by and by.
He is coming 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 soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be carried 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; Increase my courage, Lord:

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Am I a Soldier?—Concluded.

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While others 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, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

No. 83.

Only for You.

C. Harold Lowden.

T. M. Eastwood.

1. Our Saviour came down from his home in the sky, Down to the cross, to suffer 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 asc-end-ed to heav-en a-bove, Up to the home of his in-fi-nite love,

Choosing 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.

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

Alice Jean Cleator. C. Austin Miles.

1. Low at the throne of grace we bow Our deepest needs confessing,
   And while each heart renews its vow, Lord, send us a wonderful blessing!

2. O help us each thine own to be Still closer to thee pressing!
   That each may be a power for thee, Lord, send us a wonderful blessing!

3. The Pentecostal pow'r we need, More love for thee possessing,
   O hear this prayer which now we plead, Lord, send us a wonderful blessing!

Chorus.

Send us a wonderful blessing! Send us a wonderful blessing!

Baptize this hour with old-time pow'r, Lord send us a wonderful blessing!

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No. 85. The Great Physician.


1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
   The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;

2. He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!
   You may, your many sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!

   D.S.—Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus!
The Great Physician.—Concluded.

Refrain.

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.

1. When this pass-ing world is done
   When has sunk thy glorious sun
   When I stand with Christ in life
   Look-ing over earth's finished strife

2. When I stand before the throne
   Clothed in beauty not my own
   When I see thee as thou art
   Love thee with un-sinning heart

3. When the praise of heav'n I hear
   Loud as thunders to the ear
   Love as many wa-ter's noise
   Sweet as harps' melodious voice.

4. Chos-en not for good in me,
   Wak-ened up from wrath to flee
   Hidden in the Saviour's side
   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.

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1. In land or store I may be poor; My place unknown, my name obscure; Of this I have the witness sure: O bless the Lord, I've Jesus!

2. On life's rough sea how frail my bark! But in the storm and densest dark I have a safe and trusted Ark; O bless the Lord, 'tis Jesus!

3. When shadows deep around me fall, And gloom and fear my soul enthrall, There is an arm beneath them all; O bless the Lord, 'tis Jesus!

4. Soon will this fleeting life be o'er: O then, upon the other shore I'll be with him forevermore, Forevermore with Jesus.

Chorus.

What tho' the world its gifts deny, I've riches more than gold can buy—

The key to treasures in the sky! O bless the Lord, I've Jesus!

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No 88. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

1. Jesus Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea!

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

D.C.—Chart and compass come from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!
D.C.—Wondrous Saviour's reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pilot me!"
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.

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.

1. Let me walk with thee, dear Saviour, For the storm-clouds, sweeping low
2. Let me walk with thee, dear Saviour, There is safe-ty by thy side,
3. Let me walk with thee, dear Saviour, 'Mid the dark-ness deep up-hold
4. Let me walk with thee, dear Saviour, 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 Saviour, Draw me near, and near-er thee,
Let me walk my Saviour dear, Draw me near-er, near-er thee,

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

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No. 90.
Since the Comforter Has Come.

John L. Newkirk.

C. Harold Lowden.

1. O the joy of his salvation, Christ has made my heart his home,
2. When my path is sad and lonely, And the clouds, their shadows spread,
3. So I rest, my every moment Under his complete control,
4. He abides to cheer and comfort, And I would no longer roam,

Fill ing life with brightest sunshine Since the Comforter has come.
Then so close on his dear bosom, Do I pillow there my head.
Blessed peace he ever gives me, And he satisfies my soul.
For I have a peace eternal Since the Comforter 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 mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There's a kind-ness in his justice Which is more than (Omit............) liberty.

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He is Calling.—Concluded.

Chorus.

He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly 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 daily trials, I would not ask what should be my test; Strong arms uphold me, God's love enfolds me, I am content for Jesus knows best. 2. Thou mine may not be worldly riches, Not for my feet may be times of rest; Not from to-morrow Hope would I borrow, Daily I'll trust for Jesus knows best. 3. For all is safe in Jesus' keeping, And in his love I am ever blest; Naught shall alarm me, Nothing can harm me, While I can say: "My Jesus knows best." 4. I will leave to him tomorrow's grief and care, Daily I'll trust, for Jesus knows best.
No. 93.  

**All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!**

(Diadem.)  

**James Ellar.**

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chosen 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... 

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

No. 94.  

**I Do Believe.**

Isaac Watts.  

**Anon.**

1. A - last! 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;
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

A-maz-ing pit-y, grace un-known,
And love beyond degree!

Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 95.

Glorious Fountain.

There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

O glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins away.

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.
Count Thy Blessings.

IDA L. REED.

1. Count thy blessings, O my brother, When thou’rt tempted to complain
2. Count thy blessings, O my brother, Never doubt thy Father’s love;
3. Count thy blessings, O my brother, All the mercies rich and free
4. Count thy blessings, O my brother, Think not of the grief and pain;

Of life’s trials and its sorrow, Of its ever present pain.
Thou’st life’s storms that o’ershadow, Still he keeps his watch above.
That doth fill thy days with gladness; O how much God gives to thee.
Count thy blessings, O my brother, And thou canst not then complain.

CHORUS

Count thy blessings, O my brother, All thy griefs will lighten grow;

All thy cares they will outnumber, And thy skies with light shall glow.

No. 97. Behold, A Stranger’s At the Door.

JOSEPH. (FEDERAL STREET.) HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. Behold, a Stranger’s at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at-titude, he stands With melting heart and laden hands!
3. But will he prove a friend in deed? He will—the very 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 waited long—is waiting still: You treat no other friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! And he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Calvary.
That soul-destroying monster sin, And let the hevenly Stranger in.
Admit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door rejected stand.

No. 98.

Singing and Trusting.

E. E. Hewitt.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Look up to Jesus and, with loving trust, Keep singing, still singing;
2. Your song may cheer a heavy-laden heart, Keep singing, still singing;
3. For getting not the blessings of the past, Keep singing, still singing;

Keep singing, sweetly singing of our Saviour's love;

He'll safely guide us, he is wise and just; Trust Jesus, the Saviour King.
And stronger faith and brighter hope impart, In Jesus, the Saviour King.
In summer bloom, or 'mid the wintry blast, Trust Jesus, the Saviour King.

Chorus.

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

Sing on, his name is love; Sing on, he reigns above; Sing,
Sing on, trust on and sing.
No 99.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

Very slow.

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing, from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised Prom-ised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me;
Tho' we have sinned, he has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

Chorus.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;

Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Call-ing, O sinner, come home!

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No 100.

To-Day!

S. F. Smith, alt.

L. Mason.

1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'rers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam!
2. To-day the Saviour calls! O hear him now! With-in these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls! For refuge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r: O grieve him not a-way, 'Tis mercy's hour!
No. 101.

Blessed Assurance.

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


1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O, what a foretaste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
burst on my sight, Angels descending bring from above,
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above,
glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
burst on my sight, Angels descending bring from above,
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above,
Chorus.

Born of his Spirit, wash'd in his blood.
Ech' oes of mercy, whis'pers of love.
Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.
This is my story,

This is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.
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 dwell with me long;  
3. I was poor as the poorest, I wandered a-lone, No place for a dwelling, my pillow 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 riches behold; O the wealth of the world is Jesus.  
But he came like the morning with sunlight and song Now the light of my life is Jesus.  
But I heard someone whisper, "My child, still my own," Now the peace of my heart is Jesus.  
And he bled there on Calvary my heart said, "Tis I," Now the love in my soul is Jesus.  
And so that is the reason I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Jesus.

D.S.—And a mansion up yonder that never grows old, For the wealth of the world is Jesus.

Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson.

John Wyeth.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of  
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-ezer; 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

mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious son-net, hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Je-sus sought me as a stran-ger 
good-ness, like a let-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 rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood.
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 104.

The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my portion forever; He is my Saviour from sin.
2. He is my fortress and tower, He is my guide and my King.
3. Praise to the one who redeems me, Praise to my crucified Lord.

He is my blessed salvation, I have the witness within....
He is my shepherd my keeper Joyfully now I can sing...
Now I am saved, hallelujah! Praise for the wonderful word...

Chorus.

I have the witness within..... Jesus now saves me from sin.......

In his heart I've a place I am saved by his grace And I have the witness within.....

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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-ri-ous: 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-dep-tion for-ev-er and ev-er.

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

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No. 106.  

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.  

(TOPLADY. 79, 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 doubt - 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 - dice 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

joyce at the sound of his name, And my heart doth re - joyce 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.
1. It is just a step to Jesus, will you take it, friend, to-night?

2. It is just a step to Jesus, sinner, will you cross the line?

3. It is just a step to Jesus: 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 pre-cious 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 fa-ding 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-

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Just a Step to Jesus.—Concluded.

Take the step that leads to Jesus; Let surrender be complete.

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 cannot see,
2. But I can feel thy gentle touch, And I can read thy blessed word,
3. Till then, dear Lord, but lead me on, And guide me in the better way,
4. And when at last my journey's o'er, Earth's heavy burdens are laid down,

But I can hear thy gentle voice Speak words of love to me.
And with thy mighty, throbbing love My lonely heart is stirred.
Lest groping in the darkness here My feet should go astray.
When tears are changed to pearls of joy, My cross to jeweled 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,

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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 coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left, Are you ready for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not," Are you ready for that day to come?

Chorus.

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? Are you ready? 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.  Lowell Mason.

(Olivet.  6s, 4s.)

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me read for that day to come?
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast read for that day to come?
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my Guide: Bid darkness read for that day to come?
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour read for that day to come?
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.


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;

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 com - ing, Just now I'm com - ing home.

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No. 113. Your Sins are Remembered No More.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.  W. Stillman Martin.

1. Tho' your sins are as red as the crimson, As countless as sands on the shore,
2. Tho' your sins are as deep as the scarlet, To judgment they've gone on before,
3. If you ever expect to reach heaven The Saviour alone is the door;

In the blood of the blessed Redeemer They are cleansed and remembered no more.
The blood of the Saviour will cleanse you, And your sins he'll remember no more.
In his life you are safe now and ever And your sins are remembered no more.

Chorus.

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

reminded no more, remembered no more,

To the depth of the sea he has cast them to be Remembered against you no more.

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No. 114. A 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 wanderer The sun's gone down, Darkness be o- verme My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n; All that thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
4. Then with my waking thoughts 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;

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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-pond 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............
No. 116.  
I Know That I Have Jesus.  

JAMES ROWE.  

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tho' lovd ones vanish from my side, And grief and pain with me abide, I
2. Tho' heavy be my load of care, And tri-als meet me ev'-rywhere, With
3. When Satan's arrows round me fly, And sin, a torrent, rushes by, A
4. And when the angel shall appear, To call me thro' the valley 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.

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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I'll be present 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.

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 Saviour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

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.

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

D.S.
1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;  
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;  
3. It soothes the troubled sinner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;  
4. Then will I tell to sinners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;  
5. There's music in the Saviour's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;  

It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
It gives the weary sweetest rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
What a dear Saviour I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
Let every heart his love proclaim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  

Chorus.  
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name of the Lord;  

No. 120.  

O Happy Day.  

P. Doddridge.  

1. O happy day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.  

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day.

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.

'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.

O Happy Day.—Concluded,

Take Me As I Am!

1. Jesus my Lord, to thee, I cry; Unless thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt,
3. No preparation can I make, My best resolves I only break;
4. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove;

O bring thy free salvation 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 cannot move, O take me as I am!

D.S.—O bring thy free salvation nigh, And 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!
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and penury were there. Yet
2. I stood beside a dying bed, Where lay a child with aching head, Wait-
3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake, Nor
4. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Father, Son, and Spirit say; The

peace and joy with all; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
death his soul appall, I asked him whence his strength was given, He looked tri-
Bride repeats the call; For he will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will

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

Chorus.

widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all," spir-
it passed away, He whispered, "Christ is all," umph-
antly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all,"

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

No. 123.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

1. Come, every soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow;
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go,
Only Trust Him.—Concluded.

And he will surely give you rest By trusting in his word!
Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
Believe in him without delay, And you are fully blest.
To dwell in that celestial land, Where joys immortal flow!

Chorus.

{ Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now!
{ He will save you, he will save you, He will save (Omit...... you now!

No. 124.

Even Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scat't'ring full and free——
2. Pass me not, O gracious Father, Sinful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me love and cling to thee;
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! thy lost one bringing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee,

Show's the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me——
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath'ring. Let thy mercy fall on me——
I am longing for thy favor, Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me——
Witness of Jesus' merit, Speak the word of pow'r to me——
Grace of God, so strong and boundless; Magnify them all in me——
While the streams of life are springing, Blessing others, O bless me——

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy blessing fall on me.
Tell it unto Others.

Alice Jean Cleator.

C. Harold Lowden.

1. Have you left the path of sin? Tell it unto others!
2. Are you walking in the light? Tell it unto others!
3. Is the Master's service sweet? Tell it unto others!

Do you know of peace within? Tell it unto others!
Does the pathway grow more bright? Tell it unto others!
Does he give you joy complete? Tell it unto others!

Chorus.

Tell of Jesus kind and true, Tell what he has done for you,

Other souls will seek him too, Tell it unto others!

No. 125.

All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

(Miles Lane.)

William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal
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-
O What A Change.

C. Austin Miles.

1. O what a change from a world of de-spair, Glo-ry di-vine with my Sav-lour 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!

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

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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 heavy, 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 toll 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.


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.

No. 130.

Shall We Gather at the River.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray;
3. On the bosom of the river, Where the Saviour King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing from the throne of God.
We shall walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
We shall meet and sorrow never, 'Neath the glory of the throne.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver, With the melody of peace.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful the beautiful river:

Gather with the saints at the river That flows from the throne of God.

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When I Get Home.

C. Austin Miles

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;

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,

Glad in robes of glory, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bade me, When I get home.
Light from heaven shining, 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.

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1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
2. ‘Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed; For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not desert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should end
3. ‘When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I will not leave thee to their hand.
4. ‘E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, equal, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not desert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should end
5. ‘The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will not forsake; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not desert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should end

No. 133.

I love thy kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

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.
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