



BEALL'S
GOSPEL SONGS

No. 1

 A Collection of New and Standard
Hymns for Gospel Meetings, Sunday
Schools and Young People's Societies 

BY

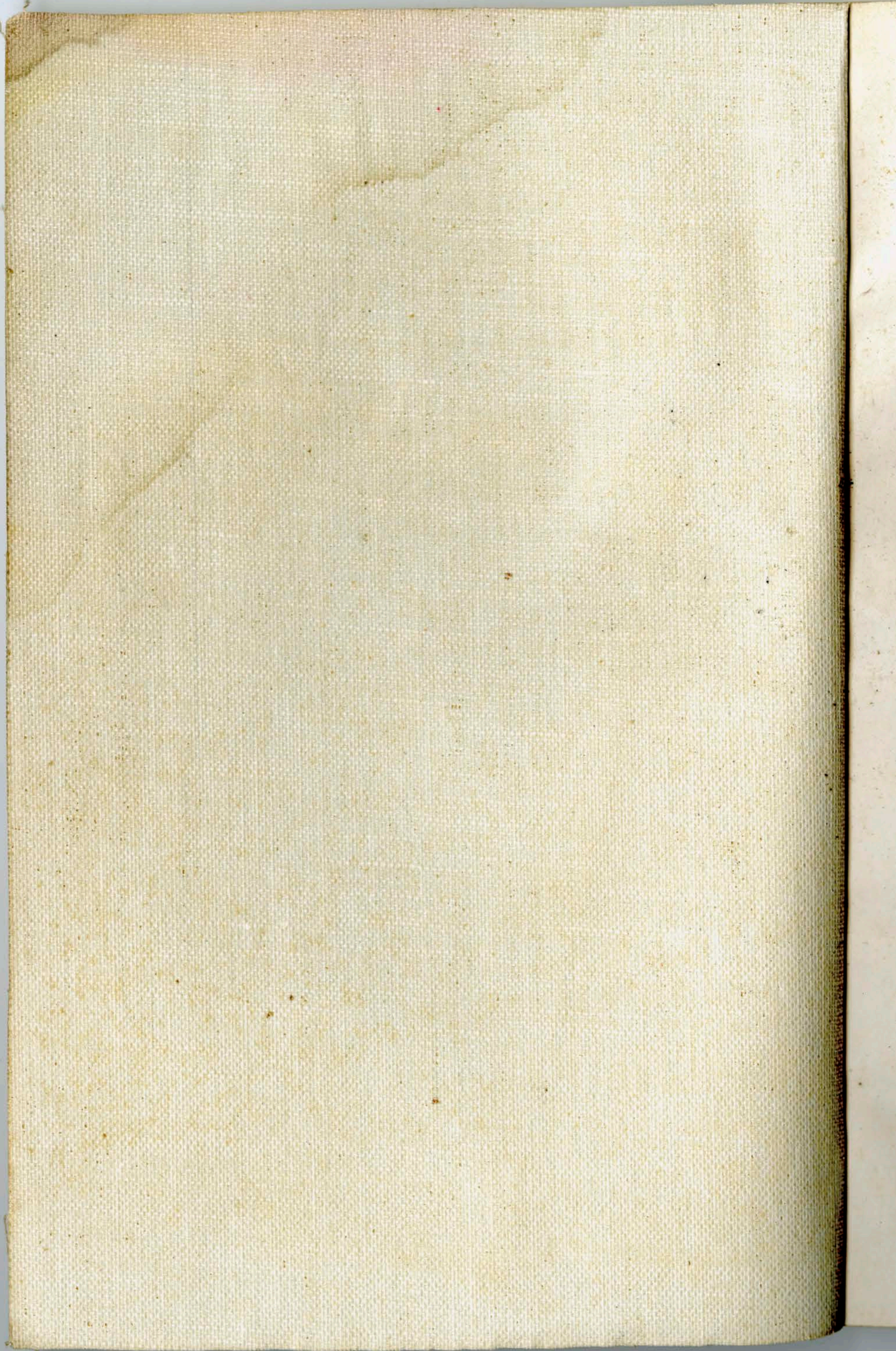
B. B. BEALL

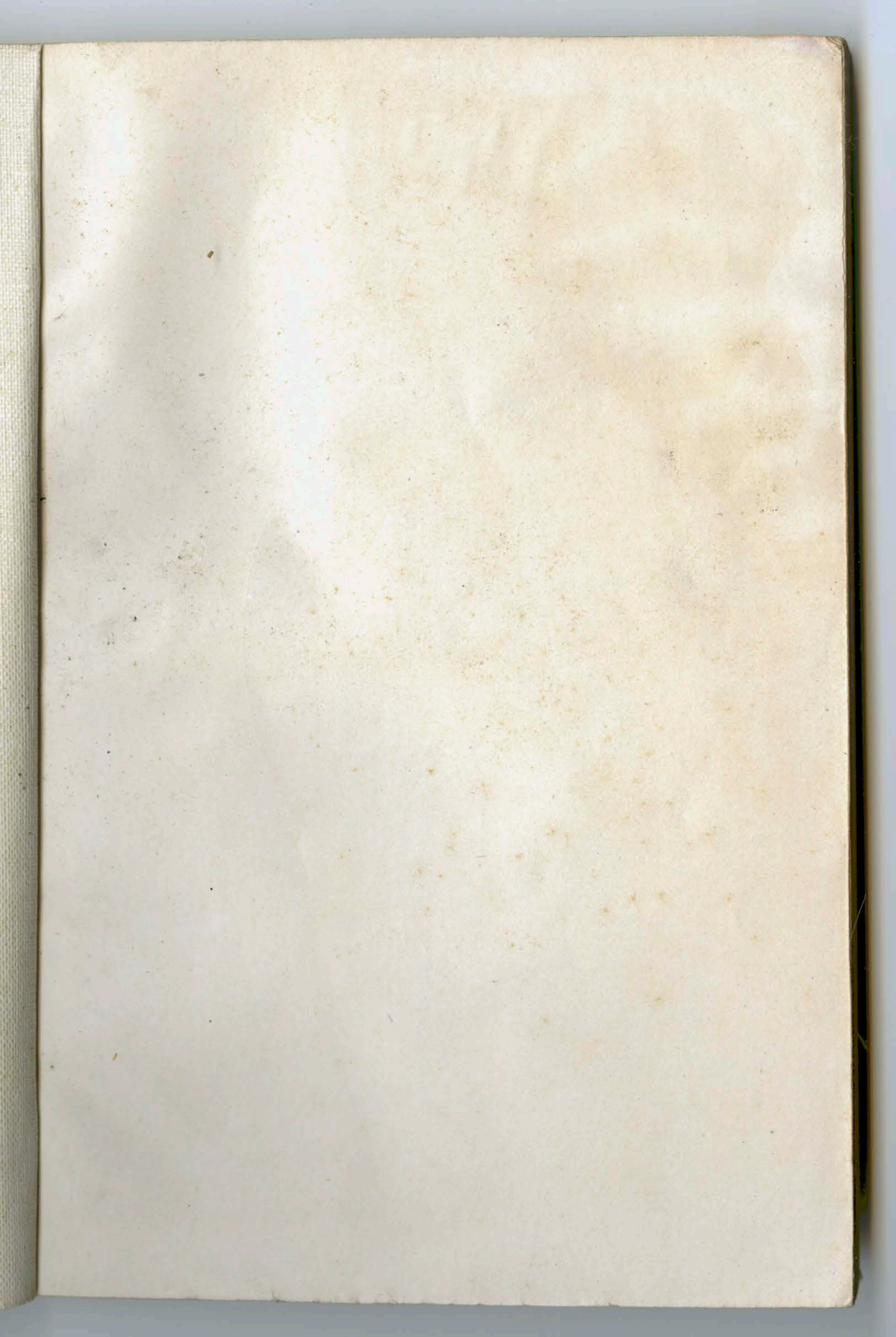
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B. B. BEALL & CO.,

DOUGLASVILLE, GA.

PRICE, Postpaid, 25 cents per copy, and \$2.75 per
dozen; \$20 per hundred, express not paid.
Liberal discount to singing teachers, evangelists and
book dealers.







Yours very truly,
B. B. BEALL.

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105

106

107

108

BEALL'S GOSPEL SONGS No. 1.

No. 1. O the Joys of True Religion.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.



1. O the joys of true re - lig - ion, How they thrill my happy soul!
2. To my heart have come new pleasures, To my life has come new light,
3. I have turned my feet toward heaven, From the former life a - way,



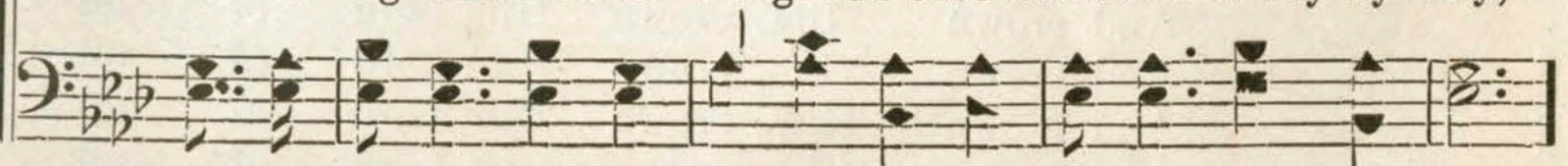
I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, As the bless - ed mo - ments roll.
And in serv - ing my new Mas - ter I have found a new de - light.
And become an humble Christian Foll'wing Je - sus day by day.



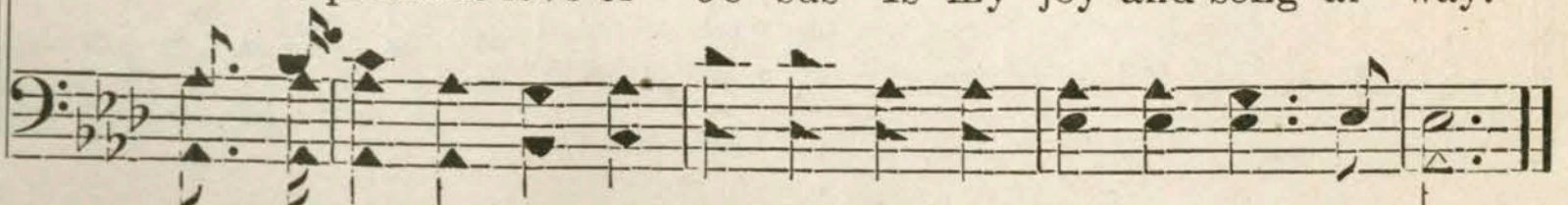
REFRAIN.



'Tis re - lig - ion that can bring me Peace and comfort day by day,



And the precious love of Je - sus Is my joy and song al - way.



No. 2.

All Hail the Power.

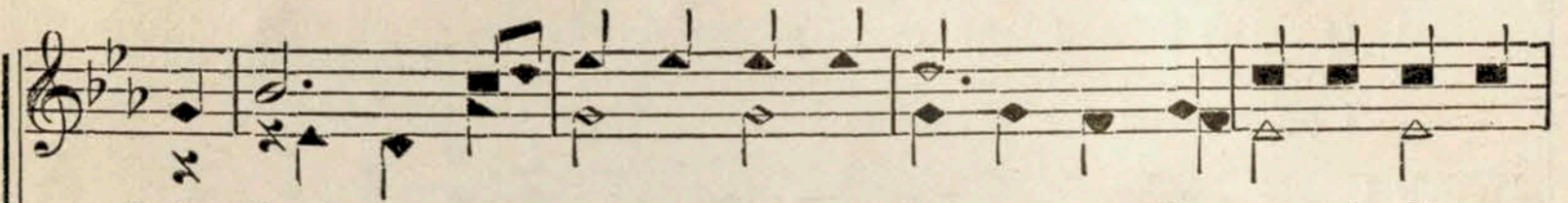
(May be sung in E.)

EDWARD PERRONET.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!



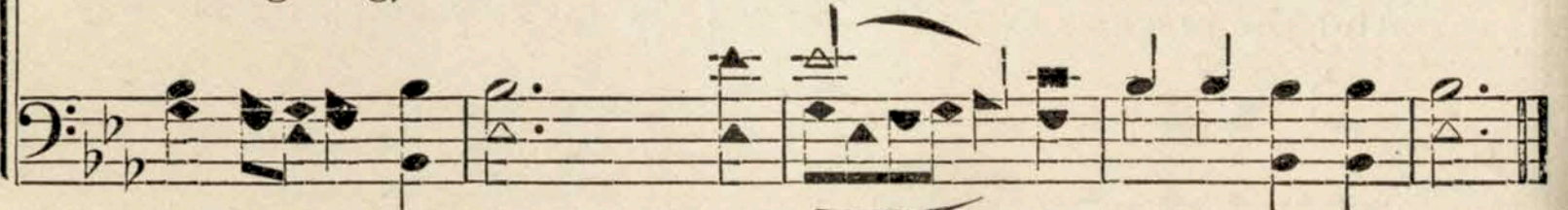
Bring forth	the roy - al di - a - dem,	the roy - al di - a -
Go, spread	your trophies at His feet,	your trophies at His
To Him	all maj - es - ty as-cribe,	all maj-es - ty as-
We'll join	the ev - er - last-ing song,	the ev - er - last-ing

Bring forth the roy - al	di - a - dem,	the roy - al
Go, spread your troph - ies	at His feet,	your troph - ies
To Him all maj - es - ty	ascribe,	all maj - es -
We'll join the ev - er -	last-ing song,	the ev - er -



dem,	And crown	Him, crown	Him Lord	of	all
feet,	And crown	Him, crown	Him Lord	of	all.
cribe,	And crown	Him, crown	Him Lord	of	all.
song,	And crown	Him, crown	Him Lord	of	all.

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



No. 3. Christ is King. 8s & 5s.

J. W. WAYLAND, JR.

T. B. MOSLEY.



1. Christ is King thro' ev - 'ry na-tion, Let the ti-dings ring;.....
ti-dings ring;
2. Lands of earth and isles of o - cean, Tithes and tributes bring;.....
tribute bring;
3. When the heirs of glad sal - va - tion Songs to Zi - on bring,.....
Zi - on bring,
4. Sa-tan's pow'r shall then be broken, Death hath lost his sting;.....
lost his sting;



Conq-'ring Cap-tain of sal - va - tion, He shall reign as King!
And with hearts of true de - vo - tion, Crown the Christ as King!
With tri-umph-ant proc - la - ma - tion, Christ shall be their King!
This of life and love the to - ken; "Christ is Lord and King!



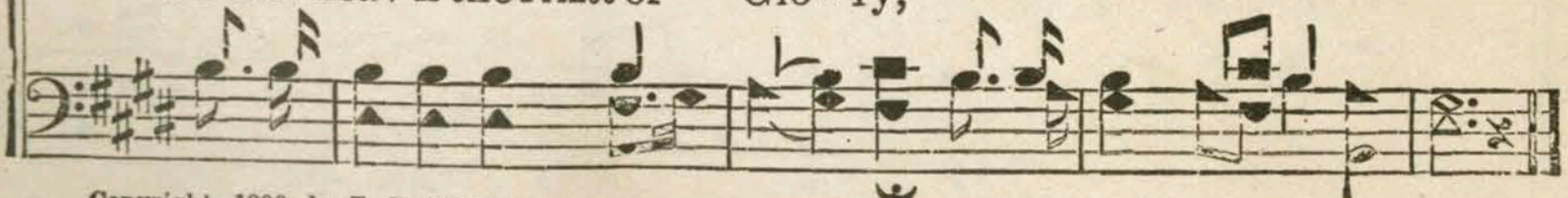
REFRAIN.



Christ is King,.. tri-umph-ant sto - ry, Men and an - gels sing;
Christ is King, tri-umph-ant sto - ry, Men and angels, men and angels sing;



Crown'd in heav'n.. the Prince of Glo - ry, Christ is Lord and Christ is King!
Crown'd in heav'n the Prince of Glo - ry,



No. 4.

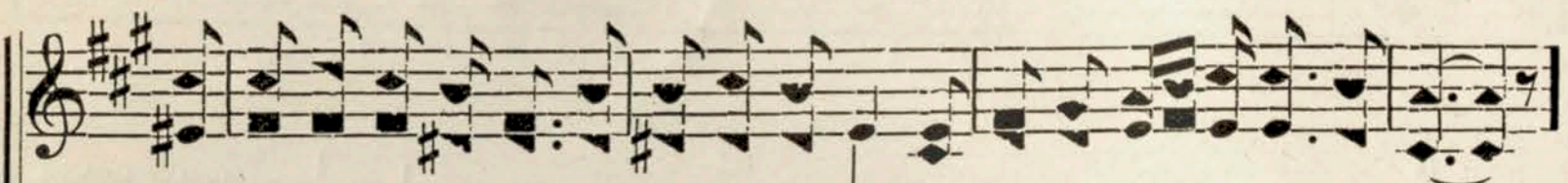
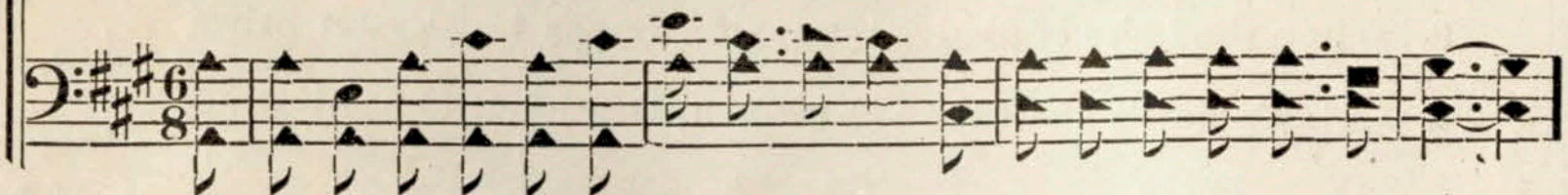
Fill Me, Love Divine.

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

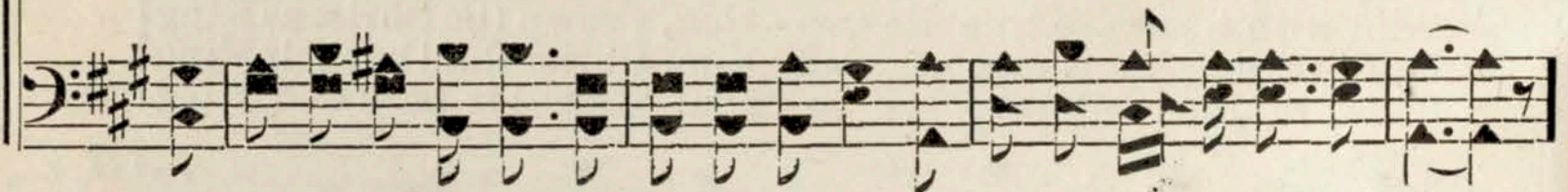
B. B. BEALL.



1. I want to be filled with Thy Spirit, dear Lord, Temptations are pressing, each hour ;
2. I want to be filled with Thy Spirit, dear Lord, A blessing to others to bear ;
3. I want to be filled with Thy Spirit, dear Lord; O, make my heart burn with Thy love,



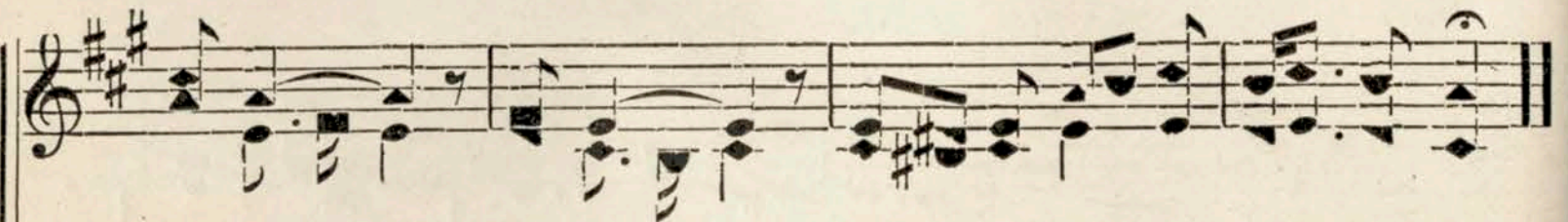
Let more and more freely Thy grace be outpoured, Lest weakly I yield to their pow'r.
 New openings for service each day will afford, O, help me to watch un-to pray'r.
 Till ev - 'ry desire is with Thine in ac-cord, And faith sees the glory a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Fill me..... fill me..... With Thy Spir - it, Love Di - vine ;
 Fill me, dear Lord, fill me, dear Lord,



Fill me..... fill me..... Make me al - to - geth - er Thine.
 Fill me, dear Lord, fill me, dear Lord,



No. 5.

I WILL PRAISE HIM.

CHAS. WESLEY.

J. L. MOORE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
 3. O for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean;
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't re-newed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a - lone.
 Which neith-er life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
 Per-fect, and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

CHORUS.

I will praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 I will praise His ho - ly name, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

I will praise His ho - ly name, I will praise Him,
 Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise His ho-ly name,

Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Hal - le - lu-jah! praise the Lord! I will praise my Sav-iour King.

No. 6.

Quit You Like Men, Be Strong.

"Quit you like men, be strong." —1 Cor. 16: 13.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a glo - ri - ous vic-t'ry for you to win In the warfare that's
 2. 'Neath the ban - ner of right-eous-ness march a - way When you're called to the
 3. In the ranks of the cho - sen and faith - ful stand Till the conflict shall
 4. Be ye strong when temptations your soul as - sail, Be ye strong in the

waged with wrong; As you stand face to face with the hosts of sin, "O
 bat - tle - field; Trust your heav-en-ly Captain thro' all the fray, And
 all be done; If you will - ing - ly follow your Lord's com-mand Full
 faith di - vine; O - ver - com-ing thro' Je-sus who can not fail, His

CHORUS.

quit you like men, be strong.
 nev - er to weakness yield. As soldiers of Je-sus with cour-age fight,
 tri-umph will soon be won.
 glo - ry will on you shine.

Though the strug-gle be hard and long (hard and long), As val-iant de-

fen-ders of truth and right, "O quit you like men, be strong" (be strong).

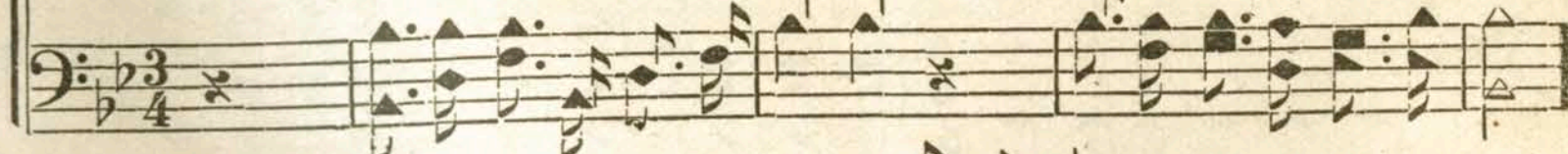
No. 7. Spread Abroad the Gospel Tidings.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

H. N. LINCOLN.



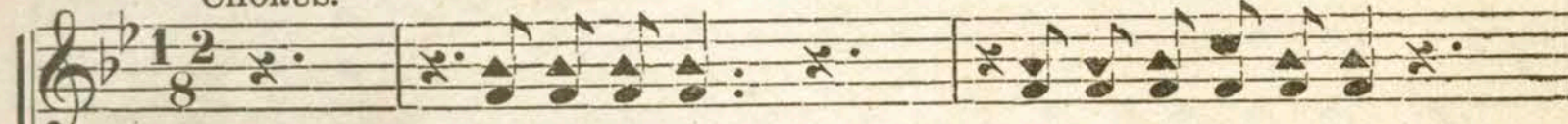
1. Raise a - loft the gos-pel ban-ner, Let it wave o'er ev - ry land;
 2. There are ma - ny souls in darkness, Nev-er of a Saviour heard;
 3. Spread a-broad the blessed tidings, Souls are per - ish-ing a-round;
 3. Tell them of the Saviour's mercy, How the sin - ner He receives;



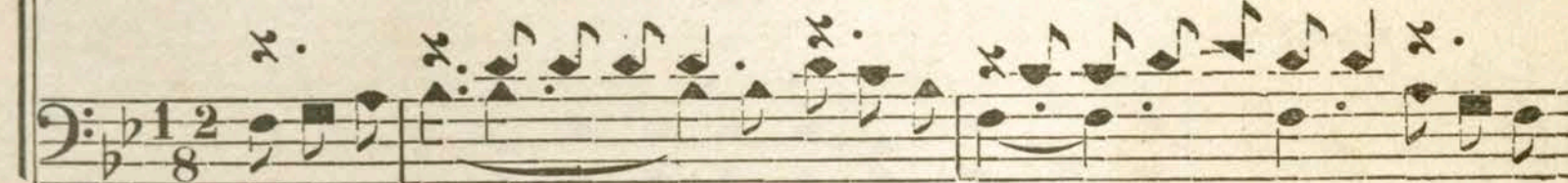
Ral - ly now, ye friends of Je - sus, Come, and round it take your stand.
 Let them hear the dear old sto - ry As it's writ - ten in His word.
 Tell them of the peace and pardon, That in Christ a - lone are found.
 You will come some day re-joic-ing, Bringing with you ma - ny sheaves.



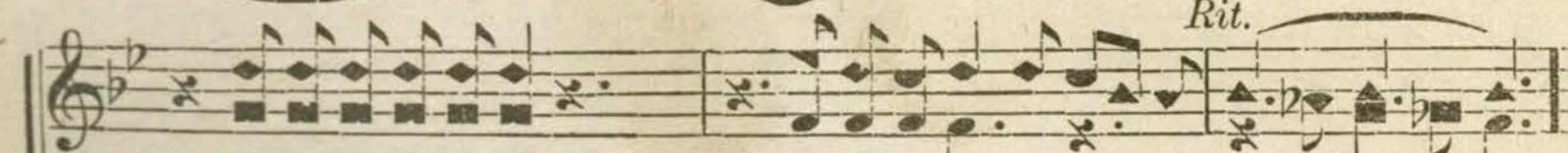
CHORUS.



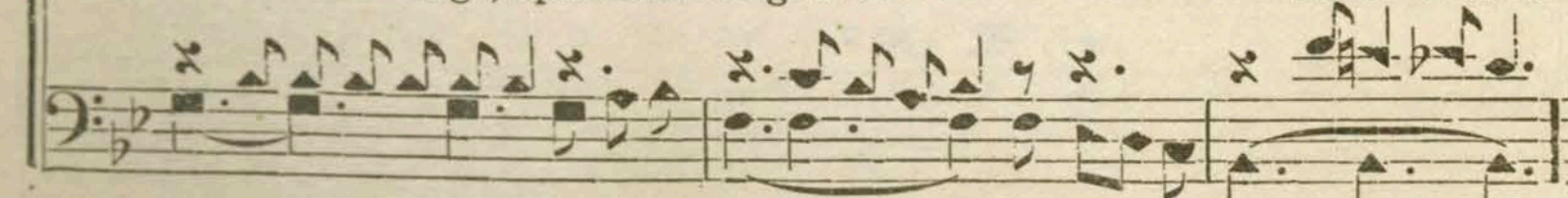
Send it a-broad, O won-der-ful tidings,
 Send it a - broad,..... O wonderful ti - dings O-ver the



Over the world from shore to shore, Carry to all
 world..... Carry to all..... the glo-ri-ous



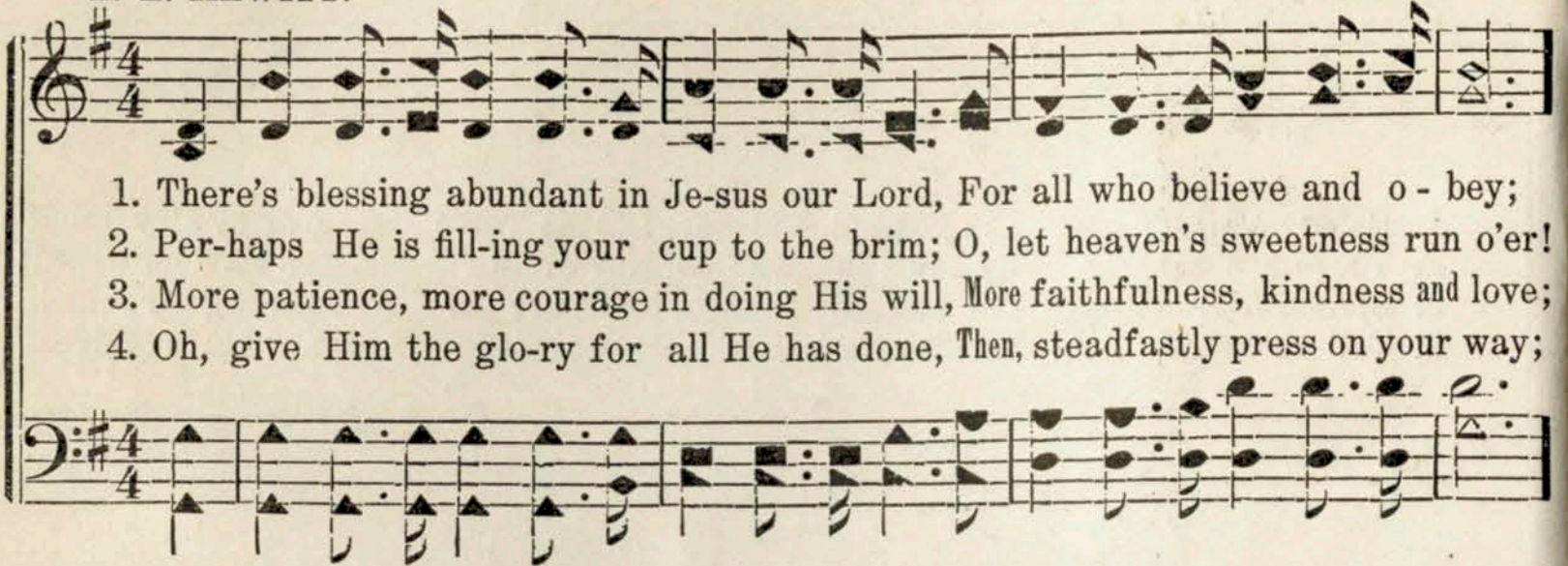
The glorious message, Speed it along for ev - er - more.....
 mes - sage, Speed it a - long..... for ev-er-more.



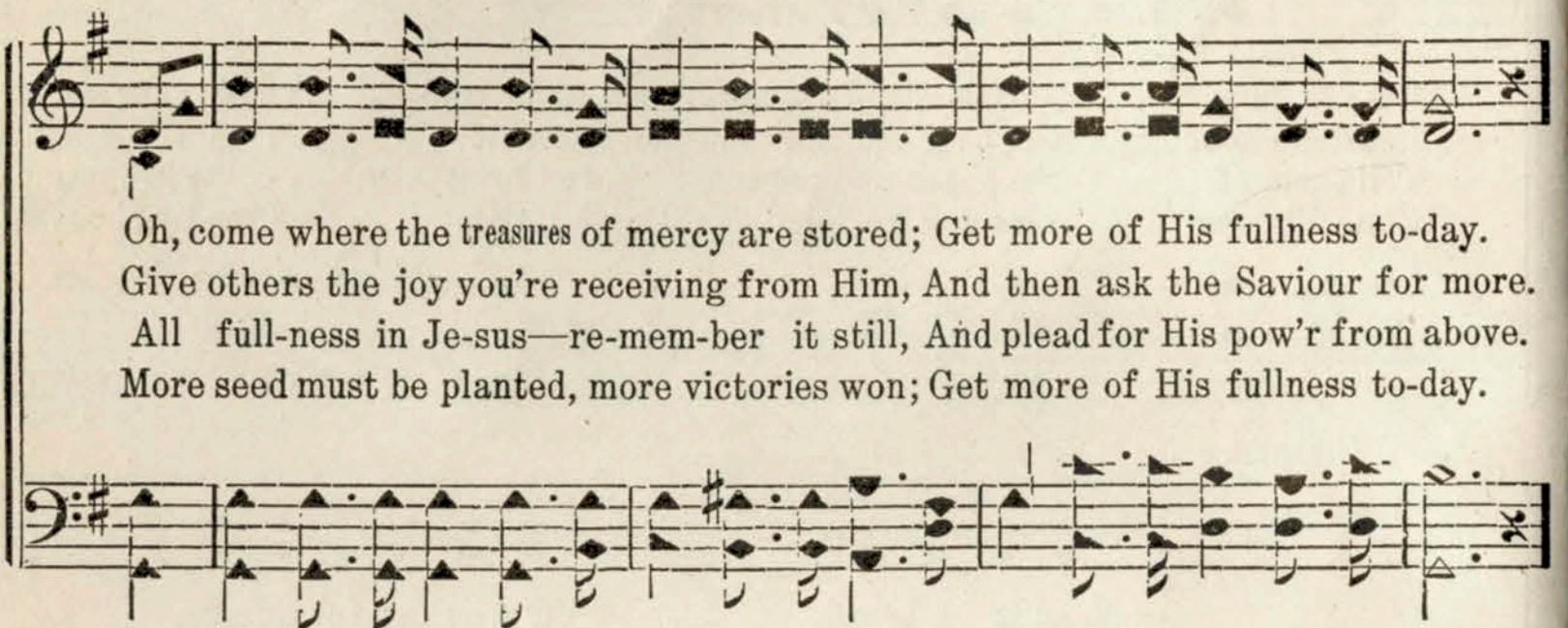
No. 8. Get More of His Fullness To-day.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

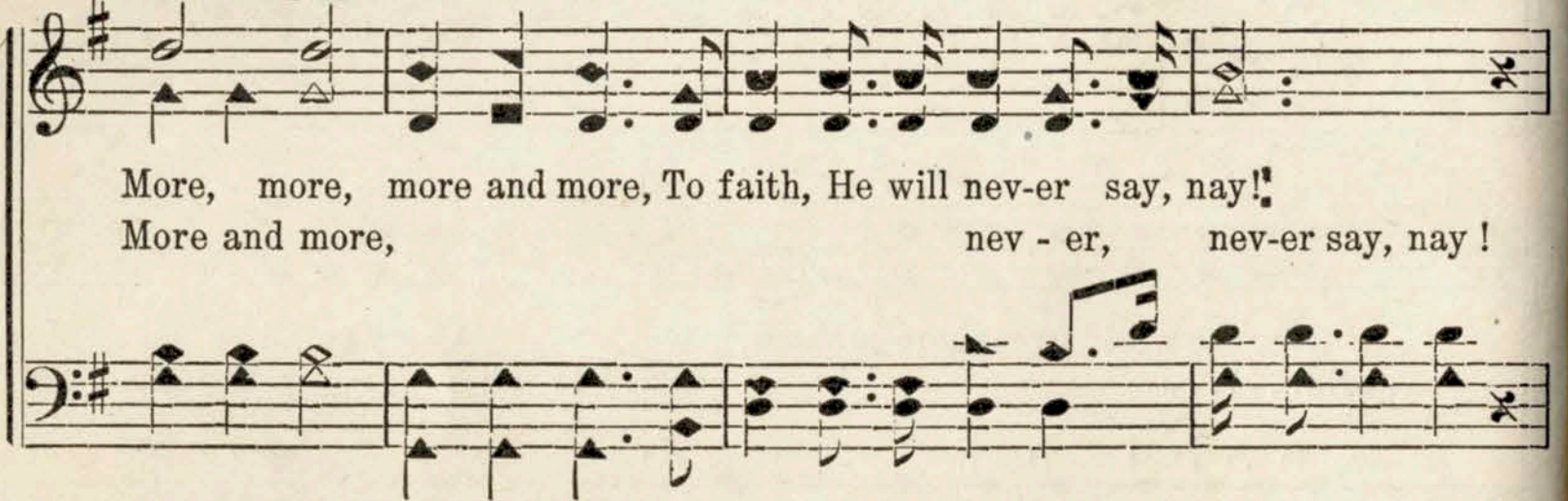


1. There's blessing abundant in Je-sus our Lord, For all who believe and o - bey;
2. Per-haps He is fill-ing your cup to the brim; O, let heaven's sweetness run o'er!
3. More patience, more courage in doing His will, More faithfulness, kindness and love;
4. Oh, give Him the glo-ry for all He has done, Then, steadfastly press on your way;

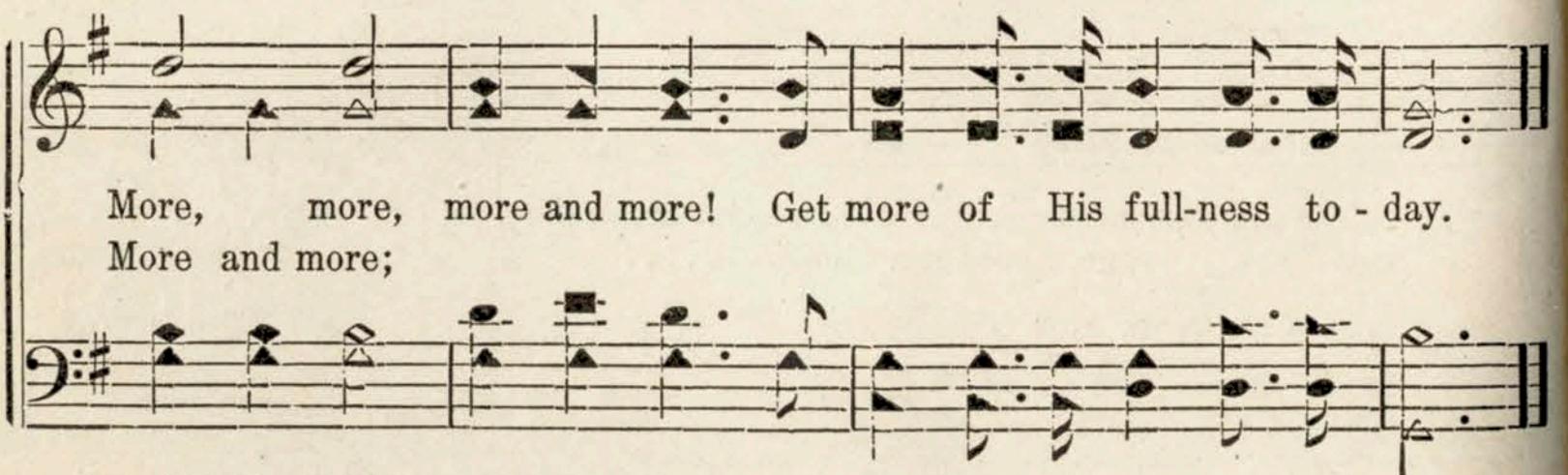


Oh, come where the treasures of mercy are stored; Get more of His fullness to-day.
Give others the joy you're receiving from Him, And then ask the Saviour for more.
All full-ness in Je-sus—re-mem-ber it still, And plead for His pow'r from above.
More seed must be planted, more victories won; Get more of His fullness to-day.

CHORUS.



More, more, more and more, To faith, He will nev-er say, nay!
More and more, nev - er, nev-er say, nay!



More, more, more and more! Get more of His full-ness to - day.
More and more;

No. 9. Be a Hero for Christ To-day.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A-long down the ranks Soldiers of Christ are standing, All read-y to fight,
 2. O list, to the tramp! Legions are marching forward; They follow the Christ,
 3. The trumpet now sounds, Ready, ye sol-diers, read-y, The con-flict is on,

Ev - er for Him commanding, The Spirit of Grace Comes to each one demanding;
 Who is now leading onward; Their watchword shall be Ever while marching homeward,
 March with a step and steady, The hosts from on high Join in the strain up-lift-ed,

CHORUS.

"Be a he-ro for Christ to-day." Be a he-ro, be a
 Be a he-ro to-day, be a

he-ro, Be a he-ro to-day, Be a he-ro al-way; Be a
 he-ro al-way, Be a

he-ro, be a he-ro, Be a he-ro for Christ to-day.
 he-ro to-day, be a he-ro al-way,

No. 10.

GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Mrs. LAURA NEWELL.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Gathering golden sheaves, glean- ing ev-er, Gathering golden sheaves halting
 2. Gathering golden sheaves, O the pleasure, Gathering golden sheaves, heav'nly
 3. Gathering golden sheaves, Christ will find us Gathering golden sheaves love doth

nev - er, Gathering golden sheaves, blest endeavor, Gather- ing gold- en
 treasure, Gathering golden sheaves, who may measure Deeds that we dowhilo
 bind us, Gathering golden sheaves, cares behind us, Working till He shall

REFRAIN.

sheaves as we roam.
 jour- ney- ing home. Gath - 'ring sheaves for Je - sus,
 bid us to "come." Gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves,

Gold - en sheaves for Je - sus, Gath - 'ring
 Gathering golden sheaves, yes, gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves,

sheaves for Je - sus, Toiling till Jesus shall claim His own.
 Gathering golden sheaves, claim His own.

No. 11. Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Living gems at His

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?
be a-ny stars in my crown.

When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?....
a - ny stars in my crown?

No. 12.

This is My Mission, to Shine.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. From mo-ment to mo-ment my God will sup - ply me With grace (di-vine),
 2. My heart should be dai - ly a - noint - ed from heav-en With love (di - vine),
 3. The storehouse of heav - en is full to o'er-flow-ing With peace (di-vine),

di - vine;.... No bless-ing I need will kind heav - en de - ny me, If
 with grace di-vine;
 di - vine;.... The grace that I pray for will free - ly be giv - en, If
 with love di-vine;
 di - vine;.... And free - ly His pow - er the Lord is be - stow-ing, When
 with peace di-vine;

REFRAIN.

need - ed to make my light shine. This is my mis - sion, to
 clear - ly to shine,

shine,.... Each mo-ment for Je - sus with light di-vine; To shine be - fore
 to shine,

men with clearness and then, My Lord will have fruit from this life of mine.

No. 13.

Shall We Stand?

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God."—2 TIM. 2: 15.

MISS A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

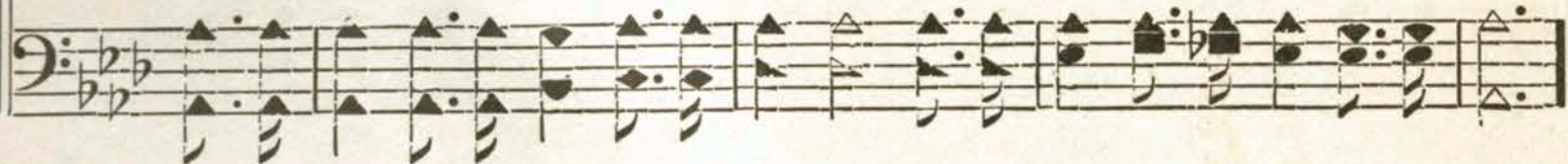
J. GUY BEALL.



- 1. O, how do we stand with our Sav-iour? Can He smile on our work hour by hour?
- 2. Each day are we helping some oth-er Find the pathway to Zion's fair height?
- 3. In meek-ness and low - ly sub-mis-sion Are we willing God's word to o - bey?
- 4. O, let not earth's cares or its pleasures O - verbalance the claims of the cross,



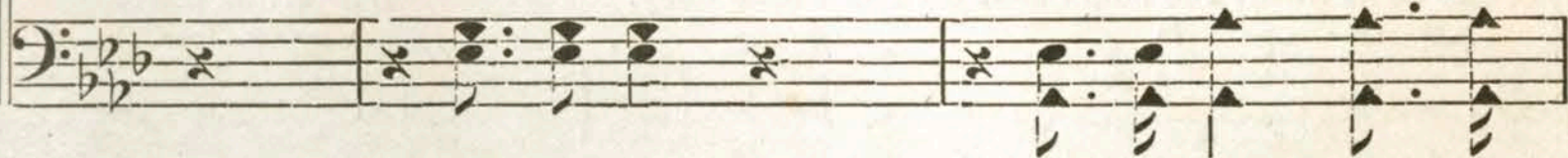
Are we counting His love and His fa-vor High-er honors than station or pow'r?
 Do we tell how our dear elder Brother Loves the souls that are asking for light?
 Do we make duty's call our am-bi-tion? Are we doing our best while we may?
 Let us hide not our tal-ents or treas-ures In the world mid its rust and its dross.



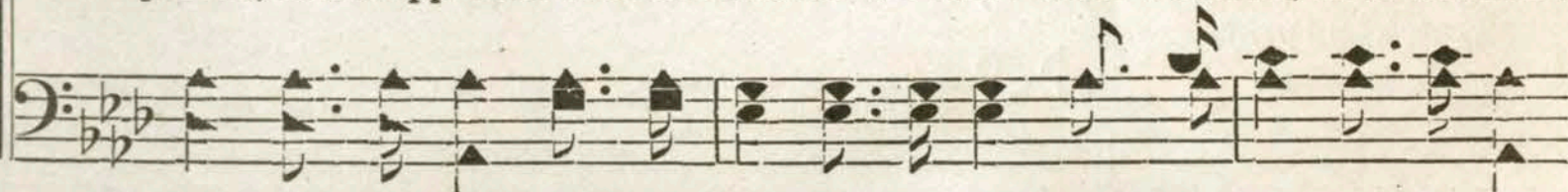
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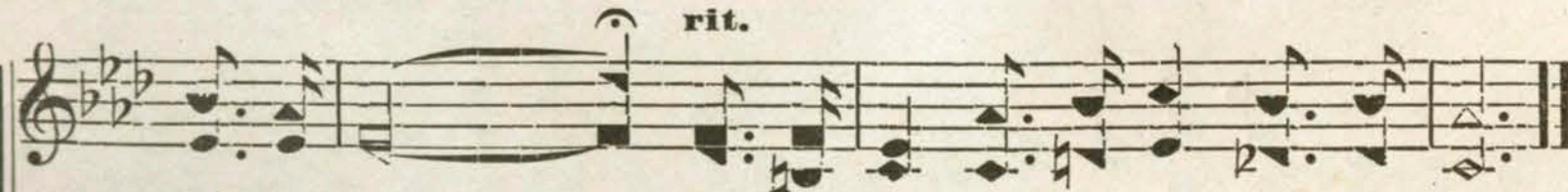
Shall we stand,..... shall we stand,..... Stand ap -
 Shall we stand, shall we stand, Stand ap -



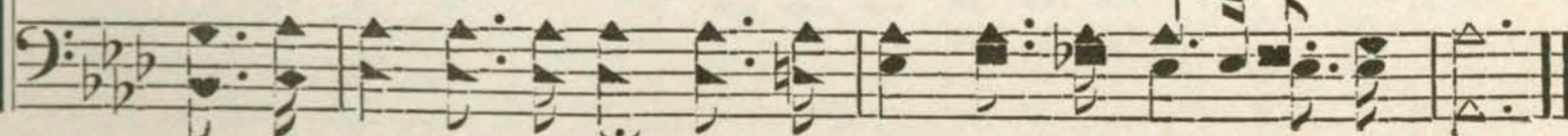
proved when the rec - ords un - fold?..... Shall we stand,.....
 proved, stand approved when the records un-fold? Shall we stand, shall we stand,



rit.



shall we stand,..... Stand ap-proved when our names are un-rolled?
 shall we stand, shall we stand,



No. 14. Brother, Sister, Watch and Pray.

"Watch ye therefore, and pray always."—LUKE 21: 36.

A. ROSALTI CAREY.

T. N. BEALL.

1. Brother, sister, watch and pray, There are dan-gers all the way, We must keep our hearts up-
 2. Brother, sister, we must gain Freedom now from sin's dark chain, Turn from envy, pride and
 3. Broth-er, sis-ter, let us meet Often at the Saviour's feet, Ask for light and seek His

lifted hour by hour ; Strong temptations throng within, We must plead for grace to win,
 every evil way ; Lips that plead shoud only speak Words of wisdom pure and meek,
 guidance all the way, Bear His cross thro' shower and sun, Shun each path that He would shun,

REFRAIN.

Only praying souls can break the tempter's pow'r. Watch and pray, Watch and
 Words of warning, truth, and patience every day.
 Crowns await the souls that all His words obey. Watch and pray,

pray, Seek the mercy-seat, 'tis near to heaven's gate ; Pray's of faith are always heard,
 Watch and pray,

Nev-er faint at hope deferred, God's sweet answers never reach the soul too late.

No. 15.

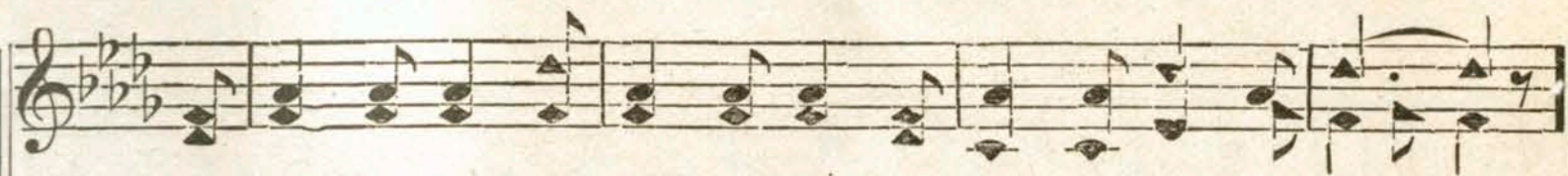
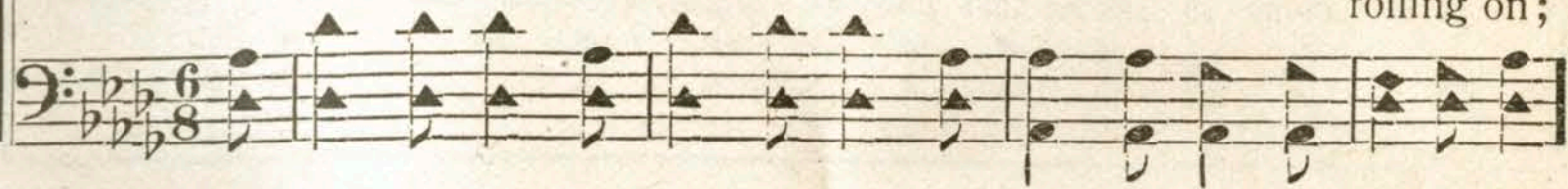
Rolling On.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We're borne a-long the waves of time, The years are roll-ing on;
2. So ma-n-y drifting down the stream, The years are roll-ing on;
3. What pros-pect of the ha - ven fair? The years are roll-ing on;
4. Come, weary soul, and tempest toss'd, The years are roll-ing on;
5. Be guid-ed by His wounded hand—The years are roll-ing on;



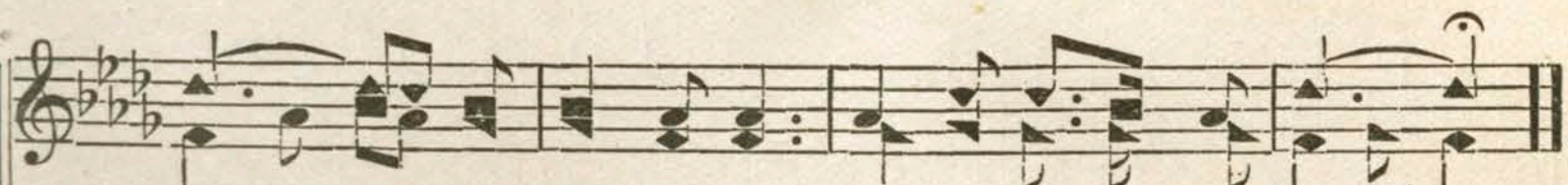
Tho' tear-drops fall, or joy-bells chime, The years are rolling on. . .
 They live as in an i - dle dream, The years are rolling on. . .
 What hope that we shall anchor there? The years are rolling on. . .
 Look up to Him who saves the lost! The years are rolling on. . .
 O hast-en to the promised land—The years are rolling on. . .
 rolling on.



REFRAIN.



Roll - ing, roll - ing on, Roll - ing on to the boundless sea,
 Roll-ing, roll - ing, roll - ing on,



Roll - ing, roll - ing on, To e - ter - ni - ty! . . .
 Roll-ing, roll - ing, roll - ing on, Roll - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty!



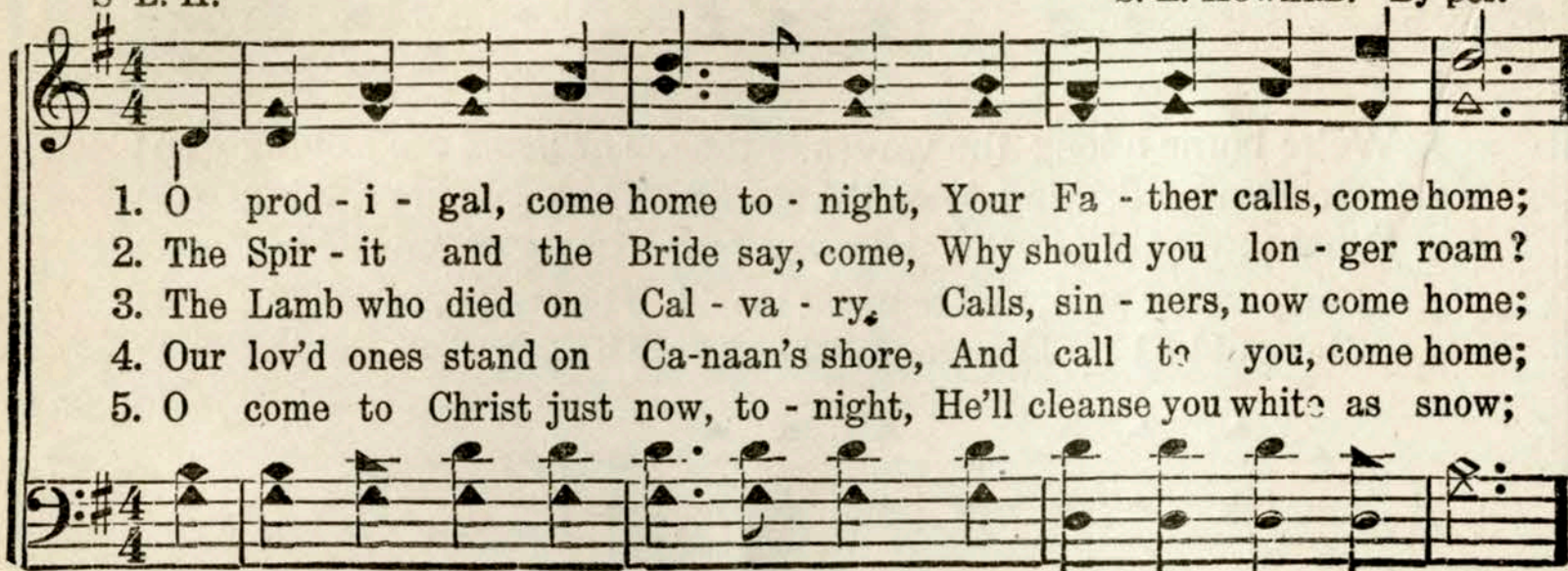
No. 16.

O Prodigal, Come Home.

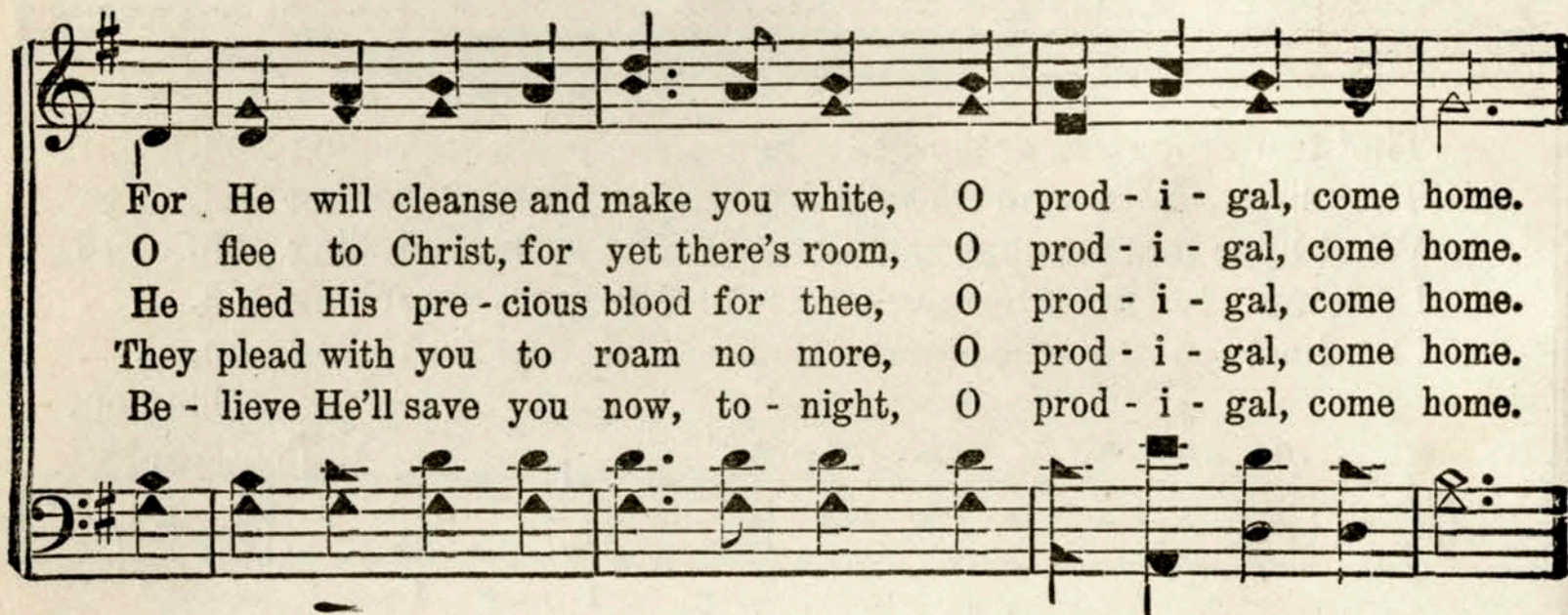
"And the Spirit and the bride say come."—REV. 22: 17.

S. L. H.

S. L. HOWARD. By per.

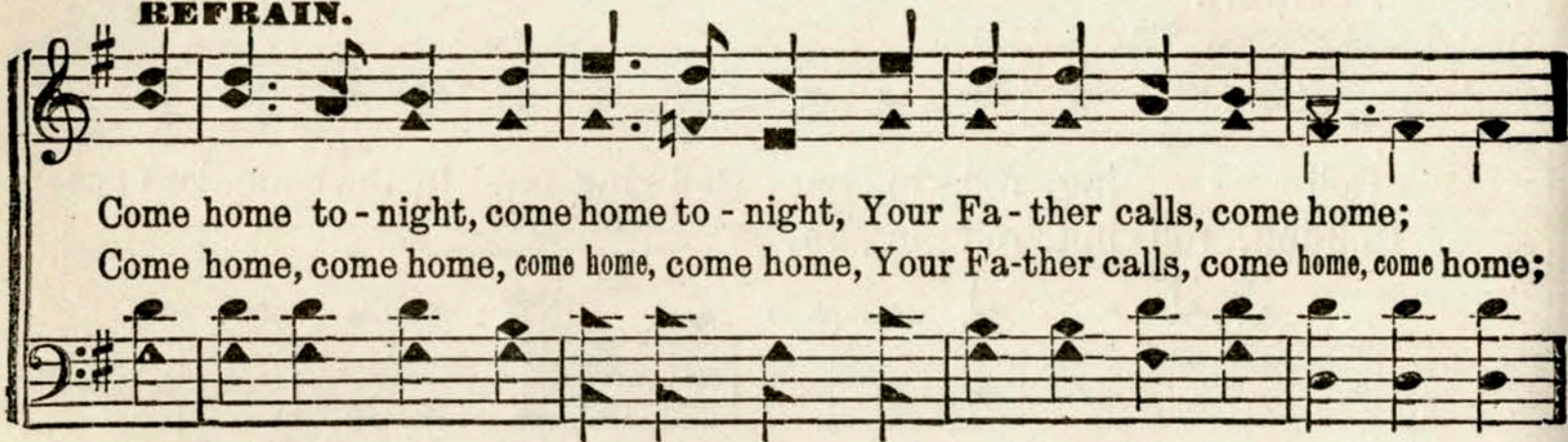


1. O prod - i - gal, come home to - night, Your Fa - ther calls, come home;
 2. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come, Why should you lon - ger roam?
 3. The Lamb who died on Cal - va - ry, Calls, sin - ners, now come home;
 4. Our lov'd ones stand on Ca - naan's shore, And call to you, come home;
 5. O come to Christ just now, to - night, He'll cleanse you white as snow;

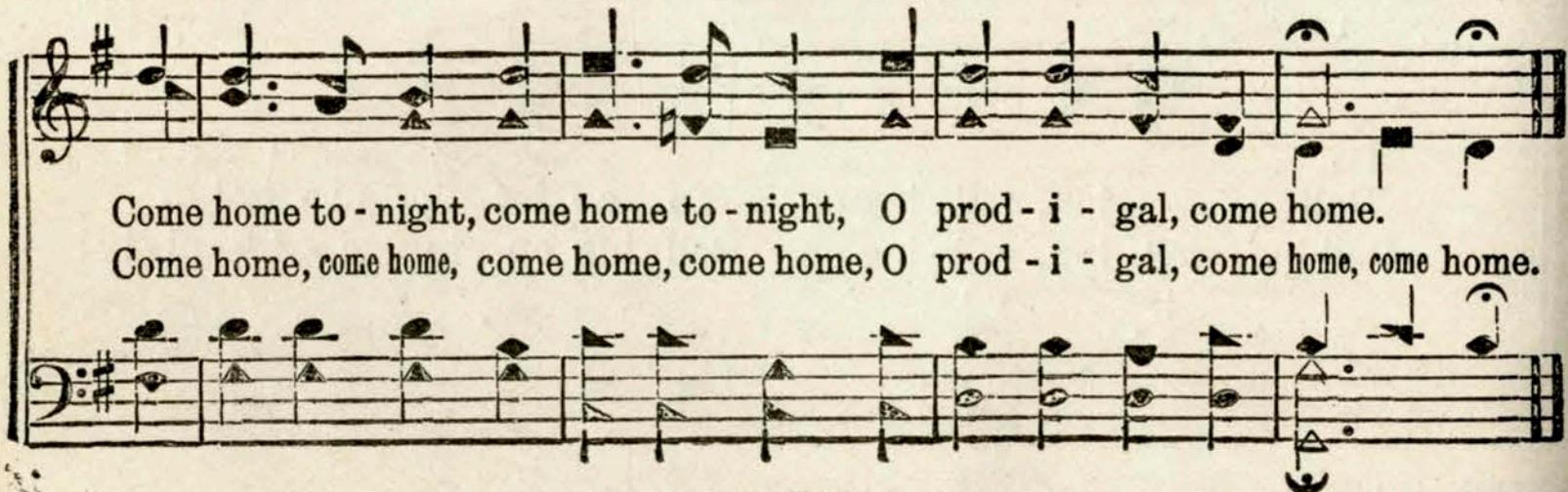


For He will cleanse and make you white, O prod - i - gal, come home.
 O flee to Christ, for yet there's room, O prod - i - gal, come home.
 He shed His pre - cious blood for thee, O prod - i - gal, come home.
 They plead with you to roam no more, O prod - i - gal, come home.
 Be - lieve He'll save you now, to - night, O prod - i - gal, come home.

REFRAIN.



Come home to - night, come home to - night, Your Fa - ther calls, come home;
 Come home, come home, come home, come home, Your Fa - ther calls, come home, come home;



Come home to - night, come home to - night, O prod - i - gal, come home.
 Come home, come home, come home, come home, O prod - i - gal, come home, come home.

No. 17.

In the Shadow of the Rock.

DR. H. BONAR.

B. B. BEALL.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest), When I
 2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread (where I tread), With the
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see (till I see), That the

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast (thrill my breast), All in vain the storm shall
 scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head (o'er my head), Let me find a wel-come
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me (o - ver me), That the burn-ing heats are

D. S.—When I feel the tempest's

Fine.

sweep while I hide (while I hide), And my tranquil vigil keep by Thy side (by Thy side).
 shade, cool and still (cool and still), And my weary steps be stay'd by Thy will (by Thy will).
 past and the day (and the day), Bids the trav-el-er at last go his way (go his way).

shock thrill my breast (thrill my breast), In the shadow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest).

REFRAIN.

In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest),

D. S.

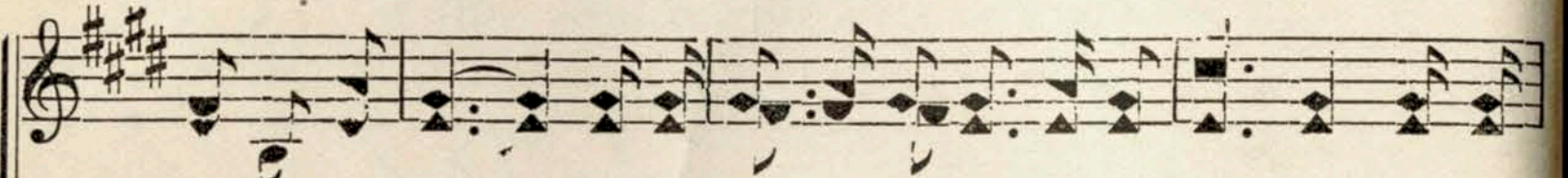
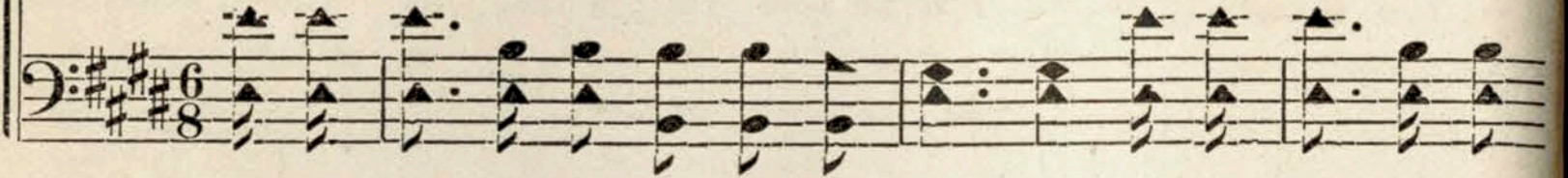
In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest);

MRS. C. H. M.

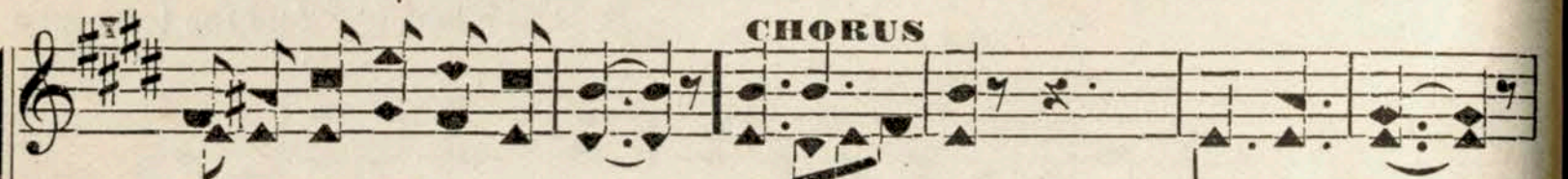
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. On the o - cean of life we are sail - ing, For the Ca - naan a -
 2. For He knows where the dan - gers are lurk - ing, Where the rocks and the
 3. Soon the ha - ven our barques will be near - ing, The Je - ru - sa - lem



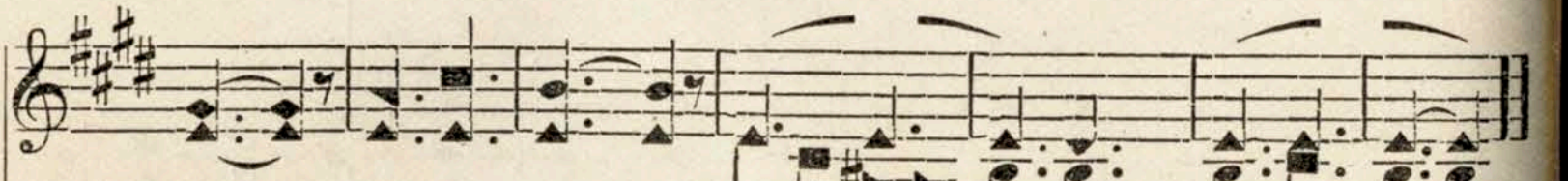
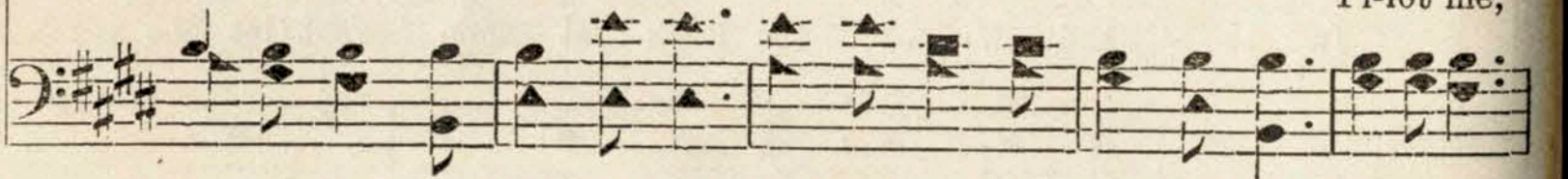
bove we are bound; We are cer - tain the port to be gain - ing Since the
 hid - den reefs lie; We are safe tho' the bil - lows are break - ing, And the
 gold - en and fair; Soon the lights of the cit - y ap - pear - ing, Soon the



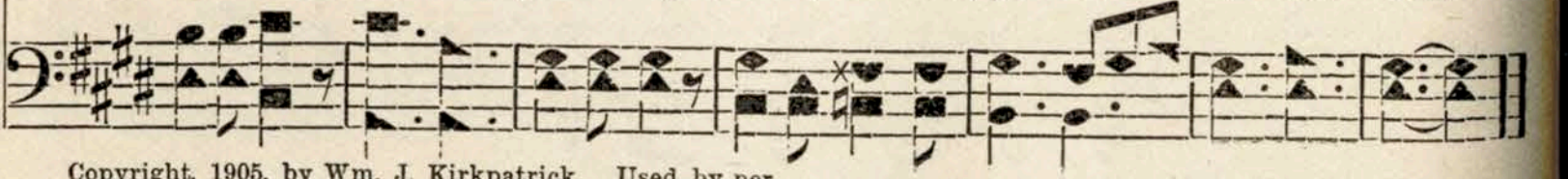
heav - en - ly Pi - lot we've found. Pi - lot me, pi - lot me;
 hungry waves dash mountain high. O, Saviour, pi - lot, pi - lot me;
 home of the ransom'd we'll share.



take the helm in Thine own hand, Bring my sinking barque to land; Pi - lot
 Pi - lot me,



me, pi - lot me, Pi - - - - lot me
 pi - lot me, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot e - ven me.



No. 19.

Praise His Holy Name.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

T. N. BEALL.

1. Je-sus is our friend forever, Praise His ho-ly name ; His af - fec-tion fail-eth
 2. Je-sus is a gracious Saviour, Praise His ho-ly name ; We find true joy in His
 3. Je-sus died on Calv'ry's mountain, Praise His ho-ly name ; Opened there a cleansing

nev - er, Praise His ho - ly name ; For us He came down from heaven, By Him
 fa - vor, Praise His ho - ly name ; Coming at His in - vi - ta-tion To the
 fountain, Praise His ho - ly name ; Free for all that tide is flow - ing, Healing

sin-ful bands were riven, And thro' Him we are forgiv-en, Praise His ho-ly name.
 rich feast of sal-va-tion, Now we sing in ad - o-ra-tion, Praise His ho-ly name.
 with its touch bestowing, Mer-cy He is ev-er show-ing, Praise His ho-ly name.

REFRAIN.

Praise His ho-ly name ! Praise His holy name ! Earthly hopes are transitory But we'll

chant sal-va-tion's story And with Jesus dwell in glo-ry, Praise His ho-ly name.

No. 20.

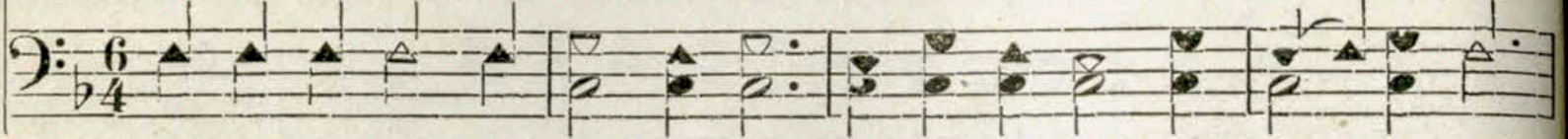
Thou Art the Way.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

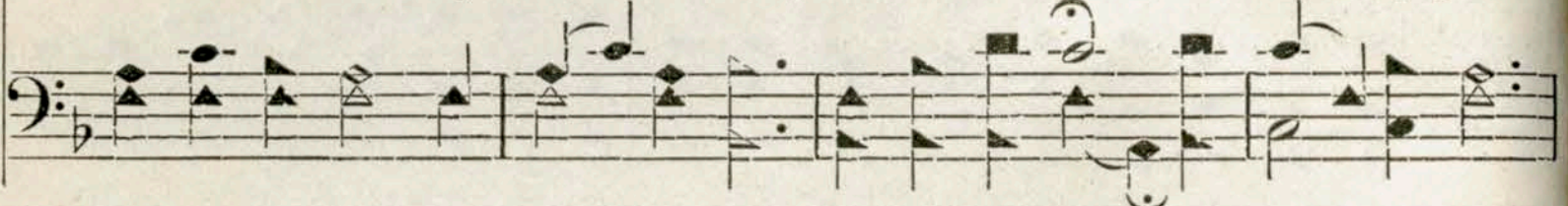
B. B. BEALL.



1. Thou art the way; and I re-sign My will to Thee, Thy will is mine;
2. Thou art the way; and I shall be Safe, ev-er safe, while close to Thee;
3. Thou art the way; when sorrows fall A-round my heart, as sa-ble pall,



Thro' all life's maze, dear Lord, I'll cling To Thee, with love Thy praise I'll sing.
 Thy word is sure, Thy prom-ise true, And Thou my strength dost still renew.
 Then I shall see Thy bless-ed face, Dear Lamb of God, and saved by grace.



Thou art the life, the truth, I know, Rejoicing still I'll onward go
 Thou art the life, the truth, I know, Re-joic-ing still I'll onward
 I shall not stray, nor sadly fail, For anchored there within the veil,
 I shall not stray, nor sad-ly fail, For anchored there within the
 I fare a-long life's rugged road, That leadeth home to Thy abode,
 I fare a-long life's rugged road, That leadeth home to Thy a-



T'ward yon fair land of perfect day, Oh, blessed Christ! Thou art the way.
 go T'ward yon fair land of perfect day,
 My hopes abide, my joy, my stay, I find in Thee Thou art the way.
 vail, My hopes a-bide, my joy, my stay
 With my last breath I'll trusting say, My Christ! my all! Thou art the way.
 bode, With my last breath I'll trusting say,



No. 21.

Christ is Risen.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, He hath left the sol-emn grave,
 2. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Cheer thy heart and dry thy tears,
 3. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Sin - ner, come and join the song,

Rit.

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, For a dy - ing world to save;
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, He will qui - et all thy fears;
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, You may yet to Him be - long;

p **A tempo.**

Send the ti - dings round the world, Let it reach to ev - 'ry soul,
 Oh, ye mourn - ers, cease to mourn, Why should life be filled with sighs?
 We'll for - ev - er sing His praise, Join we now with one ac - cord,

m *f*

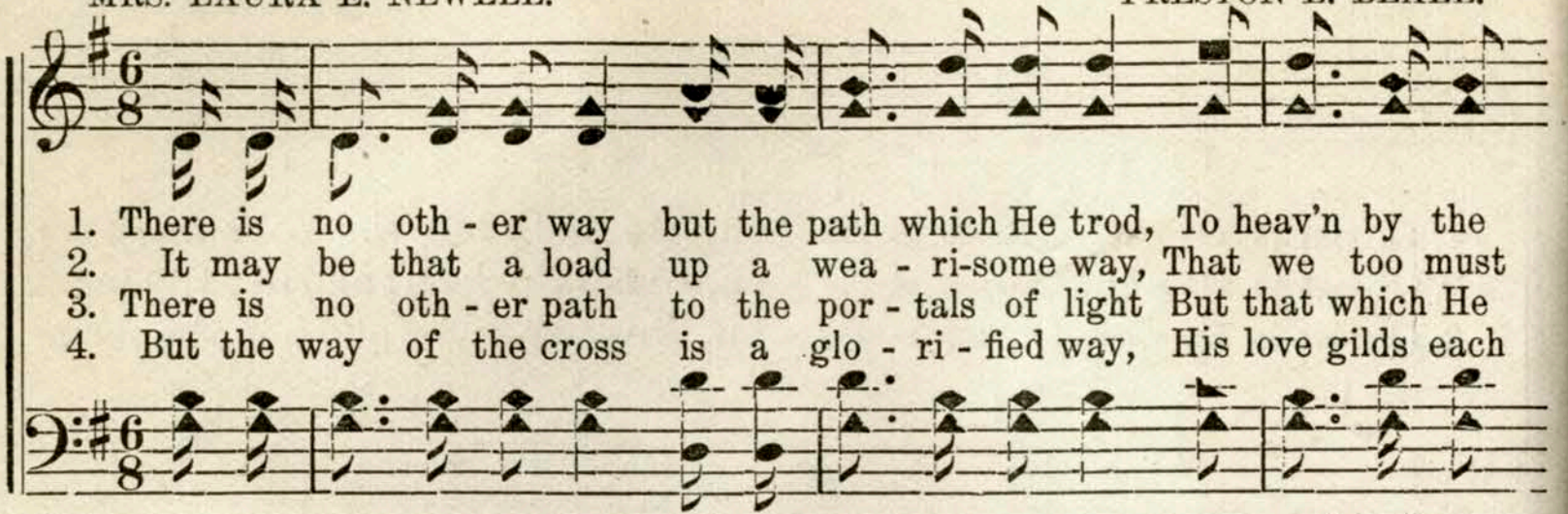
Now His ban - ner is un - furl'd, Spread the news from pole to pole.
 Christ has all thy sor - rows borne, Now He beck - ons toward the skies.
 While we've breath the song to raise, Sing for Christ, our ris - en Lord.

No. 22.

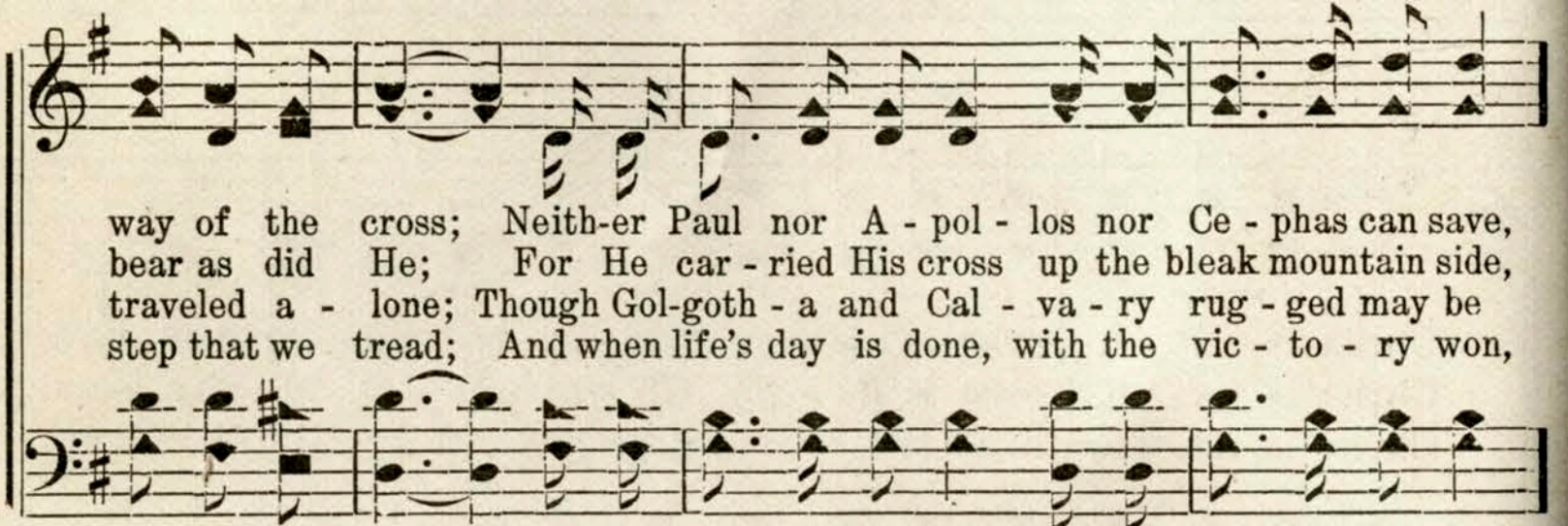
By the Way of the Cross.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

PRESTON L. BEALL.

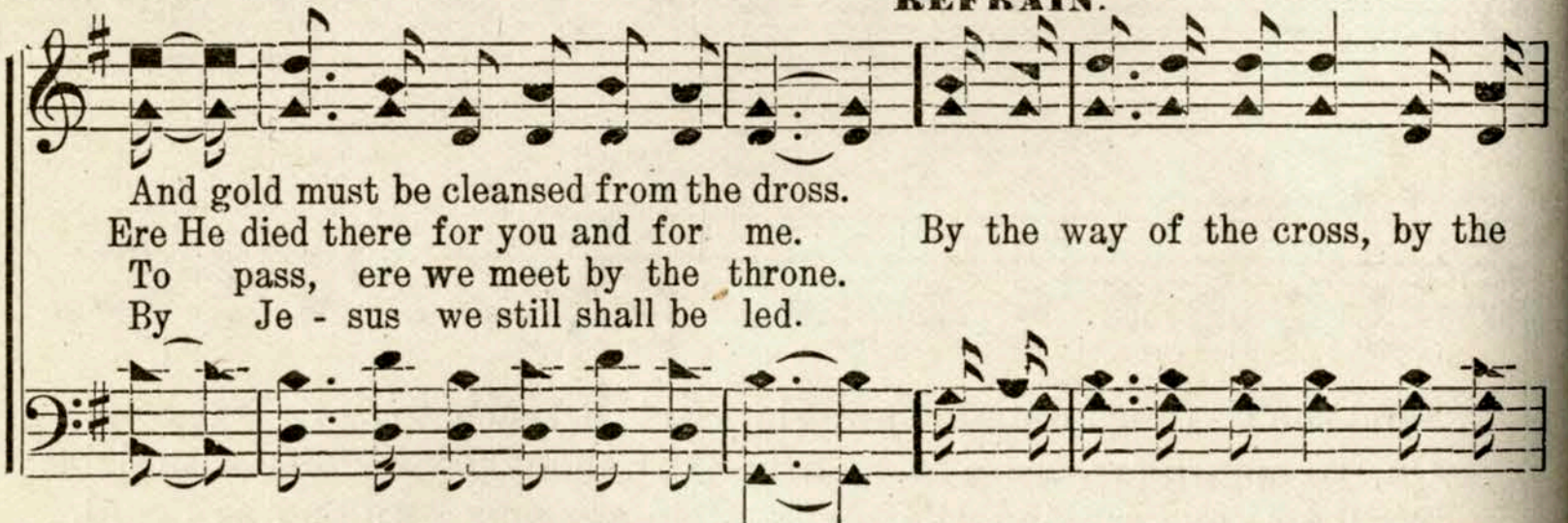


1. There is no oth - er way but the path which He trod, To heav'n by the
 2. It may be that a load up a wea - ri - some way, That we too must
 3. There is no oth - er path to the por - tals of light But that which He
 4. But the way of the cross is a glo - ri - fied way, His love gilds each

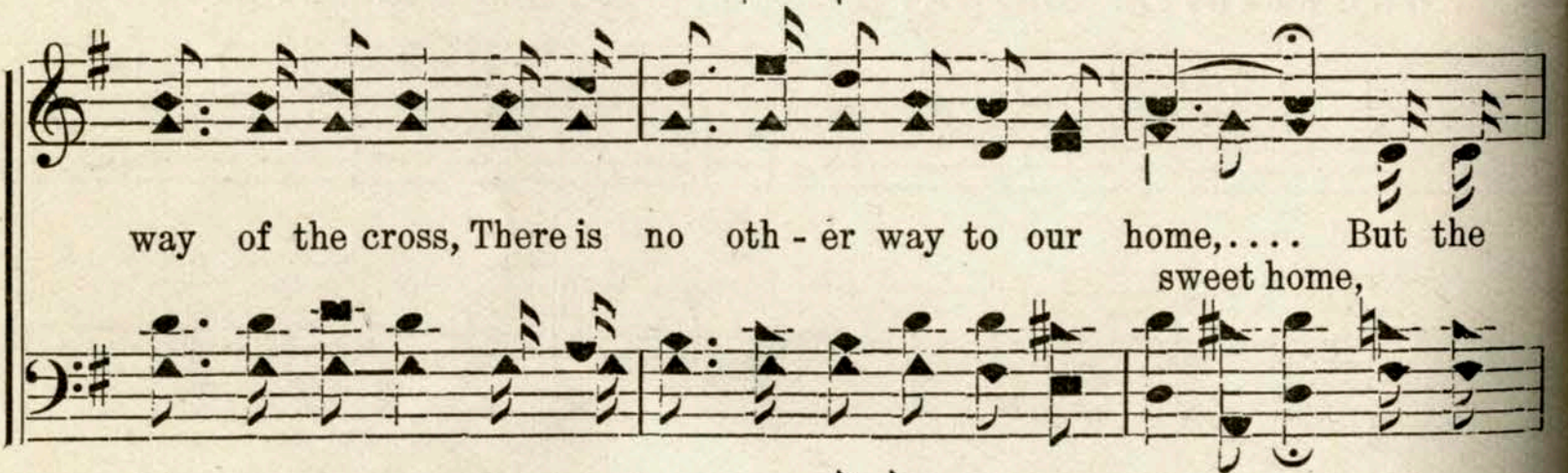


way of the cross; Neith - er Paul nor A - pol - los nor Ce - phas can save,
 bear as did He; For He car - ried His cross up the bleak mountain side,
 traveled a - lone; Though Gol - goth - a and Cal - va - ry rug - ged may be
 step that we tread; And when life's day is done, with the vic - to - ry won,

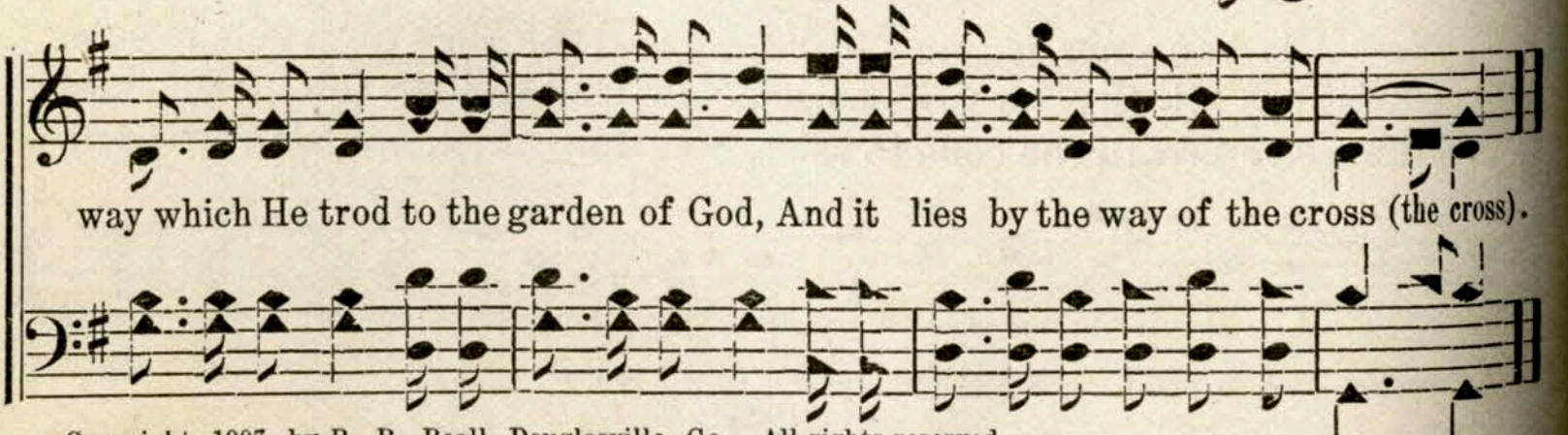
REFRAIN.



And gold must be cleansed from the dross.
 Ere He died there for you and for me. By the way of the cross, by the
 To pass, ere we meet by the throne.
 By Je - sus we still shall be led.



way of the cross, There is no oth - er way to our home,.... But the
 sweet home,



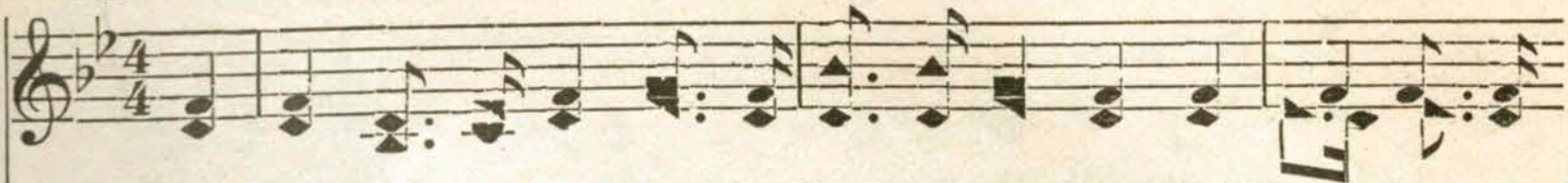
way which He trod to the garden of God, And it lies by the way of the cross (the cross).

No. 23.

Fear Not, Little Flock.

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

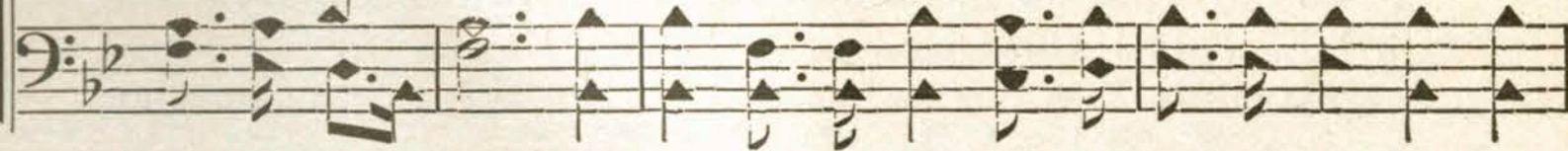
B. B. BEALL.



1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, for the Shepherd's good care To soft - flow - ing
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, for the Fath - er a - bove Will give you the
 3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, for the King on the throne Is might - y to



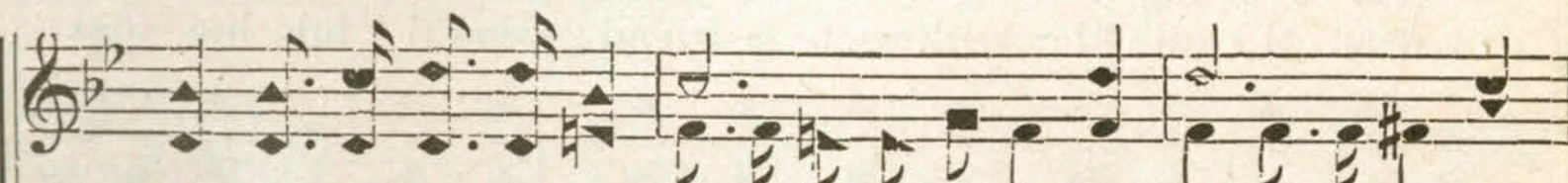
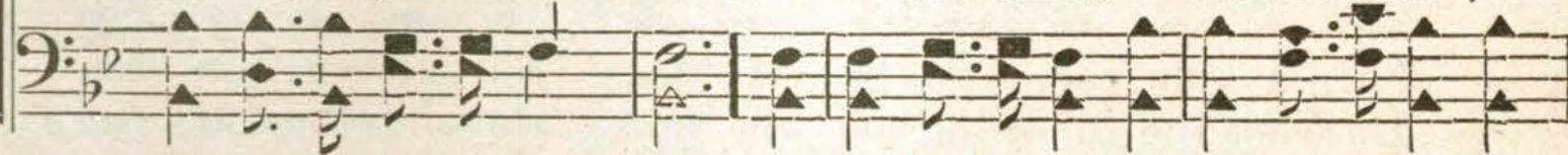
wa - ters will guide, Will make you lie down in the pas - tures so fair, And
 rich - es of grace; Re - veal - ing more ful - ly the wealth of His love, Will
 save and de - fend; With arms ev - er - last - ing en - fold - ing His own, Till



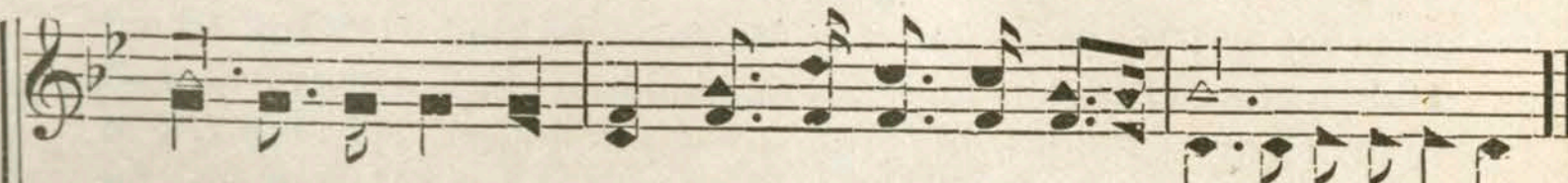
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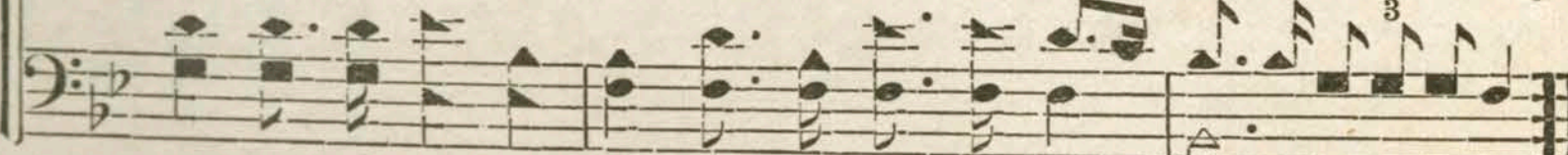
all that is need - ful pro - vide.
 show you the light of His face. Fear not, fear not, Press
 earth - ly temptations shall end. lit - tle flock, lit - tle flock ;



on and tri - umph - ant - ly sing, (triumphantly sing); Trust Him (all the way); trust



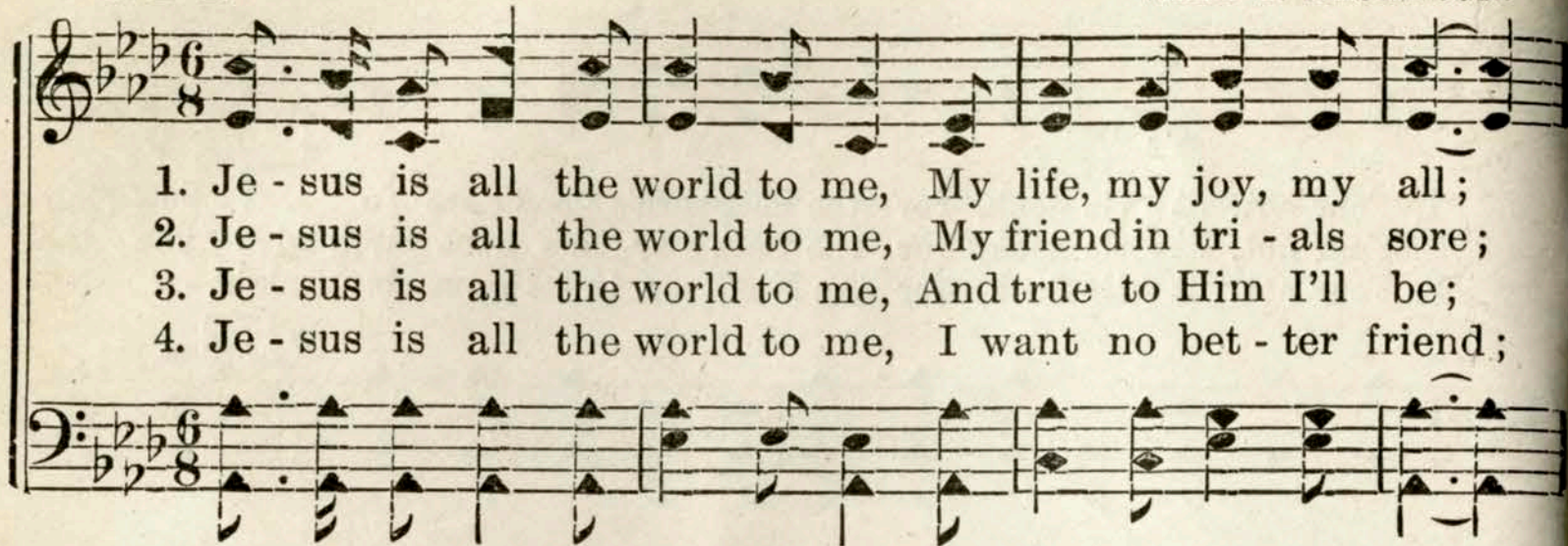
Him (all the way); Your Shep - herd, your Fath - er and King, (your Father and King).



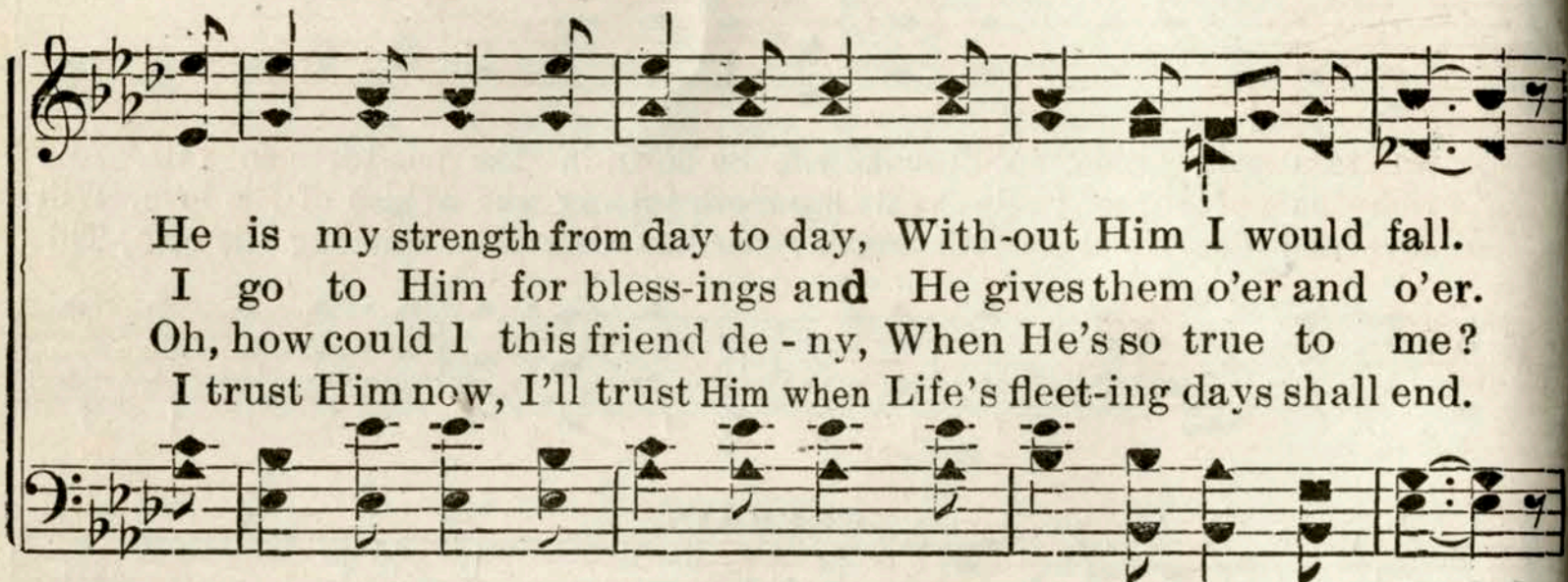
No. 24. Jesus Is All The World To Me.

W. L. T.

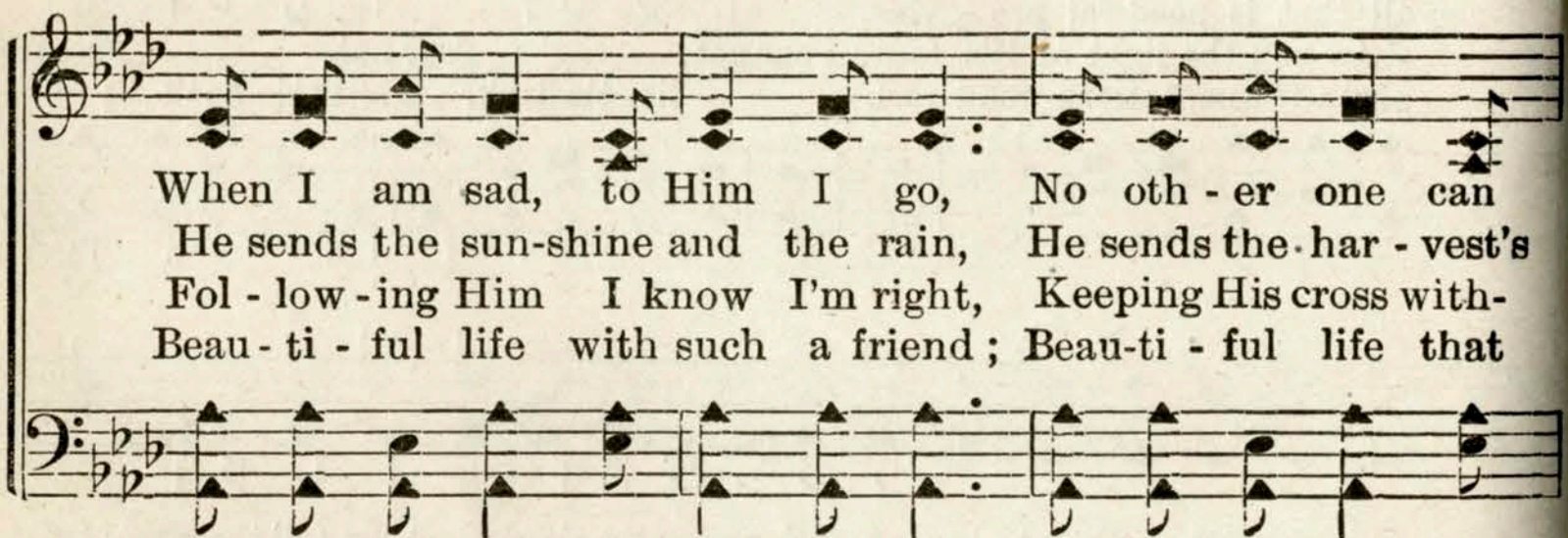
WILL L. THOMPSON.



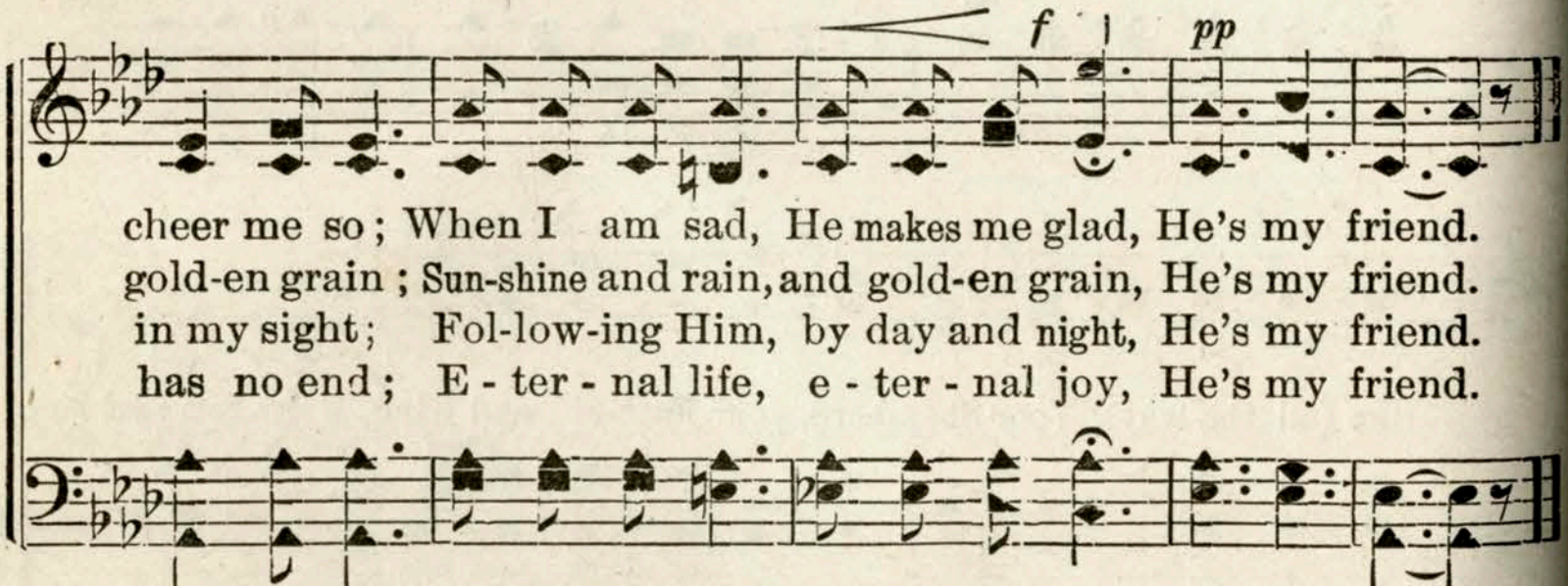
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all ;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore ;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be ;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend ;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keeping His cross with-
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend ; Beau - ti - ful life that



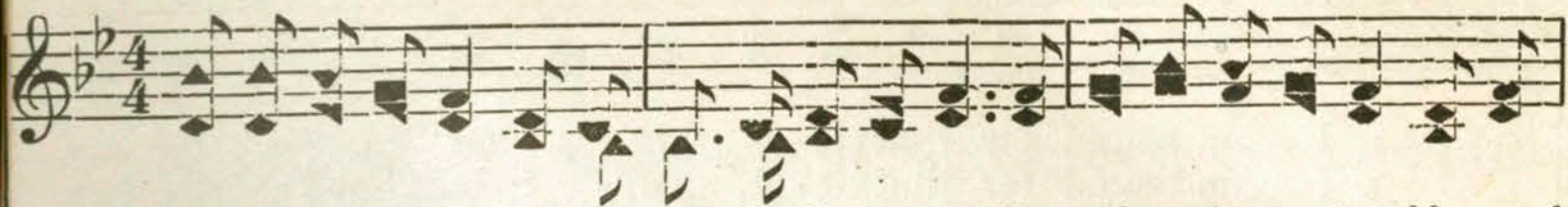
cheer me so ; When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
gold-en grain ; Sun-shine and rain, and gold-en grain, He's my friend.
in my sight ; Fol-low-ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
has no end ; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



- 1. Is-n't it a comfort to know our Fa-ther cares To aid us in our troubles, and
- 2. Is-n't it a comfort to know that thro' the night, The Sun of Love is shining, with
- 3. Is-n't it a comfort to know the Lord is King? His throne is ev-er-last-ing, let



list-en to our pray'rs? There's not an ill too little to breathe in-to His ear, Nor
 beams of mercy bright; He who commands the dayspring abideth still the same, "Joy
 earth rejoice and sing! Tho' evil hosts confront us, His is the vict'ry still, All



CHORUS.



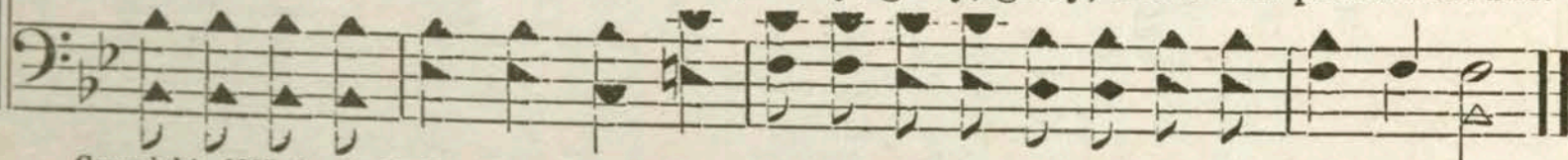
none so great and heav-y but He can help and cheer.
 com-eth in the morning" to all who trust His name. Com - fort, com - fort, in
 things shall work for blessing to those who do His will.



Jesus we have found; Comfort, comfort, and balm for ev'ry wound; Peace and con-so-



lation in the Lord's sal - va - tion; Glory, glory, glory, make His praise resound.



No. 26.

I Am Bound for That City.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. B. BEALL.

1. I am bound for that cit - y that is far a - bove the sky,
 2. I am bound for that cit - y, man - y friends have gone be - fore,
 3. I am bound for that cit - y, for my home is o - ver there,
 4. I am bound for that cit - y, soon I'll bid this world "good - bye,"

And I know if I'm faithful I shall reach it by and by;
 And I know I shall meet them o - ver on the gold - en shore;
 Which the dear lov - ing Saviour said He would for me pre - pare;
 Then I'll go with the an - gels to that bless - ed land on high;

What tho' wea - ry with toiling it will soon be o - ver past;
 With what joy I shall greet them, as I clasp each lov - ing hand,
 I shall go forth to meet Him when my bless - ed Lord commands,
 There no sor - row nor sighing, neith - er pain, nor death, nor tears,

Then at home in that cit - y I shall find sweet rest at last.
 We will shout hal - le - lu - jah o - ver in the glo - ry land.
 Then I'll dwell there for - ev - er in that house not made with hands.
 Noth - ing but joy and brightness through the ev - er - last - ing years.

REFRAIN.

I am bound for that city, for that blessed land of song, O my brother, my

I Am Bound for That City. Concluded.

sister, don't you want to go a-long? We will help crown the Saviour with His

roy - al di - a-dem, I am bound for that cit-y, for the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

No. 27. Our Songs of Praise to Christ We Raise.

"I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

T. N. BEALL.

1. Our songs of praise to Christ we raise, Oh, sing with fervent spir - it!
2. How sweet to claim, thro' His dear name, Our many sins for - giv - en;
3. The sto - ry tell, we love so well, Of sin - ful man's re - demp - tion,
4. Oh, wondrous love, oh, home a - bove, Oh, full and free sal - va - tion!

Fine.

A - dore the Lord, with one ac - cord, Yea, sing His sav - ing mer - it.
 Let faith look up and "take the cup," And bless the God of heav - en.
 How Je - sus died, was cru - ci - fied, To bring from law ex - emp - tion.
 My soul shall sing, un - to her King, In joy - ful ad - o - ra - tion.

D. S. Tell God's good news, and help them choose, The Christ-life full of gladness.

REFRAIN.

With hearts a-glow, Oh, let us go To those who sit in sad - ness,

No. 28.

Tell Me the Story.

C. H. B.

C. H. BOTTOMS.

1st and 2d verses arr. and 3d verse composed by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

DUET.

1. O tell me the beau-ti-ful sto - ry, The sto - ry that a - ges have told,
 2. He came from the mansions of glo-ry To pur - chase redemption for me;
 3. The sto - ry so pre-cious and ten-der Grows dear - er and dear-er each day;

The won - der-ful sto-ry of Je - sus That nev - er, no, nev-er grows old!
 I praise Him for love so un-bound-ed, For mer - cy so full and so free;
 'Tis won - drous-ly sweet and inspiring, And com - forts my heart on the way;

He found me a self-condemned sinner, His life for my ransom He gave,
 And when with the saints all immortal I stand in the glo - ri - fied throng,
 In life it doth gladness afford me, My soul will sustain when I die,

And this is the theme of my sto - ry That Je - sus is mighty to save.
 The won - der-ful sto-ry of Je - sus For - ev - er shall be my glad song.
 And when I am safe-ly passed o-ver I'll sing the sweet story on high.

CHORUS.

O tell me the wonderful sto - ry, 'Tis sweet-er each time it is told;
 O, tell me the story, the wonderful story, 'Tis sweeter each time, each time it is told;

Tell Me the Story. Concluded.



'Twill be the glad song of the ransomed in glory Where I shall His beauty behold.
 'Twill be the glad song of the ransomed in glory, Where, where I shall His beauty, His beauty behold.



No. 29. A Precious Friend is Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. B. BEALL.



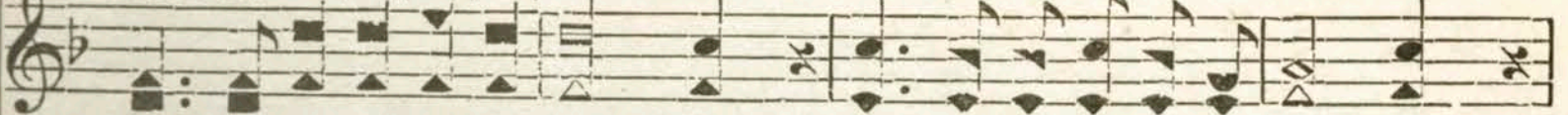
1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, And like Him there is no oth - er,
2. What a friend He's been in sorrow ! When my tears, like rain, were falling,
3. When I far away had wandered Then my blessed Saviour found me,
4. Now I'm pressing on t'ward heaven, Not a mo - ment do I tar - ry,
5. When I reach my home in glory I will cast my crown before Him ;



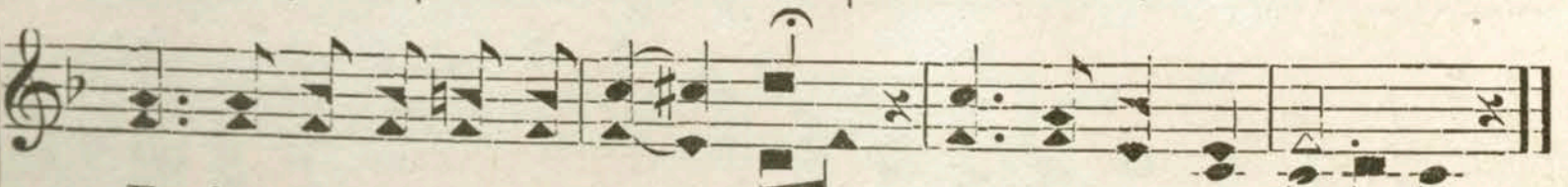
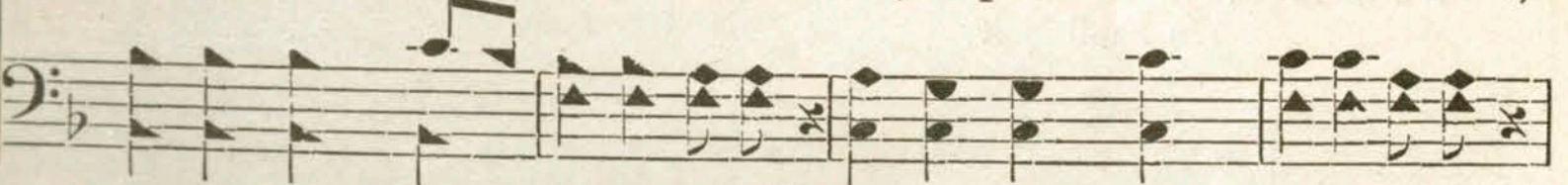
E - ven clos - er than a broth - er He's a friend to me.
 Then I heard my Sav - iour call - ing, "Cast your care on me."
 Threw His arms of love a - round me, Drew me to His breast.
 For I have no load to car - ry, Je - sus bears it all.
 Praise Him, love Him, and adore Him, Sav - iour, Broth - er, Friend.



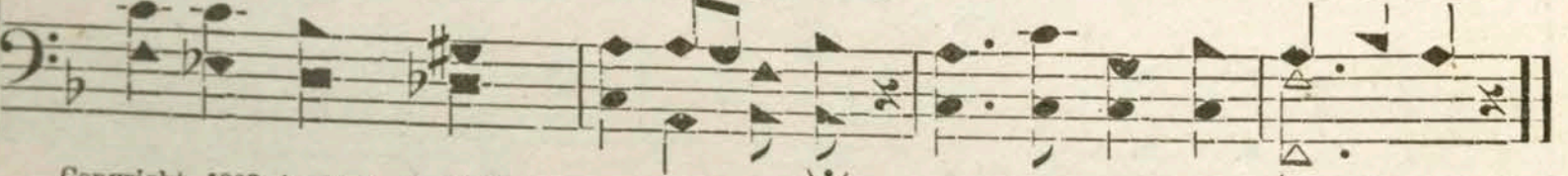
REFRAIN.



O a precious Friend is Je - sus, Yes, a precious Friend is Je - sus,
 O a pre - cious Friend is Jesus, Yes, a pre - cious Friend is Jesus,



Ev - 'ry step a - long life's jour - ney, He's a Friend to me.
 Ev - 'ry step a - long life's journey He's the dearest Friend to me.



No. 30. ALL GLEAMING WITH GOLD.

(Lovingly inscribed to my mother-in-law, Mrs. Georgia Clonts.—B. B. B.)

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a joy set before those who trust in the Lord, When the beautiful por-
 2. O, we'll sing of this joy, when the clouds gather o'er, And the winds blow so win-
 3. Then, take heart, troubled soul; look beyond earthly skies, And, by faith, the bright man
 4. Trust yourself to the keep-ing of Him who is love, And His arm will de-fen-

tals un-fold, They shall look on the face of the cru - ci - fied One, In the
 try and cold; Not a cloud nor a storm, not a grief nor a tear In the
 sions be-hold, Which the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour hath gone to pre-pare, In the
 and up-hold; He will guide you in safe - ty thro' life's wind-ing maze, In the

REFRAIN.

cit - y all gleaming with gold. O, the joy of that place!
 O, the joy of that place

We shall look on His face, When the beau - ti - ful por-
 We shall look on His face,

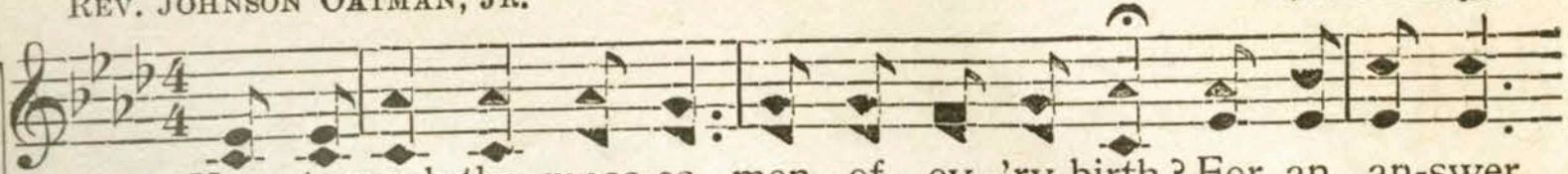
tals of pearl shall un-fold, And we en - ter that cit - y of gold.
 And we en - ter that cit - y, that cit-y of gold.

No. 31.

Lift Him Up.

B. B. BEALL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.



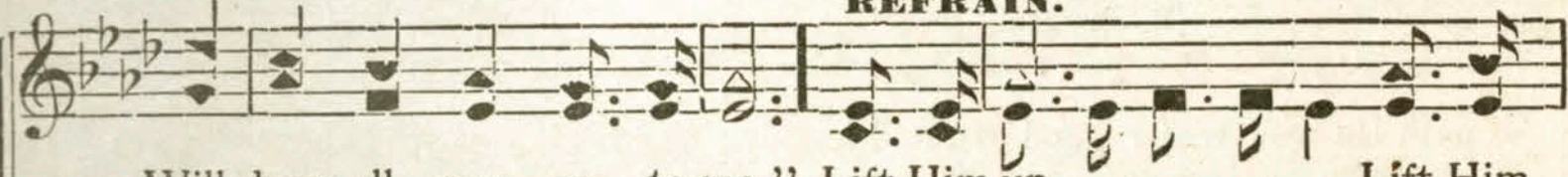
- 1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
- 2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
- 3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gospel
- 4. Lift him up by liv-ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the world in



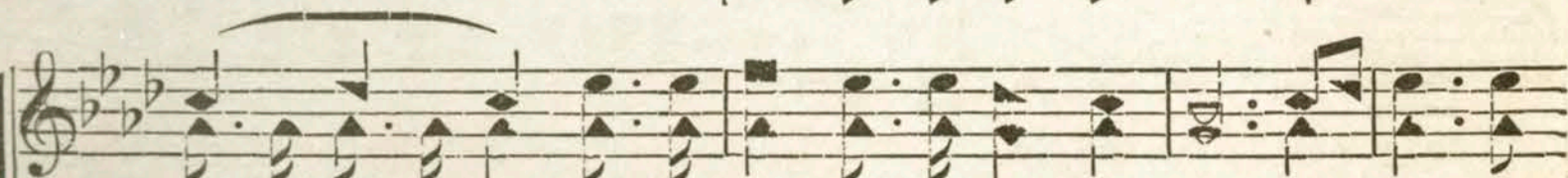
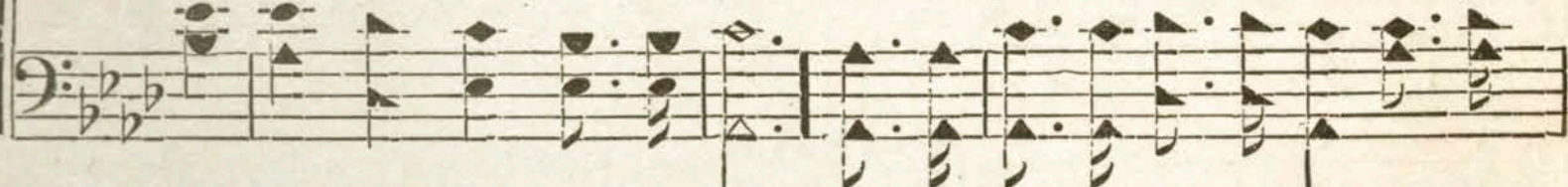
Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
 up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
 simple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that promise is true,
 you the Saviour see, Then men will gladly fol-low him who once taught,



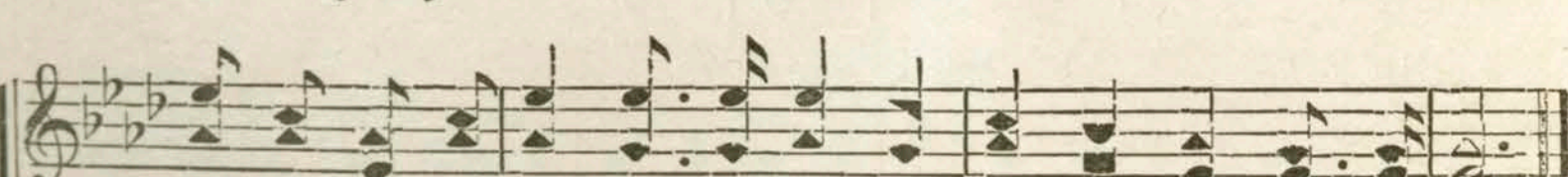
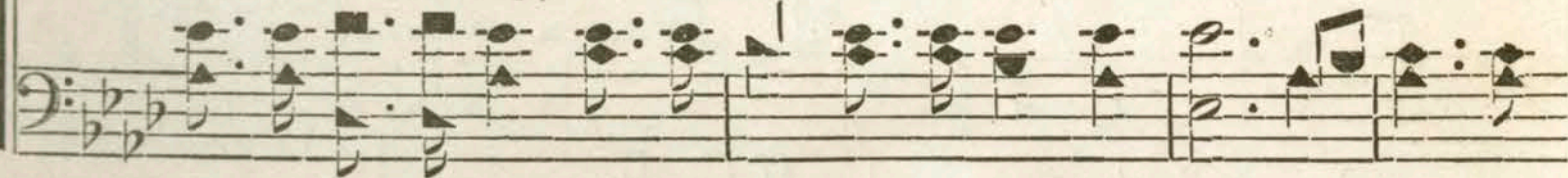
REFRAIN.



Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."
 "I'll draw all men un-to me." Lift the precious Saviour up, Lift the



up,..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
 precious Saviour up,



I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to me."



1. Fare on, oh, bravely, steadfast heart, Tell forth the wondrous story, And
 2. What will it mat - ter by and by, If toils and tri - als vex us? And
 3. Look up, sad heart, look up and trust, For One there walks beside thee, Re -

live his precepts, day by day ; Thy pathway leads to glory ; 'Tis rough? oh, yes! the
 oft-en-times we weep, or sigh ; When countless ills perplex us ; There's joy where Eden's
 members that thy frame is dust, And tenderly doth guide thee ; Let not the heart be

path He trod Was rugged oft, and lone-ly ; And yet it reaches home and God ; Serve
 Lily blooms, And golden harps are ringing, Beyond the shadows and the gloom Where
 troubled then, Though storm-clouds dim thy vision, Soon thou may'st join heav'n's glad amen ! 'Mid

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je-sus, on - ly.
 an-gel choirs are singing. Then fare thee on life's toilsome way, And tell the wondrous
 fade - less fields e-lys-ian.

stor-y ; Be-yond the night, the gates of day, The pathway leads to glo - ry.

No. 33.

The Coming of the King.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.—REV. 1: 7.
MISS A. R. CAREY. J. GUY BEALL.

1. Souls, get read - y for the coming of the King, Wash your robes and make them
 2. There'll be shouting at the coming of the King, For His loy - al ones will
 3. There'll be wail - ing at the coming of the King, For His foes be - fore His
 4. There'll be glo - ry at the coming of the King, For the faith - ful He will

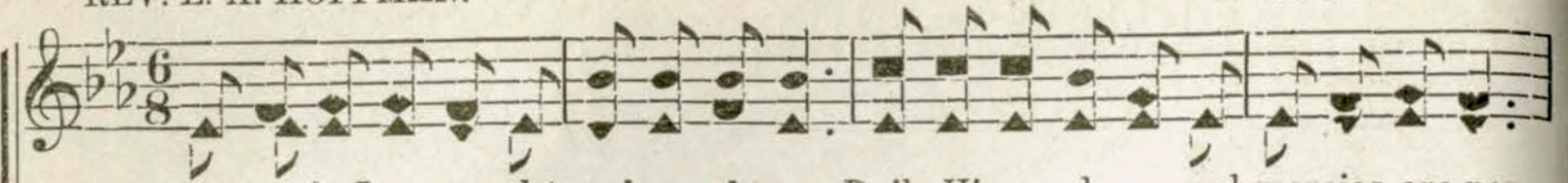
pure as lil - ies white ; Tune your voices, songs of welcome glad to sing When the
 ral - ly round His feet ; Humble hearts that to His cross and promise cling, Sad the
 glitt'ring sword will fall ; Works of darkness from their secret haunts He'll bring ; Scatter
 call to end - less day ; Hark ! the voicing airs with warning ech - oes ring, Souls re -

REFRAIN.

clouds roll down His chariot from the height.
 wait - ing, but the meeting, oh, how sweet ! Oh, be read - y, always read - y for the
 er - ror's hosts, and break oppression's thrall.
 joice ! His an - gel armies thron'g the way.

King; Night and day, night and day, Far a -
 coming of the King; Night and day, night and day,

way the world and self and evil fling, Watch and pray, watch and pray.
 Watch and pray, watch and pray.



- 1. Lov-ing is Je-sus and ten-der and true; Daily His goodness and mercies are new;
- 2. He has a heart full of warm sympathy; Grace He bestows in abundance on me;
- 3. Je-sus is wondrously patient and kind, And to forgiveness and mercy in-cluded;
- 4. Oh, what a Saviour and oh, what a Friend! Happy the moments with Jesus I spend;



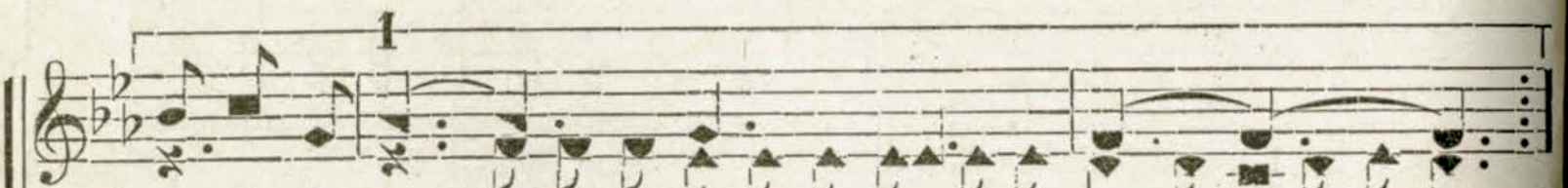
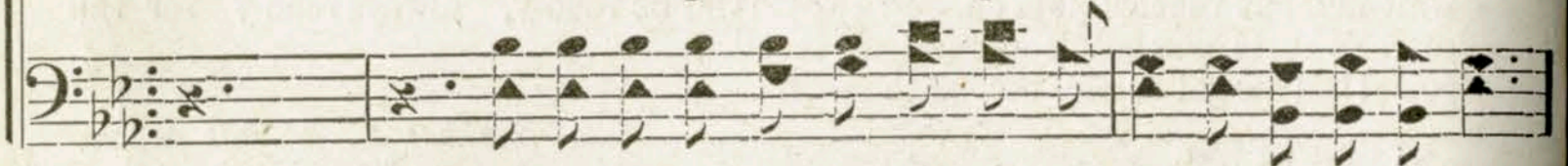
Search the world over from end unto end, Nowhere we find such a kind, faithful Friend.
 Comfort He gives and contentment and cheer, And to assist me He al-ways is near.
 Read - y is He all my sin to remove, And in my heart shed abroad His pure love.
 I am the child of His love and His care, And I can trust Him to answer my pray'r.



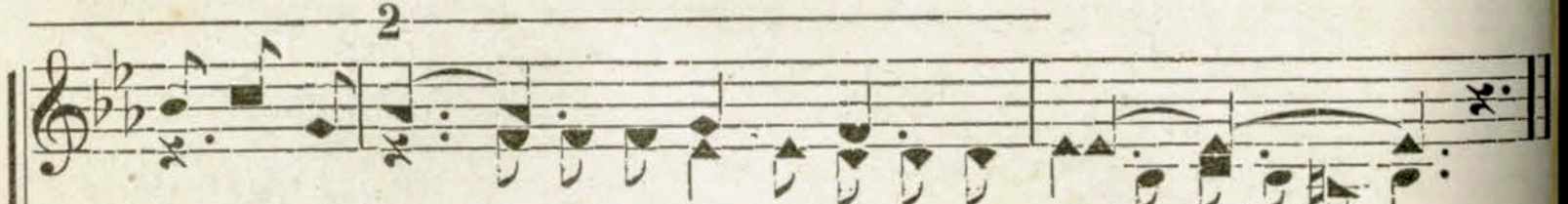
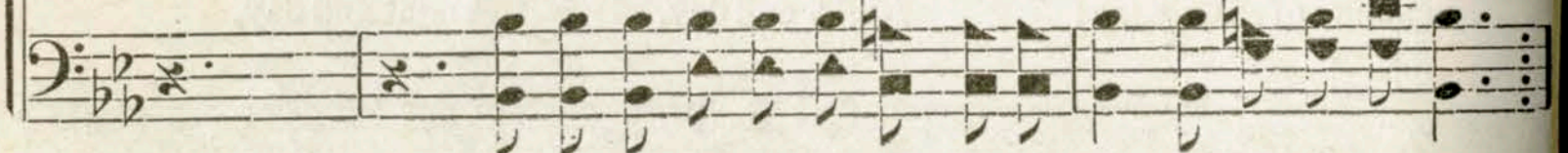
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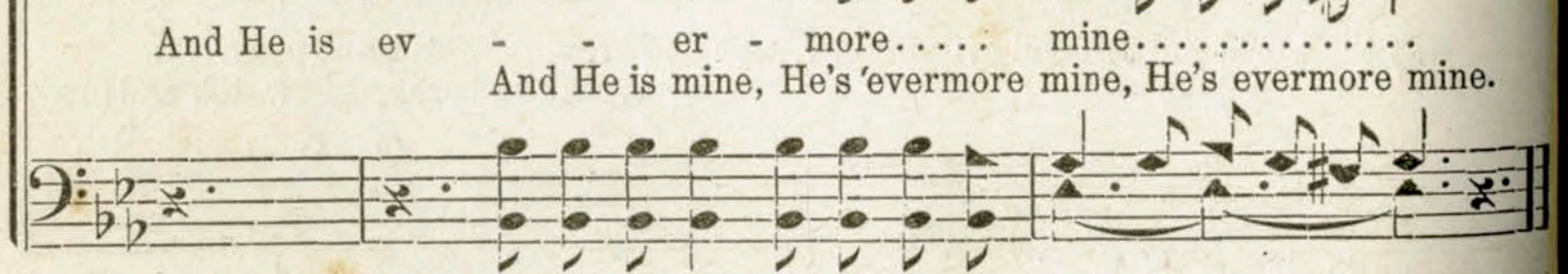
He is a kind..... and com-pas-sion-ate Friend,.....
 He is a kind and compassionate Friend, compassionate Friend,
 On Him for grace..... and for help I de-pend,.....
 On Him for grace and for help I depend, for help I de-pend,



Je-sus the Sav - - iour di - vine :.....
 Jesus the Saviour, the Saviour divine, the Saviour divine ;



And He is ev - - er - more..... mine.....
 And He is mine, He's 'evermore mine, He's evermore mine.



No. 35. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
 2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
 3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
 4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

a - ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
 a - ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I
 a - ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For
 a - ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
 is a - ble to save;

REFRAIN.

Jesus is a - ble to save. My Jesus is a - ble to save, . . .
 know He is a - ble to save.
 Jesus is a - ble to save. is a - ble to save,
 Jesus is a - ble to save.

My Je - sus is a - ble to save; His grace is so
 is a - ble to save;

free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a - ble to save. . . .
 is a - ble to save.

No. 36.

Wrecker or Saver?

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Wreck-er or sav - er, which shall it be, Watching the ves - sels
 2. Wreck-er or sav - er—solemn the tho't! With good or e - vil,
 3. O, lift a bea - con stead-y and bright, Cheer - i - ly burn - ing,

cross - ing life's sea? One or the oth - er must be the choice,
 in - flu-ence fraught; Help-er or hind - 'rer, each one must be,
 all through the night; Light of sal - va - tion, O, let it shine,

CHORUS.

Mak - ing our neigh - bor weep or re-joyce.
 Watching the ves - sels crossing life's sea. O, bless - ed Sav - iour,
 Res - cu - ing oth - ers, joy all di-vine.

Thine would we be, Fill'd with Thy Spirit, working with Thee! Seeking the

ship-wreck'd, tossed on the wave, Manning the life-boat, seeking to save

No. 37.

Jesus Loves the Children.

(Inscribed to my little nephews and nieces.—B. B. B.)

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

B. B. BEALL.



- 1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, E - ven as of old,
- 2. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Loves them ev - 'ry one,
- 3. Je - sus tells us all the way, To His home a - bove,



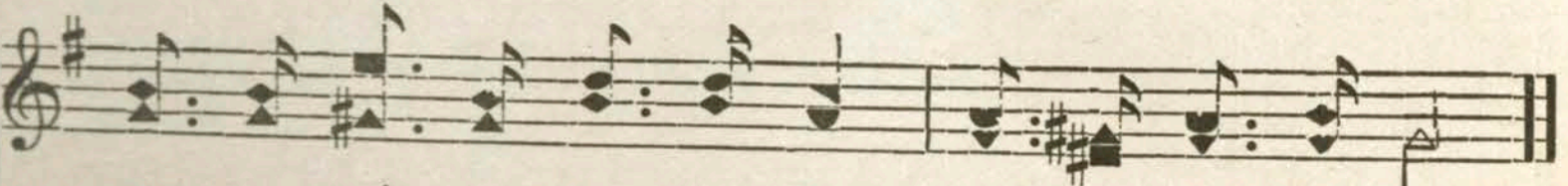
When He held them in His arms With a love un - told.
 And would have them kind and true Till life's work is done.
 None may ev - er need to stray, All may faith - ful prove.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones Ten - der - ly to - day,



Calls them gen - tly, "Come to me," Nev - er - more to stray.



(Inscribed to all of my pupils.—B. B. B.)

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a glo-ry side to the cloud we fear, For the Lord Himself, tho' unseen, is near,
2. There's a glo-ry side; O, how fair and bright, And its golden gleams cheer the gloomy night,
3. There's a glory side, and it brighter grows, As our faith and hope on His word repose

To the trusting soul will His grace ap - pear; There's a glory side to the cloud.
 When the Ho-ly Dove comes with saving might, There's a glory side to the cloud.
 And the God of love "present help" bestows, There's a glory side to the cloud.

REFRAIN.

Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con - fide In the
 Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con - fide In the

Lord who stand - eth by; Yes, a glo-ry side; when our
 Lord, in the Lord who standeth by, who stand-eth by; Yes, a glo-ry side;

faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky.
 when our faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky, we will look beyond the sky.

We will look, we will look beyond the sky.

No. 39. I Sometimes Grow Faint and Weary.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. B. MOSLEY.

May be used as a Solo.

Devoto.



1. I sometimes grow faint and wea-ry, And oft-en the way seems drear-y,
2. No more all the la-bor and toil-ing, No more earth's defiling and soil-ing,
3. 'Tis not ver-y far to the por-tals Where dwell evermore God's immortals,
4. My home I am constantly near-ing, The prospect is comforting, cheering,
5. This hope is so sweet and sustaining, I jour-ney al-way uncom-plain-ing,



Use small notes with instrument only.



But I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth sweet rest for me.
 For I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth sweet rest for me.
 And I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth a home for me.
 And I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth a crown for me.
 For I know, as the glo-ry of heav-en I see, There waiteth sweet rest for me.



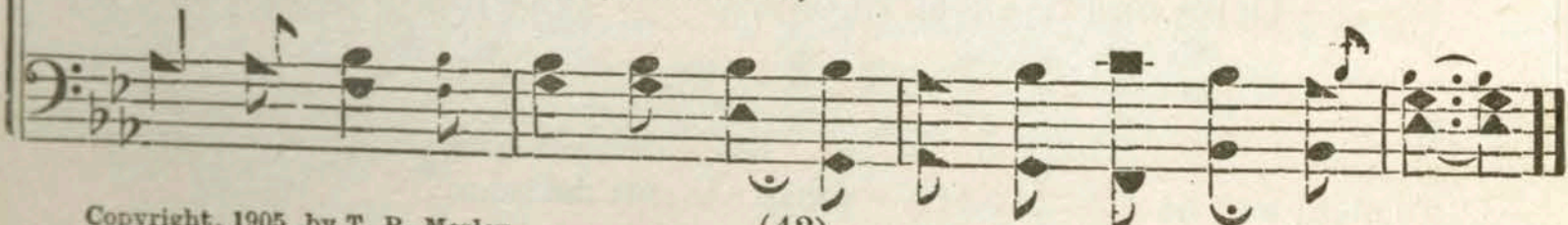
Chorus, Quartet or Semi-chorus.



The end of the jour-ney I see, It meaneth sweet rest for me;....
 I see, for me;



Rest, rest, sweet rest, It mean-eth sweet rest for me.
 Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest,



1. Will you not come to Him for life? Why will ye die, oh why?
 2. Will you not come to Him for peace, Peace thro' His cross a-lone?
 3. Will you not come to Him for rest? All that are wea-ry, come!
 4. Will you not come to Him for joy? Will you not come for this?

He gave His life for you, for me! Oh, soul, why will you die?
 He shed His precious blood for you; Oh, make His peace your own.
 The rest He gives is deep and true; Rest in His love, your home!
 He gives a joy so sweet and true; Oh, taste His per-fect bliss!

REFRAIN.

Come and be saved to-day,*.... Come and be saved to-day,....
 Come and be saved to-day, Come and be saved to-day,

Come and be saved from all your sins to-day;.....
 Come and be saved;

Come and be saved to-day,..... Come and be saved to-day,.....
 Come and be saved to-day, Come and be saved to-day,

* "To-night may be substituted for "to-day," to suit the hour.

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Come and be Saved. Concluded.

Come and be saved from all your sins to - day.....
Come and be saved.

No. 41. Jesus is Coming Again.

B. B. BEALL. (1905.)

1. O - ver the val-leys, hill-tops and mountains Rings out the shout from
2. Cheering each pilgrim, wayworn and wea - ry, No more we hear him
3. Com-ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of

woodland and plain; Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fountains,
fret or complain; Bright is the way that once was so drear - y,
Him who was slain, Glad - ly, then, sing His prais - es for - ev - er,

D. S.—Shout it a - loud, ye isles of the o - cean,

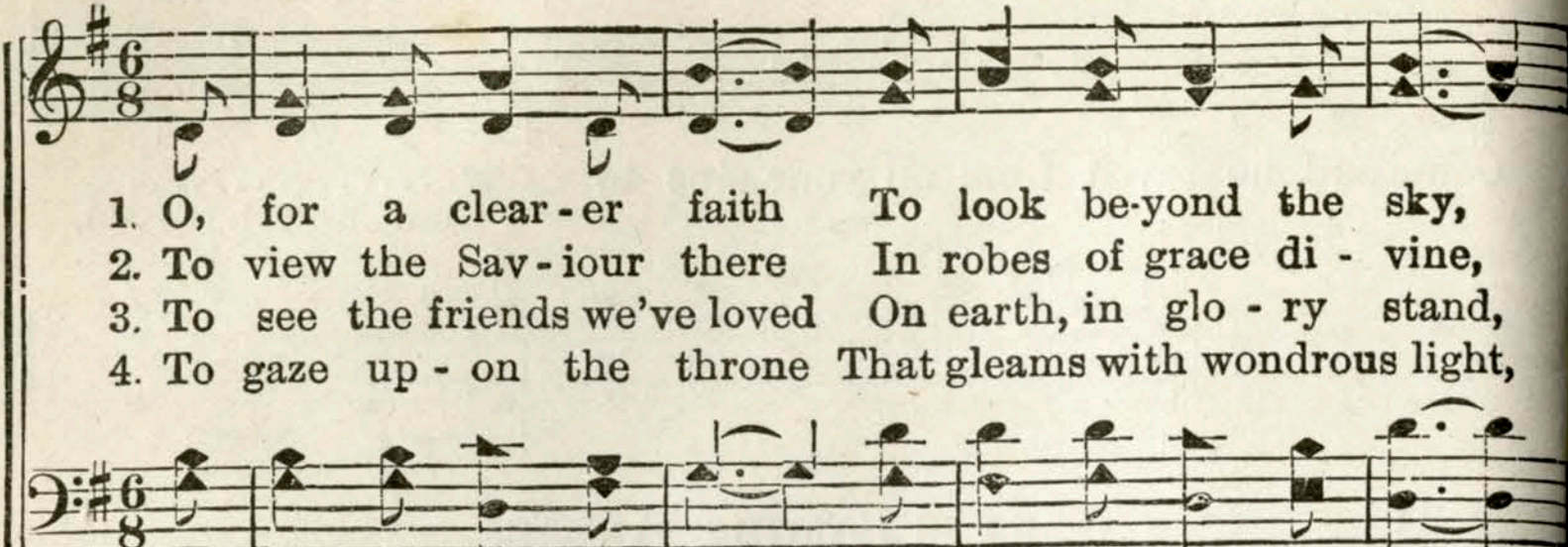
Fine. REFRAIN.

Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain. Com - ing a - gain, O
Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

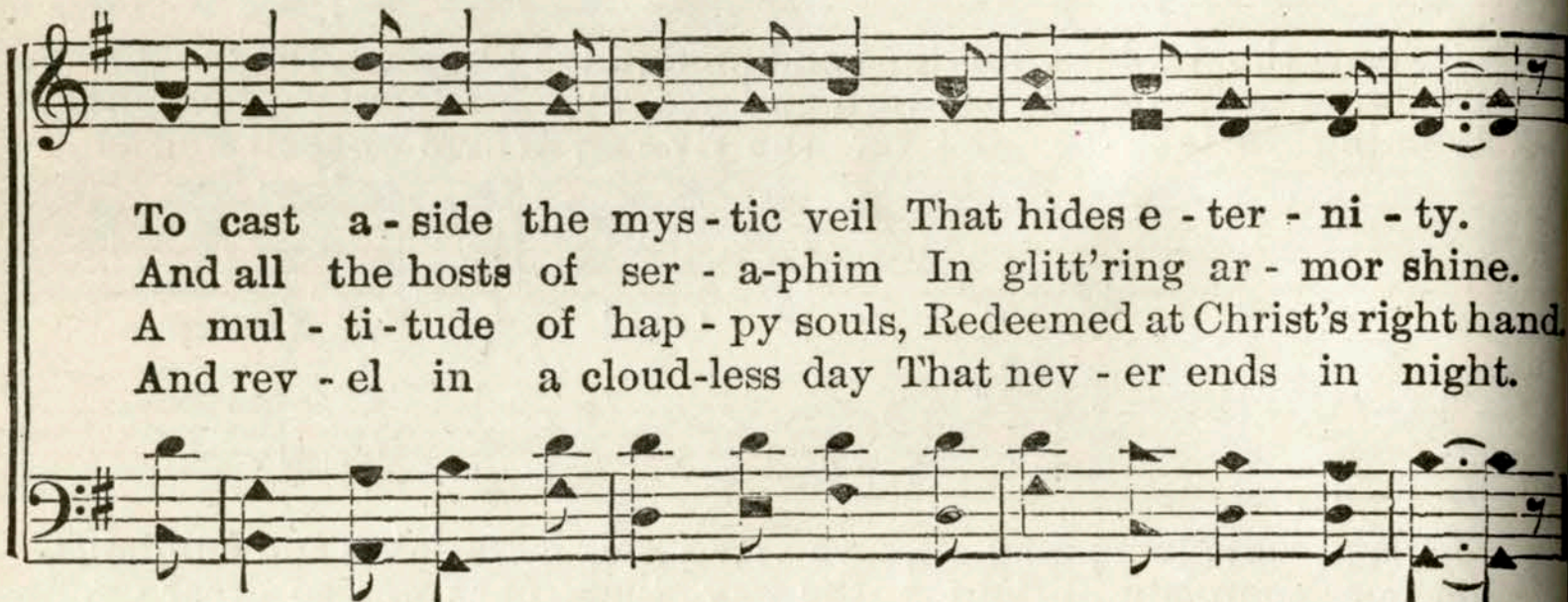
glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain;

MARY M. LEIGHTON.

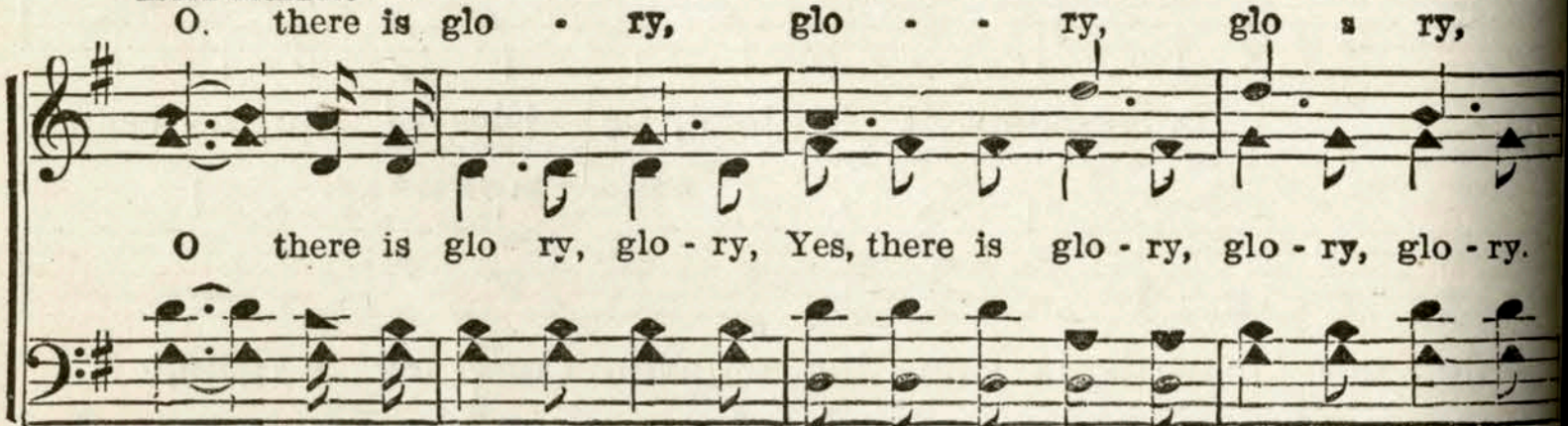
E. ROBERTS.



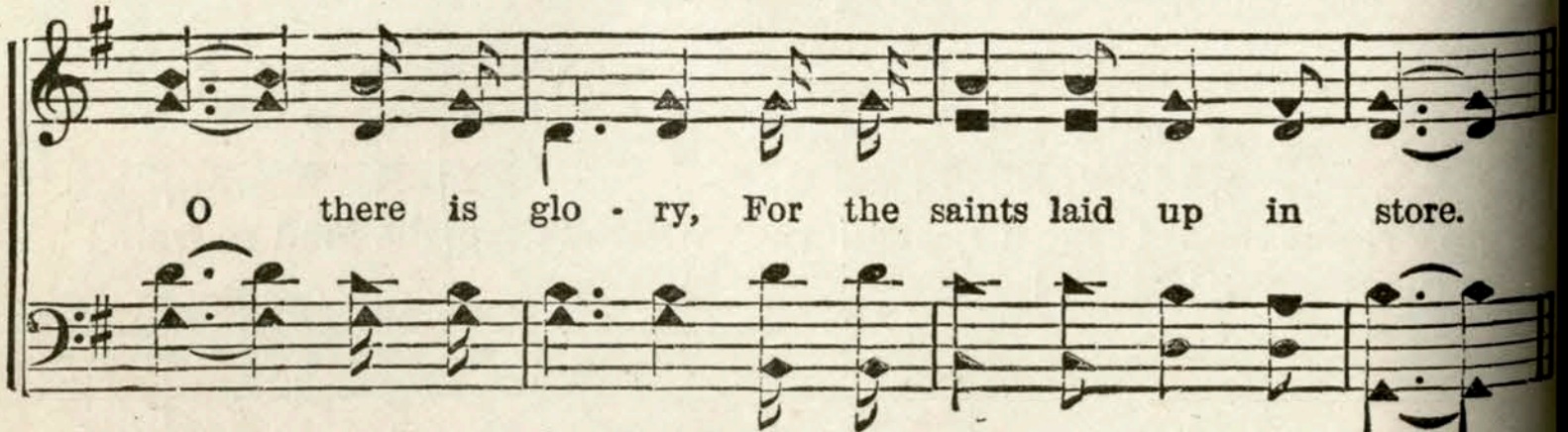
1. O, for a clear - er faith To look beyond the sky,
 2. To view the Sav - iour there In robes of grace di - vine,
 3. To see the friends we've loved On earth, in glo - ry stand,
 4. To gaze up - on the throne That gleams with wondrous light,



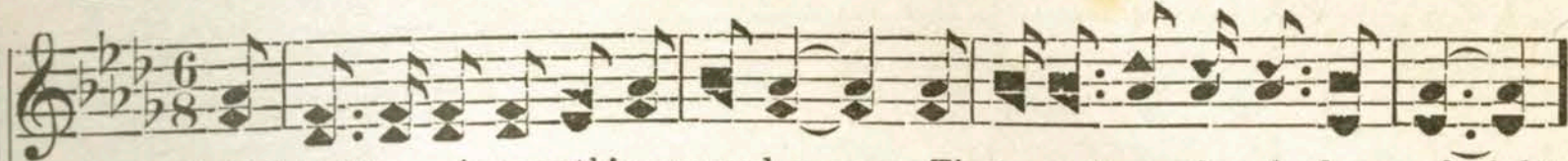
To cast a - side the mys - tic veil That hides e - ter - ni - ty.
 And all the hosts of ser - a - phim In glitt'ring ar - mor shine.
 A mul - ti - tude of hap - py souls, Redeemed at Christ's right hand.
 And rev - el in a cloud - less day That nev - er ends in night.

REFRAIN.


O. there is glo - ry, glo - - ry, glo - ry,
 O there is glo ry, glo - ry, Yes, there is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.



O there is glo - ry, For the saints laid up in store.



1. A light shines o'er earth's rugged spaces, That scatters the shadows of night,
2. Tho' sin's glit'ring charms may allure me, And brilliant its promises seem,
3. A balm for each woe I have found Him, Till faith shall at last change to sight,
4. Then joy-ful-ly on to the Cit - y, Whose spires shall so soon cheer my sight;



Re-lect-ed from heav-en-ly places, Then fol-low, oh, fol-low the light.
 Still closer I'll cling to my Sa - viour, For - ev - er to fol-low the gleam.
 I'll cling to the hand of my Mas-ter, And trust-ful-ly fol-low the light.
 Till past all life's myriad chang-es, I'll stead-fast-ly fol-low the light.



REFRAIN.



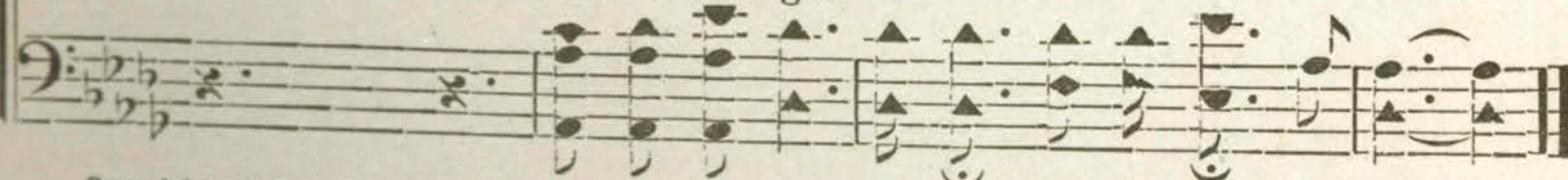
Fol - low the light, Fol - low the light, Fol - low the light,
 Fol - low the light, Fol - low the light, Fol - low the light,



All of life's change-a-ble ways; Fol - low the light, Fol - low the light,



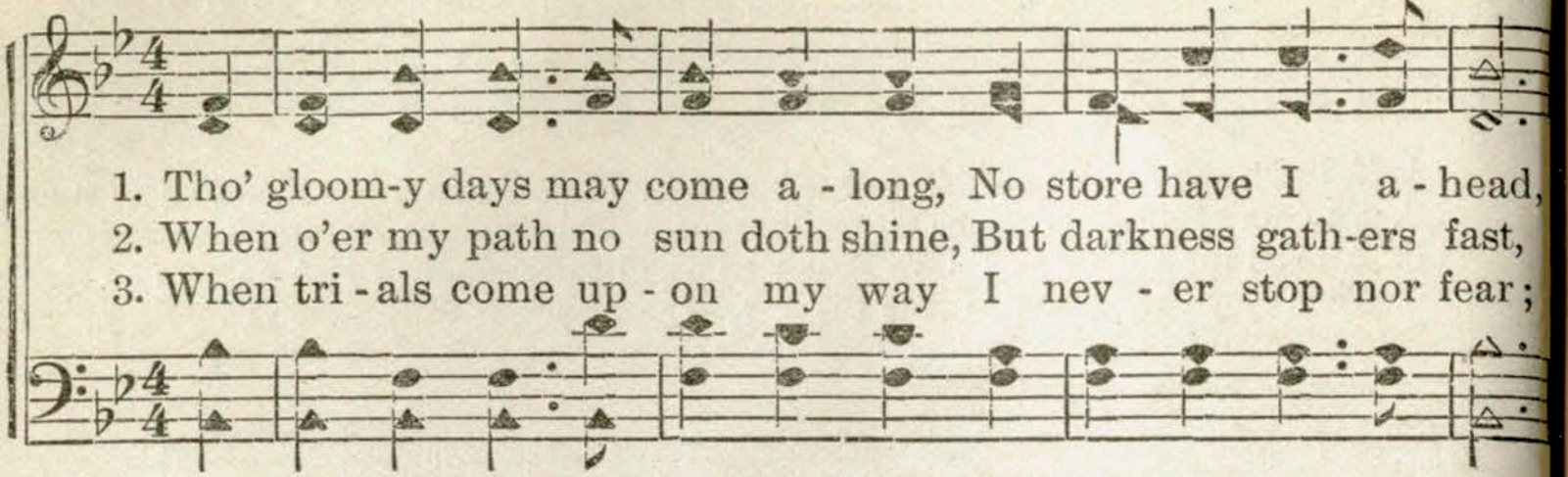
Follow the light, E - ven to heav'n's perfect day.
 Fol - low the light.



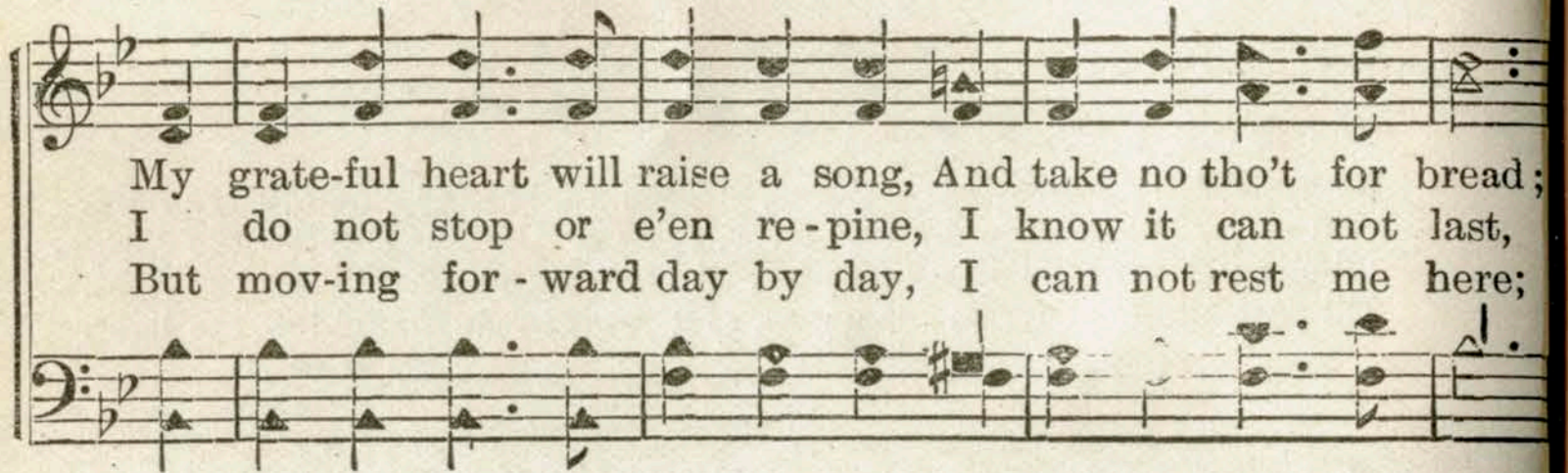
No. 44. My Heart Keeps Singing.

J. M. P.

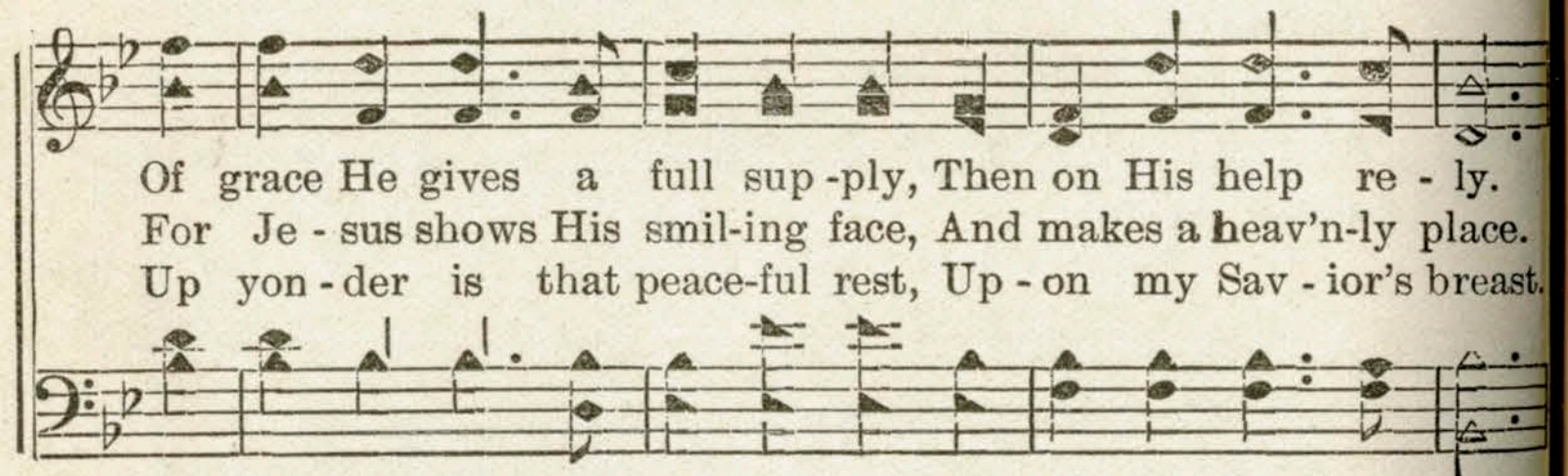
J. M. PIERCE.



1. Tho' gloom-y days may come a - long, No store have I a - head,
2. When o'er my path no sun doth shine, But darkness gath-ers fast,
3. When tri - als come up - on my way I nev - er stop nor fear;

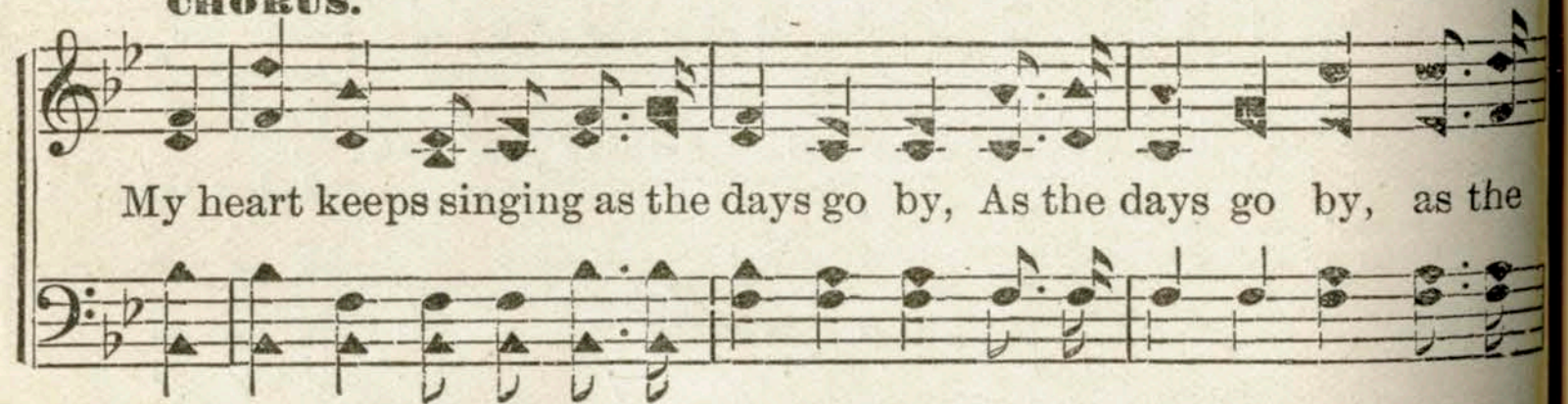


My grate-ful heart will raise a song, And take no tho't for bread;
I do not stop or e'en re-pine, I know it can not last,
But mov-ing for - ward day by day, I can not rest me here;

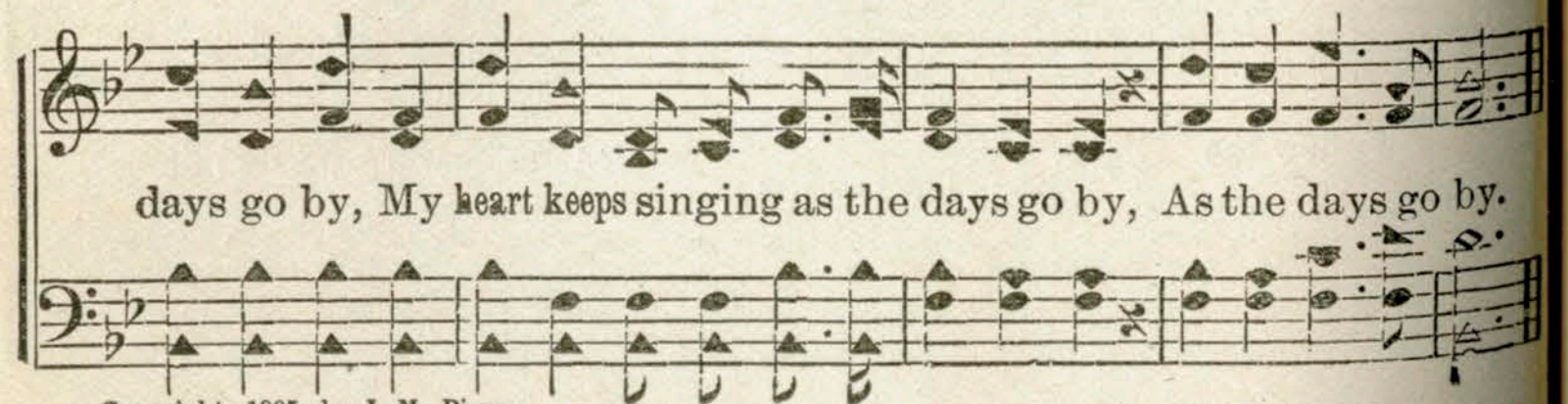


Of grace He gives a full sup-ply, Then on His help re - ly.
For Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, And makes a heav'n-ly place.
Up yon - der is that peace-ful rest, Up - on my Sav - ior's breast.

CHORUS.



My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by, as the



days go by, My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by.

1. Oh, hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,
 2. The cross that Je - sus car - ried, He car - ried as your due;
 3. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,

With Je - sus as your lead - er, To Je - sus as your head.
 The crown that Je - sus wear - eth, He wear - eth it for you.
 The love that thro' all troub - le To Him a - lone will turn.

CHORUS.

Chil - dren of Zi - on! you're marching to your King; Chil - dren of

Zi - on! let songs of prais - es ring; Chil - dren of Zi - on! you're

marching to your King, Oh, hap - py chil - dren of Zi - on sweetly sing.

No. 46.

Glory Be to God Forever.

MRS. G. M. HARRINGTON.

J. GUY BEALL.

1. I can sing the glad new an - them With the ransomed host a - bove;
 2. I can sing the glad new an - them, I was bound, but now I'm free;
 3. I can sing the glad new an - them, I was blind, but now I see;
 4. Can my lips be mute then long - er When such gifts as these are mine?

With the saved I now am shar - ing In the gifts of wondrous love.
 By His blood on Cal - v'ry flow - ing Christ the Lord hath ransomed me.
 Since I've turned mine eyes on Je - sus Light hath sweetly dawned on me.
 When the Sav - iour says, so sweet - ly, "All I have is free - ly thine."

REFRAIN.

"Glo - ry be to God for - ev - er," I can
 "Glo - ry be to God for - ev - er and for - ev - er, I can

join the glad re - refrain; I am numbered with the
 join the glad re - refrain, the glad refrain; I am numbered with the

ran - somed, "Glo - ry be to God a - gain."
 ransomed, with the ran - somed, "Glo - ry be to God a - gain."

MISS MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

B. B. BEALL.



- 1. God is love, O speed the tid - ings O'er the land and o'er the sea (the sea),
- 2. God is love, O tell the sin - ner, Lost, despairing, wounded, sore (wounded, sore),
- 3. God is love, O tell the sto - ry Till the ransomed hosts above (hosts above)



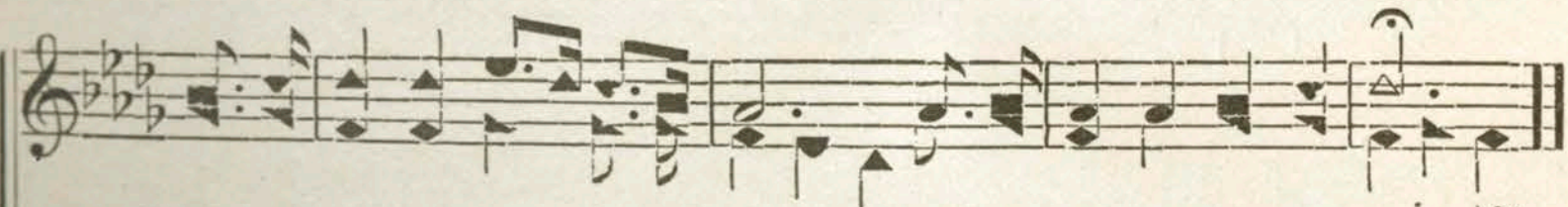
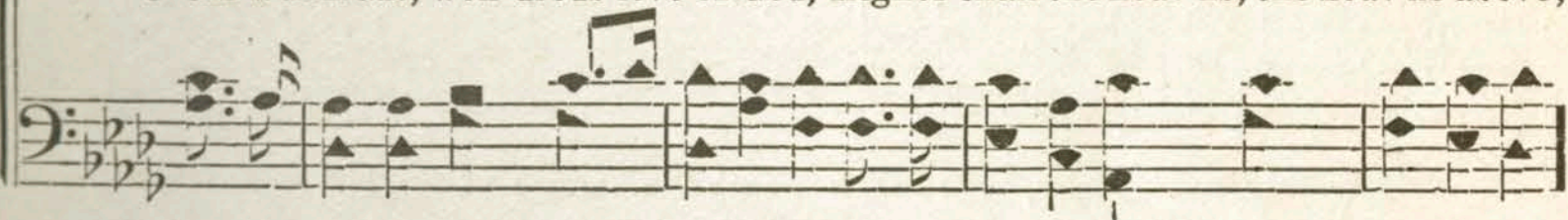
Let each soul that's sad and lone - ly In God's love now hap-py be (hap-py be).
 That He wait - eth to en - fold him In His arms of love once more (once more).
 Join with ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion In the cho-rus, God is love (God is love).



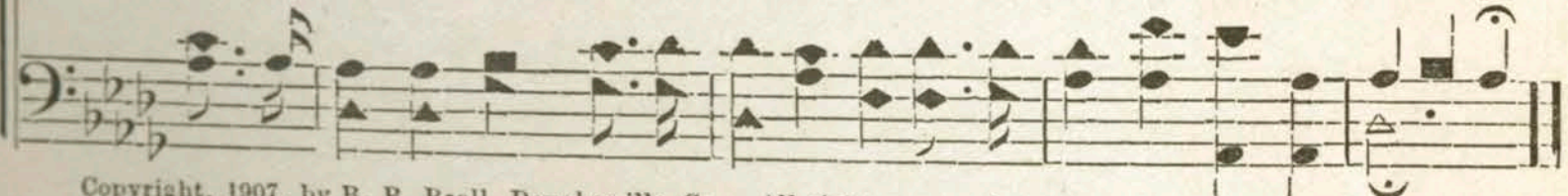
REFRAIN.



O the wondrous love of God, High-er than.... the heav'ns above;
 O the wondrous, won-drous love of God, Higher than the heav'ns, the heav'ns above;



Let us spread the news a - broad, Tell the world that God is love.
 Let us spread the news, spread the news abroad, Tell, O tell the world that God is love.



No. 48.

Go Forth to the Conflict.

JENNIE WILSON.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Go forth to the con-flict, O sol - dier of Je - sus, Go forth to the
 2. Go forth to the con-flict and tho' you grow weary, Re-mem-ber the
 3. Go forth to the con-flict, let souls be the trophies That glad-ly to

great bat-tle-field; Re - ly on the promise that you shall be vic-tor,
 glo - ri - ous prize At last to be giv - en to those who are faithful,
 Je - sus you bring; Be loy - al to Him and thro' a - ges e - ter-nal,

CHORUS.

And nev - er to sin's pow - er yield.
 When called to the home in the skies. Go forth to the con - flict of
 The song of a con-quer - or sing.

truth against er-ror, Go forth neath the banner of light; Let faith fill your

spir - it with courage undaunted, Tho' numberless foes are in sight.

No. 49.

Then Sing It Again.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. The Lord is our Sav-ior, Re - deem-er, and King, A Friend and a
 2. The sto - ry of Je - sus is won-drous-ly sweet, The sto - ry that
 3. His love is a fount-ain of life and of joy, His grace brings con-

Helper is he; His prais-es to-day in our gladness we sing For
 nev - er grows old; It wak-ens the soul into gladness and song That
 tentment and peace, His presence dispels all our doubt and our fear, And

REFRAIN.

love so abounding and free. Then sing it a - gain.....
 can not by mor-tal be told.
 makes sin and sorrowing cease. Then sing it a-gain, and again, and again,

Re - ech - o the glorious a-men; For He is our Sav-ior, Re-
 Re - ech-o the glorious, the glorious a-men; For He is our Sav-ior, Re-

deem - er, and King, And His is the love that we sing.
 deem - er, and King, And His is the won-der - ful love that we sing.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a day that is com-ing and it won't be ver - y long,
 2. Bless - ed tho't fills my soul and I am hap - py all the day,
 3. Bless - ed Sav - iour is com-ing, we'll go home with Him to stay,

Heav - en and glo - ry will be mine; (will be mine;)
 Loved ones a-wait-ing I shall find; (I shall find;)
 Like stars in glo - ry we shall shine; (we shall shine;)

Our Sav - iour is com - ing, we soon shall hear the song,
 The lights grow - ing bright-er, they're shin - ing all the way,
 For - ev - er and ev - er, at home be - yond for aye,

All will be glo - ry all the time.
 Soon 'twill be glo - ry all the time.
 Glo - ry fo ev - er all the time.

ALL WILL BE GLORY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry all the time,
All will be glo - ry all the time, all the time,

All is glo - ry all the time.
All will be glo - ry all the time. all the time.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, all is glo - ry,
All will be glo - ry, all will be glo - ry,

All will be glo - ry all the time. (all the time.)

1. Work for the Lord in His har - vest wide, Gath - - - - 'ring
 2. Grand is the task that be - fore thee lies,
 3. Toil on thro' wea - ri - ness, tears and pain, Gath'ring gold-en sheaves;

gold - en sheaves; Toil from the morn - ing till ev - ven - tide,
 Glad - ly for gar - ners be - yond the skies,
 gath-'ring gold - en sheaves; Rich is the prize which the faith-ful gain,

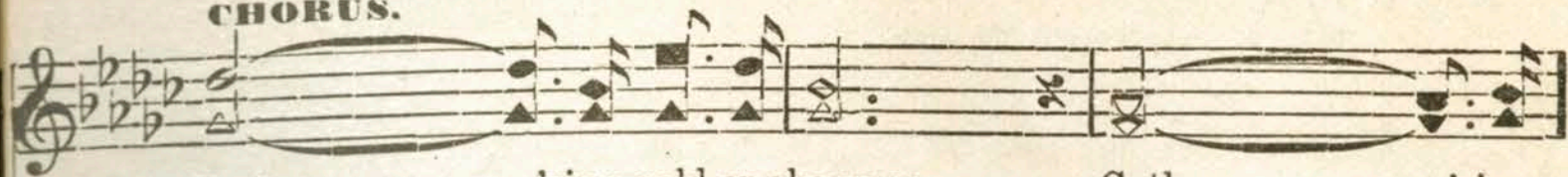
Gath - - - - 'ring gold - en sheaves; Reap - ers are few and the
 Bring to the Mas - ter a
 Gath'ring gold-en sheaves, gold - en sheaves; Heav-en's sweet rest shall the

field is vast, Haste for the moments are speeding fast, Lov - ing - ly la -
 shin - ing store, Reap - ing in time for the ev - er - more, Pa - tient - ly toil
 reap - ers know, Bright in their crowns shall the star - gems glow, Won while they toiled

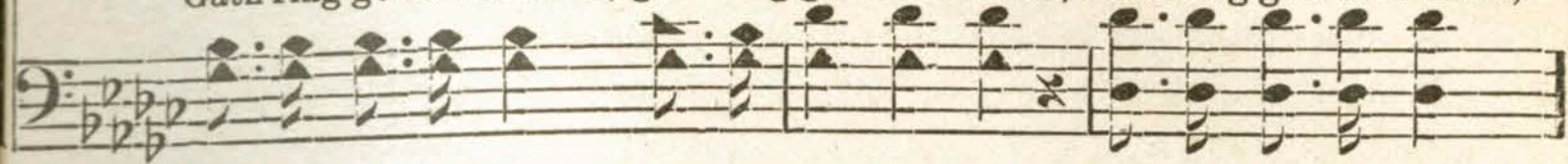
bor while strength shall last, Gath - - - - 'ring gold-en sheaves;
 till the har-vest's o'er,
 in the field be - low, Gath'ring gold-en sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves;

Gathering Golden Sheaves. Concluded.

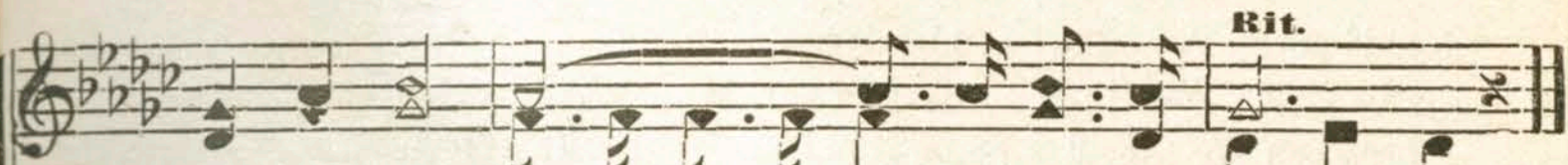
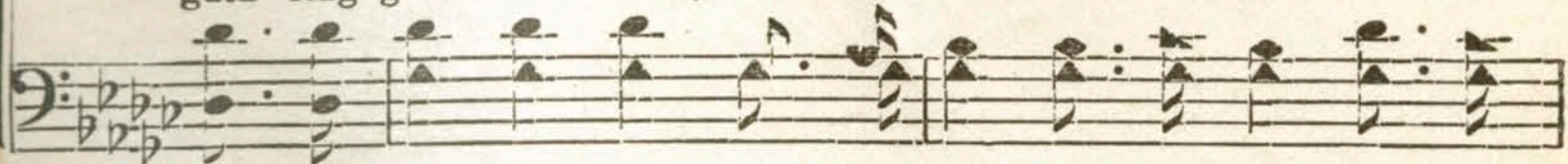
CHORUS.



Gath - - - 'ring gold-en sheaves; Gath - - - 'ring
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves; Gath'ring golden sheaves,



gold - en sheaves, While the hours swift - ly flee, for e-
gath - 'ring gold - en sheaves,



ter - ni - ty, Gath - - - 'ring gold - en sheaves.
Gath'ring gold - en sheaves, gath'ring gold - en sheaves.



No. 52.

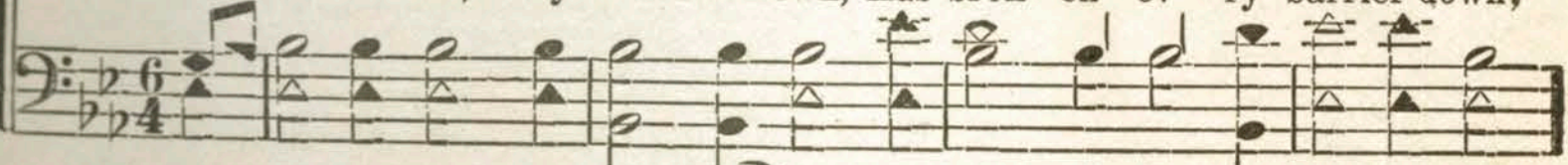
Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am, Thy love un - known, Has brok - en ev - 'ry barrier down;



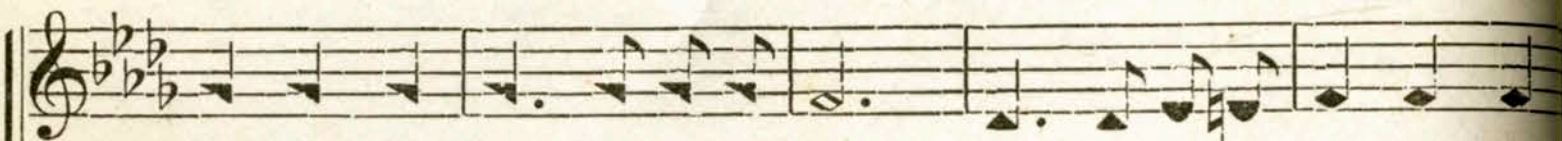
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears with - in, and foes with - out—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



Duet. Alto and Tenor.



1. Just a word with Je-sus be - fore the day begins, Just a plea for
 2. Just a thought in se-cret, a little whispered pray'r, Makes the heart cou-
 3. Just a word with Je - sus,—But O how much it means When with trust un-



guid-ance A day of blessing wins. Just a moment's wait-ing In
 ra - geous, And lifts a load of care. Just a glimpse of Je-sus To
 brok - en A soul up-on Him leans. Grant, O precious Sav-iour, Tho'



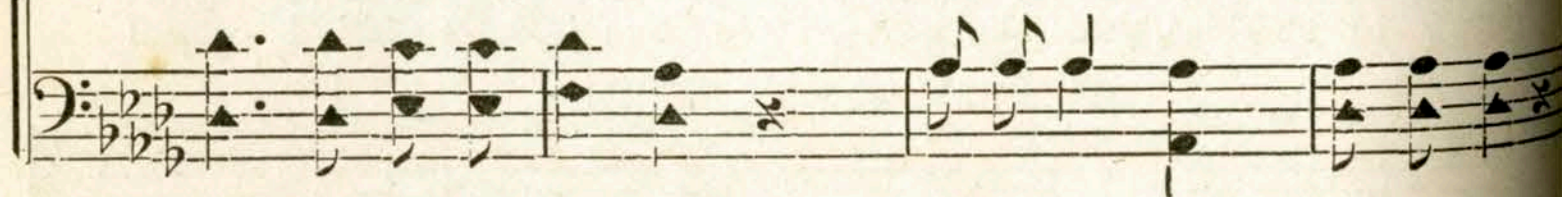
si - lence at His feet, Just to hear Him whisper His words of counsel sweet.
 faith's unwav'ring sight, Turns the clouds to sunshine, And makes the whole day bright.
 much denied may be, We, thro' life's short journey, May walk and talk with Thee



CHORUS.



Talk to Je - sus oft - en, Heart to heart and face to face;
 Heart to heart and face to face;



Just a Word With Jesus. Concluded.

Talk to Je-sus oft-en, And trust His sov-'reign grace; Don't for-get to
 praise Him For what He's done for you, Talk to Jesus often, This Friend so true.

rit.

No. 54. Keep Thee Near To Jesus.

MISS MARY M. LEIGHTON.

B. B. BEALL.

1. In the morn-ing of thy life, Keep thee near to Je - sus; Ere 'tis
 2. In the morn-ing sow thy seed, Keep thee near to Je - sus; He will
 3. In the morn-ing seek His face, Keep thee near to Je - sus; He will
 4. In the morn-ing hear His voice, Keep thee near to Je - sus; Ev - er
 Keep, oh, keep thee near to Je-sus,

REFRAIN.
 fill'd with care and strife, Keep thee near to Jesus; Seek the Lord while He is near,
 help in ev-'ry need, Keep thee near to Jesus; Thorns and snares beset thy way,
 grant the promis'd grace, Keep thee near to Jesus; He is wait-ing thee to bless
 more in Him re-joice, Keep thee near to Jesus; He will strengthen thee to stand
 Keep, oh, keep thee near to Jesus;

Call upon Him, He will hear, Trust Him with a faith sincere, Keep thee near to Jesus.
 Tender feet incline to stray, Only love Him—only pray, Keep thee near to Je-sus.
 If His name thou wilt confess, Praise Him in His holiness, Keep thee near to Je-sus.
 Aided by his own right hand, Lead thee safe to Canaan's land Keep thee near to Jesus.
 Keep, oh, keep thee near to Jesus.

No. 55. Find Rest at the Feet of Jesus.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Are you wea-ry of bear-ing the bur-dens of sin? Find rest at the feet of
 2. When your trials are hard and temp-tations as-sail, Find rest at the feet of
 3. In the con-flict and labor that comes with each day Find rest at the feet of
 4. Tell-ing Him all the sorrows and joys of your heart, Find rest at the feet of

Je - sus; Are you long-ing for glad-ness and com - fort with - in? Find
 Je - sus; If you fear that the foe o'er your strength may prevail, Find
 Je - sus; He will give need-ed help if you near to Him stay, Find
 Je - sus; Free - ly gain the rich blessings that He doth im-part, Find

REFRAIN.

rest at the feet of Je - sus. At the feet of the sin-ner's com-pas-sion-ate

Friend Seek the rich - es of mer - cy that nev - er will end, And a

bles-sing un-told to your soul He will lend, Find rest at the feet of Je - sus.

Into His Marvelous Light.

1 PETER 2: 9.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

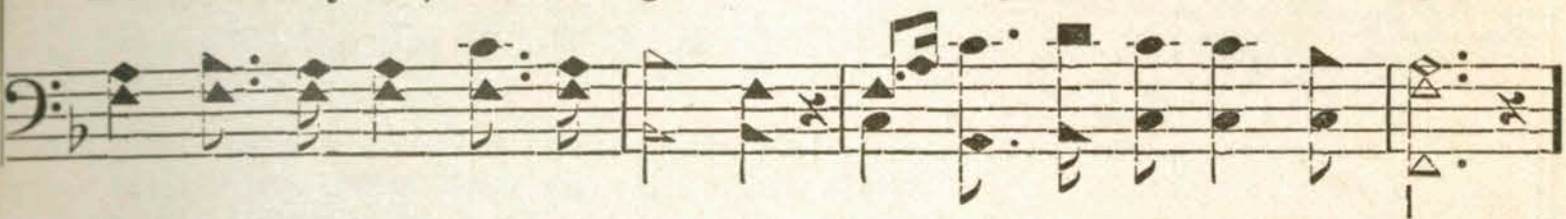
B. B. BEALL.



- 1. Out of the shad-ow and darkness, In - to His marvel - ous light,
- 2. Blessings unnumber'd surround me, Hope gilds the path where I roam,
- 3. Je - sus is mine, I am shel-tered Safe - ly, come sorrow or blight,



Out of sin's maze and temptations Doubt changed to faith's cloudless sight.
 For in the dis-tance is shin-ing, Ra - di - ance gleaming from home.
 He is my all, and I'm guid-ed Home by His mar-vel-ous light.



REFRAIN. Vigorously.



In - to the light, In - to the light, In - to His mar-vel-ous light;



Bright is my way, each coming day, Glad in His marvelous light.
 Glad in His marvelous, marvelous light.



No. 57.

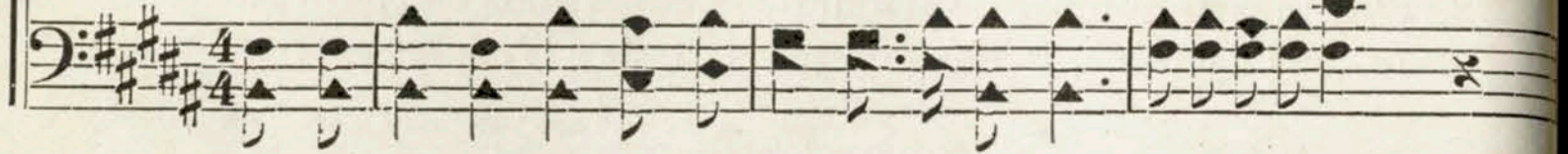
Come Unto Me.

MISS CLAIR SUMNER.

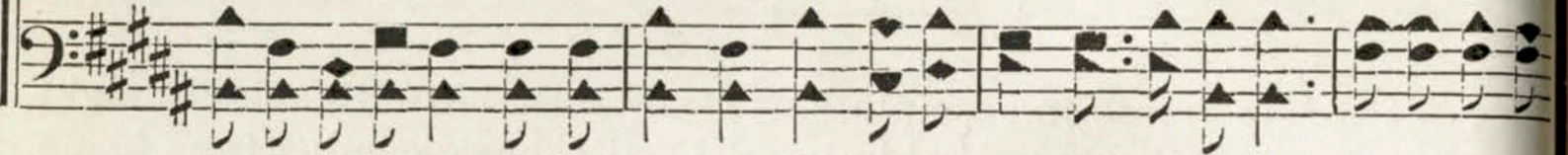
B. B. BEALL.



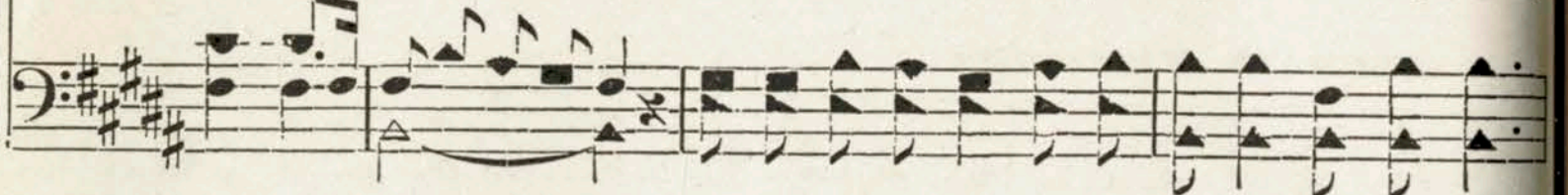
- 1. Lay thy wea-ry head on the breast of the Master, He..... will comfort
- 2. Tears are in thine eyes and thy heart's full of anguish,
- 3. Je - sus Christ, the Lord, is a ref-uge from sorrow, He will comfort thee,



thee;..... Shadows gather round and the night falleth faster, Listen to His
 Peace shall be thy lot—nevermore shalt thou languish, Listen to His
 He will comfort thee; Go to Him at once—tar-ry not till the morrow, Listen to His



earn - est plea..... Lo! He hasteth forth thro' the darkness to meet thee;
 Safe within His arms, nothing more can distress thee;
 His earnest plea. He will be thy lamp—thro' the night He will light thee;



O - pen are His arms, with a smile He will greet thee; In His ten - der
 Rest up - on His heart—He will soothe and ca - ress thee; While in lov - ing
 Nev - er shall the dark-ness dis - may and af-fright thee; Hark! His pleading



tones He doth gent-ly entreat thee, "Come,..... come to me!".....
 tones He will sweetly address thee,
 tones, how they call and invite thee, "Come, O come to me! Come, come, O come to me!"

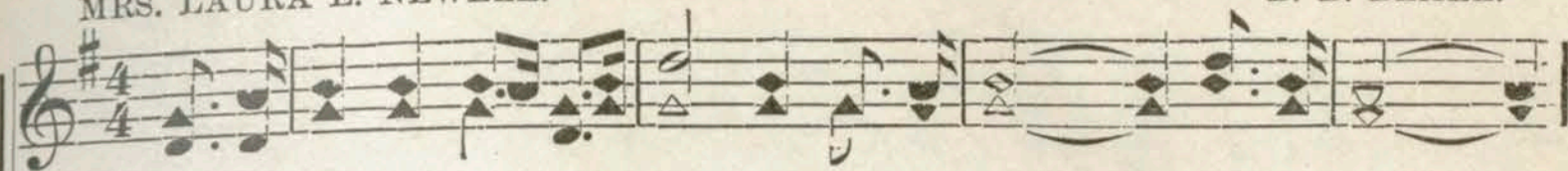


By and By.

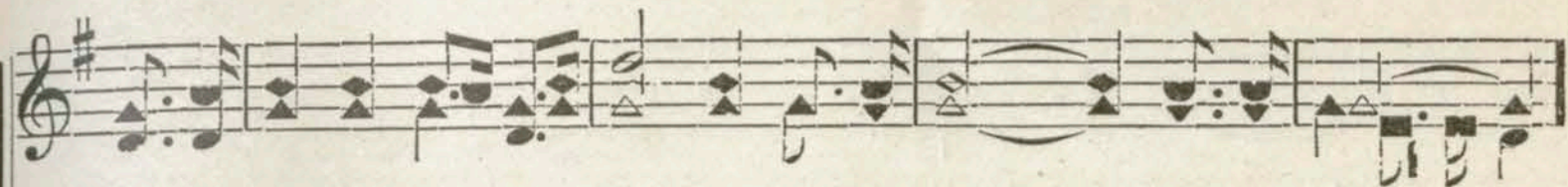
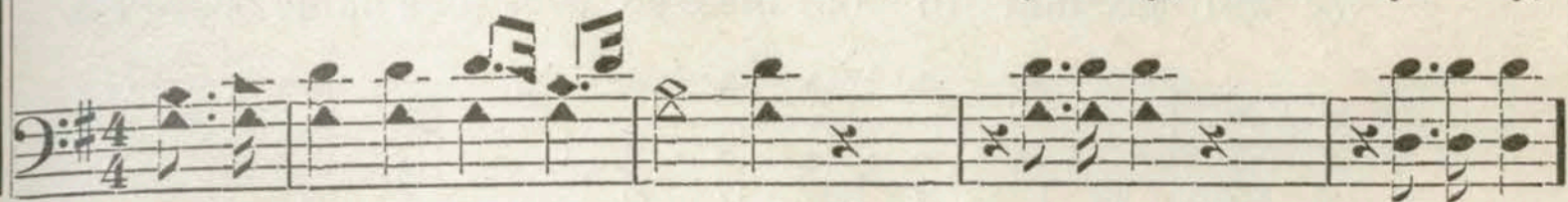
To my brothers and sisters.—B. B. B.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

B. B. BEALL.



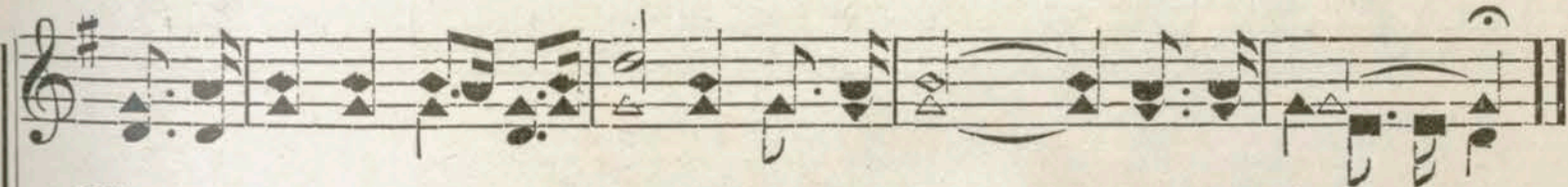
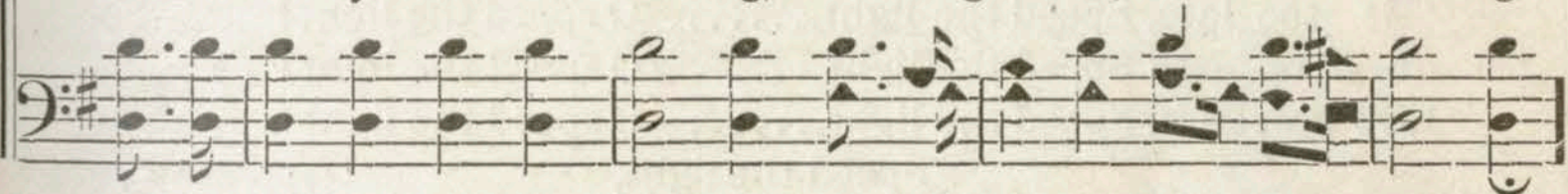
1. We shall rest when toils are end - ed, By and by,..... by and by,.....
2. Sighs and tears no heart shall wea - ry, By and by,..... by and by,.....
3. We shall meet our bless-ed Sav - iour, By and by,..... by and by,.....
By and by, by and by,



Tears and tri - als past for ev - er, By and by,..... by and by;.....
 And our way shall not be drear - y, By and by, by and by;.....
 There to cast our crowns be - fore Him, By and by,..... by and by;.....
 By and by, by and by, by and by;



And go home where harps are ring - ing, Join the song the saints are sing - ing,
 For heav'n's glories shall sur-round us, Where no tri - als may cen - found us,
 In the cit - y we are near - ing, Full of gladness, with - out fear - ing,



When our la - bors shall be end - ed, By and by,..... by and by.....
 Hearts shall nev-er-more grow wea - ry, By and by,..... by and by.....
 We shall meet our bless-ed Sav-iour, By and by,..... by and by.....
 By and by, by and by, by and by.



Speed the Light. Concluded.

..... which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait - - ing, and the
lands, Souls are waiting,

fields are white; Speed the light,..... O speed the light!
Speed the light, O speed the light!

No. 60.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

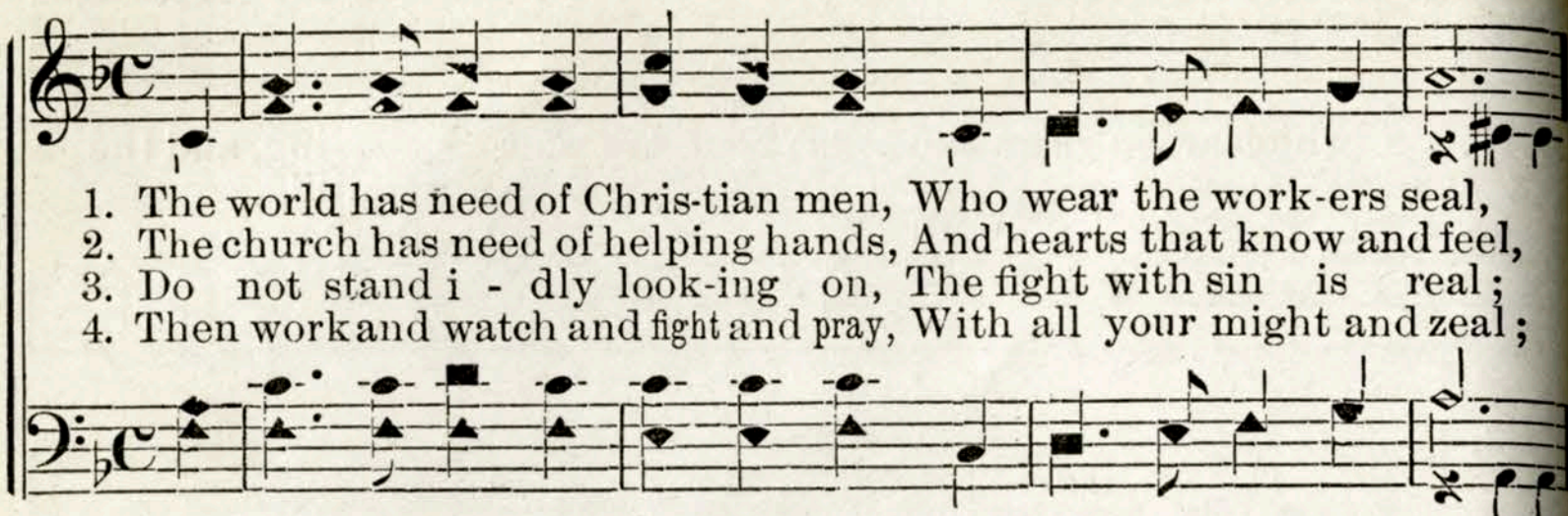
That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be Near - er, my

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

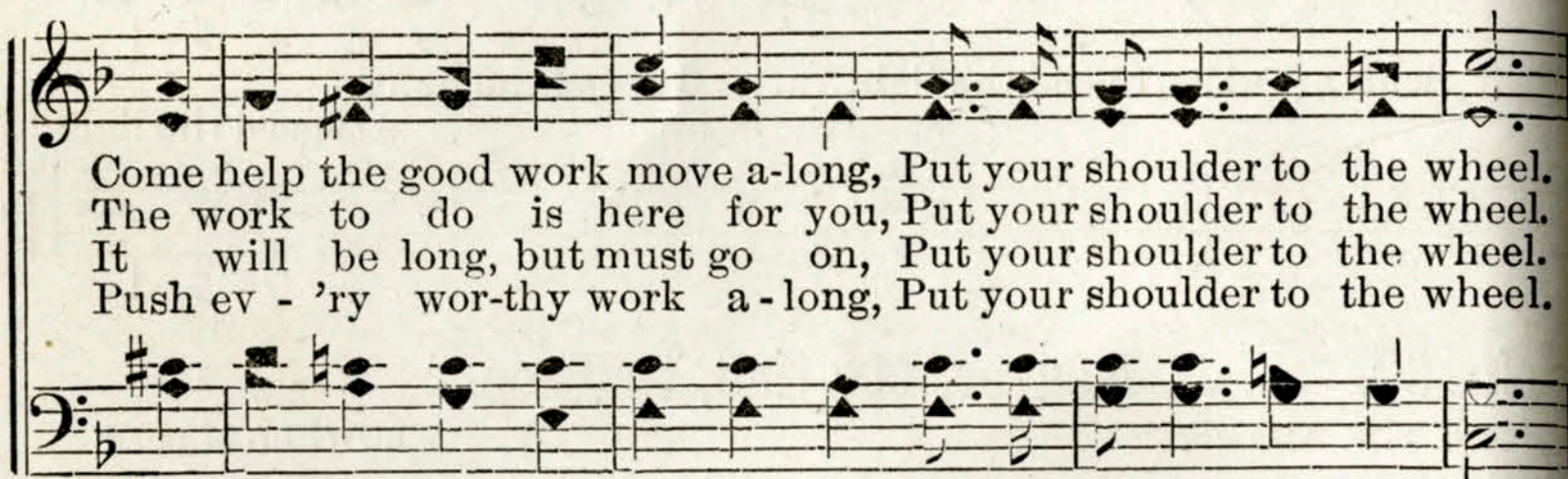
No. 61. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

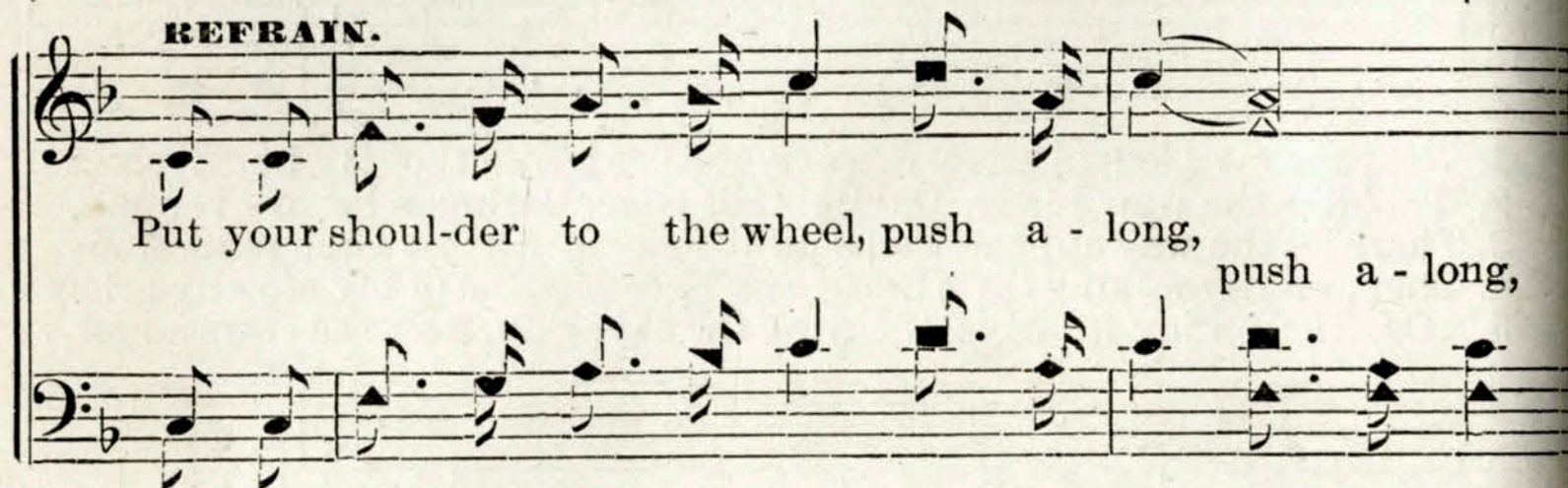


1. The world has need of Christian men, Who wear the workers seal,
2. The church has need of helping hands, And hearts that know and feel,
3. Do not stand idly looking on, The fight with sin is real;
4. Then work and watch and fight and pray, With all your might and zeal;

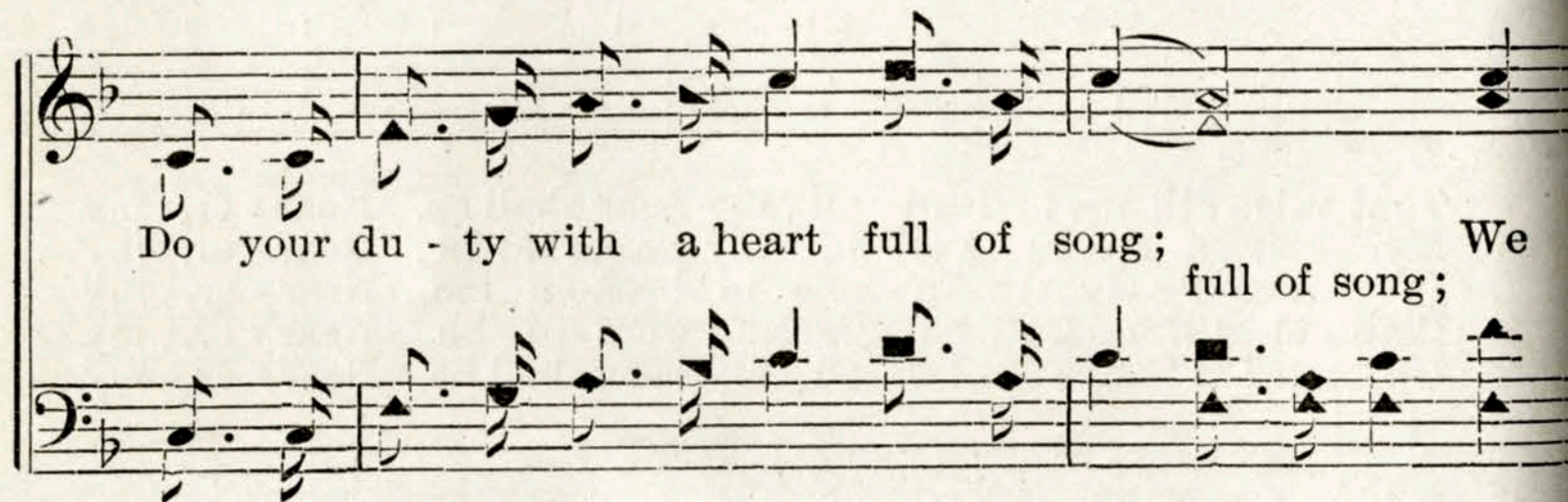


Come help the good work move a-long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
The work to do is here for you, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
It will be long, but must go on, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
Push ev - 'ry worthy work a - long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

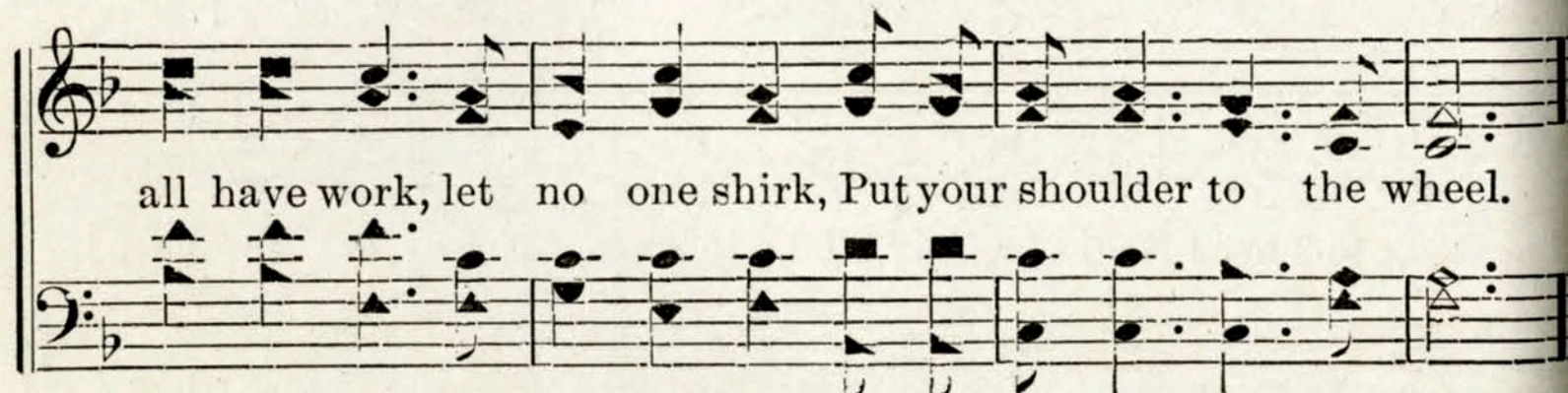
REFRAIN.



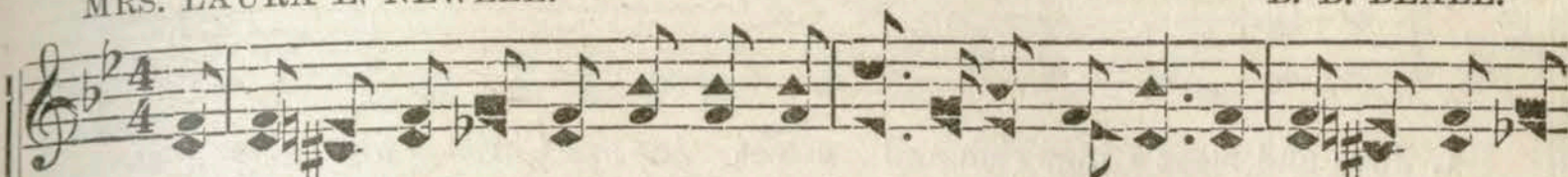
Put your shoulder to the wheel, push a - long, push a - long,



Do your du - ty with a heart full of song; We full of song;



all have work, let no one shirk, Put your shoulder to the wheel.



1. A cit - y lies beyond the blue, A house not made with hands Awaits the soul, that
 2. It is not far to yonder land, And Jesus traced the way That those who seek may
 3. Come unto me, come un-to me, He calls, O soul a-stray, Just now is the ac-



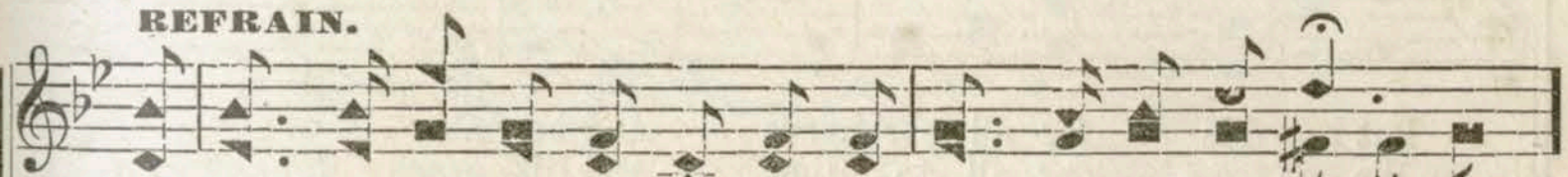
ev - er true, Obeys the King's commands. There rest, and love, and home a-wait The
 un - der - stand, And none may need to stray. The Shepherd's voice is calling thee, Tho'
 cept - ed time, Come unto to Christ to-day; Be - lieve in Him and walk with Him Till



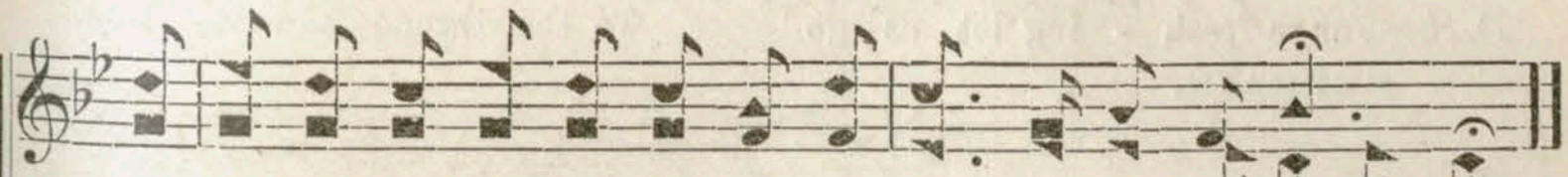
weary one, and worn; Wide open swing the pearly gates To those who griefs have borne.
 on sin's mountain cold; To Him for rest and shel-ter flee, There's shelter in the fold.
 toil and tears are o'er, And then go home to dwell with Him Upon fair Canaan's shore.



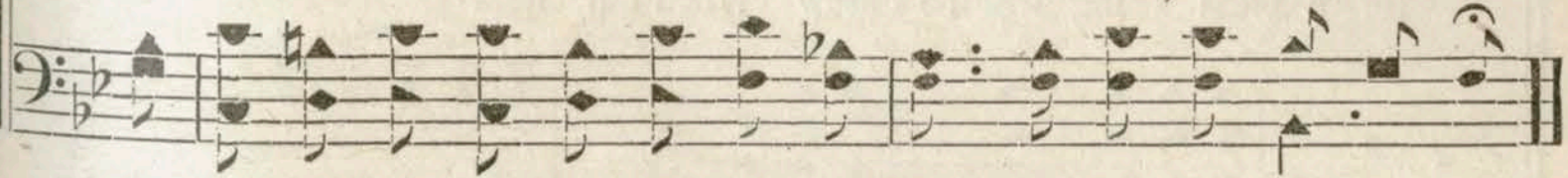
REFRAIN.



'Tis there, where golden harps re-sound. Be - side the Father's throne (His throne),



And heav - en's per-fect joys a-bound, The Sav-iour claims His own.
 The Sav-iour claims, He claims His own.



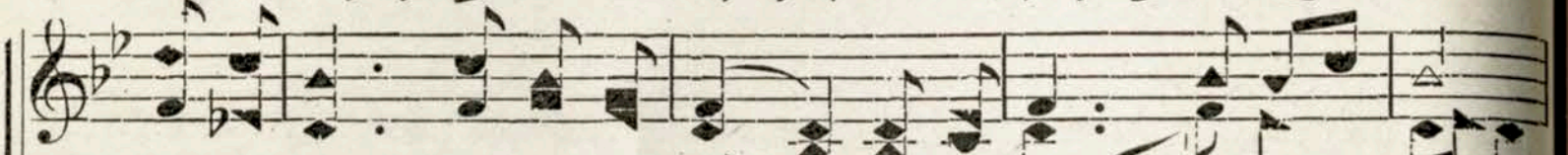
No. 63. He a Blessing Will Bestow.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

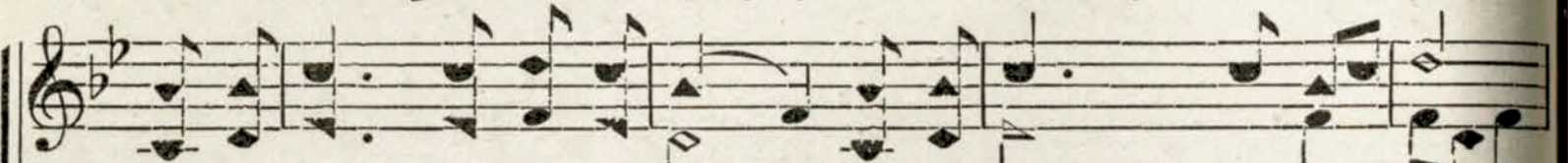
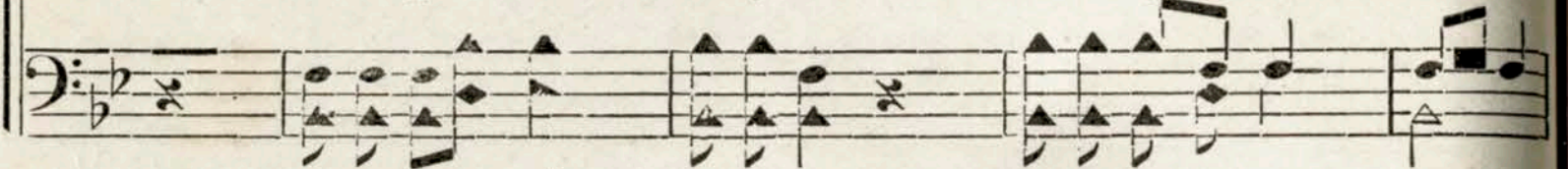
PRESTON L. BEALL.



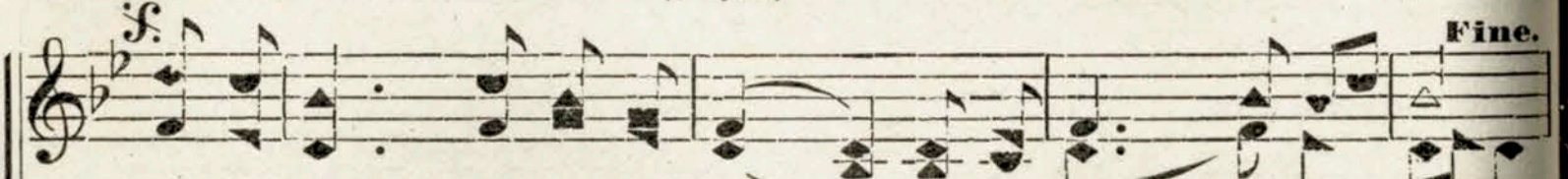
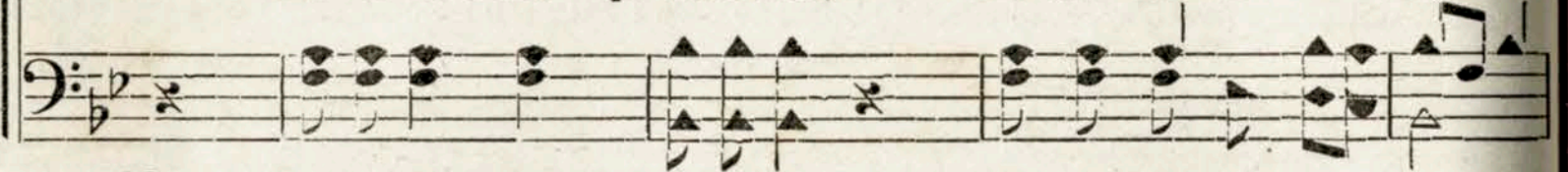
1. Joys and bless - ings rich and sweet Je - sus Christ will give us,
 2. Com - ing with re - pent - ant heart With the sins that grieve us,
 3. All a - long life's rug - ged way He will walk be - side us,
 1. Joys and bless - ings rich and sweet, Jesus Christ will give us,



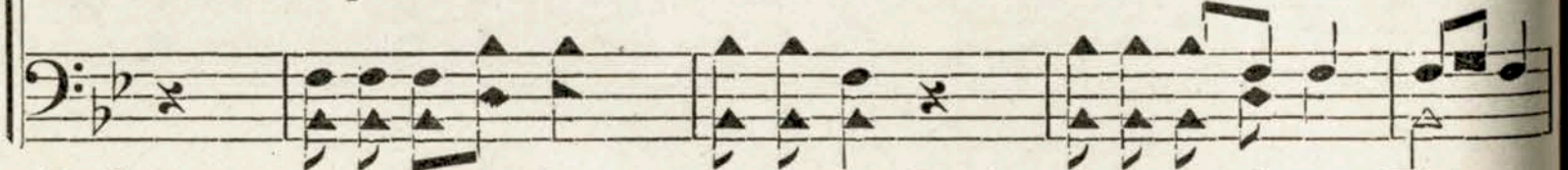
At His gra - cious mer - cy seat Ten - der - ly re - ceive us;
 He will bid them all de - part, And His peace will give us;
 Keep us strong in hope and faith What - so - e'er be - tide us;
 At His gra - cious mercy seat Ten - der - ly re - ceive us;



For we have His prom - ise true, He will fail us nev - er,
 He is to His prom - ise true, And will fail us nev - er;
 Should the sky be dark or bright, Je - sus still is near us;
 For we have His promise true, He will fail us nev - er,



But pro - vide for all our needs And be near us ev - er.
 We can trust our all to Him And His grace for - ev - er.
 When we lift our hearts to Him, He will al - ways hear us.
 But pro - vide for all our needs And be near us ev - er.



D. S.—For re - fresh - ing let us go To the throne and meet Him.

REFRAIN.



He a bless - ing will be - stow When our hearts en - treat Him;





1. Give un - to the Lord an off'ring full and free, Think of all that He has
 2. Give un - to the Lord a gift of love a - new, All thy hands can bring Him
 3. Give un - to the Lord thy sil - ver and thy gold In re - turn for all His



done for thee; Has He e'er withholden an - y gift of love? Consecrate thine
 is thy due; He has giv'n Himself for thee to bleed and die; Why keep aught from
 love un - told; On His al - tar lay thy gift in will-ing-ness, He thy hum - ble



REFRAIN.



all to-day to God a - bove. Keep not from the Lord His due,
 the dear Lord, O Christian, why?
 of - fer - ing of love will bless. Keep not from the Lord the love that is His due,



To His ho - ly treas - u - ry bring thy gifts a - new; What - so - e'er thou bringest



He will own and bless, And be - fore the Fath - er will thy name con - fess.



No. 65. Will You Take Jesus To-night ?

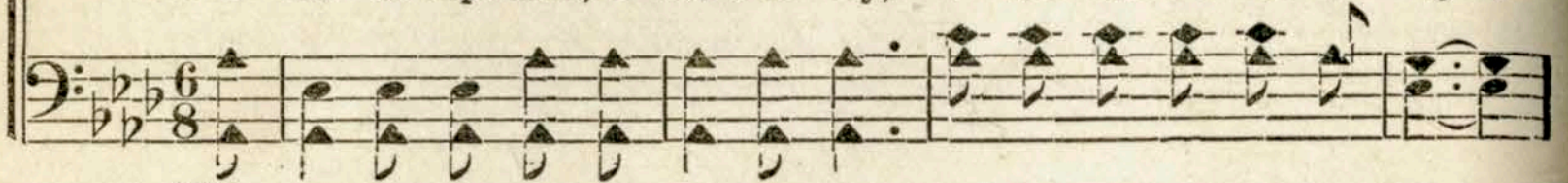
This song was suggested to the author from Dr. Wilber J. Chapman's sermon at the First Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga., Monday evening, Oct. 24, 1904.

ROBT. H. WALTON.

J. M. PIERCE.



1. You've heard the message from God's own word, Will you take Jesus to-night ?
2. Just now He's knocking at your heart's door, Will you take Jesus to - night ?
3. I will ac-cept Him, I can't de-lay, I will take Je - sus to - night;



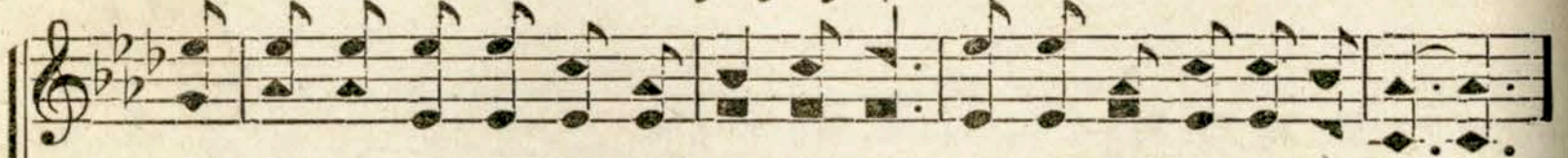
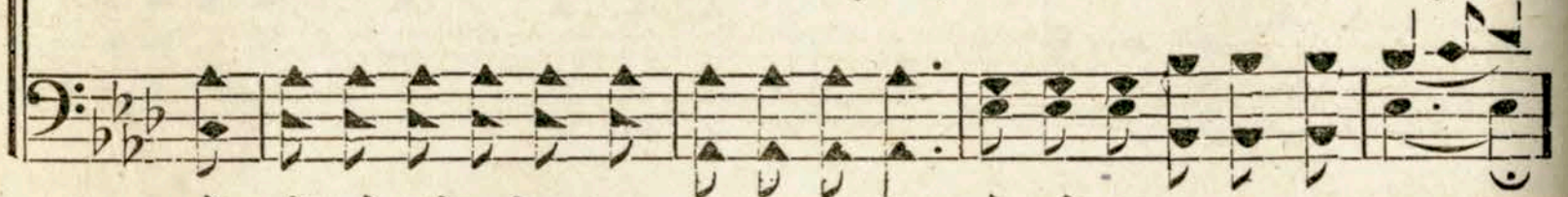
The sweetest message that e'er was heard, Will you take Je-sus to - night ?
 He calls the rich and He calls the poor, Will you take Je-sus to - night ?
 I'll cast my all at His feet and say, "I will take Je-sus to - night?"



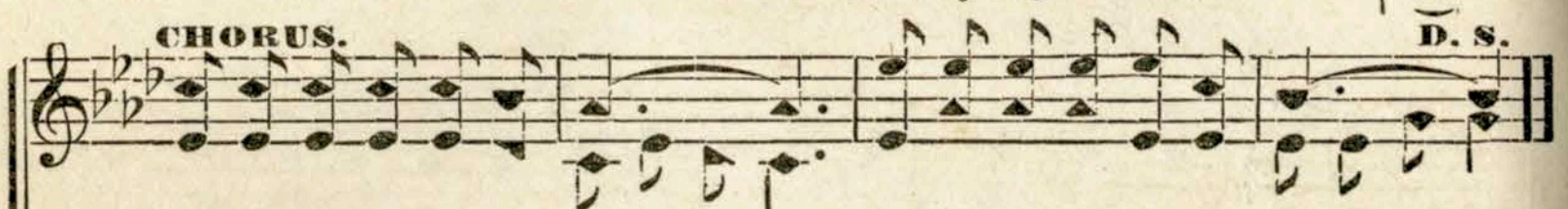
D. S.—If your heart's not right in the Savior's sight, Will you take Jesus to - night ?



The moments are passing, 'twill soon be too late, Brother, take Jesus to-night,
 His Spirit will not always plead for your heart, Brother, take Jesus to-night,
 His word now I trust as I turn from my sin, I will take Je-sus to - night;



By wait-ing to - mor-row may seal your fate, Will you take Jesus to - night ?
 O bid Him come in lest He now de-part, Will you take Jesus to - night ?
 I ope wide the door and in - vite Him in, I'll ac-cept Je-sus to - night.



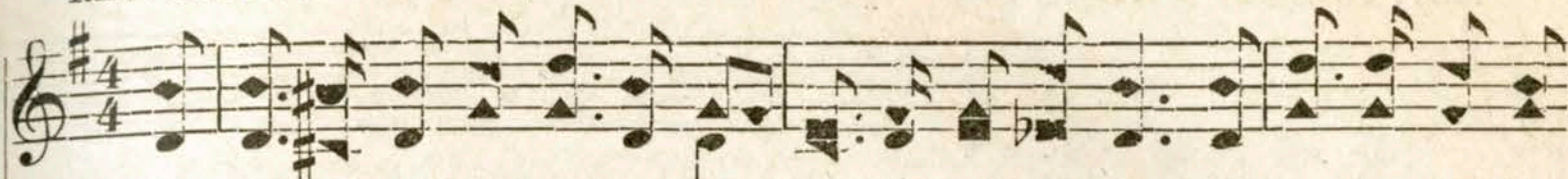
Will you take Jesus to - night ? Will you take Jesus to - night ?
 take Je-sus to-night? take Je-sus to-night?



Tell Mother I Am Coming.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Bright an - gels tell my moth - er in that fair land of light That now her wand'ring
 2. Tell moth - er how I missed her when first she left my side, How wea - ry, brok - en
 3. Tell moth - er that I'm try - ing to do as once she taught, She taught me how to
 4. I know that she is wait - ing and watching by the gate Un - til my lit - tle



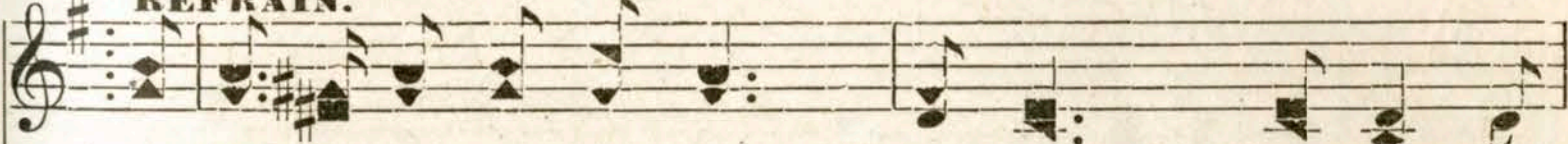
boy has learned to pray; Yes, tell her that I'm liv - ing for
 heart - ed, I did roam, But since my bless - ed Sav - iour came
 live and how to die; Go tell her that I'm liv - ing each
 bark shall cross the foam; Go tell her that I'll be there, and



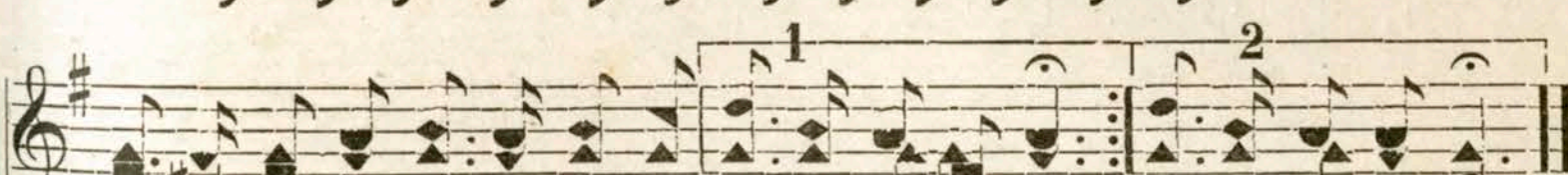
God and truth and right, Tell moth - er I am com - ing on the way (on the way).
 with me to a - bide, Tell moth - er I am com - ing, com - ing home (coming home).
 mo - ment as I ought, Tell moth - er I am com - ing by and by (by and by).
 ask her still to wait, Tell moth - er I am com - ing, com - ing home (coming home).



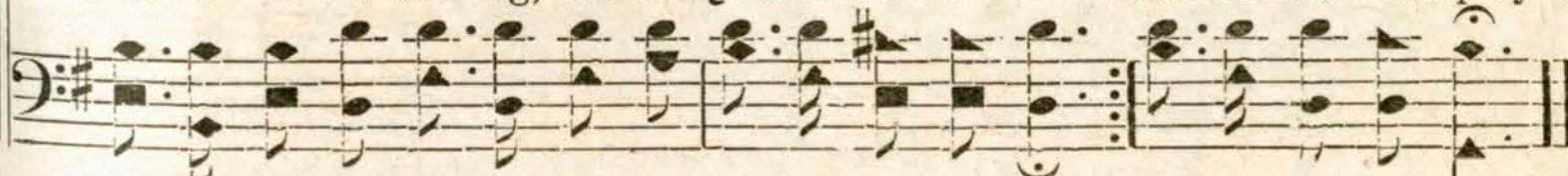
REFRAIN.



Tell moth - er I am com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, Tell
 Tell moth - er I am com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing, I am com - ing,



moth - er I am com - ing to that bless - ed home up there; *rit.* [Omit.
 moth - er I am com - ing, for her [Omit. God has answered pray'r.

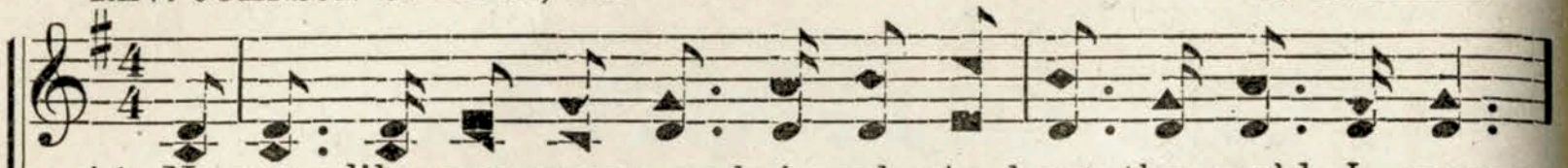


No. 67.

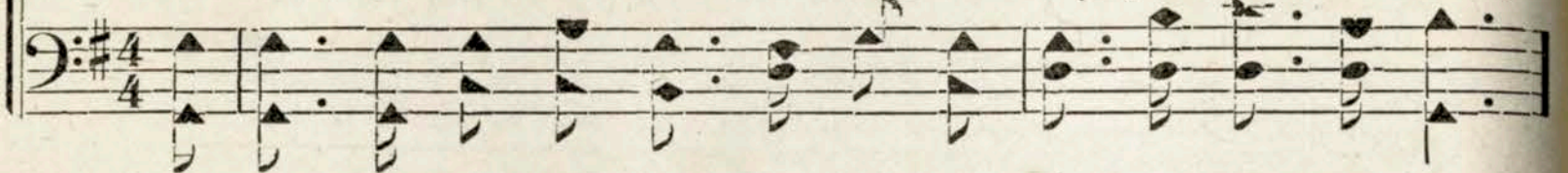

Jesus in the Home.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

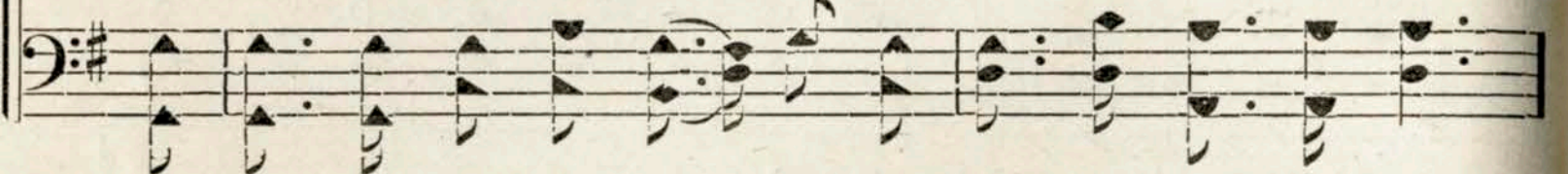

B. B. BEALL.



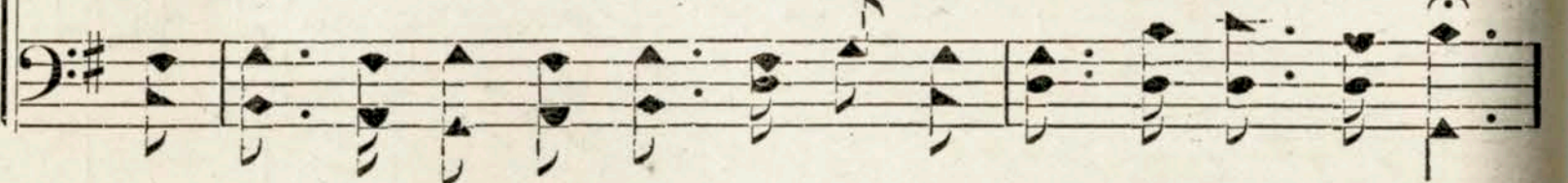
1. No more like some poor prod-i-gal A-bout the world I roam,
 2. He healed my troubled sin-sick soul Like wa-ters of Si-loam,
 3. Tho' out up-on life's storm-y sea The waves may dash and foam,
 4. Un-til I'm called to that fair land A-bove yon az-ure dome,


For since my Sav-iour en-tered, My soul has found its home;
 And ev-'ry-thing in life was changed When He came to my home,
 A word from Him can hush the storm, And all is peace at home,
 I want to num-ber Him among, The mem-bers of my home;

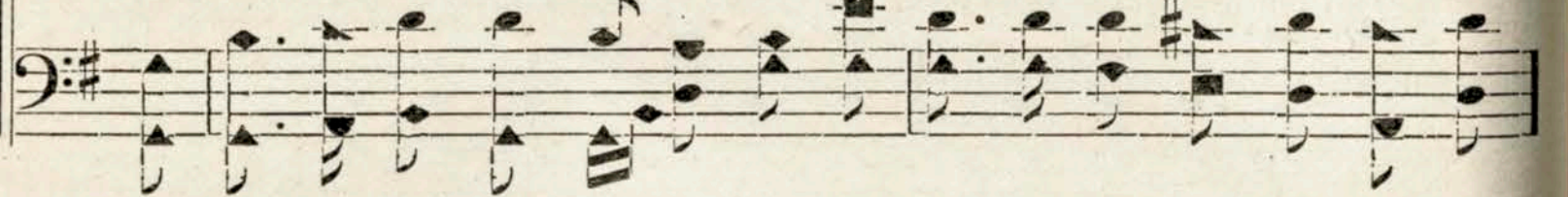
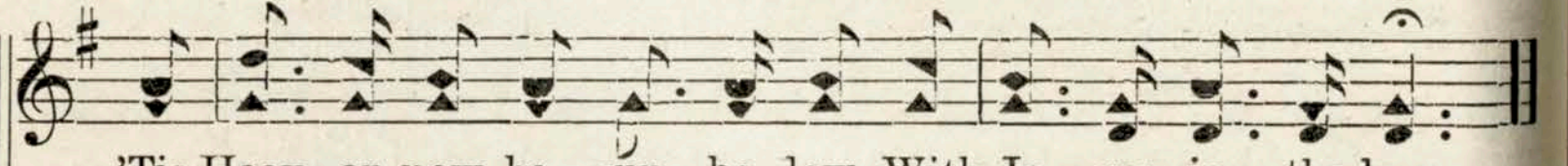
Yes, all is joy and peace and love With Je-sus in the home.
 For doubts and fears can-not a-bide With Je-sus in the home.
 And now I have a-bid-ing joy With Je-sus in the home.
 For I am safe for-ev-er more With Je-sus in the home.




REFRAIN.



With Je-sus in the home (sweet home), With Je-sus in the home (sweet home),

'Tis Heav-en now be-gun be-low With Je-sus in the home.



Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

1. All the world should hear the message we proclaim to-day, God is love!
 2. There's a road that all may travel to the home of bliss, God is love!
 3. Come to Je - sus, He has suffered to re-deem your soul, God is love!

God is love! Dying sinners, Christ will save you, He's the truth, the way, God is
 God is love! And a home for all in glo-ry, brighter far than this, God is
 God is love! And to heaven He will guide you, all your ways control, God is

CHORUS.

love! God is love! Good news to all! the Saviour reigns!
 God is love, Good news to all! the Saviour reigns!

A place in heav'n for you re - mains! His blood will cleanse thy
 A place in heav'n for you remains! His blood will cleanse

deepest stain, God is love! God is love!
 thy deepest stain, God is love! our God is love!

No. 69. Enfolded In the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. In Christ, my bless-ed hid - ing, place, I am se - cure - ly shelt-ered;
2. While hid in Christ what cares my soul for rag - ing storm or tem-pest,
3. The tempt-er oft - en comes to me in all his sub - tle cun - ning,

Pro - tect - ed is my soul from all a - larms; I have no fear of
I am be-yond the reach of all that harms; My faith a - bid - eth
And tempts me with his soul - al - lur - ing charms; I hold to Je - sus

ill, His love is o'er me still, A-round me and be-neath me are the
strong and sings its lit - tle song; A-round me and he-neath me are the
still and suf - fer then no ill, A-round me and be-neath me are the

REFRAIN.

ever-lasting arms. My soul is rest-ing and full of peace,
My soul is calm-ly rest-ing and full of sweetest peace,

And hid in Christ I fear no rude a - larms, (no rude a-larms,)

Enfolded In the Everlasting Arms. Concluded.

His wings do cov - er me, His love is o - ver me,
His wings, His wings do cov - er me, His love, His love is o - ver me,

A - round me and be - neath me are the ev - er - last - ing arms.

No. 70. Our Cherished Flowers.

(Lovingly inscribed to the memory of our darling Pauline.— B. B. B. and Mano E. B.)
G. W. LYON.

B. B. BEALL. 1905.

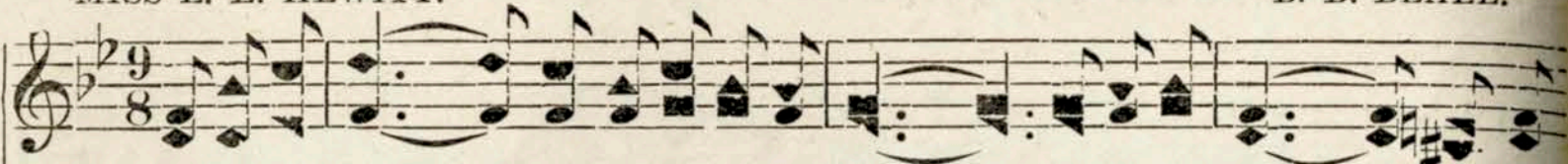
With expression.

1. Oh, where are our long-cherished flow'rs, That once were so sweet and so fair?
2. Too frail for earth's cold, chilling blasts, They withered and left us to weep,
3. Be-yond the de-clin-ing of years, Beyond where the deep shadows lie,
4. We'll see them e-gain aft-er while, When toilings of life all are o'er;

Tho' fad - ed and gone from our sight, Their fragrance is still ling'ring here.
While o - ver the bed where they rest, In sad-ness our vig - ils we keep.
Re-freshed by the riv - er of life, They're blooming a-gain ne'er to die.
We'll clasp their dear forms to our hearts, And rest, sweetly rest ev - er - more.

* Good as a Quartet for men's voices. Transpose to key of A.

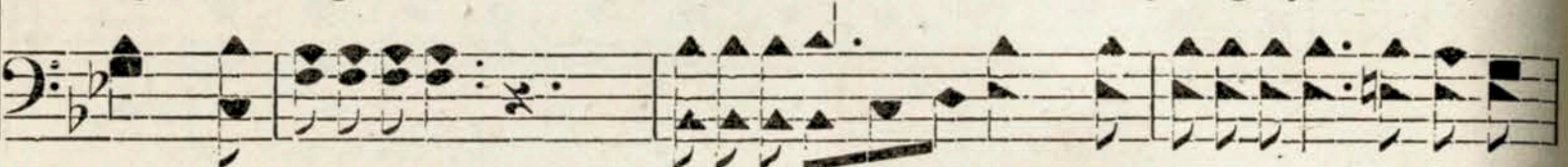
Owned by B. B. Beall. All rights reserved.



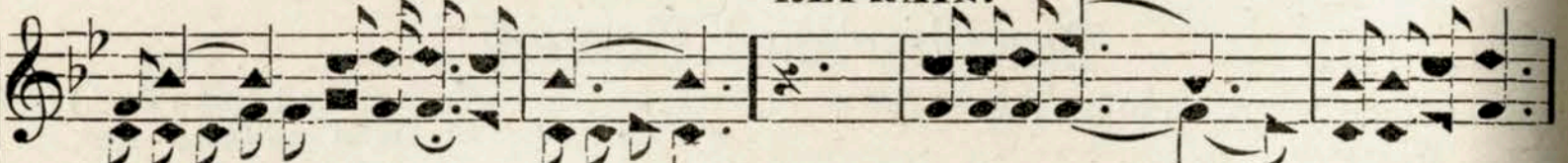
1. Not far a - head.... on the path-way I see..... Sor-row or joy..... may be
 2. Hearts pierced by sorrow are wounded indeed,... Help me to bear... them the
 3. Is there a wan - d'rer that I might re - claim?.... Is there a suff' - rer to
 1. Not far a-head on the pathway I see Sorrow or joy



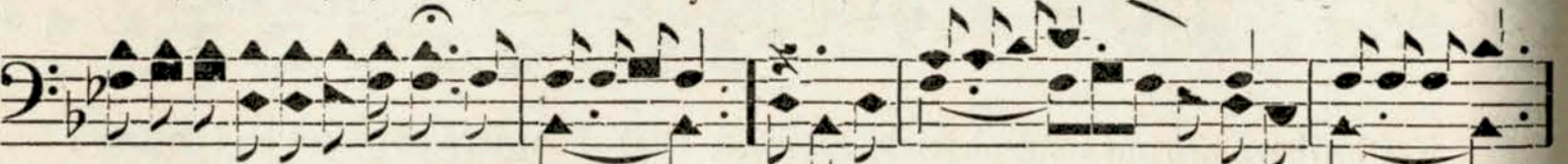
waiting for me;..... But whether skies.. shall be sunny or gray,... Use me, dear
 comfort they need; Some word of Thine let me ten-der-ly say;.... Use me, dear
 cheer in Thy name? Casting around me love's bright, golden ray,.... Use me, dear
 may be waiting for me But whether skies shall be sunny or gray, Use me, dear



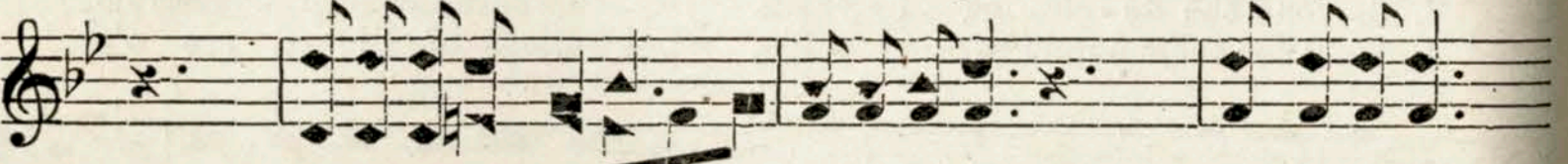
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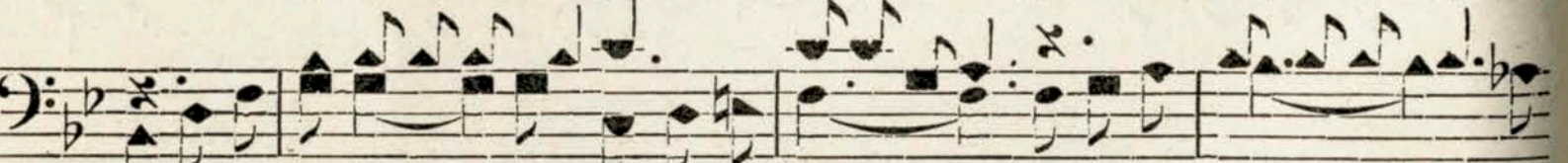
Sav-iour, oh, use me to-day.... Use me to-day,.. Saviour, I pray;
 Saviour, oh, use me, oh, use me, oh, use me to-day.



Saviour, oh, use me, oh, use me to-day.... Use me to-day,..... Saviour, I pray;...



Help me to scatter good... seed by the way; Help me o-bey,



Help me to scatter good seed by the way;..... Help me o - bey,..... nor



nor.... longer delay; Use me, dear Sav - iour, oh, use me to - day.



longer de - lay.... Use me, dear Sav - iour, oh, use me to - day.....

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

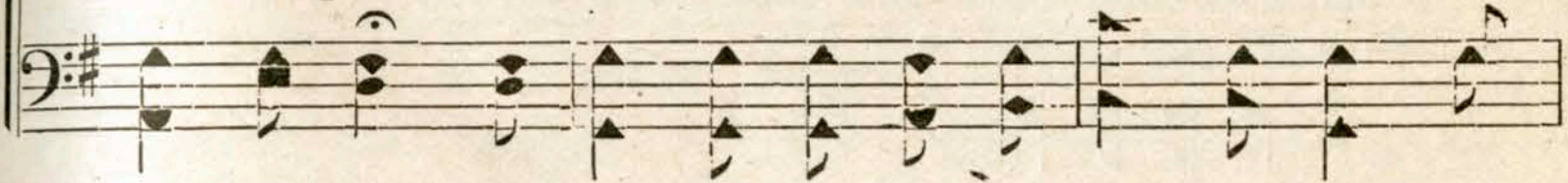
B. B. BEALL.



1. My soul grows wea-ry of doubt and strife, Of sin's dark path with its
 2. O tell me more of the Friend who died, On Cal - v'ry's tree for us
 3. O tell me more of re-deem-ing love, That deep, unchanging will



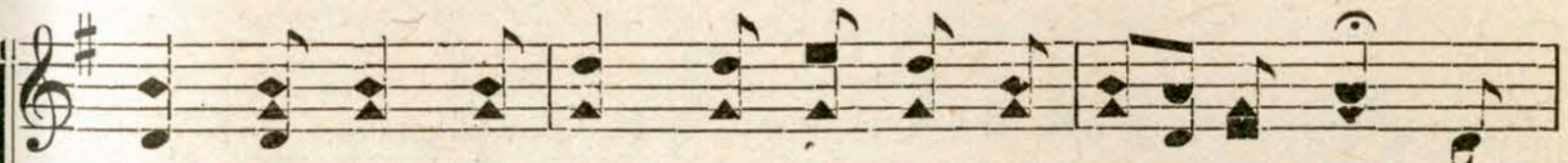
dan - gers rife, I long to walk in the way of life, O
 cru - ci - fied, To cleanse from guilt in His blood's pure tide, O
 ev - er prove 'Mid scenes of earth and in realms a - bove, O



REFRAIN.



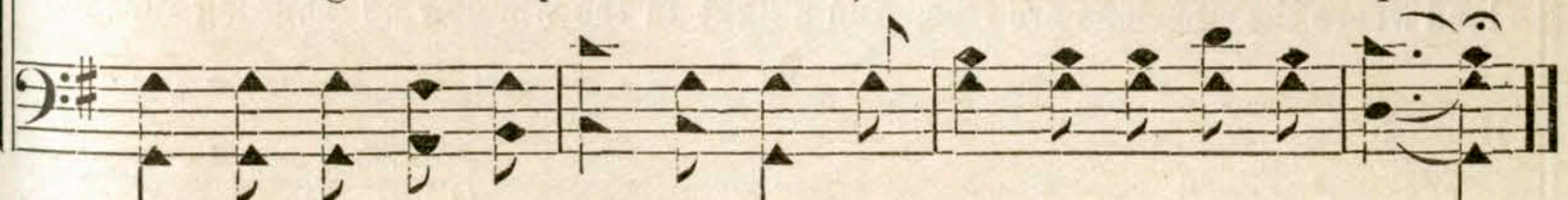
tell me more of God's peace.
 tell me more of God's peace. O tell me more of the
 tell me more of God's peace.



peace di - vine, Of hope in Je - sus that may be mine; Till



heav-en's light doth up - on me shine, O tell me more of God's peace.



No. 73. A Light in the Window for Me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. N. BEALL.

1. I'm a wand-'rer from Je-sus, the Sav - iour adored, And the dis-tance is great
2. I am wear - y of sin and can bear it no more: I will journey toward home
3. O how deep is the gloom that o'ershadows my way! For in fol - ly and sin

between me and my Lord; I'm en - shroud-ed in dark-ness as deep as the night;
and will knock at the door; I will trust though a sin-ner, there welcomed to be
I have gone far as-tray; What of hope and of help with God can there be

REFRAIN.

Who will guide my poor soul to the heav-en-Iy light?
When there shineth the light in the window for me. Far, far in the dis-tance a
For a sin - ner so vile and so guilt - y as me?

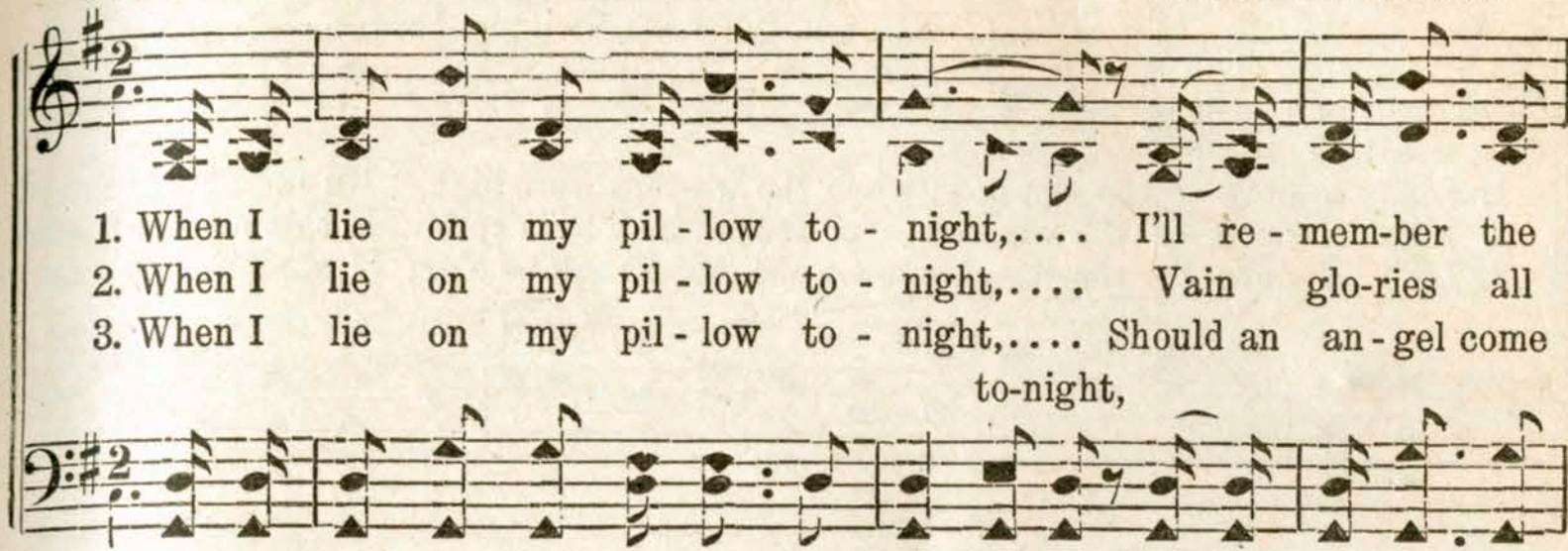
glimmer I see, A light in the darkness; for me can it be? O, yes there's a

land where the mansions are free, And a light in the win-dow is shin-ing for me.

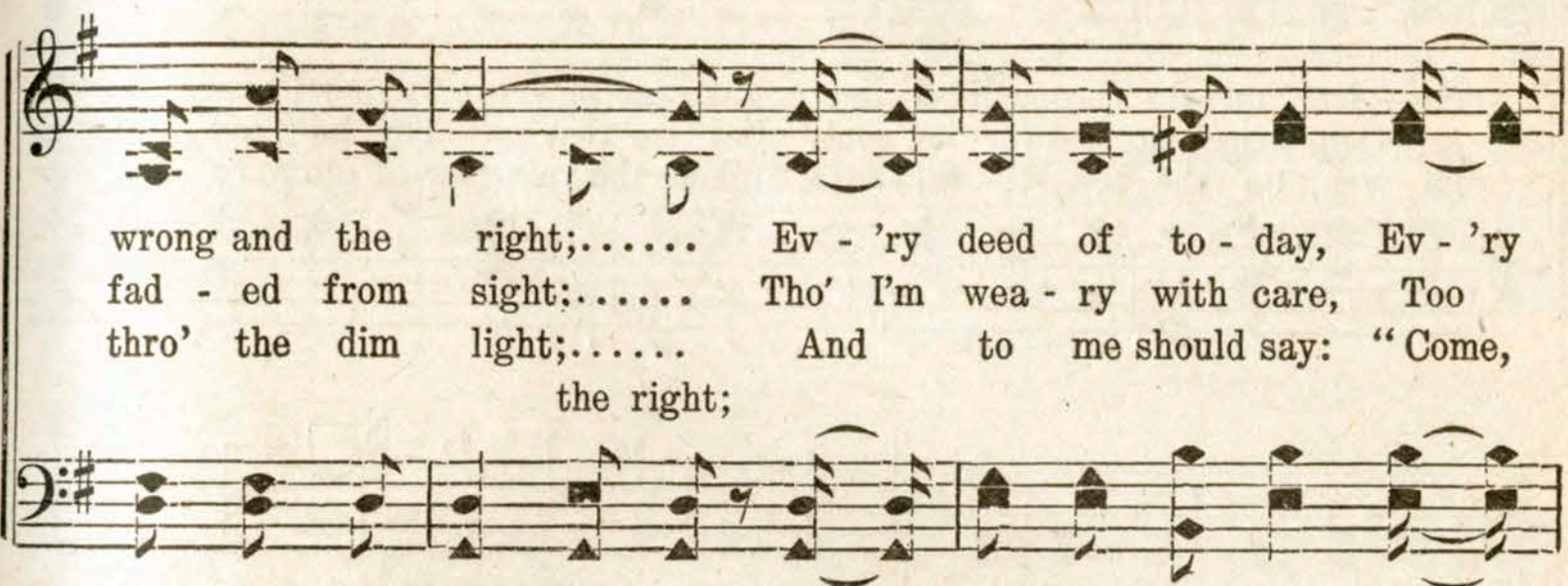
No. 74. When I Lie on My Pillow To-night.

W. L. T.

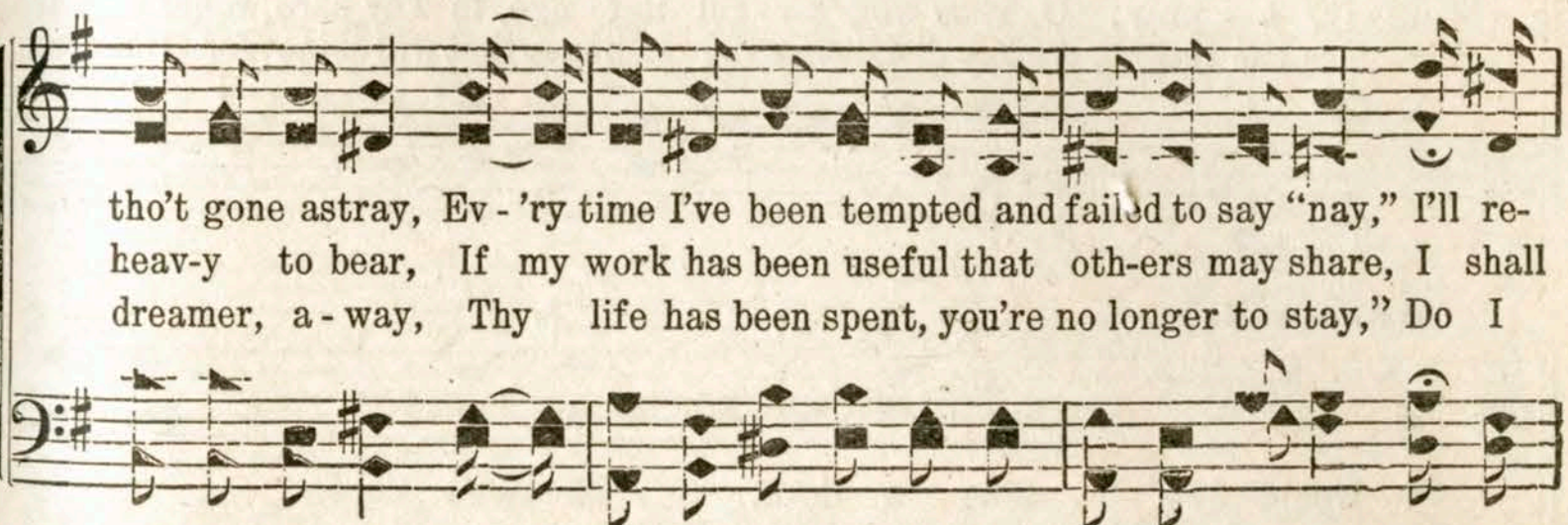
WILL L. THOMPSON.



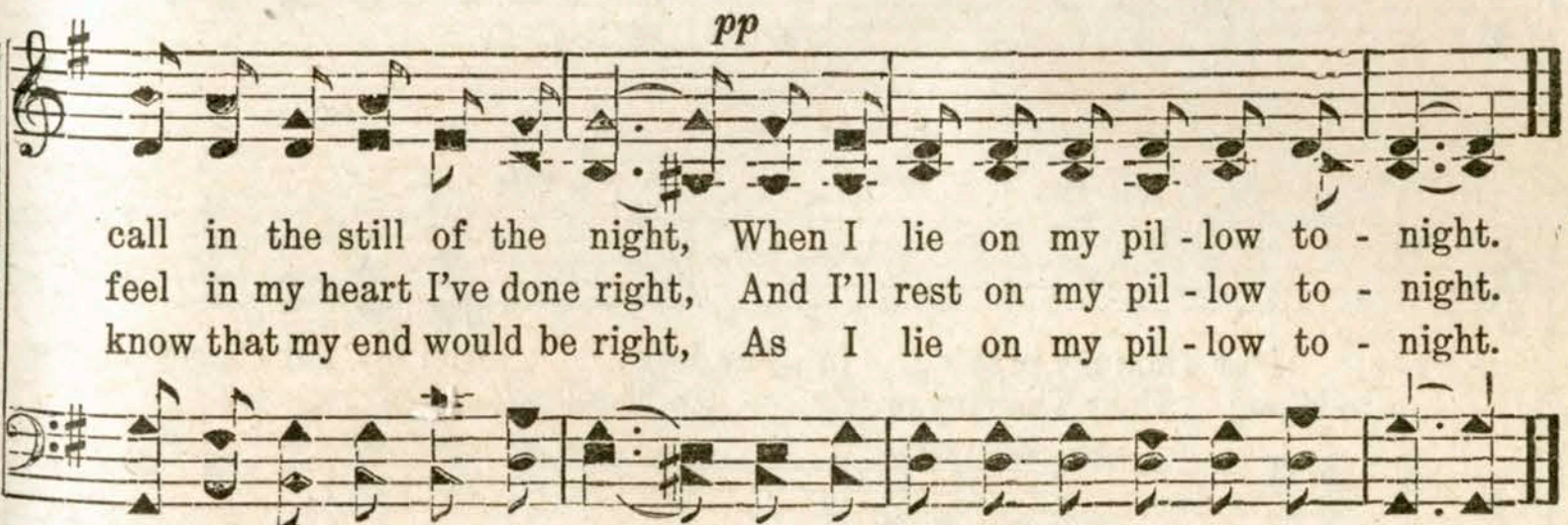
1. When I lie on my pil - low to - night,.... I'll re - mem - ber the
 2. When I lie on my pil - low to - night,.... Vain glo - ries all
 3. When I lie on my pil - low to - night,.... Should an an - gel come
 to-night,



wrong and the right;..... Ev - 'ry deed of to - day, Ev - 'ry
 fad - ed from sight;..... Tho' I'm wea - ry with care, Too
 thro' the dim light;..... And to me should say: "Come,
 the right;



tho't gone astray, Ev - 'ry time I've been tempted and failed to say "nay," I'll re -
 heav-y to bear, If my work has been useful that oth - ers may share, I shall
 dreamer, a - way, Thy life has been spent, you're no longer to stay," Do I



pp
 call in the still of the night, When I lie on my pil - low to - night.
 feel in my heart I've done right, And I'll rest on my pil - low to - night.
 know that my end would be right, As I lie on my pil - low to - night.

No. 75.

Like a Dove.

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Like a dove to the win-dow, when the wa-ters were high, Un - to Thee, bless-ed
 2. Like a dove to the win-dow, for the sin-bil - lows roll, In this world of temp-
 3. Like a dove to the win-dow; soon the storms will be o'er; I shall find a fair

Sav - iour, un - to Thee will I fly; Take me in - to Thy shel - ter, let me
 ta - tion, there's no rest for my soul; Let me rest on Thy bo - som, keep me
 ha - ven, on the beau-ti - ful shore; Where the rain-bow of glo - ry ev - er

hide on Thy breast, In Thy gra - cious pro - tec - tion, make me won - drous - ly blest.
 safe - ly, I pray; O, Thou won - der - ful Ref - uge, in Thy care would I stay.
 cir - cles the throne, And no cloud dims the radiance that will shine for His own.

REFRAIN.

I would fly like a dove, Bless - ed Lord, un - to
 I would fly like a dove, Bless - ed Lord,

Thee; Hear Thou my pray'r in Thy love; And my hid - ing place be.
 un-to Thee; Hear Thou my pray'r in Thy love;

No. 76.

Safe in Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I will sing of Je - sus and His love for me, For O, I love the bless-ed
 2. I will tell the wonders of His love di-vine, Speak forth His message of sal-
 3. Blessed Lamb of God which taketh sin a - way, My soul is in Thy love a-

sto - ry! How with - in a low - ly man - ger, He was born, And for
 va - tion; How His blood was shed up - on the cru - el tree, Shed for
 bid - ing; Tho' the tem - pests beat a - bout me, I may sing, Safe - ly

CHORUS.

me for - sook His Fa - ther's glo - ry. I will sing..... the bless-ed
 ev - 'ry kin - dred, tribe and na - tion. I will sing
 in Thy sure pa - vil - ion hid - ing.

sto - - - - ry, I will tell His love, His ma - jes - ty and glo - ry, In His
 sto - ry o'er and o'er,

shad - - - ow, I am hid - - - ing, Within His safe pa - vil - ion hid - ing.
 In His shadow I am hiding safely now,

No. 77. I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

1. When the pearl - y gates are o - pened To a sin - ner "sav'd by grace,"
 2. Thro' times ev - er - chang - ing sea - sons, I am press - ing t'ward the goal;
 3. There my dear Re - deem - er liv - eth, Bless - ed Lamb up - on the throne;

When, thro' ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, I be - hold my Sav - iour's face,
 'Tis my heart's sweet na - tive coun - try, 'Tis the home - land of my soul;
 By the crim - son marks up - on them, He will sure - ly claim His own.

When I en - ter in the man - sions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
 Man - y lov'd ones cloth'd with beau - ty, In those wond - rous glo - ries share;
 So, when - ev - er sad and lone - ly, Look be - yond the earth - ly care;

I shall have a roy - al wel - come, For I'll be no stran - ger there.
 When I rise, redeem'd, for - giv - en, I shall be no stran - ger there.
 Wea - ry child of God, re - mem - ber, You will be no stran - ger there.

CHORUS.

I shall be no stran - ger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare;
 I shall be no stran - ger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare;

I Shall Be No Stranger There. Concluded.

He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.
 He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be

No. 78. Close to Thy Cross, O Christ.

REV. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My guilt - y soul would fly; Thy
 2. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My bur - dened soul would go; There's
 3. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My tempt - ed soul would stand; No
 4. Close, close to Thy cross, O Christ! My wea - ry soul would rest; No

flow - ing blood can wash me white From sins of crim - son dye!
 sweet re - lief in Thy warm love For ev - 'ry grief I know!
 foe can harm, no work o'er-task, While un - der Thy kind hand!
 wrath, no fear, no shad - ows there Dis - turb my qui - et breast!

CHORUS.
 Close to Thy cross, close to Thy cross, Je - sus, my Lord, I cling (I cling);

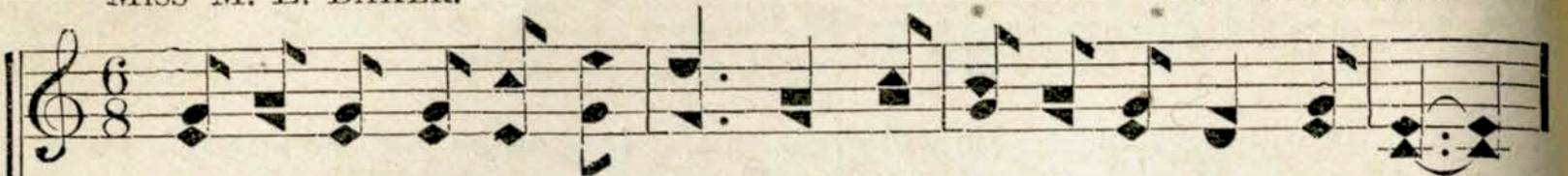
Shel - ter me there, shel - ter me there, 'Neath Thy pro - tect - ing wing.

No. 79. MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

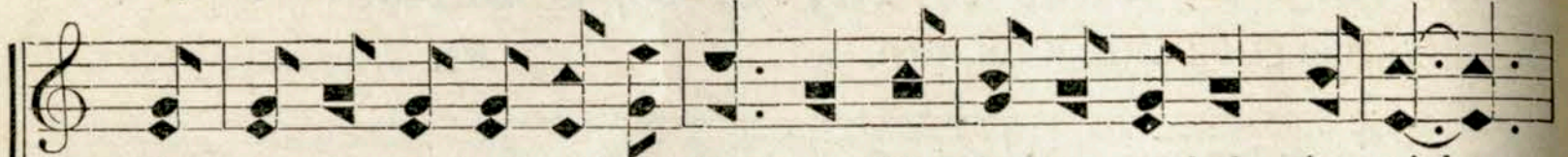
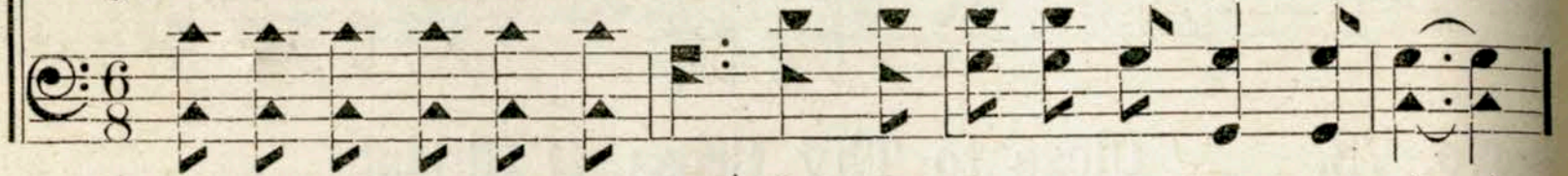
"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4: 39.

Miss M. E. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.



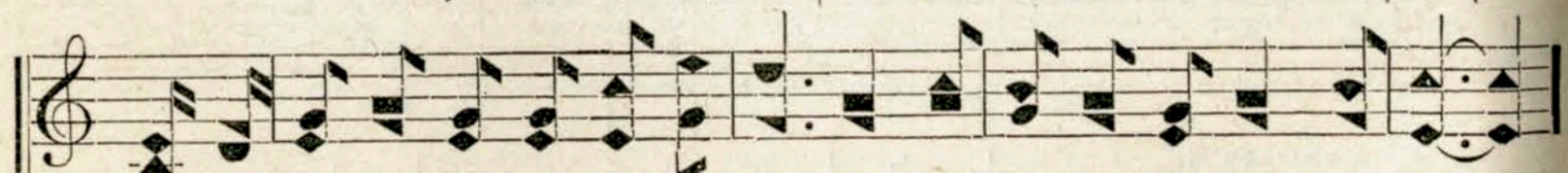
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'ershadow'd with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
 Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er; Leave me a - lone no more;



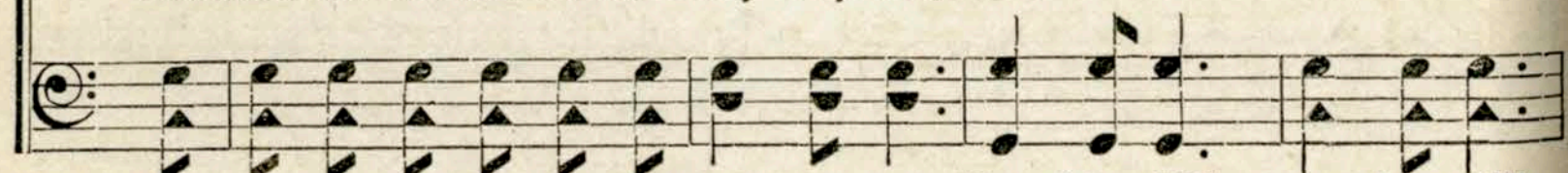
When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter; Oh has - ten, and take con - trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



CHORUS.



"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will, Peace . . . be still! . . .



MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what -
 ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The
 Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will,
 Peace! be still! Peace! be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace! peace! be still!"

cres *cen* *do.* *ff* *p* *pp*

No. 80. Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he
 REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH. trusteth in thee."—ISA. 26: 3. G. T. CALDRECK.

Moderato.

1. Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
3. Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
4. Peace! perfect peace! with lov'd ones far away! In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its pow'rs.
7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Je-sus calls to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 81. Beautiful Sabbath Morning.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

(Opening Song.)

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Beau-ti - ful Sab-bath morn-ing, Sweet-est of all the week,
 2. Beau-ti - ful Sab-bath morn-ing, Toils of the week are done,
 3. Beau-ti - ful Sab-bath morn-ing, Gift from the hand di - vine,

Care laid a - side with la - bor, As we Thy tem-ple seek ;
 Tran-quil, se-rene thy mo-ments, Glad is the day be - gun ;
 Blessings the hour a - dorn - ing, Com-fort ing beams that shine

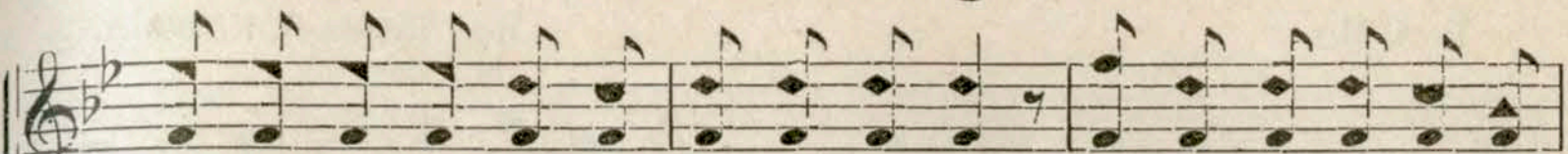
Now as a ben - e - dic - tion, Com-eth thy pres-ence blest,
 Sa - cred the blest com-mun - ion, Now that the hours ex - tend,
 Earthward from heaven's por-tals, Cheer-ing the sons of men,

While to our hearts thou speakest, And grantest thy love and rest.
 Un - to God's chos-en Is - rael, As voic-es in wor-ship blend.
 E'en as his bow of prom - ise, His love speaks again, a - gain.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful morn - ing so glo - rious and bright,
 Beau - - - ti - ful morn,.....

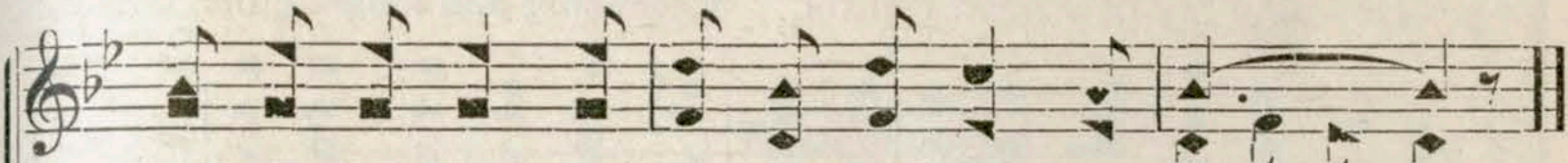
Beautiful Sabbath Morning. Concluded.



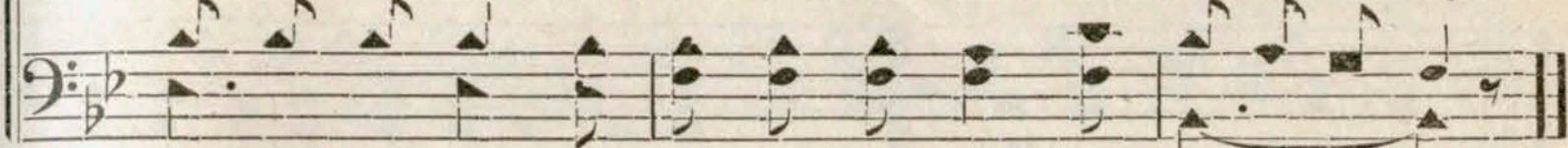
Beau-ti-ful morning, se-rene is thy ray; Peace as a dove now de-



Calm..... is thy ray;..... Peace..... now de-



scendeth from heav'n Fair morn of God's ho-ly day..... beau-ti-ful day.



scend - eth, Fair morn of God's ho - ly day.....

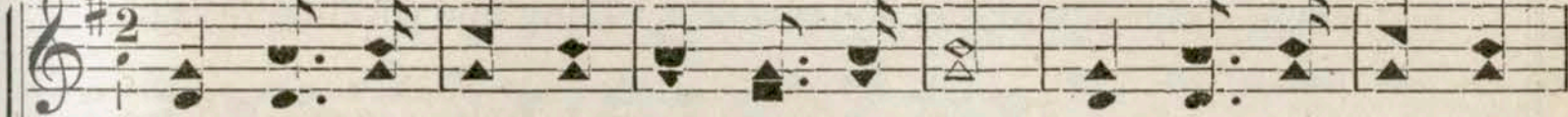
No. 82.

"Almost."

J. W. WAYLAND.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER

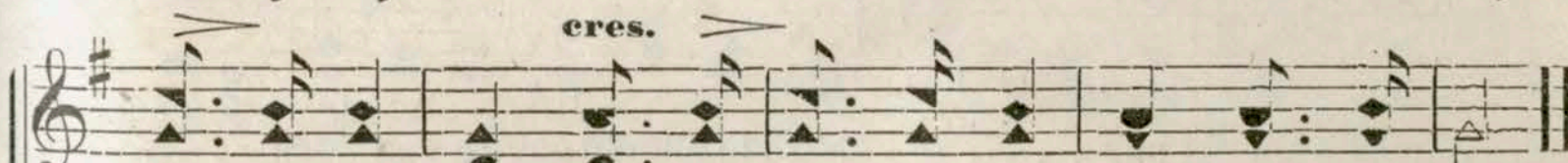
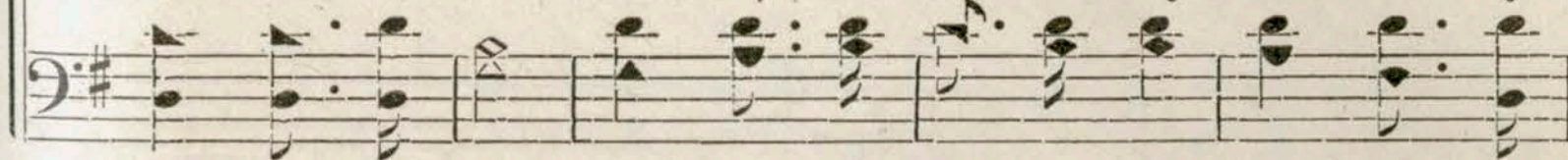
Persuasively.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," O why de-lay? "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," O can it be! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Ah! bit-ter cry! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



Come, friend, to-day! Hear now the Sav-iour's voice, O make Him
But still not free! O friend, give Christ your hand, He will loose
But doomed to die! O friend, turn not a-way! Death on-ly



now your choice, How will your heart re-joice In Je-sus' love!
ev-'ry band, Lead you in-to that land Of end-less day!
says "De-lay!" Christ calls, "O come to-day, Come, come to me!"



E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
 2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
 4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
 5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

Mer-cy re - veal-ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
 Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
 Willing to save me, pardon He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
 But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
 Banishing sadness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
 Yes, it is won - der-ful, strange and so won - der - ful,

gracious should be? That He should save e-ven me!
 lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should par - don and save e-ven me!

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, where loved ones have gone, Are man - sions a
 2. Just o - ver the riv - er a harp and a crown The Sav - iour will
 3. Just o - ver the riv - er with an - gels of light For - ev - er we'll

wait - ing for you and for me, And when all our toil - ing and
 give to His fol - low - ers here, When - ev - er their ar - mor and
 sing to the Lamb that was slain, All glo - ry and hon - or, do -

la - bors are done, With them in those man - sions we'll be.
 cross they lay down, And they in His like - ness ap - pear.
 min - ion and might, Shall crown Him who liv - eth a - gain.

CHORUS.

Just o - - ver the riv - er Are man - sions of gold,
 Just o - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Are mansions and streets of pure gold, pure gold,

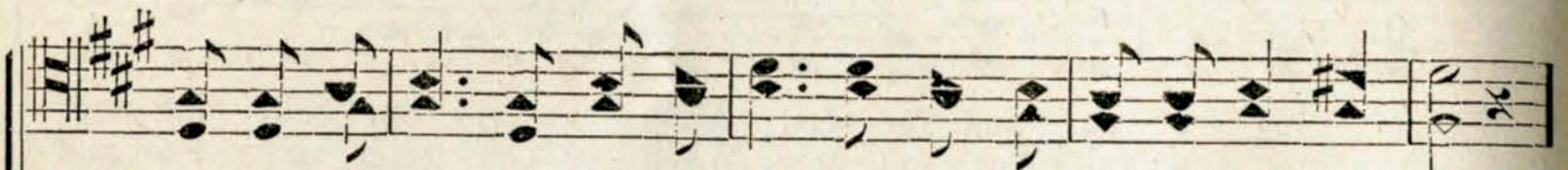
Just o - - ver the riv - er Are pleas - ures un - told.
 Just o - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Are pleasures that ne'er can be told.

MISS MARY M. LEIGHTON.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Oh Sab-bath day, oh rest di - vine! With sacred joy I call thee mine;
2. No oth - er day is half so sweet, The saints before the throne I meet;
3. Oh Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly grace, Descend and tune our lips to praise;



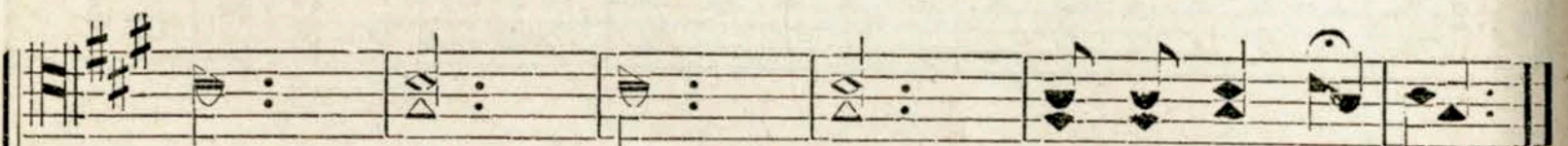
I feel Thine in-fluence from a-bove, And all my soul is warmed to love.
 We lift on high our grateful songs, And wor - ship with u - nit - ed tongues.
 Thus may our Sab-baths all be blest, Till we shall en - ter in - to rest.



REFRAIN.



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, May I ev - er be,
 Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear us while we pray,
 Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hon - or be to Thee,
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, Pre - cious Sav - iour,



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Filled with love to Thee.
 Sav - iour, Sav - iour, In Thy house to - day.
 Sav - iour, Sav - iour, To e - ter - ni - ty.
 Prec - ious Sav - iour, Prec - ious Sav - iour,



J. B. M.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

In march time.

1. We're marching home to Ca-naan's land,
 2. We're marching near - er day by day,
 3. Come march with us to Ca-naan's shore, } Marching in the beautiful light of God,

And soon we'll join the an-gel band,
 To that sweet home where loved ones stay,
 And dwell with Christ for - ev - er - more, } Marching in the beautiful light of God.

CHORUS.

We are march - - - ing in the light,
 march-ing in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God,


We are march - - - ing in the light,
 march-ing in the light, beau-ti - ful light of God,

We are march - - - ing in the light, We are
 marching in the light, beau-ti - ful light of God,

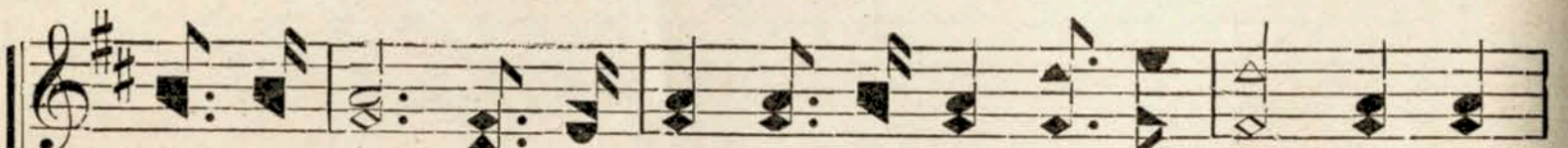

No. 87. In My Soul There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.


T. N. BEALL.



1. When I think of the love of my Sav - ior, So ten - der, so deep,
2. When I think how He paid for my ran - som, When sunk in the ru -
3. When I think of His grace that has sought me, My soul He has wash'd





and so free, How He left His bright home in the glo - ry, To
ins of sin, How He suf - fered and died up - on Cal - v'ry, That
in His blood, How my foot - steps He dai - ly is guid - ing Safe




CHORUS.




res - cue a sin - ner like me.
par - don for me He might win. In my soul there is glad - ness and
home to the cit - y of God.



glo - ry That Je - sus a - lone can be - stow; I will tell the blest



ti - dings of mer - cy, That oth - ers the gladness may know.
the glad - ness may know.



No. 88. Wonderful Story of Love.

BIRDIE BELL.

B. B. BEALL.

1. On - ly one sto - ry which nev - er grows old, Sweeter and dear - er each
 2. On - ly one sto - ry which shows us the way, Guides us to regions of
 3. On - ly one sto - ry which tells of the cross, Of - fers a treasure with -
 4. On - ly one sto - ry! O tell it a - gain, Car - ry the heav - en - ly

time it is told, Bring - ing the wan - der - ers in - to the fold,
 in - fi - nite day, Lead - ing to glo - ries that fade not a - way,
 out a - ny dross, Par - don for sin, and a gain for each loss,
 mes - sage to men, Some have not heard it, O haste with it then,

REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful sto - ry of

love that will save, Sound it a - far o'er the land and the wave, Je - sus re -

deems us from sin and the grave, Wonderful sto - ry of love!
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry of love!

No. 89.

Star of the East.

A. HEBER.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness and
 2. Cold on His cra-dle, the dewdrops are shin-ing, Low lies His bed with the
 3. Say, shall we yield Him in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-den and

lend us thine aid, Star of the east, the hor-i-zon a-dorn-ing,
 beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him in slum-ber re-clin-ing,
 of-f'rings di-vine? Gems of the mount-ain and pearls of the o-cean,

REFRAIN.
 Guide where the in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. Beau-ti-ful
 Mak-er, and Mon-arch, and Sav-iour of all.
 Myrrh from the for-est and gold from the mine. Beau-ti-ful star,

star,..... Shin-ing a-far,..... Guide.... where the
 beau-ti-ful star, Shining a-far, shin-ing a-far, Guide where the infant Re-

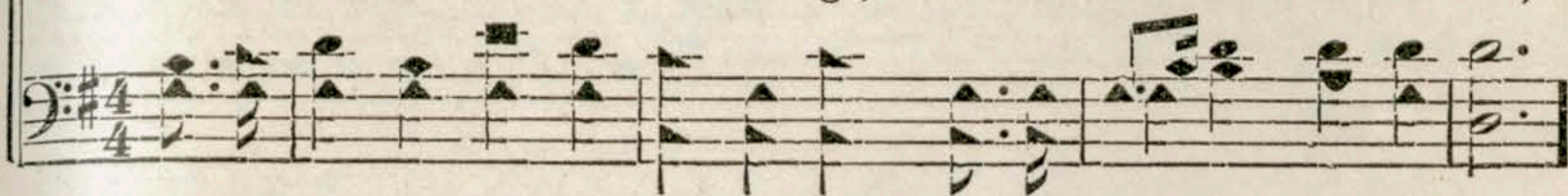
Rit.
 in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.....
 deem-er is laid, Guide where the in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

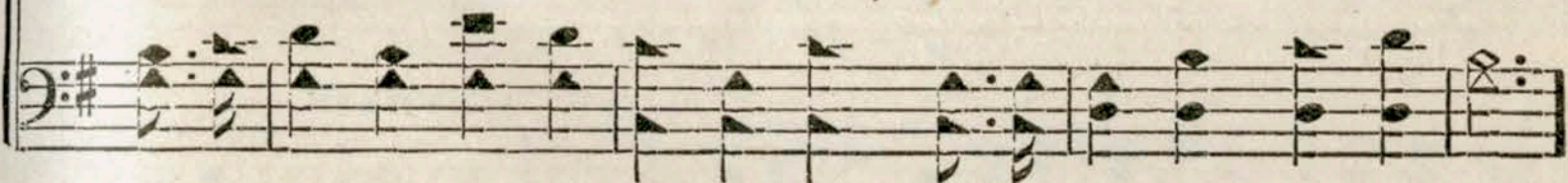
B. B. BEALL.



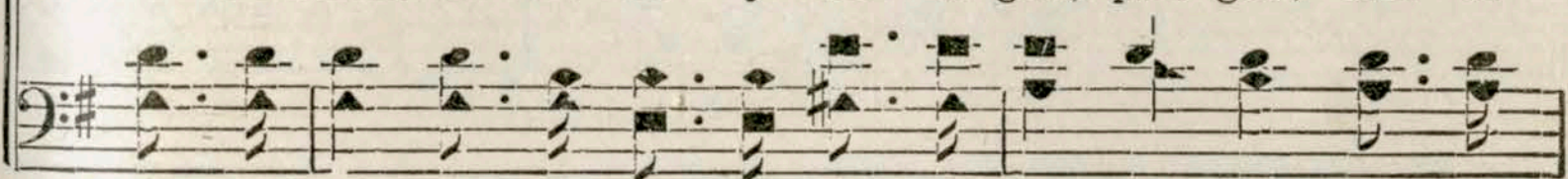
1. O'er the si - lent riv - er, dark and cold, There's a cit - y bright and fair;
 2. O'er the si - lent riv - er we shall meet With the friends who've gone before;
 3. O'er the si - lent riv - er we must go, Thro' the dark and fear - ful tide;



And the shin - ing streets are paved with gold, And the throne of God is there.
 And our voic - es join in prais - es sweet, To the Lamb for ev - er - more.
 But the Sav - iour walks with us we know, And with Him we shall a - bide.

**REFRAIN.**

O the streets of the cit - y are of gold, pure gold, And of



pearls are the won - der - ful gates; We shall cross o'er the riv - er and its



splen - dors be - hold, Where the crown for the faith - ful a - waits.



PAGE(S)

MISSING

No. 93.

When All the Singers Get Home.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. My broth-er, awake, and sing the sweet story, Soon the day of re-
 2. No mor-tal hath e'er conceived of the beauty, That a-waits the re-
 3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Sav-ior shall

un-ion will come; Then, O what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,
 deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du-ty,
 bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each other,

REFRAIN.

When all redeemed singers get home.
 For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then, O what a wonder-ful
 When all redeemed singers get home.

wonder-ful singing, When all redeemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-

un-ion, thro' a-ges still ringing, When all redeemed singers get home.

No. 94. The House Upon A Rock.

ORLANDO. 2d and 3d verses by W. H. MORRIS.

W. H. MORRIS. By per.

1. My house is built up - on a sol - id rock, I know it will
 2. My house is on the ev - er - last - ing rock, I know it will
 3. My house is built up - on a sol - id rock, I know it will

stand for - ev - er, The floods may come and the roll - ing thun - der
 stand e - ter - nal, The storms may come and the walls may toss and
 fall, no, nev - er, And Je - sus Christ is that great E - ter - nal

D. S.—The floods may come and the roll - ing thun - der

shock, But my house will nev - er fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.
 rock, But I know it can not fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.
 Rock, And a house can nev - er fall, Which is built up - on that rock.

shock, But my house will nev - er fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.

CHORUS.

It will nev - er fall,.....
 For 'tis built up - on a rock,

It will nev - er fall,.....
 Yes, up - on the sol - id rock,

No. 95. At the Feet of the Blessed Saviour.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

B. B. BEALL.

1. What - ev - er thy grief or thy bur - den may be, The sweetest of
 2. Speak free - ly to Him who is read - y to hear Thy sto - ry of
 3. O list - en to - day to the heav - en - ly voice That ten - der - ly

com - fort is offered to thee ; O come, wea - ry one, and be hap - py and free
 wand'ring, transgression and fear, The glad - ness of par - don thy spir - it will cheer
 says, make salvation thy choice, Then saved thro' His in - fi - nite mer - cy re - joice

REFRAIN.

At the feet of the bless - ed Sav - iour. At the feet of the blessed
 At the feet, at the feet of the

Sav - iour ! At the feet of the bless - ed Sav - iour ! Cast thy
 bless - ed Saviour ! At the feet, at the feet of the bless - ed Sav - iour !

doubt all away and in faith rest for aye At the feet of the blessed Sav - iour.

Dedicated to all Christians of our America.—B. B. B.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. You are giv - ing to the Mas - ter in the gift you bring to-day, And the
 2. You are giv - ing to the Mas - ter and His gladdened eyes be-hold All you
 3. You are giv - ing to the Mas - ter, O the ho - ly joy to know You can

gos - pel will be car - ried to the na-tions far a - way; It is He who wants the
 lay up - on His al - tar, all your sil - ver and your gold; All these of - fer-ings are
 work to-geth-er with Him in His vineyard here be - low! You can help to save the

millions to be told of His great love, That they too may turn their footsteps toward the
 ho - ly, prompted by a grace di-vine, And the Lord will sanc-ti - fy them, all your
 millions lost in sor-row and in sin, By the gifts you of - fer Je - sus you may

CHORUS.

Father's house a-bove. Give then glad-ly, and give free-ly, And give
 of - fer-ings and mine.
 help to bring them in. Give, O give then glad-ly, and give then free-ly,

largely to the Lord; You will reap in earth and heaven A most boun-ti-ful re-ward.

No. 97.

He Is Risen.

"He is not here, for he is risen as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

MISS A. R. CAREY.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Sound the glad news, the Re-deem - er is ris - en! Wake, wake ye
 2. Lo! what a change from the cross and the dy - ing; Joy, hal - le -
 3. Praise with-out end to the Vic - tor be giv - en! Hosts He has

na - tions that slum - ber in sin; Break from the bars of de -
 lu - jah, His suf - f'ring are o'er; Turn, turn ye souls who His
 ransomed—your glad an-thems ring; See! thro' the tomb shines the

D. S. Strike ev - 'ry harp-string with-

lu - - sion's dark pris - on, Rise with your Sav - iour, His
 name are de - ny - ing, Oh, 'tis that name o - pens
 day - dawn of heav - en, Faith in His blood robs of

in the bless - ed por - tals, Glo - ry to God! Je - sus

Fine. REFRAIN.
 king - dom to win.
 E - den's bright door. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, shout ye im -
 death all its sting.

lives who was slain.

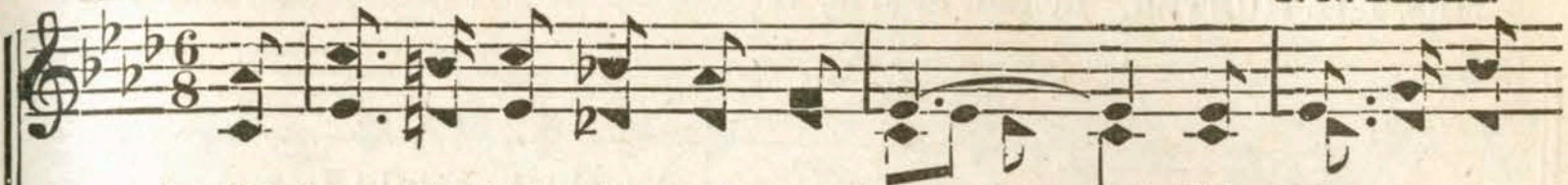
D. S.
 mor - tals, Joy for the cap - tive, He breaks ev - 'ry chain;

No. 98,

Beautiful City Above.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

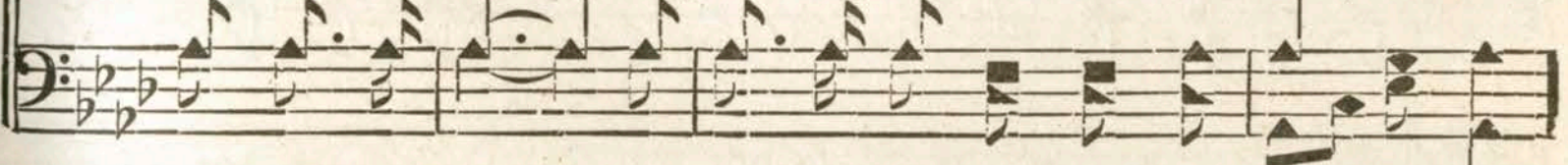
T. N. BEALL.



1. O beau-ti-ful cit-y a-bove (a-bove), Where Je-sus has
 2. A lit-tle while long-er to stray (to stray), In wear-i-some
 3. We'll walk by thy won-der-ful stream (the stream) That flows with a
 4. With rapture no mor-tal has known (has known) We'll bow at the



bid-den us come, We soon shall re-joice in His love (His love),
 pathways be-low, Then summoned from earth-life a-way (a-way)
 sil-ver-y tide, And where thy gem-garnished walls gleam (walls gleam),
 feet of the Lamb; Re-joic-ing be-fore His white throne (white throne)



REFRAIN.



Safe in thy glo-ri-ous home.
 To thee, fair cit-y we'll go. Zi-on, Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful
 With saved ones ev-er a-bide.
 We'll sing redemption's sweet psalm.



cit-y on high,..... We soon in the mansions shall
 beau-ti-ful cit-y on high,



rest,..... Where joy can nev-er-more die.....
 sweet-ly rest, nev-er-more die.



No. 99.

Soldiers for the King.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. Refrain by J. M. V.

J. M. VINES.

1. O we are hap - py sol - diers un - der the heav'nly King, And as we
 2. Ma - ny the foes around us, yet in His strength a - lone, Surely we'll
 3. Soon the bright day is coming, when He will crowns bestow, More than our

march to vic - t'ry, cheerful - ly we will sing, Let us be brave and
 o - vercome them, vic - to - ry sweet, be won; Trusting our great Com -
 hearts have dreamed of, tru - ly our souls shall know! On - ly be faith - ful,

loy - al, un - to our Lord be true, All that His word shall bid us
 man - der, we shall have naught to fear; Ev - er He goes be - fore us
 faith - ful! rich - es be - yond compare, Glo - ry and life e - ter - nal,

REFRAIN.

glad - ly we'll strive to do. March - ing, marching on to vic - to - ry,
 giv - ing us light and cheer.
 freely with Him we'll share. We are marching on,

March - ing, marching on to vic - to - ry; March - ing, marching
 We are marching on, We are marching on,

Soldiers for the King. Concluded.

on to vic-to-ry, O, we are earn-est sol-diers, un-der the heav'nly King.

No. 100. O, Sweet Companionship.

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

B. B. BEALL.

1. O, sweet companionship, when the Lord is near, Bringing my troub-led heart,
 2. Eas-y the yoke will be He will help me bear; Light will the burden prove,
 3. Strength shall be given me, ev'ry com- ing hour, Leaning on Him a- lone,

com- fort- ing and cheer, Chas- ing my doubts a- way, sooth- ing ev-'ry fear,
 since He stoops to share; O, what a love is His, car- ing for my care!
 His shall be my power; Je- sus my sure de- fense, hid- ing- place and tower,
 D. S. With Him so close beside, I'm safe whate'er betide,

Fine. REFRAIN.

O, what a Friend is my Re- deem- er! O, what a Friend, whose

D. S.

mer- cies nev- er, end, O, what a Friend is my Re- deem- er!
 nev- er, nev- er end,

No 101.

The Still Small Voice.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

With expression.

1. List-en to the voice of Je - sus, Speaking with-in thy heart,
 2. List-en to the voice of Je - sus, Speaking to thee a - lone,
 3. List-en to the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing now "come home,"

It whis - pers soft - ly "come to me, And live life's bet-ter part."
 The sto - ry of His sac - ri - fice, Will melt thy heart of stone.
 O why not an - swer Him this mo - ment, "Now my Lord I come?"

There's on - ly one life worth the liv - ing, Choose it while you may,.....
 He tells thee of a bless - ed life, Of use - ful - ness and love,.....
 O take my life, my soul, my all, And make me pure with - in,.....

pp

Gen - tly His voice is call - ing thee, He will guide the way.
 Gen - tly His voice is call - ing thee, To home, sweet home a - bove.
 Trust - ing in Thy re - deem - ing - love, To cleanse my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *pp* *m*

The still small voice with - in thy heart, Is whisp'ring soft and low, There's a

The Still Small Voice. Concluded.

pp

way up to life, and a-way down to death, Which way, which way will you go?

No. 102. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran - somed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all. lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. paid it all!" Shall rend the vaulted skies. tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.	}	Je - sus paid it all!
--	---	-----------------------

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

"Again the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls."—
MATT. 13: 45.

MRS. A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

J. GUY BEALL.

1. There is only one gem worth possessing, 'Tis the pearl of sal-va - tion so bright
 2. They who take it must follow the Saviour, For 'tis linked with the cross that He bore;
 3. If you take it the Saviour will lead you To the foun-tains of E - den's fair shore,
 4. Would you turn from white robes to transgression? Would you barter a crown for vain toys?

That the jewels proud hands are caressing Fade like dross in its glo-ri-ous light.
 They must count His sweet service and fa - vor Richer gain than all earth with its store.
 With the fruit of life's tree He will feed you, And new pleas-ures you'll find evermore.
 Turn, I plead, from sin's fatal op-pres-sion, Choose the kingdom of God with its joys;

REFRAIN.

'Tis for you..... and for me,..... Je - sus
 'Tis for you and for me,

bought it and of - fers it free,..... 'Tis for you and for
 yes 'tis free, 'Tis for you

me,..... Take it souls and how bless'd you will be..
 and for me, Take it souls, take it souls and how bless'd you will be.

1. A sol - dier for Je - sus I know but His will, Each day I am striv - ing his
 2. I'm read - y for or - ders each hour of the day, I'm read - y for or - ders to
 3. I'm read - y for or - ders to stand a - gainst sin, All will - ing and anx - ious the
 4. What tho' I am ordered for work great or small, I'll try to be faith - ful in

wish to ful - fill, A - wait - ing His pleas - ure each mo - ment I stand,
 watch or to pray, I'm read - y for peace or I'm read - y to fight,
 fight to be - gin; I'm read - y for gain or I'm read - y for loss,
 each and in all, Un - til I am called to come home to the sky,

REFRAIN.

I'm read - y for or - ders as He may com - mand.
 I'm read - y for or - ders to stand for the right. Read - y for or - ders what -
 I'm read - y for or - ders to take up my cross.
 I'm read - y for or - ders from Je - sus on high.

ev - er they be, Do - ing my du - ty as it comes to me, Wait - ing to hear

from head - quar - ters on high, Read - y for or - ders to live or to die.

No. 105.

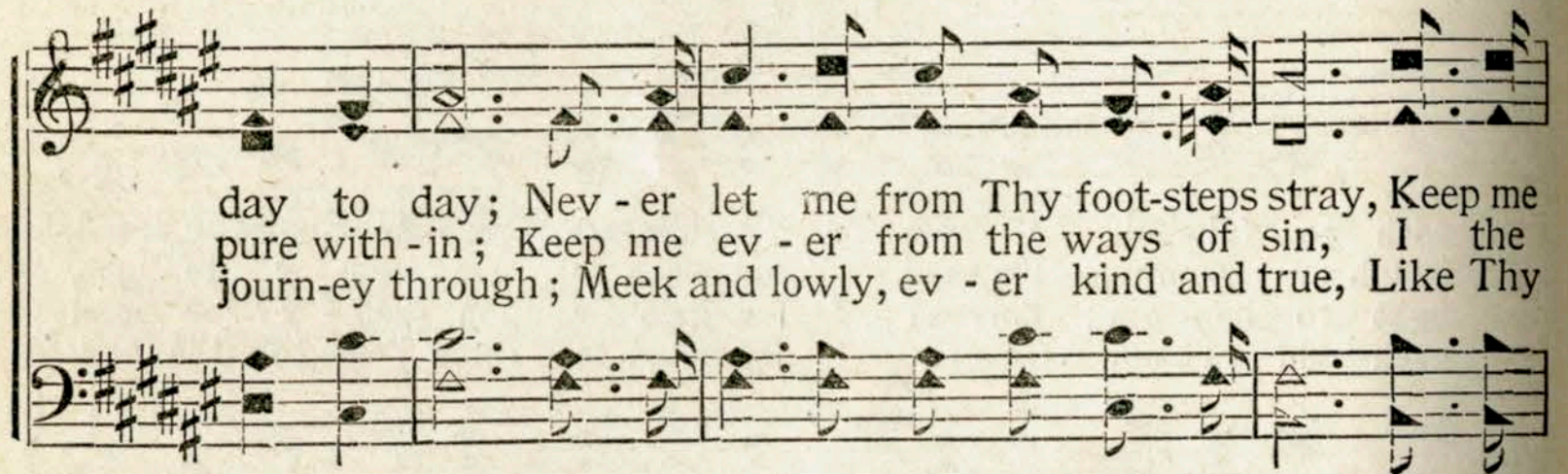
More Like Thee.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

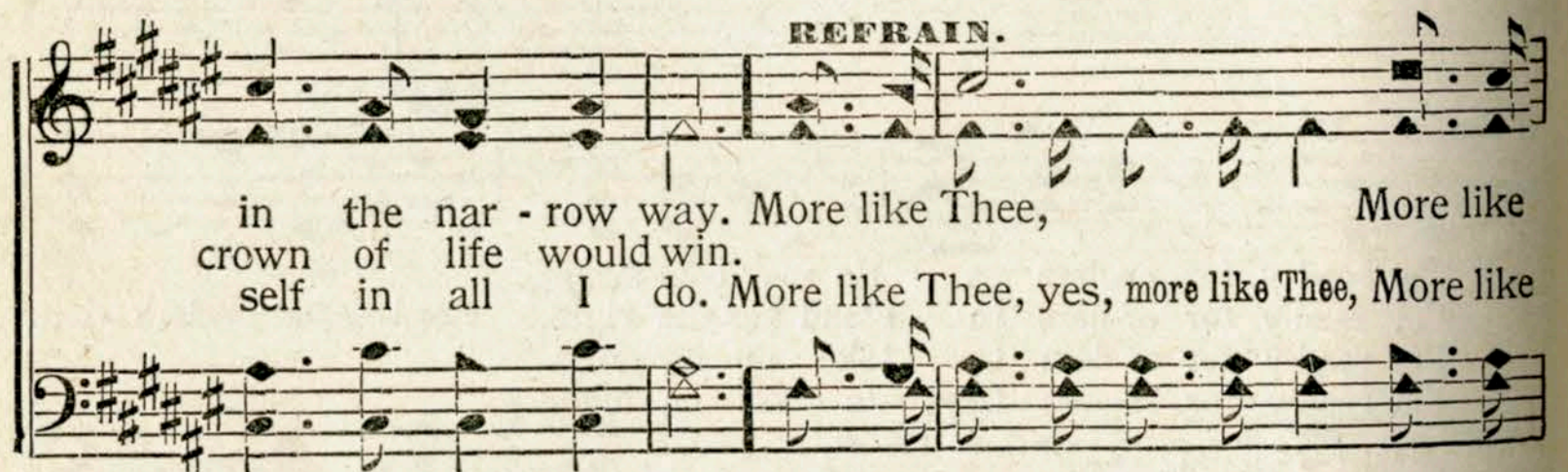


1. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, More like Thee from
 2. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, Pure with-out and
 3. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, All my pil - grim

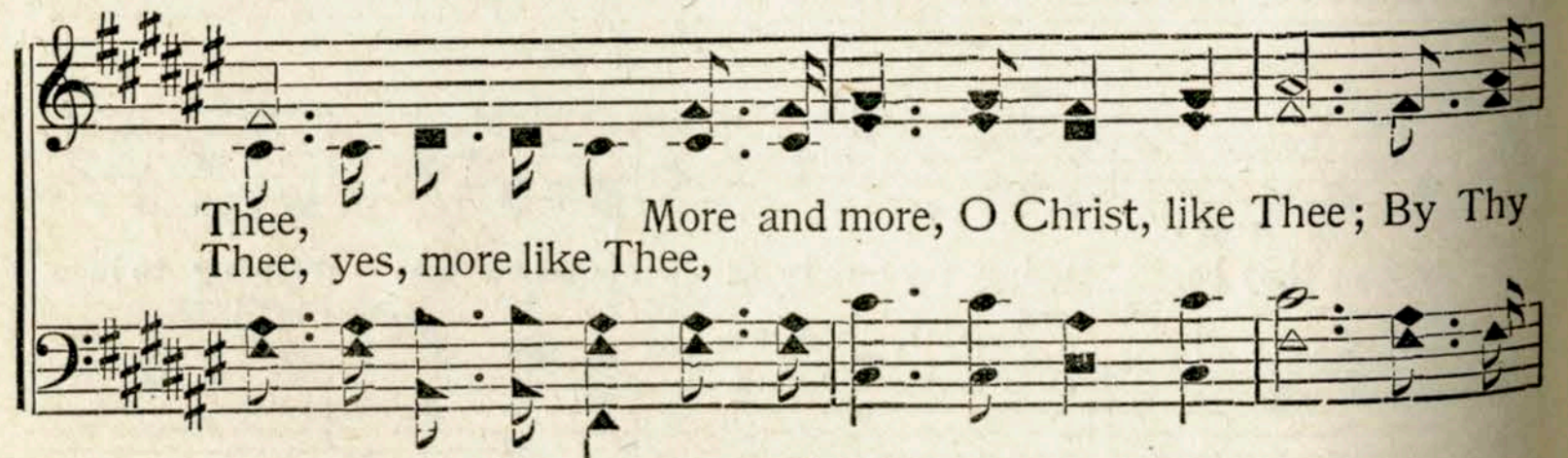


day to day; Nev - er let me from Thy foot-steps stray, Keep me
 pure with - in; Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the
 journ-ey through; Meek and lowly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy

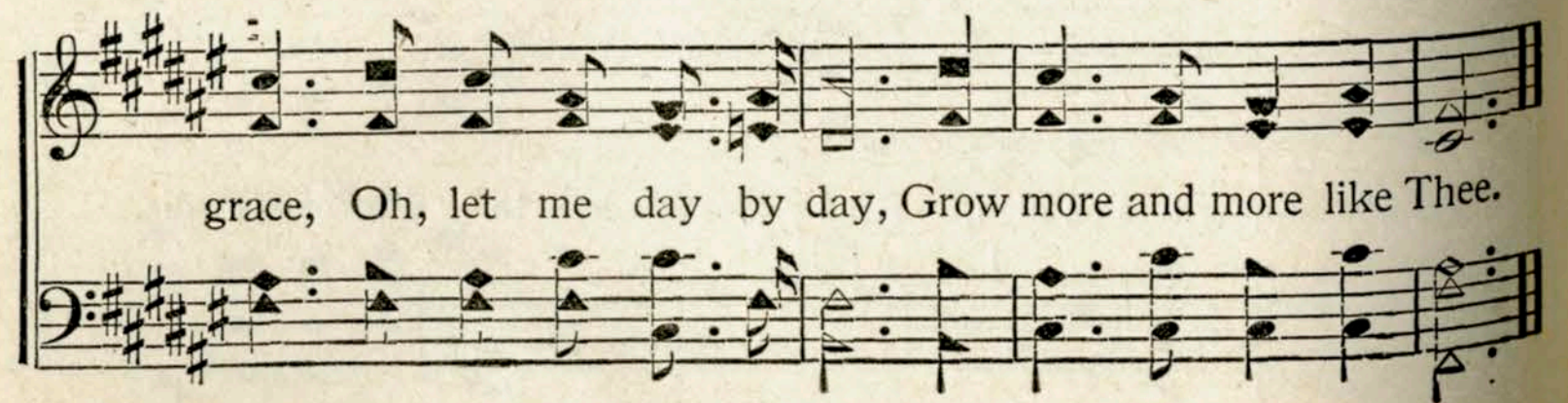
REFRAIN.



in the nar - row way. More like Thee, More like
 crown of life would win.
 self in all I do. More like Thee, yes, more like Thee, More like



Thee, More and more, O Christ, like Thee; By Thy
 Thee, yes, more like Thee,



grace, Oh, let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

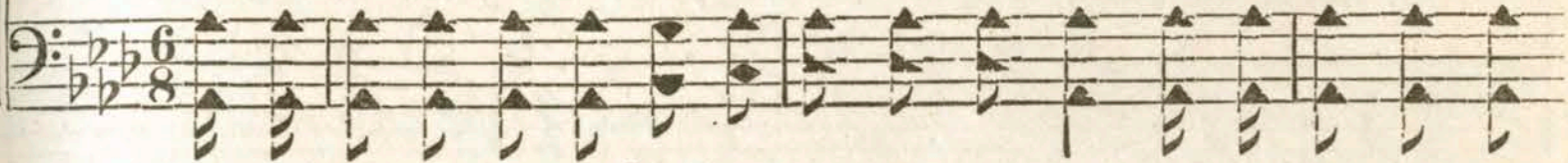
No. 106. That Wonderful Book Up There.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

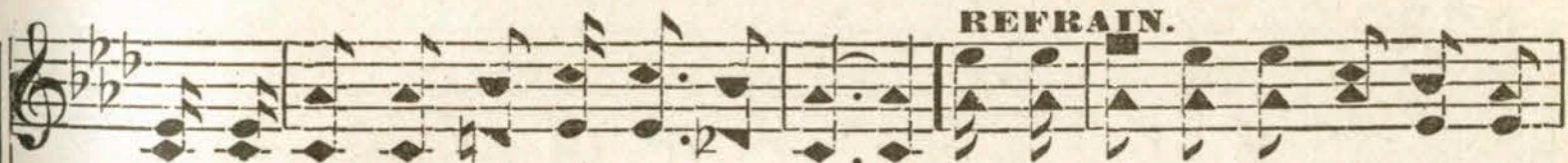
W. T. LEVENS.



1. There's a won-der-ful book where the an-gels re - cord All we're do - ing of
2. Are we think-ing what sto - ry the an-gels must write As the days of time
3. Are we giv - ing our heart-felt de - vo - tion to Him, Who on Cal - va - ry's
4. May the Spir - it Di - vine fill our souls with His pow'r, So that e - vil our

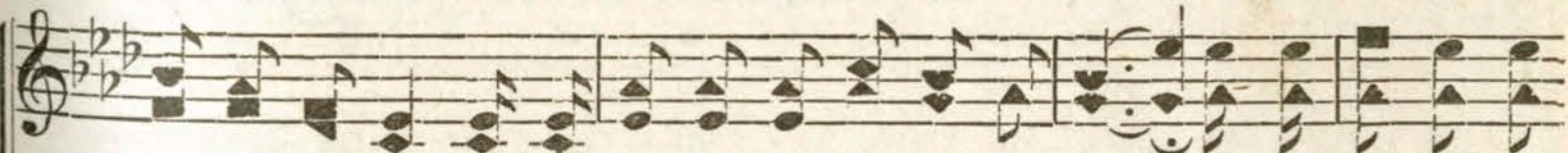
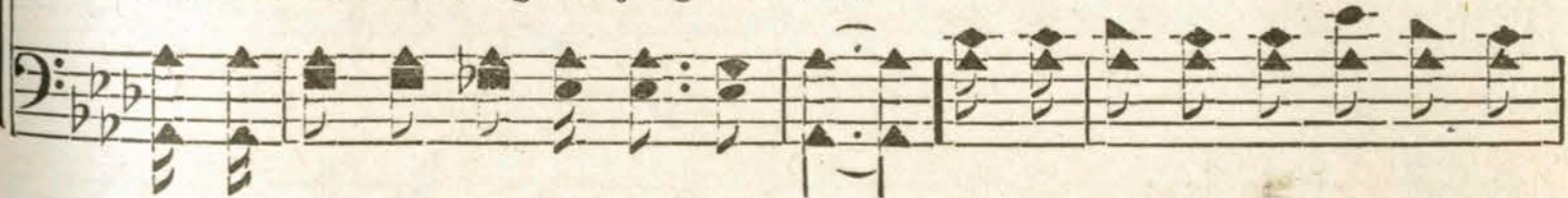


good or of ill; If we're serv-ing in love or de - ny - ing our Lord
swift-ly speed by? Are we ear-nest-ly toil - ing till com - eth the night,
cross for us died? When we jour - ney in path-ways that oft - en seem dim,
lives may not mar; Then sweet gladness and peace we shall know in that hour

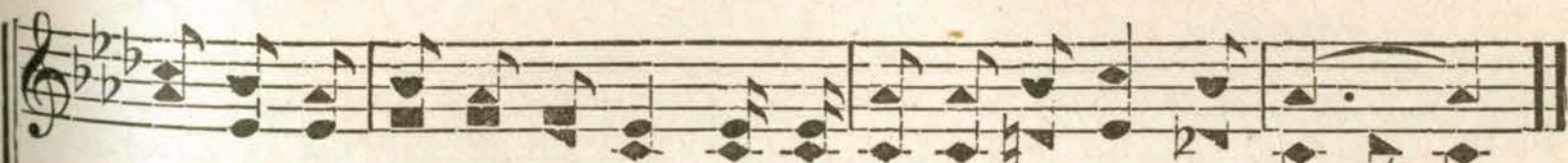


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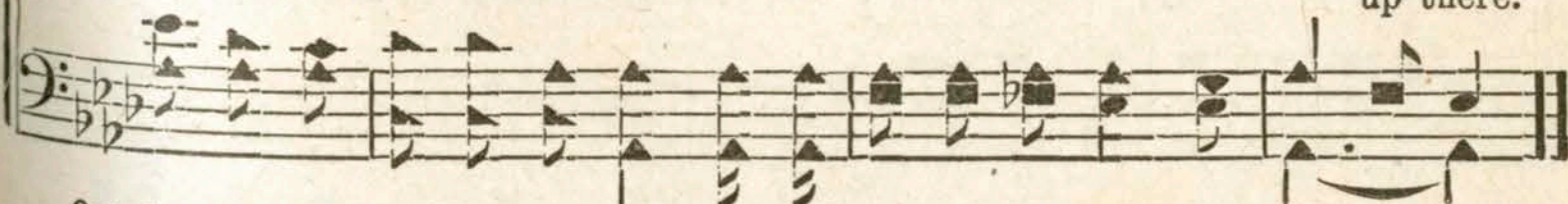
The account will those fair pa - ges fill.
When our hands id - ly fold - ed must lie? Oh, that won-der-ful book from which
Are the foot-prints of Je - sus our guide?
When we stand at the great judgment bar.



an-gels will read As we list - en with joy or de - spair! May the in - fi - nite

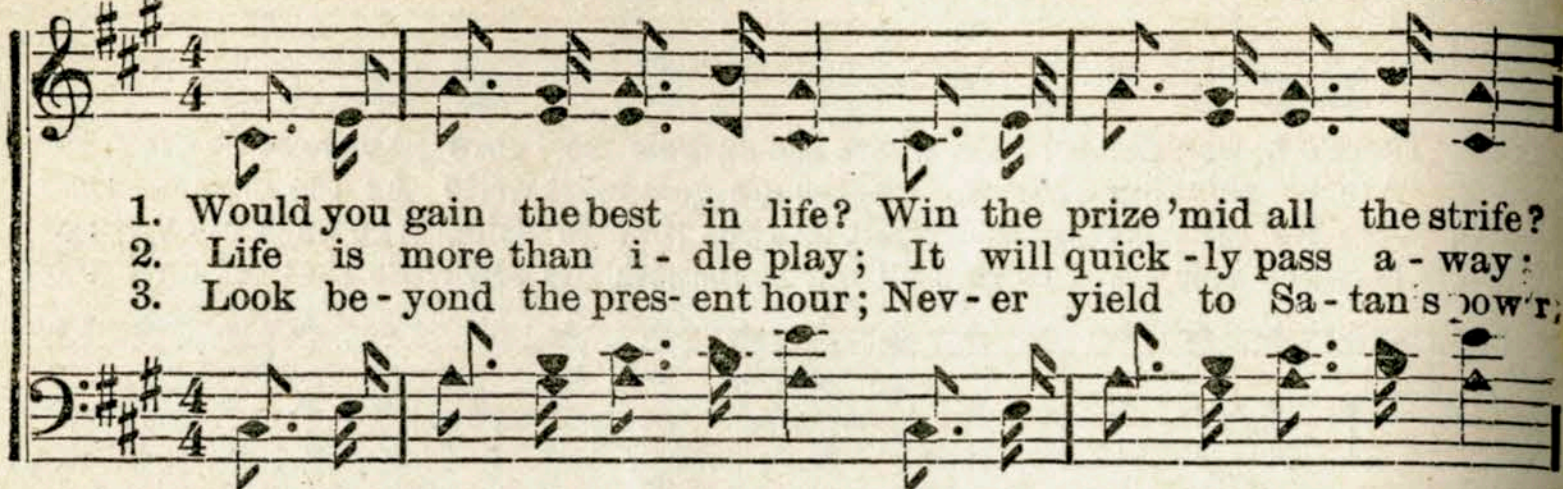


grace all our sin-blots ef-face From that won-der-ful book up there.....
up there.

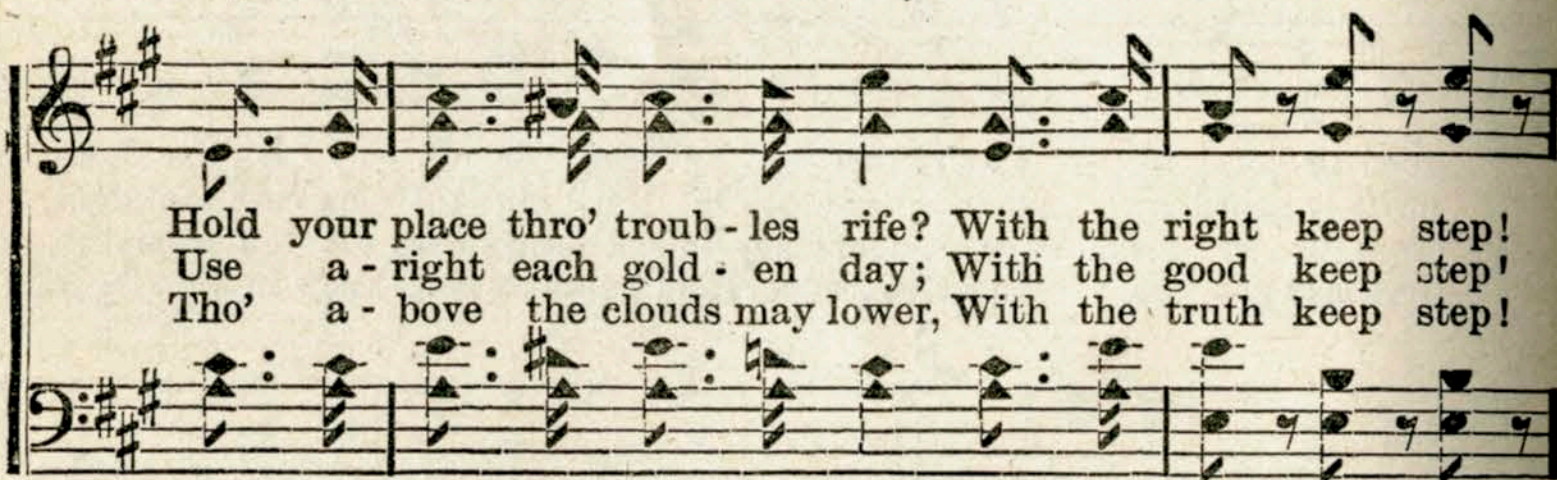


Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

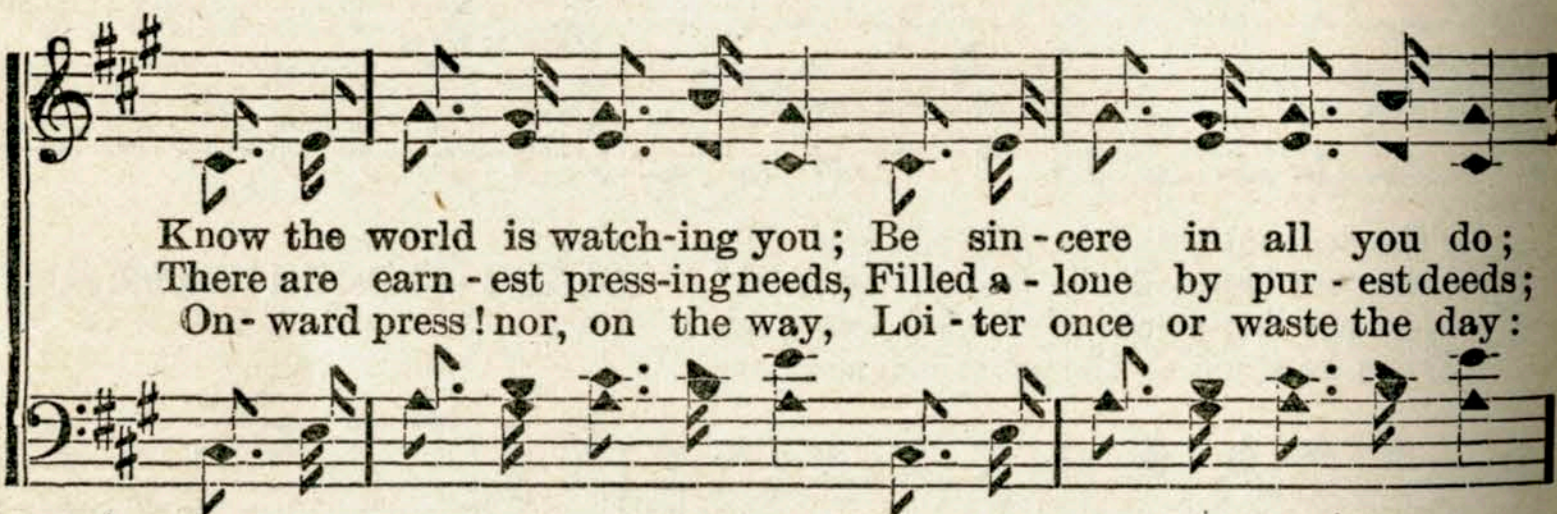
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
 2. Life is more than i-dle play; It will quick-ly pass a-way:
 3. Look be-yond the pres-ent hour; Nev-er yield to Sa-tan's pow'r,



Hold your place thro' troub-les rife? With the right keep step!
 Use a-right each gold-en day; With the good keep step!
 Tho' a-bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!



Know the world is watch-ing you; Be sin-cere in all you do;
 There are earn-est press-ing needs, Filled a-lone by pur-est deeds;
 On-ward press! nor, on the way, Loi-ter once or waste the day:



With the good, the pure, the true, Ev-er firm keep step!
 Hap-py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
 God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.



Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ev-er,

Keep Step Ever. Concluded.

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev - er.

No. 108. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made

ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
 of God?

No. 109.

There is Glory in my Soul.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of
 2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way In a
 3. Peace that pass - eth tell - ing now my heart doth know, And my
 4. I can rest se - cure - ly on His faith - ful word As I

gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Holding sweet communion with my
 fel - low - ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter with each
 life is full of joy and song; Heaven's pur - est pleasures thrill me
 journey in the nar - row way, And be hap - py in the love of

new-found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
 new - born day, There is glo - ry in this soul of mine.
 as I go, And my soul is hap - py all day long.
 my dear Lord Who with glo - ry fills my soul each day.

CHORUS.

There is glo - ry, glo - ry, in my soul to-day, Wondrous
 glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, all a-long the way, Heaven's holiest
 glo - ry, glo - ry, holiest

There is Glory in My Soul. Concluded.

blessings o'er my spir - it roll, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
blessings

No. 110. A Happy Band.

(Inscribed to my Sunday-school class.—B. B. B.)

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

B. B. BEALL.

1. A hap - py, joy - ous band are we Of youth-iul sol - diers true,
2. We list - en to the Shepherd's voice, He calls and we o - bey,
3. 'Tis true that storms sometimes ap - pear, And then his voice so sweet
4. And so we on - ward, on - ward go Toward heav'n's shining strand,

Who on - ward march still to - ward home, That home be - yond the blue.
For Je - sus is our own, our choice, And leads us on our way.
His trust - ing chil - dren still may hear, His prais - es to re - peat.
A Sav - iour's care we ev - er know, A hap - py, joy - ous band.

REFRAIN.

A home in heav'n is wait - ing us, In Ca-naan's land so fair.

And we a hap - py, joy - ous band, Have boundless treasures there.
Have boundless treasures there, up there.

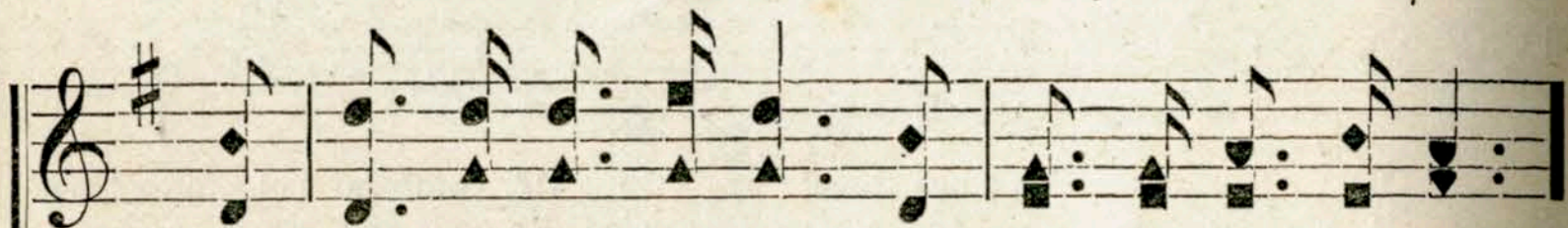
No. 111. THE MEETING IN THE SKY.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. The time is draw - ing near, His voice we all shall hear,
 2. The saints of long a - go, did pray that day to know,
 3. The lights on yon - der shore, with heav - en's bliss a - glow,



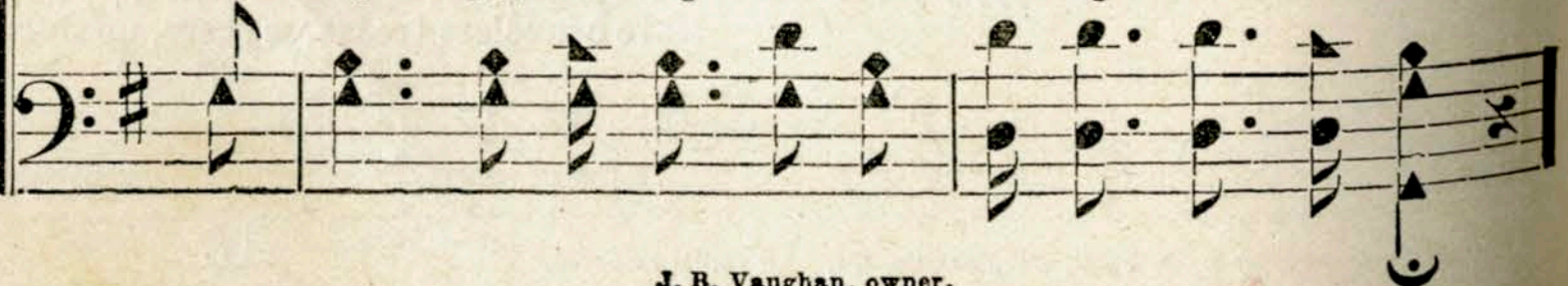
Dear broth - er will you be, a - mong the first to rise?
 But they shall soon be - hold with an im - mor - tal eyes;
 They're shin - ing bright to - day, they'll guide us all the way;



So hap - py I shall be for Je - sus I shall see,
 Oh, day, blest hap - py day, I'll watch and wait and pray,
 The clouds may oft - en rise and veil these mor - tal eyes,



And I'll be read - y for the meet - ing in the skies.
 I'm read - y wait - ing for the meet - ing in the skies.
 I'm hap - py, wait - ing for the meet - ing in the skies.



THE MEETING IN THE SKY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be read - y for the meet - ing in the sky,

I'll be read - y for the meet - ing by and by;

Yes, when my name is called, I'll an - swer here am I,

And I'll be read - y for the meet - ing in the sky.

No. 112. When the Ransomed Gather.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

T. B. MOSLEY.

1. Faith, with glad and piercing eye, Looks beyond this changeful sky,
 2. O the vast and might-y throng! O the joy - ful burst of song,
 3. Think of trib - u - la - tions past, Think of vic - t'ry won at last!

To the land where sin and sor - row are un-known; There the
 When from ev - 'ry clime shall come the Saviour's own! Crowns of
 Think of see - ing Him who did for sin a - tone! Ev - 'ry

D. S.—Thro' the

ran-somed of the Lord (Read the prom-ise of His word) Shall at
 gold and robes of white, Who could bear to miss the sight, When the
 heart with love will bound, Ev'ry tongue His praise shall sound When the

rich - es of His grace, You and I may have a place, With the

Fine. REFRAIN.

last be gathered round the shining throne.
 ransomed ones shall gather round the throne. What a meeting that will be!
 ransomed ones shall gather round the throne.

ransomed ones that gather round the throne.

D. S.

What a meeting that will be! When the ransomed ones shall gather round the throne;

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

LUKE 15: 6, 7.

T. B. MOSLEY.



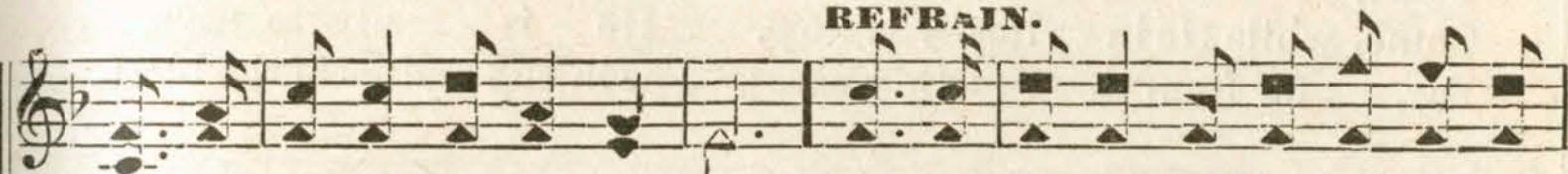
1. There is mu - sic in heaven o'er the saved ones of earth, From the Bi - ble the
2. In the des-ert, 'mid danger, strays the poor wayward sheep; Lo! the tempest is
3. Sin - ner can you re - bell-ious, wander long-er a - way; Je - sus for your trans-



sto - ry sweet is known, When the wand'rer, re-pent-ing, Makes the Saviour his choice;
gath'ring, hear it moan! But a kind eye is watching, And a voice calls in love,
gressions, did a-tone: Spot-less an - gels are wait-ing, O, how glad-ly they'll sing,



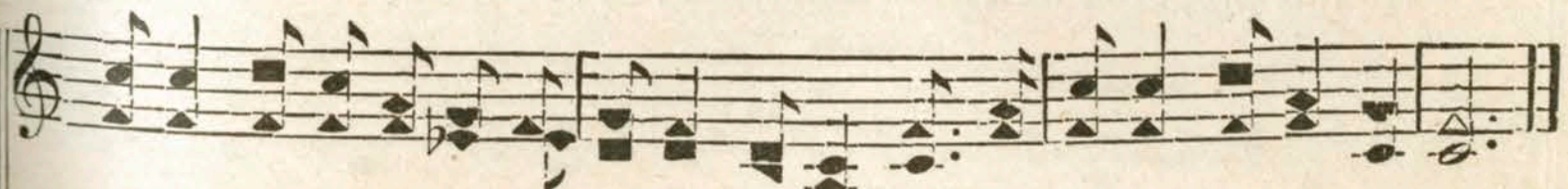
REFRAIN.



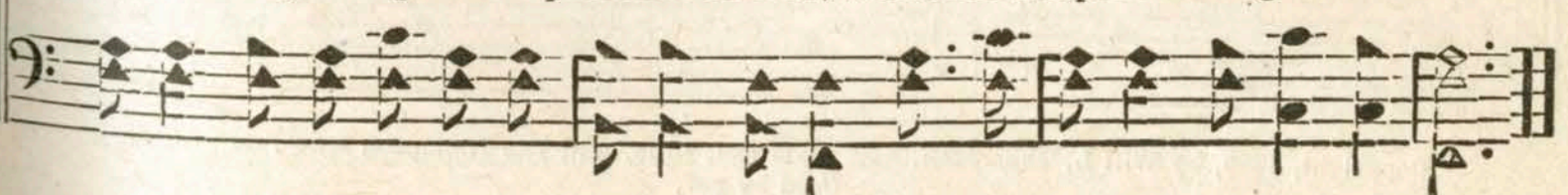
When the Shepherd brings home His own!
See the Shepherd brings home His own! There is mu - sic, sweet mu-sic up in
When the Shepherd brings home His own!



heav-en we know, (O, what int'-rest for err - ing mor-tals shown!) Ho - ly

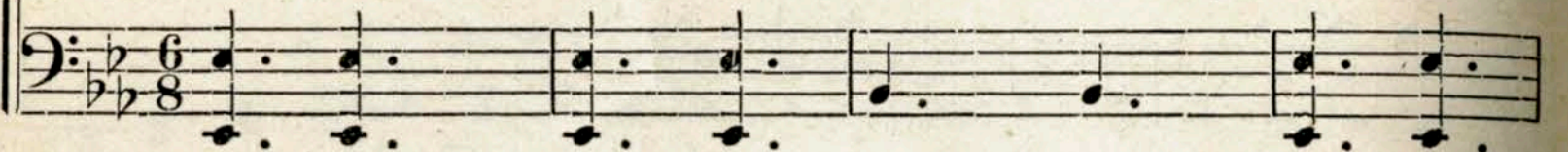


an-gels re-joic-ing in the presence of God; When the Shepherd brings home His own.

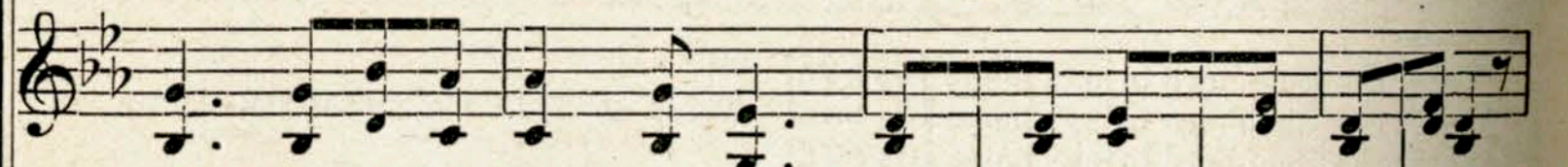




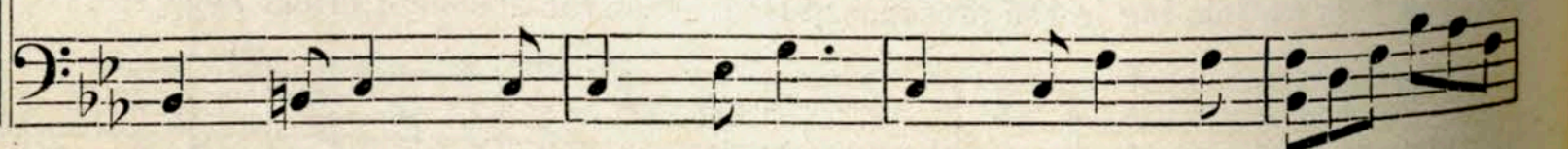
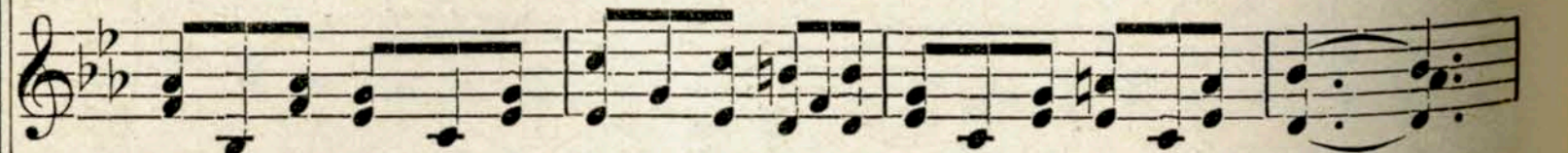
1. Look, look to the Com-fort-er, Ye who are troubled in mind,
 2. Look, look to the Com-fort-er, On the dear Saviour believe,
 3. Look, look to the Com-fort-er, He has promised sweet rest,



Come, come with your aching hearts, Sweetest repose thou'lt find,....
 Come, while He in - vites you now, He is ready to save,....
 Far, far from these earthly cares, Far in the realms of the blest,...



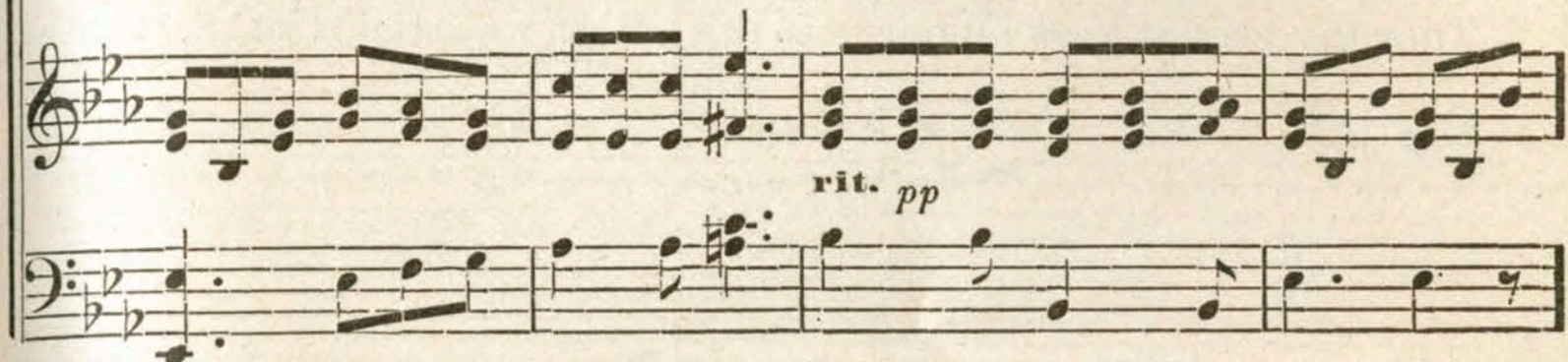
Ye who are weary and ready to weep, Cheer thy sad hearts again,
 Ask for His pardon, He will forgive, List to His earnest call,
 He has prepared us a beautiful home, Waiting for you and me,



Look to the Comforter. Concluded.



Cast thy cares at the Saviour's feet, He will thy burdens sustain.
 Oh, be-lieve and thou shall live, Par-don is free to us all.
 Oh, ac-cept of His promise now, Mer-cy is bounteous and free.



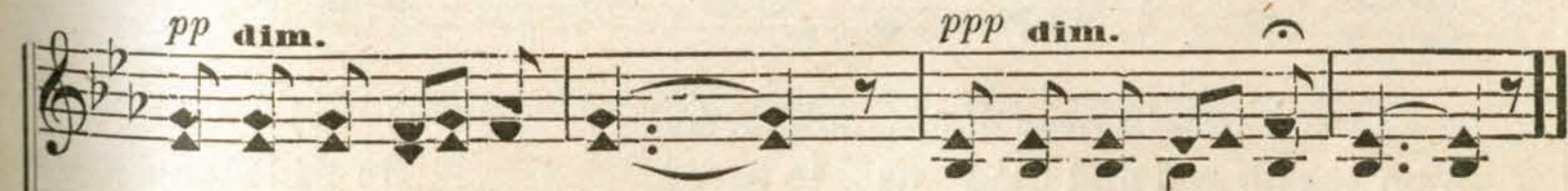
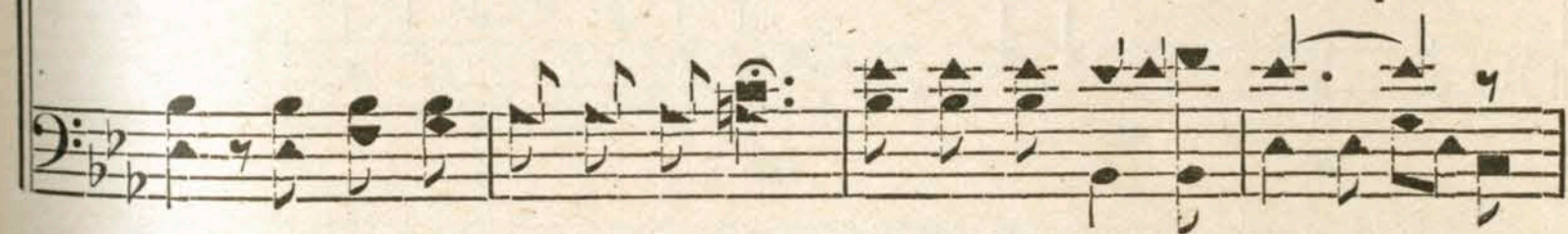
QUARTET. *m* a tempo. *dim.* *m* *dim.*



Come, ye who are ready to weep, Oh, come, kneel at the Saviour's feet, Oh,
 Ye who are weary and Cast all thy cares



come, ye who are weary in mind, Sweetest re-pose thou'lt find,
 Re-pose thou'lt



Sweetest re-pose thou'lt find, Sweetest repose thou'lt find.
 find, Re-pose thou'lt find,



No. 115. They Say There's a Land O'er the Ocean.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Solo for Low Voice.

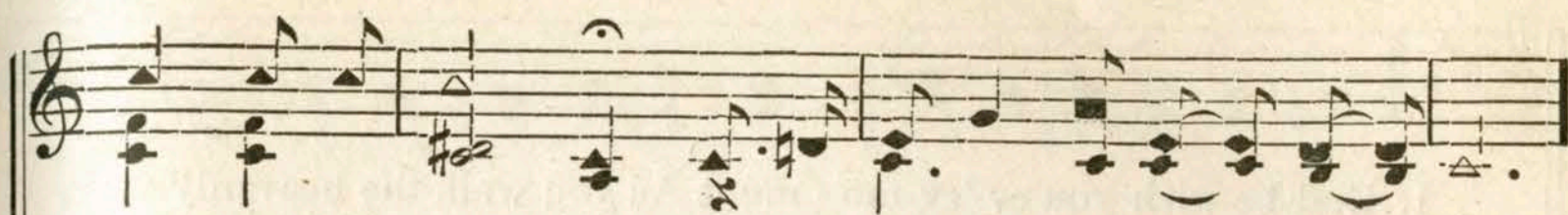
1. They say there's a land o'er the o-ccean, Where wonders and beauties are
 2. They say we shall dwell there for-ev-er, If we list to our Sav-iour's com-
 3. They say we shall know all our loved ones, When we meet on that bright golden

seen; They say its a glo - ri - ous E - den, Where none but the
 mand; They say we shall ev-er be hap-py, When safe in that
 shore; They say we shall clasp hands so gladly, And to-geth - er re -

bless - ed con - vene, Many friends for that land have de-part-ed,
 beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis there we shall meet loving Je - sus,
 joice ev - er - more, Then let us pre-prepare for the jour-ney

They have cross'd over life's troubled sea, O let us sail
 Who suffered and died us to save; He will stand on the
 Let our hearts be kept loy - al and true; Then the Sav - iour

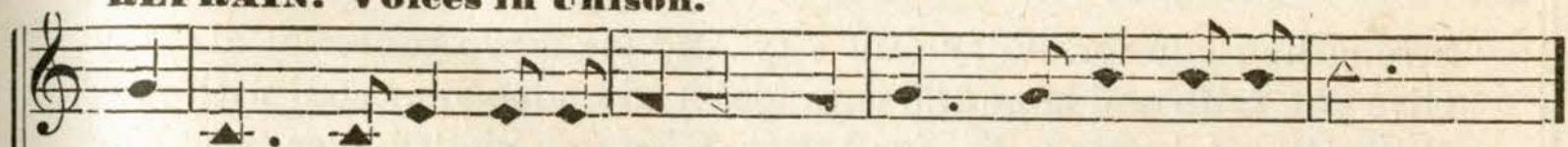
They Say There's a Land. Concluded.



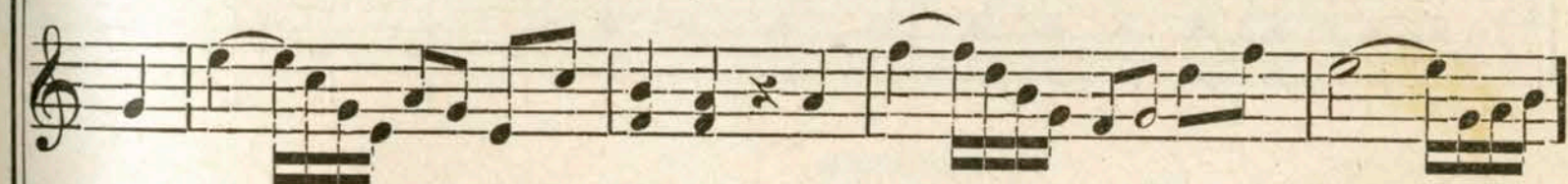
o - ver and meet them, Je - sus' life-boat will car-ry us free.
bright shore and hail us, As we ride o'er the last brok-en wave.
watch and pro - tect us, Till the man-sions of heaven we view.



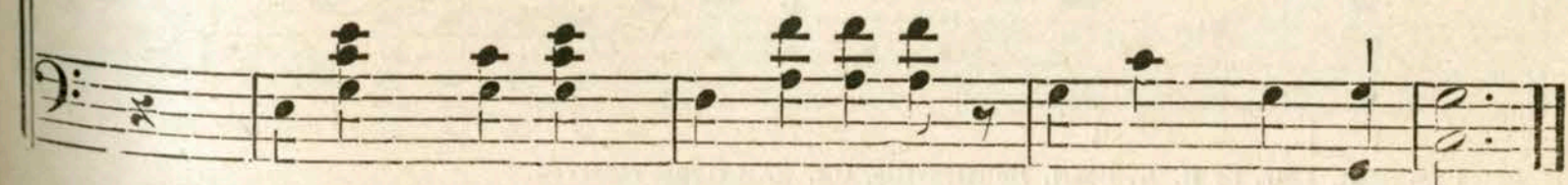
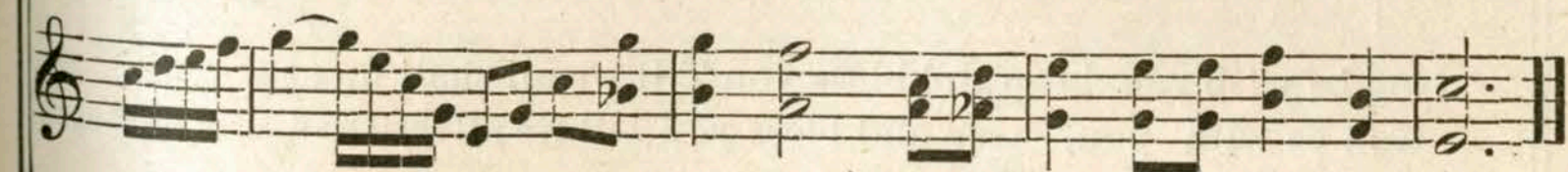
REFRAIN. Voices in Unison.



Then sail a-way o'er life's ocean, We'll join the bright angel band;



Then sail a-way o'er life's ocean, To our home in that happy land.



No. 116.

God Be With You.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.



1. God be with you ev-'ry mo - ment As you walk the heavenly way,
2. God be with you as you la - bor In His vineyard hour by hour,
3. God be with you in the con - flict When it waxes long and sore,
4. God be with you, Christian pilgrim, Comfort, help, and bless, and cheer,



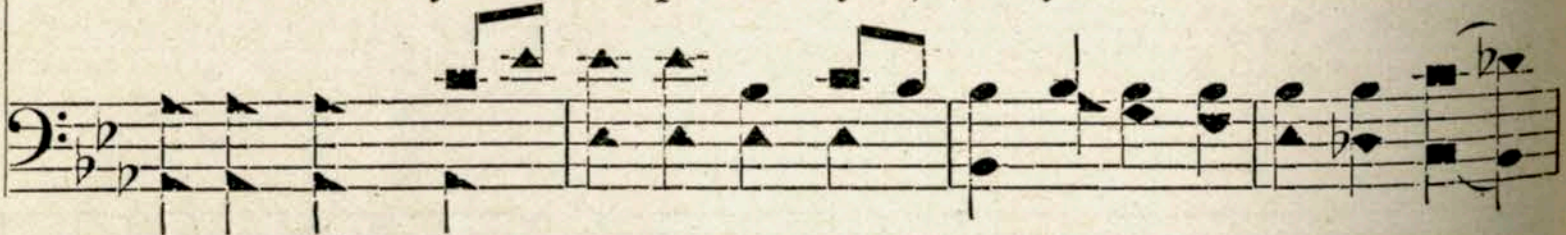
Strengthen you for ev-'ry du - ty And pre-serve your soul al - way.
 Give you faith and hope and courage, And endue your soul with pow'r.
 With His mighty arm de - fend you, Give you vict'ry o'er and o'er.
 Till in robes of purest white-ness You be-fore His throne ap-pear.



REFRAIN.



God be with you and preserve you, Shield your soul from sin and stain;
 God be with you and preserve you, Shield your soul from sin and stain;



God be with you, keep and bless you Till we all shall meet a - gain.
 God be with you, keep and bless you Till we all shall meet, shall meet again.



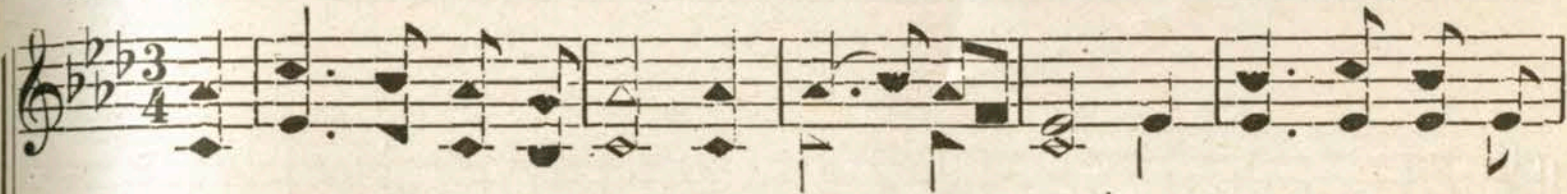
FAVORITE HYMNS.

No. 1 I Need Thee Every Hour.

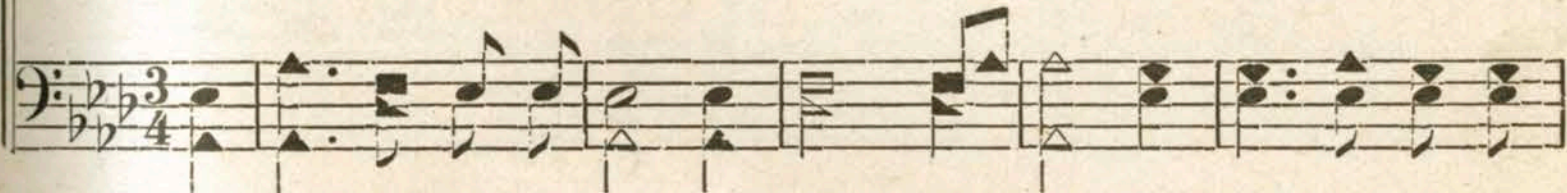
“Without me ye can do nothing.”—JOHN 15: 5.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

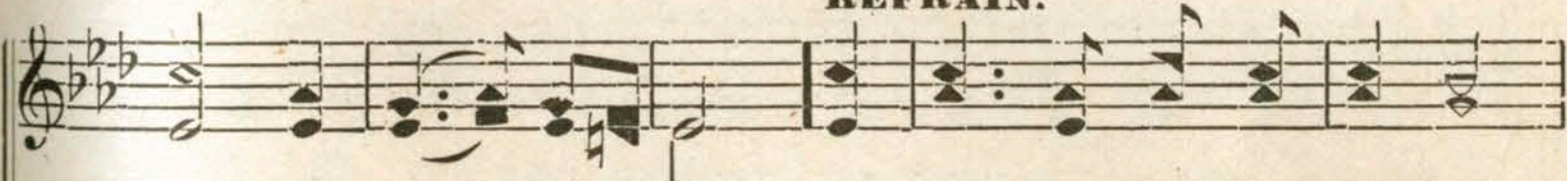
ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



1. I need Thee every hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee every hour; Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee every hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-



REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.



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

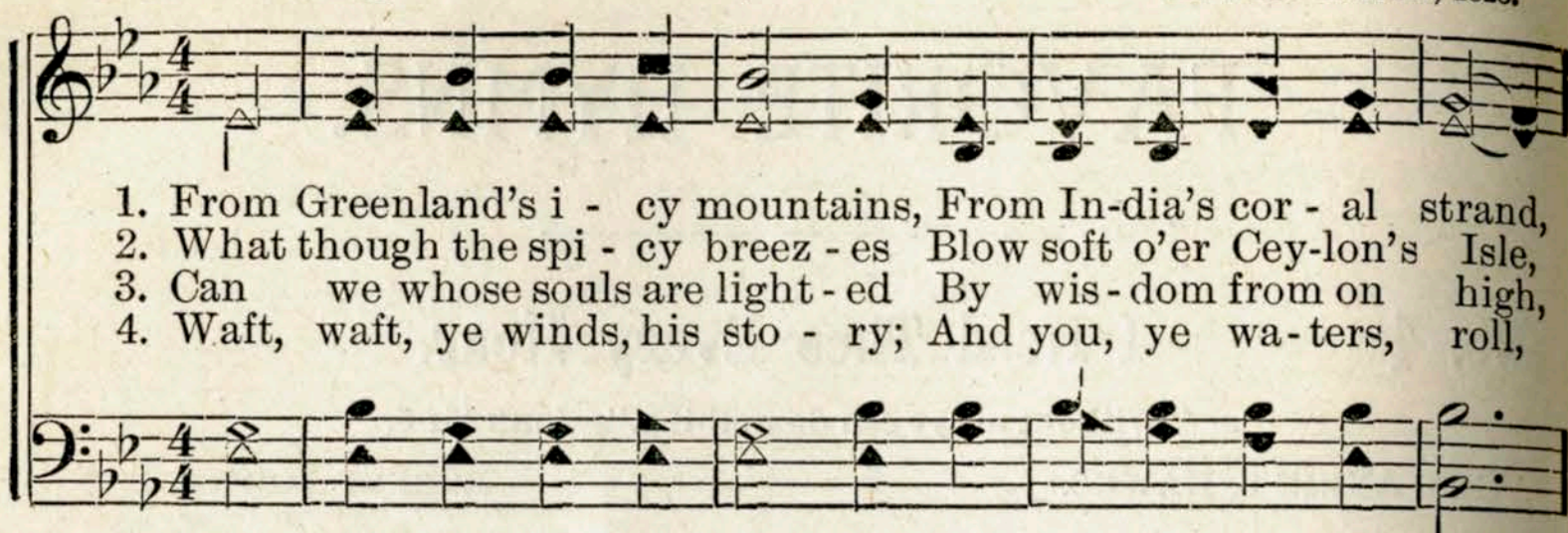


No. 2. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

"The appeal."—MATT. 28: 19.

REGINALD HEBER.

LOWELL MASON, 1823.



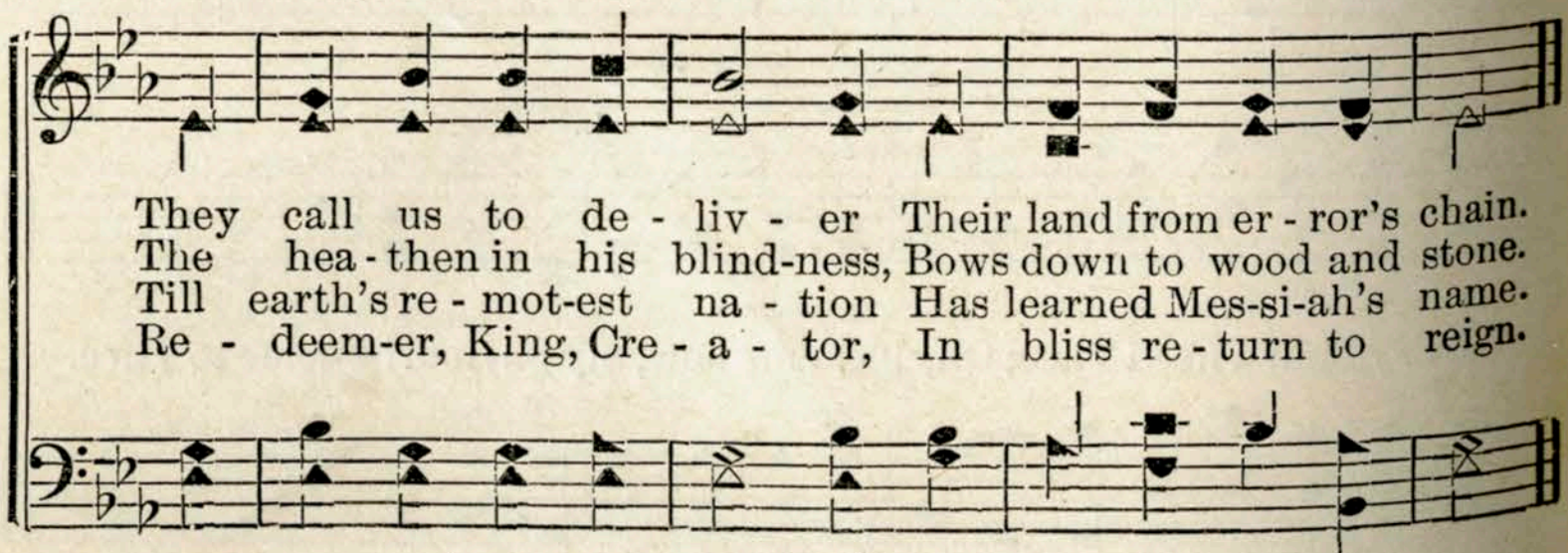
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's Isle,
3. Can we whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of light de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palmy plain,
In vain we lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransomed nat - ure, The Lamb of sin - ners slain.



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turn to reign.

No. 3. Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

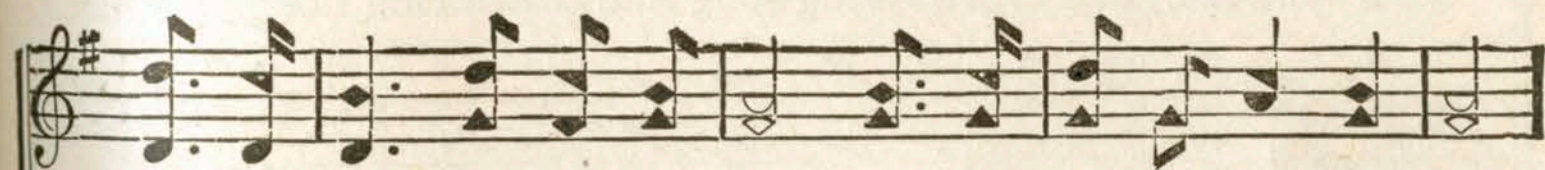
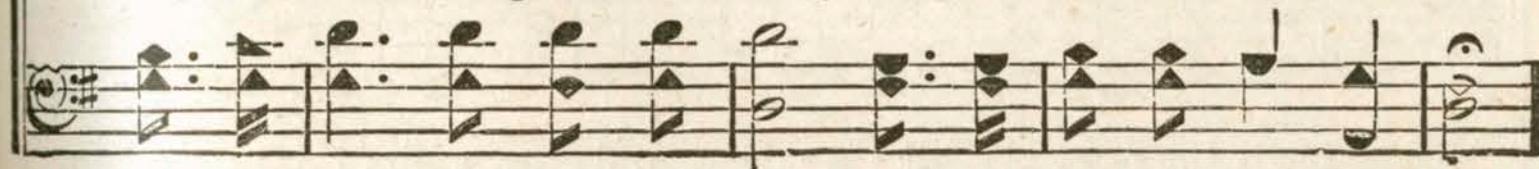
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



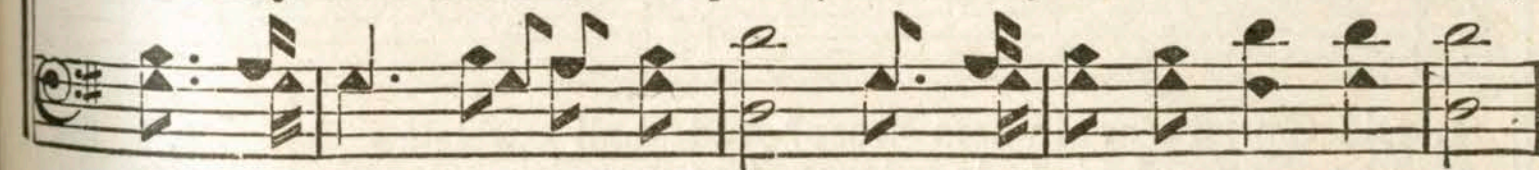
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;



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



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



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



No. 4.

Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 5. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BENJ. BEDDOME.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
 thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
 heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

No. 6.

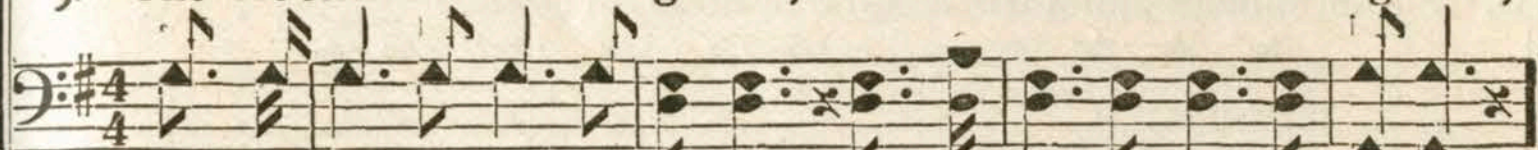
Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY.

Arranged.



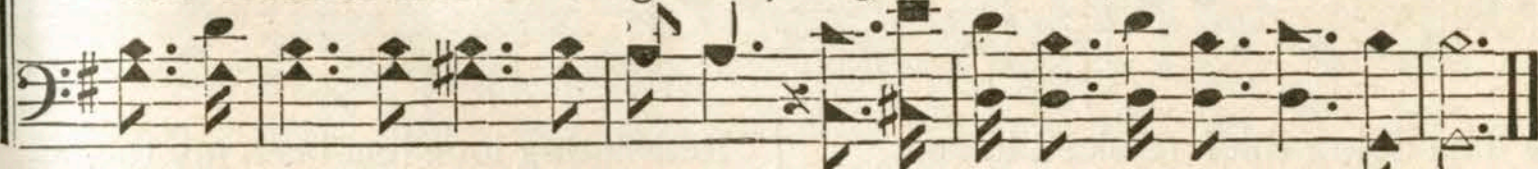
1. I have heard my Savior calling, I have heard my Savior call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, Tho' He leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,



CHO.—I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav-ior I will fol-low,



I have heard my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.



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

- 4 He will give me grace and glory, He will keep me, keep me all the way.
- 5 Oh! 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 7. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

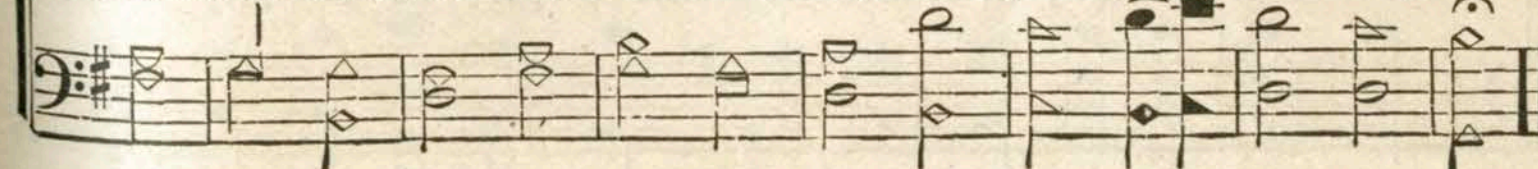
HANDEL.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend,
4. Be-yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'nly ways,



The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own precious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



No. 8. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY. C. M.

1

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 I. { And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, (Omit.) . . . }
 D. C.-And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, (Omit.) . . .

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,</p> | <p>4 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.</p> <p>4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue</p> |
|---|--|

No. 9. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.

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

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

No. 10. I Do Believe. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wear-y, long-ing eyes;

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

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

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

No. 11. My Faith Looks Up,

RAY PALMER.

(Olivet. M. H. 762.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Savior, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

No. 12. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

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

No. 13. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

Tune:—WEBB. 7, 6.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; }
 { Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not *Omit.* . } suf - fer loss;
 D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
 2. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long; }
 { This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the *Omit.* . } victor's song;
 D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

No. 14. Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 5. (HARMONY GROVE. C. M.)

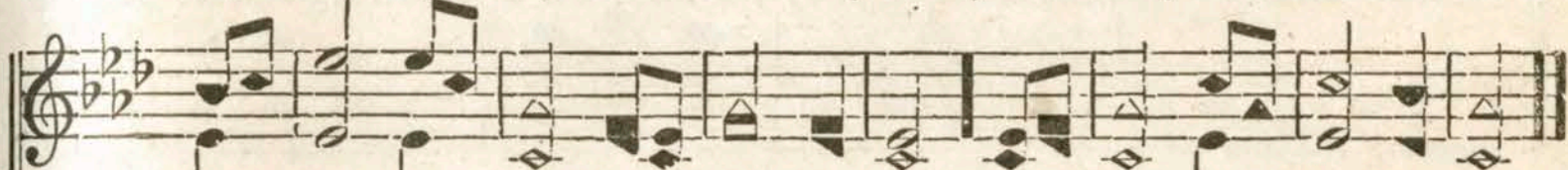
JOHN NEWTON.

WM. WALKER. Arr. by H. N. L.

Moderato.



1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word, my hope se - cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor - tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en-dures.
 I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.



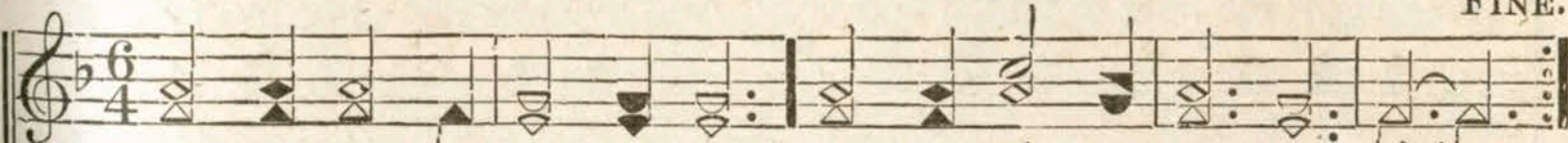
No. 15. Jesus! Lover of My Soul. (Martyn. 7s.)

"Thou art my refuge."—Ps. 142: 5.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

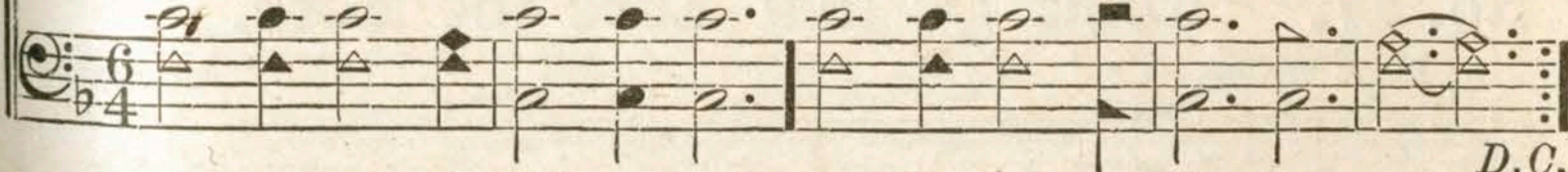
SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

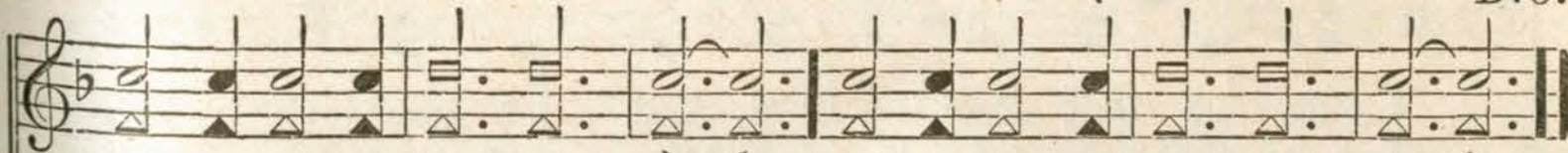


1. } Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 } While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

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



D.C.



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



2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! 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;
 All in all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 16.

♩ Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joyce, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
 2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine; }
 4. { Now rest, my long di - vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest; }
 { Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd, }
 5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear, }
 { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

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

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

No. 17. Come Ye that Love the Lord.

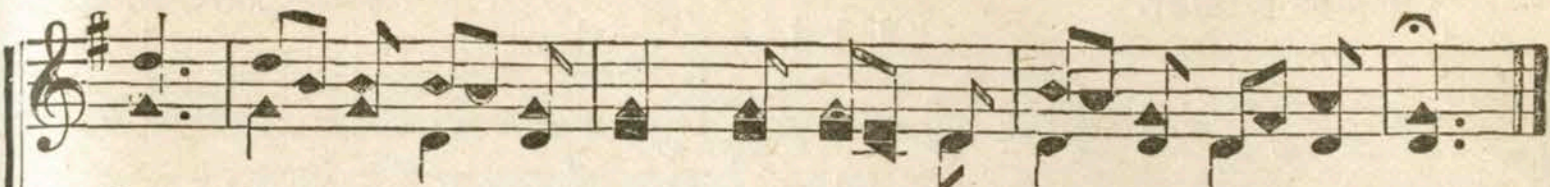
ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged.

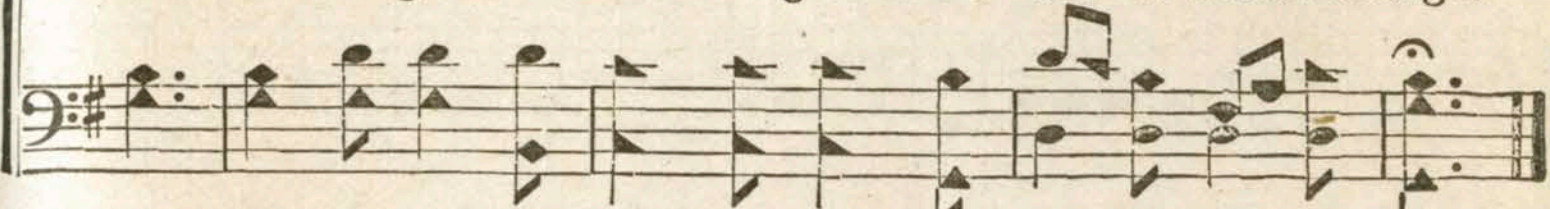
1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

Come, Ye that Love the Lord. Concluded.



Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye surround the throne.
 But chil-dren of the heav-'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
 There, from the riv-ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.



Sal - va-tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

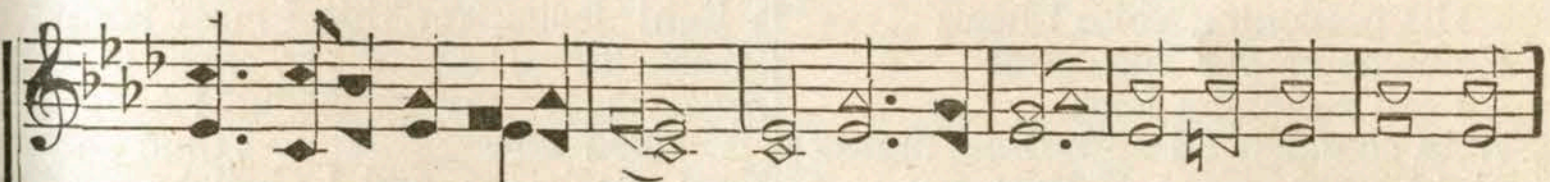
No. 18. Lead, kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

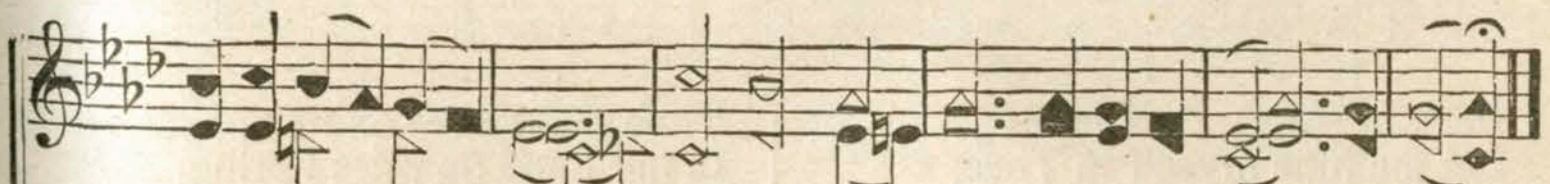
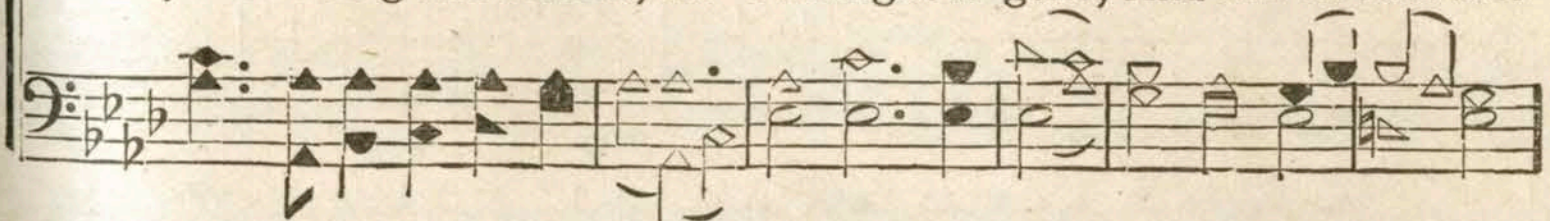
JOHN B. DYKES.



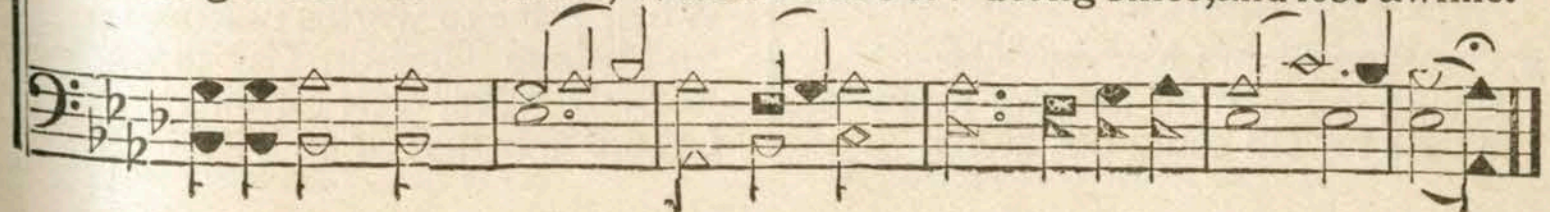
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead, thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



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



do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
 an-gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.



No. 19. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—LENOX. H. M.

Musical score for 'Arise, My Soul, Arise!' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off Thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
||: Before the throne my Surety stands; :||
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
||: His blood atoned for all our race; :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
||: With confidence I now draw nigh; :||
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 20. Tune, 169 "G. H." Key of A.

- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
CHORUS. [than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy
throne in the skies, [fice;
And help me to make a complete sacri-
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow. [entreat;
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
I wait, blessed Lord at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy
blood flow— [than snow.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter

No. 21. Rock of Ages.

FINE.

D. C.

Musical score for 'Rock of Ages' in G major, 3/2 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
- 3 Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 22. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune:—ONWARD. 6, 5.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of
 4. Onward, then ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
 treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
 Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
 voic-es In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or

Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go!
 All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore.

No. 23. Work for the Night is Coming.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling;
 Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
 Work, when the day grows brighter;
 Work, in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor;
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute;
 Something to keep in store;
 Work for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more:
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

No. 24.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING

ETHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

No. 25.

Elvon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sovreign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face Whilst His dear cross appears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree.
 When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self - a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 26. How Sweet, How Heavenly.

"How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. 133: 1.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

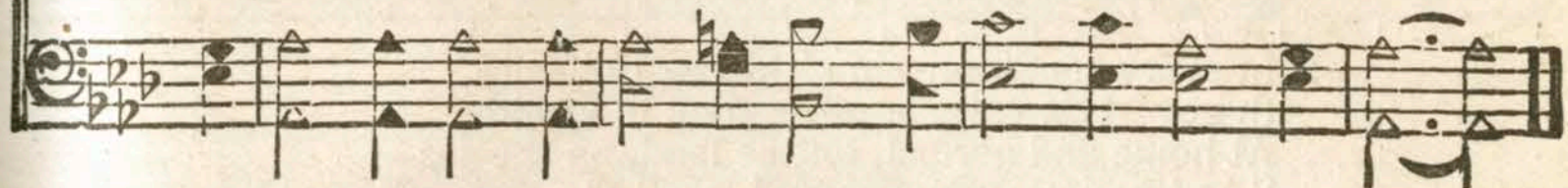
GREATOREX.



1. How sweet how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord;
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. Let love in one delightful stream, Thro' ev'ry bosom flow,
4. Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls above;



In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word.
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 And union sweet with fond esteem, In ev'ry action glow.
 And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bosom glow with love.



No. 27. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

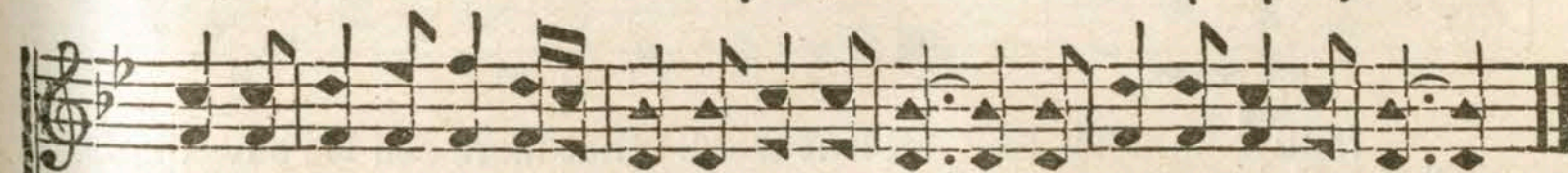
"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts 4: 12.

(ORTONVILLE. C. M.)

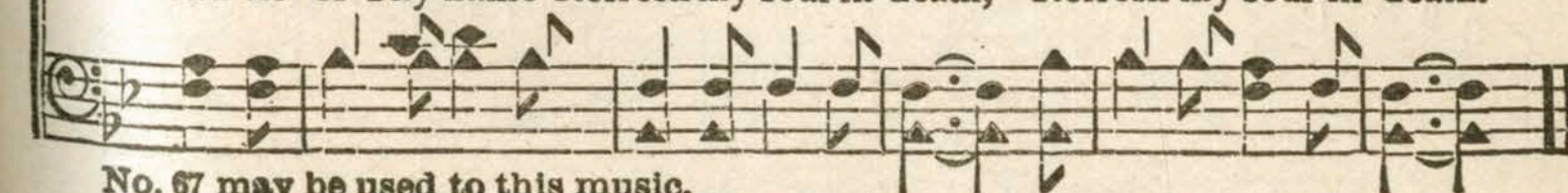
T. HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a believer's ear; It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place; My never
4. Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend; My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my
5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim With ev'ry fleeting breath; So shall the



sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
 to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
 failing treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.
 Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring, Accept the praise I bring.
 music of Thy name Refresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.



No. 67 may be used to this music.

No. 28. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

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
 you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, *no, never, NO, NEVER* forsake."

Adeste Fidelis.

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
 you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have
 fled? You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?



1. O land of rest for thee I sigh ; When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome ;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam ;
4. I should at once have quit the field, Where foes in fu - ry foam ;
5. When by af - flic-tion sharp-ly tried, I view the gap - ing tomb ;
6. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,



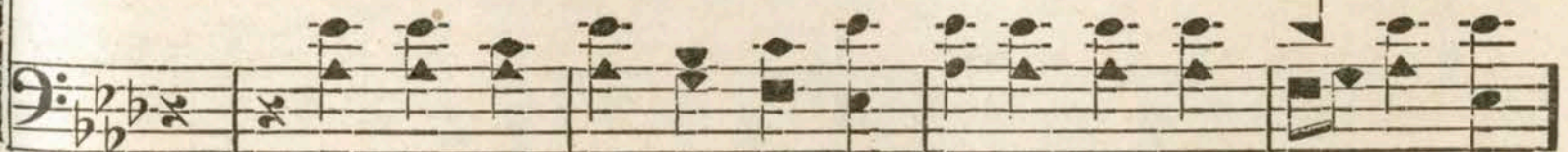
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home.
 But, ah! my pass - port was not sealed, I could not yet go home.
 Al-though I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
 I long to quit this unhallow'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.



REFRAIN.



We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,
 We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,



We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
 We'll wait



No. 30. COME LET US LIFT OUR VOICES.

OPENING HYMN.

Scotch Air.

1. Come let us lift our voices high, High as our joys arise,
 2. Je-sus, our God, invites us here, To this triumphal feast,
 3. Vic-torious God! what can we pay, For fav-ors so divine?

And join the songs above the skies, Where pleasure never dies.
 And brings immortal blessings down, For each redeemed guest.
 We would devote our hearts away, To be forever thine.

• Use No. 174 to the above music if desired.

No. 31. HARK TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

T KELLY.

(Harwell.)

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the notes of praise above;
 Je-sus reigns and heav'n rejoice, Je-sus reigns, a God of love,
 2. { Je-sus hail whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth,
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth,

f D. C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

See Hesits on yon-der throne, Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord we own it, love di-vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 Happy object of thy grace, [own,
 Chosen to behold His face.

4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,
 Bring O bring the glorious day;
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps will sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

No. 32. I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.
REFRAIN.

Arr. by H. N. L.

1 On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest
4. Fill'd with de - light my raptur'd soul Would here no long - er stay;

Ref — I am bound for the promised land (promised land), I am bound for the promised land;

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bo-som rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

O who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

No. 33. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing, Land where my
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

father's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 34. HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS.

DE FLEURY.

FINE.

1. { How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me,
2. { His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice;
His pres-ence dis-per-ses my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice.

D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I My sum-mer would last all the year.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 35. DEPTH OF MERCY.

SEYMOUR, 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now, in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thous-and falls.
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

No. 36. REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.



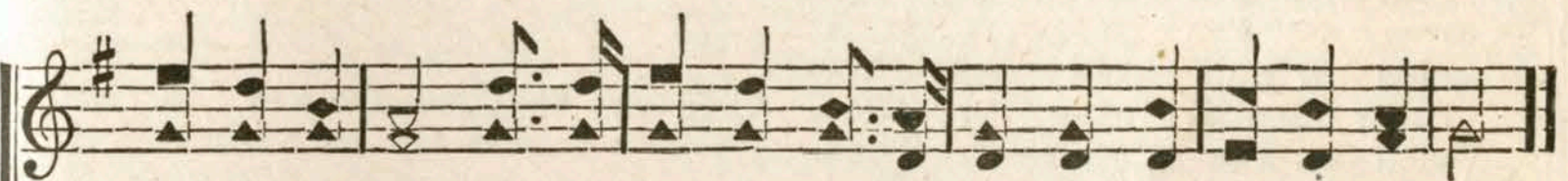
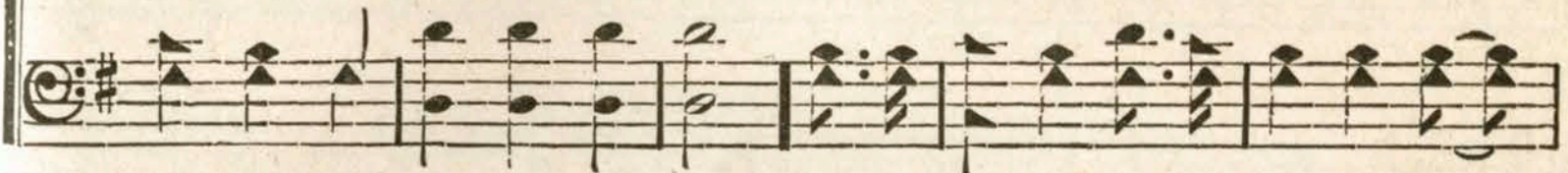
1. Re-joice and be glad, the Re-deem-er has come; Go look on His
2. Re-joice and be glad, for the blood has been shed; Re - demption is
3. Re-joice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain O-ver death is tri -
4. Re-joice and be glad, for our King is on high; He pleadeth for
5. Re-joice and be glad, for He com-eth a - gain—He pleadeth in



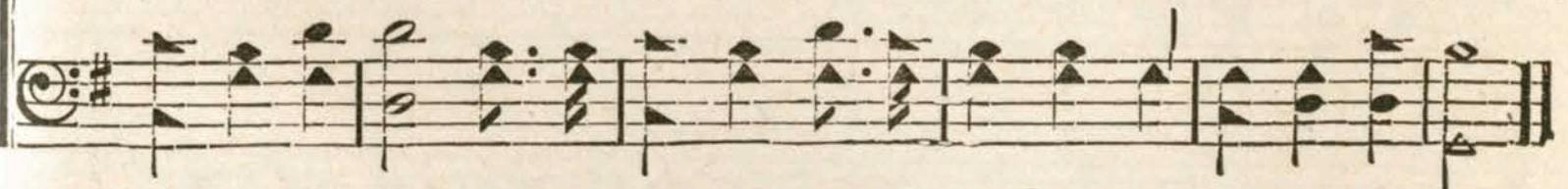
REFRAIN.



- | | |
|--|--|
| cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb,
fin - ished, the price has been paid.
umphant, and liv - eth a - gain.
us on His throne in the sky.
glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. | } Sound His praises, tell the sto - ry, Of |
|--|--|



- Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a-gain.
For last verse. He com-eth a-gain.



No. 37. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of
Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone a-
bove! | 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain. |
| CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hal-
lelujah, amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive
us again. | 4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our ways. |
| 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spirit
of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night. | 5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy
love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above. |

Words revised by E. ROBERTS.

1. Thou Je - sus, my Lord and my Sav-iour, Art ev - er a
 2. When peace from Thy pres-ence Thou giv - est—That peace that a-
 3. When close to Thy side I am keep-ing, My path-way the
 4. And when my life's jour-ney is end - ing, The waves of the

Ref-uge to me; I long to be drawn by Thy fa - vor Still
 bid - ing shall be, Or lur - ing temp - ta - tions en - tice me, O,
 clear - er I see, And rich - er the fields for my reap - ing, While
 riv - er I see, Let an - gels from glo - ry de - scend - ing, My

REFRAIN.

clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
 draw me still clos - er to Thee. Clos - er to Thee, Clos - er to Thee,
 clos - er I'm cling - ing to Thee.
 spir - it bear clos - er to Thee.

This, bless - ed Mas - ter, is ev - er my plea; Clos - er to Thee,

Slower. **Rit.**
 Clos - er to Thee, Draw me, my Sav-iour, still clos - er to Thee.

No. 39.

I Would Love Thee.

MME. J. GUYON.

(RAMONA.)

EDWARD ROBERTS.

1. I would love Thee, God and Father, My Re-deem-er and my King;
 2. I would love Thee, look up-on me, Ev - er guide me with Thine eye;
 3. I would love Thee; may Thy brightness Dazzle my re - joic - ing eyes;
 4. I would love Thee, I have vowed it, On Thy love my heart is set;

I would love Thee, for without Thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.
 I would love Thee; if not nourished By Thy love, my soul would die.
 I would love Thee; may Thy goodness Watch from heav'n o'er all I prize.
 While I love Thee, I will nev - er My Redeem-er's blood for - get.

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No. 40.

The Prodigal's Reception.

Arr. by H. N. L. By per.

* 1. Far, far away from my loving Father, I had been wand'ring wayward, wild,
 2. Fain had I fed on the husks around me, Till to myself I came, and said,
 3. "I will a - rise, tho' faint and weary, Home to my Father I will go;
 4. "Father," I'll say, "I have sinn'd before Thee, No more may I be called Thy son;

Cho. 1, 2, 3. I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;
 Cho. 4. Then I a - rose and came to Father—Mer-cy a-maz-ing love unknown!

Fearing on-ly lest His an - ger O - ver - take His sin - ful child.
 "Plenty have my Father's servants, Per-ish I for want of bread."
 Woe is me that e'er I wandered: Ah, that I such need should know."
 Make me on-ly as Thy serv-ant, Pit - y me, a wretch undone!"

In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O, there are ten thou-sand charms.
 He be - held me, ran, em-braced me, Pardoned, welcomed, called me "son!"

* "Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing," or the words of No. 201 may be used.

No. 41. HARK, THE SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. { Hark! the sab-bath bells are ring-ing! Chil-dren, haste without de - lay;
 Pray'rs of thousands now are wing-ing Up to heav'n their si - lent way.
 2. { 'Tis an hour of hap - py meet-ing, Chil-dren meet for praise and pray'r;
 But the hour is short and fleet ing, Let us then be ear - ly there.
 3. { Do not keep our teach-ers wait-ing, While you tar - ry by the way,
 Nor dis - turb the school re - cit - ing, 'Tis the ho - ly Sab-bath day.
 4. { Chil - dren, haste! the bells are ring - ing, And the morning's bright and fair;
 Thousands now u - nite in sing - ing, Thousands, too, in sol - emn pray'r.

REFRAIN.

Come, children, come, the bells are ring - ing, To the school with haste re - pair;

Let us all u - nite in sing - ing, All u - nite in sol - emn pray'r.

No. 42. COME, YE SINNERS.

(Use music above.)

- | | | |
|------|--|--|
| 1 | Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r. | True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh. REF. |
| 2 | Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify; | |
| 3 | Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him. REF. | |
| 4 | Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. REF. | |
| REF. | Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign. | |

JOSEPH HEART 1759.

No. 43. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the
2. Should earth a - gain my soul en - gage, soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, del - uge come, And storms of sor - row
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul, wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly



skies, in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
 hurl'd, darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
 fall, sorrow fall, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 rest, heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.



REFRAIN.



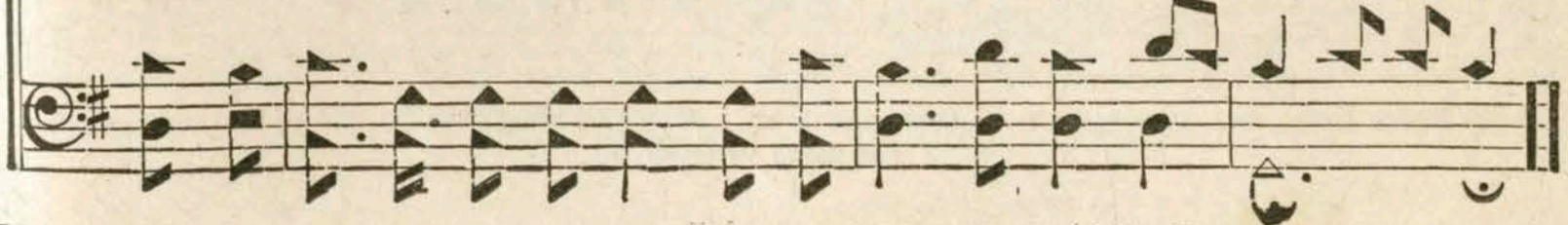
We will stand the storm, We will
 We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will



an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand,
 an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm,



the storm, We will an - chor by and by.
 It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.



No. 44. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13.
 "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 COR 5: 7.

JOHN.

J. G. F.



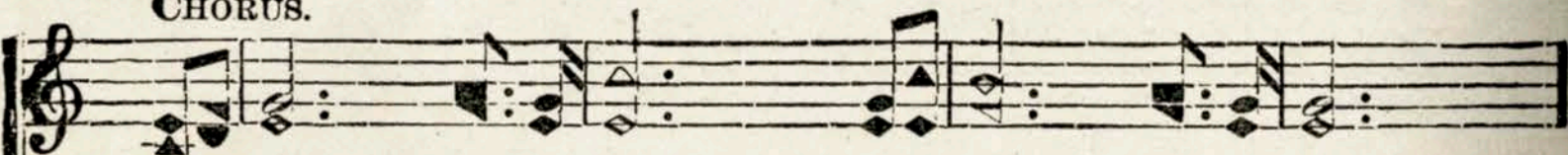
1. Christ our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin - ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised so will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused?
4. Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love, Je - sus hath pow-er, Je - sus is true;



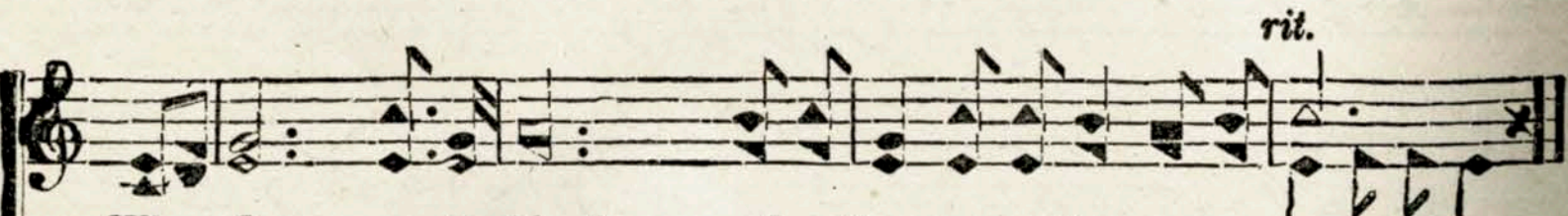
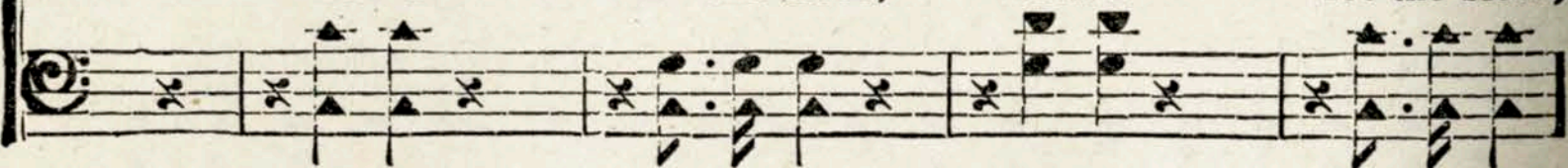
All who receive Him, need never fear, For, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 Oh, sin - ner, hast-en, let Je - sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 All who be-lieve, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.



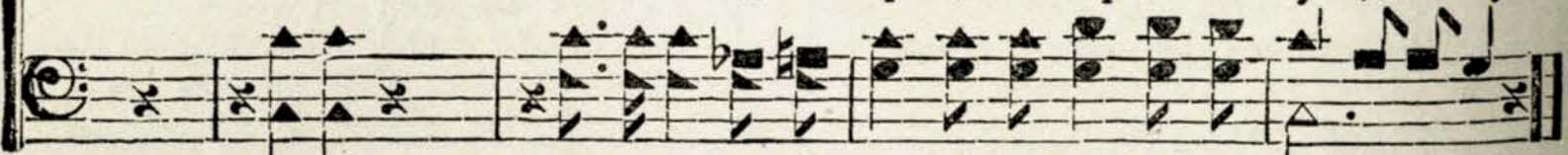
CHORUS.



When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,



When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
 When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you, o-ver you.



By Foote Bros., not copyrighted, Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri- als and tempta- tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv-i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Oh, what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - row share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

• M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

46. Precious Promise.

Key of G.

1 Precious promise God has given
 To the weary passer by,
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
 I will guide thee with mine eye;
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
 And thy trusted watchers fly,
 Let this promise ring within thee,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
 In the grave of years gone by,
 Let this promise still be cherished,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

47. All To Christ I Owe

Key of E \flat .

1 I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small;
 Come to me—I'll be thy stay;
 Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus died for me,
 All to Him I owe—
 Sin had left a crimson stain:
 He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 Jesus died my soul to save,
 And blessed be His name.

3 When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

48.

DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

D. E. DORTCH.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

49.

OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

G. FRANC, 1545.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

50.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

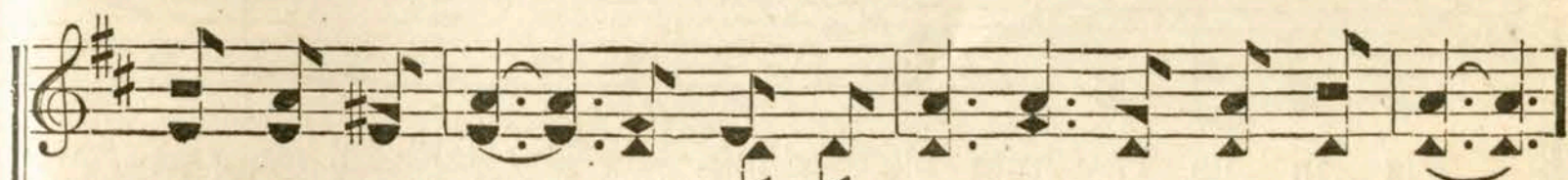
No. 51. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

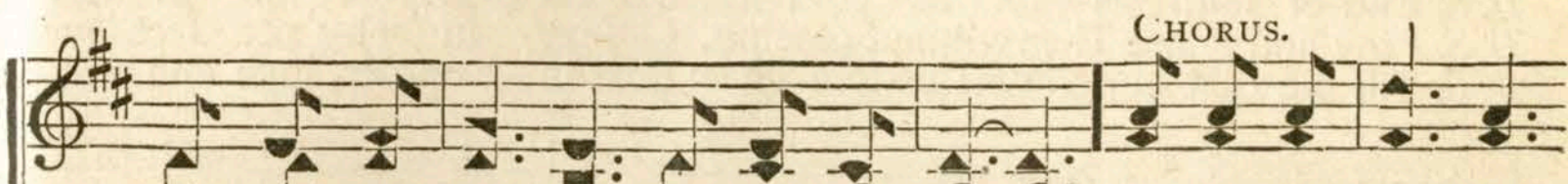


1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

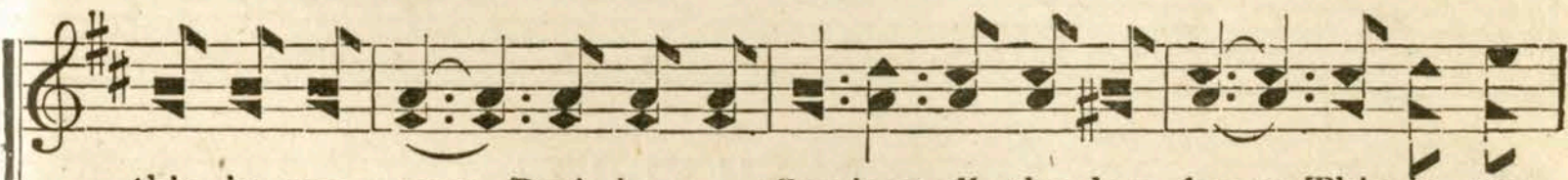


glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

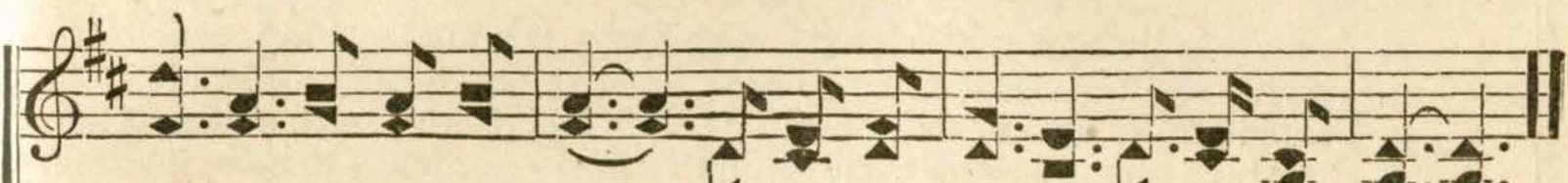
CHORUS.



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



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



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

No. 52. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHAS. WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
 3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
 4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fine.
 Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave,
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee.

D. S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
D. S. End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
D. S. Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
D. S. Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee: Lost in won - der, love and praise.

D. S.
 Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure unbounded love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

No. 53. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive journeys run,
 2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
 3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns The prisoner leaps to loose His chains;
 5. Let ev - ry crea - ture rise, and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King;

Jesus Shall Reign.

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their early bless-ings on His name.
The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels descend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the long a - men.

No. 54. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON.

G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren, dear, Our dis-tant home discern-ing,
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tempest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Fine.

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn-ing.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest Where gold-en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er and for - ev - er.

D. S. just be - fore the shin-ing shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS.

D. S.

For O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver; And

No. 55. PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

Rev. C. M. HOTT.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way, Suf - f'ring and
2. Ten - der - ly bid, they come, Back from sin's wilder - ness; Come to our
3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wand'ring one; Soon it will

REFRAIN.

sin - de - filed, Go - ing a - stray. Pray for the wan - der - er,
Fa - ther's home, Sav'd by His grace.
be too late, Life will be gone.

Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er, Go - ing a - stray.

No. 56. THERE IS A NAME I LOVE.

GEER. C. M.

This is a most excellent song for nearly any occasion. Test it and you'll use it.

F. WHITFIELD.

H. W. GREATORIX.

1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2 It tells me of a Sav - iour's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small - est woe
4. It bids my tremb ling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

THERE IS A NAME.

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweet-est Name on earth.
 It tells me of His prec - ious blood— The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
 It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

No. 57. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.
 REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might- y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might- y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 gold - en crowns a - round the glassy sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r in love, and pur - i - ty.
 Mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;

D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

59. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"He will guide you into all truth."—JOHN 16: 13.

M. M. WELLS.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear. }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, }
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there, }

D. C. Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er;
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

JM. A. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour so fair, Once wandered on
 3. I once was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru-bies and dia-monds, of
 earth hu-man sor-row to share; But now He is reign-ing for-
 choice and a lov-er of mirth; But I've been a-dopt-ed, my
 pal-ace for me o-ver there; Tho' ex-iled from home, yet my

sil-ver and gold His cof-fers are full; He has rich-es un-told.
 ev-er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
 name's writ-ten down: An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
 glad heart can sing, All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;

With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King.

No. 61.

Chant.—“It Is Well.”

2 KINGS 4 : 26.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
“It is

1. Beloved, “It is.....well,” “It is well,”
 2. Beloved, “It is.....well,” “It is well,”
 3. Beloved, “It is.....well,” “It is well,”
 4. Beloved, “It is.....well,” “It is well,”

well,”

“It is well.” God’s ways are always right, And love is....
 “It is well.” Tho’ deep and sore the smart, He wounds who
 “It is well.” Tho’ sorrow clouds our way, ’Twill make the
 “It is well.” The path that Jesus trod, Tho’ rough and ...

o’er them all, Though far a - bove our sight.
 knows to bind, And heal the brok - en heart.
 joy more dear, That ush - ers in the day.
 dark it be, Leads home to heav’n and God.

CODA.

“It is well,” “It..... is well.”
 “It is well,”

“It is well,”

No. 62.

The Land of Beulah.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }
 My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
 2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear, }
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }

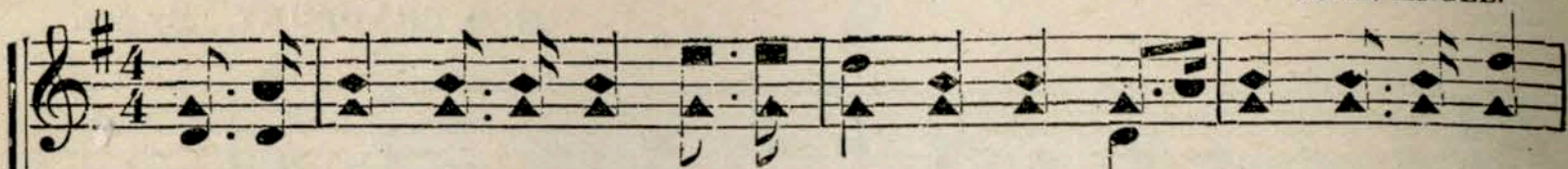
f REFRAIN.

O come, an - gel band! Come, and a - round me stand! O

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, 4 O bear my longing heart to Him
 My spirit loudly sings: Who bled and died for me;
 The holy ones, behold they come! Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 I hear the noise of wings. And gives me victory.



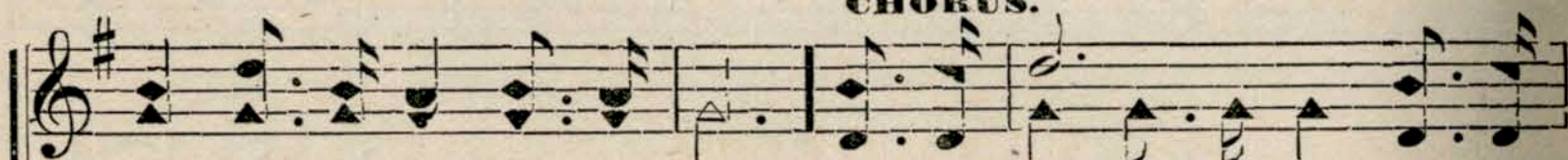
1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far beyond the sky, And Je - sus my Sav -
 2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor -
 3. We shall meet in that beauti - ful land on high, And be with the bright



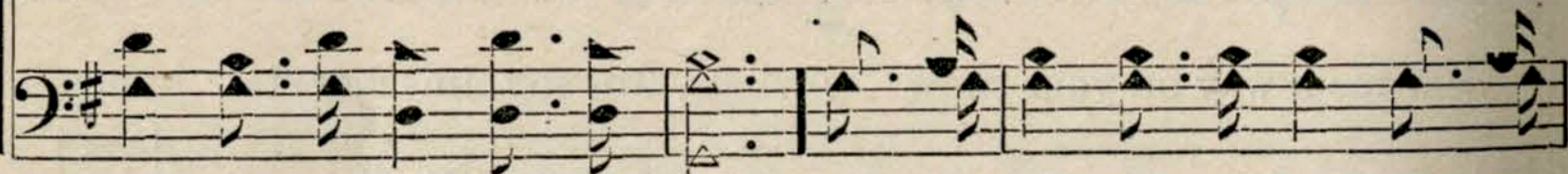
our is there; He has gone to prepare me a home on high, O I
 row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky, O I
 and the fair, Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur - mur by, O I



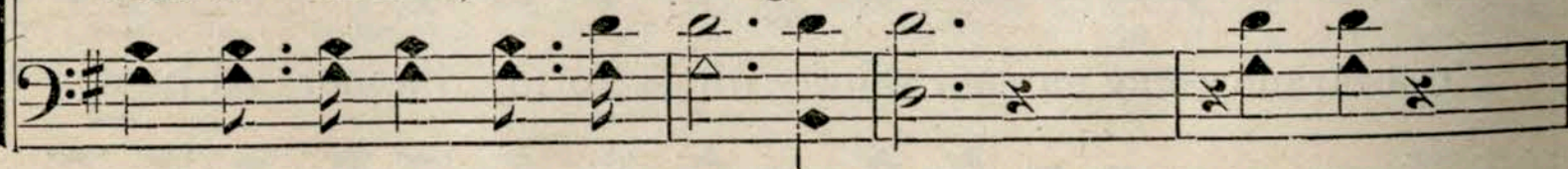
CHORUS.



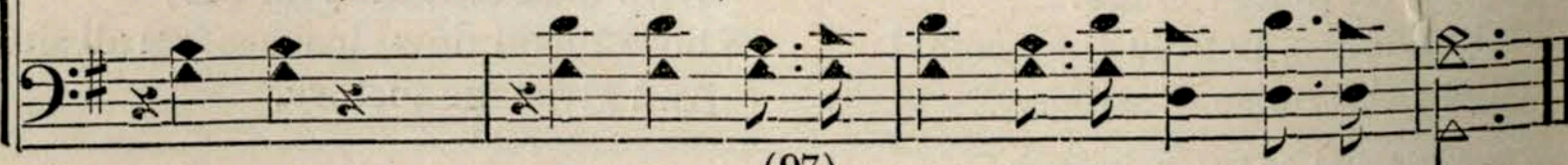
long, O I long to be there. In that beau - ti - ful
 In that beau - ti - ful land, in that



land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, we shall
 beau - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, shall meet,



meet, we shall meet, We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land.
 shall meet, shall meet,



No. 64. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
 2. Hast-en, mer - cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 3. Hast-en, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 4. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Wis - dom, if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this even - ing's stage is run.
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn, Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
 Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest, Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

No. 65. PILOT ME. 7s.

J. E. GOULD.
 Fine.

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

D. C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Jesus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 D. C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

66. **THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.**

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

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

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you ready? are you read-y? Are you ready for the judgment day?

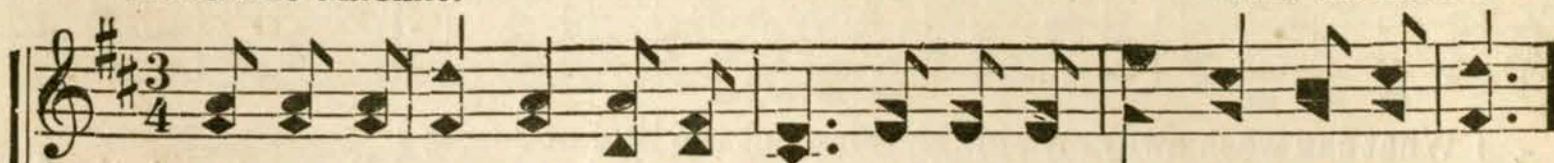
Are you read-y? are you read-y? For the judg-ment day?

No. 67.

Rest, L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!



A calm and un-dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hast lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Savior's pow'r.
 Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.



No. 68. Nearer, My God, to Thee

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Scotch Air.



1. { Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee, }
 { E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,
2. { Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, }
 { Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'll be
3. { There let the way ap-pear Steps unto heav'n, }
 { All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy giv'n; } An-gels to beckon me



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



No. 69. Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

Music by R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus; }
 { What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus; } Oh, precious is the flow
 2. { For my par-don this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus; }
 { For my cleansing, this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus; }

That makes me white as snow; No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|

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No. 70. Abide With Me.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me; Fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the

deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r; Who like Thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and

Abide With Me. Concluded.

fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh a - bide with me.
 all a - round I see; Oh, Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
 guide and strength can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh a - bide with me.
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, oh, Lord, a - bide with me.

No. 71.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly
 2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with-
 4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust - ing in His word. On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him:
 crimson flood, That washes white as snow. Come to Je - sus, come to Je-sus,
 out de - lay, And you are fu - lly blest. Don't re-ject Him, don't re-ject Him,
 les - tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him,

On-ly trust Him now; 1,2,3. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 Come to Je-sus now;
 Don't reject Him now;
 I will trust Him now; He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

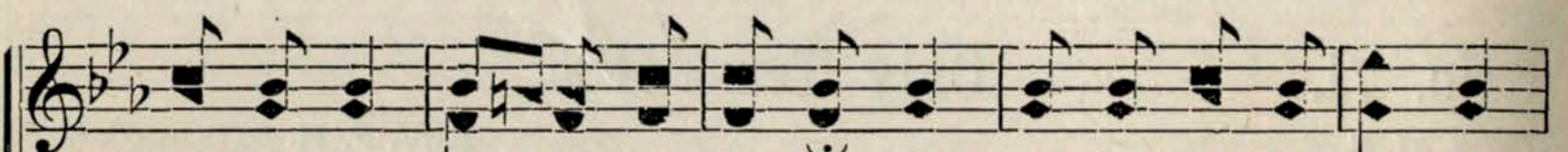
No. 72. When Shall We Meet Again?

ISAAC WATTS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Savi - our; May we all
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will peace



wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe
friend - ship glow Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er; Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will then re - pose, Se -



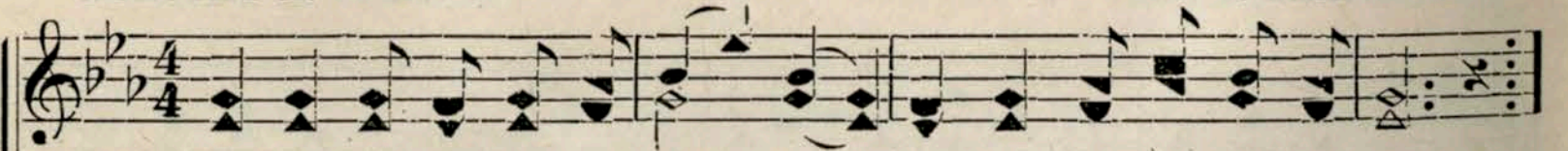
from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never,—no, nev - er!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never.—no, ne - ver!
may our mus - ic swell, And time our joys dis - pel Never,—no, nev - er!
cure from world - ly foes; Our songs of praise shall close Never,—no, nev - er!



No. 73. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare. }
2. { We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray. }
3. { Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; }
 { Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free. }



Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us. Concluded.

Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray!
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je-sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee!

No. 74. While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. O hear his ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

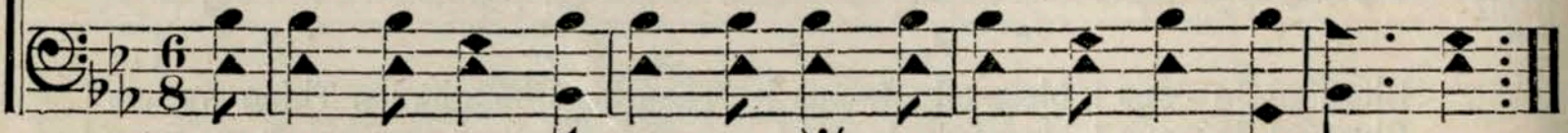
No. 75. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



- FINE.**
1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. }
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }
 3. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus; }
 { I love the bless - ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus. }
 4. { His name dis-pels my guilt, and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus; }
 { Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus. }

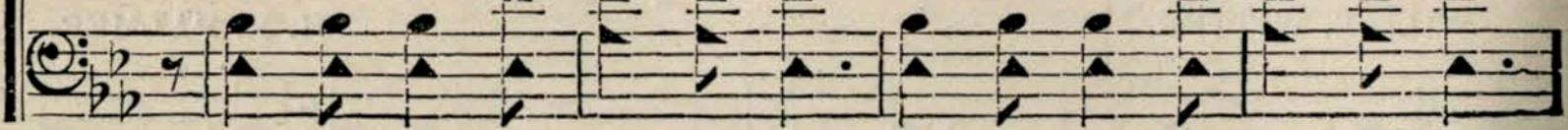


D. s.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.



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



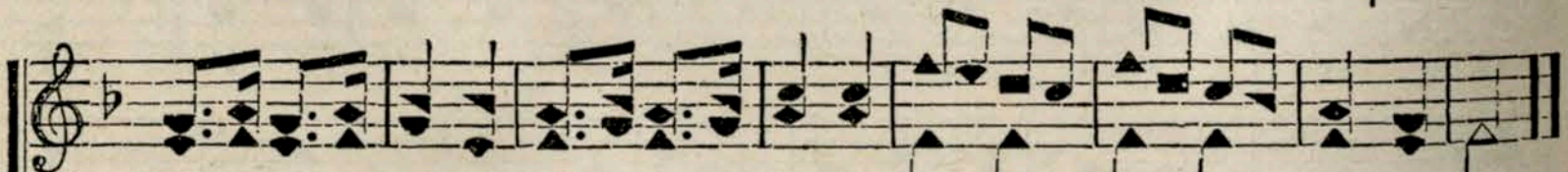
No. 76. LORD, DISMISS US.

W. SHIRLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace. }
2. { Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ful sound; }
 { May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound. }
3. { So when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way. }
 { Borne on an - gel's wings to heav - en, God the sum - mons to o - bey. }



O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
 May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found.
 May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day.



No. 77. TILL HE COME. (Eltham.)

FOR COMMUNION SERVICE.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

LOWELL MASON.

FINB.

1. "Till He come!" O, let the words Lin-ger on the tremb-ling chords,
 2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,

D.C.—*Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"*
 D.C.—*Hush! be ev-'ry mem-ber dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"*

D.C.

Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween, In their gold-en light be seen;
 When the words of love and cheer Fall no lon-ger on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and eat the bread;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Calls us 'round His heav'nly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till He come!"

No. 78. GOOD NIGHT. (Avon.)

JOHN MCPHERSON.

Scottish.

1. The time for part-ing now has come, We leave these scenes so bright;
 2. A-down the stream of time we glide, As days swift come and go;
 3. Good night, we sing this part-ing song, For fad-ed is the light;

May peace go with us to each home, For now we sing good night.
 May Je-sus be our on-ly guide, In all our walks be-low.
 Oh, may we not be part-ed long, Good night to all, good night.

No. 79. Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

(Greenville. 8, 7, 4.)

ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C.—O refresh us O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

2. Thanks we give, and ad-o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound.
D. C.—May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found.

3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a - way,
D. C.—May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in endless day.

D. C.

Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a-bound.
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, God the summons to o - bey.

No. 80. The Light of Day Fades.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

GOTTSCHALK, arr.

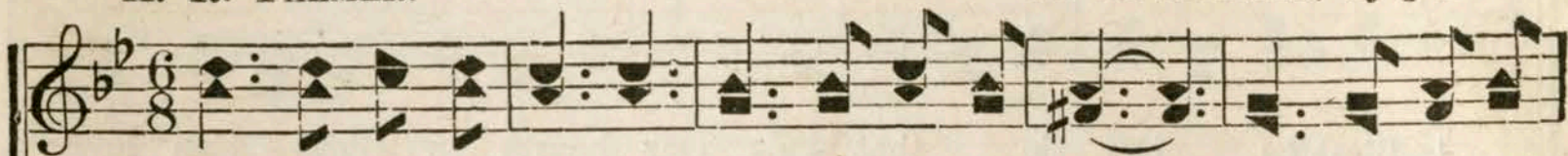
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught escapes, without, with-in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's in-firm - i - ty,

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in-firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
From Thine own e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pitying eye.

No. 81 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil compan-ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall



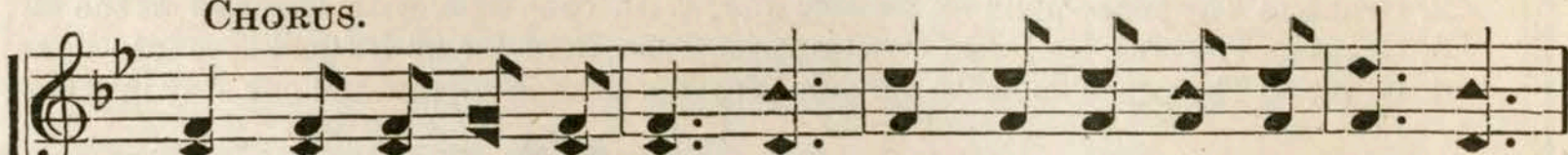
help you Some oth - er to win. Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind -
con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down. He who is our Sav-iour, Our



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



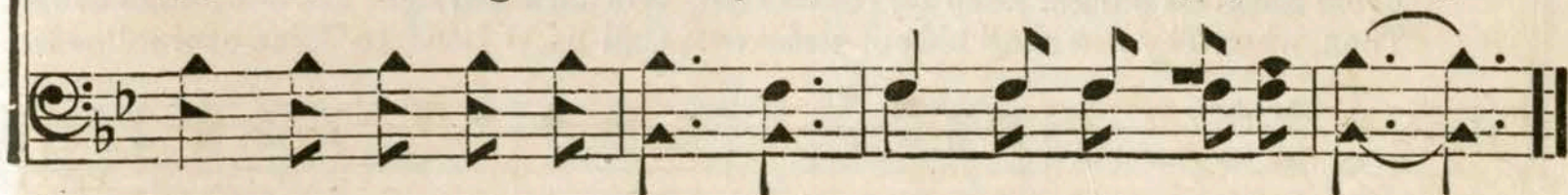
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



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



No. 82.

Dennis.

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

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

No. 83.

Parting Hymn.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Saviour ! again to Thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord! thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our early life, Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;

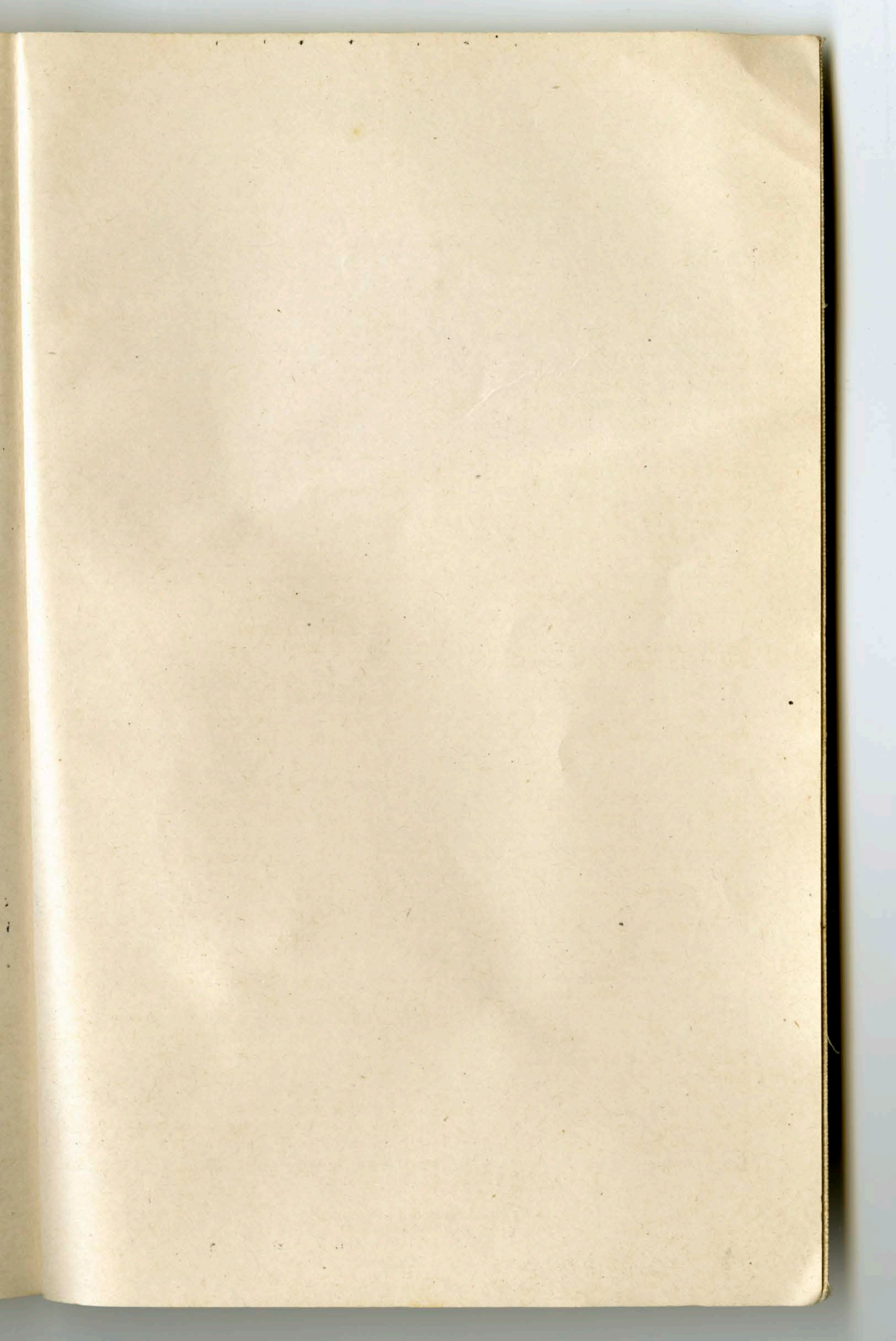
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

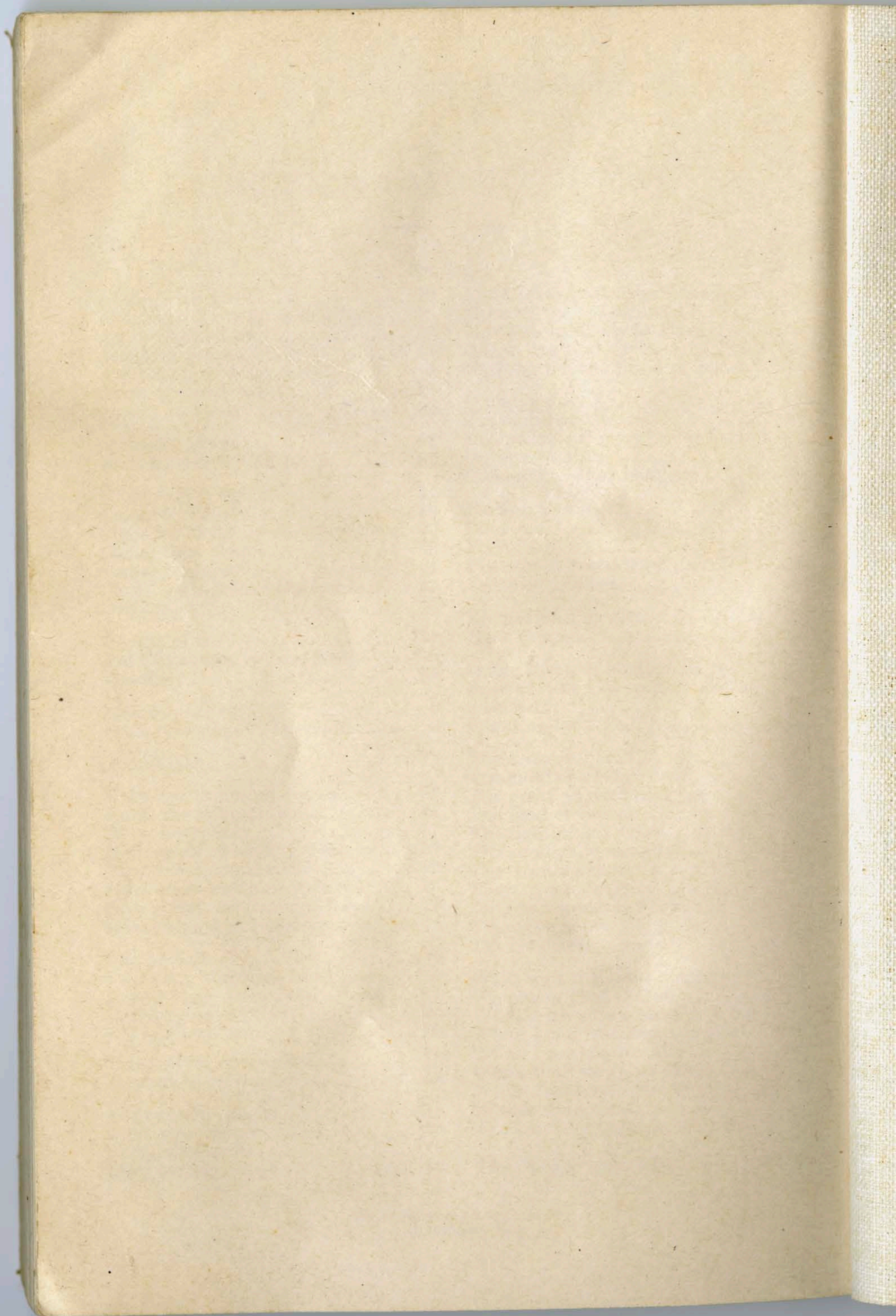
INDEX.

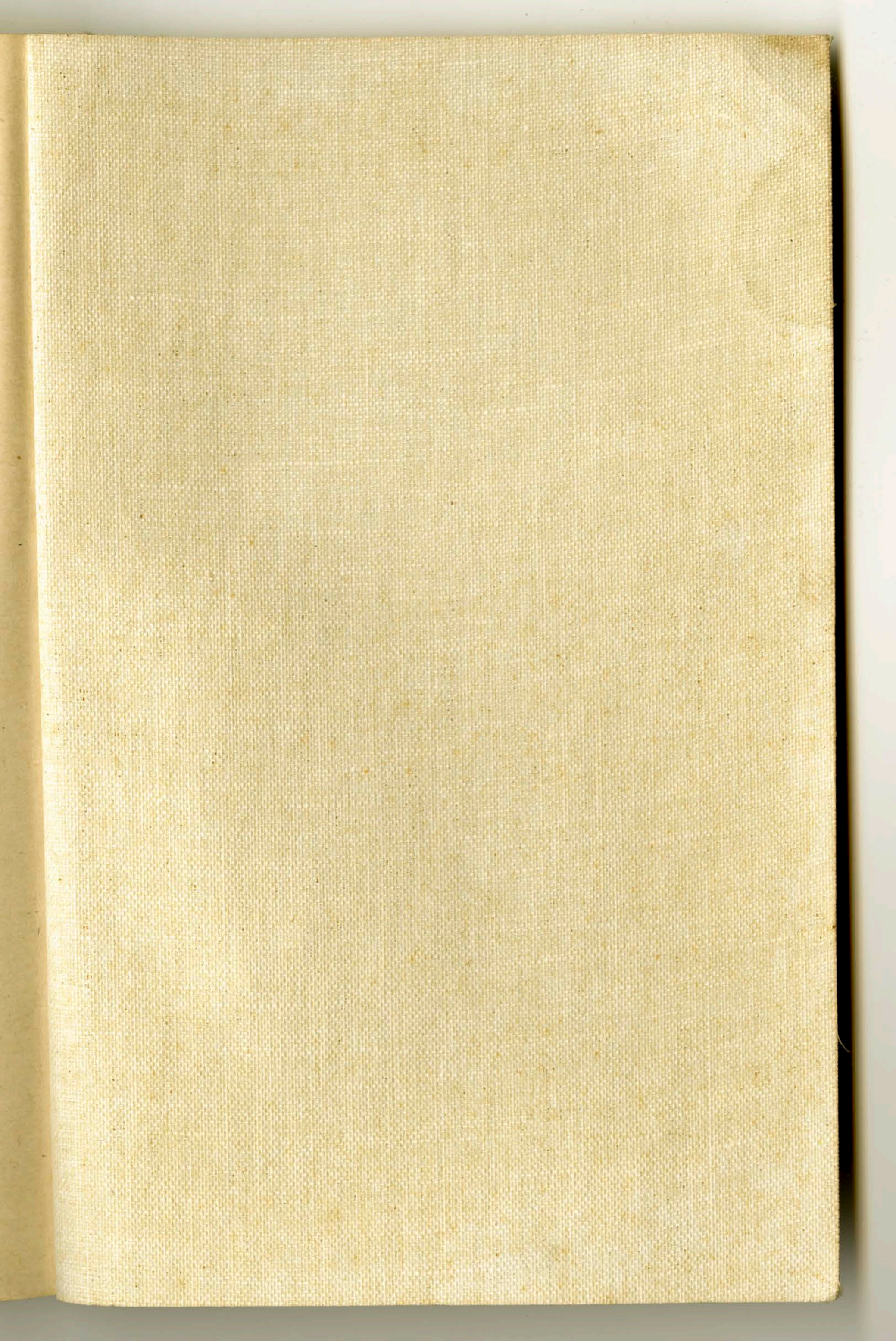
	No.		No.
A glory-side to the cloud.....	38	Lift Him up.....	31
A happy band.....	110	Like a dove.....	75
A light in the window.....	73	Look to the comforter.....	114
All gleaming with gold.....	30	Loving is Jesus.....	34
All hail the power of Jesus' name.	2	Marching in the light.....	86
Almost.....	82	Master the tempest is raging.....	79
All will be glory.....	50	More like Thee.....	105
A precious friend is Jesus.....	29	Music in heaven.....	113
At the feet of the blessed Saviour.	95	My heart keeps singing.....	44
Be a hero.....	9	My Jesus is able to save.....	35
Beautiful Sabbath morning.....	81	Nearer my God to Thee.....	60
Brother, sister, watch and pray...	14	O'er the silent river.....	90
By and by.....	58	O prodigal, come Home.....	16
By the way of the cross.....	22	O sweet companionship.....	100
Children of Zion.....	45	O the joys of true religion.....	1
Christ is king.....	3	Our cherished flowers.....	70
Christ is risen (Thompson).....	21	Our songs of praise.....	27
Christ is risen (Beall).....	91	Peace, perfect peace.....	80
Close to the cross, O Christ.....	78	Pilot me.....	18
Come and be saved.....	40	Praise His holy name.....	19
Come to me.....	57	Put your shoulder to the wheel...	61
Enfolded in the evelasting arms..	69	Quit you like men.....	6
Fear not, little flock.....	23	Ready for orders.....	104
Fill me, Love divine.....	4	Rolling on.....	15
Find rest at the feet of Jesus.....	55	Safe in Jesus.....	76
Follow the light.....	43	Shall we stand.....	13
Gathering golden sheaves (Beall).	10	Soldiers for the King.....	99
Gathering golden sheaves (Crist).	51	Speed the light.....	59
Get more of His fullness to-day...	8	Spread abroad the gospel tidings..	7
Give then gladly.....	96	Star of the east.....	89
Give unto the Lord.....	64	Tell me more of God's peace.....	72
Glory be to God forever.....	46	Tell me the story.....	28
God be with you.....	116	Tell mother I am coming.....	66
God is love.....	47	That wonderful book up there....	106
Go forth to the conflict.....	48	The beautiful city above.....	98
He a blessing will bestow.....	63	The coming of the King.....	33
He is risen.....	97	The gospel message.....	68
I am bound for that city.....	26	The home above.....	62
In my soul there is gladness.....	87	The house upon a rock.....	94
In the shadow of the rock.....	17	The land of light.....	42
Into His marvelous light.....	56	The meeting in the sky.....	111
I shall be no stranger there.....	77	Then sing it again.....	49
Is it not wonderful.....	83	The pathway to glory.....	32
Isn't it a comfort.....	25	There is glory in my soul to-day..	109
I sometimes grow faint and weary	39	The Sabbath day.....	85
Is thy heart right with God.....	108	The still small voice.....	101
I will praise Him.....	5	This is my mission.....	12
Jesus in the home.....	67	They say there's a land.....	115
Jesus is all the world to me.....	24	Thou art the way.....	20
Jesus is coming again.....	41	'Tis for you and for me.....	103
Jesus is here.....	92	Use me to-day.....	71
Jesus loves the little ones.....	37	When all the singers get home...	93
Jesus paid it all.....	102	When I lie on my pillow.....	74
Just as I am.....	52	When the ransomed gather.....	112
Just a word with Jesus.....	53	Will there be any stars in my crown	11
Just over the river.....	84	Will you take Jesus to-night.....	65
Keep step ever.....	107	Wonderful story of love.....	88
Keep thee near to Jesus.....	54	Wrecker or saver.....	36

INDEX TO FAVORITE HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Abide with me.....	70	Must Jesus bear the cross alone...	12
Alas and did my Saviour bleed....	25	My country, 'tis of thee.....	33
All to Christ I owe.....	47	My faith looks up to Thee.....	11
Amazing grace.....	14	Nearer my God to Thee.....	68
Am I soldier of the cross.....	9	Nothing but the blood of Jesus....	69
Arise, my soul, arise.....	19	O happy day.....	16
Asleep in Jesus.....	67	Old hundred.....	49
Blessed assurance.....	51	On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.	32
Blest be the tie that binds.....	82	Only trust Him.....	71
Chant—Is it well.....	61	Onward christian soldiers.....	22
Closer to Thee.....	38	Parting hymn.....	83
Come let us lift up our voices.....	30	Pilot me.....	65
Come, thou fount.....	58	Pleyel's hymn.....	64
Come, ye sinners.....	42	Pray for the wanderer.....	55
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	17	Precious promise.....	46
Coronation.....	4	Rejoice and be glad.....	36
Depths of mercy.....	35	Rock of ages.....	21
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	5	Safely through another week.....	3
Doxology.....	48	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us..	73
Follow all the way.....	6	Sessions.....	50
From Greenland's Icy mountains.	2	Stand up for Jesus.....	13
Good-night.....	78	The beautiful land.....	63
Hark, ten thousand voices.....	31	The child of a king.....	60
Hark, the Sabbath bells.....	41	The great physician.....	75
Holy, holy, holy.....	57	The land of Beulah.....	62
Holy spirit, faithful guide.....	59	The light of day fades.....	80
How firm a foundation.....	28	The prodigal's reception.....	40
How sweet and how heavenly....	26	The shining shore.....	54
How sweet the name of Jesus.....	27	There is a fountain.....	8
How tedious and tasteless.....	34	There's a great day coming.....	66
I do believe.....	10	There is a name.....	56
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	7	Till He comes.....	77
I need Thee every hour.....	1	We'll wait till Jesus comes.....	29
In the cross of Christ I glory....	24	We praise Thee O God.....	37
I would love Thee.....	39	What a friend we have in Jesus... 45	45
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	15	When I can read my title clear... 43	43
Jesus shall reign.....	53	When I see the blood.....	44
Lead kindly, Light.....	18	When shall we meet again.....	72
Lord, dismiss us.....	76	While Jesus whispers to you.....	74
Lord, dismiss us.....	79	Whiter than snow.....	20
Love divine.....	52	Work for the night is coming....	23
		Yield not to temptation.....	81







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